

A Fattening Vacation

By: IndigoRho

As far as Rho was concerned, the island of Rosa Lirio consisted of little else but beaches and food stalls, and the orange-striped zebra intended to indulge excessively in both. He spent most of his time in space—either on stations or his personal ship—so being on solid ground, breathing fresh air, and surrounded by crystal-clear water was exactly how he wanted to spend his vacation. That and eating his own weight in food a dozen times over.

Rho was a modest two hundred and fifty pounds, his gray bodysuit clinging tightly to his round belly and emphasizing his every curve. The small white jacket he wore over it was perpetually open, having never truly fit well enough to zip up. He preferred it that way, though. The zebra took pride in his heft and wasn't afraid to show it off, and his boyfriend August certainly wasn't afraid to admire it.

The black-and-white goat beside Rho was paying far more attention to the zebra's gently jiggling belly than the crowded street ahead. Whenever he could find a good excuse he'd poke or squeeze his boyfriend's gut, enthralled by the softness. August himself was slim, athletic, a solid hundred pounds lighter than Rho. He was always encouraging Rho to get even bigger, teasing him with excessive meals and extra snacks. Rho in turn made sure to playfully bully the much smaller goat with his growing belly as often as possible.

"August, I want to *really* test the limits of the shuttle seats once our vacation's over." Rho grinned and gave his middle a pat with both hooves.

"And maybe the doorways, too?" August snuck a poke at the zebra's love handles.

"Or the shuttle itself~" Rho mused, watching August's smile broaden. "Really depends on if the food here is as fattening as I remember. Course last time even *you* doubled in size."

August blushed and let out a quiet bleat. There were indeed occasions when the goat ended up big and doughy himself, and while he generally preferred being lean he wasn't completely opposed to shaking things up. Plus Rho always teased him relentlessly whenever he got fat, something he adored.

"That only happened because you had me almost eat a bakery out of business!" August was still blushing as he remembered the seemingly endless stream of pastries and bread.

"You made them so much money they posed beside your mountain of a gut so they could get a framed picture of the occasion," Rho said as he idly brought the image up on his wrist computer. "Immense is a *very* good look for you."

"*You're* the only one getting massive this time!" August insisted. "And if that requires immobilizing you then so be it."

Rho merely chuckled. Either result would be a win-win for him.

The couple had walked far enough that the food stalls were finally getting more prominent. Both sides of the street were filled with them, along with plenty of bustling traditional restaurants. The competing aromas wafting towards Rho made his mouth water.

Seemingly at random Rho stopped at a stall selling meat skewers. He ordered a dozen, cheerfully assuring the merchant he hadn't made a mistake before transferring the necessary credits. A few skewers were passed—temporarily—to August, while Rho clutched the majority in his hooves. He greedily pulled a the juicy meat—a variety of shellfish and poultry local to the area—smiling in delight as he savored the treat. Within a few short minutes Rho was left holding a bundle of sticks, having cleared through the skewers as if he hadn't eaten in weeks. What would have been a full meal to most was barely an appetizer for Rho, though.

After disposing of the sticks Rho quickly moved on to another stall, once again ordering a considerable amount of food. The gluttonous zebra went from one stall to the next, often eating on the move so there wasn't any significant downtime in between meals. A torrent of refreshing juice washed everything down, each stall having their own unique blend or take.

Soon Rho's middle began to steadily swell, his stomach filling with the scattered feast. His

careful stride became a slight waddle. Of course his elastic bodysuit stretched with ease to handle his gorging, always providing a comfortable fit. There were times when he rather enjoyed destroying an outfit by stuffing himself till the seams burst, but that was best left for private sessions, and Rho was in the mood to eat out.

Shellfish, fries, donuts, ice-cream—Rho overindulged on them all without showing any signs of slowing down. His belly was like a large beach ball wobbling before him, increasingly impossible for bystanders to ignore; now August wasn't the only one staring. Rho embraced the stares as much as he did his girth, doing nothing to hide how much food he'd been packing away and even openly joking about it. The larger his gut grew the more astonished vendors were at the amount of food he was ordering, and the funner it was to consume it all in a flash.

Inevitably the weight of Rho's belly became more than a minor inconvenience. He cradled the blubbery mass in his hooves in order to maintain his balance and resorted to leaning against stalls or nearby walls while eating. When even that proved difficult August stepped in, resting against his boyfriend's bloated gut as he fed him, felling Rho's get bigger beneath him. More than once Rho would celebrate the conquest of another meal by rolling over till he was pinning August against the wall and giving him a quick kiss as the goat squirmed in joy.

Once Rho found himself panting more than eating and his pace had slowed to a glacial waddle he decided to move his gluttony indoors. Fortunately he hadn't been *completely* aimless in his wandering, and a buffet awaited him and August a mere block away.

Rho coyly eyed the entrance of the buffet as he entered, pondering just how much more he'd need to eat before he was too wide to fit through on his own—not that he'd be even remotely mobile at that point. From the looks of August's darting glances Rho assume he was thinking the same thing.

As expected the host in the waiting room was caught off-guard by Rho's bulk, though he swiftly recovered and led the couple to a large booth that normally would've been for a party of four; he obviously expected some serious gluttony on the zebra's part. Rho carefully settled in, adjusting the table so his belly wasn't spreading over it...yet. While he was handling that August had hurried off to grab plates. He loaded them up with large portions of anything he knew his boyfriend loved till he could barely hold them.

