

A small ship pulls into the station's docking bay. The ship is battered and damaged, almost looking like it's on the verge of falling apart. A few drones emerge from their charging ports in the walls and latch on to the ship guiding it into a maintenance bay. The cockpit popped open and the pilot emerged revealing himself to be a cyan synth with a black belly and chest, top of the arms, and top of the tail. He slid off his ship walking over to an approaching mechanic. The two exchanged words, the synth seeming unhappy with either the price or length of the repairs, or maybe both. Despite this the synth forked over a credit chip before walking out of the maintenance bay.

The synth stepped out of the maintenance bay into the heart of the station, the place buzzing with activity. He looked around looking for something to do before a bright neon sign advertising a bar and club caught his attention. With a shrug and nothing else to do he started to follow the signs. He entered the club, the music pumping out of speakers loud enough for him to feel the vibrations. The dance floor and bar were packed with people of all different alien species, none of them catching his interest so he stepped up to the bar, ordered a drink and started to scan the crowd's again.

After a bit more scanning the synth's visor landed on another synth who seemed to notice him at the same time the other synth smiled at him and gave an inviting nod of his head. That's all he needed to wander over and pull up a chair next to the other synth offering his hand for a shake. "What's another synth doing in this dump? I thought we were supposed to be more sophisticated than that, eh? Name's Optic."

The other synth let out an amused snort as he took Optic's hand shaking it. "Suppose I could say the same to you huh? But I'm going to guess neither of us plan on staying here long, name's Victor by the way."

"Hah, guess that's true. Once my ship is fixed up I'm getting out of this tin can." Optic said as he took a few sips from his beer. "Now what brings you here?"

Victor leaned back against his chair in a more relaxed pose, "I'm just a drifter, stop at a place, do some odd jobs that pay well, collect my paycheck, and then piss off to the next area. Now what happened to your ship?"

A few lights lit up on Optic's visor mimicking an embarrassed blush as he looked away, "might have screwed up a slipspace jump, messed up some of the math and next thing I know I jumped straight into an asteroid field, almost managed to get out unscathed. Just that last one came out of nowhere."

Victor would wince slightly letting out an exaggerated "oof" as he finished the rest of his drink. "Yeah that doesn't sound good, hope you're able to get that taken care of. If it's any comfort I've heard the mechanics here are top tier." Victor said as he gave Optic an encouraging smile before trying to change to a more happier subject. "You know, you're the only synth I've seen in forever. It feels good being able to talk to someone that gets the synthetic life."

Optic seemed to perk up a bit more meeting Victor's gaze again. "Holy shit yes it does, I can count the amount of synths I met on my fingers! And we only have three per hand! Also better that you're not some kinda corporate propaganda machine like most other synths are."

"You can say that again!" Victor said with a laugh. "Now I can't help but ask, where were you headed where a few wrong numbers shot you out into an asteroid field?"

Optic's face lit up excitedly, "wherever i damn please! If there's some place that hasn't been explored or we know nothing about nine times out of 10 you can bet my ass will be there or at least I'll be on my way. Sometimes I get paid for it, but really it's the thrill of the unknown."

Victor smiled, enjoying Optic's sudden energy, "ya know, that's really respectable. There's a lot more out there that can kill ya then can make you rich. You've probably got loads of stories to share. Wanna share them over lunch? I'll pay." Optic smiled and nodded causing Victor to flag down a waiter. The two placed their orders Victor ordered a burger while Optic decided to get some chicken tenders with another beer to wash them down. The food arrived quickly, Optic grabbing his food and taking a sniff of the chicken tenders, letting out a happy sigh before taking a large bite. "Soooo, how are they?"

"I never thought I'd miss processed food," Optic said with a slight moan, quickly polishing off that tender and reaching forward to grab another which he ate in a similar ravenous fashion, licking any breading left off of his fingers. "This is the best thing I've had in months."

Victor chuckled slightly, "I mean I can't blame you, you've been living off fruits and roots for the last few months?"

Optic chuckled slightly, "that's about it, and I think I'm gonna be sick if I think about it more. Now you said you're a drifter?" Optic asked, looking the other synth up and down. "Yeah you look the type. No offense of course."

