

Jet's Fattening Summer

By: Indigo Rho

May

The alarm only managed three rings before Jet slapped the snooze button. The black and white cheetah wiggled out from under his sheets and slid out of bed. He stretched and shook his head, but was already awake for the most part. He hated the thought of wasting a nice Saturday morning sleeping.

Jet left his bedroom, hurrying down the hall and into the bathroom. He turned on the shower, slipping into the stall as soon as the water was warm. He held a paw under his shampoo dispenser, then the other. With well-practiced haste the cheetah scrubbed himself down, making sure to get every inch of fur.

A few minutes later the shower nozzle was turned off and Jet got out, moving to the dryer on the wall. Warm air blasted him dry. He left the bathroom puffy and clean.

Back in his room, Jet grabbed the first pair of shorts from his dresser—a bright pink pair—and quickly slid into them. Seeing the sunlight pouring through his window, he decided against a shirt.

A tall mirror hung from Jet's closet door, and he couldn't help but take a moment to admire himself in it. The cheetah was lean, with a hint of abs on his flat middle. He'd always lived an active lifestyle. While the rest of his friends back in college had gained the freshman fifteen—and then some—he'd managed to get in even better shape than before. He was proud of how he looked, and how easy it'd been for him to maintain his figure. Everyone around him struggled, but he was built different, and he rarely let them forget it.

Jet pocketed his phone and wallet, before grabbing his skateboard and heading to the kitchen. Breakfast was a bowl of cereal, more than enough to fill him up. He scarfed it down and left the apartment, eager to start enjoying his day off.

Jet was on his skateboard the moment he reached the sidewalk. He raced along, weaving around the dips and bumps he'd memorized. Someone cursed at him as he zoomed past. Jet ignored them. On the long, flat stretches he did kickflips to entertain himself and show off to anyone nearby.

The cheetah was in high spirits. May was already off to a great start for him, and he expected the summer to be one of the best in recent memory.

The local skate park was quiet that morning, as usual. More skaters would arrive in the afternoon, and the place would be busy until nightfall. While the chance to prove his skills was always tempting, Jet preferred having the run of the park. He could try whatever tricks he wanted, without having to wait for anyone to get out of the way.

He hit the bowl first, performing a few simple spins and grabs. Nothing complex—not while no one was around to see. He remembered how long it'd taken him to

reach a point where skateboarding was second nature to him. He didn't have to put much thought into it. When he skated towards a rail he knew he'd be able to grind it and pull off the dismount. Years of practice had gotten him there, and he'd only keep improving.

Twenty minutes after Jet arrived, a sandy brown striped hyena skated up. He wore a loose shirt that did a poor job of hiding how plump he was, and a pair of tight shorts that only emphasized the size of his bubble butt. His round cheeks puffed up as he blew a strand of his messy mohawk out of his eyes.

Jet skated out of the bowl. "Took you long enough, Shay. Get distracted grabbing second breakfast again?"

The hyena rolled his eyes. "Fuck off, I was taking a call."

"I guess it *would* take that long to call in your dinner order."

Shay snarled but held back on another curse. He'd always been on the softer side, but his weight had slowly gone up in recent years. Too much fast food and beer, in Jet's opinion. Shay would eventually weigh twice as much as him, he'd put money on it, and he'd have no one to blame but his gluttonous self.

"Since you're up this early, I guess everyone's still swiping left on your HookUp profile?" Shay asked. He skated into the bowl as soon as he saw Jet scowl, flipping the cheetah off on the way in.

Bickering subsided once the two friends began skating. Despite his size, Shay was almost as good a skater as Jet. *Almost*. Competitiveness and a little pettiness compelled Jet to go out of his way to outdo his friend. He jumped a little higher, ground the rails a little longer, spun a little bit more. Aside from bragging rights, Jet believed his stunt might motivate Shay to lose some weight to reach his level. Of course, if the hyena ever did, he'd naturally find a way to stay at the top regardless.

For a couple of hours they skated, shit talked, and—impressively—managed a few civil conversations. An ideal start to a weekend for Jet.

