Heaving and panting, Gouhin slowly waddled his way towards the clinic. Every day, the trek between the market and home got harder and harder. He never expected that domestic life would take such a toll on both his physique and mental state. There was just something about having grown so heavy that entranced the panda. The ‘doctor’ part of him sometimes guilted him into considering turning his life around and forsaking his newfound sedentarism, but once he came home, the urge to go back always faded away. “I hope that Gosha has lunch done and served already… I’m starving…”

He pulled out his keys, only to manage to drop them while hastily trying to open the door. “Gah! Dammit…” He attempted to bend down and grab them, but the giant, doughy orb that was his midsection obstructed his movements. His stomach protruded like a mound of bread dough, soft and plump—the panda struggling to reach for the keys as the giant midsection pushed against his chest and knees. "Shit, I should've been way more careful…" He heaved as he desperately tried to reach for them—his arm reaching its limit as his fat digits wriggled desperately. “Mgh, NGH!”

“You could’ve just knocked.”

Gouhin was suddenly pushed back by the swinging door. The sudden shove pushed the hundreds of pounds down to the ground with unstoppable momentum. With a loud thud, he crashed onto the floor—his massive body causing the ground to shake beneath him. As the impact rippled across his body, his stomach wobbled up and down with the consistency of a water bed. He let out a pained groan, feeling the weight of that gelatinous bulk pressing down on his bones. The impact had knocked the wind out of him, leaving him momentarily breathless.

As his vision cleared, Gouhin looked up to see the muscular figure of his husband standing over him. Gosha stood with a slightly amused smirk—his hulking frame adorned with a bright pink apron that clashed with the mountain of musculature that was the Komodo Dragon.

“I could’ve opened the door by myself.” The panda grumbled.

“I’m sure you would, but I think that would’ve taken quite some time.” Gosha chuckled as he rubbed circles around the panda—who stayed still with a mix of reluctant appreciation for the tender treatment. “I think it would be prudent for you to accept some help. Such a large man as yourself needs a little bit of support.”

“You know I don’t lie it when you get all patronizing.” Gouhin huffed—his labored breaths causing his massive stomach to rise and fall. He tried to push himself up, but the weight of his belly made it nearly impossible for him to stand. The rounded mass jutted out from his body like a boulder, stretching his clothes tightly over his frame—a smidge of his white-furred belly peeking underneath the shirt and jacket. He looked up at Gosha with a slight scowl on his face, exacerbated by the effort it took for him to move. “Ngh, just help me get up already!” He couldn’t believe that he had fallen so low to the point that he was practically unable to get up by himself. He was sure that just like bending down things, he could do them… *eventually*, but it was a far cry from himself from just a few years ago.

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*Gouhin was nowhere near what he would consider an appropriate substitute for a parental figure. Despite having fathered a child, adopted two, and being forced to endure another's obnoxiously hormonal and self-destructive late teenage years, all of them were either abandoned early at age or came out from their experiences with him less than what the panda would consider normal. Some would say that he was being too hard on himself, but he knew that for all the good he did, he certainly wasn’t a good influence.*

*That was why when Legosi insisted that he should come to visit the daycare where his grandfather volunteered, the panda had no idea why his protégé was so insistent about what was clearly a bad idea. Still, when he heard about payment for a short presentation, he relented. He had always planned to keep running the clinic until his wealth dried up, so having a little bit more to extend his unofficial tenure as a doctor would be great.*

*It went smoother than he expected. He had forgotten how truly impressionable children were. Being able to explain simplified concepts without needing to get to the excessive minutia of the taxonomy differences between carnivores and herbivores was a refreshing change of pace. Sure, they'd need the more in-depth explanation eventually, but for once, that wasn't his burden to bear. By the time he was finished, he was ready to get back home as fast as he could… were it not for the fact that he ended up bumping into another man as soon as he turned around.*

