

Grounded

By Lupine

Ping! Went the message alert on Spruce's phone, just as he was unlocking his front door.

"Huh?" Caught out, as he fumbled for his back pocket his stomach accidentally bumped the door out of his hands and sent it swinging inwards. The pigeon stood illuminated in the late afternoon light, framed by the doorway, struggling to reach his phone. In fact, he almost *filled* the doorway. Finally extracting the rectangle from the pocket where it was squeezed tightly against the generous curve of his backside, Spruce groped blindly to recapture the door handle as he checked his messages.

Ready for your Staycation M8? Still doing nothing ALL week?

"Heh, aw, mate..." The pigeon's plump cheeks dimpled around his beak in a smile as he clocked the sender. Buck was a great mate, even though as a downright *hunky* sports-stag who played on the local rugby team he would normally be expected to *shame* someone as 'easygoing' with his figure as Spruce had gotten. But the dumbbell-hefting deer had stuck with him through thick and thin- well, thicker and *thicker*, if Spruce was honest with himself - and for the last six months had even actively been supporting his 'wingman' as he tried to get back into shape. Ehe... n-not that that had been *totally* successful.

Fumbling with the done-up collar on his button-down shirt, Spruce distractedly stumbled a few paces further down the hallway, past the row of framed photos on the wall showing 'iconic' photos of times he and his mates had spent together. There was him and Buck at that festival (Buck shirtless!), there was him and the guys at the all-you-can eat Chinese after that BIG night out clubbing, there they all were dressed up in the pub, having a snack before heading out to support their local team... Awesome mates, awesome times!

What an outsider could also notice as they passed from photo to photo was how the plump pigeon snapped in them (almost invariably with his beak full) got progressively plumper, and plumper, and *plumper*...

As said pigeon walked down the hall his head bobbed forward and back in keeping with his avian ancestry, whilst the rest of his body swung back and forth to a slower, heavier beat thanks to its size. Spruce's eyes inadvertently caught his reflection in the wall mirror at the far end of the hall, where the photos ended. He felt his neck-feathers fluff up, making that collar tighter. Heh, he grinned sheepishly to himself, there *had* been a few too many cheeky takeaways and stuff lately, even though he was

under Buck's training regime. Still struggling with his collar, he tried not to focus on how *spherical* his reflection was looking these days, or how tight the buttons running down his stomach were, set off against the drum-taut fabric of his soft cotton shirt. Heh... it was a good job he had the height to carry off this bit of extra weight, just like Buck said. And it was great he didn't openly scold Spruce about his upward weight-creep in front of their mates, or his rugby team. All that guff about 'the 'Big' look really suits you, mate', and 'Nothing wrong with being a hefty lad, I wish I could bulk like you!'

... It wasn't like the buttons were pulling *apart*, or anything. Like Buck said, he was *fine*.

He hadn't got on the scale for a while- not that he'd been avoiding it, no...

The collar button finally slipped out of its noose and the two edges sprang apart. The pigeon let out an unconscious wheeze of relief, and stopped in his tracks to reply to Buck's message. As he stopped ambling forward his shirt-filling stomach- sticking out almost a yard in front of him- carried on and then rebounded, sloshing and jiggling against his thighs. It looked like he had a yoga-ball stuffed inside his clothes. It says something that his belly managed to dwarf the barrel-chest of his pigeon physique- though his chest was definitely making a comeback, with added bulges under his tent-like shirt hinting at a bulky pair of moobs where his 'flight muscle' should be. The waistband of his office pants could be only seen hugging his stomach's lowermost expanse from the side, his middle muffin-topping over them to hide any view directly from the front. But then his pants had other things to occupy them- quite literally. Looking at his amply-padded passerine posterior you'd think someone had stuffed a pair of spacehoppers down there, making his species' traditionally large and full tail look squashed and stumpy in comparison. The rest of him hadn't escaped either- his arms and legs were 'solidly built' too, and then there was his thick neck- which *should* have been mostly feathers, but, ahem, in his case wasn't. He'd even noticed his hands feeling a little chunkier lately- especially when he was struggling with predictive text!

Yeah m8, just got back! Woohoo! Gonna LAZE!

Still with a grin on his beak, the easily-500lbs-plus pigeon was about to dump his work duds and properly re-LAX, when his phone let out another 'ping'.

Hope U've got a big appetite. } ;@)

"Huh?" Spruce blinked, feeling his neck starting to fluff up again. Okay, for all he was so great, maybe sometimes Buck made a comment that felt a little... personal. Or there was just the *occasional* public tease about his size in the pub, or the locker-room. Heh, it was always *friendly*, but...

Just then though, Spruce's train of thought was derailed as he spotted something on the floor further up the hall. Huh? It looked like a... a strip of paper?

Still holding his phone, he huffed a couple more steps down the corridor to retrieve it. Bending over to pick up left him huffing even more, his lovehandles muffining out to either side. The edges of his shirt *did* definitely separate this time, gaping into wide ovals between the buttons. Behind him, his office-pants strained to contain him all, and moment's resistance followed by a soft 'pop' and a quiver implied that he'd popped another stitch- aw mate, he'd only HAD these pants a couple of months! Beak gritted, he groped blindly with his fingers for whatever it was beyond the horizon of his stomach and finally felt them close on the bit of paper- and on something that it seemed to be wrapped around. Struggling back upright, he blinked to discover the 'something' was a prawn cracker. The podgy pigeon felt his cheeks beginning to go red. Aw, mate... he knew he, uh... wasn't the *tidiest* person, but seriously, leaving old takeaway dropped on the floor? That was baaaad...

Almost unaware that he was doing it, his hand brought the cracker up to his beak, and he crunched into it, spilling crumbs onto his chest. Mmm, still pretty good, though. Munching, he finally thought to look at the bit of paper in his other hand, and his orange-irised eyes widened again. He recognised it as a till receipt- but it was about a foot long.

"Huh?!" Aww, mate! H-he hadn't got drunk and gone on a spending binge on his credit card, had he? He always had a bit of an 'issue' with impulse control, so it was nearly always maxxed out. He certainly didn't remember *anything* about running up a bill as big as *this* though!

Perplexed, he leaned his head forward on his bulbous neck to take a closer squint at the receipt, but then spotted something else scattered on the floor at the far end, outside the door to his apartment's lounge/diner. Now more bewildered than anything, he shuffled further forwards and this time recognised a spring roll. Okay, this was getting kinda weird, because he hadn't *had* Chinese since last Monday: he'd definitely had a burger last night: cheese, bacon, extra gherkins, all the trimmings. Hadn't he? He could still remember how it had tasted so good, he'd ordered a second one. So what was this doing here...?

...Well, he couldn't just *leave* it, could he..?

Again, the 'featherweight'ed fat-ass picked up the scattered snack, and again, almost without thinking, he brought it up to his beak. Hey, even weirder- it was still a bit warm...

Picking something up in such a ‘confined’ space had forced Spruce to turn side-on in the corridor, so as he straightened up- his shirttails still somehow managing to remain tucked in over his globe of a gut- he was facing into his lounge. Getting upright, he froze, his beak dropping and his eyes bulging. The dining table was covered in take-out bags. No, not just covered- overflowing. HEAPED. FULL take-out bags- so full they were stuffed to bursting, some even looked split. The smell from them was wafting through the doorway- more Chinese chow! More in one place than he’d probably ever seen in his LIFE.

What... what the...?

The bewildered bird took a stumbling step into the room- the smell growing almost beak-wateringly strong. This, this had to be a dream, or something, right? Who’d break into his apartment to LEAVE him stuff? He took another step, and spotted a piece of bright yellow paper sellotaped half-way up the heap of cheap plastic bags. Someone had written on it in thick felt tip.

HAPPY STAYCATION BIG FELLA- START WITHOUT ME.

BUCK

“Ha... haha!” A slightly disbelieving laugh escaped from Spruce’s rather small-looking beak as it hung open while he stared at this *stupid* amount of steaming, savoury-smelling food. He grabbed his phone and, snapping a photo, attached it to a message:

MATE! R u CUCKOO?!

He watched the ‘dot dot dots’ cycling as Buck typed a reply, but his eyes repeatedly drifted back towards the heap of high-msg junkfood, so he jolted in surprise when the message pinged.

What? You gotta celebrate, M8!

Haha, I can’t eat all THIS m8! My diet!

You’re on vacation M8. Let yourself go a little.

Enjoy yourself. My treat. };@)

Spruce felt his neck-feathers fluffing out again as he slowly lowered the phone to stare at the huge pile of food that was... all his, apparently. Which was CRAZY. He huffed, trying to look dignified despite the way his beak was watering.

Mate... h-how much of a greedy FAT-ASS does Buck think I AM? No WAY am I eating ALL of this!
Breathing in the aroma, he groaned slightly. *I can feel myself inhaling carbs just from the SMELL.*
I'm gonna have to bin-
Just then, Spruce's belly grrrrowled inside his shirt
- But I guess a... a TASTE couldn't hurt...

He began to explore the bags closest to him. Mate! All his absolute FAVOURITES! Buck knew him sooo well. Prawn-balls. Spring rolls. Deep-fried crispy beef! Singapore noodles! Peking *duck*! Sweet-and-sour pork! Bags and bags and BAGS of prawn crackers...

He had a couple of cautious helpings... then a couple more. And a few more after that. And some *more* after that. And more... and more... and *more*! Spruce totally lost track as he snacked and snacked. and snacked and *snacked*.

W-well... I CAN'T let it go to WASTE, can I...? That'd just be criminal! He tried to justify it to himself. *Mphhh... I c-can always keep most of it for tomorrow- it almost tastes BETTER cold.* But then again, it tasted so good right NOW. And there was just so *much* of it! More, always MORE! It was like it COULDN'T run out. Like it was the same bag, over and over and over again. Maaaate, Buck was right, heh, it felt GOOD to let himself go now and then. *HURP!* This was all. So... GOOOOD...

