

Downtime

Commission for faysethecat@tumblr.

Contains: chub kink, stuffing, and button-popping.

Being an axe-wielding murderer is tough work, and no one seemed to understand it. He, Alessi, one of the greatest assassins in the world, put his life on the line daily to get the things no one wanted to do done – and what thanks did he get? He was alone at home again on a Saturday night, just like...well, as far back as he could remember, really. He could *sort* of figure that maybe his hair and amazing talents would scare people off, but even then he was sure some dashing young soul would have come to his side by now, dripping with adoration and praise for his awe-inspiring assassination skills.

Alessi shifts his weight a bit, pouting as he looks himself over in the mirror. His once-lithe frame has filled out nicely with fat, especially his stomach and thighs – to the average viewer, he would appear out of shape, but the truth was anything but. Underneath that flab was hardened muscle, allowing Alessi to move quickly and powerfully when he needed to. Plus, not only was it a good cover, but it also looked damn cute on him, if he did say so himself. That's not to say he didn't think *everything* on him looked cute – he pauses for a moment to fix his hair and give it a rejuvenating fluff – but the pudge looked especially cute, what with the way it rounded him out and stuck out in front of him. It made him feel powerful.

Interrupting Alessi's train of thought was the ding of the oven. If he wasn't going to go out anywhere tonight, he was at the very least going to celebrate at home, and what's a better way to celebrate at home besides brownies? A whole tin of brownies, to be exact, and he found himself almost drooling as he made his way over to the oven to get his prize out. He had been paying a lot of attention lately to the way that his stomach swung and shook whenever he took a step, and it was looking especially good tonight.

That same stomach eventually found itself pressed against the counter as Alessi, after having let them cool, of course, cut the brownies and removed them from the pan, gingerly placing them onto a plate as not to drop any crumbs on his meticulously-cleaned countertops. 16 fresh brownies, all still warm and gooey, and they were in his hands as he walked himself to the grand table in his dining room. As he sat himself down in his throne-seat at the end of the table and placed the brownies on the table, he could feel the chair creak beneath his weight. He hadn't gained...*that* much weight, had he? It was no matter, even if he had – he had enough money to buy thousands of new chairs if he needed to.

Only after he finished his internal monologue did Alessi allow himself the first bite of the brownies, a bite which not only exceeded his expectations, but blew them through the roof. The texture of the brownie was the perfect mix between solid and moist, and not *too* flaky, just enough to give the one eating a little bit to worry about when they lifted the brownie to their

mouth. Alessi sunk his teeth in and let out a surprised gasp before leaning back in his chair and slumping a bit, moaning happily as he chewed on the mass of chocolate in his mouth. He quickly supplemented what was in there already with the bit of brownie left in his hand before immediately reaching for another. It looks like he'd have another amazing talent to add to his list of amazing talents now, making "chef" the third behind "assassin" and "hair stylist."

Alessi found himself ravenously devouring the brownies, taking large bites in order to more properly savor the fudgy, chocolate flavor inside of the treats. He had always had a sweet tooth, but these were like a drug, he just couldn't stop. One brownie more became three brownies more, and three brownies more became eight brownies more. Soon enough he was halfway through the contents of the plate, pausing only to lick any chocolate off his fingers or make sure nothing had fallen onto his expensive and incredibly-brightly-colored shirt.

Speaking of his shirt, Alessi didn't seem to notice, but the buttons on it had begun to strain, just a tad at first, but more extremely with every single bite he took. After one particularly large brownie, the buttons that once held the ends of his shirt straight were struggling to keep it together, with his undershirt visible in the large, diamond-shaped holes that the strained buttons formed. One snapped, finally, and it managed to catch Alessi's attention – he was mid-bite of his ninth brownie when it happened, and only took a break from chewing gluttonously to investigate the damage.

It had occurred to him then that, hey, maybe he should take a break from the brownies? He had already eaten more than half of what had been in the tin, after all. But, then again...the ones he had just eaten were the smaller ones, and the ones in front of him smelled so good. One or two more wouldn't hurt. He grabbed one and shoved it into his mouth, struggling for a minute to fit the entire thing inside before finally succeeding and starting to chew (his mouth, of course, stretched very widely open), letting out a muffled moan of pleasure.

Alessi was so lost in said pleasure, actually, that he didn't notice the next button from his shirt popping. It flew off with a whiz, letting his stomach flop out further and sliding his strained shirt further up his belly. What he did notice, however, was the increasing pressure that his suspenders were putting on his belly. It caused him to shift uncomfortably a bit, trying to get himself into a position where they weren't digging into him too much, but it was to no avail. Eventually he gave up and went back to eating the brownies on the plate in front of him.

Brownie after brownie made its way into his mouth, and another button snapped off his shirt. Then another. By the time the sixteenth brownie was in his hand, he had lost three more buttons, not that he could be bothered to notice. Only after he slipped that last brownie into his mouth, making sure to lick any chocolate stains from his fingers afterwards, that he noticed how badly he had managed to demolish his shirt. Noticing he had slumped back, he attempted to push himself up, only to find that his suspenders were tight to the point of breaking. Any further up, and they'd snap too. With a groan, Alessi returns to his slumped position and runs his hands over his swollen gut, pressing into the fat and rubbing, trying to soothe a bit of the

pain that his gluttony had created. He'd need new shirts if he was going to be eating like this regularly – and he probably would, judging by the fact that he still had 10+ boxes of brownie mix stored in a few of the cupboards in his kitchen. His grimace slowly turned into a smile as he let images of the brownies fill his mind – maybe he should reward himself like this more often? Sunday nights were particularly lonely as well, and now that he came to think about it, so were Mondays, and Tuesdays, and...