

Crunch, crunch, scarf, slurp. Somewhere in the back of the room, the loud excessive sound of obnoxious eating filled the classroom. The irritating noise could be tracked towards a large and immense hyena who was far more interested in the crumbs at the bottom of his potato chip bag. Each morsel he managed to get into his huge gaping maw only seemed to cause his stomach to growl louder. It was far from satisfied from the meager offering currently being given to it.

“Alright, the class is dismissed!” A shaky voice tried to cry out, through the haze of loud murmurs and moving chairs.

The sound of ringing filled the hyena’s ears, the harsh noise vaguely snapping the Hyena towards attention. Without any warning, he let out a mighty belch that caused most of the other students to turn towards him. The sea of faces looked at him with disgust and envy, that he responded with a toothy grin.

“It’s such bullshit, that fat ass gets to do whatever he wants. I mean, eating in class!?” The flamingo’s wings flapped animatedly around him as he blew a piece of his pink hair from in front of his face.

A rabbit that was in the small circle patted his back. “I mean, there’s nothing to do about it. You know, Boris is the best middle linebacker we’ve had on the team in like thirty years. We’ve actually been winning games!” The rabbit looked over her shoulder at Boris. He was busy pushing himself away from his stifling seat and she lowered her tone into a hushed whisper.

“Besides, you know with that kind of rep, the principal’s not going to let him miss practices no matter what. At least it’s almost the end of the school year.” the small circle nodded in unison, a deep defeated sigh escaping the flamingo lips before they all headed out the classroom door.

Boris shoved hard at his prison of a desk, managing to get just enough of his rotund belly free for him to wiggle out of his seat. A loud pop sound echoed as he stood on strong and toned legs, despite the beachball of a gut that pushed out in front of his middle. Boris could feel the strong muscles in his legs as he flexed and walked. His gut continued to stretch out the dark-colored, band T-Shirt he had on. The black leather hoodie over top of his body was too small to close around his thick front and bulky arms. Boris didn’t mind though, in fact, the six-foot-something hyena felt outright proud of himself. It was a symbol of his strength and outright dominance.

“Umm, Boris, could I have a word with you?” The shaky voice from earlier returned and for a moment Boris thought about ignoring it, but then he realized how little he cared. It was close to the end of his senior year and he was content spending the last of it, taking care of his body. There couldn’t be any harm in entertaining his English teacher.

Boris walked on over towards the front desk, slinging his ripped and faded black

backpack over his broad shoulders. As he drew closer he was dimly aware of a small bead of sweat falling over the short and slender raccoon that only reached up to his belly. Boris was happily aware of how his ample-sized gut shoved against the desk. A few papers scattered on the desk while others floated onto the ground in a small heap. The older raccoon's eyes seemed to grow wide before they took a moment to take a step back from the belly that now obscured most of their desk.

"Mr... Holdenfast. I, um, wanted to talk to you about your grades."

Boris rolled his eyes, more focused on the idea that his belly covered a good-sized portion of his teacher's desk. He had been gaining more than he had noticed. The thought of him only growing bigger and stronger caused him to grin to himself, exposing a set of mostly white and curved fangs. The smell of half-chewed food washed against his teacher's face, while his long tongue picked at a small bit of potato chip still left in between his teeth. "Yeah, what about them?" Boris's voice was deep and almost growly, close towards being outright aggressive.

His teacher's hands shook as he reached for a paper on his desk, thankfully it was closer towards his side of the desk. He was vividly aware of his student's predisposition to bullying and threats to get what he wanted.

"Well, the thing is... Your last few assignments have been, well, non-existent. I know you've been busy with your after school practices and such, but now that the last game of the season is over, I need you to focus on handing in your work or else..."

A loud growling sound emitted from Boris's stomach a moment before he slammed a hard paw onto the desk. "Or else what!?" Boris crossed his arms over his firm chest, grunting in annoyance.

"Well, I can't let you pass... If I'm being frank, I've tried to let you slide with some of the assignments, but you haven't handed in any of the assigned homework for the past month! Not only that, but your classwork has been mediocre at best." The teacher's voice began to flutter, he was finding it harder to find his nerve. As he looked into his student's eye's which almost seemed to darken with each passing second, a scowl crossed over his already hardened face.

