Shinden sighed as he walked around the room for what felt like the 50th time, the sabertooth wolf growing increasingly impatient. It was bad enough that Kazan and Tzin reported they would be several hours late but having to wait for the two pilots to exit their craft was almost unbearable! Furrowing his brow even further, Shinden stood by the large hangar window and peered outside at the *Kestrel* while readjusting his brown uniform, noticing little to no change since it landed half an hour ago. Even the planes that landed *after* their ship landed were already fueled up and ready for take off! In an attempt to distract himself from his increasing frustration, the long-toothed canine shifted his gaze towards the rest of the hanger, watching the various aircrafts fly in and out of the different terminals. In a way, it was more like a public airport than a hangar. Eventually, Shinden's eyes returned to the *kestrel,* scowling to find it unchanged. "Durf… lazy pilots. Are you sure they're on that ship, A.A.R.O.N?" Shinden asked as he turned to face the holographic snake, not noticing the hatch door slowly open.

 "Affirmative, sir. They have yet to disembark the *Kestrel*," A.A.R.O.N stated, smiling politely.

 "I can see that with my own eyes," Shinden grumbled as he turned his head back to the ship, raising his eyebrows as he finally noticed the doors slowly open… but why the cargo doors? Surely it would have been faster to simply use the passenger exit. "Did they, erm, happen to bring back any cargo from their voyage?" Shinden asked skeptically, stroking his chin with two fingers.

 "I'm afraid not, sir. Their increased mass has made it rather difficult to fit through slim openings," A.A.R.O.N said, winking two of his five eyes.

 "But I've told you to widen the doors to match their weight gain so this wouldn't be an issue… Just how fat did you make these two?" The sabertooth wolf asked. Before A.A.R.O.N could reply, however, the two pilots slowly lowered themselves onto the ground, quickly answering Shinden's question.

 There are fat wolves, as well as fat dragons… and then there's Kazan and Tzin. Weeks of lazing around and eating whatever they felt like transformed themselves from pudgy pilots to ridiculously corpulent captains, not a single square inch of their body devoid of fat whatsoever. Their XLL uniforms, stretched to the limit, couldn't even contain the ridiculous amount of belly fat, demoting themselves from jackets to sports bras. Multiple workers within the hanger stopped what they were doing and stared at the two spherical masses of pudge shuffle along, their 6 foot long stomachs bouncing and sloshing just as loud as some of the equipment nearby. If it weren't for the artificial gravity set at 1/10th Earth's gravity, neither pilot could so much as lift a finger! That wasn't to say moving around was a breeze, however. Every action they took was against their own body, their 2 and a half foot thighs constantly brushing against each other. The pilots' puffed up shoulders prevented them from raising their 1 foot wide arms up to head level, leaving them constantly resting on their ample love handles. Even turning their heads became an impossible feat, the massive pileup of neck flab leaving their pudgy faces blending into their ample chests. As Tzin and Kazan slowly wobbled their way inside, the workers got a closer look at the two lard balls from behind. Rolls upon rolls of back fat crested it's way around the wolf and dragon, making their backs look like two xylophones smooshed together. Despite the amazing sight displayed in front of them, what really shook the workers up were how utterly oblivious the two obese pilots acted to their own size!

 "Hmmf, I still say you cheated," Kazan grumbled as he tried folding his arms, his pillow-like moobs getting in the way.

 "Oh please, I \*urp\* won fair and square and you know it," Tzin smirked, rubbing as much of his stomach as he could reach.

 "But that's impossible! There's no way anyone can eat fifty tacos AND still have room for dessert."

 "Let's just say it's something I inherit." Both pilots chuckled while they waddled their way in, their massive guts jiggling with every intake of breath they took. Just as Kazan was about to continue pouting about losing, however, Tzin quickly remembered they were in the presence of their Commander and stopped dead in his track, struggling to lift his claw to his forehead in an attempt to salute but only managed to bring it up to his chest. "Greetings, sir! We've returned from our mission, sir!" Tzin shouted, standing as straight as his adipose-filled body would allow. Seeing Tzin salute, Kazan immediately mirrored his co-pilot, his body continuing to quiver all over due to inertia.

 Shinden stared wide-eyed at the two blubbery behemoths standing before him, the sounds of their stomachs bouncing and resounding off one another filling the room with different *blorps*. These guys were the skinny twigs he learned about two months ago?! They must of weighed over a ton each! Even if he was as tall as Tzin a couple inches higher than Kazan, Shinden still felt completely miniscule compared to their gigantic guts alone! For a moment the sabertooth wolf continued to observe their obese features silently… before bursting out into a fit of laughter.

 "Bwahahahaha! I've never seen anyone as fat as you two!" Shinden exclaimed, hugging his chest as he doubled over giggling.

 Kazan and Tzin blushed and looked at each other awkwardly, their chubby cheeks looking like full-sized apples. "Well I suppose you could say we put on a few pounds, sir," Tzin mumbled, looking down at the floor shyly, his cream colored gut blocking his view.

 "Pfft, what do you mean 'a few?' You two are practically spheres!" Shinden snorted as he continued laughing, grabbing Tzin's scaly gut to emphasize his point.