Victor laughed and shrugged at the remark. "It's more of a compliment than anything, now you want a real story?" Victor asked, lowering his voice a bit smirking as Optic's eyes grew wide in excitement leaning in close. "Well, since I'm constantly on the move it's not uncommon for me to end up in a not so good part of a planet, system, station, or anything. Well it was during one of these moments when a guy came up to me, super unintimidating. Was only like five feet tall if I remember correctly. Well he asked me for a ride back to the planet's station, offered gas and a few extra credits. Thinking nothing of it I let him in, and the next thing I know the psychopath has a gun to my head. Well it was like instinct took over, I ducked under him pushing his hand to the side a bullet whizzing past into the side of my ship. Next thing I knew I had this dude's gun in my hand and we was running far away from my ship. Still have the gun." Victor said with a smirk as he set it on the table letting Optic get a good look before holstering it.

“holly.....SHIT!” Optic exclaimed. “Well luckily i’ve never had some guy pull a gun on me, well most places I go don’t even have guns. That still doesn't mean I haven't gotten myself into my own fair bit of trouble.” Optic said trying to sound tough almost like he was trying to impress the other synth. “Plenty of hostile encounters with native species thinking I’m some kind of demon here to enslave their souls and eat their kids. Can’t forget the weather either! I can’t count the number of times I’ve been struck by lightning, caught in an avalanche, struggling to cling to a tree as a mudslide was going on right under me. Not to count the amount of times my own stupidity caused me to almost fall off a cliff.” Optic finished saying that last part with a somewhat embarrassed giggle.

Victor let out a slight chuckle at Optic’s story. “Well I’ll take your advice to not go out in thunderstorms and you can take my advice to not let random people into your ship.”

“Hah i appreciate the advice but luckily my ship is just a single seater, I think I’d have a much bigger problem if i suddenly found someone inside of it.”

Victor smiled a bit, ‘well I guess that’s lucky, though doesn't it feel a bit constricting being in a ship that small?”

“Hmm, maybe to some.” Optic said with a shrug, “But my ship is really the only thing I have, it's really all I have. In a way it's almost comforting, sort of like a really strange hug.” Optic admitted with a slight blush.

“That’s kinda cute!” Victor said as he rested his elbows on the table and his chin in his palms. “So give your ship a name?”

Optic blushed at the cute remark before embarrassingly admitting. “Well, the name’s cliché as hell but I call it Star Finder.”

Victor’s grin widened as he decided to prod a bit more, “She must mean a lot to you then, I just call mine a Junker”

“Guess she does, a ship isn’t able to betray me like people have before, and it’s the only thing that makes sense to me. People don’t make much sense to me, but a ship? It makes sense, this lever does this, these buttons power this, and that switch does that.

Victor gave Optic a sympathetic look, “I guess you have a point, since I'm a drifter I haven't gotten the chance to really connect with people enough to feel betrayal. Guess that's why that second seat stays empty.

Optic’s gaze drifted his LED eyes, getting a somewhat distant look. “Sadly I have been betrayed before, nothing major, mainly people just looking to make a quick buck off of one of my discoveries.” he shrugged “still stings though. but when the only thing in the place I woke up in was that ship, I realized I could rely on it.

"I-I'm sorry to hear that, must suck to risk your life and break you back just for some asshole to steal your work for a quick credit chip. Guess that's just the way of life sometimes huh?"

"Guess it is, it's rare but I guess it's the reason I travel alone and don't take expedition contracts that often. I'm out there cause I want to, not because some stupid corporation wants another planet to pollute"

"I can respect that Optic, doing things on your own terms. One of the only ways to live." Victor looked around before he leaned in close to Optic and almost whispered. "What's the most valuable thing you've found, if anything"

"Depends, pure credit value? Just some lucky deposits of rare minerals I was able to report in. But the most valuable in my opinion would be a group of native that rescued me when I was being mauled by a pack of animals. Saved my life, and though they did an absolute crap of a job, they tried to repair me. Also allowed me to stay in the village and treated me like one of theirs till I was good to fly again."

"That's actually really sweet," Victor said with a slight smile before chuckling a bit. "Though i'm curious to know what a primitive tune up would be though."

"You know those human legends of pirates with a peg leg? Yeah imagine that but both peg legs and an arm, I'm still surprised I was able to make it back to a station to get proper repairs."

