

Everett, a leopard peacock from a royal family, was just recently married to a ferret of nobility named Lance. After their extravagant wedding and too many formalities to count, they are ready to spend the next month at a private resort to unwind. Eager to indulge in themselves and start the next chapter in their lives.

A door swings open to a lavish resort room, grand expensive decorations cover the walls and furniture that fill the vast living space that is to be the living area of a newlywed couple. Everett, a blue peacock leopard with purple and gold spots, slowly walks through the door, eyes half open, exhausted from not only the travel to their honeymoon resort but from all the socialization endured from the wedding and event that followed. Not too soon after Lance, a green ferret, comes in behind with the bellhop and a cart carrying all their luggage. Lance pulls the cart into the room and tips the bellhop with a warm thanks and quietly shuts the door to the room. Walking up to Everett he wraps his arms around him and rests his head on Everett's fur and feathered shoulder squeezing him gently.

"It's just you and me now, babe" Lance would softly say turning his muzzle to Everett's cheek.

"Thank god... I really need the alone time right now" Everett says in a hushed tone as he relaxed in Lance's arms. Reaching a paw up to hold the side of his husband's head, turning toward him to give an affectionate kiss. After a moment Everett spins around in Lance's arms, so now his arms held at his lower back, Everett taking his own arms up over Lance's thin shoulders and behind his slender neck.

"I'm about ready for a nap, are you?" Everett asks, looking into Lance's emerald green eyes with his own eyes of gold. A light smile showing on his blue and white muzzle.

"Just don't start snoring" Lance teased, giving a quick kiss before leading Everett over to the king sized bed laying under a silk canopy. He crawling into bed and laying on his side, Everett following suit and laying facing him. The peacat curled up a bit and nuzzled up into the ferret's chest as Lance wrapped an arm around Everett. Once they got themselves cuddled up it wasn't too soon until they drifted off to sleep, resting for the events to come.

It's a little past noon before Everett and Lance wake up the next day. Everett being the first one to stir, uncurling himself from his lovers gentle arms. Stretching his arms up toward the headboard, avian feet lightly clawing at the air as his legs stretched out. Giving a soft sigh and blinking his eyes open before scooting himself to the edge of the bed, making sure his peacock feathered wings didn't brush up against Lance to not disturb him. Not like it mattered too much as now that Everett wasn't in his arms he began to wake up soon after, rubbing his eyes and pushing the covers down. He lay there just staring at the ceiling for a moment before taking his gaze toward Everett as he began getting ready for the day. Watching him adjusting his deep red corset and tying up his sash and flowy clothing. Lance scooted his way out of bed to come up behind Everett. Standing a good 4 or 5 inches taller than the 5 foot 8 peacat he was able to easily rest his head right on Everett, wrapping his arms around him in a firm embrace.

"Good morning, love" The ferret said with a happy but sleepy smile.

"Mornin', hun" Everett replies with a soft purr, "How'd you sleep?"

“Well enough, the bed isn’t as luxurious as the rest of the resort looks” He smugly remarks in a half joking manner

“Sorry, I got you too spoiled on my bed back home hm? You’ll get used to it in a few days, after all... we got a whole month ahead of us, Im sure we’ll end up breaking it in” The peacat raising his paws up to rub along his ferret’s fluffy cheeks as he makes his flirtatious remark. Then pulling himself out of Lance’s arms and rubbing his chest for a moment. “Now get ready sleepy head, we got a long day of fun ahead of us”

Everett and Lance make their first outing to the endless all you can eat buffet that is catered at the all-inclusive resort, having slept through breakfast they were feeling pretty hungry by the time they left their room in the afternoon. After having more than their fill of food, leaving the table quite stuffed, Everett and Lance make their way to the bar for a quick drink. Everett sipping on a margarita and Lance on a Rum and Coke, getting a little buzz on before leaving the resort area for some sightseeing around the town. As they cab around the local town, visiting some murals and popular landmarks, they grab a snack every so often wanting to try as many of the local cuisine as their stomachs could handle. At this point Lance’s stomach is bloated as one eating so frequently would expect, however it doesn’t show too much through his loose clothing. Everett however had needed to loosen his corset a couple times already. He already having a bit of an appetite normally but being in an environment where he can ease up and relax without judgment of the royal staff is making him eat even more than his appetite should allow. Having spent a good many hours out and the sun begins dipping toward the city’s skyline they decide to head back to the resort. When they arrive back Lance offers to take what souvenirs they bought back up to their room while Everett got them a table back in the main dining area. On the way there Everett grabs a drink for them both to take to their table, making sure to order them a bit stronger than normal. By the time Lance arrives in the dining area, Everett has already drank though half his margarita and was chowing down on a big plate of food, seemingly having grabbed a little scoop of everything he hadn’t eaten earlier in the day.

