

By now, the sentence 'Breakfast is ready' had morphed into a Pavlovian stimulus for Tem. His ears would raise up and his body would fully awaken with glee at the prospect of food, no matter how few hours of sleep he got. It wasn't like it would affect him that much—any energy he was lacking would quickly be replenished by all the food Riz had to offer, and similarly, Riz would be refreshed by the sight of his beloved relishing in the pleasure of a well-made meal.

Sitting up and rubbing his eyes, he quickly made his way to the bathroom. He always preferred to eat well-dressed and bathed; good food deserved a good patron to eat it.

Letting the shower run so the hot water would come up, Tem's glance inevitably fell towards his reflection in the mirror. It was one thing to see the effect Riz's constant feeding had on his body whenever he looked down, but seeing the full picture shown back at him never failed to throw him off. It was like all the world's mirrors had been replaced with funhouse ones. He was aware of his excess weight, but it was hard to grasp unless he could look at it like this.

The large pouch of fat that had formed around his midsection still felt a little foreign. Like almost every other morning, Tem couldn't resist putting his hands under the heft and pushing them up. It was like a giant stress toy, a damn effective one too if Riz's fixation on rubbing it was anything to go by. The texture was plush and thick—like he was lifting up a giant pile of dough in his hands.

I still can't believe that we got this far...

Riz was shy, probably too shy for his own good. Tem was always the talkative one out of the two, and while the tit-for-tat of their relationship was something they both enjoyed, he was more than aware of the bear's tendencies to bottle up his thoughts. He would need to prod and poke for whatever was bothering him. Most of the time, it was just simple things; he talked too loudly when he came over to his parents and Riz's mom didn't like it, he put his wool products in front of the counter so Riz has trouble finding his own fur shampoo, or that he thinks that Tem likes his food with too much salt compared to his tamer taste. It was never anything grand... at least until a few months ago. The words still stuck to his head like they were superglued atop his train of thought; everpresent, no matter what he was thinking about.

"I want to feed you", I still can't believe that he said it so bluntly...

It wasn't a surprise that Riz had a few kinks that he kept to himself. Tem just didn't expect *that* kind of fetish to be the one Riz would bring up with him. Tem wasn't entirely on board, but he trusted Riz enough to start trying it out. In retrospect, it made sense—the constant offers of snacks, lunches, and even dinners all the way back when they were still in high school were now colored with a partially sultrier lens now—but at the same time... "I look so... big."

He couldn't fully bring himself to say that he outright disliked it. Utterly enthralled, Riz had gotten to a point where his entire demeanor was tooth-rottingly sweet. Every second of his day not at work was spent doting on his alpaca. Efficiently and intensely, he'd put a plate in front of Tem and eagerly wait for him to consume it. He would watch with glee, expression morphing into a joy-filled grin that made him look irradiated with bliss. Being showered with so much

passion and attention was nice. *Very* nice. No matter how apprehensive he was about the weight itself, Riz being there, *loving* him so much...

Maybe it could be worse...

Steam began to hover above him. The warm water was ready, and it was time to begin a new day.

///

Looking at his pants, a sense of nostalgia began to overwhelm Tem. Riz had gotten him this pair for their first trip out of the city together. They saved up for months. New restaurants, new sights, new *everything*. It was like traveling to a parallel universe almost. The notion would obviously sound childish if not *manic* to anyone who constantly traveled, but to him, it meant the world.

Please... pleasepleaseplease fit.

Every day was a battle when putting on clothes. A limited wardrobe didn't do a growing body good. It was just like when he was finally reaching his growth spurt around when he was fourteen years old and his clothes struggled to keep up with his body. Just that instead of being elated at his own growth, he was met with shame.

Day by day, his jeans would hug his chunky legs and thighs. His shirts would ride up whenever he stretched his arms. His rounded-out chest would push against the fabric and make an outline that made it feel like everyone was staring.

And now, it was yet another day. Another day of eating. Another day of trying his best to squeeze himself into clothes that were showing their age. He hadn't gone shopping in quite some time thanks to taking a break from work, so he had quickly made his way through his closet. Now, the last pair of pants standing was this nostalgic pair.