While taking a water break, an odd truck in the parking lot nearby caught Jet's eye. He soon realized it was a food truck, quite large, with mountains and columns painted on the side. Blocky letters spelled out the name "Olympic Pizza".

"What's Olympic Pizza?" Jet asked Shay as the hyena skated over to grab water.

"You're kidding, right?"

"No. What is it?"

Shay snorted. "How have you never heard of Olympic Pizza? They're the best pizza place in the city. They've got that wild animated ad with lightning bolts cooking pizzas."

"Yeah, never heard of it," Jet said. "Though I don't have an encyclopedic knowledge of fast food like you."

Shay didn't take the bait. "Sucks to be you, then. I'm gonna snag some lunch, see ya." The hyena skated off again.

Jet normally didn't bother with lunch on the weekend. He'd grab a small snack at home, maybe make a sandwich. Nothing significant. Out of curiosity, though, he followed Shay. He'd check the menu out, but doubted he'd buy anything.

The aroma of pizza hit Jet well before he'd arrived at the window with Shay. A lion in the truck enthusiastically greeted the two skaters with a wide smile. "Welcome to Olympic Pizza on wheels! We've got all your favorites by the slice, made to the same divine quality you've come to expect. There's a half-off promotion going on right now for all our Olympus combos, if you're interested."

"Oh hell yeah!" Shay said. He gave his order after quickly skimming the menu.

"And what about you?"

"Nah, I'm good," Jet said, once he realized the lion was talking to him.

"You sure? The deal's practically a steal. And if for any reason you don't enjoy it, you get your money back," the lion said.

"The twig's busy starving himself. The pizza would be wasted on him," Shay said, letting out a quick cackle.

"Eating in moderation isn't starving myself, tubbs," Jet said. The pizza *did* smell good, though. And he couldn't beat the price. "Fine, I'll grab a combo." He looked over the menu before settling on cheese, since there was no way they could go wrong with simple cheese pizza.

"Alright, I'll have all that ready for ya in a minute," the lion said. "Oh, I almost forgot! Have a reward punch card. Every five combos, you get one free!" He punched a hole in each card and passed them to Jet and Shay.

The combos turned out far bigger than Jet had expected. Three large slices of pizza and two cheese-filled breadsticks filled the plate. While the soda had claimed to be a medium, it looked larger than any Jet had gotten before elsewhere.

Shay was beaming as they walked over to a picnic table with their food. Jet just felt overwhelmed.

"Damn this deal is good!" Shay exclaimed before taking his first bite.

"Yeah, but it's kind of ridiculous," Jet said. "This plate could feed me for a whole day. I wonder if the truck has any to-go boxes."

"Dude, worry about leftovers later and just enjoy the damn pizza!"

Jet rolled his eyes and took a bite. It *did* taste very good. Better than anything he'd had at parties from the usual chains. He finished the first slice swiftly, much to his own surprise. He eyed the rest of his combo, waiting for his stomach to tell him it was too full for him to even think about having another bite. Instead, it faintly rumbled.

Having a breadstick won't hurt, Jet thought. He took a bite. Nearly as good as the pizza, and just as easy to devour.

"I hope they're planning on keeping the truck here," Shay said. "Everything else near the park is too damn expensive."

Jet had begun to nibble on his second slice, while Shay had moved to his third.

The cheetah smiled. If the food truck stayed, his friend was bound to balloon in size. Perhaps gaining so much weight so fast would finally convince him to eat better and exercise more. Tough lessons were necessary at times.

"It might be nice," Jet said, keeping his thoughts about Shay's future to himself. "Another sign it's going to be a great Summer. Just like my new position at work."

"Oh yeah, the sort of kind of promotion," Shay said between bites.

"It's a true promotion," Jet insisted. "Pay's better, and I'll be doing way less running around now. Sucks that I'll be in the other office so I won't be able to walk to work anymore, but I'm not gonna miss the rainy days."

"I'm sure being crammed in a cubicle all day will be swell."

"I'll have plenty of space. And I'll probably have my own office in a few years if things keep going well." And why wouldn't they?

Jet finished chewing and looked down at his plate, prepared to head to the food truck to ask for a to-go box. Nothing remained. While chatting with Shay, he'd somehow managed to eat everything. When he shook his soda cup, he heard nothing but ice. The feeling of fullness finally struck him, and he sighed.

