



47H

Tach stood in his doorway rather confused. The lynx hadn't ordered anything, not a thing, and yet there was a box sitting on his front steps. It was a small box with no markings, no return label, and simply "Tach" in bad handwriting on top of it. It was an odd thing for him to say the least, but the smells coming from it were enough to entice the feline to at least take it into his house. Cautiously. It wasn't much of a deal for him to at least bring the box at least, right? Of course it wasn't, or at least that was what Tach told himself as he took the box into his arm and brought it into his house. He had no idea what it was or where it came from, but the scent was enough to entice him into bringing it inside. The feline had never smelled such a decadent scent, not once in his life, and it alone had nearly hypnotized him into bringing the box in. His own curiosity was also enough to bring it in; cats and curiosity and all of that rang true for him.

Setting the box down on his counter, Tach began to turn it over and study the package to see if he could suss out just what it was without opening the box. The ends were taped, it was wrapped in paper and little else, in fact nothing else. There was nothing aside from the scent to give it away, that and the handwriting, but Tach didn't recognize it in the least. Sure, it may have been from one of his friends, but there wasn't much that would give away which one, and if Tach knew his friends, then he had a sneaking suspicion as to what was in the box. He didn't really want to think about that though, and instead got more and more curious as he turned the box over, and then over again on his counter. His tail swished behind him as he began to get ideas as to just what was in the box, it's dark tip lashing about behind his legs. He didn't know quite where to start with discerning what was in the box without opening it, but as that smell continued to fill his nostrils, the feline could do little else but want to open it.

Huffing loudly after a minute or so of tossing, turning, shaking, and otherwise doing everything he could to the box without opening it, Tach gave up and stuck out a claw. Slicing down one side of the box, careful to only slice the paper, the feline gave it a couple more slices before he tore the paper from the box. It was a bakery box, that much was for sure, but it was from a bakery that Tach had never heard of. Perplexed, as the mildly chubby feline had heard of nearly every bakery around him, the feline just gave a small huff again of confusion. The smell coming from the box was overbearing now though, nearly driving him to open the box and stuff whatever was in it into his muzzle instantly, but somehow he overcame that urgent need to feed and restrained himself. Instead, he just looked over the box with curious yellow eyes, his ears flattening back in concern once he saw just what the box was said to contain; a large brownie. The feline had a weak spot for chocolate, that much was for sure, and as he laid a paw on his shirt-clad stomach to idly rub its rumbling confines, he knew that skipping lunch was going to be the undoing of him with this unprompted treat. He didn't even notice any fine print on the box, aside from the usual warnings about sugar and whatnot that seemed to be so pervasive in modern culture. No other labels or markings of any kind either, it was just the logo of the bakery, a few stenciled markings, and some warnings about being careful with consumption thanks to the food being not great for you which he had to guess were mandatory from the government now. It looked on the up and up, and Tach was just salivating as he thought about getting his mitts on the food.

Placing the box down on his counter, the feline opened the container and was immediately overcome with his desire to eat. Almost as if on their own, his paws reached into the box and grabbed the thick, heavy brownie that sat within. It was wrapped in the usual parchment paper which was known for smaller bakeries, as well as a note which Tach assumed was from whoever had given him the treat. Forgoing the note for the time being though as the treat looked just too good to pass up, the feline took a large bite out of the brownie and immediately melted. An explosion of pure chocolate and sugar ran right down his spine, sending him weak in the knees and pinning his ears back against his head in pure bliss. He shut his eyes and moaned aloud as the brownie danced on being a pure religious experience for him, having to use one paw to brace himself on the counter as the waves of

sugar and cocoa and dense dough washed over him time and time again. He was nearly whimpering in bliss from the taste, and yet he couldn't even fathom words to describe the flavor. He didn't want it to end, not in the least, so when the first bite was finished, he popped the rest of the brownie into his muzzle and just chewed it slowly in order to savor the whole entire experience. Again, wordless revelry overcame him in every single sense of the words, his knees shaking and his stomach rumbling out in bliss as his whole body took that flavor and savoured it. It had been far too long since the lynx had been able to consume anything quite that good, and as he was able to just then, he couldn't think of much else aside from how he was going to get more.

Looking down at his paws, the feline just sighed to himself now that he was out of his treat. Licking his paw clean of the remnants of brownie in a vain hope that there would be enough for even a taste of that delectable treat there for him, he reached for the note with his free paw. Surely he would need to thank the friend who had sent him the brownie, and probably order at least a few more for himself... That was just too good not to get another. Pulling the note up to where he could see it though as he sucked the last of his claws clean though, Tach read the small slip of paper and went pale. His eyes widened, and he read it frantically again, and then a third time to make sure that he wasn't making something up. No, what was on that page was true... And the feline's overeager stomach had just made a monumental mistake.

