

When Cirrus tried on her partner's 6XL shirt and filled it with pillows to get a feel on how a bigger frame would look on her, she should have locked the door. She struggled to explain herself when her girlfriend saw her like this, and struggled even more to understand when Ashlyn seemed to welcome that idea. A little heart-on-heart conversation had revealed some deeper desires, and Ashlyn was all too happy to indulge Cirrus. The dragon had been staring at her partner's soft curves many times and her hands had lingered overly often on Ashlyn's belly during cuddle sessions. It did not come as a surprise that she wanted one of her own.

Gaining was not easy work however, as Cirrus easily gave up at the slightest hint of fullness. Owing to her own gluttonous nature, Ashlyn knew that getting fatter was hard work and a long journey. Her girlfriend simply needed a bit of encouragement. Over the course of many months the fatter one of the two made sure that the thinner one remained absolutely stuffed to her limits at all times. Any consequences from such greedy actions were quickly remedied by some gentle aftercare and affection applied by the Vixen. She had been there before after all and she could easily use her expertise to make the road a little bit less bumpy for the dragon. Every intense feeding session was usually accompanied by gentle belly rubs and loads of praise. Some positive reinforcement went a long way in changing habits.

Results quickly showed themselves when Cirrus put the pounds on in record time, constantly outgrowing her old clothes. Each week she seemingly needed to update her wardrobe, much to her embarrassment. Luckily she could slip into some of Ashlyn's old clothes, though those did not last long either. It invited a myriad of teases from the vixen when the various pieces of fabric continuously gave up under the dragon's expanding waistline. Even weeks after it had happened, Ashlyn would not let Cirrus live down how she had managed to pop multiple buttons off of her shirt and pants in one sitting, leaving her with a fully exposed belly afterwards. She certainly did not mind it, as her girlfriend kept talking about how cute she looked in the remains of a tattered shirt.

These events added up and provided ample opportunity for the vixen to lovingly call out how tubby her girlfriend was getting. At times Cirrus seriously considered just giving up on clothes if she did not have to go outside. This idea was quickly abandoned when her freely accessible midsection was often poked and prodded by Ashlyn, who commented on the new gains - even more so than when her shirt rode up her round midsection whenever she stretched. So the dragon decided to continue wearing clothes. Something about it was strangely affirming. She did not know what it was exactly, though she suspected that it was a combination of multiple things. It made her incredibly happy to hit these milestones, giving her an intense feeling of euphoria. With each day she was getting closer to her goal, and that positive mood spread to her girlfriend.

...she also just *really* enjoyed outgrowing clothes.

Cirrus' appetite and capacity began to grow along with her waistline at a fast rate. Soon enough she did not need the "encouragement" anymore, having become quite ravenous from the constant stuffing sessions. By now she was often stuffing herself without a reminder or some gentle pushes. This did not stop Ashlyn from coming up with new ways to push her girlfriend to ever bigger meals. A few appreciative squeezes and touches were enough to motivate her. On top of that it just felt nice to cherish the new love handles and increasingly squishier belly.

Initially the time spent together feeding Cirrus had been more tame, but they swiftly became more intense. Entire cakes often landed in the dragon's overtaxed stomachs thanks to the relentless teasing from the Vixen. Ashlyn often sat behind her significant other, encouraging her with teases and belly rubs. Statements like "You will be so much fatter." , "Good girl." , "Soon even my clothes will be too small for you." and many others were only the start, but effective nonetheless. Ashlyn simply knew just what to do and what to say to lure the biggest acts of gluttony out of her significant other.

Perhaps these teases had simply been a promise, though. Ashlyn had packed on around 300 pounds herself, a logical outcome if she kept getting so many delicious but fattening meals for her girlfriend. In the same timeframe Cirrus had managed to pack on enough poundage to surpass her partner, and become the fatter of the two, albeit only by a minor lead of around 50 pounds. She had become truly massive, a barely mobile doughball that needed assistance to get around. Most of her time was now spent on a couch or in bed, satisfying her boundless hunger and cuddling with her almost equally massive girlfriend. Both of them were so incredibly doughy and massive that it vastly improved the quality of their hugs. They both gave some incredibly soft and comfortable hugs now!

Both of them were absolutely delighted in the cascading belly rolls they had accumulated. They smiled whenever their hands explored their faces, softened up by a subtle but noticeable layer of fat. Their touches were gentle as the two of them felt up their love as if they were the very image of a divine goddess. Some evenings they spent more time on gently rubbing and kneading their softened frames than they did on consuming calories - Ashlyn made sure that they both would still catch up on their daily goals though, which Cirrus certainly did not mind. She should be careful however, unless she wished to lose that bare minimum of mobility she had left. Judging by how flustered she was at all times that would not be too bad of an outcome. Maybe. She would have to think about it after another cake or two.