Gluttony was a rare experience for the cheetah. He'd never even gotten the munchies while high. Pigging out like Shay embarrassed him. Jet soon shrugged his disappointment off. After all his skateboarding, it was no surprise he'd worked up an appetite. And if anyone deserved a cheat day, it was him. The calories from his large lunch would be burned off in no time, no harm done.

Neither Jet nor Shay was in any condition to continue skateboarding after lunch. They planned to meet at the park again the next day and went their separate ways. Jet was too stuffed to do any fancy skating on his way home.

Opening the front door, Jet spotted his roommate Clyde in the living room. The plump, cream-colored horse was halfway through a large box of takeout. Another big eater, just like Shay. "Have you outgrown another shirt?" He asked.

Clyde swiftly tugged down at his shirt, only to discover it'd been covering his belly perfectly fine. He frowned at Jet. "Dude, not cool."

"I'm just teasing! Though damn, I feel like I'll be the only thin one amongst my friends before long. I still remember when you didn't jiggle!" Jet snickered.

Clyde blushed and pursed his lips. The horse had been as thin as Jet barely three years before. Then he'd broken his leg in a skateboarding accident and the pounds had piled on during recovery. Though the cast had long come off, the weight had remained. "Staying in shape is hard," he mumbled.

"Speak for yourself." Jet held out his arms and struck a pose. He yawned. Skating had really taken it out on him that day, for some reason. "Well good luck outgrowing the shirt. I'm gonna take a nap. Peace."

Jet wandered back to his room, dropped his skateboard near his door, and plopped down on the bed. He stretched out, not bothering to pull the covers over

himself. As his eyes grew heavy, he thought of how great life was.

June

Jet picked up speed as he skated towards the rail. He got air and landed, grinding the rail a few feet before launching off and landing back on the pavement. Success only brought him a faint smile. The trick hadn't been nearly as smooth as he'd expected. It wasn't bad by any means, just not up to his standards. Every trick he tried seemed that way lately, and he couldn't quite figure out why. It frustrated him beyond belief.

The cheetah came to a rolling stop beside Shay, who'd just finished up in the bowl. "Feeling off today. I think the heat's been getting to me." The temperature had been steadily rising as they entered June. He couldn't remember it ever bothering him before, though.

"It's not like the Summer's any hotter than usual," Shay said. "The weather's not to blame, dude, it's your belly."

Jet bared his fangs. "You're the only one here with a gut!" He shot back.

"Keep telling yourself that. You're sure as hell not thin anymore." Shay poked Jet in the middle, retreating right before a paw could smack him away.

Jet glanced down. His tank top clung tightly to his soft middle. He *had* rounded out a bit over the last month, despite his persistent attempts to deny it. He wasn't fat or anything, only chubby, but it was still the fattest he'd ever been. All traces of his abs were gone, and his chin wasn't as sharp anymore.

Everything in his closet had become noticeably snug. None of his shirts were loose, emphasizing his slight gains. He'd tried putting on a pair of jeans a few days earlier, only to learn he couldn't button them up. He'd stuck to shorts ever since. He hadn't gained enough weight to necessitate going up a size, but he was right on the edge.

"It's just a few pounds," Jet insisted. Shay smirked at him. "You're the one that's been getting fatter." He'd brought it up out of pettiness, but he was telling the truth. His face had gotten fuller and his belly hung a bit lower.

Shay shrugged. "Yeah, I've put on a few. Not as much as you, though. How much do you even weigh now?" he asked, raising a brow.

"No clue." The truth, though he wouldn't have told Shay the answer even if he knew it. "I don't bother with scales."

"Well maybe you should before you get too fat for your tank tops."

"Whatever, dude. I've been busy with work so I haven't had time for my afternoon jogs." The new position had been great for his wallet but not so much for his free time. Keeping up with his new tasks left him exhausted, and he'd gotten into the

habit of taking a nap after work. “Once things in the office die down I’ll be able to shed the tiny bit of weight I’ve gained in an instant.” He snapped his fingers. “I’ll be back to normal by the end of the month.”