"Yeesh... sounds like something i'd expect from a prison torture camp. Well you're looking as good as ever now. So hey, makes a fun story"

"I'm willing to bet there's still some issues from their repairs. When it comes to fun most people prefer the more risk stories, like that time I was trapped under an avalanche until I could crawl myself out. Or that moment where I was chased by a group of natives that worshiped machines and thought I was some sort of Demigod. Guess that's not really risky though."

"Oh- God forbid they'd get your hands on you. I don't know how consciousness brews up some of the most.. Bizzare rituals, but for all you know, if you were caught you could've been thrown in a volcano. Even if they thought you were some supreme power."

"Yeah, even if they weren't interested in throwing me in a volcano still wouldn't wanna be worshiped. Strange to say but I like that I have to fight for my survival, not interested in receiving anything on a silver platter." While two continued to talk, Optic had been eating his tenders and fries, slightly blushing as his fingers clinked against the empty plate. His belly still growling loudly and hungrily. He flagged down the waiter and put in an order for another burger. "Dang this is probably normal for you but it feels like I'm a king" Optic saidy lightly laughing.

Victor couldn't help but chuckle, "Yeah eating some tribal meals and random fruits that look barely edible makes chicken and burgers look like food for the gods."

though. There was just one tiny issue, the chicken and burgers were great, especially after this long without anything fried. But, One thing was for sure. Optic's body wasn't exactly used to something this calorie-dense, compared to all the other food being eaten, this was an overload, and on top of the ever-progressing amount of crap being put in modern food... it wouldn't take mass amounts of this type of food to spell out some unwanted side effects.

Optic quickly chowed through his burger quickly finishing them too. "damn my systems needed that" he said his stomach growling a bit still causing him to blush a bit again. "I guess my body thinks it needs more."

"Hungry huh?" Victor asked as he was eating some scrap fries left on his plate glancing over at the bar again- "I don't think getting another burger or order of chicken would hurt, might get some more fries while up there but I'm personally pretty full." Victor said with a friendly grin growing on his face "At least you started off eating something good, could've gotten unlucky and just had some week old frozen tenders sitting in a convenience store."

"I think even those would've tasted heavenly, and yeah guess I could treat myself. It's not that often that I'm at a station, especially with good company" Optic flagged down the waiter again and ordered some more food. "It's been too long since I've got some food cooked by someone else for once."

"Yeah, me personally? can barely cook. Even if I'm all by myself 100 percent of the time I'd rather just eat some leathery hot dogs than try to make something from scratch. Say- though, I'm Curious. How many years have you been out exploring?"

"Pretty much my entire existence, at least the existence I'm aware of. See i 'woke up' for lack of a better phrase in an abandoned research station with no memories. Only thing in it was the ship that I use now, took it for a flight and was mesmerized by the beauty of the unknown and kept searching for it, damn that sounds corny."

Victor couldn't help but smile a little from that "I guess you could say the same about me. Ever since I left home, I've been without a good job. Never talked to anyone for more than 6 months, No one really seems interesting you know?"

"I can understand that, no one ever seems to be interesting, except you. Hell maybe it's my fault I've never given anyone the chance to be interesting" Their waiter returned with Optic's food which he eagerly started to tear into.

Victor shrugged and eyed the food coming down, just leaning back into a cozy position. "Maybe, but at least where I've been... people don't really have interest in me in the first place, so why even bother?"

"Guess that's fair, way easier to have someone approach you than to approach them. Guess I took a chance with you, which is paying off by the way." Optic said, clearly enjoying his food.

Victor's expression lights up and he nods softly "Yeah, Honestly. You're one of the handful of people I could share a nice lunch with." This meal would push it over the edge. Greasy meat, chock full of fats, spices, and whatever else to make it abnormally tasty. More likely than not Optic would have some 'energy reserves' by the time his synthetic body could process all of it.

Optic would finish the meal and lean back against the chair content. "fuuuuuuck that was good." I say with a small groan, "ugh but I think I overdid it a bit," A small burp escaping his mouth causing a blush. "Sorry, I didn't mean to be such a pig."

Victor would noticeably blush a little bit but sit up and shrug it off hiding it well. "Nope, you're fine. I completely get it. I acted the same way after I was stuck eating ramen for 2 whole weeks until I finally got a Late check. Immediately spent that on a pizza"

Optic would laugh loudly at his comment, "guess that's fair. So what now? It's not too late and I don't have anywhere to go, and the only other thing to do in this place is get shit faced or dance. Unfortunately I think I still haven't lost enough dignity to do that."

