

235.

Wolf sighed. He stepped off the scale, waited for it to reset, and stood on it again once more. The little digital numbers flashed through a variety of numbers before coming to a stop.

235.

He considered stepping off again, perhaps moving the scales this time, but what was the best result he was hoping to achieve? 230? 232?

He could see it had changed.

It was an unavoidable truth – once again, the great Wolf O'Donnell, leader of the Star Wolf mercenaries and saviour of the galaxy, had gained weight.

Wolf rimmed his gums in anger. Five pounds. Not much by itself, but on top of the prior *25 pounds*? It was beyond insane. It was annoying.

Wolf massaged the space between his eyes. It was more annoying because he'd known when it'd first begun – roughly four months ago. When he and Fox had finally come to realise their mutual affection, and had begun dating.

He'd chosen to ignore the warning signs because of his boyfriend's words.

*'That? I don't care, you're still the same sexy Wolf to me.'*

Wolf growled. Those words had placated him, made him feel comfortable with that very small initial padding that had begun to settle on his otherwise lean, muscular form...

How stupid he'd been.

He'd decided it was 'alright' to accept how he looked and not do anything about it - his mate thought him attractive and that was all that mattered.

But as time went on, business had been slow for the newly formed Star Mercenaries (a combination of the Star Fox and Star Wolf teams), so they'd mainly stayed on Corneria, mainly stayed somewhere nice and pleasant to relax and just enjoy each other and develop their relationship further.

The mercenary shook his head, a hand tentatively lowering to feel up the mass of fat that was his stomach. He jiggled the soft, furred flesh.

*And didn't you enjoy yourself, Wolf?*

The peace had lead to new opportunities. Dinner dates. Picnics. Movies. Everything had food, too much food he'd realised, and Wolf had always loved food to begin with. That was how that initial softness had crept on...

Something the old Wolf O'Donnell, the one who lead Star Wolf, band of merciless guns-for-hire, would of ridden himself of quickly.

But now, instead of exercising himself of it, jogging the calories away, he spent his spare time

snuggling with his mate on the sofa with a good movie, or making out with the fox that had once been his rival. Constantly.

*Constantly...sitting around..*

This was the cause of his larger frame. He'd become so incredibly complacent and accepting of not having to go out of his way to do things the last few months. Fox could handle the business, Fox could do the shopping – Fox could and would do anything for him. For lack of better words, the mercenary had grown lazy having a boyfriend.

*God I hate this...*

The mercenary continued reflecting on the circumstances of his weight gain.

Wolf had continued to grow larger in the lazy bliss of those first weeks, mostly avoiding the issue of his expanding waist due to the strength he gained from his lover's sweet words, until two months had passed.

That's when the real warning bell had rung, the one that said perhaps it wasn't wise to ignore the issue.

The wolf had tried on his breastplate one morning, and it had been too snug. His belly had pushed against it *before* that, but he'd always been able to suck it in and fit it in there just fine with varying degrees of comfortableness.

But that morning, as he had dressed, he'd squeezed himself into the breastplate; it was unbearable once he'd let the tense stomach muscles lax. He'd felt like he was squashed into the tight carbon-based outfit like sardines in a can, confined by it's typical male mould, with a large muscular chest and a trim concave middle.

And he was now *very* much a convex wolf. For the first time, there was too much man for the outfit to handle, and his form sought escape from the restriction to no avail.

Wolf had felt alarm at the sudden tightness and realisation of his size. Anger. Embarrassment.

He remembered freaking out, and clawing his way out of the breastplate with more difficulty than he'd of liked. He'd next run to the mirror where he confirmed his suspicions of a much fatter belly than he'd thought he had – he remembered seeing the bulge and trying to compare it to what he used to have from memory, which was nothing to the soft protruding mass that had been before him.

He'd poked it, prodded it, grabbed it and screamed at it. But it was indeed real. It was indeed really that big.

And the scales back then had *really* read 224 – a near fifteen pounds heavier than the mercenary had ever been.

Wolf sighed.