Shay laughed at him. “If you say so. Good luck snapping away the pounds.”

Jet growled and flipped his friend the bird, but they were back to skating a minute later. He continued being unsatisfied with his skating, and tired himself out testing his limits.

Once they were both finished they headed over to the Olympic Pizza food truck. It was at the park every weekend—and apparently most weekdays according to the cheerful lion manning it. Jet and Shay had grabbed lunch from it every time they hit up the skate park. It’d become their weekend tradition, a fantastic way to end a morning of skating.

Jet had started ordering delivery from their main restaurant as well on occasion. The great taste and low cost were too hard to resist, and he didn’t think he could go back to any of the fast-food chains or the ones in the frozen aisle at the grocery store.

“Getting the usual?” the lion asked as they walked up to the truck. They both nodded. Even after the large combo promotion had ended they’d continued ordering it. Sometimes they’d switch things up and get different toppings, but the amount of food was always the same.

Jet dug into his pizza the second they reached the picnic table. He ate swiftly, afraid he’d start feeling full if he gave his stomach time to think about how much he was eating. He’d always managed to finish the meal, though. He finished the last bite while Shay was still working on their third slice, and realized he wasn’t quite full yet.

There were snacks at home, but Jet didn’t want to wait, and he did have a free meal waiting for him thanks to the rewards card. He slid away from the table and hurried back over to the food truck.

“Uh, I’d like to cash in that free meal?” Jet asked, sheepishly. He didn’t know how the lion would react to him grabbing seconds. Every other time he’d used his rewards card it’d been as his sole meal of the afternoon.

Thankfully, they grinned. “Of course! Can I interest you in one of the other combos? We’ve got a new BBQ chicken bites and cookie combo you’re sure to love.”

Jet accepted, and a few minutes later was carrying a fresh plate back to the picnic table. The cookie was huge, both to his surprise and delight. Shay eyed him curiously, but didn’t say a word while he scarfed down the new combo.

Jet grunted as he finished his second meal. He’d forced himself to eat every last bite, even once he started feeling full. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d felt stuffed, and embarrassment crept in. His middle had bulged just enough to peek out from beneath his tank top. It was a thin strip of fur and pudge, but he was grateful Shay couldn’t see it from where he was sitting.

“Give me a heads up if you’re about to burst so I can dive for cover,” Shay

snickered.

“Oh fuck—*urrrp*—you,” Jet grumbled. “I had a free meal ready.”

“A free meal you could’ve saved for tomorrow. I’m practically fasting compared to you.”

“It was only a second plate.”

“Almost overflowing.”

“I’ve seen you eat more.”

“Yeah, when I’m high.”

Jet gave up. Shay could make fun of his weight while it lasted. Once he slimmed down, he’d make sure to tease him back a hundred times over and gloat about how easy it was for him to lose weight.

Jet was too full to skate home, and walked instead. He opened the door to find Clyde eating lunch in the living room, as usual. His lunches had been getting smaller lately, and he rarely ever got fast food. The horse had even lost some weight—not much, but enough to be noticeable.

Jet was certain his comments had been the main factor in Clyde changing his diet. One day the horse would thank him for it. He held back on the usual teasing and headed toward his room after a quick greeting.

As he passed the bathroom, he spotted Clyde’s scale sitting out. It’d been exiled beneath the sink until recently, but was now always out. Jet almost never checked his weight. In the past he simply hadn’t needed to, only knowing it from doctor visits. He remembered weighing around one-sixty, but that’d been a while ago.

Curiosity got the better of him, and Jet snuck into the bathroom once he was certain Clyde was still busy with lunch. He tapped the scale and stepped on, waiting for his weight to appear. His ears flattened when he saw two hundred and one pounds pop up.

“That can’t be right,” he hissed under his breath. He tried again and came up a single ounce lighter. A third and fourth try came up with the same results, never dipping below two hundred. Had he actually gained forty pounds in a month? Sure, he was a little less active and ate out more, but that shouldn’t have caused him to blimp up so fast.

No. There was no way. It’d been forever since he’d last checked his weight, and he’d likely gained a little bit since then. His gains from the last month had merely added to them. He’d also just eaten a larger than usual lunch, which had to have been throwing his weight off. And of course his clothes would add a pound or two.

