

The Cursed Kigu

By: IndigoRho

Rho patiently stood in place, the orange-striped zebra unable to actually read the scale he was standing on himself. Though he'd always been on the doughy side, a year ago Rho had allowed his fat-adoring boyfriend August to dictate his size as a birthday gift, and the goat had taken the opportunity *very* seriously. Thanks to daily stuffings and a dramatically increased caloric-intake Rho's weight had ballooned out of control. He'd been amazed at the first fifty pounds gained, convinced August would be content with him weighing a modest three hundred, but the extra pudge only seemed to fuel his boyfriend's desires. Three hundred and fifty had practically snuck up on him, then four hundred shortly after, Rho having to replace his entire wardrobe before he could ever enjoy it. Of course August hadn't been sated, though.

Dinners quickly became force-feeding sessions, Rho bound to a chair with a funnel in his mouth, moaning in delight and discomfort as his stomach was crammed to the brim. Every meal ended in a food coma for Rho, who'd be left half-passed out in a daze as August rubbed and worshiped his swollen gut. As aggressive as his fattening was Rho still enjoyed it, happy to be pampered and fed to his heart's desire, knowing he'd always have a wonderful meal when he woke up or came home. Sure the additional weight had been difficult to adjust to, Rho finding a few small hobbies too tiring to indulge in as often as he would've liked, but to him the benefits outweighed the negatives enough.

A week had passed since the last weigh-in, and both Rho and August were certain the massive zebra had hit another major milestone: doubling his starting weight. Secretly Rho hoped August would finally be satisfied then, allowing the zebra to actually buy proper outfits again.

Rho looked down on his blubbery middle, hooves eagerly tapping its jiggling surface. "What's the scale say, hon, I'm kind of too fat to see it."

The statement alone was enough to put a wide grin on August's face. The lean black goat grabbed a thick roll of his boyfriend's flab and squeezed it. "My wonderful zeeb blob's really been shaping up then, hasn't he?" he teased before taking a look at the number below. "Yes! Five hundred!"

Rho laughed in triumph, his whole body wobbling in the process. "Damn, I gained a whole nother me!"

"Mhmmm." August slid in behind the zebra and grasped his love handles, embracing Rho the best he could considering their size difference. "Now just imagine what you'll like after the next two-fifty."

Though Rho blushed at the thought, he also frowned a little as well. "Don't you think five hundred is enough? I'm already the best pillow in the apartment, and the furniture's starting to complain." His large rear had finished off two chairs in the last month alone.

"But you could be the best *bed* in the apartment instead!" August insisted, his imagination obviously running wild. "You're not even four times my weight yet."

"Hon, you gotta be realistic, I think I'm more than fat enough as it is," Rho replied with a subtle hint of sternness.

August was clearly ignoring him, instead obsessing over his belly as usual. "I'm gonna get started on your breakfast, tubbo," he said, slapping Rho's belly and hurrying off. "And remember, you told me I'd have total control over your size!"

Rho simply sighed. Despite hoping August would act sensible and not just cling to his desire for a blob boyfriend, Rho had already come up with a backup plan to safeguard his waistline. He waddled out of the bathroom and towards his bedroom, striped gut bouncing the entire way. In a corner of the closet—tucked away where August would never look—Rho retrieved a neatly folded, unworn kigu. The set of onesie pajamas didn't look nearly large enough for the obese zebra at first glance, but the fabric was surprisingly stretchy, allegedly able to handle someone even *twice* his size. Predominantly black, the kigu included gloves that mimicked hooves and a hood meant to resemble a goat head. To be

more specific, meant to resemble *August's* head.

A couple months earlier Rho had learned of cursed kigus from a friend, and the concept amused him to no end. Most affected the wearer, but the one that'd inevitably caught his eye was essentially a voodoo doll in kigu form. Whoever was depicted by the outfit would magically either be slimmed down or fattened up to match the girth of whoever wore it. If August truly wanted Rho to gain more weight, he'd have to endure every ounce as well in solidarity. In all honesty Rho enjoyed the idea of seeing what his perpetually thin boyfriend looked like massive. With a devious grin and a chuckle Rho slowly slid into the kigu, struggling a little but inevitably zipping it up completely and pulling the hood over his head. Now he just had to watch the show.

In the kitchen, August was cheerfully browsing the fridge to see what kind of feast he could put together for his adorable butterball. He shrugged off the strange chill and sudden bout of dizziness, attributing it to the rush of getting his boyfriend to another weight goal. His flat middle gradually began to soften, fresh layers of fat appearing from nothing. August never wore loose clothing, so his button-up shirt and pants started to feel snug rather quickly, a sensation not lost upon the goat. A casual attempt to readjust his shirt made him freeze in place as soon as his hoof brushed against something squishy.

August nearly jumped when he finally looked down. His shirt was straining to hold on, wide gaps in between the buttons and the fabric gripping newly-gained rolls tightly. Poking his slightly chubby belly just proved it was real and not his imagination, though a popped button helped as well. The goat's heart raced as he watched himself fattening before his very eyes, more buttons launching from his shirt and his collar becoming uncomfortable. Far too late he attempted to remove the shirt before it was destroyed, his sudden movements creating tears along most the seams simultaneously. His pants suffered the same fate soon after, unable to contain his thickening thighs and bubble butt.

"Good, I didn't miss the show yet!" Rho laughed as he waddled into the room.