*But you comforted me then too, Fox. You said you had noticed, but decided not to say anything because you didn't think it was anything to worry about, just a natural result of our pleasure that would go away quickly when things picked up...*

Wolf didn't accept that reasoning this time though. Trusting that it didn't matter was what had allowed such a...such a *growth* to form. So he had made the fox promise to exercise with him. *He* was keeping his slim, lightly toned and incredibly beautiful body – it wasn't fair the wolf was the only one who would lose his during their 'vacations'.

So the fox had promised, and together, they had set up a schedule to make the other mercenary feel better.

Wolf growled.

Somehow, that had fallen by the wayside though. Wolf kept forgetting the times to get up so he could join Fox on his jogs, and the vulpine had never reminded him. Fox apologised whenever Wolf brought it up, but even now nothing had come of it. The schedule itself got misplaced soon after it was made, so the chances of salvaging the routine had all but vanished.

Wolf frowned, patting the expanse of belly with an absent mind.

*And so I got bigger...*

The last two months had been anything but physical; one mission which was merely escort, but otherwise a prolonging of the cycle of dinner dates, picnics, snuggling and smooching.

Although he looked relatively placid, the canine's former rival had a *strong* loving side to him.

Sometimes, Wolf recalled with a toothy grin, Fox even brought chocolate into the mix, like a reward on top of the constant expressions of love...not that he'd needed more incentive to lock lips. He even bought him pleasant, chocolate eclairs from time to time.

*Actually* thinking on it though, Wolf mulled as he stroked his furry pudge, it really wasn't hard to see how it'd gotten this bad at all. Fox was every man's dream...

He'd slowly ballooned and the fox made him feel that how he looked didn't matter. He would always be the same Wolf O'Donnell in that man's mossy, green eyes. He'd proven that, and had taken good care of him, physically, mentally and emotionally...

But he now weighed 235 pounds. A full twenty-five pounds of weight heavy than he'd been a mere few months ago, all of it excess fat cushioning his body.

Wolf had been ignoring it, but couldn't now.

He'd noticed how his jumpsuit, even with it's stretchy technologically enhanced rubber, these days struggled to contain his girth, his gut bulging through the open leather vest he had taken on to replace the ill-fitting breastplate. The jumpsuit, like many of his clothes, was made for a man two sizes smaller than he now was. Everything he owned besides the leather jacket and shoes emphasised his growth, clung to his fuller form. They were not uncomfortably tight – yet, at least – but very, very...snug.

Wolf walked over to the full length mirror by the bathroom door to examine the damage visually.

He turned to view himself in profile, and ran a hand along the outline of his stomach. It bulged outward a decent foot and a half, and felt soft, warm, heavy. He took his hand and cupped the underneath of it, gently jiggling the fat in a rippling rhythm.

Although his pot belly had taken the worst of it, the other parts of his body certainly weren't spared. His hand left his belly and travelled over to his behind. His once tight, muscular ass was now thickly cushioned with fat, that spread down through to his thighs which very slightly rubbed on occasion as he walked. He squeezed his ass a bit and was embarrassed by how soft it felt.

The mercenary's hand went up and cupped. His fine, muscular chest has grown two soft lumps which he could feel were firmly supported by bed of muscle, but his pectorals had defiantly become softer and even 'moob like' to a slight degree.

Wolf recalled how they poked out awkwardly from shirts; just enough to make the wolf resort to wearing the jacket often in an attempt to hide them.

And his face...Wolf rose a paw, and gently felt the contours.

He was always a handsome wolf, something which had *thankfully* not been lost in this event. But his once lean, rugged features were now slightly plumper, with fuller cheeks taking the edge off his handsome looks.

He was starting to look an odd mixture of fierceness and cuddly. The wolf had even begun developing the slightest of double chins, too.

Wolf turned, and examined his body front on. It's shape, previously muscular and tight, had curved and expanded in such a way he looked soft yet still firm. He was defiantly a corpulent canine, particularly with that large paunch, but it did nothing to harm his masculine form – probably due to his somewhat muscular upper body.

All in all, he just looked...well fed. *Over* fed.