 Tzin's blush only worsened as he noticed Shinden's fingers sink all the way up to his paw, and then some. Ever since they left MajorUrsa7, both pilots agreed to follow Zane's advice of living life to the fullest, never restricting yourself on something you enjoy. After getting to know A.A.R.O.N and his multiple restaurants so well, Tzin and Kazan both agreed they loved nothing more than food. Day in and day out they would stuff themselves silly with as much food as they could get their chubby paws on, the holographic snake more than happy to dish out as many servings as possible. They made games out of eating, talked while eating, laid in bed while eating, fantasized about different foods while eating! No wonder they grew so fat so quick…

 Shinden slowly stopped his tirade of giggles, wiping a tear from his eyes. Seeing how utterly embarrassed the two pilots were, the sharp toothed canine cleared his throat to direct their attention to him, still smiling. "So, heheh, I guess you're both wondering why we let you two grow so chunky."

 "You could say that again," Kazan growled as he flashed an angry glare at A.A.R.O.N, who up until this point was casually observing from the corner.

 "Please don't be upset at A.A.R.O.N, he was specifically programmed to widen you two up a bit," Shinden explained calmly. Seeing the confused reactions, the sabertooth wolf continued with a smile. "In the past, being overweight was seen as a severe health hazard, you know? Being fat was almost the equivalent of having a serious disease, tiring your heart and lungs and what not."

 "Yeah, we get it, we're fat and unhealthy, get on with it," Kazan scowled.

 Shinden raised his paws defensively, blushing as he accidently brushed the underside of the green and blue wolf's gut, causing it's owner to emit a low growl. "Hey, I'm just getting to the good stuff! Just think for a moment: if you two are the size of hippos, how come none of you even realized it until now? Surely you would of noticed some back pain or chest cramps by now."

 Both captain's eyes widened as they poked and prodded their own fat experimentally, checking to see if any part of them ached. Their fat felt very real, so how come they weren't unhealthy. With a big grin, Shinden casually walked to the window overlooking the nearby city, beckoning for his two round underlings to follow. "This is the future, dummies! We've cured practically every disease known to mankind! You think something like obesity is a problem? Not only is it safe to be pudgy, but lately it's turned into a fad!"

 Just glancing out the window was enough for the pilots' jaws to drop, the bottoms of their muzzles squishing their fleshy chins. The entire city was filled with citizens ranging from a skinny build to almost their own size, and all of them looked pretty damn pleased with themselves! Right next to the hanger, an overweight male lynx leaned back against his chair, getting paw fed while his bloated gut was rubbed by a skinny tigress. Right next to them a corpulent dragon-wolf hybrid used his grey stomach as a laptop holder, his table filled with empty glasses of lemonade.

 "Woah… and all these people choose to be this fat?" Tzin asked softly, not taking his eyes off of the incredible sight.

 "Of course!" Shinden answered, standing right between the two colossal fatties. "With everything being organic now a days, it's impossible to pack on any weight without effort."

 Frowning, Kazan turned to Shinden and tried crossing his arms, yet again foiled by his own moobs. "Then how come we never got a choice?"

 This time, A.A.R.O.N decided to answer as he appeared in front of Kazan, or rather on top of his pearly white belly. "I've been monitoring you two more closely than you think. Based on your biological readings, both you and Captain Tzin grew more joyful as your mass increased," the holographic snake said, sounding very pleased with himself.

 "Since being tubby was considered popular now a days, we started creating interstellar cruise ships that relied on powerful new A.Is like A.A.R.O.N to remotely pilot the ship while fattening up its inhabitants," Shinden explained to Kazan as he casually leaned against Tzin's scaly belly, sinking into it like a squishy bean bag chair. "Of course, if you decide you don't like it, I'll give you the option to go back to the way you were before your trip."

 Tzin grunted as he felt the sabertooth wolf suddenly lean into his gut, serving to remind him just how colossal he's truly grown lately. A part of him still rejected the idea of being so incredibly overweight, finding it already impossible to fit through any door onboard the *Kestrel* without Kazan's help. Still considering the offer, the blimp of a dragon dug his arms deeply into his stomach, feeling his rolls enclose his limbs. Despite dragon scales supposedly being hard and firm, Tzin's belly felt incredibly soft and yielding, feeling heat radiate off from his pudge despite being cold blooded. It was all so different… so weird… so

 "I'll keep it!" Kazan suddenly exclaimed, pawing and massaging his stomach like it was a big bag of dough. "I can't believe I didn't notice how soft I felt until now! It's like I'm my own bed and blanket! Besides, I've always wanted to be popular,"

 Shinden flashed Kazan a toothy grin as he leaned off of Tzin's belly, clapping his paws happily. "Excellent! Glad to see ya on board!" Kazan grinned and blushed at the praise, his small stump of a tail wagging furiously. "Now what do you say?" The sabertooth wolf asked Tzin, although it was evident to everyone how Tzin really felt.

 "Eh, what the heck. I'll get too lonely without my stomach to talk to," Tzin chuckled as he patted his large belly, his 2 foot wide tail swishing. Still excited that they were the fattest creatures in the galaxy that viewed obesity as a status of popularity, both captains decided to hug it out on the spot, trapping Shinden in-between their guts.

 "Oof! Hey, ease up there will ya?" The long-fanged lupine murmured, trapped inside a concave of pure belly fat, half furry and half scaly. Chuckling heartedly, Kazan and Tzin backed off to give their Commander some breathing room. "Heheh, you two are pretty strong for a couple of fat-asses," Shinden said, straightening up a bit. "How would you like to continue piloting the *Kestrel* once it's out of its testing stage? Just bear in mind that your waistlines are subject to change," Shinden added as an afterthought, patting their bulbous bellies.

 As if they needed asking. Before Shinden even finished, Tzin and Kazan were already nodding as furiously as their fatty necks would allow them. "That'll be fine with me," Tzin said, looking over to A.A.R.O.N and winking, "It's all part of the adventure after all."