Pushing his legs through the leg holes, Tem slowly began to pull the pants up. He went slowly, a building sense of dread crawling up his throat. As he began to feel the denim struggle to wrap around his legs, pinching the small pockets of fat that coated his limbs, that impending possibility of doom inched closer and closer to reality. As he held it just below his butt, he could feel it reaching its limit. Pulling harder, it could just *barely* move past his rounded-out behind.

One of the first things that he first discovered was that most of his weight went directly down to his thighs and legs. Even before managing to fully outgrow his pants, Tem was already feeling the effects of Riz's constant feeding. He had told the bear that this was just sort of a *test phase* to see if he would be okay with living out the fantasy long-term, yet it quickly snowballed faster than he expected. Just two months in, the denim would begin to hug his pants tightly. Moving his legs while wearing jeans became harder and harder, every few steps, he would need to pull up his waistband to prevent everyone else from seeing his ass crack.

“Come oooooon...” He had to use both of his hands, yanking upwards nonstop. Aligning his tail with the tail hole was usually a process so easy that he didn’t even register it, but having to keep the waistband pulled so that it wouldn’t ride down past his butt made it a war of attrition. He had to constantly nudge it, clumps of wool struggling to push through with his shoddy technique. “Ngh, dammit!” He let go, arms beginning to strain from holding onto the garment.

He tried the opposite approach; going from the front and *then* to the back. The buttoning was the part that he hated the most. It made him painfully aware of his weight. Once bound together, the two ends of the waistband would *painfully* squeeze his potbelly. The pressure would be even worse if he ever wore a belt. *Haven’t worn one in so long...*

With one hand on each end, Tem began to pull and pull. Immediately, his chubby thighs were compressed against the sudden push of force going inwards. The possibility of the seams coming undone under the weight of his pull lingered in his mind, a dreadful possibility that only made him pull even *harder* to try and finish this as fast as he could. *Why did **dressing up** become such a hassle?!*

“Tem?”

He pulled even harder. “COMING!” He squeaked out, feeling his stomach be pinched by his strained jeans. The cold surface of the button made him exert a whine that he tried his best to keep held inside. The two ends were so close—mere millimeters away from joining together. “Dammit, dammit... Come on, you stupid pants...”

“Tem, are you okay?”

“Y-yes! Just... give me a minute! I’m... *busy!*” The left half of the button was *barely* grazing against the hole. His love handles were aching from the pants pressing down on them mercilessly. “Will come out... in a few *seconds*—”

Riz practically *burst* into the room. In a panic, Tem squealed, letting go of the waistband’s ends and leaving his button undone. Without thinking, face flaring up with shame and embarrassment, Tem turned around. Only when he met eyes with Riz did he remember what he was doing in the first place, quickly moving his hands to cover the visible part of his boxers. “I-I told you that I was busy—”

“Well... You’re a little bit louder than you think. I could hear you struggling all the way from the kitchen.”

“...You did, huh?” Tem looked away from the bear. He could feel his face turning warmer by the second. He was obviously nervous, but he also didn’t want to make Riz feel like he was having a *horrible* time. In all honesty, he probably could’ve gotten pants a long time ago if he just asked his parents for money. Hell, even Riz probably would’ve chipped in. “Sorry, I guess I just thought that I could still hold onto my previous pants. I didn’t want to throw them away. It’s dumb b-but—”

“Tem.”

The alpaca stopped his rant, finally daring to look his boyfriend in the face. Riz's expression remained the same gentle poker face, not a sign of disappointment in sight. He was holding three pairs of pants in his arms, all of them with the price tag still attached.

"Happy early birthday present?" He said half-heartedly, clearly trying to put a celebratory spin on the impromptu gift-giving. "You usually come down really fast when I call you for breakfast. You didn't come, so I leaned in against the door. So..." He placed the pairs of pants in Tem's hands, who reluctantly accepted them, the expression on his face displaying his confusion thoroughly. "Sorry for peeping, ha."

