

Vinnie and the Rooster

By: IndigoRho

A mishmash of conversations, music, and the clinking of glasses and pitchers echoed throughout the Free Range Tavern. Like with most Saturday nights the place was packed, customers enjoying the weekend with good drinks and good friends. Amongst the crowd was a lone crow sitting at one of the tables near the bar.

Vinnie Clark was fairly hefty, a solid three hundred and fifty pounds spread across his wide frame. His bubble butt filled out the wooden seat he was in, which creaked faintly beneath his weight as he fidgeted in place. His belly was round and doughy, mostly contained by his shirt but constantly peaking out at least a little bit.

Despite Vinnie's considerable size he was actually far from being the fattest person there. Some liked to joke about how the tavern's signature mead and addicting food was the cause of so many customers' waistlines ballooning up, but the city in general always seemed to be getting wider and wider. Vinnie rather enjoyed the company.

While Vinnie nursed a small mug of mead, his attention wasn't on the people or the music or the wonderful smell of food drifting from the kitchen. It was on the rooster bartender. He was a burly bird, and always seemed dressed to best show off his body—not that Vinnie minded in the slightest. His tank top clung to his chest tightly, and his white feathers did little to hide his muscles. The bartender was always in a cheerful mood, laughing and chatting with the patrons in between orders.

Vinnie had found himself daydreaming often of the rooster, and inevitably had become determined to woo him. The biggest hurdle was getting himself noticed. From frequent observation Vinnie had discovered the rooster had an obvious thing for larger guys. He'd casually chat with them a little longer, and his gaze was prone to drifting towards round bellies and butts. Vinnie himself adored the larger side of life, so the revelation had only increased his swooning.

Downing the rest of his mead to build courage, Vinnie lifted himself up out of his chair and slowly waddled towards the bar. Maneuvering his large belly through the crowd took effort. The crow was excusing himself left and right as he accidentally belly-bumped others, which he secretly hoped would help draw the rooster's attention. Sure enough the bartender was looking his way even before he arrived.

Vinnie blushed as he leaned against the bar, his belly pushing into it. The rooster looked even cuter up close, and it took a few moments for the crow to find his words.

“Can I get another pitcher of the seasonal mead, please?” Vinnie asked, trying to position himself in a way that best revealed his girth. Fidgeting caused his body to jiggle as well, an unintended—but welcome—bonus.

“Right away!” the rooster responded with his usual cheer. He didn't seem to be treating Vinnie any different, though.

“I used to not be able to handle more than one pitcher of the mead, but I guess my capacity's been increasing lately. Along with a few other things.” Vinnie chuckled nervously and gave his belly a small pat.

The bartender smiled and chuckled back, but his eyes only checked out Vinnie's middle for a couple seconds. A few more attempts at conversation managed to get replies out of the rooster, but Vinnie could tell there wasn't a romantic connection forming, that he wasn't exactly sweeping him off his feet. Eventually the bartender moved onto other customers.

Vinnie grabbed his pitcher and waddled back to his table, though not before seeing the rooster eyeing up a blubbery blue jay who must have been close to five hundred pounds. There was a moment of jealousy, until Vinnie steadied his resolve. Winning the rooster over could take time, but he was going to succeed! He just needed to be as big as the jay...

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The next day Vinnie returned to his apartment with two shopping bags in his talons and a grin on his face. He'd spent his morning shopping for a new outfit, something he could grow into. Sure the clerk had given him an odd look when he'd started trying on clothes many sizes too large for even his doughy frame, but Vinnie had simply said he was "future-proofing" his wardrobe.

He dropped the bags on his bed and cheerfully changed into them. The flannel shirt felt like an oversized poncho draped over his body, the pants refusing to stay up until he'd tamed them with a belt. Looking at himself in the mirror, he actually managed to almost feel small. That'd change very quickly.

Usually gaining weight was a long process, requiring months of gorging and gluttony. The gradual transformation could be delightful on its own, especially watching the subtle changes. However, Vinnie's goals were fairly considerable, and he didn't want to wait months to try his luck again with the rooster. Fortunately he had a solution to the problem.

