

The room was locked, the gear was on and it was time to get down to business. Though the stream was still private, it was nonetheless a big night for Kay-Lee, as she was going to be joined by a great number of newer viewers, courtesy of her sudden influx of new followers. She was so excited, in fact, that she forgot to plug her microphone, having to be reminded of it after the chat pointed out her lips were moving about as silently as the rest of the video was. Slightly embarrassed by that oversight, the lynx hurried to set everything up properly before restarting the stream proper, followed by her by-then-well-practiced intro.

“Hey guys!” - which she of course butchered instantly, as always - “Thanks for showing up, I’m so happy to see all of you! Got a bunch of new faces here, so I thought I would start off by getting everyone to introduce one another, maybe throw in a few questions, you know, the usual! So...”

The words came easier the more she allowed herself to speak, habit and memory taking over and guiding her down the same paths as before. The experience of streaming for an audience *used* to be anxiety-inducing, but after doing it almost every day for three straight months, it became second nature to Kay-Lee. On occasion, some of the comments and quips she received still got through to her, though she was lucky that they were almost universally ones riffing on her awkward, easy-to-embarrass nature; all it took was a slightly lewder than normal choice of words for the lynx to get all flustered, her face bright red and her body squirming in its seat while she desperately tried to change the subject. She tried to convince herself (and others) that it was purely for the sake of obeying site policy, but in reality it was half genuine effort and half stage play.

To be perfectly honest, the lynx thoroughly enjoyed some of the comments she elicited from her viewership, if only because they lavished her with the attention she so earnestly wanted. Playing the part of the bashful ingenue was an obligation, really, something that “had” to be done; deep down, behind the theatrics and excuses, every word paid in respect to her body, her voice or any other part of her made the lynx quiver with need, wanting to hear more until she was red *all over* rather than just in the face. Still, better to be safe than sorry; wouldn’t be the first time someone got banned because they forgot where the line was, and Kay-Lee couldn’t imagine what her life would be like without that distraction to keep her mind off of work and everyday stress.

As usual, the donations began to trickle in. This was perhaps the most surprising aspect of her side job as a streamer; at no point did she think anyone would give her *money*, much less when her entire shtick was talking about whatever came to mind and answering questions random people from the internet posed to her. Only occasionally would her streams have some

kind of theme to them, and even then they all somehow ended up revolving around the same thing: food.

It was no secret that Kay-Lee was... large. She *did* have a camera on, making it patently obvious to anyone watching that she was a rather plus-sized feline. Plenty of jokes were made at her expense, mostly by the lynx herself, and several of the running jokes she shared with her audience were based around poking fun at her weight, with varying degrees of wholesomeness. A few times, she had even allowed it to take center stage, accepting donations for “belly cam time” or promising to give herself a good rubdown if they reached a certain milestone. As of late, however, something new had begun to happen. Kay-Lee was incredibly reticent to allow it at first, especially given how she was big enough already, but the concept of being *paid to eat* tickled so many buttons that she couldn’t wait for them to be pushed properly.

Not only did it give her the attention she craved, it also provided a convenient excuse for pushing herself far past the point where she *should*; the lynx cherished an opportunity to fatten herself up even more, but those were sadly lacking in her everyday life, with her mostly being accosted by people who thought themselves fitness gurus and showered her in “tips” and “helpful advice” on how to run her life. Kay-Lee didn’t have the heart (nor patience) to tell them she actually *enjoyed* being that large, which is precisely why her audience getting onboard with it so quickly endeared them to her as much as it did. At least once every stream for the past two or so weeks, someone paid her to eat something, and on one occasion, several of her friends pitched in to have a full take-out dinner delivered to her house, much to the lynx’s teary-eyed gratitude. That night, however, something *magical* happened.

Kay-Lee was busy postulating over a hypothetical ice cream “megaflavor” that included every flavor known to sentient life when the familiar ding of a donation being given rang in her ears. Partly eager to see who it was, mostly wanting to know how much dropped into her bank account, the lynx was stunned speechless at what had crawled over her screen; in fact, even the chat grew silent, with the only message appearing for a solid ten seconds being one of her friends, a moderator, leaving a bolded and italicized ***Holy Shit!***, right before the floodgates were open and everyone began to opine over what had just happened: one of Kay-Lee’s friends, someone by the account name Gldnzeeb, had just donated a grand total of four hundred dollars, and just before anyone could truly process what had just happened, several more began to roll in. Two hundred, three fifty, one twenty, Kay-Lee stood there, staring with slack-jawed awe as all her bills for the month were rapidly paid off, leaving her with enough spending money to not spend at all and instead shove directly into her savings account. Once again the lynx’s eyes began to well up, and she would’ve started thanking her followers for their immense generosity, if not for what Gldnzeeb posted afterwards.