Despite all Rho had eaten already that day, he still looked upon the bounty August brought him with unrivaled anticipation. As soon as he started to dig in August vanished, off to retrieve even more food. Rho dedicated his full attention to the plates before him, blocking out everything but the wonderful taste and the sensation of his gut swelling. When a plate was cleared he'd hastily shove it aside and move to the next—and there was always a next.

Plenty of experience ensured August was able to keep up with Rho's ridiculous appetite, the goat often returning with two full plates for every one that was finished. Rho's glass was never empty and there was always something delicious within reach. A few of the other patrons glanced curiously at the gluttonous zebra, but for the most part Rho was left to enjoy himself.

Wider and wider Rho's belly grew, pushing against the table as it spilled over his lap. He had to work to reach over the gray mound as he shoveled more food into his mouth, wobbling often in the process. His progress slowed somewhat, allowing August to gradually fill the entire table with full plates, all of which were guaranteed to be cleared by Rho. Only then did the goat stop to admire his boyfriend.

A particularly daring lunge towards a plate finally threw Rho's balance off, and with a yelp and a belch he rolled off the booth and onto his gut, jiggling as he found himself thoroughly grounded. More belly than zebra at that point, Rho nonetheless craved more. A lot more. August carried plates from the nudged away table to his beached boyfriend, practically sliding the contents of each one right into the zebra's open maw. Quantity was winning out over finesse, finishing off the collected feast the only thing of importance.

Slowly but surely Rho's hooves left the ground as he rose up atop his massive gut. He was just

as enthusiastic about eating as he had been when he'd first stopped at the skewer place, and in the heat of the moment he felt like he could devour every last scrap of food in the place and still have room for the restaurant next door.

In reality, though, even Rho had limits. The food coma he'd done his best to shrug off was starting to catch up with him, his eyelids feeling heavy as yawns began interrupting his eating. August could clearly see the exhaustion building up, and once the table had been cleared of food he didn't wander off for more, instead crouching down in front of Rho and giving his immense belly a playful slap.

"Looks like it's time to have you hauled off to the hotel room, jumbo," August said. "Otherwise you'll be too big to fit."

Rho tried to give a snarky response in return but accidentally burped instead, resorting to a simple nod of agreement. He was on the verge of passing out when August began making the call.

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When Rho finally stirred from his deep slumber it was a few minutes past noon, but the zebra still tossed a bit in bed as he resisted waking up. The lazy movements felt different than usual, though, enough so that he forced himself to open his eyes in search of answers. After a few seconds of looking upon his uncovered blubbery belly he grinned.

Rho slowly remembered his long afternoon of unrepentant gluttony, how he'd literally eaten till he was stranded atop his own middle. Everything he'd eaten the day before was digested, and in its wake he'd gained an incredible amount of weight. His new gut was a large dome that jiggled when he moved in even the slightest, mesmerizing ripples traveling across its surface. His moobs were fuller and his hooves plumper, and though he didn't have a mirror handy he could feel just by touch how much rounder his face had become.

"So the butterball's finally awake?"

Rho turned towards August as the goat wandered closer to the bed, having just finished showering. The contrast in their weights was even greater now, and Rho wanted nothing more than to pin his boyfriend under his blubbery gut till only the goat's blushing face stuck out.

"Digesting a buffet takes time~" Rho jiggled his belly with pride, making August's face flush red instantly.

"How much you think you weigh now?" August asked, almost more excited to know than Rho himself.

The zebra took a moment to think, giving his heftier body a solid look over and thinking about previous gains. "Probably somewhere around five hundred if I had to guess, though I've looked deceptively fatter in the past."

Rho swore he heard an audible *huff* from his boyfriend.

"As big as four of me." August sat on the edge of the bed and began kneading Rho's belly, provoking a few delighted moans. "One day you'll never be thinner~"

"That'd be quite an accomplishment seeing as I could waddle to the clinic a few blocks away and get slimmed down in an afternoon," Rho laughed. "I mean, it'd cost me a month's pay, but it's not *impossible*."

August gave Rho's middle a teasing poke. "No cheating! Though if you managed to double your weight already then I may end up having to roll you there anyway once the week's over."

"Or maybe I'll have to roll *you* there!"

Rho carefully yanked on August's arm with just enough force to pull the goat onto the bed with him and onto his cushioned gut. He then immediately rolled over, the whole bed creaking in protest as he successfully buried August beneath him. The goat's eyes bulged slightly as he found himself covered by five hundred pounds of zebra, though the blushing and crooked grin were proof he was enjoying the

situation.

“H-hey!” August said with a bleat. “What do you mean by that?”

“I *mean*, I think today's gonna involve ordering room service till you're big enough to be my bed tonight~”

It was a promise, but a playful one rather than cruel. August imagined himself getting stuffed silly, too full to move and too wide to fit through the door. He imagined all his sharp lines getting replaced by curves and gaining a demanding appetite that persistently insisted he eat constantly. But most of all he imagined how long it'd take to lose the weight the cheap way, how he'd struggle at all his more active hobbies. The blushing only intensified.

“O-oh,” August said with a smile. The seats on the shuttle home were going to be *very* tight...