

He knew the risks. Time and time again he kept poking and prodding and making passes at them, suggestions and comments and so many other things that he insisted were nothing more than “mere musings”, designed specifically to needle through their defenses until there was nothing left but acceptance. The lynx tried their best to ignore it, and not just for their own sake; the last time the two of them indulged one another, the universe had to be reset and they spent quite a few long years putting everything back in its place before time was allowed to flow again, and that just ruined their planned vacation completely. Thus, the feline had gone to great lengths to prevent any such excess from taking place again, especially if it came from their partner’s side; unfortunately for them, said partner wasn’t at all interested in keeping up with his promises, being far more taken by the allure of obscenity and self-indulgence at any given opportunity, not to mention the notion that, if they were already basically deities, they might as well start acting like it. This, above all other things, was what motivated Spikes to spend several months making constant remarks about how great it would be if he was fed so much that he turned into a blob of sorts, not because he wanted to spill over onto the outside world (absolutely not), but purely for the sake of personal experimentation; Tim wasn’t convinced, nor were they willing to even so much as consider the idea, though they were at least polite enough to stare at the Rena menacingly whenever his insistence started to cross a few lines.

Sadly, patience wasn’t an infinite resource, and both of them knew it; Spikes in particular was more than aware that the moment he got through his partner’s defences, what he’d find wouldn’t be an annoyed kitten brandishing their claws, but full acceptance and a mind about as lewd as his own, desperate for an opportunity to cut loose and do what had to be done to maximize their collective pleasure. This was how things worked between the two of them, this was how they had *always* worked, and this was how they were *going* to work, whether or not either of them had anything to say about it; thus, it was only a matter of time, patience and some minor inventiveness, and all the Rena had to do was keeping making jokes, comments and quips about how good he’d look while fat for the lynx to inevitably break down one day and give him exactly what he wanted. The day came when the cat returned home from work carrying what had to be their body’s weight in plastic bags, each one smelling of pure deliciousness, not a single restaurant logo repeated; as they explained, they had decided to “swing by a few places” to get Spikes’ favorite... *all* of their favorites.

While Tim prepared for that night’s feast, dragging a table into their living room and setting up the plates in as aesthetically pleasing a pattern as he could, Spikes got ready by doing the only thing he could: picking up his Digivice, removing every safety on it, then promptly chucking it in the nearest bin and forgetting it ever existed. This way, his body could stretch and bloat to far past the point where it normally could, something that wasn’t supposed to happen, but just happened to be one of the perks of having his controller hardware turned into a barely functional piece of scrap thanks to multiple existential resets. He walked back into the living room, stark naked and licking his lips, finding his feast waiting for him, and Tim nowhere to be found; the

cat had left a note on the table, informing him that they'd be "Back Soon" and he should get started on eating as quickly as he could, lest the food get cold; the Rena didn't need to be told twice, and the note was barely halfway to the ground when he had one hand dipping into a packet of chips and the other one grabbing three or four chicken wings out of a cardboard bucket.

There was something magical about letting go of limits and sanity and just indulging in one's innermost desires. The two of them usually did it in the more conventional way, be it with quantities of spunk that drowned out entire planets or the sort of growth that violated fundamental laws of physics; whatever their preferred method, it was always something *sexual* in nature, so it was nice to have a different thing for a change... assuming it *was* different. Spikes couldn't help but wonder if that interminable hunger and desire to eat wasn't but a different facet of the same kind of want that told him to grow bigger than entire galaxies, or begged of his feline partner to fill him so much he became a planet-sized cum balloon, or even the few occasions where his biceps alone could obscure the observable universe. It was still a desire, and a mindless one at that, so much so that before he knew it, Spikes had already developed a healthy gut after scarfing his way through several pounds of delicious food.

He couldn't stop himself; or, to be more accurate, *wouldn't* do so. To stop would be to deny himself, to tell his body and mind that they couldn't have what they craved, despite there being no reason to do so; why should he hold back when he and Tim could just put everything back together even in the worst of cases? Spikes knew that his partner was a lot more reticent about the godlike business than he was, but he honestly couldn't bring himself to care about the implications; as deities, the entirety of existence was their oyster, and as undisputed rulers of reality, there was nothing they couldn't do. And if they somehow slipped and ended up destroying the underlying fabric of the cosmos, they could just remake it from memory and no one would be the wiser; why, then, should he have to worry his pretty little head about such things as morality or restraint, when he could just shovel food into his gullet and both watch *and* feel as his body grew rounder, fatter, heavier, dragging him down and down towards the ground as it became harder to stand up with each bite? It'd be a complete waste of time.

The collapse came quickly. A few minutes were all that was needed for his legs to give in and lose the fight against the weight mounting above them, his knees bending forwards and the floorboards cracking radially once he impacted the ground; it didn't hurt, nor did it even register at all, given that his mind was far too focused on consuming the feast laid out for him to process anything else. Tim's absence wasn't even noted anymore, having been pushed to the backburner processing section of his brain, the same one where everything else that wasn't eating had been moved to, at least until the food ran out; still, with so much of it still there in front of him, from roasts to fried everything to every sort of deliciously unhealthy junk food he could think of, the odds of him running out before the feline showed up again were slim to none. And who knew,

perhaps Tim had gone on another food run, just to keep their partner going for as long as possible!