Victor would lean forward thinking before his visor lit up. "Perhaps I could see your ship? No offense but I'm somewhat curious to see the damages."

"Guess I could show you if the mechanic allows it. It's definitely not pretty and gives a hard lesson on the value of rechecking your math."

"Yeah, You might be here for at least a week, bare minimum if it's bad enough. You know port mechanics can get backed up pretty easily."

"Yeah, luckily I'm friendly with the mechanic and left a good tip, hopefully that's enough to get fast tracked a bit. Anyways wanna go see her? Or at least what's left?"

Victor would get up, Morbidly curious to see the wreck that was going to be fixed. "Sure, i can show you mine afterwards, it'll kill time"

"Alright let's go" Optic would stand up and lead you out of the club towards the mechanics shop. It would take him some time to lead you there as he had to stop by every sign

and map, still not too good with navigating stations "here we are." he said, holding the door open for Victor.

He looked up and around, and spotted the most damaged small ship he saw and pointed at it before remarking sarcastically, "Couldn't be that one right?"

He blushed and awkwardly scratched the back of his metal neck "uhm yeah she is that's here, hell it looks a lot worse in light." He said, sounding almost scared at that last part.

"It'll be fine, I'm sure. At least the people here have a degree in what they're doing" Victor said, patting his back softly and trying to comfort the other synth. He knew what it was like after all. Like Optic, the only real comfort he had was his ship. Even if Victor was a little more.. Openly cynical about it.

"Yeah I....I guess you are right. But what does that say about my capabilities, a stupid math mista-..... I should stop now." They sat there for a few seconds completely silent looking at the ship. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have broken down in front of you, we just met."

During that silence Victor would look over at the other synth and tried to give him a comforting smile. "It's alright, she means a lot to you. Come on, let's find something else to do." Victor would place his arm around his friend's shoulder and would gently lead him out of the engineering bay. For a second Victor just walked aimlessly with Optic trying to get him a fair bit away before turning to the synth and asking, "Well, anything you have in mind to do? Wanna go get another meal?" Victor asked with an assuring smile.

Optic looked up at his new friend and smiled, "ya know, I haven't eaten italian in years, and I have a sudden craving for it."

Victor would put his hand on Optic's shoulder again as he started to lead him again. "Well I know the absolutely perfect place just for you. I'll pay again. The two of them would head to the Italian restaurant Victor suggested. The two of them would eat and drink together for the next 2 hours the explorer and drifter sharing many different stories and laughing at dumb jokes and playful teases the two of them would make at each other munching away the entire time, Optic eating at least three times as much as Victor. Finally the two of them would emerge from the restaurant Optic's belly poking out a bit more than usual, letting out the occasional burp as he walked.

"Here, now it's my turn to decide what we do." Victor said with a somewhat mysterious smirk as he grabbed Optic by the hand, starting to lead him through the station and making their way back to the bar they met at. Optic would blush as his hand was grabbed, it felt 'right' in a way. Optic let out a nervous giggle at Victor's sudden mysterious tone as he let himself get dragged back by the hand. He didn't really have any idea of what to expect from the synth but he trusted his new friend and that whatever he had in mind would be enjoyable and fun. The two

stood outside of the bar before Victor would turn to the other synth. "I challenge you to a drinking contest." Victor said with a challenging smirk.

Optic would blush and start to nervously stammer out. "I-I don't know. I'm uhm kinda light weight." He thought about it a few more moments before a competitive glint glowed in his eyes. "Alright you're on." he said as he grabbed Victor by the hand and pulled him into the club, the two of them making their way to the bar and hopping on some available stools. "Tender! Two drinks please!" The bartender would bring them over their drinks as they clinked them against each other. "Cheers!" Optic would chug down his drink getting slightly caught off guard by the strength of the alcohol causing Victor to laugh.

"Is alcohol a little too much for the little explorer synth?" Victor would tease as he downed his drink with little effort and called out to the bartender, he quickly slid the duo two more beers. The teasing clearly brought out the competitive side of the synth as they chugged their second glasses. The alcohol clearly affected Optic much more than Victor, the two beers already starting to have an effect on him as he started to sway a bit on the stool. "You better not quit on me now." the two would continue to drink together getting drunker, gigglier, and slurring more and more with each drink.

