

[The decrepit and brittle video tape begins to play. After a few seconds of tracking, the wobbling image evens out. A cheesy musical number comes in distorted over a card bearing the company's logo.]

Hello, and welcome to your HR-directed safety re-orientation video. Here at Tubbo Bakeries, we take the safety of our staff very seriously, but we also understand that working in an environment surrounded by calorie-packed treats can also be a fun and lively experience for everyone. We know it's hard to resist snacking during work hours, and that most of our staff experience substantial weight gain during their first year on the job. We even understand many of you applied in order to get fatter – and we support you. However, your HR representatives have decided that its time to go over a few of our basic workplace safety rules, so we can also work love handle to love handle safely.

First, remember to always wear expansion-resistant clothing while working on the bakery floor. It's not to prevent someone from seeing a belly or two – we're all adults here – but to look out for the safety of ourselves and others. Clothing should have a fair amount of stretch and give and be able to fit you should you decide to indulge and add a few dozen pounds to your frame. Remember this key phrase: Come loose, leave tight! Torn fabric ripped open by the rapid expansion of a belly or buttocks can leave dangling threads on your clothing. Don't get near that conveyor!

[The video's soundtrack plays a ripping sound and a fox's trousers are sucked into the machine.]

Ouch! Someone's going to feel a draft. Secondly, clothing with buttons are a big no-no. We all know that the feel of straining buttons ready to burst is one of life's simple pleasures, but a rapid fire volley of projectiles isn't. A flying button from a waistband or a dress shirt can not only be a tripping hazard or dangerous to eye safety, but it can also get into sensitive machinery and cause a breakdown. Make sure you wear comfortable t-shirts and safe, dependable elastic waistbands.

[In the video, a wolfess just barely crammed into some too-small yet appropriate clothes munches on a donut and offers a chubby thumbs up for the camera. Her belly is nearly hitting the floor, but her clothes are intact.]

And this one goes out to our more senior staff members. We see you out there – how could we miss you, hahaha! Always be aware of your own personal girth, and make sure to have other staff members measure your hips weekly so you can properly follow the color coded walkway safety system. Green walkways are wide enough for almost everyone to waddle safely, but watch out for yellow, orange, or even red-coded walkways! If your width has been designated as too large for these areas, then your flanks are in danger of overlapping with sensitive machinery and forklifts! If you've gained weight recently, be sure to get re-evaluated to know which walkways are right for you.

Lastly, while we encourage a little snacking on the job, never – and I mean *never* – attempt to eat the raw batter in the mixing rooms. It contains raw egg, which is a health hazard, and it also packs enough calories to immobilize anyone who eats as much as a pawful. And while we support our employees no matter their weight, a landmass-sized puma filling half of the mixing room is not good for business.

Janice.

[The tape warps and cuts, as if edited awkwardly.]

And that's all of our simple safety rules here at Tubbo Bakeries. Let's all remember to work hard, get fat, and have fun – safely. Remember our company motto: If it's not Tubbo-

[The elderly tape in the VCR finally snaps, mercifully cutting the HR meeting short.]

She was massive.

Cerine had been gaining weight uncontrollably for a year now. This time last spring, she had been relatively thin, if a little curvy around her hips and tummy because of her sedentary job. But then, almost like lightning, she ballooned. Her eating habits changed overnight. And by changed, they tripled, causing her belly to swell out of her shirts, her bras to pinch, and her shorts to be unable to button closed within a week. By the first month, she gained more than fifty pounds, blowing up into obesity without any sense of slowing down.

After two hundred pounds of added fat on her frame, the now-obese vixen finally received her diagnosis: She had a new, still-unnamed condition that caused her to need massive calorie intakes just to function, essentially. There was no dieting or getting around it. She was just going to have to eat and blow up.

So she did. Throughout the summer, Cerine ate herself fatter, gaining so much weight that her beach body was more beach ball than anything. She kept expanding into autumn and especially winter, doubling in width until she could smother an entire three-seater couch all by herself. Now spring was almost on her again, and the supersized fox was digging through her late-summer clothes to see if *anything* would still fit. She'd replaced her clothes a few too many times already, and she was hoping to save money because her food bills were outrageous.