"You won't let me pass?" For a moment Boris couldn't seem to comprehend the idea, he scratched at the top of his head, running a hand through his honey caramel-colored hair.

"Yes Mr. Holdenfast, it means you'll have to go to summer school." His voice was curt and firm, despite legs that felt like fragile glass and the sudden cold that seemed to blow over his body.

Slowly Boris's face filled with realization. His amber-colored eyes had started to turn into a dark shade of brown, his black lips pulled back to expose a set of razor-sharp fangs as he

snarled. He lifted his gut off the desk in front of him before raising a threatening fist in front of him, stomping a heavy boot-clad foot onto the ground.

His teacher stood his ground though, crossing his arms against his chest, while his student looked at him with both amazement and frustration. "However, since I'd hate to see one of my students fail..." "And the fact that the Principal wanted to give you a chance," The raccoon thought bitterly. "I've decided to give you a special assignment, that's due in two weeks."

Boris groaned loudly, rubbing at his aching head. He didn't want to think about the "assignment" Mr. "Ringtail" had been kind enough to produce for him. Boris opened his mouth to protest, to argue, to yell and threaten like he had done so many times before, but something in his teacher's eyes gave him a slight pause. He was used to steamrolling over most of his teachers, but there was a hardness in this raccoon's eyes that made him reluctant to push back. It was a look he had only seen from his birth mother: loathing.

"You are more than welcome to refuse, of course." The raccoon looked up at Boris, unable to hide the small sneer that exposed the tips of his teeth. "But bear in mind that if you refuse then you're looking at summer school and I'm not sure how your prospective college sponsors would feel about that." The raccoon began to walk over to the other side of the room, picking up the day's assignments from his student's seats. He waved a dismissive hand towards Boris, who reluctantly followed the much shorter Ringtail.

Boris could feel his heart pounding in his chest, the increasingly strained sound pulsating in his ears. The black pads of his paws felt warm and moist, despite the A/C blowing overhead of him. "You can't do that!" Boris got on his knees and began begging, becoming eye level with his English teacher. His voice was almost hysterical despite his deep and growly voice; desperation oozed from it.

"Oh, now you want to be a proper student?" The raccoon glared at him, before poking at Boris's chest with one of his paws, one of his nails harmlessly digging into the vast expanse of Boris's butterball gut. "Frankly if it was up to me, I'd let you fail. Students like you are the worst! It would be one thing if you were just full of yourself, but you're also a bully. I've seen the way you "encourage" the other teachers to just let you pass their classes, but no more of that in my class!" The raccoon climbed on top of one of the desks, standing just a bit over Boris's head.

"The assignment that you are to write is an essay on somebody you look up to or what your plans for the future are. I feel it's a rather simple assignment, but something that might do some good for you." The teacher slid off the desk and continued to pick up more of his student's papers before walking over towards Boris's desk, a long sigh escaping his lips as he noticed a certain overweight hyena's disaster of a desk. Potato chip crumbs coated the top of it and the paper sitting on the desk and the metal bars that fused the chair and desk looked slightly warped from the constant force they were forced to endure. The day's assignment was covered in what looked like doodles, with about half of the questions having written answers.

“The paper is to be 5-8 pages, typed of course and with Times New Roman, twelve sized font. It’s due in two weeks, the last week of the school year.”

Boris started to grumble under his breath, before adjusting the strap of his book bag as it started digging into his thick and sturdy shoulders. He glared at his teacher before stomping off, his heavy footsteps echoing resoundingly in the small classroom. He forcefully shoved the narrow classroom door open before heading out into the hallway

“And no cheating, I’ll be able to tell!” followed the thick Hyena as he barreled his way down the hallway.

Boris slammed his front door shut behind him, causing the glass that coated the small square opening to clatter dangerously before settling. His memories of just a few moments ago were faded and obscure, he barely remembered how he had even made it home. The whole time he had stomped his way outside of the high school grounds, down the large winding dirt trail at whose end dropped you off in the middle of a suburban development. Despite heat waves coming from the high set sun above, Boris barely felt it, thanks in no small part to the large canopy of thick oakwood trees that stretched a few feet off the ground.

