

Jasper crashed through the door of the cabin clutching a too-thin shirt around his soaked body, the storm outside roaring as he fought to push the door back closed and latch it. Freezing as he was, the young wolf was already relieved just to be out of the wind and wet. Even if an aged, abandoned looking cabin was all the shelter he could work with. He'd just have to-

“What.. the heck? I don't.. U..Uh, hello? So uh, I just.. came to get in from the storm? Is anyone here? *Please* don't rush out at me with a shotgun or something because I really didn't mean to break in for any bad reasons, I just.. it's cold, and I'm.. I'm real hungry, and-”

The wolf's confusion started when he saw food. Canned, to be sure – but lots of it. The cupboards were missing half the doors on them but they were clearly stocked from front to back. The fridge looked to be running too, and had more than a little beer stored inside along with some fresh water and condiments.. and everything had a notable layer of unbroken dust on it. Everything except the old coat and the waders hung by the fishing pole.

Confusion didn't last long in the face of frigid air and an empty stomach. Jasper kicked his wet clothing to the corner and tugged on the too-big waders and jacket. They were way better than nothing, or wet clothing. After that he turned to the cupboards and paid them just about the same amount of consideration. He'd have to leave a note for whoever came back to this old shack in Summer or whatever. For now Jasper snatched up a couple cans of beans, Spam, corn, and some wax sealed cheese along with two of the beers. Sitting down on an old wooden chair, not totally understanding as his ass seemed to sprawl wider and take up more of the space in the too-big clothing. Jasper just brushed it off, scratching at his scragglier looking chin fur.

It was after he finished the first beer and leaned back in his seat, letting out a searing *Bwurphhb*- that tasted of very salty meat, cold beans, and some crackers he'd found that the wolf *noticed* something. Mostly the way his gut was spilling into his lap and the way his knees creaked a bit as he bent over to reach for the cans of sardines and another of the cheeses. His fur on his arm looked a bit paler than he was used to, thinner to, and he felt.. sluggish? Also *heavy*. Jasper's arm shook a little as the flab on it moved when he did.

“W-what.. the. What am I- I don't unders- *Hwurphhb*- s...tand? What was I-”

A fuzzy sensation flitted through Jasper's brain. The wolf sat back, his sprawling ass starting to overflow the chair while he grappled with losing his train of thought and took a drink to center himself. At least, that's what he told himself he was doing it for. There'd certainly been something

that *seemed* important for a moment? But the aging wolf couldn't put his finger on what. Particularly not with being as hungry as he was.

Getting back to work on fixing that part seemed *much* more important. Jasper opened another can of beans and spam, and briefly considered getting up to cook them given the storm had his little whaling shack colder than he liked, but the old wolf's decrepit knees and fat ass won the day on that one. Jasper let the odd little sense of something being 'wrong' wither away inside and instead went about the business of stuffing his loudly complaining belly.

A bit of a warning of a storm brewing inside that fired up as well, loud rumblings, ominous gurgling. Jasper just grunted and leaned to the side, letting a thundering *VwuruURMPHHHBBRT* out into the woolen clothing he'd put on and knowing there were more of them to come in the near future. Especially if he kept eating like this.. which he entirely planned to.

It wasn't like there was anyone around to complain about an old fisher farting up his cabin, Jasper had been enjoying the peace of mind and solitude of being able to let himself go for *decades* now, and he had no intention of changing. Ever.