It only dawned on Spruce how much he'd actually eaten when, still clutching a last plateful and one of the beers good old Buck had left him, he staggered groggily to his comfy old couch to enjoy some trashy TV and REALLY start his weekend off. With a loud OOF he dropped his butt onto the cushions (his cheeks filling the visible double-dip they'd made previously), groped lazily for the remote... and realised he couldn't see the TV past his stomach.

"M-mate... what the *HURRRRRRP!?*" The hoisin-scented burp was squeezed from him as he tried to sit further up, only for the straining ache in his middle to force him to flop back again. The winged wideload wheezed and doggedly tried to crane his neck past the obstruction of his paunch, head bobbing sluggishly from side to side in an effort to see the TV, but that big boulder of a belly sat firmly in the way every angle. A-and it felt like it was getting BIGGER as the last of his snack descended. He let out another *BURRRP*, hands going to the sides of his stomach, but his discomfort only grew as the moments ticked past. M-maaate, *ughh....* i-it felt like he was blowing-up with every BREATH!

With a moan Spruce sank further back into the couch, which creaked alarmingly at the added weight. Panting, chin(s) on his chest, he looked down at himself properly for the first time in hours. Oh, maaate. He'd forgotten to take his work shirt off! It was gonna be murder getting those sauce stains

out! He half-heartedly plucked at the fabric encasing his chest- having undone the button below his collar sometime during his eating spree- and flapped it to disperse the crumbs. He tugged, but the stretched synthetic-weave felt as tight and firm as a balloon. S-speaking of... his eyes finally focused beyond his chest.

“Oh... *m-mate...*” The hill-like horizon of his belly showed just how MUCH he’d eaten. The shirt-buttons down his belly were visibly digging in, strain-creases radiating to either side. Between each of them, the two edges of the shirt gaped tautly, feathery flesh bulging up between them in little mounds. He abruptly became aware of how much it was *squeezing* each time he took a breath. That and a breeze around his sides- it felt like his shirt had actually come untucked to expose his lovehandles, he’d swollen so much. He shuffled on his butt in embarrassment, then winced as the waistband of his pants dug into him painfully. Maaate, h-he didn’t remember undoing his belt... though there had been that pop... h-had he BUST it?

The blown-up bird let out another moan that morphed into a belch. He was so STUFFED it hurt! So full... hard to even *think...*

Wheezing and feeling like he was pinned to the sofa by the weight of his own stomach, the increasingly foggy-headed featherweight groped for his phone. He discovered a missed message alert from some time ago. With a guilty jolt he realised it had gotten dark outside- he must have been eating for HOURS! And too busy with it to even notice. The curtains were still drawn back, letting the neighbours see him in all his ‘glory’. With a huff Spruce tried to stand up to fix that, but his back had hardly left the couch’s cushioning before he stopped short with a wheeze, and slowly sank back. He was too full to even THINK about moving! Trying not to blush at that, he focussed on his phone instead:

Enjoying your big blow-out, M8?

Groaning and hiccupping, the prawn-ball packed pigeon groggily fumbled for the camera app, and on impulse clicked a shot of the view of the decimated table of take-out in front of him, his belly prominent in the foreground. Then he painstakingly typed:

Mate, look what U’ve DONE to me! I can hardly move! <Attached>

Spruce chuckled tipsily as he imagined Buck’s horrified reaction. Oh well, he’d probably just cemented his reputation as the gang fat-ass forever! He woozily lifted his beer and toasted this, taking a big swig. At that moment his phone pinged, and he glanced down, expecting soooo many emoji.

Take another one.

“Huh?” Spruce spluttered, staining his shirt with foam suds as well. His fingers fumbled:

M8, What?

Take another one. From the side/front.

Spruce blinked stupidly at the message, completely bewildered. Like... *what?* He was still trying to make it make sense when there was another ping:

C'mon! Don't be shy ya big peacock! Ur looking good.

Haha, RU drunk mate?

It was the only thing Spruce could think of in his stuffed state. It wasn't like he'd ever seen Buck stoned, or anything, but rugby players could sure knock back the booze. The takeout-stuffed Spruce giggled tipsily at the thought- he'd really tease Buck about this *bad* when he sobered up! Another ping dragged his gaze back to his phone:

Show me urs and I'll show u mine. <Attached>

Spruce blinked, and found himself staring at a close-up of Buck's tank-topped torso. The background looked like the gym's locker room- not the bar he'd been expecting. In the foreground, one of Buck's hands was gripping the hem of the top and had lifted it a couple of inches. Beneath, Spruce could see a sliver of waistband and a finger-width glimpse of sturdy cervine 6-pack.

Spruce's eyes slowly grew round, and his cheeks slowly went red. Still puffing, still totally over-stuffed, he sat there uncertainly. Eventually, with effort, he stretched his arm out as far as he could to the side (stretching it in front over his stomach proved to be physically impossible) and uncertainly snapped a selfie. He took a look at it, and his blush redoubled. His stomach *filled* the view, a hand-width of it bulging out from under his shirt. He looked like a helium balloon that had been left on the pump too long at a fair! Grumbling groggily to himself, his eyes avoiding the screen, he tapped his phone:

<Attached>

...

Maaaate, you're getting BIG.

Just as the flustered pigeon's throat-feathers fluffed out to their fullest extent, there was another message 'ping', and he found himself staring at another close-up, this time with Buck's tank-top lifted to his chest, hunky torso bared for his phone's camera.

Always thought your neck-feathers were more pink than green. };@)

Spruce breathed in sharply- and then felt/heard a loud *rrrip-pop*! He wheezed as the pressure around his middle blessedly loosened, then blushed as he felt the two sides of his shirt sliding along his torso, the tension equalising around his spherical stomach now he'd blown a button. But he was too busy trying to type with his thick, suddenly clumsy fingers. He'd only managed 'Mate I'm not' when his phone pinged again:

Don't worry big fella, it's cool. Our secret.

Mate! I'm NOT! Seriously!

Sure thing mate.

Don't forget dessert. };@)

Spruce laughed out loud in surprise, then wished he hadn't. Ooogh, he ACHED!

Mate! I'm STUFFED. Won't eat for a WEEK.

He was still dithering over repeating that that he definitely *wasn't* 'into' Buck when his phone pinged again:

Have dessert M8. I KNOW you've still got room in there.

"H-hey...!" Spruce's blush redoubled. This dig at his appetite felt... weirdly flirty?

I haven't GOT dessert!

THAT ought to shut the cocky sports-stag up!

Ping.

Go check ur fridge.

"H-huh?" The pigeon blinked stupidly at the words for a few minutes. Eventually- grumblingly, with a couple of rocking false-starts- he managed to HEAVE himself back onto his feet. Mate, he felt so BLOATED. Groaning and hiccupping, Spruce stumbled sluggishly towards the kitchen- *only* because

he wanted a glass of something other than that smart-assed Buck's beer to help settle his stomach. M-maybe some orange juice or something, something *slimming*...

Spruce came to an abrupt halt by the refrigerator- his stomach was so stretched it bumped flat into the door. Blushing and grumbling, the plumped-up pigeon grabbed the handle and swung it open- then stood there gaping. Right where he *hadn't* left it, crowding out the middle shelf, stood a mixing-bowl full to overflowing with trifle. Sellotaped to it was a note:

THE DIET'S FOR ANOTHER DAY, BIG GUY!

There was a spoon stuck into it.

Spruce found himself laughing despite himself. He snapped a photo of the refrigerator's contents:

MATE, what? <Attached>

C'mon, enjoy it! Home-made!

Treat urself, Tubby.

. . .

Show me an empty bowl and I'll treat U. } ; @)

"What... what...?" The half-drunk dodo of a dough-bird stared at his phone. W-what was going ON? He looked from his phone to the bowl, then his phone, then back to the bowl again, then his phone.

'Tubby'? Huh! N-no WAY was he giving Buck the satisfaction! Especially not since he'd just eaten a whole Forbidden Kingdom's worth of Chinese take-out in one go tonight! He felt practically ready to *burst*!

He realised his eyes had strayed back to the bowl.

Then again... the problem with Chinese chow was that, no matter HOW much you'd eaten, a little while later you always felt peckish again. It was the MSG, or something. Everyone knew that, right...?

... It WAS home-made, after all. And Buck normally NEVER cooked. Now Spruce thought about it, it was actually really nice of him, even if he was acting kinda... WEIRD tonight...

And... it DID look tempting...

Still grumbling to himself, Spruce pulled the bowl towards him. Pulling out the spoon brought a glob of trifle with it, glistening in the kitchen lights. Well, it wasn't like he could put that back into place, he might as well taste it, right? Then he could thank Buck nicely and save the rest for later without hurting his feelings.

It was a *big* glob- Spruce had to strain his beak to fit it all in, his chubby cheeks bulging.

Oh, MATE. It had custard, and those sponge fingers, and cherry jelly, and proper fruit in it, and cream, and chocolate sprinkles! It was so gooey, and rich, and good good GOOD!

He realised could probably fit in a *little* more. That Chinese had gone down a fair way. He had room.

Hah, Buck knew him sooo well. He ALWAYS had room for dessert...

...And mate, he WAS on stay-cation! Nothing wrong with having a *second helping* to celebrate, right? That first bit on the spoon didn't count anyway- that was just taste testing...

Oh mate, this stuff was so GOOD...!!

...It wasn't like anyone was here to stop him having cheeky thirds, right...?