The pink vixen stood in front of her woefully too-narrow mirror, holding clothes in front of her massive body. She was at least eight hundred pounds, and with the way she gained, it was almost all in her hips and bust. The fat fox had an ass that jiggled with every step, hips she could rest her paws on, and boobs big enough to fill an armload. Her tummy was just beginning to come into its own, bulging forward from her enormously thick waistline. The fox also had wide, fleshy shoulders and heavy arms to balance her massive caboose. And while she had to admit that pretty much every day her new and increasing size was heavy, cumbersome, and exhausting, some days she really, *really* liked it. The fox would catch glimpses of her reflection and grin at how big she was, especially when she got compliments. She particularly liked her bigger breasts, now both larger than her head. Something about that felt right. Fulfilling, in a way.

Today, though, was somewhere between enjoyment and frustration. Cerine picked up another easy-to-wear summer dress and saw that it, too, only covered half of her – the inside half. She tossed it back on the bed, her arm fat jiggling and causing the rest of her body to wobble in sympathy. Cerine had on a black sports bra with more X's than an adult night club and a pair of dark bottoms that did nothing to hide her white heart-shaped pattern on her ass. The white tip at the end of seven feet of tail wiggled as her body jiggled, and she sighed as she looked in the mirror. A narrow wedge of fat fox was reflected back at her.

Cerine picked up an old pajama shirt she'd sleep in and pulled it on over her head and shoulders. It fit her like a crop top now, pinching her thicker arms and shoulders and barely covering her chest. Well, with spring coming it would work... Laying beside the shirt, she had a pair of denim shorts that looked big enough. It was a bit of a struggle getting them on, having to lift up one enormously big leg and angle her foot into them only by her reflection. When Cerine pulled the shorts up over her pink thighs, they stopped short a couple inches before her waist. Fat jiggled as she tried tugging up once, twice, three times, then finally she realized the tail clasp was still closed. With it open, she pulled the tight shorts up and fought hard to get them buttoned. Her waist was so thick that the denim was stretching, and she struggled for two straight minutes to get them buttoned. The shorts sank into her soft body like a vice, and the fox panted once she had them closed.

She decided to celebrate by sitting down on the edge of her bed, which pushed her belly out, bursting the button. The flying projectile then put a nice crack in her bedroom mirror.

“Fuck,” the fox sighed as her midsection exploded through the gap left in her shorts. “Guess I will get something bigger.”

A warm haze hung over the bathtub, beckoning the big, red-furred tigress to get in. Warily, Crimson stripped off her clothes, dropping her short shirt and pants into a pile beside her before adding her hefty bra and undies on the top. The huge tigress ran her claws through her hair as she stretched her arms and legs, letting the warm air from the soaking tub waft over her. She was tall and well-built, with a bit of extra weight padding her frame and giving her hips and chest more than ample curves.

Crimson climbed into the wood-paneled tub, feeling the hot water soak into her fur as she settled in. The water level rose slightly around her, splashes of steaming liquid escaping the rim and hissing as they fell on the coals under the elevated tub. The tigress leaned back in the tub and sighed. She let her eyes close as the warm water soothed her skin. Her muscles were so sore after her long day at work. This was just the thing she needed to unwind.

Well, she needed both a bath and the thing she had sitting on the small table nearby. Once she was settled into the tub, Crimson reached over and picked up a paw-sized cardboard box. On the top was a logo from a local bakery. A sweet, decadent smell wafted from inside the box, tinged with the spicy scent of cinnamon. It made the tigress's mouth water. She tucked her arms together against her chest, propping her full breasts together between her thick biceps to create a shelf to set the box on. With her claws, she popped open the lid and gazed at the heavenly treat inside. It was a glazed cinnamon roll as wide as her outstretched fingers. Yes, it was an absurd amount of calories. Yes, she was curiously allergic to cinnamon. No, she didn't care. She was going to eat it after the day she had.

Crimson gripped the roll in one paw and tossed the box aside with the other. Opening wide, she jammed the treat into her muzzle and bit down. Her long fangs pierced soft, warm, flaky roll and icing tickled her tongue. A satisfied purr rolled from her throat as she chewed up the first bite, feeling warm inside and out. She swallowed and began to feel the effects immediately. The tigress had an “allergy” to cinnamon that made her grow. In both directions.

The water in the tub splashed as the amount of tiger inside of it began to expand. Crimson's hips plumped and widened, pinning the base of her tail between her cheeks as she grew from one side of the wooden sides to the other. Her belly swelled even as her legs grew longer, the tigress gaining mass even as she gained weight. Plumpness ballooned into obesity as she gobbled up bite after bite of the cinnamon roll, her feet soon pressing against the wall of the tub.