With this certainty in mind, Spikes focused entirely on stuffing his face as hard as he could. He didn't even notice how the food seemed to multiply the longer he kept eating it, how the pile of plastic plates and cardboard boxes only became more precariously stacked as he devoured his way through it; were he still in possession of his mental faculties, he would've accurately deduced that this was the work of the lynx, messing with the fabric of reality yet again in order to fulfill their partner's deepest desires, and would've been that much more grateful for it. Sadly, he was too far gone to be even remotely capable of thinking along those lines... not that he was unable to express gratitude; certainly, if Tim were there, the Rena would be spending at least a good ten percent of his time showering them with thanks for arranging such a bountiful feast for their hubby.

Spikes was *so* focused on eating, in fact, that he completely missed the fact that what he was doing had tangible, physical consequences on the world around him, directly related to the sort of damage he was doing to his own body. A good ten minutes had passed, and yet somehow he was already a towering blob of pudge and fat, taller than the tables he was eating from despite being sat down; that rotund rear of his had become larger than the couple's couch, probably bigger than their bed as well, with the rest of him being just as, if not proportionately *fatter*, going up from a pair of unbelievably enormous thighs to a belly that slung out several feet in front of him, all the way to a neck that threatened to engulf his head if he wasn't careful. Grabbing food had become difficult, borderline impossible with some of the stuff on the other side of the table, but he somehow managed... though not without some trade-off. The floor beneath him wasn't built on solid ground, but rather was a thick layer of wood, followed by another of concrete in between their living room and a spacious basement-slash-game room underneath. The two had never had issues with structural stability before, but then again, neither of them had ever pigged out so hard that their bodies' natural weight alone would be enough to flatten steel; thus, the longer Spikes kept eating, the more the radial cracks caused by his initial collapse continued to grow, widening and stretching out in every direction until they became visible to the naked eye, coming out from underneath that mountainous, flabby Rena. Spikes, of course, wasn't aware of this, nor was he truly cognizant of the sounds the floor was making: the wooden creaking, the crumbling beneath it, the noise of solid objects hitting the basement floor beneath as the concrete layer began to crack as well.

Soon after, the very room itself would begin to shake slightly, what with the floor starting to sink in the middle of it; wouldn't be all that surprising if it ended up dragging a significant chunk of the house along with it, but again, Spikes wasn't concerned. As long as he could keep grabbing fried foodstuffs, or roasts, or chips, or the endless parade of sodas and fattening drinks that just seemed to appear from nowhere, he was happy; as long as he could have *something* in

his mouth to chew on and swallow, or a drink to guzzle down, he was happy. As long as he could feel the pounds mounting each time he ate a mouthful of anything, he was happy... and so he continued being happy, all the way to the point where his head was halfway to the ceiling, his ass covered most of the living room on its own, and somehow the table had climbed up his belly in order for him to have easier access to its contents; a good thing too, considering the Rena's upper body now took up pretty much every part of the living space that his ass didn't, leaving him feeling almost uncomfortably cramped... hence why Spikes decided the best thing he could do would be to slightly readjust his seating position in order to find a new, more appropriate one, that *wouldn't* leave him feeling like his body was collapsing in on itself.

This was the straw that broke the camel's back. As long as he had remained relatively stationary, the floor could hold on; it wasn't the best of arrangements, and it would break down eventually anyway, but by doing nothing the Renamon could avoid disaster for as long as possible. Attempting to shift his frame from one position to another though? A single inch was all that was required for the house of cards to come crashing down, leaving him without any sort of support beneath his rotund rear, and his whole body was suddenly in freefall... for about a second or so, after which he plopped right on top of the game room's ping pong table with a loud crash. He had become so large that his many fat rolls effectively didn't even react to suddenly going down a whole story, apart from the immense jiggling shockwaves that didn't seem to want to stop after getting started. In fact, the worst part about all of it was that the table with food had somehow vanished along with the ground floor, leaving Spikes to panic at the prospect that he might not have something to eat.

That's when he heard it: the sound of tires outside the house, signalling that someone was approaching. It had to be Tim, and when they showed up, they'd be able to see the predicament their partner was in, maybe even get to work feeding him themselves! But there was no sight of the lynx, no teasing comment about how big the Rena was, not even a whiff of their scent; instead, what Spikes heard was a switch being flipped and an engine revving up, followed by the loud clanking of machinery. He had heard it before, but couldn't quite put his finger on it... at least not until he saw what was coming down from above: a tube. From the hole that he had left in the living room was descending a large, metallic, segmented tube that vibrated and whirred at about the same rhythm as the sounds coming from above, and the closer it got to him, the more he noticed it was actually plugged on his side. Reaching out with his pudgy arms, Spikes saw what was written on the side of it:

*“REMOVE CAP, APPLY TO MOUTH - TIM <3”*

Next to the message was a simple mechanical lock holding the tube's cap in place; behind it, small bits of what looked to be nutrient paste were dripping out, and seeing as how the Rena couldn't even begin to squeeze down on the thing, it was clearly stuffed to the nines with

feedstock, prepared just for him. Only then did he put two and two together: the pipe, the whirring, the engine... Tim had gone out to grab a vacuum pump just so they could feed him on a literally industrial scale. The whole feast they had arranged beforehand? Nothing but an entrée, an appetizer for the *true* meal that had yet to be served. Spikes licked his lips, placing the tube next to his mouth and getting ready to shove it in the moment he got the cap off.

The real feast was about to begin.