Maaate, it got BETTER the further down the bowl you got! The layers had kinda compacted together under the weight above into a gorgeous goo, like edible cement. It was soooo delicious!

Mate... he wasn't sure he actually COULD stop, even if he wanted to! He could eat this by the bucketful! He *needed* to get Buck's recipe!

...W-well... there was hardly any POINT leaving that *tiny* bit for another time, was ~hic!~ there...?

“BWOOOORP!” The belch welled out from deep inside Spruce's stomach, possibly forced out by the sheer volume of food it contained. The bird sank back against the refrigerator door, arms spread against it for balance, almost dropping the empty bowl. The spoon ‘tinked’ to the floor.

“Huff... huff... *HURRRRP!*” The packed-full pigeon panted weakly, legs stuck straight to brace himself. Ohhh... maaate. He actually felt TWICE as stuffed as when he'd finished the Chinese chow. He was- HIC!- so FULL. He... he really was gonna -hic!- burst.

To try to relieve the ache in his gorged gut, the swollen Spruce took a deep breath, held it, let it go. Then another. Breathe IN... Breathe out... Breathe IN-
POP!

The pigeon gasped, inhaling sharply, and as he did so he heard the distinctive *rrrrrip* of fabric tearing- something he'd gotten reluctantly used to the last year or so.
"Oh... maaaaate..."

Spruce tried to crane his neck forward to inspect the damage, but he couldn't see past the curving horizon of his upper-belly. It was as big as that boulder in Indiana Bones! Huffing, and trying to breathe shallowly, he reluctantly fished his phone from his back pocket and, as the feeling of *bloatedness* inside him swelled, snapped an unsteady photograph at arm's length.

"*Hurp!* M-maaaaate..."

In the three-quarter upward view he'd captured, his stomach wasn't a helium-balloon anymore. It was a wrecking-ball. What looked like a whole freaking *foot* of it was bulging out from beneath the straining hem of his shirt, which only just reached to his seemingly-elasticated gut's furthest extent- and that was only because the two bottom-most buttons had blown off of it. His stomach LOOMED on screen, almost three-dimensional, his bellybutton hanging out from under the lowermost surviving shirt-button. His lovehandles were pillowing over the buried waistband of his pants, and a crease up the lower-curve of his gut suggested where that waistband was pinching the lowermost mass of his muffintop middle.

Oogh... m-mate, he'd REALLY overdone it *this* time... And that feeling of *bloatedness* inside him just seemed to keep swelling, and swelling, and swelling. Ugh, wh-what had Buck put in that freaking trifle...? It felt like a balloon was being blown up inside of him!

Spruce wheezed groggily, slumping a little more against the refrigerator. His elbow knocked the empty and smeared mixing-bowl on the side-counter, nearly dislodging it.

Show me an empty bowl and I'll treat U...

The heavyweight podgeon hiccupped again, his head a fog stuffed with bricks. Puffing and panting, he struggled with the buttons on his phone.

Haha, bet you thought I couldn't manage it all! I win! <attached>

. . . Maaaate.

Gotta get u playing Prop Forward, big lad!

Spruce blushed badly, his neck-feathers standing on end. Then his phone *pinged* again.

<attached>

It was another close-up of Buck- clearly post-workout, his tank-top now stained with perspiration. His chin was just visible at the top of the frame, the suggestion of a smirk visible. The hem of his top was tucked under his chin, lifted so it was showing him off all the way up past his pecs. His torso was solid, stocky venison.

Which of us is more swole huh? };@)

Spruce gulped slightly, his eyes swerving nervously off the picture, but then flicking back to it. Okay, he'd *seen* Buck topless down the gym before. But this was... different.

His phone pinged again in his chubby hand.

Bet U'll sleep heavy 2nite m8. U earned it!

Almost as if reading the words caused it, the pigeon's eyelids suddenly turned to lead. It was like someone hard turned out a lightbulb in his brain. He was soooooo tired...

The over-stuffed Spruce staggered sluggishly to his bedroom, barely remembering to switch off the lights as he went. Each step made his stomach bounce, and set it aching again. He didn't even remember taking his clothes off before crashing out on his bed. He- HURRRRP!- he wasn't going to eat for a whole WEEK...

* * *

Hurrrrrf...BURP! Wh-what was Buck trying to DO to him?

Spruce stifled another *belch* as he heaved himself laboriously up off the couch, his stomach not wanting to fold, the doorbell still ringing impatiently. This was the second time today already, and day three of his Stay-cation. And it was only 11am!

That first morning, he'd woken up to find himself too big for his clothes. Like, literally. Only his *underwear* still fitted. He'd wound up trying on everything in his wardrobe, and even his 'fattest' gear just flat out refused to go around the extra girth last night's greed-out had given him.

It... it's just bloat, he reassured himself as he stood side-on, inspecting himself sleepily in the wardrobe mirror. *Yeah...* After all, h-he COULDN'T have packed on THAT much extra 'table-muscle' from one evening's eating. Right...?

Just then, there was a 'ping' from his bedside table. Stumbling groggily over, the dishevelled doughbird distractedly kicked off the last unsuccessful pair of beach-shorts he'd tried to squeeze into as they slipped and shackled his thighs together. Excavating his phone from amongst last night's detritus, he saw the message:

How's the over-hang this morning, Champ?

Spruce's eyes widened, and he felt his neck fluffing out. Th-that was a typo, right?

Mate! Not funny.

I'm so bloated I'm too big for my duds right now!

LOL

Seriously! I'm sitting here in my underoos. Nothing fits!

. . .

Look in ur gym bag, m8.

???

Go look in ur gym bag.

Spruce glanced guiltily at the scuffed sports-bag sitting untouched in the corner of the room. Okay, it was a good idea, but it had been a few weeks since he'd found the time to hit the gym with Buck, and the dumbbell-toting deer obviously hadn't clocked how much... ahem... *bigger* Spruce had gotten since then. His workout togs really weren't likely to be up to the job. Besides, he kind of had the sneaking suspicion he'd forgotten to put his gear in the wash after his last workout...

But... what else could he do, hang out in his sleep-wear all day? Not that THAT was exactly loose on him right now. And gym clothes were *designed* to be stretchy, right..?

Reluctantly, the super-plus-sized pigeon went and unzipped the neglected bag, grunting with the effort as he bent around his spherical stomach to do so. But to his surprise, instead of the foetid fabric he'd been half-dreading there was the crackle of cellophane. Bewildered, the bird pulled out of a couple of packets of new clothes. What the-?

“Mate!” Spruce let out a stunned little laugh. Wh-when had Buck done *this*? He opened the first packet and held up the contents in front of him using both hands- some cotton rugby shorts. Dazedly, he stretched the waistband. Maaate, they were MASSIVE. H-how many X's?

But... it wasn't like he had many options, right?

Hopping heavily on one lardy leg- something that made the ornaments around the room shake unsteadily in counter-synch to his bouncing bulk- Spruce managed to slip all the way into the shorts, even getting them to completely cover his tush up to his tailfeathers. In fact, he practically had to hold them up with one hand. He couldn't even *remember* the last time something had been this loose on him! Curiously, he took hold of the waistband and stretched it out in front of him. He gave another little laugh as they eventually reached their limit, his arm practically at full stretch! These were MILES too large for him!

Impulsively grabbing up his phone with his free hand he snapped a pic in profile, showing off the stretch. After he'd turned the phone landscape to do so...

M8, ur a lifesaver! But just how FAT do U think I am? <attached>

Maaaaate. }X@D

Gotta bulk u up for your spot in the scrum!

Get eating- need you FILLING those shorts, Big Boy.

“Wh-whaaaat?” Spruce's eyes bulged.

Ping.

JK! It's what they went up to in the gym store.

Got u the biggest, just in case.

“H-ha.. haha.” The wide-load bird wiped at the sweat that had appeared beneath the feathers on his domed forehead. Wh-what a kidder.

Ping.

Don't leave me hanging- lemme me see the full kit!

Spruce blinked, then realised he'd forgotten the second packet. Pulling it open he unfurled a striped rugby shirt. It was *tent-like*. Holding it up, the bird felt a blush spreading on his cheeks. D-did Buck REALLY think he was *this* big? Maaate...

Surprisingly, the shirt went easily over his neck- not something that could be said for his normal wardrobe. Tugging it down past his chest, he went and stood in front of the mirror. Mate, those wide green-and-white horizontal stripes! He looked HUGE! And the shirt was a fair bit less baggy than he'd feared. Or, rather, hoped...

B-but, at least he was *covered*, right?

Glancing down at his phone, then back in the mirror, Spruce hesitated uncertainly. W-was this some kind of slightly-weird fantasy of Buck's to see him dressed like this? Or was it just what his friend had had to hand at the time? O-oh well... *Click!*

How do I look? ^^' <attached>

Maaaaate.

Looking GOOD, ya big Powerlifting peacock!

“HAHA! Aww, mate!” Spruce couldn't help but blush and grin at ‘powerlifting peacock’. He snuck another glance in the mirror, and put his hand to his stomach. Heh, maybe he DID have a ‘lifter’s build at that, right? Buck was such a GREAT friend- even if Spruce was going to have to shuffle around holding these shorts up until he'd un-bloated enough to fit back into his normal wardrobe. Ehe, h-he'd just have to go easy on the chow for a few days, no problem....

...That had been three days ago. Now, the shorts stayed up all by themselves. And they hadn't been through the washer.

And it was all thanks to *Buck*.

The doorbell was still trilling.