"You're going HIC down Victor." He said as he chugged down his seventh beer. He was about to say something before he slipped, falling off his stool and hitting the ground with a metallic clang. Victor jumping off his stool and starting to pull Optic to his feet and half walk him half drag over to a booth in the corner of the bar. Victor having to admit it was kinda cute seeing Optic in this state completely leaning on him.

"Let's get you to a booth buddy." Victor said as he pushed the other synth into a booth before sitting across from him giggling at the drunk and bubbly android in front of him.

"Sh-should I get an eighth?" Optic asked, completely slurring his words. Victor knew he should've cut him off right there, but instead he gave an encouraging nod as he handed him another beer. He wasn't sure if it was his drunken state, his competitive edge, or just morbid curiosity that had made him encourage the synth to drink three more beers. "You know Victor, you're like really really cute. Is, is that the alcohol? I don't know. But it's true!"

Victor's face would light up in a blush at Optic's remarks and he wasn't sure if it was his own drunken state that caused his boldness. "You're not too bad looking yourself, hot stuff, but for now it's time to get your drunken ass home." He said as he walked over to Optic and pulled the almost limp synth out of the booth.

"But I don't have a hotel."

"I'll take care of it." Victor said as he started to pull the other synth through the station eventually reaching the hotels. Booking Optic a room and dragging him through the elevator. He carried him into the room. "Now let's get you to be-" Before he finished his sentence, Optic

slipped out of his grip and crashed into the floor. He bent down to check on Optic but found him fast asleep snoring slightly. He left a small note on the table for the synth with his phone number and telling him to call him once he was sober. With that done he left the hotel room flicking off the lights on his way out.

It was the next morning when Victor was awoken to the sound of his phone ringing. He didn't quite recognise the number but as the memories of last night came he got excited grabbing the number and answering it relieved to hear Optic's voice. "Hey Victor it's me, Optic. Just wanted to let you know I'm fine, and to ignore anything I said while drunk, unless it was some kind of compliment. Then I probably meant it. Sorry im a stupid drunk"

Victor couldn't help but chuckle slightly as he listened to Optic through the phone. "Well, you called me cute." He couldn't help but blush as he said that happy he wasn't talking to Optic through a video call. "Hey, do you wanna meet up for coffee and breakfast? I enjoy talking to you but holding this phone is kind of annoying."

Optic's heart fluttered slightly as he heard that, why was he feeling like this? "Oh yeah of course Victor. Meet you near the bar?" He heard Victor agree, said his goodbyes before hanging up promising to meet him soon. He hung up and walked into the bathroom, splashing some water into his face to wash off anything that might have gotten stuck to my visor. After he finished he checked the mirror to make sure he looked fine. He didn't seem to notice it but all the food and beer yesterday had been digested and left me with a small belly which had a short overhang. His arms seemed to be a bit chunkier as well with some of the weight going to his thighs making his butt a bit plumper. He finished up at the mirror and walked out the door to meet with Victor.

Victor was hanging outside the bar as he saw Optic approach, unable to stop his gaze from drifting down to his belly which jiggled with each movement. He couldn't deny how absolutely adorable the extra pudge made him look. It just looked so cuddly and soft. He was brought out of his daydreaming as Optic got close enough and greeted him, asking where they were going. He shook his head to clear his thoughts about Optic's body. "Just a small cafe and coffee shop, much more relaxed than the bar. Would probably help your head after last night hehehe."

The two went out for coffee together having a nice time continuing to share more and more about themselves becoming closer together. Victor revealing a bit more about his past and himself and Optic continues to share stories about his adventures in unknown galaxies, planets, and solar systems. It was about an hour later when the two emerged from the cafe Optic once again having packed away much more than Victor did. "So now what do we do? I feel like this is a question we ponder often." Optic said giggling his belly slightly jiggling as he turned to look at Victor.

Victor watched Optic's belly jiggle with his turn, he quickly shook his head to clear those thoughts from his head as raised his head to look at Optic. "We really need to sit down together

and make a list of what we wanna do.” Victor said finding Optic’s giggle at his joke adorable. They thought for a few more moments before Victor perked up. “Have you ever been to an arcade? Or at least have you been to one in years?”