As Boris let his backpack fall roughly onto the carpeted, living room floor he had the vague occurrence he had been greeted by some classmates earlier. They lived in the same neighborhood, but he had ignored them, stampeding right through their parked bikes without a second thought. Now that he was home, a small string of guilt tugged at his heartstrings before he gave a disdainful snort and walked into the kitchen.

The kitchen was empty, being left the same as usual, until the thick teenaged hyena noticed the sickly yellow-looking note slapped up against the front of the fridge. Pudgy paws yanked the note off the fridge as his eyes skimmed through it before grinning to himself. It looked like he’d have the house to himself. He heard the loud sounds of stomping and yelling above him and sighed. Well, mostly to himself. It sounded like his younger brother was busy playing one of his video games upstairs and if he had to guess he wasn’t doing well.

Still, the thought of having the weekend mostly to himself filled Boris with relief and a bit of hunger. The note did say they were going to be gone until Sunday night and to help himself to leftovers and takeout. Even if it did warn him to use a little caution with how much he ordered. Boris brushed off the plea, already his head filling where he could order from. A loud gurgle emitted from his stomach and through force of will, he walked out of the kitchen and upstairs to his room. There were a few times he felt the sides of his stomach poke against the sides of the narrow stair corridor.

Boris paused at the top of the stairs, having a rare moment of self-reflection. What would happen if he ended up gaining another fifty pounds, or even a hundred!? Would he end up needing help as his stocky frame became wedged in his bedroom door frame? Already the subtle feeling of biceps and thighs aching had become somewhat of a regular occurrence for him. There was also the vague awareness of how his movement had been affected. It wasn't as noticeable when he walked, but when he tried to run or tackle it felt like his center of balance was constantly shifting. Boris shook his head, pushing those thoughts deep into the back of his mind. There wasn't anything he could do... Was there? All he had was football and eating, and of course family.

Simulated sounds of gunfire and explosions reverberated throughout the second floor and Boris clutched his paws angrily, his black nails digging into his palms before he exhaled loudly. Opening the door he spied a short dalmatian lying on a small twin-sized bed, his body facing away from the TV while his head lay upside down from its view. "Hey, Bro! You finally made it home, I was getting worried about ya" Boris gave a dismissive wave of his hand before giving his belly a large meaty slap. "Pfff you know you don't gotta worry about me, just had to stay after a little bit."

Kevin rolled his eyes before lifting his head and turning himself to face his older brother. Giving a better view of the unusual color of his brown spots. It wasn't something that ever bothered him or anyone in the family for that matter. When you had a mixed-species family it was hard to be surprised by appearances. "Well did you read the note downstairs? Mom and dad are going to be gone all weekend. Oh and, umm, I'm probably not going to be home tonight." Kevin muttered those last few words, but not low enough for Boris to miss them.

"What do you mean?" Boris folded his arms across his broad chest, feeling his arms push against the tight ball of his gut.

"Well, umm, I mean... I, err, nothing." Kevin stammered and whistled, his eyes suddenly glued towards his television screen. But he wasn't going to get out of things that easily. Boris shrugged his shoulders and made the slightest indication of turning around to leave before he swerved his body and jumped on top of his younger brother, who could only squeal in response before being smothered by three hundred and twenty pounds of muscle and fat.

Kevin tried to wrestle free, but the five and a half foot dalmatian was no match for his much heavier and over a foot taller brother who held him from behind in a headlock. "What aren't you telling me? You're trying to keep secrets from me?"

Kevin managed to get his head free for a moment. "N...no, it's just..." Boris grinned and playfully tugged at Kevin some more who yelped and tried to squirm free. "Heh, come on, tell me, you got a date or something?" The strength seemed to vanish from Kevin and that was when Boris knew he had Kevin right where he wanted him.

"Oh, so it is a date? Who's the lucky girl?" For a moment, Boris thought he was going to have to tackle Kevin again until he heard a deep sigh of relent. Boris had to admit he was eager to know, just a little bit. Kevin wasn't like his older brother; he was much more reserved in public, but he was by no means quiet. He knew he had started dating last year, right before he started high school. But he had ended up breaking up with the girl after they realized they felt better as friends.

Kevin's hands ran over the top of his head, brushing at his short-cropped black hair before he looked down at his lap. "It's a he." Kevin didn't bother to look at Boris as if he thought he'd get shot down by his curious gaze, but Boris gave a meaty thwack to Kevin's back.

