

Max & PJ's Hugewaiian Holiday

Beach. Babes. Sun. Sand. Grilled cheese. Wait, grilled cheese? "Yeah Max, let's get some grilled cheese!"

"Come on Peej. We've come all the way to Hawaii for Spring Break, and the first thing you think to do is get grilled cheese? Isn't there anything else you could **possibly** think to do during this time?"

The so-named Max Goof rubbed his temples dourly, all the while his very large friend PJ Pete looked around excitedly, a number of maps pointing to the best eateries on Kaua'i Island hanging from his arms. "Well I mean come on Max, we came all this way. Shouldn't we at least try some of the local cuisine?" the chubby cat remarked.

"Grilled cheese isn't local cuisine Peej" the dog pointed out.

"Au contraire Max. Hawaii is still part of America, so the red, white, and blue grilled cheese is local everywhere" PJ asserted.

"Okay, I'm not going to try and argue here buddy, especially with how wrong that is, but maybe we should check some sights out before we check out the menus dude? I mean, why don't we check out the beaches and, y'know, the babes?" Max expressed.

"Well, I wouldn't want to do anything behind Sasha's back" the feline commented, idly drawing a circle in the dirt with his sneaker.

"Hey now, I'm not saying we do anything beyond uhhh, *appreciating*, their feminine forms Peej" the canine lecherously grinned.

"Well, I mean if we're just looking it should be alright" PJ figured. "But, maybe you should get changed if you're going to the beach" he observed.

"What's wrong with the hoodie?" Max protested, pulling at his bright red hoodie jacket.

“Well, you’re not wearing the Hawaiian shirt I packed you” the cat pointed out, sounding a little hurt. “Won’t it be cool if we matched? See, I’m wearing mine” he stated, gesturing to his purple Hawaiian shirt that only barely managed to mask the overhang of his belly.

“Peej, come on. You’re not my ninety year-old wife. Nobody in college ever tries to match” the dog stated.

“Well, there was your dad....”

“He’s... a special case Peej, you know that.”

“Yeah, you’re right Max. Well, let’s go see some hotties and some sundaes as well” PJ declared.

“Yeah, maybe just a soft-serve for me” Max smiled, content with getting this party started. And ice-cream didn’t sound terrible actually.

“So Max?”

“Yeah?”

“When do the babes arrive?”

It had been thirty minutes, and so far the beach was filled with a load of dudes in various kinds of swimwear, some of which must be a crime against humanity in some countries. This had left the two sitting despondently on a park bench, with a side of mild disgust from the octogenarian who had asked them if they could rub lotion on his back. “I think they might be taking a sick day Peej” Max sighed, resting his head in his hands. “Ugh, I should’ve expected the beach would be filled with guys looking to ogle the babes.”

“You mean like us?”

“No... no.... Not like us. We’re not parading around in speedos for one thing. Ugh, reminds me of your dad” the canine shuddered.

“You do know I also got a speedo too right?” PJ pointed out.

“Yes, I do Peej. And I wish I didn’t to be honest” Max pointedly answered, before sighing grumpily. “Ugh, this is a waste of time. And you know what? Let’s go get some food. I think I’d rather be looking at a rump roast than... whatever these guys have to offer” he uttered while thumbing at a pile of muscular dudes in glistening speedos.

“I dunno if any of the places do rump roast, but we can probably find something tasty anyways” the feline grinned, content with getting this party started.

“We will have to budget though. We don’t have a huge amount for this trip y’know?”

“I know. But wouldn’t it be great to splurge on a big, fancy meal?”

“Peej, you wanted to eat grilled cheese half an hour ago.”

“I guess the culture is having an effect on me” PJ grinned with smug airs.

“It’s gonna have an effect on your waistline if you eat nothing but desserts” Max chuckled while giving his friend’s portly side a poke.

“Hey! We talked about the poking.”

“And you talked to me about maybe trying a diet Peej. Anyways, let’s get some chow. Hopefully something not too expensive.”

“Maybe we could cook something if we don’t find a good place.”

“Can you cook?”

“No. Can you?”

“Nope” Max sighed, and then thought a little. “Instant ramen?”