The initial panic faded. He couldn’t believe he’d let himself be convinced he’d gained so much weight in a month. He chuckled and shook his head, leaving the scale behind him.

Back in his room, he dropped his board by his desk and pulled off his tank top, revealing his soft middle. Too tired to fret about his gains, the stuffed cheetah fell back

on his bed and passed out for his usual post-boarding nap.

The nap only lasted an hour, but Jet continued lazing after it was through. He was too sluggish from lunch to actually be active, so he played video games and chatted online instead. He'd already gotten in his exercise for the day by skateboarding, so he deserved the entertainment. The fullness in his belly gradually went away, and by the time Clyde called him for dinner, he was hungry again.

A full plate of pasta was waiting for Jet in the kitchen. Even more filled a pot on the stove. Clyde had begun cooking dinner most nights, both to save money and learn a new skill. He'd been steadily improving, and Jet always looked forward to whatever he put together. The portions tended to be rather large, but Jet wasn't about to complain about all the leftovers he'd had access to.

He dove into the pasta with the same passion he'd had during lunch, and soon went back for seconds. He ate until he was stuffed. Clyde had eyed his roommate's gluttony with confusion, but didn't bring it up. Unlike Shay, he'd politely held back on commenting about Jet's gains or appetite. Jet let himself believe that meant Shay was exaggerating the changes of the last month.

As the cheetah settled back into his chair for the rest of the evening, he ignored how tight his shirt felt. He'd have his abs back again in no time.

July

Jet knew he'd fucked up the trick the second his board left the ground. He futilely scrambled to regain control, but the board was careening away and his feet had no hope of connecting again. By pure dumb luck he'd messed up his approach as well, and it was grass that rushed toward him rather than concrete.

His feline instincts kicked in and he stretched out his paws and feet to land on all fours. He regretted it as soon as he hit the grass and pain shot through his limbs. A loud chirp escaped his lips and he rolled onto his back, his body aching.

"Fuck." It'd been a rough wipe out, but he didn't think anything was broken. He lay on his back, looking at the bright blue sky, too sore to get up.

Shay came into view. The chubby hyena loomed over him with a wide smile on his face. Jet knew he was about to hate every word that came out of their mouth.

"Dude, you've spent half the morning bailing!" Shay laughed.

Jet propped himself up on his elbows. His breathing was still heavy from the fall. "That's a normal part of learning new tricks, you ass."

"That wasn't anything new. You used to be able to do that flawlessly a couple months ago."

"I was trying a slight variation!"

“So faceplanting is a variation now?”

“My footing was different. It's not my fault you overlooked it.”

“A-huh.”

“And the park hasn't dried from yesterday's rain yet. I slipped.”

“The place looks dry to me.”

It'd been a bad lie, even for him, but he needed an excuse for his recent string of fuck ups. “Board's been a bit wobbly, too. I'll try tightening the wheels when I get home.”

“That's not the only wobbly thing you've got,” Shay said. He nudged Jet's gut with a foot, jiggling it.

Jet growled at him and shoved his foot away. His shirt had ridden up when he fell, leaving his round belly exposed. He pulled his shirt back down, holding it as he stood so his belly wouldn't wobble out again.

The cheetah's paunch had steadily grown into a doughy ball. Even his loosest shirts couldn't hide his middle, which pushed outward defiantly. Soft moobs rested atop his gut. A double chin disguised his jawline. His rump filled out his shorts, and even his tail felt fatter. He'd ballooned well past being merely chubby.

“My weight isn't the issue.”

“I don't know, you only started messing up after you got fat.”

“I'm not fat!” Jet bit his lip as he felt his belly jiggle a bit while yelling.

“I remember damn well that you always called me fat when I was as round as you are now,” Shay said. “You've gotta be almost as heavy as I was a month ago, before I started slimming down.” He gestured towards his body with his paws. Against the odds, the hyena had managed to lose quite a bit of weight recently. He was actually thinner than Jet, a first.

“No way. My weight's just centered on my middle so I look fatter than I really am,” Jet insisted.