From his closet he pulled out a bicycle pump. To the untrained eye the pump didn't appear special in any way, the sort of thing one could find at any regular sporting goods store. It wasn't meant for pumping up tires or balls with air, though, but people—with fat. A single pump could make you gain a couple pounds instantly. Vinnie had used it to pump himself up before his most recent visit to the tavern, but now he had a much more thorough fattening in mind.

The crow took the hose end of the bike pump and gently eased it into his rump. With a talon on the handle he pulled up—and then pushed down. There was a muffled hissing—just like a regular pump—followed by a tingling sensation as Vinnie gained two more pounds. For a bird his size such a change was negligible. So he pumped again. And again. And again.

Slowly but surely the gains became noticeable. His fingers were feeling fatter and his cheeks rounder. Even the jiggle of his belly was getting more pronounced. Vinnie had exercised quite a bit of caution when using the pump before, but his big ambitions required him to be bolder.

Faster and faster the crow pumped. It was like watching a weight-gain time-lapse but in real time. Vinnie's comically large clothes steadily became simply loose, something he'd consider wearing on a lazy day at home. Without a scale he couldn't confirm his exact weight but he considered himself skilled at eyeballing such things with a fair degree of accuracy. He'd definitely passed four hundred pounds—likely close to four fifty—yet he continued to pump.

The belt Vinnie had worn to keep his new pants up was hastily discarded, no longer necessary. The creases on his clothes were vanishing, smoothed out by his swelling gut, butt, and thighs. His flannel's buttons started to strain ever so slightly revealing the tight shirt beneath. Vinnie was over five hundred pounds, on par with the blue jay from the bar who'd caught the rooster's eye. But he could be bigger.

Pump after pump Vinnie's outfit went from fitting to snug to outright tight. Now it just barely fit him, the crow's blubbery belly peeking out from beneath his shirts while buttons creaked. There's a was a definite risk he'd blow out the pants if he sat down too quickly but Vinnie didn't care. They only needed to last as long as his next visit to the tavern, anyway.

Vinnie almost got lost in the euphoria of getting massive, finally forcing himself to let go of the fattening pump. Thanks to his aggressive session he'd managed to reach somewhere in between five hundred and fifty pounds and six hundred. He was huge all over, comfortable fat layering every inch of him. As the crow turned to admire himself his whole body jiggled somewhat at even the slightest movement. He lifted his enormous belly and let it drop just to feel the weight, elated.

Very few of the tavern regulars were larger than Vinnie at his current size, and the crow was certain the extra couple hundred pounds had made him irresistible. Surely the rooster would be wooed that night.

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When Vinnie waddled into the tavern later he did so with more confidence than ever before. Being massive made it easy for the crow to feel like he had the run of the place, with the crowds forced to part to make room for his commanding gut. He saw the new attention he was getting, looks that ranged from curiosity to clear admiration. There were confused looks as well, from regulars likely baffled at how Vinnie had blimped up so swiftly. Of course he wasn't about to share his secret yet.

Unlike past visits there was no lingering in the back and nervously waiting to approach the bar. Vinnie simply sauntered towards it, his gaze never leaving the bartender. The rooster spotted him early, his eyes widening slightly at the sight. Just as Vinnie had hoped.

With a wide grin Vinnie arrived at the bar, his belly spilling over the counter. He swore he saw the rooster blush, if only for a second. "Can I get a couple pitchers of mead? Just to start things off."

The rooster smiled right back and began filling the pitchers. "You know, I thought I saw a crow last night who looked almost exactly like you, but slim."

Now it was Vinnie's turn to blush. So the rooster *had* noticed him, at least somewhat. Though if he'd been considered "slim" at a whopping three hundred and fifty pounds, then was five hundred plus actually enough to impress him?

"Well I had a rather filling breakfast this morning, and I guess I rounded out a bit more than I thought!" Vinnie chuckled. Small talk with the rooster was going better than usual, he just had to keep up the momentum.