“Damn babe, I know you’re a foodie and want to try as many things as you can but you don’t need to eat it all in a day” Lance teases with a light snicker walking up to the table picking up his drink on the other side of the table.

“oh-m sh-owwy” Everett attempts to apologize through a maw full of food, taking a moment to chew it and swallow it down “I-im sorry, it’s just so damn good. So much better than my chef makes in the palace!” He leans back in his chair and drinks a little more margarita down to chase the food down into his stomach.

“No need to apologize, just don’t need you getting sick on the first day here, babe” Lance says around the straw in his lips as he sipped up some of his rum and coke. Taking a look down at his husband’s middle and giving a slight smirk “Plus, your corset is getting tight, how much more can you loosen that thing before you just gotta take it off?” He teases once again

“Fair enough” Everett laughs “I’ll try but no guarantees”

Everett would go back to eating from his plate as Lance walked off to go grab his own, sitting back down with a more sensible sized portion of various foods. The two of them eating together and sipping though

their strong drinks while having a waiter top them off when they got low. They would finish off their food and chat while they drank, discussing things they should do while at the resort and talking about the places they had been that day. A few drinks soon became many, their glasses cluttering the table as they very soon went from a buzz to a much more drunken state. Everett would have requested the waiter to grab him a plate of food a couple times by now while he talking with Lance, who seemed to have not really noticed having been too focused on the conversation and the alcohol dulling his senses. Soon enough, just as Lance had guessed, Everett had loosened his corset so much that it just about became unlaced. He having to excuse himself to the bathroom, with a drunken waddle he make I in and leans himself forward on the sink counter taking a few heavy breaths. With a muffled burp in his maw he stands himself up and fully removes his corset to reveal a heavily boated belly. After tying the laces of his corset to the sash around his waist so it can just hang at his side he takes a moment to look at himself in the mirror. Being as drunk as he was it was very much like looking at another person, never had he seen himself so massively bloated before, even on his most gluttonous days in the palace. His stomach sticking far out in front of him, solid and round as can be. Nearly the size of basketball. He stood there with a blank stare at his reflection in the mirror, taking his paws to his distended stomach and in that moment becoming mesmerized. Rubbing his belly for a good while before realizing he needed to head back out. He slowly made his way back to their table where Lance was having a conversation with another fur that was staying at the resort. Everett managing to sit back down while Lance and the other person closed up their conversation.

"Sorry I took so long, I may be a little more drunk than I thought" Everett would bashfully say, not wanting to admit the real reason for his extended absence.

"I didn't think you were gone that long were you? I must have been too caught up in talking with that guy, he had some interesting ideas for us to do the rest of the night, there's apparently an entertainment show of some sort happening soon at some place here" Lance would say in a slurred excited tone "you wanna go?"

"S-sure sounds fun, they still providing drinks and stuff there right?" Everett would ask hesitantly as he subconsciously decided back in the bathroom to see just how far he could push his stomach tonight.

"I think so, I'm sure that we can order whatever we want" Lance assures and slowly stands himself up with an un easy wobble as the alcohol rushes to his head, taking his glass and downing what's left in it.

"Let's go then, lead the way good sir" Everett replies, chugging down the rest of his own drink and taking an arm around his husband's waist for support. Lance holding his own around Everett's shoulders as they slowly stumbled their way to the resorts grand stage area. Dimly lit for mood lighting with tables and booths lined all along the wall and throughout the enormous room. They taking a booth somewhat close to the edge of the stage and ordering another round of drinks, and Everett taking a couple orders of some appetizers, playing it off as some light snacking for the show. Not too soon after the food and drinks arrived the room darkened and the stage lit up, performers come on the stage and the first act of what they can assume to be an elaborate play begins. While Lance was focused on the entertainment Everett focused on the food, bite by bite all the appetizers platters emptied out into his gluttonous belly. Sitting himself back into the booth and belly brushing up against the edge of the table, he silently panted to himself. Taking heavy breaths as he slowly got used to the pressure in his stomach. Eventually motioning to the waiter for another round of drinks and a refill of the platters right around when the first act came to a close and the audience began to cheer. The lights come back to their previous dimmed

state as the intermission begins before the second act. Lance taking the time to get up and quickly rush off to the restroom. The waiter soon coming over with arms full of new plates of food and another waiter at his side carrying the drinks. After they place them down and walk off Lance stumbles back and eases his wobbly well wasted self down back into the booth. Taking a glance at the table with a very drunken confused look.