“Instant ramen” the cat nodded.

“And cheese whip.”

“Oh heck yeah!” PJ roared, pudgy arms in the air and attracting a lot of attention.

“Okay, let’s go now” Max sighed, leading his friend back up the beach, his hoodie snagging on a branch as they went by.

Tugging on it, the fabric came free, as did a white ball marked “062” which had been resting on the upper branch. It landed in the jacket’s hood, the impact barely noticeable as the two went out to find something good to eat.

Ultimately, they acquired many packets of noodles, some veggies, and a baguette, just because. “Well, what a bounty we have” Max sarcastically uttered as they headed towards a picnic area.

“Well, we gotta budget. You said so” PJ reminded him while doing most of the heavy lifting.

“Yeah, I know. We’ll make up for it later; we’ll go out for dinner. Somewhere awesome” the dog asserted, itching at the back of his head while they went past a small pond. “Huh?” he uttered and stopped, noticing a lump tapping against his back.

“What’s up?” the flabby feline inquired.

“Dunno, I think there’s something in my hood” Max remarked, fishing about and finding a strange white ball. “What’s this?”

“Maybe some kid lost their super bouncy ball? I did that once” PJ recalled.

“Nah, it’s weird and kinda hard. Like a golf ball” the canine explained while rolling the 062 ball between his fingers.

“Weird? You gonna keep it? Like a souvenir? Cause if not I’ll keep it. My dad always wants more personal golf balls” the cat explained.

“Eh, sure you can have it. Dunno what I’d use it for” Max shrugged, tossing the ball to his friend.

“He-HEY! Warn me bro!” PJ cried, dumping the bags as he fumbled the catch, the pod bouncing about in his fingers before falling into the pond.

It bubbled for a second, and they both grimaced as they gazed at the murky water. “Still want it?” the dog asked.

“N-no, I’m good” the cat sighed.

And then, a bright light filled the water, rising up as a glowing sphere of energy. The college students both fell back in surprise as the light moved towards them, a sudden flash blinding them to reveal a strange four-armed creature. It wasn’t even half their height, and that was with the unusual chef-like hat that appeared to be a part of its own anatomy. “Bonjour!” it declared with a flashy little bow.

“Uhhh, bonjour?” PJ said with an uncertain wave.

“Peej, I think that’s an alien” Max observed.

"How can he be an alien Max? French people aren't aliens. No, my dad told me about this; aliens come from places like Mexico" the feline explained.

"Topical humour, now?" the canine snorted as he slowly stepped away from the alien.

"Who's joking?" PJ inquired.

"Hmm" the alien hummed, eying their supplies.

"No way dude. We ain't sharing" Max asserted, following the creature's gaze. Sadly, he couldn't follow its speed as it turned into a blur, running right through their bags. "HEY!" he shouted, chasing after the whirlwind that was headed towards an empty picnic table.

"NO! MY CHEESE WHIP!" PJ cried, clumsily picking himself up and lumbering after the creature.

The duo's run came to a slow walk as the creature's force of nature ended, revealing a total feast. "What the heck?" the canine gasped, looking it all over. "Pies. Ham and salami sandwiches. Subs. Pizza? It's a total feast!" he exclaimed.

"But how? We didn't have any of that stuff on us" the cat pointed out, his legs steadily moving his body to take a seat.

"Bon appétit!" the alien declared, gesturing with two arms at the table.

"I think he wants us to eat it? I mean, French people are really good cooks y'know?" PJ insisted as he grabbed a sandwich.

"PJ, that's *not* a French person" Max insisted back as he likewise took a seat. Staring at all the food, it seemed, well, pretty irresistible. It smelled pretty good, and this was way better than anything they could have made. "I-I mean, it's not like we can't enjoy this" he conceded.

“It’d be rude” the feline nodded, bringing the sandwich to his lips. Biting down, his saucy smile spread across his plump face. “This is amazing!” he declared, scarfing the rest of it down.

Nodding along, the canine tentatively took a bite of a pie, and his ears shot upwards from the explosion of cherry flavour. “Holy cow! This is incredible! And I don’t even like cherry pie” he exclaimed, digging his hand in to scrape out a messy scoop.