Even after the pitchers were placed before Vinnie the pair of birds continued to talk, though it never got beyond casual pleasantries. Inevitably the rooster was getting more and more distracted handling orders, and Vinnie was forced to reluctantly accept that the conversation was coming to an end.

Having already drained one pitcher in the meanwhile, Vinnie picked up the second and nodded at the rooster. "I'm sure I'll be back later, but have a good night."

"You too. And I hope your breakfast tomorrow is just as filling as today's was." The rooster winked at Vinnie before turning his attention to another patron.

Again the crow blushed. He slowly headed to a section of the tavern he knew had extra wide seats, wheels turning in his mind. The rooster was interested in seeing him get *bigger*, that much was obvious. Vinnie had known he was into larger guys, he just hadn't realized how large. Instead of being discouraged, though, he grew more determined. His efforts were paying off, and the fatter he got, the more likely he was to finally waddle home with the rooster beside him. He'd continue until he filled the whole bar if he had to. Another trip to the clothing store was in order...

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Vinnie grunted as he struggled to angle the bike pump hose up his rump, his voluptuous body making the process somewhat difficult. The hardship made him flustered and delighted all at once, just another sign of how huge he'd become—and how much bigger he was about to be.

In preparation for his next expansion he'd spent time rearranging all the furniture in his apartment, making sure to leave considerable gaps so he'd be able to move around with ease afterward. There was no doubt in his mind that he'd need to upgrade stuff besides his clothing soon. He was already almost too wide for the dining room chairs, and the couch was well on its way to becoming a one-seater. Maybe he'd even have to look into a bigger apartment when all was said and done.

Finally Vinnie managed to insert the hose, and his talons eagerly went to the pump. This time he didn't start off slow, and instead immediately began pumping as fast and hard as he could. The tingling sensation of the instant fattening had become a euphoric thing for Vinnie, enough to put a wide grin on his face.

The blubbery crow's belly was bouncing, gradually swelling more and more. His butt pushed

against the bed and his thighs each other. Even his arms jiggled to the beat of the pumps.

Six hundred pounds.

The pumping was instinctual, Vinnie's mind drifting off to how the rooster would react to him the next time. His heavy steps would echo throughout the whole tavern, pitchers would rattle on the tables, jaws would drop in awe. He'd be the absolute center of attention, impossible to ignore or forget. No doubt all the regulars would soon know him by name if not simply by sight. But—most importantly—the rooster would be his.

Seven hundred pounds.

Bigger and bigger Vinnie grew, gaining mass all over. He wouldn't have been recognizable to anyone who'd last seen him at three hundred and fifty pounds, having doubled in weight. Vinnie thought he'd seen someone else as fat at the tavern maybe *once* at best. Still, he needed to be even fatter.

Eight hundred pounds.

The huge new outfit he'd been wearing was already getting tight, shirt riding up his immense gut and pants straining to hold his rear. He could've stopped—*should've* stopped—but Vinnie's obsession with being massive wouldn't allow him to. Every extra pump was another step closer to wooing the rooster.

Nine hundred pounds.

A button on his flannel suddenly popped off and skidded across the floor. Vinnie was startled enough to stop pumping, but quickly began again in earnest. Now he had a new goal. One-by-one the rest of the buttons burst as seams creaked under the pressure. His undershirt clung tightly to his chest as his belly swelled outwards.

Along the sides of his pants seams ripped, small tears forming at first that swiftly grew along with the crow. His flannel was torn at the sleeves as his arms became too thick, and his undershirt was shredded from the strain. Pump after pump after pump destroyed clothing that had been too large for him just a short while before, until the tattered remains fell to the floor in ruin. All that remained was his ultra-stretchy underwear.

One thousand pounds.

At last Vinnie stopped pumping, the hose practically popping out on its own. He admired his form in the mirror, taking the time to rub his doughy middle all over. His cheeks seemed to swell whenever he grinned wide, and even a light chuckle was enough to jiggle his whole body. Vinnie had fantasized often about weighing half a ton, but the reality was so much more wonderful. The sensation of being so huge was indescribable, something he never could've imagined accurately.