"Oh! Nice! You finally found yourself a good guy, huh?" Boris didn't even seem to pay attention to Kevin's remark. Kevin tilted his head from in between his hands, raising an eyebrow before he continued. "Y-yeah, his name is Rudy, we started hanging out at the park after school. Do you know the skatepark down Melconly Lane? He, um.. well, he kind of asked me what I thought of him." He spoke slowly and carefully, each word a light poke to gauge his brother's reaction.

Boris grinned, unable to hide his black lips pulling back while he leaned in closer. "You don't have to say anymore, I'm happy for ya, honest!" Boris grunted as he sat up on the bed, his stomach getting in the way as he kicked himself upwards.

Kevin's long ears seemed to perk up on his head and redness crept from his neck up to his cheeks. "Really!? I thought you might make fun of me or..."

Boris frowned his face before looking down at his "protege". "Hey, I'd never do that... you know I care for you. After you told me about your feelings with both guys and girls I was glad you told me." It was Boris's turn to blush as he rubbed at the back of his head absentmindedly. "I mean, it's no big deal. I know you're worried about telling mom and dad, but you're still my baby brother, and nothing's going to change that."

Boris barely had time to look back at his younger brother before he felt thin arms against the tight beach ball of his gut and he stammered for a moment. "Eww, what are you gay?" normally he would refrain from such comments, but his brother only laughed in response and let go as he gave him a rough shove. "That's real nice." Kevin gave a light-hearted laugh before slipping back on his wireless gaming headset, the lights on the outside of the earpieces beginning to pulse various colors.

Boris got the message and made a kissy face at Kevin who stuck his tongue out before he went back to shooting at Nazi zombies. He closed the door quietly behind him before heading to the end of the hallway towards his bedroom. He had just opened his poster-covered door when his stomach growled loudly. He gave a loud, indigent huff before throwing his leather hoodie onto a large heap of dirty clothes beside his bed before he bent down, huffing loudly. The small mini-fridge underneath his computer desk was filled with cans of cold, sugary goodness

along with a can or two of "acquired beer". His paws wrapped themselves around a can of Vintage Malt brand beer before he lay back on his bed. The cold from the can felt good against the backdrop of humid summer air that filtered through his open window. A loud crack and hiss sounded from the can as he popped the top open and tilted the contents back in his dry mouth.

It wasn't long before the can was empty and Boris threw it against the far wall where it harmlessly bounced and dropped into a small wireframe trash basket. Despite the welcoming cold chill that now permeated his mouth and stomach, he still felt hungry. He opened a drawer from his bedside nightstand, his hands clambering until he heard the crinkle of plastic bags. He didn't waste a second as his fingers began to dig into the bags, shoveling in handful after handful of potato chips and cookies, hardly chewing as pudgy paws continued to grab for each small bit of food. After numerous cookies, chips, and (another) can of soda to top it off, Boris lay back on his bed, grunting and huffing in approval as he rubbed at his barely sustained belly. It would have to do for a little while. He let himself sit there for a time, his paws unconsciously grabbing at the small bit of his stomach that poked out from underneath his dark T-shirt. He couldn't help it as he groped at his love handles, feeling the small rolls of fat that started just a few inches underneath his tight chest. He loved this feeling, the thought of just growing bigger and bigger, it was hard to explain, but it made him feel strong and big... Bigger than he had used to feel at least.

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

Boris snapped to attention quickly sitting up and shoving his shirt down over the large expanse of fur and fat that was his belly. "What!?"

"I'm leaving now, Bor. I won't be back until tomorrow morning. I'm going to spend the night over at Rudy's house. His parents said it's fine. He lives over at Wolf Creek trailer park. I'll text you the address later, so don't worry." Before Boris could argue, he already heard the loud creak of the stairs and a moment later the loud slam of a door.

Boris was too stunned and worried he was going to be caught; he hadn't bothered to chase after him. He reminded himself to text Kevin in a few hours. He might be fourteen, but he still was his kid brother in Boris's eyes. Boris sat there for a moment thinking about what he could do at home by himself. Digging inside of his faded black denim jeans for his cellphone, he looked at the time. It was only four in the afternoon; he'd probably order dinner in about an hour or two and then there still was the thought about that paper he had due in two weeks. There was plenty of time, but he had no idea what he was even going to write it about. He had never really thought about what he was going to do outside of high school... He wasn't even sure he had the grades for any universities. Then there was the fact of who he even looked up to... His parents weren't the worst, at least not since his dad had gotten remarried nearly six years ago. For a moment a memory threatened to swim to the surface, but he quickly drowned it underneath the waves of his subconscious. He didn't want to think about anything from before his father had remarried; that old life was over.