“So why's your ass so large now, too? And what about that double chin? Your thighs certainly weren't that thick last month.”

Jet growled.

“If I had to take a guess, I'd say you've gotta be around two hundred and fifty pounds now. Just shy of my peak. Am I right?”

“Way off.”

“Oh, so you're fatter?”

“No!”

“Then how much do you weigh?”

“I've told you before, I don't keep track of that shit.” Jet had only checked the scale once more after learning he'd passed two hundred back in June. He'd gained a few pounds between checks, and had decided to stop looking entirely. He was afraid Shay would be right, that he really had somehow ballooned to two hundred and fifty. But if

that was true, then it'd mean he'd gained close to a hundred pounds in two and a half months. He'd seen others get huge fast back in college. An anaconda buddy had piled on the pounds after quitting the swim team, and then there was an owl who'd gotten hefty once he started streaming games for a living. His metabolism should've protected him from such a fate, though.

Jet's weight frustrated him. He wanted to believe he just looked larger at certain angles, and that his reflection was getting distorted in mirrors. He was up to wearing XXLs now, but that was just because of how oddly round his belly was. If the weight was a bit better distributed he could probably pull off XLs again. It'd free up room in his closet, at least. He had four sizes of clothing filling it up, despite the fact he'd only bought the necessities when he outgrew anything. Buying more would be a waste, since he was going to be losing weight soon. Eventually.

"Whatever," Shay said, dropping the topic, though not before glancing down at Jet's middle again. "It's time we grabbed lunch, anyway."

Jet's ears perked up at the mention of lunch. "Good. Skating always works up my appetite."

Shay smiled and opened his mouth to speak, but remained silent.

They grabbed their stuff and left the park as more skaters arrived. The Olympic Pizza food truck had gone, but only because a second restaurant location had opened right at the edge of the park. Jet's stomach was already rumbling as they crossed the street and entered the pizza place.

The aroma of cheese, sauce, and a plethora of toppings flowed over Shay as they walked into Olympic Pizza. He loved the smell of pizza. It brought back fond memories of late-night gaming, lazy study sessions, and college parties. It also reminded him of the weight he'd gained from all those things, but he'd found it easier and easier to put that aside lately.

The menu was larger than the food truck's, of course. Slices weren't available, only full pizzas, and Olympic liked to go big on everything. Even the sides were huge. Ordering with friends was the only way to avoid getting buried in leftovers.

"Why don't we split a pantheon combo?" he asked. The pantheon was an extra-large pizza with everything on it, along with a side of breadsticks and some brownies. It was the kind of meal you nabbed for a party.

"Dude, that's a lot of food," Jet grumbled.

"Yeah, and it'll leave us with plenty of leftovers for later meals, so it'll save us money in the long run. I didn't have much for breakfast, so I'll deal with most of it," Shay lied.

"Okay," Jet relented.

Once their order was made they grabbed their drinks and headed to a booth in the back.

Shay watched Jet's bubble butt the whole way there, and grinned. He didn't know why Jet had suddenly let himself go in the last few months, but he'd decided to do everything in his power to subtly encourage it.

For years the cheetah had poked fun of his weight and gloated about being thin in the smuggest and most obnoxious ways imaginable. Shay hadn't been able to enjoy anything without Jet bringing up how many calories it had or reminding him to get more exercise if he was going to grab dessert. Now fate had conspired against Jet and given Shay a chance to turn the tables. Jet was his friend—albeit a frequently annoying one—but being knocked down a peg was bound to do him some good. At the very least, it'd boost Shay's mood, and Jet owed him that. He'd make sure Jet got even fatter, until their weights from the beginning of Summer were completely switched. Then he'd hit back with every bad joke the cheetah had ever made.

They chatted about games and work while they waited for their pizza to arrive. Jet's new job hadn't slowed down at all, and he complained about sitting at a desk for eight hours while trying to keep everything from falling apart. The only things he spoke fondly of coincidentally involved food. The cafe in the building had gotten more pastries in. More discounted vending machines had been installed. Lunch meetings had become more common. Even without Shay's encouragement, the job seemed intent on fattening the cheetah up. They seemed oddly oblivious to how work was affecting their waistline, aside from grumbling about jogging less.

