

Avengers: Weight Gain

Story written by HamsterTrove

Rocket stretched his flabby, brown-furred arms in front of him and opened his fang-lined mouth. A long, steamy yawn escaped the raccoon's maw, which was quickly followed up by a loud, abrupt belch. Rocket groggily sat up and looked down to see two large, chubby bellies. He saw his own round, furry tummy and the happy trail present on Thor's grumbling gut. Both their bellies could be clearly seen as Rocket was only wearing a pair of tight, orange briefs and Thor was only wearing some pyjama pants.

Thor's noisy belly puffed in and out rhythmically with each beer-scented breath the fat Asgardian took, causing Rocket to bob up and down with it. Thor's belly had become notably soft and warm over the last few months, making it a surprisingly pleasant bed for the brash raccoon to sleep on.

Rocket remembered he'd ended up sleeping on top of Thor's belly again after a long session of gaming and stuffing their faces with fast food, snacks and beer. While Rocket had quite a few alcoholic drinks, Thor had really been chugging them down. Rocket had just recently woken up, being awoken by the loud grumbles and growls emanating from Thor's stomach. Thor continued to softly snore as he slept on the couch.

Rocket recalled the two of them had decided to have a burping contest last night, and so decided to give Thor a charming wake-up call. Rocket moved himself so the two former heroes were lying belly-to-belly. Rocket made sure his furry face was right up close to his bearded housemate's before opening his mouth up wide. Strings of saliva stretched out as Rocket revealed his sharp teeth, pink tongue and dark, cavernous throat.

“BWUUHRRRRRRRRrRrRRRP!”

The plump procyon let out a deep, wet belch in the Asgardian's face. Droplets of saliva haphazardly landed against Thor's facial features and facial hair while Rocket's humid belch washed over him. The raccoon's hot, pungent burp breath reeked of rotten meat and salty fries, and had a bitter undertone to it from the beers he'd downed last night. To make sure Thor got a good smell of his rank belch, Rocket blew his lingering burp right into Thor's nostrils.

Thor quickly awoke from his slumber, loudly coughing and spluttering in surprise. “Mornin’, sleepy head.” Rocket said casually as Thor struggled to catch his breath. Rocket gave his housemate a playful grin. “Eurgh...you can be truly ***cough cough*** foul sometimes, rabbit...but I must admit that was quite the impressive belch.” Thor said with a weary smile, wafting away the smelly air in front of him with a hand.

“Hey, what did I tell you about callin’ me rabbit? Stuff like this is why I don’t feel bad wakin’ you up like that, y’now.” Rocket replied. The moist heat and trashy scent of the raccoon's morning breath washed over Thor's face as he spoke. Each word the fat raccoon uttered made the lingering heat and stench around Thor's head harder to bare.

“Oh yes, of course... ***cough*** You’ll forgive me if I’m a bit ***cough cough*** hazy...” Thor said. “Heh, it’s fine. Well, I’m gonna go get some breakfast. Feel free to join me if you can lug that fat ass off the couch.” Rocket teased, before hopping off Thor's plump gut and onto the wooden floor of Thor's cabin. Thor simply stayed where he was, still feeling tired and groggy after last night.

As Rocket landed, his pudgy, brown furred belly and fat, round butt cheeks jiggled wildly. The raccoon's orange briefs managed to cover up his deep, musky butt crack, but they failed to cover the entirety of his plump, furry cheeks. The way they tightly clung to his large rump clearly showed how much weight he'd gained while living in New Asgard.

Rocket leisurely strolled over to the cabin's kitchen, the floorboards audibly creaking beneath his weight with each heavy step the rotund raccoon took. "Hm...what have we got here..." Rocket said to himself, looking over the kitchen counter.

Atop the counter, the leftovers of the last few days' meals were haphazardly strewn about. Burgers, hot dogs, packets of French fries, donuts and more could be seen, and smelt, by Rocket. The delicious mixture of scents made the raccoon's tongue salivate and his body buzz with excited anticipation.

"Mm, what do I want for breakfast? That's a tricky choice..." Rocket thought, looking over all the leftover food on offer. *"Heh, well...there's one way of making it easier."* the plump procyon soon added with a playful smirk. If he couldn't decide on one type of food, he'd just stuff his face until he was full. Thor, or their other (currently absent) housemate, Korg, would quickly order more food if they saw they were running low.

Rocket started off his hearty breakfast by grabbing a large cheeseburger with both of his clawed hands. The ravenous raccoon opened his mouth up wide and took a large bite out of the burger. "Mmmn~" Rocket let out a delighted moan, as the flavours of cheese, meat and ketchup embraced his salivating tongue. After savouring his bite of burger, he chewed the food inside his mouth and gulped it down.

Rocket made quick work of the burger. He ate up the onions stuffed between the burger's fluffy buns and turned the whole thing into a meaty mush inside his stomach in a couple of minutes. Once he was done, Rocket reached a pudgy hand across the kitchen counter and grabbed an unfinished cup of soda.