Elated, Vinnie waddled towards the living room, giggling as he felt his love handles press against the door frame, practically having to squeeze through. Items on his counters were just faintly shaking, and the crow was suddenly thankful he lived on the first floor. There was no way he'd ever be able to fit on any of the chairs now, so his gaze settled on the sofa.

The massive crow carefully lowered himself onto the couch, filling up well over half of it on his own. He could hear the couch creaking in protest the second he started putting some of his weight onto it. Louder and louder the creaks grew, the couch bending beneath him. Within seconds of fully sitting down the couch screeched and crumpled, collapsing to the floor in defeat.

Vinnie jiggled from the impact but was otherwise fine. He let out a bellowing laugh of triumph before turning on the television. As much as he would've loved to head over to the tavern right away his increased bulk required some...preparation. He'd order new clothing and sturdier furniture, and tomorrow night he'd surprise the rooster—and hopefully finally bring him home.

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Never before had Vinnie been so grateful for the tavern's spacious double doors. After a day's

rest to obtain new clothes and furniture he was back at the bar. Though waddling inside hadn't proved an issue, the gargantuan crow was noticing for the first time how narrow parts of the tavern could be when you weight a solid thousand pounds. Of course he was also realizing just how convenient the oversized booths in the back were. Before they'd come across as a novelty, but now he wanted to order whoever suggested them a drink. He wondered if his beloved rooster had played a role.

Vinnie's arrival at the bar was even grander than before. He didn't bother trying to sit down, instead letting his bulk press into and over the counter. The rooster looked absolutely speechless, flustered in the best possible way. For a good minute the bartender looked Vinnie over, his gaze drifting from the crow's massive middle to his round cheeks to his multiple chins. It took all of Vinnie's willpower to not blush himself.

"Well, you've certainly had a big couple of days, haven't you!" the rooster exclaimed, still taking in his immense customer.

"Just thought I'd treat myself," Vinnie replied, an obvious understatement. "Got some new clothes, new couch. Just, you know, the little things."

Mentioning the couch made the rooster blush harder; he clearly understood what had happened to Vinnie's old one.

"Would you like the usual, or..." The bartender let his voice fade, as if he were certain Vinnie would want something different. Something *more*.

The bartender was right, of course. "Hmm, why don't you surprise me. Something heavy, and three pitchers of it!"

Once the mead arrived the avian duo began to chat. They talked about the weather and games, simple things that broke the ice and allowed them to learn more about each other. Inevitably, though the conversation would turn to Vinnie's magnificent girth.

Vinnie made sure to emphasize his weight in every little way possible. He'd laugh deeper than usual so he jiggled, stretch to push his belly out further, idly scratch his middle. The crow joked about how everything seemed to be shrinking, from pants to chairs to doorways. The details of his size always drew in the rooster. Vinnie felt like his fellow bird could've listened to him ramble on for days without ever growing bored.

While Vinnie would've enjoyed such back-and-forth as well, he had trouble ignoring the gradually building rumbling of his stomach. His new weight had come with a significantly increased appetite, which he welcomed for the most part. Just the night before he'd plowed through a trio of pizzas all on his own, and breakfast hadn't been any smaller. Luckily for him the tavern had some of the best bar food he'd ever eaten.

The crow took a break from the chat to order food. Four different burgers, two baskets of fries, onion rings, chicken strips...all just to start. If anyone else had ordered such a feast the server would've been surprised, but Vinnie looked more than capable of devouring that much. Begrudgingly Vinnie said farewell to the rooster and made his way to the larger booths in the back to deal with his hunger.

A steady stream of appetizers were delivered to Vinnie, and once he started eating he practically didn't stop. Baskets, plates, and pitchers piled up on the table before him as the crow scarfed down every wonderful dish brought out. He'd tried most of the menu in the past, but he was finding that it tasted it even better when had all at once.

There was a clear path in between Vinnie's booth and the bar, and in between bites the crow realized he was being watched. Knowing the rooster had his sights on him even then only made Vinnie gorge more. He wiped out courses in record time, chugging whole pitchers to wash it down. Despite the incredible amount he was eating he didn't come close to feeling very full, merely sated. His hunger was now on a whole different level.