"Dear Tach,

Saw this brownie at a new bakery over on Black Rd. by the movie theater and thought you'd want it. It is an ever-lasting brownie, so you shouldn't need to order another one ever again. Just don't eat the whole thing and it will reform continuously... I think they said it should last for about 2000 brownies worth or something like that, I forget. But, enjoy!

-Sasuke"

Just as Tach finished reading that, he felt a low, ominous gurgle from his stomach. It was an unsettling one, and the feline went pale and brought both paws to his stomach in surprise. He had never heard of such a food, but as his gut began to feel just a little heavier, he was more shocked the warning hadn't been right on the box! How could they do something like... Well, he hadn't read the note. It was mostly his fault, but still! How could he have known that such a delicacy would keep regenerating itself for days at a time so that he could savor it? Who did that to a brownie? They were little treats meant to be eaten in big bites and at more than one at a time. Just how he had missed it and what magic was going on with the food was not what Tach was immediately concerned with though, as instead he was beginning to focus more on the full feeling spreading through his middle. It was slow at least, which he was thankful for as he could feel his stomach beginning to feel as though he had eaten at least 3 of those treats. Thinking on that though, he got nervous again; simply 3 when the note had said at least 2000... How was he going to be able to hold that many brownies?

That was a problem for the feline, but for the time being, he needed to sit and come up with some sort of a plan. Slowly walking over to his couch, Tach could feel his stomach filling with every step he took. It was very, very slow and gradual, like dough rising in an oven, but it was still filling with the sweetened chocolatey goodness that he had so unceremoniously wolfed down. His greed had gotten the best of him, and he was about to pay for it. He knew that, and as he finally managed to make it to the couch, he sank down into it with a loud groan and just let both of his paws slide to his stomach. That stomach, which had always been just a little soft from his enjoyment of food and office job, was feeling a little taut and more full of food. He felt like he had eaten a good meal, and yet was still eating as he rubbed at his stomach. Paws moving in slow circles, the feline just sighed and decided that whatever happened, he could at least enjoy what was going to become of him; there was nothing that could be done now that he had a chance to think on it for a few moments. He

wasn't about to bring the brownie back up; that was just disgusting. He couldn't think of a way to counteract it, and Sasuke was out of town on a trip so he would have no clue... Maybe the bakery would know? Tach grunted as he reached for his phone, having to reach around his bloated middle somewhat to get to his pocket and his phone inside.

Pulling up a browser to search, he typed in the name of the bakery only to find that they were closed for the weekend. No... No one could help him with this, so instead he searched for just what he had eaten. Typing in "Unending bro" brought up the unending brownie that he had eaten, and a few stories in the news of other anthros who had eaten the whole thing. Each one looked massive, all bloated with fat and balancing either on their belly or on a sofa which had shattered beneath their encroaching poundage. None burst though, not a one... And Tach saw that as all the reason he needed to stop worrying and start just enjoying his expansion; nothing else could be done about it. Each of the 'victims' had been taken care of in some manner or another, and he had enough round friends who would somehow enjoy what would become of him in one way or another, so the feline just took solace in that, leaned back, and flipped on the television; best to be entertained while becoming an immobile ball of brownie and blubber, right?

Slowly, over the course of the night, Tach bloated out more and more. It was as if his body were an expanding glacier of rolls and folds, pressing out more and more as time went on. The progress was slow enough that his body could digest just enough of the food to keep him comfortably full, so it was hard for him to stay awake throughout the whole process. He managed though, not wanting to miss a moment of his transformation, and what a transformation it was. His belly rolled out slowly at first, sliding delicately out from under his shirt and then along his legs as it grew more and more bloated with both fat and brownie. Light rolls along the side of that bulging paunch soon folded over one another, weighing down like little stacks of pancakes along the side of Tach as he sat where he was and let his paws explore his newly exposed pudge. His belly button grew deeper and wider, expanding into a cave of sorts as weight piled onto his midsection at a sluggish pace. The gravid mass of his middle was weighing down on his whole frame too, pressing him back just a little more, and then more into the couch as time went on.