*“Oh! Sorry, was in a rush to properly compensate you for the talk. That talk about instincts and first-aid training was really wonderful. With the kids beginning to grow their claws, we really needed that…"*

*The panda swallowed hard. He didn’t expect someone working a daycare to be…* ***this big****. Years of work in the field made it easy to spot someone strong, and the reptile in front of him certainly fit the bill. He could see chiseled muscles barely hidden underneath his yellow polo.*

*“A-ah, is there something wrong? You’re quiet—“*

*“Nothing wrong. Just thinking.” Gouhin abruptly said. “You’re Legosi’s grandfather, right?”*

*"Yes, yes! I wanted to personally thank you for coming. You have no idea how much we needed a safety talk, and none of us are the best at trying to explain things like that… apparently, I'm a bit of an overreactor when it comes to safety, so the owner said that they needed someone with actual medical experience…*

*"Uh-huh," Gouhin said, his eyes still hard-focused on the reptile’s physique. “If you ever want me to come again, you just… need to say it. For a discounted price to boot.” This time, he spoke in a low pitch—muttering the words as he looked down. His hands twitched as he desperately wished that he could go for a smoke—nervousness welling up in the back of his throat.*

*“Oh, that would be great! At least let me compensate you for your kindness.” The man insisted.*

*“That won’t be necessary, Mister…”*

*“Gosha! And please, I insist.”*

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The chair underneath Gouhin creaked out in pain as he seated himself on top. This had been the third set of chairs that they had bought ever since they moved in together. Staying still to lessen the pressure that his body put on the seat was the best that he could do to keep the wooden chair held together. He had already experienced the pain of his seat turning into splinters with loud, deafening crackling and crashing into the floor as a result *twice* now—he didn’t need a third time.

His chunky, lardy legs felt uncomfortably packed onto his jeans. They were stretched tightly across Gouhin's lardy thighs, the fabric straining to contain the overflowing amount of blubbery flesh. The denim seemed to cling to his legs like a second skin, the seams digging into his flesh and feeling as if it would be undone if he was to gain one more pound.

Then again, how many pounds had he gained after saying something exactly like that before? Gosha probably had a pair of 4XL pants already bought—wanting to keep it a secret just to pretend that he wasn't eagerly awaiting the day when his pants burst from the seams.

“What’s the long face for?” Gosha asked as he made sure to lock the door behind him. “I thought that you would’ve been a little bit more excited to have bamboo stir fry.”

“I am. Just worried about this damn thing breaking.” Gouhin said while very slightly tilting his waist to the left, causing the chair to creak even louder while still trying to not put more pressure than needed. “Are you sure that you brought the reinforced chairs? They feel flimsy as hell…”

The panda’s worry only seemed to humor Gosha, whose chuckling intensified as he walked past the worried panda and planted a kiss on his ursine cheek. His scale-coated fingers glided along the fat rolls-ridden back to tenderly squeeze the panda's rear. Gouhin squirmed in place, puffing out his cheeks and trying to suppress a moan—even to this day adamant about trying to wholly retain his dignity and pride despite his current living situation. He hadn’t done any field work in years, yet he still tried to put on a gruff front even in his own home.

“Well, I too would be worried about my seat breaking if I was as wide as this…”

“Oh, shut up. You know it’s not that big.”

Gouhin looked away—pouting as he tried to deny the truth. The panda’s ample behind had grown extensively with the rest of his body. What was once a set of firm, rounded glutes had become a pair of formless blobs that spilled downwards with hanging flab. Having seated himself on the chair, they spilled sideways as the doughy piles of lard had the entire weight of his upper torso—a large gut and a set of doughy, equally formless pair of man tits that pressed down on his body.

The chair was not only reinforced to hold up the giant of a panda, but widened so that his ass could fully fit around the chair. Previously, just before the other set of chairs would break under the strain of his body, his ass would literally *spill* past the sides of the seat—sagging downwards like dough overflowing past and then down the mold that hosted it. The feeling of gravity pulling down his hanging lard would be so uncomfortable that he’d only last a few minutes before he would insist on having his meals on the bed.