August's look of concern immediately switched to one of annoyance once he saw what his boyfriend was wearing. "Hon, what the Hell's going on!"

"Nothing much, just breaking in the new kigu," Rho answered while patting his belly. "Seems I'm starting to wear off on ya!"

The goat's black gut swelled out from beneath his undershirt, which was on the verge of joining the rest of his outfit as scraps. "N-not funny Rho, take it off!" He swore he'd already gained a solid fifty pounds or so.

"Why would I do that Aug, you're getting cuter by the second." Rho pressed a hoof against the goat's growing belly, finally able to enjoy some pudge for himself.

"I think I look perfectly fine lean!" August stumbled, not accustomed to the weight.

The goat winced and blushed as another round of rips occurred, his boxers and last shirt joining the pile of scraps on the floor below. He swore he was gaining weight even faster now, belly jiggling as he swelled. Despite adoring pudge all his life, August had never actually had any significant amount himself, a speedy metabolism keeping him thin no matter how much he ate. There was an undeniable appeal to finally experiencing what it was like to be fat, but being as massive as Rho would make participating in many of his favorite hobbies either incredibly difficult or outright impossible. No skateboarding or snowboarding, no baseball, no swimming. Being five hundred pounds simply wasn't an option for him.

Rho was still toying with his boyfriend's gut, amazed to see the goat with flab for once. While the kigu had started as a bargaining chip he was growing increasingly fond of the idea of having a boyfriend as fat as he was. "But hon, just think of all the fun things we could do together if you were big and blubbery. Teaming up to devastate buffets, pinning our smaller friends between our bellies, daily eating contests to see who can stuff themselves more."

"I-I can't be big Rho, what about my sleep eating!" August insisted. "We had to move the alarm clock to the other side of the bed after I kept eating it, if my appetite increases too much I might gobble

up the pillows and blankets too!"

"Oh don't worry, I'll make sure you never go to bed hungry enough to treat the bed set as dessert," Rho pulled August in closer, wrapping his arms around the goat so he could intimately feel every pound gained. "In fact, I think you'll usually be too stuffed to even move, barely able to wobble once you're on your back."

August squirmed a little in his boyfriend's grasp, a smile almost forming on his face as he felt himself sink into the zebra's blubber. He was almost as heavy as Rho had been when they first started dating, and he knew stalling was only going to make the situation worse. "Ok ok, you don't have to get fatter, I'm sorry! You're amazing and gorgeous at any size!"

"You can be a real sweetheart when you're fat," Rho gave August a kiss on his round cheek. "Unfortunately for you I've got a real need to see what you'd look like as the city's fattest goat."

Rho released his boyfriend and took a few heavy steps back so he could admire the curse in action once more. At three hundred pounds August was practically unrecognizable, sporting a sagging gut and soft moobs. Not a single sharp corner remained on the goat's body, which was now a series of curves and squish. He made a few more half-hearted pleas for Rho to reconsider, but at that point August was steadily accepting the fact he was doomed to become five hundred pounds. None of his clothes would fit anymore, and he'd either have to buy a whole new wardrobe or borrow stuff from Rho for the foreseeable future, until the curse was reversed. No, *if* the curse was reversed. Magic was a fickle thing to mess with, and for all August knew his accumulating blubber was a permanent feature.

The fearsome thought provoked a pitiful *bleat* from August. Every inch of his body was getting thicker by the second, his emotions in chaos. He was uneasy about the difficulties that would come with his girth, attracted to the way his huge belly wobbled, annoyed Rho had vented in such a dramatic way, yet jealous the zebra was getting to fatten someone up to an absurd degree with so little effort. His hooves drifted, nervously examining his gains with gropes, pokes, and the occasional slap. With another hundred pounds left to go August was already feeling unbelievably heavy, afraid he'd topple over if he didn't brace himself on the counter; getting used to carrying around so much weight was what he least looked forward to.

Minutes of teasing and whining passed, until finally August's body stabilized. Reluctantly the goat lifted his immense gut with both hooves before letting it drop, blushing at how much it jiggled in response. Of course, most movements seemed to make him wobble a bit. Rho was less bashful about the goat's heftier state, shaking his boyfriend's middle with glee and giving him as best a hug as he could manage. Usually Rho was more than capable of smothering him with his flab, but now they were equals, both so large they could barely embrace. He hadn't realized what he was missing in his life.

August was too embarrassed to grumble at the zebra, almost at a loss for words. "P-Please tell me you can turn me back to normal with that thing, right?"

The temptation to lie was strong, but Rho decided his boyfriend had been punished enough for one day. "Of course. But the question is not only *when* I'd want to, but *if* I'd want to. I could get used to dating a butterball goat."

"If I have to endure this for too long I'm going to immobilize you, hon, that's a promise!" August was still a bit too flustered for his threat to have much bite. "You'll never leave our room again, and spend all day just eating and sleeping until you're big enough to be my bed."

"Hey now, I'm pretty sure I could start guzzling down the contents of the fridge and pantry and make you bed-sized *today* if I wanted to," Rho countered.

Both the goat and the zebra blushed at the thought. "Alright, let's make a truce before this escalates too far," August said.

"Truce. Now why don't I introduce you to the wonders of sweatpants and stretchy shirts, big guy." Rho wrapped an arm around August and guided him towards their room, supporting the hefty goat as he learned to waddle for the first time...