Adjusting herself to fit more comfortably, Crimson took two more bites from the cinnamon roll. Her belly breached the surface of the water, lifting up her swollen, heavy breasts. Water streamed through her fur, soon mingling with milk dribbling from the tiger's nipples. Cinnamon-tinged breastmilk dripped from her breasts to cloud the water around her, and Crimson cupped a large paw around one of her heavy boobs. Wasting nothing, she popped the nipple into her mouth and slurped a mouthful to help wash down the sweet dessert. The extra batch of cinnamon made her swell even larger, her frame growing heavier and her bust swelling to overflow her arm. Crimson's love handles pressed against the sides of the tub around her, and water was pouring over the edges to hiss in the hot coals below.

Crimson lifted her feet out the tub, dangling her lower legs over the side to give herself more room to completely finish her treat. The fat tigress gulped down the last bites of cinnamon roll, heedless to the creaking and splintering sounds around her or the rush of steam as bath water. The tub was beginning to crack and split, pouring water out of the gaps. Every shiver in the frame jiggled the fatter tigress's body, but she was fixated on licking her fingers clean and lapping up milk. She was lost in relaxation bliss, so when the entire tub shattered and burst open, pouring gallons of water into the hot coals and creating a cloud of steam. Crimson almost fell off the remaining bottom platform of the tub, jiggling and oversized for her seat, but the tall tigress managed to get her paws on the floor and stop herself.

Wincing sheepishly, the overweight, tall, and milky tigress looked herself over. “Ah... little too much, I guess.”

“I'm telling you, it's not magic.”

Evie leaned against the divider wall, crossing her arms and scoffing at the pink fox in the laboratory area of the basement. “So you can make potions that turn people into seven foot tall werewolf girlfriends or give them big boobies or breathe fire, but it's 'not magic.’”

“Seven and a half feet, actually,” Cerine corrected. The buxom fox leaned back in her chair and rubbed her chin thoughtfully. “Have I made fire breathing potions before?”

“I couldn't think of a third example off the top of my head.”

“Either way,” the vixen continued, “no, alchemy just intensifies the latent properties of natural substances. Yes, I can turn someone into a dragon temporarily without using magic. Our bodies are more malleable than you think.”

The white goat pat her stomach, just under her blue hoodie. “Trust me, I know. So... what do you think would happen if you *did* add a little magic, then? Would the potions become stronger?”

“That's a whole centuries-long debate you're getting into,” Cerine explained. She picked up the bottle she was working on and clamped it over a heating mantle. The green liquid inside swirled sluggishly, as if it was heavier than it looked. “I may be a bit of a renegade in practice, but my work's very traditional.”

Evie watched Cerine get her equipment ready to begin heating up the bottle full of dark green elixir. “Well, what would be the harm in using fire magic to heat that potion there?”

Cerine looked at the bottle, her finger hovering over the activation button on the heating mantle. She glanced at the goat beside her and then back at her work. “If I let you do that, can we put this to rest?” The supremely-endowed fox braced her paws on the edge of the table and pushed herself upright, adjusting her lab coat around her chest. She gestured with a dark paw towards the bottle.

Evie smiled wide, long fangs glinting in the light. She joined Cerine in the lab area, now slightly cramped with the two of them together and the fox's gigantic tail, and held out her hand. Flickering embers formed around her fingers before fluttering around the glass. Flames danced between the goat's fingers and began to caress the glass, causing it to glow hot on one side. As Cerine watched, leaning forward curiously, the liquid inside the bottle began to bubble and churn. A faint green gas formed inside the bottle, swirling energetically. More and more of it darkened the glass as Evie continued to heat it up.

“How hot are your flames?” Cerine asked, her tail flicking about anxiously.

“I don't know, actually,” Evie admitted.

“Uh, then maybe you should-”

But before she could finish, the cork capping the bottle blew off, and an expanding cloud of emerald green gas whistled from the long, glass neck. It rapidly filled the room, and the two women couldn't react fast enough to avoid inhaling it. The smoke smelled of pine needles and campfires. There was so much of it that the entire lab was clouded to the point of blindness, and the fox and goat stumbled, coughing.

