

After an eventful night of awakenings, Everett and Lance decide to indulge further in their new desires, eager to see where they will lead

--

Everett slowly opens his eyes, a beam of light sneaking through the curtains of the window across the room and shining on him and Lance. A pained groan escapes him as he blocks the light from his face with a paw, having to squint his light sensitive eyes. A turn of his head and he finds Lance close to his side, lightly cuddled up into him with an arm draped across his middle. Everett would put his paw down and gently wiggle himself from Lance's arms and sit on the edge of the bed. Now that he was upright he could feel the dreaded hangover fully washing over him. With a paw clutching his head he slowly got up and walked over to the curtains and fully closed them, then slowly stepping his way to the bathroom.

'I need to ease up on the drinking from now on' Everett thought to himself as he flicked on the smallest light available in the bathroom in an attempt to not be instantly blinded. Though still a little hard to clearly see he could make out his own reflection enough in the mirror. A majority of his enormous bloat from that gluttonous binge had dissipated in the night, as they normally did. However this time there was a slight softness left on his middle this time.

'The fuck?!' He couldn't help think to himself. *'That's not normal...'* Now rubbing a paw over his stomach. There was defiantly a layer of fat there that smoothed out any tone he had previously, even bowing out his stomach a fair amount though not quite enough to be considered a belly. Most defiantly the near start of one though. Then he remembers the bottle of medicine Lance had fed to him last night, had that done this?! He began a search for it not remembering where it had been placed last night. Going through the cabinet and looking over the counter, until he finds it on the floor, having rolled back toward the wall under the counter top. Grabbing onto the edge with one paw he squats down and begins reaching under trying to grab for it. Doing such a motion he could feel his midsection squeezing and creasing, feeling the new slight bulk already hindering his motion slightly more than normal.

"Ooohhh t-that's new" He found himself muttering out loud in a slightly flustered tone. He grabs the bottle and stands himself back up, having to take a few heavy breaths.

"huf... huff... oh... what the fuck..." with the other paw, he holds onto his stomach really getting a feel for its new softness, almost filling the space between his fingers. He now glances down at the half empty bottle, turning it over a few times and reading it over.

BLOAT B-GONE

Digestive Aid

For overindulgence

Adults use **1 TSP** as needed

WARNING

FREQUENT USE OR USE OF MORE THAN RECOMMENDED DOSE MAY RESULT IN WEIGHT GAIN DUE TO MORE RAPID ABSORPTION OF FOOD IN THE BODY

Everett sets the bottle back down, now staring at himself in the mirror in shock. No wonder he grew this bulk in just one night. Lance had fed him half a bottle of this stuff not reading the dose amount. Not to mention how much food he had greedily scarfed down throughout the day. Not only did he over use the medicine but he had probably tens of thousands of calories for it to add onto his body. He must be at least 10 pounds heavier, hell probably more. And most of that new softness was sitting right on his torso. He looked around a bit more and spotted a scale over in the corner of the bathroom tucked under the counter. Everett pulled it out and took a step on, the scale blinking and numbers began to flash. Then the scale settled on a number... 173 lbs... a solid 20 lb gain since he had last weighed himself at 150ish just a few weeks back. 'wow...' Is all he could think, stepping off the scale and pushing it back under the counter.

A moment later and Lance would come in rubbing his eyes. Almost a whimper in his voice as he seemed to be having a hangover twice as worse than Ever's, only makes sense he had a whole buffet of food in his stomach last night to soak up that alcohol. Poor Lance has to take it full force.

"Oh baby... Come here..." Ever says in his softest voice he can. Holding his arms out for the ferret and he falls right into them. After a moment of coddling Ever switches off the lights and leads Lance back to bed. "Let's just rest for today ok hun..." Ever tucks Lance back into bed and slowly slips in right next to him. The ferret grabbing on tight to him and cuddling up close, feeling his paws sinking into his middle a bit more than they usually would. Lance not taking notice of the new softness but the feeling would make Everett begin to lightly purr, this was something he could get used to.