It was so stupidly good, and he really, honestly didn’t even like cherry pie! Nor blueberry pie either, and yet, he ate it all the same. He greedily dug his mitts into each pan, his hunger commanding him to sample each scrumptious morsel. Apple and rhubarb, plus a really tasty boston cream pie. Then there was a foot long sub sandwich too! And it was all like nothing to him as took messy bites of the sandwich, before having another scoop of pie. It was as if every morsel of food didn’t quench but instead enhance his appetite. With every grateful swallow Max’s belly filled with food, and yet even after so many bites he hadn’t had enough. His stomach bulged noticeably, and yet there was always room for more. More and more as he licked the cherry pie pan so clean it sparkled, before throwing his face into the blueberry to polish that off. And as he gulped, his gut bulged more, and more, and MORE! His mass **blorped** outwards in rhythm to hit guttural gulps, his solidity pushing his hoodie up and spilling over his waistband. Even the act of licking his own fingers sent ripples along his bump, his belly rounding and filling with the unnaturally good food as it smooshed against his lap. “This is incredible” he exclaimed between bites as he scooped up a slice of especially cheesy pizza.

He dangled it above his head, letting the hot cheese stretch and melt into his mouth. It was the tastiest mozzarella he had ever tasted! And there was still more slices to go. Hey wait, where did half the pizza go? Confused but ultimately disregarding it, Max paid little mind as he went for something else, completely forgetting that another pair of hands were grabbing at the table. For on the other side was PJ, and he was enjoying it all with immense gusto. A trail of food destruction had been left in his wake as he grabbed everything he could and crushed it against his sloppy, drool-caked lips. His appetite, if you could even use such small language, **roared** with the fury of his angry father. He didn’t so much consume as he did inhale, all the tasty treats barely treated to the courtesy of being chewed before they sank into his cavernous throat. Already his tacky shirt was riding from his vast gut, a sea of black fur spreading outwards, his dark navel slowly deepening as he devoured everything in sight. It was getting especially difficult to do so though, as he strained harder and harder to reach the bench.

His hungry stomach, now so large and plump, had started to dig into the bench. And by the laws of physics, it had begun to push him back. His lard quivered from the **HOWLING** of his hunger pains as he snatched at what food he could. But the difference was getting noticeable, the difficulty of reaching things was growing as apparent as his soft moobs. “Bon appetite!” the little Frenchy declared, appearing atop the cat’s tummy with burgers in all its hands.

“Thanks little dude” PJ said graciously as he took a big bite of one, ketchup spraying everywhere. His belly heaved from the hearty gulp, his sides spilling over his pants as he finished the burger and went for another from the pile magically left on his fat shelf. “This is so good!” he exclaimed, his belly urging him to keep eating.

“Too right Peej” Max nodded, oblivious to his friend as he just couldn’t decide over what to have next.

That salami and cheese looked good, but so did another slice of pizza. But would they be good together? Well, the only way was to have both! Cheese dripped from the dog’s lips as he ate the salami, cheese, and pizza sandwich. And it was incredible. They shouldn’t have worked together, but they did. It was insane! Max gleefully licked his fingers clean yet again, his gut inching outwards, and his pants starting a decline down his plumper backside. The college student absently tugged at his shrinking hoodie, trying to pull it down over his thickening sides. It moved only a few inches, and immediately rolled back up the second he let go of it. And what little ground it did have was soon lost as he went for a lemon meringue pie, the crust of which was so soft, and the creamy meringue so fluffy. It was gone in a flash, adding on to his fattening gut and plush thighs. He thoughtlessly spread his legs, giving himself some more space as his gut hung between his knees, the only thing slowing it down was his pants acting as a makeshift sling. Max huffed hard, pounding his burgeoning boy boobs as he let out a nice, gassy belch. Oddly, it tasted of absolutely nothing, but that was little matter as there was so much more to eat.