When the food finally came, Shay noticed the hunger in Jet's eyes. Their concerns over the size of the combo washed away, replaced by glee. He dug in seconds later.

Shay knew there'd be few leftovers once they were through, and most would be leaving with Jet. That's what always happened. He grabbed a slice for himself and ate slowly, enjoying both the wonderful taste and his sneaky plan to humble his cocky friend. *Eat up*, Shay thought to himself. *One day you'll be able to scarf down this combo all by yourself.* He resisted the urge to snicker.

August

Jet smacked the table beside his bed until he finally hit the snooze button on the alarm, and promptly went back to sleep. It went off twice more before he reluctantly accepted it was time to get up. The large cheetah rolled out of bed, nearly taking the covers with him. His belly jiggled as he tossed them back on the bed. He yawned loudly and scratched his pillowy gut.

It was nearly noon, but Jet wished he could fall back in bed for another hour or

two at least. He'd stayed up too late playing games again, but they were hard to resist after a long week at work. He considered calling Shay to cancel their usual hangout. The extra sleep wouldn't make up for what he'd miss out on, though.

Jet sluggishly waddled down the hall to the bathroom, only half-awake. He squeezed into the shower with care. As he closed the door his gut bumped into the shower dispenser and knocked it off the wall. He looked down at the floor and sighed. With a bit of effort, he crouched down and picked it up, placing it back on the wall.

As the summer had progressed, he'd come to consider the shower cramped rather than cozy. He couldn't casually sway or turn like he always had. If he wasn't careful his belly or ass would smack into the wall and rattle the entire shower. At times, he'd look at the narrow gap between his middle and the walls, and imagine himself swelling to fill the small space completely. The thoughts inevitably made him blush, and he'd swiftly brush them away.

Getting clean was a process. He rubbed the shampoo into his fur, massaging as much of his doughy body as he could. He used a brush not only on his back, but also on his legs. Lifting them had become a hassle since he'd put on weight, and he hadn't been able to maintain his old flexibility.

When he was sure he'd cleaned fully, he stepped out of the shower and stood in front of the dryer. The warm air flowed over his body. He tried wringing out the water from his fur by brushing down with his paws, but probably saved himself a few seconds at best. The heat grew unbearable, and Jet finished drying with a towel.

He returned to his room and searched for clothes that fit. The first pair of shorts he found clung tight to his thighs and dug into his waistline. His cheeks puffed up and he exhaled in frustration. The shorts were obviously an older pair he'd failed to take out. They were harder to take off than put on, but eventually they were tossed deep into the closet. The next pair fit much better.

Warmth poured into his room through the curtains. Jet didn't want to think about how hot it was outside. Even wearing a shirt would be slightly uncomfortable, but he wasn't about to go out without one. He settled on a shirt he'd won at Olympic Pizza after beating an eating challenge. Shay had suggested he get a size larger than what he'd been wearing, but he'd scoffed at the idea. Now that it showed off his love handles and tended to creep up and expose his middle, he regretted the choice.

Jet dared a glance at his reflection in the mirror on his closet door, and suddenly had a new regret. Fat was the first word that came to mind. His middle was still very round, but he'd gained an overhang as well. It jiggled a little whenever he moved, no matter how gingerly he stepped. His whole face had rounded to match the rest of his body, something he still hadn't adjusted to. He'd gained weight all over, his muscles covered in a soft layer of pudge.

The slim figure he'd known all his life had been replaced by curves. As he stared, he told himself the gains would be temporary. He'd run into a bit of bad luck with his

diet, and exercise simply wasn't a priority at the moment. Everyone gained weight now and then; so what if he'd gained more than most?

Once again assured his weight problem would handle itself, Jet grabbed his board and went to the kitchen. He tossed a trio of breakfast burritos into the microwave and waited impatiently for them to cook.

Clyde wandered in and grabbed a glass of water. The chubby horse stopped to adjust his pants, which were loose and on the verge of falling down. Nothing had quite fit him recently, either, though for the exact opposite reason of Jet.

"Hey, I was thinking of heading out to enjoy the weather. Maybe hit up the pool or a park or something. Want to join?" Clyde asked.