"N-no need to worry, just..." Tem looked at the size tag on one of the pants. "Herbivore Type B XL?" Type A was for the rodents, B was for herbivores like him who were shorter than the national average but not tiny enough to require further accommodations, C was for the average sizes like Pina and Louis, and D and above were for the outlier species like moose and elephants.

"You were holding onto that L-sized pair, huh?"

"I guess... It's just that I never thought that I'd get this big. It's not so bad when I'm eating with you, but then I get this strange feeling whenever I'm walking outside with tight clothing and everyone's staring at how fat I am."

"Oh, Tem..." Riz knelt down, getting onto his boyfriend's eye level. "I'm sure that's just your anxiety. Most herbivores get pudgy when they get older. I mean, isn't your dad on the heavier side?"

"I guess? But it never seemed odd to me that my dad was fat. Me being fat feels completely different. I guess I feel... weird? Not bad, just not well-adjusted."

Tem was expecting Riz to say something insightful. The bear always touted himself as a great listener. Something about refusing to listen to stray thoughts or trying some meditation. What he *didn't* expect was for Riz to put his giant paws around his waist. Before he could even question what the bear was doing, Tem found himself pushed onto the bed. "W-woah! Riz!"

"Do you want me to stop?" He delivered the question as if he had turned into a completely different person. His voice was rumbling and deep, like he aged himself at least a decade by simply changing his voice. His beady eyes "If you want, just say so."

Without hesitation, Tem shook his head so intensely that he left himself dizzy. He had no words left out to give. The only thing that signaled the racing thoughts going through his head was his jagged, labored breathing.

"Well, this pair's warranty has already expired. I don't think we have any need for it..." Digging his claws into the fabric, Riz slowly traced his sharp digits down the pants. Making sure that they wouldn't reach Tem, the bear used his claws to tear off the garment. A thundering *RIP* sound spread across the room, making Tem flinch in a fervor-filled mix of fear and anticipation. The sound kept his boyfriend immobilized under him, keeping him still as he made quick work of his jeans. Tear after tear—a symphony of Riz shredding what was

keeping his boyfriend bound to his woes. “So easy, honestly. They were already stretched so thin trying to contain such a beautiful body...”

“Beautiful?” Tem asked, almost incredulous at the notion. He only ever thought of the chunky layers of adipose tissue as something that people would be disgusted by. “Do you really... mean it?”

“With my soul.”

He continued making more and more tears. Pieces of wooly white flab jutted from the holes, expanding outwards, finally freed of the compression they’d been subjected to. He leaned down to kiss every single one, a kiss earning a sigh of relief from Tem. The alpaca didn’t hesitate to vocalize his passion like an automatic machine making the same love-struck response over and over again. The sound was like *music* to Riz. His poise was slow and delectable, making sure his mouth lingered on Tem’s body, lips puckering around his flesh long enough for it to leave red spots all over. They would be obscured by the Tem’s wool, but both of them would know that his body was covered with marks of love.

“Let’s get rid of these things.” Riz gripped the two ends that Tem had been pulling on so fiercely mere minutes ago. “Don’t want you feeling uncomfortable anymore.” The fabric came undone as if it was made out of wet paper. The entire pair split in half, strings of denim falling to the wayside as Tem was left in nothing but his underwear. The pastel pink pinched his thighs even further, accentuating that *beautiful* growth that Riz had been craving for so long. He could perfectly picture Tem’s once slender, nimble legs in comparison to the almost mouth-watering sight of his new bottom half. “God... I’m so lucky...” He brushed the wool from a random spot on Tem’s leg basking in the pride brought by the outline of his lips firmly planted across skin so soft.

“R-Riz...” Tem felt his throat tighten. Every single brush Riz made with his skin made him melt deeper into the mattress. “Riz, I...” He was getting warmer. He had never felt this way before with Riz. Seeing the bear act so bold was something that he thought only possible in the realm of dreams. The feelings running through his mind and body were sultry and shameful, things that he only would’ve kept to himself, but his body needed to express his love back. His boxers pushed upwards. Now his *entire* face went red, Tem quickly covering it from the sheer torrent of feelings overwhelming him.