“Ooooo I like that idea. Now how good are you at skeeball?” Optic asked, a competitive grin starting to emerge on his face.

Victor met Optic’s competitive grin with his own. “I’d say I’m alright at it, is that a challenge I’m hearing from you?”

“Yes it is.” Optic said, causing both of them to laugh as Victor grabbed Optic’s hand and started to pull him through the station as he guided him towards the arcade. The two of them shared a few competitive jabs at each other as they ran through the station. They eventually arrived at the arcade, the sign being your standard tacky neon thing. The two of them entered somewhat surprised that it was empty. Optic spied the skeeball machines. He grabbed Victor’s hand and dragged him over to them. “Prepare to get your ass beat.”

“So whoever gets the most points wins?” Victor said as he threw Optic a small credit chip both of them starting up their machines.

“Well that’s how games usually work.” Optic giggled sarcastically as he grabbed the first ball and rolled it up the ramp. The ball went straight into one of the corner holes, the machine letting out a few celebratory beeps as he looked over to Victor with a satisfactory, smug smile. Victor was slightly surprised but still confidently grabbed one of his own balls rolling it up the ramp. The ball bouncing off one of the walls and falling down to the zero points with a clunk causing Optic to laugh, getting a small punch on the shoulder from the other synth. The two continued to play, Optic making almost any ball effortlessly into the corner holes while Victor struggled just to make it into the top ring. It was a few more minutes before they both rolled their last ball up Victor finally getting it to one of the corner holes. “Not bad, still not good but not bad.” Optic teased.

“Alright my turn to kick your ass.” Victor said as he grabbed Optic and pulled him over to a DDR machine. The two of them hopping onto the two pads Victor inserting credits the machine powering up. The two would play Victor absolutely destroying Optic at the game, his feet following the movements and beat effortlessly while Optic was barely able to keep on his feet, Victor even having to catch him once so he didn’t smack his visor on a bar. He even managed to do all of this while watching Optic’s belly jiggle with the movements. The song eventually ended both of them hopping off their pads Victor not even breaking a sweat, not that he could anyway. Meanwhile Optic was panting loudly, bending over to rest his hands on his knees.

“My feet are made for moving on difficult terrain, not for dancing.” he said with a few more wheezed breaths before standing back up to his full height. “Now it’s my turn to choose a

game." he said with his competitive edge coming back. The two would continue to play for the rest of the day snacking on whatever snacks the arcade had to offer, Optic's hand almost always being filled with some chips or a candy bar. It was late when both of them were finally kicked out by the staff as it was getting late. The two said their goodbyes before heading their separate ways to their homes.

Optic woke up in the morning and started to do his normal routine of washing off his visor then looking in the mirror. It's been almost a week now since Optic arrived at the station and the only thing he's really done is spending time with Victor. The two of them would go out to restaurant after restaurant Optic sometimes eating for hours longer than Victor. He took a look at himself in the mirror and still somehow didn't notice the weight he's been putting on. What started as something that someone might gain and work off in a few days has gotten extremely out of hand. His belly had plumped out and was almost reaching down to his knees. The rest of his body isn't safe either as his arms have lost all definition of muscle and his chest had moobs very plump and jiggly moob. Even the butt wasn't safe as each cheek was the size of a basketball now.

After he finished he walked back out and saw his phone which had a message from Victor that he quickly picked up and played. The message started promptly "Hey.. Optic? might be a bit early to call you but uh... This is more than just a "Hey wanna eat breakfast again" i'm actually going to be talking to a friend this morning so i can't really chat with you, hope you can find your way to that cafe by now but uhm.." He would pause for a moment and a soft sigh would come through, "When I'm done.. about 11, i was thinking. I've known you for a lil' bit now.. and honestly, i've had the most fun out of anyone i've known and honestly I uh.. I'll just be.. Honest, Do you want to... go on a date? nothing... Fancy but there's a movie theater here and I thought it'd be fun to just.. Sort of get some popcorn, sit down with you and relax, it'd be a nice change of pace and.. I dunno, Lunch afterward? Tell me if it's too much, I'm- Sorry if I freaked you out at all." The message would drag on for a few more seconds and he heard some fumbling on the other end before it ended.