It was back to the question of what he was going to do about this paper. It was at that moment his phone buzzed and pulsed in his hands before a chirping sound sang. *"Hey, sweetie got anything planned for the weekend XOXO"* Boris groaned loudly, thinking of replying later until he slapped his forehead.

"Wait a minute! I could get Persephone to write it for me!" For a moment Boris was reminded of what he had planned to talk to her about this weekend. That could wait until after she wrote the paper for him though, right? Boris got right to work, sending a reply back, typing so fast he was worried if she'd even get the message.

"I'd love to, Perssy, but Mr. Ringtail gave me an assignment this weekend that's due Tuesday. :("

Boris only had to wait a few seconds before he heard the familiar chirp from his phone.

"Awww that sucks. I wanted to spend time with you this weekend. I've missed you." Boris had just finished reading when he received another message. "I know, what if I spend the weekend with u, and help you work on that paper!?" Boris had to stop himself from jumping and stomping his feet in victory.

"Aww u sure, I'd hate to make u work too hard"

"Hhehe it's no problem for my Bo, I'll come over tonight around... six?"

The urge to gag was overwhelming in Boris's throat as he worked on responding. *"Sounds good, I'll be waiting."* Boris placed his phone on top of the bedside table before he flicked on his widescreen tv. Flicking through the apps, he decided on Furtube before continuing on a let's play video he had started watching last night.

For a moment a twinge of guilt tugged at his throat and chest, but he turned his attention towards the video. *"Why didn't he just tell Perssy how he felt? How did he feel about her?"* He had feelings towards her, at least he used to. Now he just grew annoyed whenever she texted him or wanted to talk. It was almost like boredom. It wasn't like it was uncommon for someone like him, he essentially had his pick of girls at school and he had been with a handful throughout his school days, but they always ended up being all the same. He could see through the corner of their eyes the way they wearily eyed his increasing gut and steadily growing girth and it caused him frustration and annoyance at how small-minded they came off.

Boris enjoyed how big he had been growing and he wanted to keep going. Within reasonable limits, of course. He still wanted to show off just how strong he was. The minute he felt like it was severely affecting his football skills he'd stop, but for now, he had only been climbing in weight and the hidden tightness of muscle that lay underneath and he wasn't going to stop anytime soon.

Boris lifted his arms to the ceiling, listening as his back cracked and he exhaled deeply. His dark T-shirt rolled over the top of his belly before he shoved it back down. He was interrupted by a loud growl emitting from his stomach and he sighed in defeat. "Alright, you win. Heh, guess you wanna grow more too." He chuckled before bounding downstairs towards the kitchen all the while debating inside his head what he was in the mood for.

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An hour later, his overly taut belly was full of a whole large pizza, fifteen wings, and half a liter of soda. Boris groaned while his legs dangled off one side of the large living room sofa. Despite his stuffed belly, he thought about getting up and starting on the other large meat lover's pizza sitting at the kitchen table. Before he could debate on risking possible retaliation from his stomach he heard a knock on the door. A loud, involuntary belch rumbled from him and he sighed in relief at the lessened pressure inside his stomach. Sitting up with a groan, he walked over to the front door, opening it up and catching the sight of a female fox.

Persephone tilted her head slightly upwards to look at Boris. Already her cheeks were pink underneath the cream-colored fur that covered the sides of her head and lower bottom muzzle. Her pink eyes shrunk back beneath her dark blue glasses. Once again Boris couldn't seem to remove his gaze from her own strange colored eyes. Finally, Persephone smiled at him before covering her mouth and giggling.

"Hey there, hun! I know I'm a little bit early. I ended up finishing my homework during study hall class. It's amazing how dumb they think we are. I mean, a research paper? Not a big deal."

"Uh-huh. Did you wanna come in?" Boris's voice roughly cut through Perssy's delicate voice but she didn't seem to notice the sharpness in his tone and nodded eagerly before lifting one of her thin arms, revealing bags of groceries and a few bags from the nearby burger shack.