--

Lance spent the next couple days in the suite trying to recover from the worst hangover of his life, and Everett was there helping him through it... most of the time. Throughout a majority of the day Ever was there coddling and caring for Lance, ordering room service and keeping him well hydrated. Though when the evening came and he put Lance to bed early he sneak himself out of the room and headed to the buffet, eating to his heart's content even after a full days worth of room service. One day into the next he was there for a few hours, gorging on plate after plate until he could feel the food coma looming over him. Each visit Ever left that buffet well engorged with a heavy gut that prominently stuck out in front of him, one paw carefully holding and rubbing its taut surface. After such a gluttonous binge, Everett made his way to the convenience area to pick up a bottle of Bloat B-Gone, chugging through the whole bottle then making his way back to the suite, slipping back inside to his sleeping lover and carefully joining him in bed where Lance began to cuddle right up to him. Everett soon succumbing to his overindulgence and falling into a heavy sleep, digesting every calorie he greedily ingested and adding onto his softening body.

--

Lance is the first to rise after his couple days of recovery. Rubbing his eyes and stretching a bit while he laid there in their plush bed. A little yawn escaped his maw and he turns his head to see Everett still laying there in a heavy sleep. He smiles seeing him look so peaceful and happy laying there, maw slightly open and his soothing slow heavy breaths being heard like always. Then on a closer look there was something on Ever's muzzle... Was that? Food? His lips seemed littered in little crumbs and a few specs of sauce that had dried up on his fur.

'You're really turning into a glutton aren't ya?' Lance thought as he reached a paw up to lightly wipe a thumb over Ever's lip to dust off what he could, then he scoots up closer to the peacat and reaches his arm around Ever. Was there a pillow under here? His paw feels around a bit more and feels Ever's fur like he should... but... his stomach is soft now? Lance pulls back the covers and finds exactly that, Everett now had plush soft middle. A rounded mound right where he remembered there should have been a toned flat stomach. And not even a bloat like he would maybe have, this was all soft supple fat.

'When did this happen?' Lance thought, he would ask the how but a look at his muzzle already gives a clear answer. But even with a gluttonous appetite Everett can have, how does it all become fat so fast? Lance sat there in a mixture of shock and wonder with his paw softly rubbing over Everett's belly and gently pushing into it. He knew this would be an inevitable outcome at some point but so soon? With some more rubbing and prodding into Ever's stomach, the peacat smiles a bit and began to shift around. Stretching a bit before blinking open his eyes to find Lance there looking at him.

"M-morning..." Everett would stammer out, feeling a bit pink in the face out of embarrassment feeling Lance's paw on his stomach while the ferret looked at him with such a confused look.

"Good morning... Been uh... Eating out late have you?" Lance responds. Ever giving a sheepish look and trying to look away feeling more embarrassed.

"If this doesn't already give it away the crumbs on your face did" Lance said with a slight smirk and teasing tone, pushing and lightly grabbing into Ever's supple stomach. "I go out of commission for two days and you go and gain 20 pounds? Guess it's unavoidable since I know you love to overeat... especially with me not around to stop it" Lance says trying to fluster Everett a bit more now, gently rubbing his paw along the front of Ever's belly.

"3-35..." Everett would correct, though barely able to be heard "The 20 was our first night here together..." He speaks up just a bit more though keeping his head turned away and fully red in the face, Ever reaches a paw up to gently rub his fingertips along Lances own stomach. As he did that Lance takes his paws off Ever's belly and tossing the covers fully back to straddle himself across the Ever's lap. Holding his peacat's paw right up into his flat stomach and letting it sit there for a moment as if waiting for something to happen inside. Lance raises that paw up and tenderly kisses the back of it before leaning over and kissing Ever on the cheek

“And what a night that was my love” Lance whispers softly, taking a paw to Ever’s face and pulling it back to face him so they could share an affectionate kiss. After a moment Lance sits himself back up and then drums on Ever’s belly before getting up and off the bed.

“Now get up and clean yourself up, I can still taste your gluttonous binge from last night”

--

Everett and Lance began walking through the hallway now that they had gotten ready for the day. Ever having taken a thorough shower to clean off all the crumbs and caked sauce he had lingering in his fur from the night before, even brushing his maw till the only thing you could smell was the minty fresh toothpaste. He having ditched his corset at this point and went bare belly, figuring he didn’t fit well in it anymore. He was probably going to eat himself out of it anyway by the end of the day like every day before. Thankfully his flowing loose pants and sash provided enough swelling room for him. Lance clothed himself in a simple casual outfit, tank top and shorts not feeling the need to dress himself up.

They slowly strolled down the hallway toward the lobby, Lance up against Everett’s side and an arm around the peacat. He found himself lightly rubbing over Ever’s side trying to get used to the feeling of his new softened body. It felt nice against his paw, he couldn’t deny, but it was just so new to him. He was very familiar with the solid taut feeling of an engorged stomach having tended to Everett many times before but this was the first time it actually stuck to him. Lance snuck a glance down at Ever and notice something else, that new belly of Ever’s seemed to be jiggling ever so softly as they walked. It was almost mesmerizing. He hasn’t developed an overhang just yet but Lance guessed his fat was soft enough that there could be some subtle movement to it.