“Oh, Tem... See? You’re beautiful, my big, sweet Honey Pot~” He traced his thumb down Tem’s warm chin. “I can barely resist myself. Seeing you eat so happily is so wonderful. All that wonderful food going into that *beautiful*”—He then moved his hand down the alpaca’s body, arriving at his stomach—“body of yours. You were already wonderful when I met you, but now? Words don’t exist to describe what I think of you.”

“Y-you really think so?” He asked, separating his fingers to peek through the gap. “I mean, I dunno... Aren’t you a little bit shy about it?”

“Not at all.” He tenderly poked his boyfriend’s stomach. “My boyfriend has a soft pillow installed onto him. I say that is a perk worth boasting about.”

That managed to get a slight chuckle out of Tem. “Oh, now you’re just saying things... I mean, a pillow?”

“What else would you call this, huh?” From just using his finger, he then pushed his entire palm down the soft pocket of pudge. “My, good thing I’m already an expert at kneading dough.” He pressed further, leaning in to plant yet another kiss on his stomach. “Do you mind letting this chef do this for a few more weeks?”

“W-weeks? Sure... Now that I have newer pants, I can definitely gain some more without people turning to stare at me.”

“Even if they do, we still have each other,” Riz said comfortingly. “Every day, I’ll give you the best food a man could imagine.”

“Didn’t doubt it for a second. I know that you’re the best chef in the world.”

“That I am.” The bear said confidently. His face then scrunched up contemplatively, eyes closed, and suddenly lost in thoughts. He lingered... and then, with confidence, he asked. “Can you humor me a little?”

“Well, you’ve given me clothes and you’re about to give me breakfast. I think that I oughta give you something back.”

“Wait here!”

That same teddy-bear-esque demeanor that Tem loved so much appeared without so much as a warning. To hear the dominant ursine speak with the same candor of a lovestruck high school boy took him aback, but he could only find humor in the sudden shift. With the switch flipped, Riz hopped off the bed and excitedly ran towards the bathroom. The sound of clattering and shelves being rapidly rearranged filled the room.

“Everything okay there, Riz?”

“Yeah! Just putting batteries into this old thing...” Walking out of the bathroom, Riz had something in his hands; a scale.

“Oh, want to get an official number?” He asked, now sending some of that sultry flirting back to the bear. Riz nodded, an ear-to-ear smile painted across his face. “Well, I can’t deny you that, Riz. I wanna know too, in all honesty.”

“Great!”

He placed the scale down, squatting right next to it as he looked at the counter with the same giddiness one would look at a clock minutes away from New Year’s. This was an event for the bear, and Tem was more than happy to walk the metaphorical red carpet as the main star. Making sure that he wouldn’t step on it too hard, Tem waited with bated breath as the electronic display began to flash with numbers. Sometimes he wondered if the built-in buildup was for technological reasons or if the makers were fans of theatrics. Whether the reason, Tem still felt the punch of the realization when the scale finally read out the number.

“One seventy pounds...”

“Huh, that’s quite ligh—Oh. You’re a 4’10 alpaca, right.” Riz quickly pulled out his phone and began to type in it, eyes widening as the results loaded. “Oh wow, Honey Pot. Seems like someone managed to shoot past overweight and now you’re straight up obese.”

“O-obese?!” Tem asked, squealing out in a mix of shock and newfound... *pride*. Riz’s almost manic giggling certainly helped him acclimate to the info. “I never expected that I could get so big... I mean, I certainly don’t even feel *that* big. I thought I was just chubby!”

“Huh, is that right?” Riz leaned in closer, putting his mouth right next to Tem’s ear. “Then let’s make you *feel* fat.” In the blink of an eye, Riz swooped in to scoop Tem in his arms.

“Woah!” Tem yelped, almost tumbling out of Riz’s grip from the suddenness of it all.