“If you insiiiist.” Gosha teased, finally letting go of the chunk of flab from Gouhin’s ass. “Did you buy anything else besides the ingredients for the stir fry? Those bags were a little bit heavier than usual…”

“Nothing escapes you, doesn’t it? I might’ve bought something extra. I think that we should do something for dessert, don’t you think?”

“What a wonderful idea!” Gosha cheered—the prospect leaving him absolutely thrilled. “I do hope that you’ve bought enough.”

“For the both of us?”

“Oh, you know that that’s *not* what I was thinking…”

The sudden change to a low, deeper pitch made Gouhin squirm in his seat. He quickly tried to correct himself, adjusting the collar of his shirt. “Ah. I see. Should’ve expected it from you.”

“You should have.” With a rather mischievous giggle, Gosha walked to the kitchen—his long, heavy tail dragging along the ground while swishing from side to side.

*He’s right.* Gouhin seldom showed how intensely he felt cared for. It wasn't in his nature. He showed his appreciation through actions—not words. For years, he only ate what was necessary for him to function. It was only when Gosha invited him to dinner as thanks for his discounted talks in the daycare that he started to see food as something more. The fact that Gosha wasn't even the owner and just a worker made him feel even more embedded in the Komodo Dragon.

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*When was the last time that he ever went to a restaurant? It felt odd to eat without trying to balance the amount of nutrients and calories that he got per yen spent on it. It was even more of a shock to his system since it was the first meal he had been treated to since he left his wife and child. The thing that left him the most perplexed was the fact that while Gosha had barely eaten anything other than a small salad and a cube of tofu, the Komodo Dragon had barely eaten anything off his plate… while he had been given quite the feast. When his meal first arrived, he thought that it was* ***both*** *of their meals.*

*“Are you sure that you’re not hungry?”*

*“Me?” Gosha chuckled—the idea incredulous to him. “Oh, you needn’t worry. I usually don’t eat too much. You, on the other hand, seem like you really need the food. Your stomach was rumbling constantly while walked over here!”*

*“I… I suppose that you’re right.” He couldn’t dispute the fact. Still, looking at all the food made him feel somewhat guilty. All this food* ***just*** *for him? A large bowl of ramen—another bowl of the same size filled with curry—a hearty portion of pumpkin soup—and some Kung Pao Tafu; those were just the ones that immediately stuck out to him.*

*He couldn’t believe that he was going to eat all of that, but despite his apprehension, his body kept calling out to him. The churning had only gotten worse and worse the longer that he waited to dig in. With hands full of doubt, he began to dig in.*

*And as he did, Gosha observed carefully—his pose relaxed but his facial expression showed that he was thoroughly focused on the way the panda was eating.*

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As Gosha set down plate after plate in front of Gouhin, the long time it took for the process to finish was slowly beginning to make the panda self-conscious about the whole thing. He loved Gosha’s food—he couldn’t stop himself from eating it, after all. Self-control had been a thing that had long left him—every bite that he took only made his resolve to better his diet wane. The barrage of flavors contained in each bite was practically *addicting*.

He had to muster all of his willpower to not drool at the sight. Gosha always made sure to give him his silverware last—probably to make him *really* want the food. The wobbling water bed that was his gut kept loudly rumbling as the ever-increasing hunger demanded him to let gluttony take hold.

Finally, Gosha set the plate of stir-fry as the main course. The plate was surrounded by a heap of other smaller plates to complement the savory meal.

“I hope that you enjoy the meal!” Gosha cheered, clearly not trying to hide his intentions while rubbing circles around Gouhin’s gut. The doughy flab morphed and shifted around his hand—the fat jutting outwards.

Gouhin tried his best to maintain composure, even as Gosha's touch sent shivers down his spine. The panda knew that indulging in such pleasures could only lead to further weight gain, but the allure was too strong to resist. With each passing day, his desires for food and physical sensations seemed to grow exponentially.

