

Hotel Shenanigans

Walking into the hotel room, Zac went over the rules Zane had given to him in his head. *Eat everything that I give you. No exceptions.* He hastily chewed the last bite of the burger that Zane bought on the way back. It would have been an ordeal swallowing it after today's events had he not made sure to keep a bit of soda left in his cup. *Wear whatever I tell you to.* As he threw the burger wrapper into the small trash bin on the table, he looked at himself in the mirror and got a little excited seeing the raccoon that stared back at him. He was wearing the same outfit he had worn a year—and eighty pounds—ago when they first went out. The button up shirt, that used to be loose now, dug into the belly he had grown with diamonds of fur peeking out from between the straining buttons. If the shirt was not enough to grab a few looks, the pants certainly did. He can hear that cheeky wolverine's voice now. "There's no way these pants are going to zip up, but your old belt should keep them up fine! You know, if we can get the buckle to that last notch, tubs." It took a lot of effort, but only because Zane had insisted that they get to the second notch, which was nothing but taxing to the strap of leather. "You sound ready to pop with all that creaking you're doing, blimpy," Zane would not-so-subtly remind Zac. It lasted for a surprisingly long time before finally breaking at dinner. Luckily by then, his bloated belly pushed out enough to keep his pants from slipping down and having to remove it was now a less daunting task. After pulling the frayed strap of leather through his belt loops, he started to unbutton his shirt before a pair of paws reached from behind to stop him. "That's not how blimps take off a shirt. Stop sucking it in."

When we get back to the hotel, I want you to be obedient. We have our safe word for if I go a little too hard with anything, but I'm sure you'll love what I have planned for you.

He took his paws from the top button, a little surprised that Zane had noticed that he was keeping his belly sucked in to keep his shirt from popping open while they were out, but there was no need to worry about that now. With a sigh of relief, Zac relaxed the abs that were buried underneath and let his belly billow out, slowly pushing against the straining fabric until the buttons over his front popped and clattered against the mirror, his belly jiggling from the release. "Good piggy. Now let's get you ready."

In moments, Zac's arms were cuffed to the bed frame with a funnel gag strapped to his face. The funnel obscured most of his view, but he could feel the bed sink as Zane crawled his way up between his legs. Zane stayed silent save for the sound of stirring. It was one of the things Zane knew would get Zac going as he made sure to get plenty of black paint on the brush and drag the cold paint across his lover's bloated belly. "We've got to make sure that everyone knows what you are, don't we?" The brush roamed over Zac's gut, the final picture a mystery to him. "Let's get a pic for all your friends."

While most of his friends were aware of the "activities" he liked to take part in, Zac's breath still grew husky through the funnel as he heard the click from Zane's phone app and a quick laugh. "Could you imagine a pic like this getting out? Just look at how much of a fatty you are!" Zane held his phone up to the side of the funnel to let Zac see it, the image getting a moan out of the restrained raccoon. Filling the frame, at a wonderful angle, laid a potbellied raccoon. His face was obscured by the funnel, meaning that Zane probably had a plan to post it online. His favorite detail was across his belly; painted in thick black paint were the words "BLIMP PIGGY" with a pig face painted over his bellybutton.

As he mentally masturbated to the image, he suddenly found himself put to work chugging a chocolatey mixture pouring into the funnel. The taste had grown familiar, almost forming a Pavlovian response from how often he has had it. Keeping a steady rhythm of gulping down the calorie-loaded shake, Zac's mind began to wonder, thinking about how...fat he was this weekend. While they spent Friday doing "normal" anniversary stuff, Saturday was the start of a weekend of gluttony, or "parade" as Zane took to calling it, "Since I'll be showing off my favorite blimp to everyone!" From that morning to now, Zac had felt nothing but full at the very least. After having been stuck on a plateau with his weight, he felt sure that he must have at least gained a few pounds that will stick.

It was not until Zane had begun removing the funnel that Zac realized that he had been gulping nothing but air for some time now, the contents having completely drained into his tight stomach. "Get ready, piggy. I've been waiting all weekend for this..." With a teasing thump to his belly, Zane got up from the bed, and Zac could hear him kick a couple of takeout boxes aside as he disappeared. Finally having a break from the nourishing onslaught, Zac could only squirm in his restraints, trying to find a comfortable position to accommodate his bloated belly. Looking at him, there was not much difference, but laying in that hotel bed, he felt absolutely massive. With the funnel out of the way, he could finally look down and take in the sight. While he was not by any means huge, the extra inch of bloat that was clear felt more like an exercise ball attached to his front. It could practically be used as a table—which was Zane's thoughts exactly as the wolverine plopped a box of donuts on top of his fat boy. "I'm sure you can handle this, tubs. It's only a dozen." The box felt warm, and the contents smelled deliciously fresh. As much as he was anxious to scarf them down, Zac had to admit that he was feeling too—his train of thought was interrupted by a gurgle from his belly as a sudden pang of hunger shot through his stomach.