Wolf growled in anger and embarrassment.

*Like I've been living the last four months on my lazy ass being stuffed with food.*

Wolf didn't like it. It had reached the point where the wolf had had enough. He'd ignored it because it hadn't bothered Fox, ignored it because the schedule fell through...but...

25 pounds of pure fat, of pure soft laziness...it was too much for him.

The softer, handsome face looked back at him in the mirror.

“You're getting too ugly, and you're going on a diet. What are you? A pig, a husky? You're a wolf damn it, and it's time you started looking more like one again.”

And this time, his partner would have to help. There was no forgetting, no kind words – Fox would help him, the diet would go ahead and Wolf would feel good about his looks again.

He'd let himself, and his lover down by getting in this state. He was letting his team down.

Fox...he had to help. Wolf needed it, and needed to enforce the idea that this *did* matter to *him* so the vulpine would assist.

As if on cue, the wolf's sharp ears picked up the hotel room door opening. He bared his fangs, and

rushed out the bathroom. He would start emphasising the importance of the task, right now.

“Two-Hundred and Thirty-Five Pounds!” He roared.

The lithe fox, who had just returned from getting groceries, looked at the angry naked wolf coming towards him with confusion unfurling upon his gentle features.

“What?”

Wolf angrily grabbed a chunk of his stomach, and fiercely wobbled it.

“Twenty pounds since four months ago! Since all this started!”

The fox watched the motion the wolf was making with his stomach, and blushed.

“Alright, look, uh, let me close the door and we'll talk. I don't want people walking by seeing you...like that.”

Wolf didn't care he was still naked; if assholes in the hall wanted a piece of him, *he'd give it to them.*

As his lover turned, the wolf could swear the fox smiled slightly. Wolf growled.

“This isn't funny, Fox! This is twenty pounds of not funny!”

Fox refaced his mate, that small smile still on his face.

“Alright, alright. To be honest, you have gotten...a *little* heavier the last few months, but I wouldn't worry about it too much. It's -”

Wolf stomped his foot, breaking the fox's smile.

“It's NOT nothing! Don't you dare say that again! I don't need you to lie to me, I don't need your pity.”

Fox's eyes grew concerned and he walked over to his heavily breathing mate. The vulpine put a hand on the canine's shoulder, and it was quickly shaken off.

“Wolf...I don't pity you...”

“Fox,” The weighty wolf spoke in a serious tone, “Seriously. I want your help on this. I'm getting too fat and I don't like it.”

Wolf walked away and ran a hand through the messy fur on his head.

“None of my clothes fit properly, some of them don't at all, and I feel like people are looking at me.”

Fox shook his head.

“Wolf, there's much fatter people than you out there.”

Wolf turned to the fox, and snarled. “*I know that Fox*, I’m just saying it feels like it. I’ve never been fat like, like *this*,” Wolf said poking himself in the belly.

“I don’t like it, no-one says anything because they’re too scared or trying to be nice, but I’ve noticed when we’re on missions how they look at me. They know how I look, and I feel bad about it...”

The fox made a walked briskly towards the wolf, and embraced him.

“NO FOX, LISTEN TO ME!”

He shoved the male away and walked to the door. He turned back to Fox, and held back the tears of anger and hurt in his eyes.

*Why don't you get it? I need your help...*

“I don’t like how I look. I don’t like how I feel. And I don’t like how others look at me...how I look at me...please Fox, just help me.”

Fox’s eyes looked strangely hurt, but deep with concern. The wolf’s words were finally reaching him.

“Alright,” The vulpine conceded, “I’ll go out and buy you low fat food and we’ll go jogging, starting tomorrow. I...”

The fox bit his lip.

“I’m sorry Wolf, this is all my fault. I didn’t think you’d feel so bad about it...I didn’t think.”

The tears drained from wolf’s eyes. He’d made his mate sad; he’d been too forceful, and it had probably sounded like he was putting the blame on him...which wasn’t true. He walked over, and embraced the other male.

“Fox,” He whispered into his ear, “It’s not your fault. I shouldn’ta yelled. I got lazy because I was having too much fun with you instead of taking care of myself. I need your help, but...it’s not your fault.”