Optic was silent as held the phone in his hands, not doing anything long enough for the phone to turn off and show him his face. Which was glowing bright with blush. He let out a breath he didn't know he was holding as he suddenly felt light, and really really happy. He had no idea he wanted this as he dialed Victor's number accepting his proposal, the two of them agreeing on a time to meet outside the bar. Time felt like an eternity as Optic waited for the time, unable to sit still and growing more excited by the minute, unable to hide the smile on his face.

Victor sat outside the bar pacing quickly as he kept checking his phone, either looking at the time or replaying the message Optic left for him. He looked up hearing his name shouted to see Optic waddling towards his entire body jiggling with each movement, Victor blushing as he stared. The next thing he knew was he was enveloped in warmth and softness as he looked and saw Optic hugging him tightly. He yanked his arms free, them feeling strangely cold not being encased in blubber. He bent down hugging his friend. They sat there enjoying each other's

presence for a moment, eventually both of them reluctantly broke away from each other. "Sorry if that was too quick." Optic giggled while blushing.

"No, that was amazing." Victor said somewhat out of breath as the two synths just looked at each other smiling and just enjoying each other's company. "Now let's go see our movie" Victor said warmly as he grabbed Optic's hand and they started to walk side by side instead of one of them leading the other, Victor leaning up against Optic enjoying how soft and plush Optic's side felt. The two of them would walk with each other to the theater sharing cute remarks with each other. The two entered the theater, the place not being too busy, Optic looking around at the posters somewhat overwhelmed at all of the posters and decisions.

"Why don't you go choose the movie and I'll go get us some snacks?" Optic asked innocently, smiling at Victor.

Of course you'd take care of the snacks, Victor thought internally to himself before nodding. He couldn't stop himself from taking a quick glance at Optic's fat rear end before looking back at the posters and deciding on one of them as he approached the desk to get tickets for the two of them. He stood idly by looking for Optic before eventually seeing the pudgy synth walking his way back over his arms filled with popcorn, candies, sodas, and other sweets. "Seems you stocked up." Victor teased finding the blush forming on Optic's face adorable.

Optic handed him some of the food still blushing, "well I didn't know how long the movie you chose would be. One of us could always bring home the leftovers"

"Oh don't worry if you don't eat them I will, I go through snacks fast in the theater, it's half the point" Victor said with a reassuring grin, and showing him the tickets "Here, I got a ticket to something I haven't seen before, hoping he hasn't either" The big, bold lettering just said plainly 'The Galorian Neck-Stabber', which, even if his thumb was over the genre subtitle it was obvious it was some horror film "Plus even if it's garbage we can... I dunno, cuddle or something? I don't go to the movies often, I just didn't wanna book a ticket to what's In at the moment you know?"

"Well I can't remember the last time I've seen a movie so I'm sure I haven't seen this either" Optic said giggling, "hey the garbage movies are always fun to see and make fun of. And yeah I don't think I'd mind cuddling" he said his cheeks blushing again. They walked into the theater together and found their seats. Once they sat down Optic immediately leaned over and rested his head on Victor's shoulder, starting to eat handfuls of popcorn.

Victor dug his hand in for a mouthful myself, and cracked open one of the boxes of stale gummy-worms. I hug up against your side, gently letting Optic squish up against him, and with a soft grin he leaned his head over, softly whispering as the movie begins "I gotta say, for an explorer, I expected you to be a lot more gritty, but you're sorta adorable like this"

He blushed and whispered back "maybe I haven't just seen enough horrible shit to be so desensitized yet."

"I think it's more likely you're just far too adorable to be gritty." Victor said giving Optic's love handles a teasing poke, getting a surprised beep in response. The two would go silent as the movie would start the entire thing being a really cheesy slasher horror film. The duo spent more time whispering between themselves than actually paying attention to what was on the screen. It would be a few hours until the movie ended and they walked out of the theater Optic still munching away on leftover popcorn. The station was pretty quiet as it was late in the evening. "Do, do you wanna come over and just uhm, cuddle?" Victor asked slightly blushing.