With a few choice words, all of which left Kay-Lee blushing furiously at how sexually charged they were, the biggest donator asked that she use some of the money for a “feeding session” on camera. They even suggested several restaurants around her place that did take-out, as well as menu orders that would guarantee the most bite for the least amount of cash possible. They were joined in by the other generous patrons, making it clear that the sudden surge in donations was a concerted effort on their part. This *would* have raised a few red flags for Kay-Lee, if not for the fact that the biggest donating account was owned by a good friend of hers, Shea, who had never made it a secret how much she enjoyed watching the lynx plump up.

“I hope you don’t mind, I had a chat with some friends and we decided to start pooling some funds,” she wrote in the chat, *“and since you know how much I like stuffing your face, I decided it was about time we started to enable you properly~”*

“Just don’t expect this every month, we don’t have this kind of money lying around all the time”

Well, the waterworks were in full swing. Hard not to cry with gratitude after her friend sprung a surprise like that on her, even if it was for their own semi-perverse gratification. The lynx promised to get right on the task of ordering a suitable meal, and while she initially considered pausing the stream to do so, Kay-Lee had a... it’d be erroneous to call it a “better” idea, but it was an idea nonetheless. Keeping her headphones on one ear, she grabbed her phone and dialed one of her favourite places, a lovely Italian restaurant with some kind of supernaturally tasty secret sauce they employed on just about everything. Though they didn’t *technically* offer take-out services, she was enough of a regular at the establishment that a few choice words here and there, a bit of a whine and promises of big spending were enough to secure a sizable delivery.

But just *asking* for food wasn’t enough, she had to put on a show; she *was* live, after all, giving her plenty of reasons to emphasize how *big* the meal was, and how much food was in it, the thickness of the sauce, the flavor of it, how excessive of a meal it would be for how late in the day she was calling. Kay-Lee was lucky to get one of the younger cooks on the phone; Alexander was just as much of a food nut as she was, and was thus more than happy to retribute the lynx’s oddly-excited demeanour, even going so far as to accept being on loudspeaker just so he could tell the “good folks at home” how heavy the meal being requested truly was. Reception was about as positive as Kay-Lee expected, and with Shea telling her she was “personally very excited” about the prospect of seeing her best friend scarfing down a good several pounds of deliciously-cooked pizza, the lynx was ready to take the plunge.

The time it took for the delivery man to ring her doorbell was enough for the chat to turn her into a flustered mess. They seemed to have completely forgotten that, even though the stream was private, they were still subject to the same rules as always; everyone seemed intent on teasing her in one way or another, with her weight, pudginess and fat being the centerpiece around which the discussion revolved. More donations began to pour in, even if they weren't as large as the massive rush of before, all of them practically *begging* Kay-Lee to go full out and eat until she couldn't eat any more. Not that the lynx needed any real encouragement; the initial surge was enough to convince her, and the sudden interest in her feeding herself to bursting was just icing on top of the cake, a cake she fully intended not to be metaphorical by the end.

It was all brought low by one of her mods taking the initiative to enforce *some* degree of decency, much to everyone's complaining. Still, it coincided with the take-out showing up at the door, giving Kay-Lee a reason to focus on something else: waddling over to the door. It was always a favourite part of her shower, seeing as the cat was so fat that any step she took meant her whole body wobbled and jiggled *deliciously*, enough for the chat to break out into a variety of sweat-based emojis and for a couple of the older regulars to start sending in even more money while asking her to do a bit of dancing before starting on her meal; this usually referred to the hard time she had fitting into her hilariously undersized chair, though a few that night seemed to be genuinely intending for her to put on some music and shake that enormous ass of hers.

Suffice to say, even the biggest gluttons in that chat couldn't have imagined what Kay-Lee had in store for them. Even with the contributions provided by Shea and her friends, *no one* expected the lynx to have bought so much pizza that most of her upper body was hidden away by the stack, each box placed precariously on top of one another and threatening to tip over at the slightest provocation. Kay-Lee herself almost sent the whole thing tumbling onto the floor while she tried to find a place to put it while still within view of the camera, finally giving up and placing it on the ground along with a couple of extra bags she had slung on her elbows, huffing from the strain of physical exercise already.