This food obsession probably wasn’t a good thing, because if he had just a little focus, he’d be able to keep an eye on his friend. PJ was expanding at a frightening rate, his belly bulking up by the literal pounds as he was a whirlwind of hedonistic overconsumption. Burgers and fries and subs and pizzas and pies all whirled into his hands, the funny little chef keeping him eternally restocked. It rubbed its hands deviously as its little feet sank two inches into the fat cat, and it knew it had hooked the big one. PJ was such an obedient eater; an oblivious one too considering his expansive ass had already begun to spill out over the flimsy wooden seat it rested upon while his fupa smooshed between his lardy thighs. The wood bent inwards as he spread horizontally across it, the occasional groaning **creak** emphasising how hard it was working to hold up his titanic weight. And even if the feline

was aware, it's not like he could see it bow down to his weight, considering his immense gut blocked much of the view over and under as it wedged itself by the table. His under bulk crept along, coming so very close to touching Max, while the over spread across the table, knocking aside or smothering scraps in its overreach. "So good" he slobbered as he bit down on another burger, a jet of ketchup spraying from it.

PJ was inflating at such a terrifying rate, his gut pushing his shirt up and up while leaving his pants in an entirely different area code. And even with the pile of junk food before him, it wasn't enough as his gut quaked with a **growling**, desperate need for more of this delicious food. More and more of it until he was full; a margin that seemed impossible as he had eaten enough to sate an elephant. And the little food gremlin kept working its food magic to produce an enormous sub, one the cat grabbed with his chubby, jiggly arms and started inhaling. The chef had to work fast to keep up with him, adding slabs of meat and mustard to it as it was marched towards PJ's wide gullet. And as it descended his gut kept exploding in size, as if it were a black hole! The seat shuddered under his insane weight, and the flimsy wood easily cracked. He fell only a foot and a half, his gut bouncing up and down as he landed on his large keister, but his attention was still on the endless sandwich being fed to him. His blimp of a belly spread across the grass, smothering it as it made its way back to the table, as if it were foraging for food. PJ's legs hung on either side, his plump thighs and calves utterly dwarfed by his stomach's own obscene magnitude. He spread out in all directions, becoming more gut than man as it stretched upwards, protruding in feet as his torso rose with it.

And he was oblivious to all but the flavour; that yummy, greasy flavour. He didn't care to notice that his chest resembled literal pillows instead of the usual smaller moobs he had. Or that his ass was really putting his stretchy shorts to their absolute limit. Nor for his face swelling up like he was storing three months' worth of food in his bloated, wobbling cheeks. And he especially didn't care for the fact that his shirt barely covered him to the point that an enormous quantity of jiggling, **sloshing** flab was on show for everyone. Everyone except Max, of course, who too was lost in his own little world. Clearly not as pampered as PJ, but still spoiled rotten as he enjoyed a stack of burgers the creature had left for him. He gluttonously held one in each hand that he relayed bites from. Sure they tasted the same, but they still tasted so disgustingly rich and good. Like he could genuinely tell every single ingredient in it with just one taste. Mustard, ketchup, meat, lettuce? Tomato? Actually, it was hard to pick up on the vegetables in it. Pausing for a moment, Max gulped down his last bite. It hit his stomach like a weight, and soon became more weight for his widening ass. "The heck?" he mumbled, pulling out a slice of tomato from the hamburger.

Tossing it into his mouth, Max's face twisted as he tried to detect any flavour from it. Nothing; there was nothing there beyond a strange feeling of heaviness. Trying a piece of

lettuce, it too had no flavour to it, but still the same heavy feeling in his stomach. "What the heck?"

Taking another bite of the burger, it still tasted so freaking delicious. But... why did the vegetables have no flavour? Why did they feel so... empty? "Something's not right here" the canine realised, his hand brushing the table. **CLANK!** "Huh?"

Looking with clear eyes at the mess on the table, Max felt a cold, unpleasant feeling in his stomach as he counted the number of pie pans in front of him. His mouth moved slowly as he counted, a cold sweat forming as he reached the last one. "Six" he whispered.