‘Shit... that’s kinda hot...’ Lance would think to himself, still taking in the sight. *‘wonder how he would look with more...’*

Once in the lobby Lance begun moving them in the direction of the buffet, it was still early enough they could make it in time for the breakfast. A few minutes later they came into the banquet hall filled with sweet and savory smells that filled the air and made them even hungrier than they would have been, especially Everett. They line themselves up at the buffet taking up a tray and plate, Ever with a few extra, and they fill up their plates with a hearty breakfast. Lance satisfied himself with his one well filled plate and Everett sat on his side shoveling food into his maw from the multiple plates that completely filled and piled up his tray. As Lance was done with his meal a waiter can over to clean off his side of the table and he leaned back and watched Ever, just sipping on some tea while the peacat just kept shoving food down his gullet.

‘god how does he do it?...’ Lance thought as Ever finally shoved the last heaping bite of food into his maw. He seemed satisfied but Lance gave a slight grin as he got an idea.

“You really done? I’m sure you could do for another plate at least” Lance teased, looking Everett over from his belly to his crumb covered face. With a wave of his paw a waiter comes over. “Could you please get my husband here another tray, he’s so famished he can’t possibly get up for himself” The ferret’s

grin becoming more apparent as the waiter stifled a snicker and left to do as asked. Everett too stunned to speak and slightly embarrassed.

"H-hey I really don't need another tray..." He stammered but he knew he wanted more and his belly made sure it was known with a grumble. Lance just replying with a light shrug and sip of his tea and soon the waiter comes back with Ever's tray piled up much like the first he had.

"Eat up big boy" Lance firmly says and turns to the waiter thanking him and offering a tip. Now turning back to Ever and motioning with a paw for him to start eating. Everett became red and hesitantly begins to eat again. Once that first bite went into his maw though, he would pick his pace back up until he began scarfing down the food with gluttonous intent, only slowing down as he got to the last little pile on his plate. Everett begins to breathe heavily as the pressure on his stomach is becoming too much. He lazily chews on the same bite for a minute before managing to swallow, then looking down at the last few on the plate in dread.

"Oh please... stop acting like you haven't eaten more than this before. It's rude to leave a plate with food on it" Lance urges and pushes the tray closer to Ever. He scooping up all that remains on one heaping bite and with a slight shake in his paw brings it up into his maw. Slowly chewing for a few minutes before gulping it down little bits at a time until his maw was empty. Ever leaning back in his chair with paws on his distended stomach, taking heavy shallow breaths.

"That's more like it. Now how about we get you back upstairs, you look like you need a little siesta" With that Ever gave a soft moan and reached his paw for Lance. The ferret getting up, coming over to pull the peacat up off his chair. They then slowly begin walking back to their room. They started to wander past the convenience area and upon seeing the over engorged Everett, the staff member would offer a bottle of Bloat B-Gone, though Ever trying to accept it with a weak reach and whimper Lance rejects it saying they had some already in their room. The ferret leads them through to the hallway and leans in to the ear of Ever.

"No more medicine for you, my gluttonous kitty. I'm curious to see just how much weight you can pack on without it" He whispered making Everett stifle a moan in his wheezing.

They barely stumbled into their room before Everett began slipping away in a food coma, making Lance have to carry his full weight over to the bed. With some effort Lance manages the feat, wondering if Ever was always so heavy even after a binge, maybe he pushed too far... *'Nah, Ever seemed to enjoy it... right?'* Lance eased into bed next to his swollen kitty, soothing Ever to sleep with some tender rubbing on that extremely taut belly. *'I think I pushed too far... He must be hurting so much...'* Lance began to think, feeling some regret in having forced Ever into eating so much food. *'Then again... He IS purring... I don't know'* He continued in his head. After a while more of gentle caressing over his husbands over engorged body, Lance stood up and slipped out of the room. With a frantic pace he began to walk down the hall. *'I'm getting him something, I can't just leave him like this... why did I not take that bottle... why did I say... say...'* He paused for a moment, standing in the hall looking at the floor. *'I said I wanted him gaining weight on his own? ... I want him to get fatter?'* He looks back up and slowly starts stepping forward again. *'When was that a desire of mine?'*

Lance kept walking lost in thought, turning into the lobby where he was immediately greeted by the previous staff member they had gone by earlier. A slender little otter in a vest, with a bottle in his paws.