Fox drew away from the hug, leaving the wolf confused. The orange furred male bit his lip.

“Actually, Wolf, it...is my fault. You see, I...well, I...sort of *encouraged* this...”

Wolf shook his head.

“Don’t be stupid. It’s my body, it’s my fault.”

Fox scratched the back of his head and blushed.

“Well...uh, what I’m meaning to say is...I sort of...did this.”

Wolf cocked his head. “You didn’t do this, why are you..?”

Fox grinned. “I...intentionally made you fatter.”

The wolf blinked. Was he...was his lover being serious?

“You...you what?”

Fox blushed, and couldn't bring himself to look at his confused mate.

“I...well, Wolf, I love you and...uh...well, I...I'm *sort of* interested in big guys. Like...chubby guys. Sort of.”

The wolf's eyes grew wide. That fox...he was being serious.

The more wolf thought about the idea, the more it made sense. Fox bought all the food they ate. They *always* ate junk food, sugary snacks and baked goods with plenty of beer and coke to wash it down with.

*All of that fattening.*

The constant eating out, the picnics, *everything* had heaps of food and Fox went out of his way to do as much as he could for the wolf. At the time he thought he was being sweet, but Fox was actually trying to keep him...*sedentary*? For Wolf to burn less calories or something?

*To get fatter?*

Losing the schedule and never reminding the wolf when to wake up...

It all made sense. How had he really not seen it?

Wolf shook his head in disbelief. “You...wait, Fox. You purposely made me fat, because that's what you're into?”

Fox continued to blush, and barely looked at his lover. “Uh, yeah. You were never the sort to care how you looked so I figured you wouldn't mind...you were cute before, you're just...more huggable now, heh.”

Wolf growled. “You *intentionally* did this to me? *This*?”

The husky wolf slapped his belly. Fox's stance became uneasy and his expression became more exasperated. Wolf continued, voice in a low growl.

“Fox, I felt *ugly*. I felt like I was gonna lose you at times because of this, and you're telling me you intentionally did this to make me *cuter to you*?”

Fox didn't answer – but to the wolf, he didn't have to.

“Fox, what you did was incredibly wrong and incredibly selfish. You had no right to decide how I look, because it's my damned body.”

Fox's face sunk. Wolf clenched his jaw in anger.

“You're my boyfriend, Fox! We've been through so much over the years, and we've been together the last few months, and...well, I'm really surprised at you. What? Don't you love me or something?”

Fox's face turned aghast, and he turned to face to wolf.

“What? Of course I do!”

“Then why did you make me a *goddamned fatty* without asking me? Did you ever *think* that if you asked, I...I dunno, could be willing to explore it with you or something? I love you. Damn it Fox, just...damn it.”

Wolf walked over to a wall, and slammed his fist into it. How could the Fox of been so selfish, betrayed his trust like that? He had no right...Wolf had suffered so much inside because of his mate, that *damned selfish fox*.

The two stood like that in silence for a few minutes, each coming to terms with what had happened.

Finally, a voice broke the peace.

“Wolf,” Fox spoke, softly, “I’m sorry. I never...I didn’t think, and I never knew – never *thought* about how you’d react, or your rights. It is your body, and I was...wrong. I...I do love you. Deeply.”

The fox cleared his throat.

“I’m sorry. I’ll...leave. We’ll talk this trough tomorrow or something...or...not. Look, I should of treated you better, and I’m just really, really sorry.”

Wolf turned to the fox. He was leaving, shaking almost as he reached the door. It wasn’t something he needed to see right now. Wanted to see.

“Fox.”

The fox paused in the doorway.

“Don’t leave. I...look. This is something major for me, because you *didn’t* consult me on it, but...I understand why you did what you did.”

Wolf sighed. That was certainly true, he thought as he eyed the drape of red hanging on the vulpine’s neck. The wolf himself had asked the fox to wear start wearing his old red scarf, soon after they’d hooked up. At the time, Fox thought it was just for luck in the relationship, because it had come from his father and the two were aware the fox thought it a charm of sorts. Truth was...it reminded the wolf of when he and his rival had first met, both in their early 20’s, pilots starting out on the fields of battle. It reminded Wolf of the first time he knew he was in love.