How? He certainly didn't remember eating that many, because, that was impossible! He'd get full after just one; possibly one and a half. But six? That was.... There was just no way! And yet, it began to dawn on him that he had eaten more than that. He had eaten some pizza, burgers, sandwiches, and probably some other stuff in this hedonistic blur. But, if he ate all that, then that would mean.... Gulping, Max's head tilted downwards, and all he could see was red, and black. Awkwardly cocking one very fat leg, the Goof turned about on the seat, everything spilling out at once. He shook his head, his brain refusing the truth his eyes spoke. His gut was MASSIVE! Like, PJ massive. There was at least a good foot and a half of blubber from his stomach to his bellybutton, and there was no hoodie he had that could even cover half of it. And he bashfully tried to pull his hoodie down, but his fat resisted greatly, especially around the sides. "Erk" he grimaced, a pointed feeling behind him.

Curving his fat face around, Max's pupils shrank as he spied his fat ass pulling the back of his pants down. The jostled in his movements, stealthily tugging his pants down a little more "Nooo" he said in a small, horrified voice.

A trembling hand reached out and touched it, his fingers sinking into the rich adipose of his rear. "No no no nooo! How can I even wear my trunks like this?!" he exclaimed with only the most important priorities on his mind.

Turning his head back round, he could only shake it again as he grabbed his gut and hitched it up. His flab was pliable and giving, and above all else very soft. Much like his rump his fingers too sank into his deep layers of lard. Letting it drop, it bounced between his massive knees, coming to a rest after way too many bounces. "Uh Peej...?" he spoke nervously, his ears picking up on the sound of munching. "M-maybe we oughta cut back on all this free food?" he stammered.

“Are you kidding? This stuff is **GREAT!** It’s all **so** good!” the feline declared, as if in a trance.

Max shuddered at the unusually deeper tone PJ had, and as much as he didn’t want too, he turned around. And for the second time in five minutes, his pupils shrank again. “PEEJ!” he cried out in horror, getting off the bench.

“What?” the cat replied back as he licked ketchup off his face.

The dog grabbed his bouncing gut as he stared in horror at the utter BLIMP his friend had become. And much to his horror, that blimp was still inflating as he chowed down on another sandwich, his under moobs forming another fold on his bloated form. “STOP EATING! IT’S MAKING YOU FATTER!” Max screamed, ignoring how stupid the warning sounded.

“What do you mean? Food usually makes me fatter” the feline shrugged.

“No Peej! It’s that... that *THING!*” he said accusingly at the little chef. “It’s making food that’s fattening us up. Just look at yourself!”

“Huh? HUH?!” PJ gasped, a greasy hand to his face as he couldn’t even see the table from his massive gut. “Oh man! Oh maaaaaan! My dad’s gonna kill me!” he exclaimed. “He let me borrow his Hawaiian shirt, and he’s going to spank me hard when he finds out I’ve stretched it!”

“I think we have more pressing concerns Peej” Max insisted.

The strange creature glowered in annoyance, his form a whirlwind as he went down to the table and stood on the canine’s former seat. Max gulped as the creature offered him a hot dog with all the fixings. “I... I can’t... but it looks so good” he moaned, his stomach **rumbling** hungrily.

Before he knew it he was reaching out with trembling hands and stuffing the dog down. His belly **growled** as it blimped with blubber, sinking it further downwards and pushing his

hoodie up. "SEE?! This thing... we... we gotta get away from it" he said, manoeuvring around the table. "C-come on Peej! We gotta run!"

"But I haven't finished lunch" the feline complained as his friend pulled on his shirt.

"WE GOTTA GO!" Max repeated with rising desperation.

PJ chomped down on yet another burger, and he spat crumbs as he tilted backwards, his **gurgling** gut spreading further outwards. "Okay" he said with a hefty gulp. "I-I-I think I'm finished" he conceded.

The canine pulled and tugged on the enormous cat's arm in a desperate bid to get him up. And it wasn't for a lack of trying that it proved difficult. PJ's legs were so small compared to the rest of his mass that he wasn't even sure if he could get up. "Come on Peej! Puuullllll!" Max begged as his friend slowly rose.

"Bon appetit~!"