“Ugh... Coming. Coming...!” Spruce grunted out as he huffed lethargically down the hallway. As he walked, the hem of his rugby top kept lifting to expose an embarrassingly bulging inch of belly-feathers. His gut now filled the waistband of those shorts like a whole trash-sack of pudding, the lowermost curve wobbling at a level somewhere just below his knees. He could feel his whole body sloshing with each step he took, throwing him off balance. Maaate, huff, huff... he... he was getting so BIG! He was practically waddling like a duck! C-come to think of it, he couldn’t help but remember that actor he’d read about- the dude who’d played LaunchPad McQuack on TV- who’d gained such a weight problem since getting famous he’d wound up not even being able to get out of his own Hollywood house!

Spruce tried to hustle a little, even as he felt his backside rippling behind him from the effort. Huff, huff... h-he was DEFINITELY going to go for a jog this afternoon, or something...

He finally reached the door and hauled it open. He was greeted by the sight of two carrier bags on the porch, both practically spilling over with takeaway. The delivery-boy, just on the point of leaving, half-turned back and waved in acknowledgement.

“Wait... huff, huff...” the puffed-out pigeon protested as he tried to regain his breath after his exertions. “I... I didn’t order all this!”

The delivery boy pointedly looked the 600lbs+ Spruce up and down, and then from side to side.

“Suuuuure you didn’t, buddy,” he said, his muzzle screwed up in disbelief. “Just like you didn’t order the load I delivered *yesterday*, either, remember?”

“B-but I *didn’t*!” the flustered fat-bird protested.

“Mate, I *really* don’t care one way or the other,” the delivery-boy interrupted, flipping a hand airily as he turned back towards his bike. “It’s not my job to judge. Besides, it’s definitely this address and it’s definitely already paid. It’s all yours!”

He drove off, leaving Spruce gaping after him. The obese avian looked down at the bulging bags of food, and tried not to grind his beak. Then, he put his hands in the bags’ handles, hefted them off the step and headed inside, giving the door a heartfelt THUD with his butt to close it.

This... this was getting *stupid*! He struggled down the hallway with the two weighty loads on either side, uncomfortably aware of how... snug his entrance-way was getting, the bags bumping against

alternating walls as his seemingly beer-barrel-sized buttocks bounced sluggishly from side to side with each step.

Spruce was trying hard not to think about that article about that duck actor (whom he maaay have had something of a secret crush on). What was it that article had said- ‘so fat he was found filling his own swimming pool’..?

Reaching the kitchen Spruce dumped the two heavy bags on the counter. Alongside, stretching down the counter were other flaccid bags containing the crumpled remains and crumbs of all the take-away that had been turning up over the past three days, and which he’d not yet gotten around to clearing out. Taking a deep breath (which caused that unflattering striped top to ride up another inch, necessitating a humiliating tug back down), he extracted his phone from his short’s pocket to send the message telling Buck to quit it that he needed to- and should have done yesterday. The pocket was getting to be quite a tight squeeze. Even as he achieved that, his eye fell on the foil-wrapped contents of the bags.

Oh, *mate*- burritos this time? That was so unfair- they were one of his absolute favourites, and Buck knew that! How could he be expected to say ‘no’?

One handed, Spruce sent.

Mate. I luv ya, but seriously. U’ve gotta stop this!

. . .

Stop what, M8?

All the GRUB! Ur wonderful but THIS much?! It’s cuckoo.

C’mon M8, live a little!

Mate, you keep ordering enough for 4!

Bet U still finish it all tho, right, Large Lad? };@)

Blushing, Spruce tried to grind his beak despite it being full of rice, beans, slow-cooked pork and salsa. As it pointed down towards his phone he was acutely aware of the double-chin bulging against it. Impulsively he reached down with his phone and snapped another selfie- maybe THAT would convince Buck.

Mate, do I LOOK like I need any more food?! <attached>

It was only after he'd hit 'send' that Spruce actually looked at the photo he'd sent. He cringed inwardly. The shot was a ¾ view (because his thickened-up arm couldn't properly stretch out in front any more) angled up from low down on his belly, which made him loom even bigger in the image. He was almost completely filling the frame. Maaate- forget the frame, he was filling out that *rugby-top* to its capacity! His free hand automatically tried to pull its hem back down over the three-fingers' width of exposed stomach which was shown so prominently in the picture, but felt it immediately ride back up again. And sitting on top of that sumo-stomach was his chest! It looked like he'd shoved a pair of pillows down his top for a lark. In the photo his moobs were visibly stretching those stripes, and his cleavage was bulging up through the v-neck, feather-fluff and all. The downward angle made his extra chins look embarrassingly prominent below his beak, making it look ridiculously puny- but they and his beachball-round face were both dwarfed by his neck! It looked like a pyramid of *lard* on his shoulders with his head on top like the bauble on a Christmas tree. N-no wonder the collar on this shirt was starting to feel *tight*. H-he REALLY had to get this under control...

Then he almost choked as he abruptly realised he was *still* eating in the photo- h-he hadn't even registered that as he'd taken it! Even more mortifyingly, there was a stain on the shirt atop one moob in the photo where a blob of pork filling had fallen out- not to mention the hint of a sweat-stain visible under one arm. He was still futilely trying to brush his chest clean with one hand- which rather unhelpfully still clutched the half-eaten burrito- when his phone pinged

*Maaate. Glad Ur liking the burritos so much. };@)
Who's a messy boy, then?*

"MATE!" Spruce spluttered- that was practically species-ist! But before he could compose a suitably chiding reply, his phone pinged again.

Keep eating, big bird. Uv got a place in my scrum any day!

. . .

Mate, seriously.

I'm getting FAT!

It's BULK, M8. And Ur rocking it!

Looking a handsome lad, gonna want a hug next I C U, Big Fella.

Spruce felt his neck-feathers slowly standing out to their fullest extent. He swallowed, and put a hand to the front of his belly, giving it a nervous little wobble. W-was Buck just trying to be a good friend, or was he GENUINELY flirting with him now?

Another *ping*.

*A hefty chunk like U can DEFINITELY take all those burritos.
Gotta get on-pitch now- I want U2 finish them by the time I get off!*

Spruce blinked, and bit his beak, feeling sweat starting on the back of his neck.

Ur cuckoo, mate. No way!

. . .
<attached>

The big blubber-bird blinked to find himself staring at a waist-up selfie of Buck in his rugby clobber. It looked like the thickly-muscled sports-stage was in a changing room somewhere. He was tugging the neck of his top out with a pinched thumb and forefinger, revealing juuuust a glimpse of his meaty chest underneath, and he had this knowing *grin* on his face. On *him* those thick stripes only made Buck look thicker and more hunk- ahem, ‘masculine’.

Gonna get this shirt messier than urs by the end of this. Finish those burritos and Ill swap with U.

“Haha! Haha.... maaate.” Spruce found himself laughing out loud, even as he tried to stop blushing. It was making his cheeks ache. Sometimes Buck was such a freakin’ *tease*. He clearly didn’t mean that...

...Did he?

The blush on Spruce’s rugby-ball sized cheeks slowly returned, and redoubled. He glanced uncertainly over at the two bags, which were still emitting savoury steam.

Th-they were BEST warm, right? A-and it’d be a shame to let them go totally to waste. Besides, he didn’t have to eat ALL of them. Buck would be none the wiser if he just had a FEW...

Screwing up the wrapping from his first burrito and tossing it over his shoulder, the pork-ball pigeon pulled out another, peeled the end of the foil off of this one, and bit into it. He was going to eat this *slowly*...

Spruce's belly- obscenely over-indulged these last three days- *grrrowled* at him, despite the BIG breakfast he'd chowed down only a couple of hours earlier (courtesy of Buck).

Oh mate, this one was zingin' chicken...!

Smacking his beak, Spruce began chomping faster. By the time that burrito was gone (under 2 minutes), he dropped the greasy tinfoil and reached immediately for the next. Tearing off half the foil the oblivious bird jammed his beaked in and began gobbling it down greedily. And the next one. And the next one. And the next. And the *next...*

When his phone next pinged, Spruce was leaning back against his kitchen counter- propping himself up with it using his arms- moaning.

Full time M8!

"Y-you're telling- *HURRRRP!*- me," the pigeon groaned, then chuckled weakly at his own lame joke, then groaned again as the wobbling this caused made his stretched stomach hurt all the more.

We won! Totally pumped!

How about U?

. . .

<attached>

After the effort of snapping the photo Spruce sank back slowly, trying not to burst. He felt so full right then he couldn't even bring himself to add any text. The floor was littered with enough tinfoil to drive a magpie screwy. He **SHOULDN'T** feel good about having eaten them ALL, but that weird euphoria from being so full was starting to kick in, and he giggled. Maaate, he'd made *SUCH a pig* of himself! He was utterly, utterly **STUFFED!**

Groggily, the panting pigeon thought to actually look at the photo he'd sent to Buck. Oof.... strewth, he was **VISIBLY** bigger than before. L-look at the **SIZE** of that thing! Heh, his belly barely fit the screen in portrait mode. It was a profile shot- the idea of stretching forward to get a front view was totally unthinkable right now- and his belly stuck out like a weatherballoon. The hem of his top was now ridden-up all the way around, not just at the front, exposing lovehandles that looked like he was wearing a flaming rubber-ring for swimming in. He could see multiple splashes, drips and stains from various sauces on the chest- though when he peered muzzily past his own beak the view seemed to waver and didn't really want to come into focus. And worse, in the photo he could see a couple of

splits in the side-seams where the two halves of the material had started to pull apart. Maaate, w-was he REALLY *out-growing* a ‘baggy’ top in just three days? Ugh... That... that shouldn’t be *possible*.

}8@)

Looking SWOLE, ya big peacock! That shirt’s ready to POP!

. . .

M8, shut up!

Ur foods turning me into such a FAT-Boy!

I gotta diet. Hard.

Don’t you dare!

Ur dirty-bulking m8! Gotta get your size up first, THEN U can cut.