“E-everett... w-why have you ordered food if ya not gunna eat it, babe” Not being aware that his husband had already eaten through the entire spread once already, nor having even noticed or at least fully acknowledged the size he was becoming.

Stifling a burp and slumping himself down into the booth to hide his belly somewhat, Everett grabs a morsel of food from one of the platters and gulps it down.

“Y-you’re r-right, im shorry” Everett replies in just as slurred a tone as Lance, grabbing yet another bite. Soon he lights go dark again as the next and final act of the show begins and the performers begin their play once more. Just as before Lance was entranced by the performers and Everett was gorging on his food. Although this time he was struggling. The bites became hard to swallow as his stomach was stretched far beyond its limit, pushing so far out now that he had to sit sideways in the booth just so he wouldn’t get stuck as he kept greedily eating. It takes a while but he eventually manages to push down every bite of food from the platters on food that covered the table along with the many glasses of emptied alcoholic drinks. Everett now sat there leaned back against the wall and his belly spilling into his lap, wheezing as he barely retained consciousness. That basketball sized bloat he had been entranced by in mirror earlier now resembled that of a huge well ripened melon. His body feeling too heavy to even attempt to rub his aching stomach. A waiter comes by to pick up the dishes from the table, eyeing Everett quite heavily and turning to whisper to another waiter that came by. The room began to light up as the play finally reached its finale and the curtains closed with a massive round of applause. One of the waiters leans over to Everett.

“S-Sir, are you alright?” They say with a concerned tone, this grabbing the attention of Lance who now can see Everett in the full light of the room now

“E-Ever? J-jeshus ever I-I... told you to e-ease up!” Lance barely stammers out. Now turning to the waiters to apologize to them and has them help Everett up to his feet. The two hold each other up and with the guidance of a staff member they very slowly make their way back to their room. Once they make it there Everett heavily steps his way towards the bathroom, wheezing the entire way. He can hear some slight conversation outside the room of Lance and the staff member talking mostly out of concern for Everett and to make sure he’s fine, Lance assuring them he just had too much to drink much like himself. Everett sets his belly up on the sink counter, giving a loud moan of relief. Then a knock on the door.

“Babe, y-you alright in there?” Came the heavily slurred question from Lance before he slowly opened the door to peek inside. He could hardly believe the sight he was looking at, his husband ever so slightly on his avian claws so that his stomach could rest on the marbled counter. To say he was over engorged was an understatement. Everett had somehow eaten himself to what Lance had previously thought to be an unattainable size purely on bloat. Lance knew Everett loved to eat but never had he done something like this.

“E-ev?” was all the ferret could say in the state of shock he was in. Using the counter to support himself to drunkenly stumble toward his partner, he would come up close and hold a paw to Everett’s belly. He was packed solid and skin stretched so tight it’s a miracle he managed to get so huge. The feeling of Lance’s paw on Ever’s stomach made the peecat flinch a bit, but even so he made the slightest rubbing motion for him, unsure of what else to do. Everett could only stand there and heavily pant and wheeze, even with his belly fully supported it was almost too much to handle still.

“I- im.... Gunna see if the front desk has medicine, just hold on” with a little pet behind the peecat’s head and concerned kiss he stumbles back out to the room’s phone. Lance would call the front desk and have then bring a bottle of some sort of digestive aide, telling them he would be in their bathroom when they brought it up. With a little hurried goodbye and thank you the phone is hung up and followed by a stumble back to his partner’s side. “It’ll be ok” Lance would softly say as he moved up close to Everett, wrapping one arm around his lower back in an attempt to support the peecat’s body and another paw on his melon sized gut. Little whimpers would be heard among the soft moans of relief from the new support and easing rubbing to his engorged stomach.

Fairly soon a staff member would knock at the bathroom door and slowly allow himself to enter, their eyes wide in disbelief as they hand a bottle to Lance. A thank you and apology for the situation is exchanged and the staff member quickly leaves and closes the doors behind.