In other words...he’d asked Fox to change something of himself for the wolf’s pleasure. This, perhaps...wasn’t too different to that.

“To be honest, I’d...be lying if it was *all* bad anyway. I felt ugly at times, but to be honest, it’s...sort of...interesting being fat. You feel...”

The wolf blushed and grunted, looking tentatively to his stomach to conjure the right words.

“Sort of...warm, kind of heavy, and kind of powerful in a different way that what muscle gives you. You also feel...heh. Soft and fun to play with I guess?”



The fox stayed still.

“Don't get me wrong Fox. You did something incredibly wrong, but...I didn't entirely hate it either. You took good care of me, and, well...made me happy. I suppose if...I completely hated it I'd of taken responsibility for myself. I'd of gone jogging with or without you. So yeah...”

The fox hadn't been wrong earlier, when he said he thought Wolf didn't care how he looked. He took pride in his handsomeness, but the physical fitness...that had been the result of living a military lifestyle. Not really cared about one way or another so long as he had strength and vitality. The weight gain had made him feel ugly because that was how he thought others saw him – his clothes didn't fit, so of course he looked stupid and unwell. But...if he got new clothes, would that change? Would he look natural and normal again?

The weight gain...it had been a result of the pampering his boyfriend had given him. A much welcomed pampering that the wolf really didn't mind getting. How could he really hate this fat if it was a result of his boyfriend's affections? Made him look more appealing in the eyes of the one he loved?

Wolf walked over to the male at the door, and embraced him from behind. He leaned into the fox, his stomach nudging into the curve of the other male's back.

“So, uh...out of curiosity, how fat *were* you going to make me anyway..? If I didn't catch on I mean.”

The fox struggled, but one of Wolf's hand slid down and grabbed the other male's hand. He gently massaged it. Fox sighed in ecstasy and didn't fight against his mate – he knew Wolf no longer held malice for him.

“W-well...I was thinking maybe another...mrph...thirty pounds. You'd look great *really* big, but you still have to fit in an Arwing...we're mercenaries still, after all...gotta be able to work...”

“Wolfen,” Wolf whispered into the fox's ear, “And really? So that would mean fifty pounds of more me than when we hooked up...”

That would mean the wolf would be about twice as fat as he was now. Twice as soft, with a twice as bigger stomach.

That thought...it didn't *entirely* go against the wolf.

Wolf purred. “You know if you did that, you'd end up with one hell of a soft, cuddly boyfriend, wouldn't you Fox?”

Fox nodded, the other mercenary's tugs on his groin becoming more passionate. This euphoria...Wolf enjoyed seeing his love this way.

“And say theoretically I wouldn't mind becoming a...*weightier* wolf. What would be in it for me?”

Fox breathed heavily.

“Anything you want.”

Wolf smiled.

“Sounds good to me. But so you know, I do want to be a bit more active than you have me. I wouldn't mind putting some effort into our love making...from time to time, still being allowed to lift weights, train and a few other things. And if at any point I *want* to lose weight, I *have* to have that respected.”

The vulpine nodded. “Your body, Wolf. You do whatever you want.”

Wolf nodded, and kissed his lover of the nape of his neck.

“Damn right I will. And right now,” The mercenary spoke, spinning his lover to face him so he could look him right in the eye, but quickly returning his hand to it's prior position, “I want to hold you tight in my arms for a bit, and then you can go buy me one of those nice eclairs...”

The two kissed, and Fox's hands slid down and began massaging Wolf's soft gut, much to his pleasure.

This could be a very rewarding trade indeed, the chubby mercenary mused.

*235 pounds, huh...wonder if we could push for 250 by the end of the month..?*

“Maybe make that two eclairs, Fox...”

(Story by Iantos, 2010. Characters, settings and other things related to the 'Star Fox' franchise property of Shigeru Miyamoto and Nintendo.)