You’re gonna be EPIC, Peregrin. Don’t quit now.

Spruce flushed to see his real name used like that. It felt so... intimate. As he was dithering indecisively, there was another ‘ping’.

It got REAL muddy out there- gonna hit the shower soon. <attached>

Spruce swallowed at the sight. Buck had snapped himself again- this time sweaty and mud-stained. He’d taken his top clean off, and was standing with his back to the camera, grinning over his shoulder. His face was speckled with mud, his normally carefully-tended hair was a mess and you could see where his top had been- halfway down his biceps there was a razor-line divide from clean fur to mud-stains. You could *also* clearly see the rippling line of his spine, and the thick blocks of muscle across his bare back and shoulders, looking thicker than *ever*.

H-he had to have help with that photo, right? He was *clearly* posing, both arms forming triangles, his elbows out and lower arms angling in to the bottom of the shot, with just the suggestion of the tops of his fists resting on the waistband of his shorts...

...H-he was still wearing his shorts, right..?

... There was *steam* coming off of him, visible in the spotlights.

Ping.

Gonna show me UR back-view, ya big powerlifter? };@)

“Ha... H-hahaha!” the stuffed Spruce giggled nervously as he stared at his phone, even as his cheeks burned. Mate, he’d seen Buck hyped and saying some stupid stuff after a game before, but this took the *biscuit*! H-ha, w-wait till the rest of the gang heard about this...

I-in the *meantime*...

Spruce glanced around his empty kitchen guiltily, shuffling against the counter-top. He could feel the edge of it pressing into his glutes, which were bulging gelatinously above and below the formica. He took a couple of stumbling steps forward, trying not to gasp as he was forced to take the *weight* of his own belly. M-maaate –*hic!*- ...he felt so BIG just then. He didn’t think he’d be able to make it to the hall mirror. O-oh well...

With another nervous glance around, instead he stuck his phone over his shoulder and unsteadily tried to snap a selfie. When he looked at it his blush redoubled. M-mate, no WONDER his shorts were feeling... snug. L-look at the SIZE his tuckus was getting! Even with the weird angle it was obviously HUGE. Below a thick roll of back-flab (mate, were his lovehandles really THAT big?) his tailfeathers were sticking out haphazardly, and sticking out beyond even THEM was the double-curve of his backside! The waistband of those once-roomy shorts was visibly stretched-out, and he could see the topmost curve of his behind exposed in plan-view, the ‘band of his underwear also on show. Grief, his rear-end looked like a pair of balloons force-filled with lard! H-haha, this was SOME dirty bulk, alright...

He groggily contemplated trying for a more flattering shot. B-but what if the others looked even WORSE...?

<attached>

Flushing guiltily, Spruce found that his ‘snack’ had sunk enough that he felt he could risk trying to make it to the couch for a badly-needed rest. Bumping off a couple of walls on the way, he managed to reach it and unceremoniously dropped his recently-photographed posterior into its comforting embrace. The couch CREAKED loudly, and it sank down beneath even further than usual. Huff, e-everyone was a –*hurrrrrp!*- critic! Oof, m-mate... h-he REALLY shouldn’t have eaten so much... even his eyelids felt heavy as rocks! In f-fact so heavy, he was gonna have to lay down...

...Hey, i-it was *his* staycation, he could nap if he wanted, right? H-he could always go for that jog AFTERWARDS...

As he sprawled on his back with a wheeze, eyes half-closing of their own volition, there was yet another muffled ‘ping’ from his back pocket.

“Oh, strewth...” Groaning and grumbling, the lead-bellied bird managed to extricate his phone and struggled to focus on the wavering text against the glare of the screen.

*Maaaaate. Can't wait to spot that n3xt time ur doⁱng squats down
th₃ gym!*

Haha... his eyes were going funny. He couldn't POSSIBLY have... read that riiiiii... zzzzz...

Spruce awoke with a jolt. He tried to sit up.

“OOOF!” The bloated bird barely got his back off the cushions before he stalled, one hefty leg kicking up as he sank helplessly back down again. He blinked groggily up at the hill of himself he could see rising in front of his beak.

Oh mate. This... this was getting CRAZY!

On the third attempt he managed to swing himself into a sitting position - only for the forward-avalanche of his stomach to try and pull him clean off the couch. He gulped and put both hands under his gut, hefting it. It took a LOT of effort. Oh mate, he could feel it sticking out past his KNEES as he sat there! Blushing, Spruce tried to pull his top back down and at the same time tried not to think just how much extra poundage his burrito-binge would wind up as. He failed at both. Huffing, he stood up and tried again with the rugby shirt, but the hem was stretched to its absolute limit, and it barely made it past his navel. J-just how much weight was he putting on lately? He looked like the stay-puff'd marshmallow-bird!

Right... no more excuses. Time to JOG!

It was still broad daylight- in fact a dekkko at his watch (the strap of which was starting to feel uncomfortably tight, he had to admit) told him that he'd only slept away two hours of his staycation. That said, it took him almost as long to find his trainers- and then even longer to actually put them on, straining to reach his feet past the obstruction of his massive-seeming middle.

Huff... huff... w-was this jog REALLY necessary...?

Unfortunately, as he stood up from sitting on his bed he caught sight of himself in the mirror, and he swallowed.

As the Wise Bird said- if the only way to see your running shoes once you've put them on is in the MIRROR, it's time to get jogging, tubby!

Huffing heavily already, Spruce lumbered down the stairs and made for the front door- trying to ignore the way the fixtures and ornaments started shaking. He swung the door open wiiiide and launched himself into the late afternoon sunshine-

- And almost tripped clean over the bags of takeaway stacked on his front step.

"Wh... what...?" he gasped after he'd recovered his balance. Looking up, he watched a delivery-guy, different from the one earlier, turn briefly to give him a cheerful wave and a thumbs-up.

"Wait!" Spruce called futilely after him.

"No worries! Everything's paid for- even the tip! Have a great party!"

"P-party?" The porked-up pigeon parroted in bewilderment, but the delivery-dude was already driving off. With a kind of reluctant inevitability, Spruce leaned forward to peer over his stomach into the bag's contents.

Oh mate... hotdogs. That... BLOODY Buck KNEW he couldn't resist a good hotdog!

Gurrrrrgle....

W-well, he could probably get away with a SMALL snack before starting his jog, right..? The buns would go stale otherwise...

With a furtive glance left and right, the sumo-size Spruce scooped up the bags. One hotdog wedged in his beak like a cigar, he waddled back indoors with them, bags and his own 'buns' swaying over-ladenly. The door bumped closed behind him with a thump that had a ring of finality to it.

* * *

. . .

Buck, I need more.

Maaate, this was so EMBARASSING. But he DID...

. . .

Finished them ALREADY, m8? Wow. Ur a MACHINE.

*Shut up m8! U just didn't get me enough 1st time!
Funny, I ordered enough for 4... };@)*

Sitting on the couch, Spruce felt his neck-feathers fluffing out even as he ground his beak.

*Delivery guy musta swiped half.
Suuuure he did.
Big eater like you shouldn't be embarrassed, U know.*

Blushing, Spruce stubbornly stuck it as long as he could, but within a couple of minutes his belly *gurrrrrgled* at him again.

*. . .
M8, cmon. Im STARVING here!
U just ate 8 burgers. With fries.*

Shuffling uncomfortably on his backside, the pigeon tried not to look at the incriminating detritus scattered around his feet. Not that he could SEE his feet. He gritted his beak, and admitted:

*Okay, I ate 8. So what?
I need more, m8!
Please?
U know what Im waiting for... };@)*

Spruce shuffled again, glowering in embarrassment at the message. He should... just go down the store, or something, buy *himself* some food, for once. Some *salad*.

Yeah... e-except...

Every shuffle, he was acutely aware of his butt pressing first against one arm rest, then the other of his sofa. His two-seater sofa.

Eyes sliding sideways, feeling the blush building on his cheeks, the grumbling grey-feathered goofbird grudgingly flipped his phone and snapped a selfie. Th-this was just to get some more free chow, okay? It didn't MEAN anything.

<attached>

. . .

Atta BOY, large-lad! U even ate the coleslaw! };@)

Blushing, Spruce brushed surreptitiously- and uselessly- at the stained top of his chest.

U look like u should be bench-pressing cars!

“Mate, shut UP!” Spruce yelled out loud at his phone when he saw that, even as Buck’s cheap, shallow flattery made him grin. Despite having promised himself he WOULDN’T, he scrolled back to peek at the photo he’d sent.

Oh, maaaate...

He was *enormous*. No two ways about it. His rugby shirt looked more like a crop-top, now. His bust was more puffed-up than a frigate-bird! The hem stretched barely two inches beyond his cement-sack moobs, and the rest of his gut was just hanging out, pushing his legs wiiiide to let it fit. He was starting to look like a Zorb ball, the way it sagged half-way down his calves. And his THIGHS? Talk about tree-trunks- they looked like Baoab trees! Not that his arms were much better- the sleeves of his shirt had both popped stitches as he’d blown up- there, he’d said it- these last few days. As had some more of the stitches down the sides, causing great gaping rents to bulge open, feathered flesh oozing through in embarrassing great rolls. It looked more like he was wearing a bib than a shirt... e- especially given the number of stains it now had on it. The fabric clinging to him was liberally splattered with smears and sauce-drips over his upper slopes, like someone had sprinkled decorations on top of a humungous grey ice cream scoop- in some places you could barely see the stripes. Further down the smears became less frequent, but larger- more like brush-strokes. Mate, he REALLY had to stop wiping his messy hands on it. Th-this staycation was turning him into such a *slob*! The embarrassed bird thought briefly and blearily about putting it through the washer, but if it shrank any further he’d not be able to get it back on ANYWAY. No, not after the way his ‘roomy’ shorts had given out yesterday, when he was bending down to grab that chip that had tried to escape. Ugh, they’d started looking like Daisy Dukes anyway. He’d managed to squeeze into his old sweats instead, somehow- heh, they’d put up a bit of a fight, but after the elastic in the waistband had snapped they’d been a lot more compliant. Even if you could barely see their waistband in the photo, he’d sunk so deep into the couch.