Looking to the table, the dog spied the creature gesturing to an enormous cheesy pizza slathered in pepperoni. Drool leaked from his mouth as he eyed it, one arm twitching to get a slice. It took all of his willpower to resist the temptation, to fight it off as PJ finally made it to his swollen feet. And gravity wasn't kind to him as everything went south, his gut hanging low enough to brush the ground, and his fupa was so thick and massive that it hung below his knees. "Huff, I... I don't think I can run like this" the cat panted, his brow pouring with sweat.

"You don't gotta run, you just gotta MOOOOOVE!" Max cried, getting behind the feline and pushing his chunky ass.

PJ waddled hurriedly, his everything jiggling and his blubber **sloshing** as he did his best to move. "Bon appetit~" the creature said again, jumping ahead to the next table and revealing a pile of steaming corn dogs. "Oh man, I love corn dogs" the cat whimpered as he wiped away some drool.

“Close your eyes Peej. Ignore it!” the canine begged, getting ahead of his friend and knocking the food off the table.

The little chef growled angrily clearly unhappy with good food being wasted. Twisting into another whirlwind, he moved to another table where a six-tier cake rich in frosting was waiting for them. “Bon *appetit*” he said forcefully.

The college student whimpered weakly, and though Max managed to pass the cake, PJ couldn’t help but take a big scoop and smush it against his mouth. “MMMMmmmm~” he moaned, downing it all.

His gut expanded with a stretchy **blorp**, its underside ripping up grass as it dragged along the ground. “PEEJ!” Max cried.

“I’m sorry! It’s was just too goooooood” the cat moaned, his waddling haggard and slower.

At this point, a dark place in the canine wanted to just abandon his gluttonous friend; but he couldn’t do that. This was a fat... **fate**, worse than death right now if either one of them stayed. “Come on, you gotta keep moving” Max pleaded, getting behind his friend and pushing as hard as he could.

“Please Max, you gotta get him away from me” the feline whimpered as the creature got ahead of them again.

This time, he had brought out a sculpture of them made entirely in cheese spray. The fake cheese glistened in the sunlight, and had such a disgustingly pungent aroma. “Bon, appetit!”

“Nooo” the dog uttered.

“M-MAX!” PJ bellowed as he found himself lumbering towards it.

“Peej! You gotta stop!” Max begged as he held tightly onto the cat’s shorts, his feet digging in the ground as he was dragged along.

Pulling as hard as he could, a low **RIIP** filled the air and Max fell on his fat ass. He gasped as he held up PJ's stretched out pants, while his friend continued waddling to the food in his massive, heart-print boxer shorts. They creased, showing off the flabby feline's enormous glutes as he started to bend over. "Hon hon hon! Bon appetit" the awful chef chuckled, his four hands rubbing together.

"You evil little..." the canine snarled, taking a swing at the evil twisted monster.

It ducked and weaved him effortlessly, all the while the two ignored PJ grabbing chunks of the sculpture and smearing it across his cheeks and gums. "PEEJ NO!"

Getting in front of him, Max tried to reach up to slap the stuff from his friend's hands. But his belly stretched up too high, and he had already taken too big a gulp to stop now. The dog was horrified as PJ's bulk expanded yet again, all that extraneous mass grinding in his face. The force of the fattening was so intense it knocked him ass-first on the ground again. And that was the worst place to be as the cat's legs trembled and buckled, taking him down too! Max cried out as his legs and hips were lost under PJ's mattress-like gut. "Peej! You gotta get off me!" the canine whimpered as he tried in vain to pull himself free.

"I... I can't!" the feline wept as he was handed a cheeseburger and downed it in seconds.

Max gasped as his friend's bulk kept growing, steadily spreading over him inch by inch as the creature continued to feed him. Soon his round proportions began to break down as his flab spilled out in all directions, tucks of fat building between his joints and around his slowly vanishing neck. And above all else, the dog's torso slowly vanished under the encroaching mass of belly, until just his head and gloves were above surface. "Peeeeeej!" he whimpered, and for the last time today, his pupils shrank.

For walking towards him, very slowly and in a calculated way, was the little chef. In one hand was a basket of fries piled up higher than its own hat, and in the other was a stack of burgers dripping with ketchup. "Bon... appetit!"