As usual, fitting her body onto her chair was more a work of engineering than anything else, leaving the poor feline sweating profusely and ready to eat something to get her mind off of it. She got down to business extremely quickly, not even bothering with introductions or teasing; the crowd wanted her to gorge herself and *she* wanted the adoration of the crowd. A match made in either heaven or hell, to be decided after-the-fact when she had to call someone to come take care of her and her inevitable belly ache.

The first pizza box was opened, with the lynx making a big show of how deliciously it smelled. While she had intended for it to be more theatrics than anything, it soon became evident that the restaurant really *did* put a lot of effort into that thing; just a whiff was enough for her

mouth to water, a trickle of drool falling down her chin and causing her audience to go wild with anticipation. Kay-Lee wasn't even paying attention to the people demanding she dive in headfirst, all of her conscious mind focused entirely on her banquet. With shaky hands, she carved out a slice with a knife she kept in a drawer (long story) and *devoured* it; in that moment, she forgot she was on a stream, she forgot that the whole reason she even *had* the pizza in front of her was because her best friend organized a surprise donation spree. It was just the food, there, in front of her, begging to be eaten. A whole slice, which would in any other day be savored and appreciated over a good minute, was turned into more pudge in under five seconds, leaving her fur stained with sauce and her fingers too sticky to touch anything but more pizza. It took a donation alert to break her out of her food-induced trance, and even then just for long enough to apologize... and promise to take longer next time.

What followed was probably the best half an hour of her life, whereby Kay-Lee forgot everything about limits, decency or dieting and just *indulged*. Her mouth was constantly in motion, slice after slice vanishing into her hungry maw, stuffing her gullet until she was feeling more stuffed than the crust she was devouring. One box, two, four, the stack was being dealt with in record time, having *quite* the effect on her figure. The lynx's body was... sensitive, for lack of a better word; she gained weight very quickly, but took several times more effort than normal to get rid of it. This was normally best seen during parties or other large occasions, when she had to be extra careful not to rip through clothes, but in the privacy of her own room, egged on by a crowd that *wanted* to see her burst from her shirt, there were no such considerations. All she wanted was to eat. Eat, and eat, and eat some more, for the crowd to beg for her to eat more, and for her body to grow and bloat and pack on as much weight as possible.

As usual, her propensity for straining scales came into full view within just a few minutes. In all fairness, it wasn't exactly an achievement; the amount of food she was eating could easily feed a family of four over the course of three or so meals with enough left at the end to cover for another one in leftovers, and *she* was gorging on it like it was a light snack. Her stomach began to growl, loudly complaining about its owner's decision to pig out that hard, but whatever signals it was sending to Kay-Lee's brain were either ignored or just didn't get there at all; truth be told, the lynx was only mildly aware of what her body was trying to tell her, having succumbed to food lust about half a pizza before.

It was something she tried her best to avoid, knowing how difficult it was to recover from, but on occasion would still fall into, courtesy of special circumstances like those of her streams. Whenever she ate, there was a tiny voice in the back of her head telling her to eat more. It didn't have anything to do with how sated she was, or how much she already ate; it was just a desire to eat, simply to eat. Not to fulfill some kind of biological need, not for the sake of flavor or enjoyment, just for itself; the voice encouraged her to let go of her self-imposed limitations and

just eat until she could eat no longer, and then eat some more forever and always. Ignoring that need was something the feline spent most of her life dedicating energy towards, and at times it was so difficult that she opted to indulge it just a little, hoping to soothe and distract the beast just long enough that she could push it back into its mental cage. It didn't always work, hence why she was as blubbery as a bear despite being of a completely different species, but Kay-Lee nonetheless knew that, if not for her efforts, she wouldn't even be mobile anymore; combined with the ease with which she bloated up, *giving in* to that voice would spell disaster.

There was, however, one thing that could overcome her defensive mechanisms, something that the stream provided in ample quantities: attention. Kay-Lee had friends, cultivated good relations to her coworkers, and if need be could find something to do with her acquaintances without much trouble. But what she craved was a spotlight, to have fans lavish love upon her, to have her followers and watchers all around her egging her on and telling her how beautiful she was when she downed an entire slice of pizza without even needing to chew it. Being the center of attention like that pushed a lot of the lynx's buttons, making it easy for her mind to forget what it was supposed to be doing; stuck between trying to hold back the ravenous fiend hiding in the back of her head and blushing furiously at the sheer amount of support she was receiving, both material and not, it was easy to understand why Kay-Lee may suddenly shift her priorities.