But seriously, the worst part was his NECK. It looked like someone had blown it up with a tyre-pump. He knew his cheeks were CHUBBY- h-he could see them in the edges of his vision whenever

he moved his head- but they looked like teeny tennis-balls compared to THAT. And he had, what, four chins now?

“Ugh, maaaaate...” Spruce’s slumped back further into the couch, his neck wobbling and spreading even wider as his head sank down, until his beak bobbed on top of it. He just kept pigging out on all this food Buck kept sending him. It was like he had ZERO self-control anymore. He’d gotten himself ENORMOUS. A-at this rate, if he didn’t take himself in hand, he was just going to keep stuffing his beak with more, and more, and more, and more, a-and MORE...

His wrecking ball of a belly *grrrrumbled* again. Almost as if it knew, his phone chose that moment to give another ping. He glanced down at it over the bulging curve of his neck and the shirt-straining flab-sacks of his moobs.

U SURE u want more, Tubby? Gonna go straight to your waist.

Spruce flushed and huffed, and his thick fingers tugged futilely on the overstrained hem of his top, feeling his hands squashing the foot-thick spare-tyre he had rolling out over the waistband of his stretched-to-bursting sweats. Then, after another gastric *groowwl*, the bulging bird grudgingly replied:

Yes.

*That’s good, I ordered the same again 20 minutes ago. }X@D
Should be there any second. Eat em while they’re warm, big boy!*

“YOU!!!” Spruce yelled at his phone, part in exasperation, and part- a disturbingly large part- in relief at the knowledge the grub would be here that bit sooner. B-but another *eight* whole burgers? The pachyderm-sized pigeon peered down at himself, his beak practically having to wedge in the valley between his moobs to do so. Mate... he shouldn’t. He *couldn’t*.

...Could he?

Just then, the doorbell rang, and almost without consciously thinking about it, Spruce obeyed the call of his belly, and heaved himself to his feet to collect his next meal. As he lumbered towards the lounge door, he tugged uncomfortably on his sweatpants, trying to hoik them up to cover the hand-span of bare rumpcheeks he could feel swaying and sloshing out back.

* * *

Need any more grub yet, m8?

. . .

M8?

M8, U there?

* * *

Spruce had lost his phone. He knew it was here- *somewhere* on the couch- but he couldn't be arsed to find it. From the few muffled pings he'd heard, he figured it had slipped between a couple of his rolls whilst he was busy eating. Ugh, he'd dig it out later.

Right now, he just wanted to feeeed.

He'd lost count of what meal of the day this counted as- assuming they hadn't all just rolled into one. It was dark outside now, he was pretty sure- he didn't bother taking the time to check, he just kept on eating. He hadn't stopped eating all day, not since the moment he'd gotten up. It was like he couldn't stop. It was like he didn't WANT to stop...

He'd eaten everything. Like, literally almost EVERYTHING edible in the house. Right now, he was down to chowing on a bunch of mozzarella sticks he'd found forgotten at the back of the fridge- it was that or the butter. He was hunched forwards to bring his beak closer to the bag as he stuffed them in, thick fingers struggling to hold the piddly little things even as they sagged and bent en route, winding up getting jabbed on his bill or spilling gooey strands of cheese. The padded arms of the sofa now supported and squeezed a pair of feather-stretching buttcheeks like an XXL egg in an XL eggcup. His legs were spread as wide as they would go- his be-socked feet planted on the floor at either edge of the couch- to make room for a gut that was rubbing against the *floor*. Thick folds of it spreading over his knees merged into a deep double-roll of a lovehandle that was lapping over the couch's arms as well. His own limbs were resting atop his rolling sides, dimpled elbows sticking out because his upper arms were so swollen they were fighting for space with the moob-roll that was trying to bulge out beneath them. Sitting there, the preposterously porked-out pigeon was now easily wider than he was tall- in fact he looked bigger than the entire *couch*. If you took a rather overweight good-natured goofball of a bird, forcibly stuffed a hose up his butt and turned the faucet on and left him to SWELL helplessly for about a week like some kind of living water-balloon, Spruce was pretty much what they'd wind up looking like. There was easily twice the amount of pigeon sitting there than there had been at the start of his stay-cation. And you could see that because apart from his socks the only thing he had one was his underwear- it had given the delivery-guy a surprise earlier, but like he said, he wasn't paid to judge. The rugby top had finally blown earlier today, just after he'd

gotten out of bed- he'd not bothered to change out of it last night. Sweatpants had held out until this afternoon, he was pretty sure, and then literally popped- right across the seat of his pants. He'd not showered the day before for fear he'd not be able to squeeze back into his duds. He'd not bothered today, either- the stall was starting to look kind of small, to him. Last thing he wanted to do was get wedged. That'd be humiliating.

Ugh, mate, food was all gone. Spruce chugged a large beakful of cream soda to help wash it down- straight from the economy-sized, 2-liter bottle, his neck bobbing and sloshing with the heavy, greedy gulps- and then half-heartedly stifled a long, deep, fizzy *burrrrrp* with the back of his hand. What now...?

...Hey, maybe he still had some ice-cream in the freezer? Heh, it had been quite a while since he could be bothered to bend down enough to look right to the back of the drawer. Yeah... ice-cream sounded absolutely *perfect* about now...

He managed to heave himself to his stockinged feet on the fifth go, dislodging the old plate he'd been resting on his chest (he didn't need to balance it there, it had sat as steadily as if it was on a table), and began to waddle laboriously toward the kitchen. It wasn't easy- even standing his stomach was sagging to the level of his ankles, and dragging unpredictably against the floor every fourth of fifth step, slowing him up. Not that they were BIG steps- his thighs felt like *THEY* were the size of yoga-balls, now. And his upper arms had bingo-wings the size of carrier-bags, forcing them out horizontally. As he sloshed forwards his head no longer bobbed back and forth, it rocked very slightly from side to side atop a sea of neck-blubber, held in place by the multitudinous tyres of feathery flab, whilst the rest of him sloshed with oceanic slowness. Freed from the sofa's sucking grasp, Spruce's backside wobbled behind him like two skip-bags full of jello. With each shuffling step his undies were audibly creaking. As he headed for the doorway he brushed absent-mindedly at the crumbs and congealed strings of cheese that had accumulated on his bare chest- each moob now bigger than most of his mates' torsos- en route to his beak. Some of the crumbs flicked off, but the cheese had glued itself to his feathers.

By the time he made it into the hallway he was huffing from the exertion, and acutely aware of the weight of his own stomach- mate, it was like he was carrying a lorryload of wet cement in front of him! Groaning, he inched his way along the passage to the kitchen, and with every single step his butt, belly or lovehandle unavoidable *plapped* against one wall or the other, his overblown body almost completely filling the space. The whole building seemed to shake each and every time. Maaate, he felt like a freaking *hot air balloon*, the size he'd got up to!

Now he REALLY needed that ice-cream!

Spruce had to stand side-on to open the refrigerator, and then bend low to have any chance of groping around in the bottom freezer compartment. He was like a giraffe trying to get a drink of water, legs spreading as he bent forwards, huffing heavily, arms outstretched for balance. His underwear gave a high-pitched creeeak, but as far as he could tell it held. His back horizontal, stomach practically sloshing against the ground, the porcine pigeon's searching sausage-link fingers closed on the edge of a cardboard carton with a familiar shape. Yes! Result! All that effort had made him hungry again! Dragging the ice-cream out he didn't even try to look for any clean cutlery (unlikely, as washing up hadn't been on his priority list for a few days now)- instead he just ripped the lid off the pot and stuffed his beak straight into it, his tongue scooping greedily at the high-calorie creamy contents whilst he made happy grunting noises, the container resting conveniently in the 'v' of his chest. The only thing that slowed him down was the fact that his cheeks were now so absurdly *chubby* he couldn't squeeze his beak down any further to get at more! However, the heat from his moobs certainly helped to soften things up fast- by the end of the carton it was more like chugging extra-thick milkshake. And the ice cream wasn't the only thing softening up- with each gulp you could practically see Spruce swelling out bigger, rounder, heavier, *flabbier*, his system so super-stuffed with calories EVERYTHING he ate getting put down as extra avian adipose. At this point he could probably put on weight just drinking a glass of water!

Aw mate, why did good food never last? That icecream was all gone! Clacking his beak, Spruce dropped the carton and bent forwards to have a proper look in the freezer- he was sure there ought to be some cookies n' cream icec-cream lurking in there. Or at the very least there should be some fish-fingers- there were ALWAYS fish-fingers left. Maybe he wouldn't even bother cooking them, they couldn't be too bad raw, right? As he bent forwards, there was a muffled *pop-pop-pop-rrrrrip* from behind him, almost like a sigh as his underwear started to give up the ghost against the growing flabalanche of bird butt-blubber. He didn't even *notice*. Now with a large peekaboo hole exposing his backside, he stretched his flabby arm into the depths of the freezer, his tongue stuck out in concentration-

"Maaaate- what a VIEW!"

Spruce's eyes widened in shock a microsecond before someone's hand *clapped* against his backside, and then *squeezed*.