Eventually Vinnie managed to sate his appetite, his gut having swelled noticeably in the process. He waddled right back to the bar to close his tab and have a few more words with the rooster who was obviously delighted to see him.

“This place really knows how to fill a bird up!” Vinnie grinned and gave his belly a hard slap. “I always feel like I'm gonna leave a few pounds heavier~”

“I'm glad our food and drink meets your standards,” the rooster said back, smiling. “And a few extra pounds never hurt anyone.”

Vinnie finally blushed. As he left the tavern he had to resist jumping up and down in excitement—though it might have ended up as more of a wobble. There was a connection between himself and the rooster now, something undeniable. Just regularly hitting up the bar and talking would've been enough to maybe lead into a date eventually, but Vinnie was feeling impatient. If he got bigger, perhaps things would escalate even faster! The bike pump was going to get plenty of use that night...

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As much as Vinnie hated to admit it, he was far too fat to shove the hose up his rear on his own. Instead the massive crow stuck a fresh hose in his mouth, the pump resting on his belly. The pumping began with earnest. The mirror wasn't of much use to Vinnie anymore, not wide enough by a long shot, so he wouldn't be able to track his gains like before. All he had to go on was gut feeling, and his gut was surely bound to get larger than ever thought possible that night.

The crow wobbled to the rhythmic pumping, growing wider and wider and wider. With the hose in his mouth he felt as if he was being force-fed. In his imagination the rooster was the culprit, happily stuffing him more and more, not content until Vinnie filled the entire bedroom. He'd be a bed and boyfriend all at once. His pumping intensified.

Eleven hundred. Twelve hundred. Thirteen hundred. Fourteen hundred. Fifteen hundred.

The pounds were piling on, causing Vinnie to expand in every direction. He was too lost in the fantasy to realize just how much he was gaining, but it was doubtful he'd have stopped if aware. Being big was all that mattered.

Sixteen hundred. Seventeen hundred. Eighteen hundred.

Vinnie's pumping was beginning to slow but his desire to grow refused to wane. He hadn't bothered to buy new clothes ahead of time, not knowing how fat he was actually going to end up by night's end. It felt as if he'd discarded all limits. He was going to shatter records, be the widest, fattest, softest crow by an unbeatable margin. And by his blubbery side would be the rooster.

Nineteen hundred. Two thousand.

Maybe he'd just grown tired, maybe he could sense it, but once Vinnie reached two thousand pounds he stopped pumping. Few could seriously claim they weighted a literal ton, but the crow had just become one of them. The hose slipped from his mouth and the pump rolled to the floor. Impressively, Vinnie could still move, though doing so was a bit of a chore. Still, he felt unstoppable. It'd take another couple days before he was able to return to the tavern, but he had a feeling it'd be his best visit yet.

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Vinnie learned *very* quickly that weighing a ton involved a fair deal of filling and getting stuck in things. The front door of his apartment had been his first taste, the crow having to slowly wiggle his way through. He hadn't considered it a hassle but an accomplishment. Then there was the bus, which Vinnie swore groaned beneath his weight. Of course he'd taken up a row of seats all by himself, his gut threatening to block the aisle.

His mind had drifted to the tavern's entrance the whole ride there. Sure it'd been wide enough the last visit, but now he was a thousand pounds fatter. When the time to test it finally arrived, Vinnie was delighted to feel his sides brushing against the doorway. He wobbled wonderfully upon entry.

Once again Vinnie was able to shock the rooster with his arrival, a feat that brought him much

joy. Vinnie preemptively ordered a few appetizers to hold him over as he approached the bar; he didn't want his hunger interfering with his flirting that night.

"You know," the rooster said once Vinnie had arrived. "When you didn't show up yesterday I was hoping it was because you'd be showing up even larger today. Yet I'm still surprised by how much weight you've been able to pack on."

"It's all about having the right tools and a lot of desire," Vinnie said with a grin. "Sometimes you just want to be huger than huge."

"Well the weight certainly suits you well."