Above the sound of hacks and wheezes, however, there soon came the sound of clothes beginning to rip. Threads burst along clothing and the tell-tale *ping* of buttons bouncing off glass bottles echoed in their ears. Cerine fumbled along the wall with a pair of softening, chubby paws until she found the switch for the overhead air vent and blew all the gas safely outside. In a moment, the room cleared, and they could see the damage.

Both of them had blown up to triple their weight. Evie was pouring out of her blue hoodie, struggling to hold a massive white stomach in her arms. Her face was looking distinctly rounder as she huffed and puffed from the effort. Across from her, Cerine was looking thicker all over, her clothes struggling to stay intact. Her pants had fared the worst, torn to ribbons around a ballooned posterior and hips that wobbled freely as she turned back around.

“Maybe I'll just continue keeping the two separate,” Cerine said.

“I dunno,” Evie replied, hefting her tummy. “Seemed like it worked.”

The oven dinged and Erin pulled the door open, letting the hot air blow across her face and hair. The chocolate fox put on an oven mitt and took the tray out to place it on top of the stove and admire her handiwork. A batch of beautiful, golden-brown chocolate chip cookies rest on the tray in front of her, smelling absolutely divine. The heavy fox closely inspected the cookies with a keen eye before frowning.

These were great cookies. But not *great enough*. She needed to make absolutely perfect cookies for a certain special someone. So Erin set the baking sheet aside and started making a second batch. But she wasn't going to let the cookies she baked go to waste, of course. As the vixen adjusted her recipe and began to mix it all together into batter, she plucked still-warm cookies from the baking sheet and stuffed them into her muzzle. They tasted amazing – they could just be slightly better.

Unfortunately, the next batch was also only ninety-nine percent amazing. The batch after that, too. So Erin cinched up her green apron and began to make more, gathering a pile of treats for herself to snack on while she worked. As she tried various ratios of ingredients, she created quite a pile of rejected cookies and a stack of papers scribbled with notes. The brown-furred vixen held a cookie between her fangs as she wrote out yet another potential recipe.

At least the cookies were getting better as she iterated them.

While she waited for the next cookies to bake, Erin munched through a stack of the previous batches. They practically melted on her tongue, and the chubby fox pat her tummy through her apron. Thanks to her unique nature, she could pack on a substantial amount of weight in a day, and if she was going to ensure none of these cookies were going in the trash, she was going to have to eat them all. Not that she minded. As she rejected batch after batch of cookies, the vixen gobbled up more and more of them, cleaning off the baking sheets to be used again.

It wasn't long before Erin's apron was straining around her middle. The tie in the back, just above the base of her enormous tail, was beginning to pull snug as the fox's belly slowly but steadily grew outward. Erin gave her bigger belly a jiggle through her clothes, enjoying its weight and heft, but quickly forgot about it and her tightening clothes as the next batch of cookies was done baking. Again, not quite good enough! She was sure she could make them just a bit better. So she ate all those, too, steadily fattening up more and causing her clothes to get even smaller. The seat of her pants was straining and her shirt was riding up over her bigger belly, exposing some cocoa-colored tummy fur around the sides of her apron.

The incrementally better cookies were exponentially more fattening, however, and as Erin munched on later batches of treats, her weight began to swell up faster and faster. The fox's cheeks jiggled as she chewed up the next cookie, and she had an armful of tummy to rub and enjoy in front of her while she waited to see if the next batch would end up being the best. Her pants button burst somewhere underneath the girth of her tum, letting her dark jeans slip down over her widened hips and fuller hindquarters. Under her shirt, the clasp of her bra strained to hold together, with rolls of fat squished both above and below the band as it pinched into her thickening body. Her breasts dragged down her bra with their weight, resting heavily on top of her growing belly.

Erin's clothes were ripping at the seams as she pulled one last batch of cookies out of the oven – and as she leaned over to get it, her pants split completely open, exposing the plump heart pattern on her rump. The obese vixen set the baking sheet down and inspected the cookies. These... these were finally the most perfect cookies ever to exist. It was a shame she had to go through forty four batches and gain over two hundred and fifty pounds to get here, but she'd done it. Wobbling heavily, practically none of her heavyweight frame still fitting inside her clothes, let alone covered by her apron, Erin piled the cookies onto a plate. She sampled just one of the perfect cookies, and the fox's bra finally popped as she jiggled bigger.

Well... not that anyone would really mind, she thought, waddling off to present her cookies to her special somebody.

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