“This should help” the ferret says opening the bottle and bringing the nozzle up to Everett’s lips. There was a struggle to sip the medicine at first but soon Everett would take a few heavy gulps with a loud whine after. Lance would put the half empty bottle down and old Everett a little firmer, now sliding a paw under that heavy belly and softly whispering some words to try and calm and soothe the man in his arms. It takes a little while but eventually Everett’s whines subside and are replaced with some slow heavy breathing, he relaxing in Lance’s arms and standing himself back on his own claws. Even the belly held up in one of the ferrets paws seemed to relax and feel less tense. A sigh of relief comes from Lance as he slowly removes himself from Ever and sits himself on the edge of the tub nearby “I swear....” Lance begins in his slurred tone “yer appetite is getting out of control” he starts out and then begins a little grin. “Keep it up and we will have to start hiring a team of tailors dedicated to you and a growing waistline” he would snicker at his own teasing remark. Taking a look over Everett, who now seems mostly recovered and was now idly rubbing over his distended gut, and then gazing to his face reflected in the mirror. Ever looked half asleep as he stood there just looking at himself in the mirror, a hint of pride under his drunken silly face that was fighting the impending food coma he would be facing later tonight.

Lance would stand back up with a slight sway as he came up behind Ever, glancing to one of his sides as he reaches his paws forward. Rubbing over one of the gold and purple spots close to his white furred belly that was now looking a bit stretched out to match the belly the peecat was sporting. “Alright big boy lets get ya in bed” Lance would tease. Everett seeming to take it a little too well as a grin spread on his drunken face. The ferret would slide his paws under Ever’s stomach and gently lift, with a little moan from him they get it off the counter and suddenly Lance was carrying its full weight.

“Oh my god, Ev! Y-you’re so heavy...! How did you even manage to eat so much?” Lance complained as he stumbled with Everett towards the bed, one paw holding his gut and the other behind his back gently pushing them along. With Lance was so focused on trying to get them to their goal he hadn’t noticed Everett beginning to purr. Something about being called heavy and a remark to his appetite seemed to

please him. He'd never been called heavy in his life and even though it normally shouldn't be taken in a positive manner, it almost felt gratifying.

Once they approached the bed Everett would begin heavily stepping on his own, turning around and slowly easing himself down on the edge of the bed with a groan. Being careful of his wings he lays back, both paws at the sides of his stomach now sticking straight up in a solid mound from his torso, unable to see anything beyond. Tilting his head to the side he looks up to his partner with a longing expression and reaches a paw out for him. With a little eye roll from Lance he places his paw in Ever's, then gets gently pulled towards him and has him sit next to him on the bed. He would place that paw on his belly and then gently sliding his own up along Lances arm, then along his side and back.

Everett would just affectionately rub and scratch along his husbands back and side while looking up to his face with a loving smile "I'm sorry for making you worry... I don't know why I got so out of control"

Lance would return those affectionate caresses to that belly he sat next to, taking a glance from it to Everett's face. "Just stop eating to the point you look like you're full term... please" He would joke with a warm smile. Leaning down and giving Everett a soft kiss before tending back to his partners stomach.

"Oh I look pregnant do I?" Everett would laugh a bit, ears a little perked and the tip of his tail flicking around excitedly.

"Very~" Lance laughs back as he takes his paws away and positions himself to lie next to Ever. One of the peacat's arms comes around behind him and firmly pulls the ferret into his side. Lance would cling himself up against Everett now, a position they rarely found themselves in. Normally Everett would take the role of little spoon but something about those days when Everett managed to find the time to eat himself bloated he would take on a more dominate presence. Lance never really thought about it much but in this moment it showed more than usual. Everett was more confident and truly feeling himself, even more so now that he was a size he had never been before. And something about that was drawing him in, taking a paw back to his lovers belly and tenderly rubbing along its taut surface. "T-though a pregnant belly isn't normally befitting of a king" Lance would tease a bit looking into Everett's eyes with their faces close enough their breaths could be felt.

There's a slight moment of silence as Everett looked deeper at Lance with a little hint of lust in his eyes, gently pulling him in a bit closer for a kiss. As they pulled away Everett would say "Guess that's a role for you to take up then~" in a sultry tone. With that Lance melted a bit in Everett's arm. He gently pulled into another kiss, one with much more emotion. Deep, passionate, filled with a need that could only be quenched by each other. Time seemed to stand still as they just felt more connected than they have ever felt before, only them existing in that moment. Lance reaching a paw up to caress along Everett's jaw as they kept their lips locked in a trance neither of them wanted to be broken from.

Moments became minutes, then hours as they lose themselves in desire, Lance exploring Everett's bloated body and Everett to Lances in return. Everett slowly taking more control, Lance more than willing to submit to Ever's new found confidence. Emotions climb and clothes fly, eventually in the night a climax is reached where the seed of their love is planted and a new spark ignited.