This was to say nothing of the rest of him, as his shorts tightened enough for Tach to have to stand and take them off after about an hour or so of sitting. His shirt was removed then too, though Tach had to peel it off like a second skin thanks to newly-minted moobs resting atop the small shelf of belly which had formed on his upper torso, as well as sausage-like arms which were jiggling and quaking with every motion the feline made. Leaving him clad in boxers that, thankfully, he bought large and stretchy, Tach sat back down on the couch once he had removed his constricting clothes and was able to get really comfortable. He nestled on into the cushions around him, his rear already wide enough by that point to take up nearly a whole cushion on its own thanks to just how much heft had gone behind him. His thighs slapped lightly against one another, making Tach have to spread his legs only just so that the sac of blubber that was becoming his stomach could settle down in between them. He was already nearly twice the cat he had been once the day had started, and yet he felt that he had so much more to go from the looks of the pictures that he had seen on his phone. He could also already hear his couch creaking in protest once he sat down on it to watch more television, so he knew it would be a matter of time before that gave way too... Just how long though, he had no idea.

On the night went, and bigger Tach swelled. The lynx was quickly becoming well past fat, and even pushing the definition of obese into some truly rotund territory. His arms were sacs of pure blubber, the hamhocks which he had to call biceps just dangling loosely over the roll of fat which wrapped around his side that could once have been called a moob, but now weighed and looked about the size of a small stomach. His bicep rolled down over his elbow, forming a divot of fat there that restricted the joint and forced the lynx to just rub what he could of his lower gut; reaching higher was too

much of a chore for him at that point. That rubbing of his lower gut just felt like rubbing a series of doughy tires, as the many rolls of blubber bunched up along his sides had the thickness of such items. They bounced and sloshed rather noisily as the massaging paws went along them, pressing in full inches before any resistance could be found by the fat which they encased. They were all just a small thing though in comparison to the belly which they encircled, a grandiose bulge of flab which swelled out full feet in front of Tach and nearly rested on the floor before him. He was leaning back as much as he could, but the fat from his back and rear forced him nearly to the middle of the couch cushion thanks to the sheer density and amount of fat which his body was being asked to contain. Spread eagle now to allow that gargantuan table muscle room to just spread, the lynx slapped his stomach a couple times to try and illicit a few wobbles from that thick roll of blubber. He did get those wobbles, but to feel that they took nearly a whole second to spread from where he slapped down to his toes where his stomach rested... Oh did that send shivers down the feline's spine. He just flushed brightly at that feeling, his whole face going red as he felt that realization really hit him. His cheeks, if sagging balloons of blubber hanging from his face could even be called that anymore, were very bright red, but even his rolling tire of a neck and the few chins which were bunched atop it were red too with an intense blush; Tach was enjoying being as sizable as he was far more than he thought he would.

As much as he was reveling in being so sizable, the feline could also feel the need to sleep creeping up on him. He was exhausted from the evening, the food coma which he had been staving off for hours starting to win a battle with him. Sure, he could stay up some more and appreciate the rolling spread of fat that he had become, but he could feel sleep coming to take him up just like the warm embrace of fat had... Oh, and that felt so good to him... It felt almost too good in fact. He shut his eyes, his paws gripping the sides of his stomach, or rather the minute portion of that overblown paunch which they could reach, and he began to feel sleep take him. It was a pleasant experience, one made even more so by the feeling of his fact acting like untold blankets wrapping him from head to toe. His muzzle sank down onto the tire of fat which had wrapped his head, his arms drooped, his legs just sank a bit more into the couch... And the feline was out.

Tach awoke hours later to the snap of his couch, as well as of his floor. The loud bangs and snaps of wood jolted the feline awake, and for a moment he was unsure of just where he was and what had happened to him. Eyes shooting open, he looked around, only to see his own cheeks and a veritable wall of blubber; his own blubber. The night prior flooding back into his mind, Tach just groaned as he tried to stretch, only to find that he could barely even wiggle a finger from where he lay on the floor. His gut was still pleasantly full, and felt like it was only getting moreso. The brownie was still going? Just how big he was going to get made Tach go pale with the thought of it, but as he thought more about it for the briefest of moments... He was okay with it. Sure, he couldn't move a muscle, and it would take ages to lose all of the weight that he had piled onto him, but it was so damn comfy that he didn't really mind. In fact, secretly he was reveling in it as he just felt parts of himself that he knew had to be over a yard away just pressing into walls or over his coffee table. The floor beneath him splintered wasn't particularly comfortable, but he could manage that... Oh, he could manage that just fine. As such, the feline shut his eyes and began to just purr, he had to hope someone would find him eventually; the brownie wasn't going to last forever, and lunch was sounding pretty good right about then.