Optic leaned up so he could gently kiss Victor's chin. "That sounds lovely." They would make their way over to Victor's apartment, the thing being somewhat small and cramped for the two synths, especially when one of them weighed the same as three synths. Victor would lead Optic to his bedroom, the two of them sitting on his bed together, the thing slightly creaking under Optic's weight, they sat there for a bit just hugging and kissing each other eventually the two of them laying down together. They just laid there in silence for a while enjoying each other's company as they held each other. No words needing to be shared to show how much they cared for each other. "Do you think I could spend the night?" Optic asked

"I think I'd love for you too" Victor said slightly blushing as he pulled a large blanket over them, the two getting as close as possible to each other before eventually drifting off together.

After that night was a good week of them bonding, a lot of that was waiting for Optic's ship to get fixed, which took a little longer than it should've due to the station being backed up. During that time Victor was sure to spoil you as much as he could, every night they cuddled together in bed and during the days they'd go out multiple times a day for food or to kill time, it all came to a head when exactly a week later, they were both in bed, cuddling like usual. By now, Optic's weight was out of control the synth looking more like a plush bed than robot with every new day. Somehow though Optic was completely oblivious to the fact his belly was well below his knees and had massive love handles Victor loved to grip and squeeze. He didn't notice how his moobs bounced and jiggled with each step he took. He was still even oblivious to his massive rear end which would fill any seat end to end in this station. While Optic didn't seem to notice Victor definitely did, he even seemed to enjoy it, finding more plush fat for him to cuddle up to, the excellent eye can his butt provided, and just overall how cute Optic looked with all of the baggage. The only thing he didn't like is how he had a habit to roll over on top of him in his sleep.

It was another day when Optic was awoken by the sound of his phone ringing. He crawled out of bed careful not to wake his boyfriend up as he grabbed it and stepped into another room. It was a few moments later when Victor woke up somewhat confused about where his soft warm plushy of a boyfriend had disappeared too. He got up out of bed and stepped out of the bedroom seeing Optic sitting on the couch looking somewhat conflicted. He walked over, sitting down next to him and leaning himself on him. "What's wrong hun"

“Well, I got a call from the mechanic, I’m uhm, I’m good to fly any moment.” Victor’s heart sank a bit as he hugged Optic. “And as much as I care about you, I don’t think I’m ready to settle down yet.”

“I understand.” Victor said comfortably rubbing Optic’s back. “We can still always walk together, and have at least one more goodbye kiss.” he encouraged as he sat up helping Optic to his feet. The two of them would walk through the station mostly silent as they slowly but surely made their way to the repair bay, where Optic’s ship was parked looking brand new. “Well, I guess this is goodbye?”

“For now unfortunately, but I’ll make sure to call you whenever I’m not in the middle of nowhere.” He said as he brought Victor into one last hug. “I’ll even send a postcard.” He said with a giggle. The two bid their final farewells for the time being as Victor would have to leave the bay before Optic could start up his ship.

He waited for a while intending to watch Optic fly off and wave goodbye but grew somewhat concerned as the minutes ticked by, until eventually he saw Optic waddling over to him a large blush on his face. “Hey, uhm Victor. Did you know I was getting fat?”

It was Victor’s turn to blush, “Did you not know you were getting fat?”

“I-I should have but somehow I didn’t, I guess it’s obvious now since ya know, I jiggle with every step. “ He said, hefting his belly up and dropping it, sending a cascade of jiggles through his body and freeing a stuck burp. “Why didn’t you say anything about it?”

“Well, I thought you enjoyed it and I didn’t wanna embarrass you, and I sort of enjoyed it as well. You were very comfortable to snuggle up against, hug, and not to mention you look really really cute with all of this extra baggage. Wait, why are you bringing this up now? Were you not able to, uhm, fit?” Victor asked somewhat sheepishly.

The question caused Optic’s face to light up even brighter. “No I wasn’t, and is it weird to say I enjoyed it as well? It’s all really warm and soft, it felt really good whenever we were cuddling and you would place your hands on it and squeeze it and rub it. And, and I think I kinda wanna grow bigger.” Optic admitted his face was glowing brighter than Victor had ever seen as he shyly looked away.

Victor gently grabbed Optic making him look back at him as he brought his lips forward to kiss him. “I don’t think anything you said is weird, and admittedly I should’ve told you you were gaining. And if you wanna grow bigger, well let’s just say I’m happy to keep you grounded.” Victor said with a sly smirk. “Now how about breakfast?”