Before she knew it, she had gone through half the stack of boxes. The fur around her mouth was turning multicoloured from the amount of sauces it was being stained by, while her chair groaned underneath her rising weight. Her hands were moving on auto-pilot, grabbing a box, cutting up what was inside and then shovelling the resulting bits into her gullet, on occasion stopping to actually enjoy some of the taste, but mostly just swallowing it with minimal hassle. The point of the feeding wasn't to appreciate the food, but to eat it; flavor was secondary to the simple fact that it was *there*, and therefore had to be consumed. This was a simple fact, and one that Kay-Lee was nonetheless only marginally aware of; most of her mind had been taken over by her gluttony just as easily as the several pounds of pizza, and she hadn't even gotten to the plastic bags yet!

Her belly was beginning to show signs of strain, being forced to swell to accommodate what was an increasingly stuffed stomach. The lynx was lucky her body was as stretchy and flexible as it was; anyone else would've run out of room a long time ago, whereas she could just keep going without having to worry about such silly things as volume limitations or basic biology. She was already beginning to overflow from her chair, the soft flab of her midriff pressing softly against both of her legs as it took up what little was left of her seat and then oozed on down, threatening her balance hard enough that it actually registered with the feline's mind. She excused herself and apologized, needing a few moments to readjust herself... only to find that the chair was now intimately acquainted with her sides and rear.

The “dance” she had to do whenever she wanted to sit down had finally caught up with her. Too busy delighting herself with pure gluttony to notice, it was only after trying to get up that Kay-Lee saw she was stuck to her chair, or, to be more precise, her chair was stuck to *her*. The lynx’s torso had burgeoned outwards to such a degree that it was bulging out over and under the arm rests, her ass trapping the bent plastic in its folds while simultaneously “growing” over what little space remained. Anyone looking from the outside would be hard pressed to even *see* those things, being almost completely buried under an avalanche of soft pudge; this made for a rather embarrassing scene once Kay-Lee tried to move and found her chair went along with her.

The chat absolutely *loved* what they were seeing, enough that a few even suggested she keep the chair attached to her just to see how long it took for it to break apart, not really caring for how physically uncomfortable Kay-Lee was. Poor thing spent a good ten minutes trying to wriggle out of her predicament without compromising the recording equipment, before giving up entirely; nothing in her room would be able to help her, not with her complete lack of flexibility, so trying to do it the cautious way would only lead to more disappointment. Though she hated the notion, it was time to get *physical*: she dug into her sides with both hands until she found where the arm rests were, bent irrevocably out of shape, and then turned to face her bed; better to get ready for the inevitable disaster, after all. With all of her might, she pushed the chair away from her, feeling her belly stretch and mold itself around the intruding object, her skin flaring in terrible pain! It took several tries, and so much panting that her heart was left beating at a million times an hour by the end, but she succeeded; with a final push, the chair was jettisoned off of her, while her fatty self landed directly onto the bed, managing to break a few of its springs and then taking several minutes just to get up.

The stream’s audience had appreciated the impromptu show so much that the donations just kept pouring in, the number of watchers having grown to a number Kay-Lee never expected it to, especially for a private stream like hers. This, obviously, just meant she had to work extra hard to please the people who were there to see her, and to that end, she plopped her fat ass on the ground and started eating again... after rearranging the camera so it could still see her, of course.

For the sake of variety, and seeing as she was now physically closer to them, the lynx began to dig into the plastic bags that had remained untouched so far. While most of the delivery consisted of solids, a healthy diet obviously needed a few drinks to go down with all the tasty and absolutely vital meats and vegetables, and to that end, Kay-Lee made sure to order so many gallons of soda that she barely even remembered how many they were. The bags were stuffed with twenty-ounce bottles of a variety of brands and tastes, mostly for variety, while one of them had a surprise for her viewers she wasn’t ready to reveal *just* yet. The lynx nevertheless put on her best theatrics when opening the first bottle, treating it as she would something far more

phallic, purely for her viewers' sake, since if she were alone, all of that pretend foreplay would never have happened; that bottle would already be empty, and she'd be burping while grabbing another one.