SHLRRRRRRRRRRRRRP...

Rocket sucked on the cup's straw, getting a mouthful of fizzy soda to wash down any sauce or bits of burger clinging to his sharp teeth and wet tongue. After audibly gulping down the soda in his maw, Rocket happily gave his pudgy gut a few pats, causing it to jiggle.

„URRRRRRRRRRRRRRAHP!"

A loud, crass belch escaped Rocket's open mouth. "Haaa~" Rocket's satisfied sigh blew a thick cloud of the raccoon's burger-scented burp breath away from him and into the cabin's air. *"Mm...that was a good appetiser. What should I pick out next?"* Rocket thought, looking over his options. With a quick nod, the gluttonous raccoon picked up a packet of French fries.

Rocket grabbed handfuls of the salty, yellow morsels and shoved them into his mouth. He happily chewed them up and swallowed them down, letting little muffled moans of satisfaction as he did so. The packet grew more and more empty as Rocket continued to chow down on fries, until eventually the only things left in the brightly coloured packet were salt granules and crumbs.

Rocket licked his lips clean. The former guardian's pudgy belly gurgled approvingly. His stomach was happy with the yummy offerings he'd given it, but it was still far from being sated.

Rocket poked a finger inside his own deep, innie belly button and gave it a little scratch as he decided what he'd eat next. "Mmn!" Rocket grunted as he made his decision. *"That'll do nicely."* The raccoon's pudgy, clawed fingers wrapped themselves around the crust of a pizza slice.

Rocket lifted the slice of pepperoni pizza up to his muzzle, briefly enjoying the smell of it as it approached his sensitive, black nose. The tubby weapons engineer opened his maw up and pushed the slice in. Rocket took a big bite and tore off a chunk of the pizza, its cheesy coating briefly stretching as he did so.

Rocket greatly enjoyed the cheesy, meaty taste of the pizza as he ate it up. Rocket wished they had more slices of pizza around as it didn't take him long at all to finish off the slice he had in his grasp. As there were still plenty of different delicious foods and drinks in the cabin, he accepted the fact he'd finished off the pizza and moved on.

As he looked around the kitchen counter once more, Rocket suddenly paused as he felt some pressure building in his large gut. His stomach started to grumble and growl aggressively. "Hrmmm..." Rocket let out an uncomfortable groan and placed a hand against his soft, furry belly.

Thor heard Rocket's groaning and loud stomach, and looked over, a distressed look on his face. "Are you alright, Rocket? I trust the leftover food hasn't gone rotten?" Thor asked.

Rocket put his free hand up and waved it dismissively, showing he'd be okay, despite his current discomfort. "Yeah...mmrn...I'm fine. I've trawled through trash for food before and been just fine, so I'm pretty sure it's just gas...I guess I'm still not entirely used to Earth food, despite eatin' a ton of it, heh!" Rocket replied.

"Ah...very good then." Thor said, still looking and sounding rather distressed. If Rocket was correct, he wasn't looking forward to the resulting stench. For such a short creature, he could really stink up a building.

GRRRRRRRRWWWLLLLLLL...

RRRRRGGGGGRRRRRRRRWWWL...

BLGGRRRRRLLLLMMMMMM...

Rocket's stomach continued to make an array of peculiar noises. The chubby raccoon tried to calm his belly down by gently stroking it, but this just seemed to stir up more gas. Eventually, the pressure inside Rocket's stomach grew even stronger and the grumbling and growling grew louder. "Hrrrrmmmmgh..." Rocket groaned. He closed his eyes as his body tensed up.

PFFFFFFFRRRRRRRRRRrRrRrHHHRT!

Rocket's ringed tail raised up as a long, rumbling fart blasted its way out of his plump, furry ass. The fabric of Rocket's orange briefs grew warm as the hot, smelly gas seeped through and spread out into the air. Within a matter of seconds, the whole cabin reeked of rotten meat and cheese.

"Haaa...flark, that felt good to get out~" Rocket sighed with relief, his tubby body relaxing as the stench of his massive fart lingered in the air. Thor didn't look quite so relieved as he covered his nose and mouth with a hand and loudly coughed. "By Odin's beard... ***cough cough*** that's ***cough*** foul..." Thor commented. Rocket's body could produce some truly rank stench.

While Thor coughed and spluttered on the couch, Rocket casually continued filling up his gassy gut. After taking another sip of soda, Rocket grabbed a ketchup-covered hot dog off the counter and started wolfing it down.

Crumbs from the hot dog bun tumbled down onto the raccoon's round belly and ketchup stains amassed around Rocket's muzzle as he eagerly ate up the fattening food. Once he'd gulped down the last bite of the hot dog, Rocket made sure to lick his lips clean and pick up, and swallow down, any crumbs that remained on his plump, fuzzy body.

As he cleaned himself up, Rocket could feel and hear a gassy gurgle rising up his throat.