"Wh-what the clUUUCK!?" Spruce managed to call out as he struggled upright, just as something *shoved* against him from behind! Suddenly he was smooshing up against the open fridge! The remaining foodstuffs (fortunately very little) were snoughploughed into the corners as his gut surged

in and FILLED the compartment, his belly lifting the middle-shelf off its rail and jamming it against the ice-box's inner back wall.

As the pigeon stood wheezing in shock, he felt something- or rather, *someone*- press against the small of his back, and a chin rest against the strata of flab between his neck and shoulder. There was a very familiar chuckle.

"Freaking heck, mate, just look at YOU!"

"B-BUCK?!" Spruce panted. "Wh-what are you doing he-*ere*?!" His huffing voice rose an octave on the last word as he felt a pair of strong hands make contact with his bloated lovehandles.

"Y'weren't answering your *phone*, mate," the sports-stag said, and despite the note of scolding concern Spruce could practically *hear* the smirk on his friend's face- but he was more distracted by the feeling of Buck's outspread fingers sliding over his sides, ruffling his down. "So I came to check up on you- didn't want you going hungry!" The stag then made a stifled snorting sound, and his chin wobbled against Spruce's shoulder-flab. "Not that there's much chance of THAT, huh *fat-boy*?" Just then, his arms wrapped around Spruce to their fullest extent, he pressed his palms flat against the outermost curves of Spruce's spilling stomach, and squashed inwards, *hard*. The stupendously obese pigeon squawked and tried to stand up straighter, his back arching and quivering. Buck only nestled himself against the doughball-dove more firmly. "Jeeeeeze, mate... those photos *really* didn't do you justice. You're a total, freaking, *BLIMP*."

"M-maaaaate!" Spruce wheezed, feeling his neck-feathers practically burning from his blush as they fluffed out- making his throat roughly the size of a truck tyre. "S'*bulk*! G-gonna cut..."

"No."

"H-huh?!!"

"No. Not gonna let you," Buck said, sounding supremely happy. His chin ground into the Spruce's shoulder-blubber, whilst his hands squeezed again, roaming upwards. They traced the vast, over-hanging curves of Spruce's sides. "You're not gonna lose a single freaking POUND. I WANT you this FAT."

"M-m-mate..." Spruce gulped uncertainly, bewildered, then he trailed off with a gasp as Buck's sliding hands reached up under his arms and cupped his moobs- or at least as much of them as his outspread fingers could reach.

"Jeeeeeze..." the stag said again, half-scornful, half-admiring, *all* grin as he hefted them. "Feel the SIZE of these things!" He snorted appreciatively, and let them drop with a feathery THLAP. "If I'd have known you'd go off the deep-end THIS easily, I'd have started stuffing you *ages* ago!"

"Wh-wha...?"

"I've been watching you blow yourself up for *months* now, you total turkey! Eating like a complete *dumpster*, stuffing that beak of yours day after day after day. Eating, eating, eating, EATING... And

I've had to stand there and watch you getting rounder, and rounder, and *rounder*, and-" Buck's hands suddenly SMACKED against the bulging bird's bare sides, making them ripple like a wrecking-ball full of jello. "-*ROUNDER*. You're such a huge, *fat*, lazy *slob* mate." He snrked behind the shame-faced Spruce. "And I *like* that."

"...W-whaaaa...?" the elephantine pigeon said again, because it was the only thing he could think of to say!

"Surprised, mate?" The deer said gleefully behind him, pushing against him more firmly, practically breathing in the pigeon's ear. Fingers stroked up Spruce's landslide-sides. "I *told* you, you're a handsome lad." He breathed in deeply, and Spruce *felt* that muscular chest swelling against his back. "And the *bigger* you've gotten, the *better* you've been looking." Then a hand smacked against the pigeon's preposterously pneumatic posterior. "*Especially* from behind." Buck nestled in closer again. "Now I've got you RIGHT where I want you, *fatboy*."

"You... you..." The piledriven pigeon managed to huff out, "*You* did this?!" Then he squawked and blushed badly as Buck squeezed his chest again, pushing his moobs together so they forced his beak shut with a 'click'.

"Haha, I hardly had to even TRY, mate! You were already so FAT, you blown-up booby. All I did this week was supply the food! And you ate it ALL! Every last freaking *crumb*! And all it took me was a few photos, ya flaming-big blow-up *flamingo*."

Buck chose that moment to let go and step back slightly from the squirming Spruce, and the 800lbs+ of outraged bird obesity managed to squeeze around to face his 'friend' - his belly dropping out of the fridge with a loud GLOOP. He just about had time to register that Buck was fresh from the gym, sweaty tank-top and all- only for the pumped-up psycho-stag to suddenly WEDGE a whole hamburger into the beet-faced bird's beak. Mphhh... i-it was still WARM! The filled-to-bursting feather-pillow stumbled back ponderously and slumped against the ice-box, his eyes wide and his beak stuffed wider. Buck pressed home his advantage, squeezing himself against Spruce's air-bag of a belly. The deer looked flushed, grinning widely.

"Oh mate, I've wanted to do that for a LONG time!" He smirked and leaned up against the stunned Spruce. "Was it good for you too?"

"M-mphhh..."

"Eat." Still smirking, the hulking sports-stag reached up and pushed a finger against the burger, stuffing it deeper into the dazed dough-bird's beak. Spruce grunted, and despite himself began to chew. Gherkins- B-Buck knew he *loved* gherkins. "And KEEP eating. I WANT you to eat, ya big greedy goose!" He took his hand off the burger- which was now almost completely subsumed into Spruce's swollen cheeks- and pressed them either side of Spruce's stomach, muscles standing out on his arms and neck as he squatted and tried to heft it. Giving up, he instead pressed himself up against

the blimp of a bird again. “And YOU want to eat, too. No WAY you’re gonna be able to stop yourself at THIS kinda size. You’re just gonna keep eating, and eating, and eating, and *eating*...”

Spruce finally swallowed the last of the burger in a huge, throat-stretching gulp, and opened his beak to speak.

“Bu-BWHURRRRRRRP!” It caught him totally by surprise, leaving him huffing and panting, even as Buck’s grin widened and he smacked a hand against the side of the pigeon’s pachyderm-sized paunch.

“THAT’s it mate! Let it ALL hang out. You’re a PROPER fat-boy now!”

“B-Buck...” Spruce huffed, cheeks burning. Panting, squirming his mammoth backside against the refrigerator- making it rock and sway from side to side- he blurted out the first thought that rose into his head. “I’m... so... HUNGRY...”

“Of COURSE you are, Tubbo!” If Buck’s grin got any wider the whole top of his head would fall off.

“That’s why I brought PLENTY of snacks with me.” His hand stroked over Spruce’s huge overhanging wad of a lovehandle. “I wouldn’t let my big, FAT friend waste away now, would I? It’s all in the lounge, waitin’ for you.”

“B-but...” Spruce wheezed. At that moment, his stomach let out a mammoth, treacherous *gurrngle*. He blushed almost scarlet.

“See? I KNEW you wanted this, ya big lard-bill,” Buck practically crowed triumphantly as he began to drag Spruce forwards. “Now get in there and *pig-eon* out! C’m on, hustle!” His hand lashed out and SPANKED one of Spruce’s massive asscheeks, hard enough to make a perceptible dent in it.

Spruce hustled. Well, he made it up to roughly the speed of a glacier, Buck behind him all the way, just *grinning* and occasionally ‘geeing-up’ the struggling fat-bird with another SMACK to his juicy cheeks.

“C’m on, don’t you WANT all that delicious junk-food I brought? I can *smell* it from here!”

So could Spruce. It was all that kept him going for the last 5 feet as he literally squeezed down his own hallway. By the time he bulged back through the living-room doorway with a POP, all the blown-up bird wanted to do right then was take a load off of his feet! He staggeringly-sloshed his way to the couch, turned and dropped himself into it with a grrroan. It was echoed by the couch, which quivered and then snapped down the middle. With an undignified yelp Spruce lurched downwards by six inches, flabby arms flailing as he sprawled against the sofa’s straining back-rest. He wheezed a couple of times, then let out another squawk as he felt hands unexpectedly grab one of his ankles- thick enough two hands didn’t quite close around it- and HEAVE it upwards, tipping the bird back further. It felt as heavy as a whole hog on a spit, calf and thigh-flab jiggling like suspended bags of feathered jello, before it came thumping down again, but stopping half-way as it thudded

down on the footstool that had been jammed under it. With another lurch, his other leg followed it, leaving Spruce tipped back on the couch, arms flung wide, his view blocked by his own belly as it reared above him like Ayers' Rock!

"You've gotta take a load off, mate!" Buck said with saccharine insincerity. "After all, I don't want you wasting calories, fatso!"

"M-maaate..." Spruce struggled to speak, trying to get his beak to rise above the marshmallow mounds of his own huge neck and overflowing chest. Panting, he tried to haul himself into more of a sitting position, but just as he got his head higher than his gut he was hit by a fried chicken-leg, right in the beak! His squawk was cut off as his beak wedging in the thick crunchy batter coating the drumstick.

"EAT, mate," Buck commanded with a wide, slightly crazed grin as he loomed down over him, a cardboard bucket in one hand, a carrier-bag in the other. "Bet you worked up a BIIIG appetite waddling your FAT ass from the fridge to the couch. Don't worry, I've got you PLENTY of grub. You're gonna be absolutely STUFFED, ya titanic turkey!"

"Mphh..." Spruce felt a bead of sweat on his forehead, but then his tastebuds began to register the flavour hitting them from the chicken-leg. His gargantuan gut *grrrrowled* again, and with a helpless moan he crunched his beak down through the coating, and he began chewing. Oh mate, it WAS finger-lickin' good...