As he picked up his fork, the aroma of the stir-fry filled his senses. The savory scent wafted through the air, making his mouth water uncontrollably. Unable to resist any longer, Gouhin took a small bite and savored the explosion of flavors that danced on his tongue. The combination of tender tofu, crisp vegetables, and rich sauces was divine. Gouhin couldn't help but close his eyes, surrendering himself to the pleasure of each mouthful. The taste sensation was unlike anything he had ever experienced before, and it only fueled his desire for more.

“That’s it…” Gosha cooed. “I’m sure that you had a rather stressful day. You deserve this reward. Probably more, if you have space for dessert…” The reptile’s tongue hung out of his mouth—perverted giggles peering through his soft demeanor. “Or maybe you can even get seconds!”

“You really want me to get even bigger, huh?” Gouhin teased.

“Oh, nothing of the sort. I’m just making sure that you’re getting everything that you need.” Gosha tried to deflect, his laughing turning nervous. “I mean, I don’t think you have gained *that* much. It’s just a little bit.”

“Really now?” Gouhin chuckled. He grunted as he pushed Gosha’s hand away and reached for the wide, flabby roll enveloping his middle. Struggling to get a grip, he finally lifted it up and let it rest on his lap with a thud. Even after he stayed motionless, the aftershocks from the impact caused his stomach to ripple and wobble for a prolonged time. “I think that I’m pretty hefty, honestly.”

“Well, maybe… just a little bit, but I don’t think that’s anything worth worrying over. I think you can keep eating some more without care!”

“Uh-huh.” Gouhin teased. “Then I suppose that those chairs I broke are just coincidences?”

“W-weeeeeell…” Gosha was fortunately not *too* good at directing away from the topic of his intentions. While the panda wasn't exactly beyond thrilled that he was slowly losing his mobility, at the same time, the feeling of being pampered was something that once he tasted, he couldn't stop indulging in. It certainly helped that his growing body always managed to chip at the reptile's already poor façade. Just a slap of the gut or pushing it against him would be enough to leave him a stuttering mess.

“Yeah, yeah. It’s just probably water weight, right? That’s what you said the first time. I’m sure it’s still that.” Gouhin said with sarcasm.

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*The panda kept grunting as he desperately pulled on the two ends of his jeans. Seeing the humble apartment that Gosha lived in, Gouhin couldn't stop himself from trying to offer the man shelter. The clinic had more than enough vacant rooms for Gosha to live in—not a lot of work was needed to remodel it into a decent living space.*

*The old-timer was a massive help in dealing with some of the younger patients. Gouhin had never made an effort to hide his irritation with the woes of the young and how insignificant he found them in the grand scheme of things. Gosha—on the other hand—was far more amicable with the younger patients. On top of that, the reptile didn’t request any kind of compensation beyond the living space and the intimacy.*

*Gouhin still didn’t feel it right to call the man his husband, and boyfriend sounded disgustingly juvenile. They were something for sure. What they* ***were*** *exactly wasn’t exactly clear to him beyond the fact that they were sure a thing.*

*It was overall an uphill track for his life… except for one thing; Gosha was probably the best cook he had ever met, and with that, came some unexpected side effects. Gouhin had always had a little bit of a beer belly, but it was never* ***flabby****. It was taut and firm—packed with muscle that was the result of years of hard work.*

*“Ngh, mgh!" And now, that was gone. He couldn't even begin to describe how incredibly odd it was to feel anything remotely soft in his body. As he continued trying to join the two ends of his pants, the realization that this was actually happening to him continued to settle in his brain. The idea was ludicrous, but seeing his potbelly jiggle with each furious tank only made him want to button up his pants to prove to himself that he possibly couldn't have gotten fat enough to outgrow his pants.*

*Worse of all was that his pants weren’t the only victim of his sudden growth. His shirt and boxers were packed tightly around his frame—form-fitting and hugging his now slightly curvier arms and thighs.*