Even with all the extra weight, Tem still weighed nothing to him. The idea that maybe one day carrying him could turn into a challenge only drove him to move faster. Carrying him down to the kitchen, he stared at the already-served pancakes with child-like glee. Sweet smoke rose up from them and toward the ceiling, a pleasant aroma enveloping the entire room.

“How’d you know I was in the mood for pancakes?” Tem asked, putting up no resistance as Riz seated him on the table.

“I know the eating habits of my Honey Pot well enough.”

The constant bombardment of the pet name made Tem squirm in his seat. Looking down, he could still see the tent that had made Riz swoon so tenderly. “D-don’t you think that I should at least get dressed first?”

“Oh, come on. It’s a Sunday. No need for modesty in your own home. Buuuuut, if it concerns you this much...” Riz quickly reached for the blinds, airing them in front of the window. “Now no need to excuse your beautiful body. It wouldn’t be fair if you covered it up, wouldn’t it?”

“You really love staring at me, huh?”

“Guilty as charged. I can’t control myself with such a cute, cuddly ‘paca parading around his body.”

“I think I’m beyond cuddly...” Obese. The word still lingered in Tem’s mind. One seventy didn’t seem that bad in a vacuum, but with his petite proportions, it was a massive change. Imagining Riz in the same situation—three hundred in the present, then suddenly ballooning up to *three hundred and seventy* to reach the same threshold of weight—put things into shocking perspective. “Soft?”

“Hm... How about *plump*?”

“I-I can get behind that. Sounds... nice.”

“Glad to hear that.” Riz pinched Tem’s cheek, humming as he went to get him some utensils and the toppings for his pancakes.

With a few moments to himself, Tem looked down at his body. Knowing that Riz was *madly* in love with it allowed him to look at it in a new light. Tracing his hand on the spot that Riz kissed, he felt a comforting warmth make him flare up with embarrassing giddiness. A part of him still held onto the worry that this was going too far, but how much harm could it really do? His dad was fatter than him yet he was still healthy enough. Getting such delicious food and nonstop loving? He’d be insane to reject it.

He continued exploring his body, cupping chunks of fat in his hand. From his love handles to his supple man boobs, it was strangely cathartic to grab his body and feel the *meatiness* of it. Riz had said the phrase ‘there’s just more to love’ many times before to explain the concept of his fascination with excess weight. Until now, he never really understood it, but feeling just... *more* of himself was a bizarre yet captivating sensation.

“Teeeeem~”

“W-whu?!” Tem suddenly snapped back to reality. He quickly took his hands off his body, putting them on his waist. “I wasn’t doing anything! Uh, yeah! Nothing!”

Riz only chuckled in response. “Sure, we’ll call that nothing happened. I still need to give your pancakes the finished touches...” Scooping up a chunk of melted butter from a plate, he slathered it across the top. It quickly began melting and trailing down the sides, with a torrent of maple syrup cascading on top of it to give the meal a sickeningly sugary look—a perfect match to the alpaca and his massive sweet tooth.

“You know me so well...”

“A good chef knows his patron’s likes and dislikes.” He said, squeezing the last drops of syrup out of the bear-shaped bottle. With a bow that Louis had taught him many years ago, Riz spoke. “Bon appetit.”

Tem didn’t hesitate for a second. With a fork and knife in hand, he dug in. The pancakes weren’t extraordinarily sized like some of the portions Riz had been giving him for the past few months, but they were *certainly* harder to cut through than most. They were thick and fluffy, almost as if they were giant marshmallows. Thick, gooey syrup dripped from the chunk onto the plate below. *Drip. Drip. Drip.* He had to carefully guide it into his mouth to not let a drop stain his wool. Biting down, the potent stream of flavors forced a moan out of Tem. On top of the syrup already being overwhelmingly sweet, the actual dough was far more sugary than usual. “Thish is sho good!” He said with a full mouth.

“Glad to see that you liked it, Honey Pot. Was trying a new recipe *just* for you.”

“Rheally?”

“Instead of sugar, I used honey for the mix...”