Boris grabbed the bags delicately from his girlfriend's arms, heading back to the kitchen. He shoved the pizza box to the side with an elbow before dropping the heavy bags from his arms.

"Ohhh, thank you, hun." Pressy looked at the pizza box and leftover wings on the table before her small lips puckered up and she narrowed her gaze. "Boris... I thought you said you wouldn't be a piggy without me around..." Pressy looked at him with wide eyes and Boris could feel her bright, innocent eyes tugging at his heartstrings. He took a moment to scratch at his gut.

"Pressy, relax. I barely ate that much. I'll still have room for your home cooking, alright? I didn't eat a lot for lunch at school and I was hungry." Boris told the white lie, without any

concerns. In fact, for his school lunch, he had filled himself with chicken strips, hot dogs, and more milk cartons than he could count.

Pressy sighed in relief and took that moment to push herself closer to him, reaching a hand underneath his too-small T-shirt to poke and prod at his belly. “Well good, I’d hate for you not to be able to eat dinner tonight. You know I love cooking for you and you’re great as a taste tester.”

Boris’s normally hardened face began to soften as he felt his belly being rubbed. He enjoyed rubbing his gut and admiring himself in the mirror, but there was something about having someone else’s hands prod and admire his body. There was always a chill that seemed to fill him when Pressy was around though. He found her beautiful, in that overly caring nerdy way, but there was also the feeling that she was hiding more than she claimed. Boris felt that familiar chill creeping up his body, despite the scorching summer air, and pulled away briskly.

“Umm, not right now. My stomach hurts and I don’t want to have to worry about barfing all over you.” Boris noticed Pressy’s eyes seem to turn darker, almost violet. Boris rubbed at his eyes, but all he saw was pressy’s bright pink eyes looking back at him questioningly.

“Well alright, if you say so. Maybe after you’ve sat down for a while we could snuggle and I could give you belly rubs?”

“Yeah, sure, if you want.” Boris waved a dismissive hand before going on. “Sooo, listen, about that stupid essay, Mr. Ringtail wants me to write about somebody I look up to or what my plans for the future are... I mean, it’s so fucking stupid... Doesn’t he know how busy I am? I got us to win the midwest regionals this year! All the other teachers have been cutting me slack, fuck him.” Boris growled under his breath before he felt arms wrap around his waist.

“Oh, don’t worry, hun. I’ll get this little essay of yours finished tonight. Sounds simple. I’m sure I can think of somebody you’d look up to... besides a sumo wrestler.” Pressy teased, her words tickling at Boris’s ears and he gave a nonchalant smirk.

“I’m not sure I’d ever want to get that big, but thanks, babe.” Already the anger that had been rising inside of him started to dissipate. She was right. He knew she could get this paper done no problem, she had done a lot of homework for him over the three months they had been together and tonight would be no different. Already his mind was filled with the home-cooked food he was going to eat.

A few hours later Boris was laying on his bed, shirtless. His belly spilled over his front and covered the front of his pants’ waistband. Despite the ceiling mounted fan in his room, the air felt humid and sticky and Boris grimaced as he felt some of his fur sticking to his body. The sound of clacking sounded off to his left as his girlfriend typed away on his keyboard, working on his essay. A small twinge of guilt threatened to push from Boris, but he quickly stifled the feeling down with a long swig of cola.

"I'm almost done, Boris. Should be able to finish by tonight." Pressy's voice was distracted as her eyes darted over the computer screen. She tried to adjust herself in the much too big leather chair, again.

"Pressy... um, look..."

Pressy stood up suddenly. "Hold that thought, I gotta run to the bathroom." With that Pressy walked out of the bedroom heading down the other end of the hallway.

"Fuck, why am I struggling with this. I've dumped girls plenty of times, It's not a big deal." Boris muttered angrily. The thing was, though, he enjoyed how Pressy pampered him. His other girlfriends had been civil to him, but it was rare to find one of them that cooked such delicious food, not to mention for that matter she did whatever he wanted, just about. He knew part of that sounded vain, but so what? Didn't he deserve to be pampered and admired? He had dealt enough in the past with being ignored a... And...