*“God dammit… Why won’t this fit?!”*

*Gosha emerged from the bathroom, towel draped over his shoulder, and blinked in surprise at the sight of Gouhin struggling with his clothes. A mischievous grin played on his lips as he took in the sight of the panda's expanding figure.*

*The panda's face flushed with embarrassment, his normally confident demeanor replaced with frustration.*

*"Having some trouble there, my love?" Gosha asked, his voice laced with amusement.*

*Gouhin shot a glare in his direction. "Don't you dare make a joke out of this…”*

*Gosha held up his hands in mock surrender. "No laughing here, I promise. I’m just curious what has you so tilted…”*

*Finally reaching the peak of his frustration, he let out a frustrated growl and hastily pushed his legs out of the jeans before tossing them aside to the bed—leaving him in his snug green boxers. "These damn pants won't fit anymore!* ***That’s*** *what got me so damn tilted…”*

*Gosha stepped closer, his eyes scanning Gouhin's changing body. It was true that the panda had been steadily gaining weight over the past few months, but he hadn't realized it had progressed to this extent. Gouhin's once-toned muscles had softened into plump curves, his belly protruding further than ever before. Focusing on the sight, he could feel his heart drumming so intensely that it echoed through his head.*

*"Maybe you should cut yourself some slack. With Legosi’s friend becoming the Beastar, meat addiction has become less of a problem. You just don’t have the massive workload you have told me about." Gosha suggested gently. "It’s probably nothing to worry about!”*

*“Gosha, I appreciate the effort, but—“*

*“I mean, it’s not that big.” Gosha interrupted, running his hand across the panda’s stomach—much to Gouhin’s shock and chagrin. “Most people your age are* ***way*** *fatter. You have nothing to worry about!”*

*“A-ah, Gosha. Hands off, if you will?”*

*"Sorry, sorry. Just… checking." Gosha kept prodding and grabbing the panda's newly formed pouch as if it were a stress ball.*

*Gouhin tried to swat Gosha's hands away, but the reptile was relentless in his exploration of the panda's expanding belly. Gouhin could feel his face burning with embarrassment and frustration, but there was also a tinge of something else—a strange exhilaration that fluttered deep within him.*

*"I can't believe you're so fascinated by this," Gouhin grumbled, trying to regain some sense of control over the situation.*

*Gosha chuckled softly, his eyes gleaming with mischief. "Well, can you blame me? You're incredibly handsome even if you’re now softer around the edges..." He squeezed Gouhin's plush stomach gently, causing the panda to let out an involuntary gasp. "This is just another part of you that I adore."*

*“W-well…” He looked away, trying to hide a shaky smile. Gosha's touch sent a shiver down Gouhin's spine, stirring a mixture of vulnerability and desire within him. It was a strange sensation, to feel both self-conscious and desired at the same time. As much as he wanted to deny it, there was a part of him that craved this newfound attention, especially from someone as caring and gentle as Gosha. "Alright, fine, but you’ll have to cut it down with how much you’re serving me. At this rate, you’ll make me fatter than a pig in retirement…”*

*“Will try my best!” Gosha cheerfully said.*

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He mindlessly opened his mouth and chewed. It always went like this. Gosha would desperately try to keep himself composed before he would insist on 'helping' him with his food. What that help actually was was the Komodo Dragon taking complete control of the situation and shoving food down his throat as if he were a living trash disposal. He wouldn't be given a moment's rest as spoonful l after spoonful came his way.

“Just have to make sure that my panda is *very* well fed," Gosha said passionately.

His throat bulged as he swallowed without an end in sight. The array of plates in front of him had barely a dent made on it—the panda estimated that it would be hours before he would be excused to leave the table. His stomach was beginning to protest with every bite, yet Gosha's determination to feed him and make him grow persisted. By now, both of them knew that he wouldn’t put up a fight when it came to the feeding. He loved the feeling of so much food churning inside of his belly—a lack of self-restraint that he hadn’t allowed himself to feel for quite some time having grown into an addiction.