Pitchers of mead and baskets of appetizers were placed on the counter before Vinnie. The crow and the rooster quickly became engrossed in conversation. The tavern was less active than it had been for the last few days, allowing the pair to simply chat with little interruption. Time passed swiftly. One-by-one the flow of patrons slowed to a trickle, background conversations fading away. Eventually it was closing, and Vinnie and the bartender were all who remained.

The rooster noticed the time with a melancholic smile. "Looks like the night's come to an end, unfortunately," he said, idly washing a pitcher. "Kind of wish we had even a couple more hours left."

Vinnie saw his chance to make a move, the move he'd been dreaming of since he first laid eyes on the rooster. "Well, the night doesn't have to end just because the tavern closes..."

"And what did you have in mind?" the rooster asked, leaning in across the bar.

"My apartment's just a short bus ride away, and it'd be nice to simply chill and relax," Vinnie said. "I could even show you my trick to getting big~"

The rooster's interest was piqued. "Sounds lovely."

A short while later Vinnie waddled out of the tavern, the rooster by his side. Their journey to his apartment was lazy and meandering, with the rooster taking every opportunity to snuggle against his much larger companion. He lovingly teased Vinnie about how he jiggled and took up the whole sidewalk, how the street lights overhead were definitely shaking in his wake. It was everything Vinnie could've hoped for and they hadn't even reached his home yet.

Entering the apartment required some pushing on the part of the rooster, which turned into a fun bonding experience for the pair—and an unplanned massage for Vinnie.

"I'd say you should really get that door widened," the rooster said as he recovered from his efforts. "But at the rate you've been growing I'm sure it'd just need to be replaced within a week!"

"Giving maintenance job security isn't a bad thing!" Vinnie laughed back. "Though I'm more worried about running out of space on the inside as well. May need to upgrade to something a bit more 'me-sized' in the future."

The rooster gave Vinnie's belly a teasing poke, nearly sinking into the blubbery crow. "Are you ever going to be content with your size?"

"Why don't we go test my limits, together?"

Vinnie and the rooster went into the bedroom, where the fattening bike pump still rested upon the bed.

"My secret weapon, the whole reason I was able to achieve such incredible girth!" The crow pointed to the pump with a smile on his face.

The rooster looked over in confusion. "A bike pump? That can't be true!"

"It's a brand new product, not well-known and a little pricey, but well worth the cost," Vinnie said. "With a single pump you can gain a couple pounds, and I've been pumping quite a lot the last week."

The rooster still couldn't believe such a thing was possible. Of course, he'd also never have thought someone could gain hundreds of pounds in a matter of days yet clearly Vinnie had pulled it off. At the very least the crow didn't have a reason to lie. "That's...that's amazing. How does that even work?"

"Why don't you just shove it in me and see for yourself?" Vinnie saw the rooster's eyes light up

at the proposal. "I slipped it in my rump the first few times, and it was a wonderful feeling. Can't really reach there on my own now, though. You'd be doing me a huge favor~"

Without a second thought the rooster picked the bike pump up off the bed and readied the hose, circling behind Vinnie with glee. Vinnie let out a light *caw* as he felt the hose entering his butt, a sensation he hadn't realized he'd been missing so much. Once the hose was in place the rooster circled back around, already readying the pump. An approving nod from Vinnie signaled things should begin.

The rooster's first pump was just as cautious as Vinnie's had been. While the crow didn't get noticeably larger, the act alone was enough to make him wobble, and prompted further pumps. Slowly but surely the rooster began to notice the changes occurring in Vinnie. His shirt was definitely getting tighter, creases disappearing in various places. Already impossibly wide, the crow was actually growing.

As fun as fattening Vinnie was, the rooster soon ceased pumping, not wanting to get overboard with another's weight.

"Wait, don't stop!" Vinnie asked. "I can handle so much more blubber!"

"If you insist~" the rooster said.