"That's it mate! KEEP eating." As Spruce sucked the last of the chicken from the bone, spilling shreds of it down his chest, he was surprised by a beakful of onion-rings. Basketball-sized cheeks bulging from all the food, he could only let out a muffled *grrrunt!* as Buck suddenly swung a leg over and sat on top of him! Sinking into the rolls between the top of Spruce's tremendous tummy and his mammoth moobs, the diabolical muscle-deer reached into the party-sized bucket and stuffed a whole boneless breaded wing, smothered in barbecue sauce, into the blimped-out bird's panting beak. "Just keep eating, and eating, and eating, and EATING, the way I KNOW you wanna!"

Beak almost swallowed by his bulging cheeks, crumb spilling to either side, Spruce gulped, and swallowed a half-pound of fried food in one go. Somewhere beneath him, there was a muffled 'pop', and a pressure he'd stopped noticing suddenly ceased, even as he felt himself swelling outwards by about half a foot whilst the V-shaped remains of the couch creaked under him. Buck certainly noticed, his legs getting pushed out wider. His grin followed suit.

"Guess that was the undies finally giving up the ghost, huh mate? Freaking heck, you're so BIG!"

The mortified mega-bird squirmed as much as he was able (not much) on his gigantic glutes- he felt the blush glowing on his face even as Buck bent down closer, almost whispering to him. "And you're just gonna keep getting BIGGER now, aren't cha mate? You just can't help yourself huh, *fat-boy?*"

As Spruce opened his beak to protest, it was crammed full of thrice-fried curly fries, dripping with

ketchup. “Don’t stop! Bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and BIGGER. I want you to be the, biggest, FATTEST friend anyone’s ever SEEN!”

“Bu... Buhc... BUH-URRRRRRRRP!” The belch rolled out of the blimp-bird’s panting beak. Behind his swollen cheeks his orange eyes widened as he watched the sports stage heaving off his tank-top, the sweat making it stick to him in places. There was a moment of suspense as it got tangled around his antlers, and then with a final yank it pulled free, and he flung it to one side, grinning down bare-chested at the bird he sat astride, triumphantly. One pec twitched as the corner of his mouth lifted on one side, and then both pecs *heaved* as he breathed heavily.

“B-Buck...” Spruce managed to wheeze out, and then he opened his beak, panting. “M-mooooore.”

“MORE, ya sumo-sized slob?” If Buck’s grin got any wider, the top of his head would fall off.

“Mooooore!” Spruce moaned, trying to nod, but the tyres of tub that made up his neck pressed pneumatically against his beak and stopped him. It was true, he *couldn’t* help himself any more. He WANTED to be stuffed silly, *needed* to be eating, and eating, and eating, and *eating*! He was rewarded by a whole apple hotpocket being stuffed into his beak, the filling spurting out gooily as his beak tried to encompass it. “Mpphh!”

“THAT’s better, ya big dorky dough-dove!” Practically steaming, the beefy Buck leaned down and pressed his hands to either side of the pork-ball pigeon’s pneumatic moobs, pushing the pair of feather couch-cushions together and mounding them up like two tectonic plates colliding until they smacked against his own beefy pecs. “EAT!”

At that point, the creaking couch’s back-rest broke.

“MPHH!” Cheeks still bulging, Spruce’s arms flailed momentarily before he THUDDDED backwards, his couch now returned to a flat-pack state whilst he practically smothered it, spread-eagled on top (and that was one VERY spread eagle). His belly sat on top of him like he was pinned under a bounce-house, and on top of THAT Buck was sprawled, still clinging on!

“Jeeze, mate even I didn’t think you were THAT big, Couch-Crusher!” He chuckled diabolically, whilst the flustered feather-blimp blushed, but was too fat to even MOVE. “But it’s all good mate- I always *wanted* you big enough to use you as a couch!” He snrked, and hefted the take-out bags in one hand as his other pressed teasingly into the summit of Mt Spruce. “But you’re not QUITE ‘comfy’ enough yet, are ya, ya flaming featherbed?” He looked around pointedly at the flattened furniture.

“Good job you’ve just given yourself some ‘growing room’...”

“M-maaate...” Spruce wheezed. He couldn’t take his eyes off those swaying bags of food.

“But first...” Buck trailed off teasingly, lounging back atop Spruce like he was the lord of the manor

“I’ve *definitely* gotta get a picture of this.”

“MAAAATE!” the butt-naked bird wheezed, face macaw-red, flat on his back, furniture flattened beneath his aviary-sized bulk, chest splattered with food as the shirtless stag sat on his summit and pulled out his phone.

“Smile mate- you’re on MY bulking programme now...”

* * *

The front door swung shut behind the figure as they staggered in, hauling five take-out bags in each hand. They heaved down the hallway, bags bumping from side to side as he passed the row of framed photographs of Spruce showing him obliviously getting larger and larger. Then he continued past the *other* photographs in the sequence- printed out and sellotaped to the wall:

The 500lbs office-bird on the couch, belly bursting out of his work togs from a tremendous Chinese chow blow-out.

Spruce sprawled against the refrigerator, even bigger, clutching the empty bowl of the entire trifle he’d just downed. He wasn’t squeezing back into those clothes anytime soon.

A sumo-sized Spruce over-filling a stripey rugby top, belly peeking out whilst he ate, beak stuffed full with burrito, caught mid-chew.

Spruce beyond sumo-sized, looking stuffed to his limit, that top now straining to contain him.

A FAT Spruce, on the couch again, wider than he was tall, literally bursting out of that top now, a total burger-bird.

A monumentally MASSIVE Spruce, just in his underwear, bent over in the kitchen to get at ice cream in the refrigerator.

Spruce from the belly up, on the floor, on his back, bare-feathered, amongst the remains of the couch, still chewing even as he blushed at the camera.

“Honey, I’m hooome!” Buck called out sarcastically as he hauled the latest heap of junkfood into the lounge. Like Spruce was going to be anywhere else.

It wasn’t sufficient to think of the blubber-bird in terms like ‘fat’ or ‘obese’ anymore, or even in terms of furniture size. He was approaching *room-sized*! He filled a good half of the floor space, spilling

over the footprint where the couch had been and spreading well beyond in the days that had followed. He was sprawled on his side, an absolute airship of adipose-inflated avian, a pigeon nesting in an ocean of himself. Laid there, his width reached to within an armspan of the ceiling, lovehandles thicker than literal tractor tyres bunching on his sides and back whilst his belly was a *blob*, a feathery flab-bag filling the space in front. His butt was almost equally massive with his legs- swollen to uselessness like water-forced drumsticks- buried between the two. Each moob was roughly the size of an armchair, stacked on top of each other like the world's thickest pancakes. His arms were so flabby they resembled sunbathing seals, and filling in the gaps between chest and swollen shoulders sagged enormous folds and rolls of feathered neck, supporting Spruce's head- it looked like someone had forced him to swallow a self-inflating life-raft and had then pulled the ripcord just as it went down. You could barely *see* his beak anymore, squashed between chins and cheeks that merged together to make his face look like a marshmallow that had been taken out of the microwave a microsecond before it burst.

He was *still* chewing, his entire body wobbling sluggishly with the movement. It was the only exercise he'd done in seven days.

"Good news mate," Buck smirked as he unloaded one of the bags atop the shapeless sack of fat that was Spruce's lowermost moob, bringing the food within the restricted reach of his waterwing arms and flab-buried beak. "I managed to get you an EXTRA week offa work!" His grin turned diabolical. "Let's see if we can get you filling this ROOM by the end of that, huh champ!" He smacked a hand against the seemingly-endless expanse of Spruce-blubber, making the bird-blimp ripple like he really was a balloon filled with jello. "Course, they're gonna have to make a few adjustments for you when you turn up on your first day back. Have they GOT a fork-lift?"

"Huff... huff... maaate," Spruce groaned. He wasn't used to talking anymore- his beak hadn't been empty long enough for what seemed like forever. "Wh-what are the GUYS gonna think wh-when they SEE me? Like THIS?"

"Pshaw!" The sports-stag flipped a hand airily, dismissing this as he reached for his tank-top.

"They've all known this was gonna happen to you one day, fatso, the way you eat! The only thing that'll surprise them was it took you so LONG to lose control like this!"

With an eager grunt Buck shucked himself out of his tank-top, and took a moment to inspect his arms and chest.

"Hah, mate, you're SUCH a good 'workout', I'm starting to get too big for MY clothes!" He teasingly posed, flexing his arms whilst his pecs pumped. "Good job too- I'm gonna have to get even STRONGER if I'm gonna keep up with *you*, Planet Peacock!" Spruce groaned and blushed, unable to stop staring even as his cheeks half-blocked his view. Buck meanwhile pressed himself against that

climbing-wall of a featherbed belly, hands hefting and squeezing it. He slid closer to the crevasse of Spruce's chest, smacking and rippling all the dodo-dough that was piled up there, then trying to heeeave up just one of those monumental moobs. It slipped and sagged, changing shape even as he pulled, rising maybe six inches before it escaped and PLAPPED back down. Unheeded, a container of bbq sauce spilled across Spruce's lower moob.

"Keep *eating* mate," Buck exhorted, a slightly-crazy smirk on his face as he leaned in close. He plapped a hand onto each of Spruce's enormous cheeks, and jiggled them. The bird's beak disappeared entirely for a moment, then resurfaced. "Plenty more gainz where THESE came from!"

Eyes on that hulking chest, the supersized bird-blob just moaned and obediently opened his tiny-looking beak wide, tongue stuck out. A whole pastrami sub-sandwiched was crammed in there, mustard spurting, but Spruce somehow took it and began chewing. He couldn't stop- he *wanted* this, now. Buck was taking care of him. Buck was taking care of *everything*.

Buck was such a *great* mate to a fat friend in feed...

FIN