As the hours dragged on, Gouhin’s eyelids grew heavy with exhaustion. His once plush stomach now bulged uncomfortably against the confines of his clothes. He let out a sigh, a mixture of contentment and distress, as he glanced at the untouched plates that seemed to multiply before his eyes.

He let out a small whimper, clutching at his bloated belly. "Gosha... I think it’s about time… we finished. Can't eat another damn bite. Feels like I’m fit to pop.”

Gosha's eyes widened with a slight bit of worry, but the anxiety didn't last more than a second—this very situation had played out between them countless times. "Oh dear! We mustn't have that. Let me help you relax." He hurriedly grabbed a cup of warm tea and gently guided it to Gouhin's lips. "Made sure that it was honey tea. Your favorite."

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*A massive snowstorm was probably the worst thing that could’ve happened to Gouhin. Right after the realization that he had managed to outgrow his clothes for what was now the* ***third*** *time since Gosha moved in with him. The extent to which he managed to dwarf his clothes in size had gotten worse too. What was once the simple-in-comparison hurdle of ill-fitting pants and tight shirts had evolved into nothing fitting him. His XXL sweatpants refused to even go past his thighs and his newly bought copy of his yellow polo barely managed to cover his now doughy, pliable gut—almost half of it hanging nakedly and exposed.*

*Even more confusingly was how thrilled Gosha was about the whole situation. While Gouhin rested in bed—nothing but draped covers covering his rotund black and white figure—the Komodo Dragon’s feeding only seemed to intensify. He would bring him meal after meal without him ever asking, and watching him eat it.*

*But that was also pretty tame compared to what the Komodo Dragon did next. Gouhin didn’t even know the why or the how of why his partner had done such a thing, but with his lips tightly wrapped around the funnel, the sheer boldness of the move made him allow the reptile’s gambit to play out in its entirety. He chugged down the thick milkshake with gusto, moaning as he continued drowning in the excess sweetness.*

*“My, you’re doing* ***such*** *a good job of being a hungry, hungry man. That’s what I like to see…” Gosha said in a sultry whisper as he continued pouring down the shake.*

*Gouhin's eyes widened in disbelief as the milkshake continued to pour down his throat. Each gulp sent a rush of sugary delight through his veins, filling him with both satisfaction and a strange sense of vulnerability. Gosha's words echoed in his mind, and he couldn't help but feel a mixture of confusion and arousal.*

*As the last drop of the milkshake disappeared down Gouhin's throat, he set the empty cup aside and wiped his lips with the back of his paw. His stomach churned with a heady mix of desire and unease, unsure of what to make of this newfound dynamic between him and Gosha.*

*Gosha's eyes sparkled with mischief as he leaned closer, the scent of honey tea lingering on his breath. His voice took on a husky tone as he spoke again, "Stay still, my love. I’ll go get the next set of shakes…*

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Gouhin’s stomach rumbled as he let Gosha rub it—hands behind his head while doing so. His stomach churned loudly in both ache and satisfaction. The weight of his bloated belly pressed against his thighs, causing a mixture of discomfort and pleasure to surge through him. His body felt heavy, like an overstuffed pillow, and the warmth radiating from his engorged midsection only heightened his sense of vulnerability.

As Gosha's hands kneaded and massaged Gouhin's swollen belly, the panda couldn't help but feel a sense of surrender washing over him. It was as if Gosha had tapped into a hidden desire within him—a desire to be cared for, to be nurtured in such an intimate way. The pulsing ache in his stomach seemed to mirror the ache deep within his heart, a longing for acceptance and love.

Gouhin closed his eyes, allowing himself to fully immerse in the sensations cascading through his body. Each touch from Gosha sent shivers down his spine, igniting a fire within him that he had never experienced before.

“I love you.” He quietly said.

“I love you too.”