“Came back for it did you?” He holds out the bottle of medicine with a little grin. Lance caught a little off guard and looks at the bottle the otter holds out for a moment before gently taking it.

“T-thanks... sorry I didn’t grab it earlier... I just...” Lance trails off unsure of what to even say to the otter, unsure of his own intentions to even give a proper reply.

“Just playing with your gainer husband right?” The otter calmly spoke out with his little ears perked. Lance going a bit wide eyed and even slightly flush. *‘G-gainer husband?!’*

“No need to be so shy, we get plenty of y’all in this place. We are known for our 24/7 buffet after all. It really draws in the eaters. And damn your husband is the biggest eater I’ve seen in years. That boy has really given everyone quite the show the last few days.” The otter went on, a happy smile on his face as he began to think back. “Oh everyone on the staff has been keeping their eyes on him, what a lucky boy you are” He teasingly nudged Lance who was now bright red. Embarrassed and confused.

“Wh-what do you mean the last few days?” Having been stuck in the room recovering, he didn’t know what all had happened. And hearing Everett was drawing everyone’s attention he could only be curious.

“Oh I guess this is the first time we’ve seen you with him besides that first night you came. I thought you had known... but that peacat of yours has really been gorging himself. And I mean really gorging. To the point he could barely waddle himself around, all with a proud little grin on his face. Every night before heading back to his room, he would come by and chug a whole bottle of that medicine down. Very daring I would say, that’s just asking for every bite of food to be turned to fat.” The otter began to rant, clearly an eventful moment for him... and surly others from the sound of it. Hearing all this it would make all the pieces start falling together; the food on his face, the drastic weight gain... *‘He’s been doing this on purpose?’* Lance began to think *‘Guess I’m not... too surprised... He always did love to eat...’* Lance began to start getting lost in his own thoughts trying to understand all this new information. The otter noticing and giving a light pat on the ferrets back he would start urging him away. “Come now, I know he’s waiting for you. Go save that aching stomach of his!” Lance nodded and gave a word of thanks before making his way back down the hall.

Lance slowly opens the door to their room, being careful to enter as quietly as possible. There being distressed groans and gentle whines from the direction of their bed. Ever having woken up, too pained to be able to stay asleep. Lance would start opening the bottle and pour out a dose of medicine in the little plastic cup that came with it. Stepping around the corner with it and gently holding it out for Ever.

“Here take this, just the recommended dose. You need to relax on it... You’re gaining too fast, love” The cup was handed off and Ever drank it down with a shaky paw then slumping back down into the bed. “I mean... look at how your spots are already stretching along your sides, Ev” Lance would trail a finger over one such spot right where Ever’s belly was stretching the most, once a rounded little spot now elongated into a wide oval. Ever starts going red and whimpering a bit, not entirely in pain though this

time. Lance would perk ever so slightly and keep going, taking every finger on his paw and circling around that bloated spot and move to another. "You already grew out of your corset, I don't need to outgrow the rest of your clothes before we get back" With the added teasing and gentle caressing of his taut side Ever would give a more audible whine, defiant in enjoyment. A slight grin coming across Lance's face as he now knows Ever is very much getting a raise out of this situation. The ferret sitting himself down on the bed and leaning into Ever's ear and beginning to whisper.

"But... I bet you'd like that wouldn't you. I heard everything from that little otter about how gluttonous you've been while I was in here. Proudly flaunting yourself and your bloated body" Lance trails a paw up the side of Everett's stomach and gently circles his fingertips at the top of that over engorged mound. Everett goes even redder and begins moans of bliss, and the tip of his tail flicking around at the end of the bed.

"S-st... stop..." Ever could barely whine out, heavily panting and attempting to squirm but unable to do much being pinned under the weight of his own gut.

"Why? You're clearly enjoying this... Hate to admit it, but... I kinda am too" Lance leaning further into Everett's ear and tenderly kisses it, sliding his paw back down the side of Ever's belly and then slipping down further to tug down at his stretchy pants. "Let's make the most of this shall we? I wanna relive that first night, show me just how much you enjoy being this size" Lance whispers again into Ever's ear, a lustful huff in his tone as he leads his lover into another blissful afternoon. Everett slowly takes charge as the medicine eases his ache, allowing him to use his weight and size. Further tying their bond as Lance receives every bit of love Everett has to give.