"Nah, already got the usual plans," Jet answered, his attention mostly on the microwave.

"Oh, okay. If you ever want to go out I'm usually available," Clyde said, before leaving.

Clyde had been asking Jet to go out a lot lately, and he had no clue why. He always wanted him to tag along to parks or jog around the neighborhood. He'd even asked him if he wanted to be his gym partner just last week. Jet thought gyms were a waste of money, and told Clyde as much when turning him down.

The burritos finished cooking, and Jet wolfed them down as fast as he could. They didn't sate his appetite, but they'd be enough to hold him over until lunch.

He left the apartment after breakfast and skated towards the park at a leisurely pace. He didn't tire himself out doing tricks. Maneuvering around the cracks in the sidewalk was a pain, but skating was easier than walking and cheaper than taking the bus. When he reached the skate park he continued riding right past it, not paying any attention to it or the handful of skaters there.

Arriving outside Olympic Pizza, Jet sat down on a bench and breathed a sigh of relief. He pulled out his phone and distracted himself with games while he waited for Shay to show up. He knew they'd be late, as usual.

Some time later, the sound of a skateboard rolling up caught Jet's attention enough to pull him away from his phone. Shay was wearing a tank top that hung loosely from his lean form. He had the slightest bump of a chubby middle, but it was a fraction of what he'd had before Summer began.

"Took you long enough," Jet said, hefting himself up.

"Sorry, I lost track of the time while skating. You should really join me again one of these days, like old times," Shay grinned.

"I'm taking a break from all that. I don't want to overexert myself and break something like Clyde did." In truth, Jet had been making too many mistakes and grown tired of Shay's teasing. He did fear an injury could lead to him getting huge, and wanted to avoid that at all costs. Not skating also allowed him to sleep in. He'd get back into it, one day.

Shay nodded, pretending to accept his friend's flimsy excuse. He'd watched the cheetah get worse and worse over the weeks as his waistline ballooned. Jet had continued skating like he was thin, never adjusting his approach to take his gains into account. He hadn't expected them to give up in frustration so swiftly, but losing their last major outlet of exercise had only caused the pounds to pile on faster.

If things continued as they had been, then it'd only be another month before Shay was as slim as Jet had been. Jet, in the meanwhile, would be far fatter than Shay had ever gotten, even in college. For as active as the cheetah had always been, he was a natural at gaining weight. Perhaps he was meant to be a butterball all along.

They went into Olympic Pizza, Jet waddling ahead to order right away. He got a large pizza and a serving of breadsticks for himself. Shay just got chicken bites, and stuck with water rather than soda. He didn't starve himself, but he'd gotten good at limiting his excess calories whenever possible.

The fact Jet no longer needed any nudging to order huge meals made Shay smile. His friend had let his gluttony take hold, and he didn't see their gains slowing down any time soon. Jet had given up on moderation just as he had skating.

Shay watched the way Jet's belly jiggled as they went to the nearest booth. Jet refused to say his weight anymore, but Shay was certain he'd almost doubled in size since May. He'd clearly gained well over a hundred pounds at the very least. Fall and Winter would only make Jet more sedentary as the cold weather drove him indoors.

He'd begun to look at Jet as a long-term project. When he'd first started encouraging their poor eating habits, he'd only intended it to be a temporary revenge, something he could tease them about even after they slimmed back down. But as Jet grew fatter, Shay found himself eager to see just how massive the cheetah could get. Their friendship wouldn't worsen if Jet stayed fat forever.

Shay imagined a few years down the line, himself still lean and trim, while Jet huffed and puffed as he waddled about. The thin cheetah he'd been would be reduced to a memory, a smug figure in photos who was unrecognizable compared to his blubbery, modern self.

Jet slid into the booth, wobbling even more. Shay wondered how many months it'd be until the cheetah's belly pressed into the table. Would he even have the energy to go out to eat then? If not, Shay would have to bring the food to him. He couldn't let him starve, after all. Their hangouts had rapidly turned into pigouts, though only one of them was doing any gorging. His grin widened. He was going to enjoy being the thin friend for once. And Jet would just have to get used to being the fat friend, whether he liked it or not.