“BWUUUHRRRRrRrRrRRP!”

A deep, guttural belch, smelling strongly of rotten meat and ketchup, blasted out of the raccoon's maw, along with some spittle. *“Heh, that was a pretty tasty one~”* Rocket thought to himself, as he happily rubbed his belly in a circular motion.

Rather enjoying playing with his soft, chubby body, Rocket used his free hand to start squeezing and rubbing his plump, furry moobs. Feeling up his hefty torso caused the sizeable bulge present at the front of his briefs to grow larger. As he indulgently enjoyed his corpulence, Rocket looked at the remaining items of food on the kitchen counter.

After a little bit more rubbing and squeezing of his chubby frame, Rocket picked up a donut with chocolate frosting and sprinkles. He supposed this would count as his breakfast's dessert. Rocket chomped down on the pastry. *“Mmmn~”* the gluttonous raccoon closed his eyes and let out a muffled moan as he enjoyed the flavours of chocolate and pastry.

Once he'd chewed up the bit of donut inside his mouth and gulped down the sprinkled mush into his gassy belly, Rocket eagerly ate up the rest of the sweet treat. Smudges of chocolate appeared around his mouth and pudgy fingers as he ate.

Once the donut was nothing more than a sweet slurry digesting in his stomach, Rocket licked his mouth clean of sprinkles and chocolate. He also made sure to suck his claws and fingers clean too, leaving the shiny sheen of wet saliva upon them.

Rocket looked over the kitchen counter again but realised there was nothing left there but the cup of soda and some crumbs. Rocket's belly gurgled and growled. Despite the large amount of food loudly digesting away in his gut he still had room for more. The ravenous raccoon decided to check the fridge.

Rocket strolled over to the fridge and opened it up. An illuminating light and chilly breeze hit the raccoon's nearly nude body as the fridge door swung open. There were quite a few frozen meals, yogurts and drinks (mainly of the alcoholic variety) inside. Rocket had something else in mind though. He had a look all around the open fridge; going on tip toe to look closer at the top area, carefully scanning the middle area at his normal standing height, and bending down to look at the bottom.

As Rocket bent over, he heard an odd 'glorp' sound emanating from his stomach and felt a considerable amount of pressure in his gut. A couple of seconds later, the pressure rapidly moved down his body.

FBRRRRRRRRRRrRrRrRrRrRT!

Rocket's plump, poorly covered butt cheeks jiggled from the force of his nasty, raspy sounding fart. The raccoon's rank gas stunk of rotten pastries and bitter beer. Rocket's warm flatus soon found its way wafting over in Thor's direction, making the unfortunate Asgardian cough and gag.

"Eurgh, Rocket! ***cough cough*** Must you ***gag*** keep tainting the air of our home with your gas?! I'm trying to ***cough*** sleep off a hangover here..." Thor complained as the pungent stench of Rocket's farts assaulted his senses.

"Ah, keep your beard on, Thor! I can't help this dumb planet's food makes me gassy. If you wanna do somethin' for once, maybe open a window, or go out and get me some takeout from the nearest planet that ain't Earth." Rocket retorted. After he'd finished speaking, a small toot of a fart blew out the raccoon's rump.

While he'd been replying to Thor, Rocket had managed to find what he was looking for in the fridge; ice cream! Rocket picked up a tub of strawberry ice cream, got a spoon from the kitchen, then used his thick hips to close the fridge door.

Rocket walked back in Thor's direction, then clambered up onto an unoccupied couch. Rocket got himself relaxed and laid back on the couch, his spoon and tub of ice cream in hand. The gluttonous former guardian started to shovel the cold, sweet-tasting food into his mouth, loving every bit of it.

As he stuffed his face with ice cream, the chubby raccoon's mind wandered. He started thinking about the superheroes he'd worked with, the friends he'd lost and the places he'd been.

Some days Rocket regretted turning his back on the Avengers and giving up hero work. Today wasn't one of those days though. Having all his friends taken away from him in an instant and being ordered to take responsibility for a planet he'd only just recently been forced to go to was too much for Rocket. No person, and no universe, had the right to force that fate upon him, as far as he was concerned.

Today was one of the days he accepted the universe wasn't worth the effort of fixing, but it was still worth living in it. Rocket didn't know exactly how long his lifespan was with all the genetic and cybernetic tampering that had been done to his body, but he knew he'd enjoy however many years he did have left.

BRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMRrRrRrT!

Another loud, rancid fart rocketed its way out of the gassy raccoon's musky pucker and wafted into the now rather muggy air.

Thor groaned and wafted at the smelly air around him with a hand. "***cough cough*** For Odin's sake...that's fetid, Rocket! I'm in no state for any ***cough*** gas-based contests, if that's your intention..." Thor said in an irritated tone, still feeling too hungover to open a window or punish his uncouth housemate.

Rocket simply chuckled with amusement and fed himself another tasty scoop of ice cream. He appreciated the simple pleasures in life a lot more these days.

- THE END -