Shea butted in to make a comment that turned the whole chat on its head, by making a bet that her friend wouldn't be able to drink the whole thing in one go. If there was one thing Kay-Lee adored almost as much as having all the spotlights on her, it was proving people wrong, *especially* when it came to her ability to do anything. It was borderline compulsive in nature, but it was a dare, and thus she *had* to prove that she was not only capable of doing so, but could do it with minimal hassle. Part of her suspected Shea had done it on purpose; most of her didn't care.

The guzzling began, and immediately the lynx realized it was a poor idea. Freshly opened, the amount of fizz and gas in that container was enough to bulge out her cheeks and almost make her spurt out the drink inside, her eyes watering as she strained to drink down every single drop. Her throat almost burned as it struggled to deal with the sudden waterfall of soda, the stream's viewers watching in stunned silence as all twenty ounces vanished into the feline's gurgling stomach, Kay-Lee letting out a long, contented sigh, licking her lips, and producing the largest belch anyone present had ever heard before throwing the bottle behind her. Without a moment's hesitation, she dug back into the pizza boxes, and once again her chat bristled with renewed activity as everyone loudly wondered if they had, in fact, just seen that happen.

Not that they'd have a lot of time to wonder about that, because whatever was in that drink had given Kay-Lee such a burst of energy that she turned into a mindless eating machine, going through what remained of her super-dinner with such gusto that a few of her moderators tried, in vain, to get her attention in order to ask if everything was alright. None of them had anything to worry, as the lynx had never felt better in her whole life; having finally surrendered herself to that voice telling her to eat forever and a little bit more, she had found her personal heaven, there, surrounded by empty pizza boxes and more food that would ever be deemed reasonable for a single person's sitting. Her body too reacted with the same level of excitement, fat rolls growing every few minutes and rolling onto the ones already below them, her hips widening until they were smushed against one another, her ass gaining so much weight and mass that her pants began to tear at the seams. By the time she was done with the main course, most of the fabric had torn open in multiple spots, her soft, furred flesh bulging from the holes while most of her asscheeks were protruding from the top of her practically-destroyed jeans. Her shirt had gone much the same way, riding up her torso until it didn't even cover her breasts anymore, a bust that had broken free from the confines of its bra and now comfortably sat atop a monstrous, colossal, wobbling belly.

It was almost absurd how massive that thing was, large enough that it covered a significant portion of her legs and yet still so soft that, whenever Kay-Lee was busy downing another bottle of soda with one hand, her other would sink into her flab, disappearing from sight completely. It was so full that even the microphone could pick up on its gurgling as it tried to deal with the sudden influx of food thrown into it, throbbing visibly once every few seconds as, against all odds, the lynx was *still* feeling empty. Hence the last bag.

Inside of it was a simple cardboard box, unmarked and without any way for anyone to see what was inside. The lynx could barely even talk at that point, so as much as she wanted to spoil her viewers some more with a few food-related lewd puns, or perhaps even some teasing of her own, all she managed was to drool more and lick her lips, still enough for the chat to erupt into wild cheers and the donation soundbites to keep rolling without pause. Her fingers had grown so tubby too that she had some issues with removing the top of the box, having to fiddle around with it for a few seconds just to preserve what lay within: a marvelously decorated, three-layered chocolate cake.

It was still perfectly moist, glistening with the added chocolate glazing that only that restaurant could make; though it wasn't in any way their specialty, one of their cooks was an absolute master at baking confectionery, enough that whenever Kay-Lee needed something of the sort, that's exactly where she went. The man had clearly outdone himself that time, because she was salivating even harder than usual just staring at it. The smell, the colours, the taste as she licked a small bit of the vanilla frosting, it was all just... too much. She had to devour it, not eat it, and without a second thought she lunged forward, her head vanishing into the delicious folds of chocolate-flavored dough.

It was big enough to serve several people, and for a single individual to eat it, it would probably take a few days, assuming they didn't throw away most of it. For Kay-Lee, it took less than five minutes, her mouth doing most of the work as her face was buried in the heavenly tastes and impossible softness of the cake. She could feel her cheeks puffing out as the fat kept settling on her, the sugar rush enough to make her acutely aware of the kind of damage she was doing to her body. But she didn't care; only the cake mattered, only eating more, only eating forever. Once she was done with it, she might even call for more, who knew?

By the end, there was nothing left but an empty plate, which Kay-Lee dedicated far too much time to licking clean, her face an absolute mess of chocolate glazing and bits of frosting. Her transformation into a small blob of fat was complete, even her face growing to match the rotundness of the rest of her. Even Shea was impressed, urging others to send in whatever they could as a reward for a good feeding session. And yet...

... she could go for seconds.