“You’re already conditioning me to eat like a bear with how much you feed me...”

“Tsk tsk. Less talking, more eating, baby.”

Like a machine, Tem began shoveling down the rest of the pancake. He usually ate slowly and calmly, but the spur-of-the-moment passion propelled him to fill his mouth as fast as he could. Every bite was a joyous occasion for Riz, and the alpaca was happy to provide. He kept moaning as he felt the food piling up in his stomach, Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallowed the large, doughy chunks.

“Sho... ghoo...” The pancakes were filling him up faster than he expected. In just five minutes of nonstop eating, he had barely finished the first. The other pancake remained untouched, almost luring him to continue. He already got so far, why stop now?

Riz had been gawking at him with wide eyes. Now that Tem shared his enthusiasm, he had no need to hide his more intense need. His right leg was bouncing up and down, claws dug into the marble of the dinner table. He usually could effortlessly hide his fang when smiling, but now, the bear was showing the row of blade-like teeth with pride and joy. “Good boy. You love eating my food, don’t you?”

Tem nodded, cheeks full and pink. Already a third way through the second pancake, he could feel himself slowing down. His stomach worked as fast as he could churn the pile of sugary dough. The torrent of syrup sloshed inside his belly like a water balloon filled with thick, slimy putty.

“Aw, slowing down, little buddy?”

“O-only a little...” He said through labored breaths, feeling his chest rapidly rise up and down.

“How about I help you, Honey Pot?” Moving behind Tem, he took the cutlery away from the alpaca’s hands. He intentionally cut a larger chunk than the others, gently placing his paw underneath Tem’s mouth to catch any crumbs. Tem’s petulant, high-pitched moan serenaded him. He wanted to keep hearing such a beautiful sound for as long as he could. “You’re doing so good, baby. You’re making me so proud.”

“T-thank you...” He moaned, his tent throbbing. His body was *on fire*. It was burning with intense fervor, the tip of his shaft gently leaking and darkening the pink fabric. “I love you...”

They were almost silent as Riz continued feeding him the pancake, Tem’s heavy breathing the only sound echoing across the room. With eyes only half open, he looked at the plate in tantalizing anticipation. It only hosted a small morsel of fluffy dough. It seemed so small yet so challenging. The conflict tugged at Tem’s mind, a brewing of dissonant emotions pushing him to go deeper and telling him to retreat at the same time.

“Do you want me to stop, Tem? You sound like you’re done...”

“N-No... I can... Do it.” He heaved. “Can you give me the fork?”

“Will do, baby.”

Tem gripped the fork. With a quivering hand, he skewered the last pancake bit. The leftover syrup stuck to the bottom, having already dried up. Pushing through the fullness, he slowly pushed it inside his mouth. By now, his mouth had been assaulted with so much sugar that his entire body trembled as soon as the dough grazed his taste buds. “So... sweet...” With one deep breath, Tem gulped down the last bite.

Feeling it travel down to his stomach, he immediately reached to rub his stomach in relief, but there was still something calling to him. Without even fully processing it, he reached for the plate to lick the bits of syrup stuck to it. He could feel Riz gasping, but he was so enthralled by the sensation of completely losing himself to base urges that compelled him to just keep going forward. His tongue swirled against the porcelain, and he finally set it down only when he finally felt like there was nothing on the plate. “Oh my god... guh...”

“You did amazing, babe.” Riz planted a quick kiss on Tem’s cheek, not desiring to overwhelm him any further. “How do you feel?”

“Like I’m floating...” He muttered through his sugar-driven stupor. “Oh, I shouldn’t have done this right after having done a midnight snack the day before...”

“You’re the *best*,” Riz said breathlessly. He gently scooped him up again, nuzzling his face against Tem’s. “Do you want me to bring you to bed?”

“Haha... yeah, I’d like that, Riz.”

“No worries, Honey Pot.” He whispered. “For now, I want you to rest. You need to be awake for lunch, don’t you?”

The alpaca chuckled back. “That... you are right. I gotta eat to keep growing, after all...”