The pumping began again, and now the rooster was far more comfortable. He found himself treating Vinnie like a deflated ball in desperate need of inflating, and he was obliged to fill him up. Meanwhile, Vinnie was living his dream. He could feel his clothes getting tighter and tighter, the craving to burst out of them hitting him hard. *Bigger. He had to be bigger!*

Buttons became strained as Vinnie's immense gut overpowered his shirt, the feathery mass spilling out for the rooster to admire. Every few pumps the rooster would take a split-second break to rub or squeeze Vinnie's belly, getting a feel for how it was changing. When he spotted tears forming on the seams of the crow's clothes he considered stopping and telling him, at least until he realized Vinnie didn't care. If the clothing wasn't going to fit anymore, what need was there to keep it intact?

Pump after pump Vinnie fattened, feathers peeking out from the rips appearing all over his shirt and pants. He'd swelled another hundred pounds at least. Getting through the door was likely not possible anymore, not that he'd have been able to waddle to it on his own power with much haste. Mobility was no longer a priority to Vinnie, only girth. Besides, he was sure the rooster would be willing to help out if needed.

Like so many of Vinnie's recent outfits, his latest one was gradually reduced to shreds, gathering in a pile on the ground around him as he expanded out of his clothes. The rooster started to slow down, assuming they'd reached a proper stopping point, but Vinnie wasn't ready yet.

"Please!" Vinnie nearly begged. "I want to be bigger. Bigger!"

Vinnie's enthusiasm was contagious, and the rooster complied. The pumping intensified, both avians getting lost in the moment of expansive over indulgence. Pound after pound after pound was piling onto Vinnie, the crow becoming a doughy mountain of a bird. His sides slowly pushed against the furniture, spilling over his bed and pinning the dresser into the wall. A lamp was knocked over, soon buried beneath his spreading bulk and forgotten.

With floor space becoming a premium the larger Vinnie got, the rooster was forced to get creative in order to maintain the pumping. At first they retreated to the bed, where they could still give Vinnie a teasing prod and rub from time to time. Once Vinnie started expanding into the bed, though, he moved to the safest, softest piece of real estate: Vinnie himself.

Vinnie moaned and giggled as he felt the rooster carefully climb onto his immense body. The rooster wobbled a bit at first before finally adjusting to the uneven surface of the blubbery crow. Then he simply settled in, using Vinnie as a massive, cozy bean bag chair.

Vinnie was well on his way to filling the entire room, and the thought was incredible. Despite his confidence, though, there was only so much weight his body could actually handle.

The creaks were faint at first, drowned out by pumps and moans. Vinnie's hide was getting taut, struggling to contain his unrivaled bulk. Even when the sounds grew louder they were ignored, neither

bird willing to hear them. With the pressure building Vinnie continued to beg to be pumped up more and more. The crow was absolutely insatiable.

With Vinnie nearing his limits pumping was becoming harder and harder. The rooster was putting his full strength into the pumps, willing to do whatever it took to make his huge crow happy. Inevitably he pulled up on the pump and couldn't push it back down even an inch. He grunted and pushed, leaning into it as ominous creaks echoed throughout the room. Vinnie was experiencing euphoric bliss and unable to make any response aside from a moan or a mumbling request to be "bigger".

Finally the rooster placed the pump on the ground and leaned into it with all his might, forcing it down completely.

A thunderous *boom!* rattled the room to its core as Vinnie blew up. The rooster was thrown upwards, arms flailing as black feathers rained down around him and all over. Instead of hitting the floor, though, he landed on something soft. He was dazed by the explosion, eyes rolling as he groaned and slowly came to his senses.

To the rooster's surprise the thing that had cushioned his fall was Vinnie. Though he'd seen him explode, the crow was clearly below him and in one piece, albeit significantly smaller than he had been seconds earlier. Vinnie looked about as heavy as he had a few days before, a good thousand pounds at least. The crow had obviously been dazed as well, and was just coming to.

"Well, you can't beat ending the night with a bang, right?" Vinnie chuckled, too exhausted from his fattening frenzy to move.

"Agreed. Maybe we could end every night like this~" The rooster waved the bike pump in front of Vinnie.

Both birds grinned and blushed at each other. Their lives were both about to get a lot more filling...