"Ah! The extra ingredient in your shake must've kicked in! Gotta say, Midnight sure does great work. No wonder you like them so much!" Zac's ears perked up. "I know stuff like this isn't their primary business, but they seemed happy to help! They pointed me in the right directions to get the appetite stimulants and gave me a recommendation for a baker where I got these donuts." Zane opened the box to let the rotund raccoon look inside as he picked one up. They seemed like normal glazed donuts, although they were more heart-shaped with two holes in the middle. Knowing that they came as a recommendation from someone at Midnight, there had to be some catch. However, that hardly mattered to Zac. His hunger far outweighed whatever negatives could come from eating the donuts, and he couldn't help himself with how delicious they were! With such a fluffy and warm center, warm enough that the glaze had barely hardened, it was hard for Zac to notice that he had already eaten half of them already. "Slow down there, porker! I haven't even gotten to explaining what's so special about them." Zane held up another donut for the raccoon to greedily gobble up. He gave a chuckle, picking up two more, "I was told these donuts were actually from a series of prank treats. Here you go, baby." Feeling Zac's tongue lapping some glaze from his already empty fingers, Zane grabbed a couple more donuts and held them up for the hungry raccoon to continue eating. Meanwhile, he picked up a pamphlet that had a similar design as the box. "Every office has that one person that thinks the donuts are all for them. Help them learn a BIG lesson in sharing with Gorgenblöat's Rüssels! Watch as they make a *real pig* of themselves after eating every donut in this box! Will they think twice, and ask if anyone else would like one? Doubtful."

Zane tossed aside the pamphlet and grabbed the last donut from the box while straddling his plump lover's lap. He held the heart-shaped—or rather, snout-shaped—donut tauntingly close to Zac's

maw, giggling as a strand of drool dripped from his lips. Zane waved the donut slowly back and forth, “Sounds like if you eat this last donut, you’ll turn into a big...fat...pig. Well...more of one. Isn’t that right?” A tender caress on his gut coaxed a pleased sigh from the raccoon. “So, what do you think? Wanna give this donut to someone else or keep it for yourself like a greedy little pig?” Whether he heard, let alone understood, what Zane had read to him, all he knew was that he wanted that donut, consequences be damned. His belly loudly begged for it and Zac could only agree. Zac leaned forward and began to eat the donut, prompting a devious smile from Zane as he undid the restraints holding his arms up. Zac’s moans of pleasure began to grow rougher as he ate the donut. Eyes fluttered shut as grunts turned into snorts. He could feel his hunger finally being sated as he eagerly gulped down that last bite. “Good piggy.”

Zac opened his eyes and was immediately greeted by a shorter, upturned snout in place of his muzzle. An oink of confusion left him with a blush under his fur that left his face burning with slight embarrassment. As everything that Zane had said to Zac while he was in his hungered stupor began to come to him, he felt his tail begin to shift underneath him. He looked down to see his tail start to curl up into a spring shape and disappear out of view behind his belly as it started to gurgle ominously. Growing worried as he began to feel his gut warm up, he brought his paws up to settle his burbling gut only for it to grow louder and stronger—and also larger. Zac’s eyes grew wide as he watched his belly wobble and inflate like a balloon, feeling it swell into his paws as it pushed them apart. The warmth radiated from his belly, spreading to his sides as his sides spread out and formed burgeoning love handles that spilled over his tightening underwear. The warmth was finally all-consuming, his arms thickening up with supple fat and fingers plumping up like sausages before his very eyes. Even out of view, he could feel his thighs widen and press against each other as they fought for space underneath his gargantuan gut which received the brunt of the donuts’ effects. The shock of it all almost made him numb to the increasingly tight feeling he was experiencing around hips and thighs, but, as soon as he had taken notice of it, it had sooner gone away with a loud rip from his underwear.

It was almost as if that was the end goal, as the cacophonous gurgling coming from his stomach started to dissipate, letting his body settle into its much greater size. Zac was now the size of a lot of the heavier gainers he admired online, and all he could do was sit there in amazed disbelief as he began to timidly knead the ball of dough that he now found attached to him. He felt the sunken in bed dip just a bit more to his side as his lover decided to join him after enjoying the show that he gave. A firm grip on a massive love handle elicited a chuckling moan from the raccoon, finding this new body to be much more sensitive after having blown up so much in such a brief time. Now emboldened, the raccoon began playing with his fat more in earnest as Zane’s own hands joined in. “I knew you’d love it, fat boy. A piggy like you deserves this and more, and I’m going to make sure there is much, much, more. So...what do you think?”

Zac looked up to Zane, a primal greed filling his visage.

“More...”

Epilogue

“So, on a side note—just in case you were starting to worry—this isn’t permanent.”

Zac had just walked out of the shower, feeling fresh after getting a little dirty with Zane. He seemed very calm, content with mindlessly playing with his belly as he let out a relaxed sigh. “That’s probably for the best. After something like this, it’d be a nightmare trying to adjust: reinforced furniture, new diet to keep this thing fed,” Zac gave his belly a hearty slap as he looked himself in the mirror, “and on top of all that, have you seen how much they price clothes in the Big and Tall section? I would love it if I stayed like this—although the nose is a bit much—but it’ll be better if I grew into it rather than...well I guess I did grow into it did I?”

A sigh of disappointment came from behind him as a pair of paws wrapped around his sides as much as they could. “Hardy-har-har. Did you think of that in the shower? Keep it up and I might just need to shut you up with some more donuts.”

“What, am I getting to be a bit too much? I certainly look it don’t I?”

“You just think you’re so funny, don’t you?”

“I guess I am getting a bit full of myself, huh?”

“Stop.”

“Sorry. Guess I’m getting’ too big for my britches!”

“...”

“Come on, are these puns weighing you do-MRRPH!”