Every hour another inch, every inch another pound. Vincent had been enjoying himself quite a lot these past weeks. Ever since that mystery package “From Echoen, With Love” had arrived on the doorstep, the foxtaur had found no reason to ever leave his room. The cycle of the moon and sun was lost behind closed drapes, and not one of Vincent’s four paws had taken a step outside his closed bedroom door when he had last closed it a month ago.

When you have a month’s supply of the most delicious lasagna and several vials of “Hold It In”, you find little reason to budge from your bed. Not even when you’ve outgrown it by several sizes and pieces of it are crushed beneath your ponderous bulk.

Vincent licked his chops and brought the next pan to his lips, drinking in the aroma wafting from the heated pile of pasta, sauce, cheese and meat. Every pan was self-warming and promised thousands of calories. The foxtaur lightly adjusted himself, pushing at the floor with his plump forepaws, shoving his spine against the wall and letting his bulk settle out again. As he tipped his muzzle back and let the pan’s contents slide inside, Vincent looked up at the ceiling, smiling to himself. “Just a few more inches, now.” He thought to himself, lightly bumping his nose against the ceiling.

The foxtaur had started his month not that much taller than a football player from feetpaws to eartips. The moment the first slice of lasagna passed his lips, he had begun to grow and swell. Yet, the growth seemed to be merely a side-effect, an attempt from his body to accommodate the distended mass of his gut. For every inch his belly swelled, his body stretched to match it as best it could. He was always a little behind, for all the world appearing with a potbelly. Now that the foxtaur was well past the size of a draft horse, probably larger than an elephant, Vincent really couldn’t look past his own elephantine stomach.

From wall to wall, Vincent’s room was filled with flesh and fur of foxtaur glory. Books and some of his bed, along with his computer, were long ago kicked over to make more space for the gargantuan body and distended belly. The ceiling fan was removed a few days ago, allowing for the laying-on-his-back foxtaur to stroke his stomach without interruption. Running his paws through his silky fur and sexy plush never got old, and the bigger he got the better he felt.

Saving Vincent the embarrassment of cracking through his doorway to go to the bathroom, were the “Hold It In” potions, custom made for Vincent by his batty admirer. All he had to do was pour a little bit on the lasagna, and the foxtaur could happily bloat as large as he could stuff himself for the rest of the day. Vincent could still feel the load within his belly – indeed, it was likely 80% of the massive dome of his belly, the rest being his bloated intestines and gurgling colon. Only a tiny portion was the actual food, which kept translating into pounds upon pounds of delicious weight and mass.

Smiling, Vincent pulled the pan from his lips and used his broad vulpine tongue to wash it clean, not letting a single crumb of meat or swipe of sauce go unmolested. Since he was so overgrown, Vincent had no trouble crushing the tin in one paw, crumpling it up into a tiny ball and tossing it out the open window, clattering on the pile outside. Closing his eyes, the foxtaur fatty settled in his spot to enjoy the noisy gurgles, rumbles, creaks and groans of his ever-fattening, ever-swelling self. His forepaws stroked over the dome of his gut, while his hands massaged the uppermost region of his belly. Despite his gut’s size, it was the best the foxtaur could reach – all the mass was centered in his tauric belly leaving his upper stomach with only a bit of pudge.

Vincent whirred in pleasure as he felt his thighs thickening up, the already prodigiously thick hams bulking up ever so slightly with meat and muscle. They were spread apart by his gut, his footpaws pushing up against the wall and ceiling, claws digging into them. But though he couldn’t see it, Vincent knew the real reason his legs were so far apart.

Pressed up flush against the wall, in fact positioned right over Vincent’s closed door, was the foxtaur’s tailhole. The black ring of flesh had ballooned in size since the very first gulp of lasagna, and ever since, every brush or touch against it sent sensations of satisfaction and dull pleasure to the vulpine. Currently, the hole was clenched shut in a state of rest, the ring of flesh spanning nearly twelve feet across. The black flesh was bordered with three feet of pristine white fur, followed by over seven feet of ruddy orange fur. Vincent felt proud of his plump ass, each one of his glutes a bubbly sphere of muscle wrapped in a huge expanse of plush fat. The foxtaur’s ass always appeared more perky and poundable than other tauric asses, and with the dark anus tunnel between them, the cheeks of his ass were each ten feet wide and more inviting than ever. A bit ironic, given the position of the door, and what Vincent just realized.

He was out of “Hold It In.”