"Gahh, she's just another girl. I bet I could find somebody like her in college or..." Boris sat up on his bed, grunting as he hoisted himself up before lazily grabbing at a slice of pizza from the open pizza box next to him. He didn't even think about it, he just began to stuff his face... He only snapped out of the daze when he felt his paws closing in on empty air, a moment before Pressy stepped into the room. Her normally pressed lips and bright eyes seemed different somehow. Her lips seemed much too thin, almost as if she was trying to suck them in and he noticed her eyes seemed almost wet.

"Sorry about that." Pressy's voice was quivering and tight, but she went back to the computer and Boris opened his mouth before closing it back. He opened his phone and started playing a mobile game for a bit before he eventually started yawning, and before he knew it his eyes had started drifting and he found himself falling and falling into a deep sleep.

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The first thing Boris noticed when he woke up was the smell of something cooking downstairs... It smelled like bacon, but richer and fuller. He hummed as he tried to twist himself in bed, but the smell seemed to tease and taunt him. That couldn't be bacon though, right? Drool started to ooze unwittingly down his mouth and Boris found himself jumping up from bed, surprised to see Pressy wasn't sleeping beside him. Usually, the few times she had spent the night over she would end up snuggling next to Boris, her hands clutched tightly against his chest and belly.

Boris found himself bounding down the stairs two at a time. Not even bothering to look where he was going. The smell only seemed to grow stronger now and he couldn't help but salivate on the floor. Thick globs of spittle flowing from his mouth as he tried to hold back.

“Oh, morning, hun.” Pressy was busy cooking bacon in a pan, the smell was almost intoxicating. Beside her was already a large heap of pancakes and french toast.

Boris tried to grab a slice of french toast before his hand was smacked with a spatula that caused him to give a surprised yelp.

“It’s almost done... Just wait a second. You’re really impatient, you know. The least you can do is wait for a home-cooked breakfast.” Pressy’s voice had a hardness underneath it that kept Boris from giving a snarky comment. Instead, he grumbled before sitting at the kitchen table, his stomach all the while letting its protest be known.

After what felt like hours, plates filled with numerous foods were laid delicately in front of Boris who could only stare wide-eyed at the vast assortment of food. There was no way he was expected to eat all of this, was he?

“Well, what are you waiting for? Eat up.” Pressy looked at him with a deep gaze, despite the shy smile that crossed over her lips, her eyes seemed to almost be studying him. Boris paused, suddenly not wanting to eat... but the smell was too much for him and before he knew it he was filling an empty plate with a high stack of pancakes, slices of thick-cut bacon, and plump sausages.

Boris hesitantly grabbed at a sausage piece that was about the size of one of his fingers before dangling it in front of him. He took a careful bite, and almost immediately the taste of grease and fat coated the inside of his cheeks and saturated his tongue. This wasn’t normal meat. Boris was used to the strange, processed taste of what was called synthetic meat. After all, real meat came from other animals and that was a big no-no in most of the world. This taste was much more flavorful though, and Boris found himself shoving the rest of the thick piece of sausage into his maw before grabbing for another and then another. He barely chewed before downing it with pancakes swimming in syrup. His paws grabbed food from the other assorted plates surrounding him, moving onto french toast completely coated in powdered sugar and more syrup and then onto thick slices of ham. He continued to eat and eat, his stomach all the while growling and gurgling noisily. Somehow he felt even hungrier than before he had started eating and this only caused him to pick up the pace. No longer worrying about looking presentable, Boris found himself belching loudly as he freed up space for his gut to consume more. It wasn’t long before Boris had finished everything. Huffs and pants escaped his syrup-coated muzzle while he licked lazily at a few spare pieces of meat left in between his fangs, pulling out what seemed to be some kind of fruit seed from his teeth before spitting it onto his plate.

“Did you like it?” Pressy giggled, her arms folded against her chest. Boris could only reply with a loud grunt and burp before he lay back in his seat... Something felt a little different, but it was hard to focus through the increasingly thick fog that seemed to now fill his head. His eyes felt heavy and it was a struggle for him to hear. Eventually, he relented and let his eyes close as he leaned back into his seat to take a small nap. “You just sleep, and when you wake

up you'll feel all better. I promise." Boris swore he felt his fur starting to tingle before he lost the will to hold back the floodgates of sleep.