

“This is the place, right Julius? I.. I think it has to be, it's the right address..”

The car had pulled to a stop outside what looked to be more of a row of cabins than the hotel the two occupants had expected. They were *lovely* looking though, comfortable and spaced out so they had privacy amid the trees with the lake in sight just past them.

“I.. It has to be? I mean, the GPS took us here and didn't seem to be glitching out. Right? So I mean.. unless there's a whole other Rochelle and Julius and a whole other R&G Transformative Weekends hotel chain I'm *pretty sure* we're where we're supposed to be?”

The badgers exchanged looks, and for just a moment Julius at least wondered just what the odds of a coincidence like that would be. A bit too astronomical. The badger shrugs, reaching inside for his phone and the small bag he'd packed. His wife did the same.

“Well, time to get a look inside. The place said 'pack light' so I'm hoping it's pretty stacked in there. I don't want to be bored all weekend.”

A little behind him, Rochelle slung her purse over her shoulder. The badger grumbled a bit in response to what she'd just heard however.

“..Now, look.. I'm going to try not to be a bitch about things but part of the point *was* to get us away from being at our laptops and on-call to work all the time.”

The tension spike was abrupt, but it could've been worse. The atmosphere was already helping with that, or at least it seemed to be to Julius.

“I know. I- I know. I promise that didn't go any further in my head than hoping we don't get stuck watching some random collection of crappy movies all weekend if we decide hiking or wandering by the lake isn't cutting it, you know? Nothing more.”

An exhale escaped Rochelle as she ascended the steps to the cabin with her partner.

“Yeah, I.. yeah no. That's fair. The lake does look nice though, don't you think? I-”

Julius had come to a halt just inside the door, blinking slowly and looking about the state of the room. Rochelle had walked right into the other badger's backside and for a moment that tension flared again, for her at least. It wasn't getting through to Julius for some reason, which was annoying in its own right. Plus something smelled.. odd? Not bad, just odd. Familiar even. Like an old ice cream shop or something-

“Oh.. Oh my, what- are.. We looking at the same thing here? I don't..”

The confusion lingered even after several seconds of blinking at the sight of the place didn't

end up causing any of it to reveal itself as a hallucination or any other such nonsense. Both badgers looked at each other, then at the inside of the cabin. Literally everything looked to be made of food. Baked goods and candy for the most part, chocolates and spun sugar and other treats. Everywhere. Which was equal parts mystifying and kind of suspicious?

“I.. I mean, I think so. Julius, what the *hell* is going on? Is this.. are there.. cameras or something? Can we even trust this stuff? I don't..”

While the concerns seemed valid, Rochelle found that as she voiced them Julius had not waited around to join in the discussion. Her partner had just ambled up to the posts of the king sized bed and reached out to touch them, tilting his head slowly, leaning closer.

“..If it is? I think it's one of those 'find the chocolate' or 'find the cake' things except.. It's.. everything? I.. I think it's *everything*. I-”

Before she could do anything about it Rochelle watched as her partner just sank his teeth straight into what *looked* like hardwood, tearing free a mouthful of soft, fluffy centered chocolate. Then another.. and another.

“H..Hun. Hun maybe slow down a little, I-”

No slowing down occurred. Rochelle watched as her squat little partner tore through a bedpost and then ripped half of it off with a solid cracking noise. She also couldn't help noticing he was getting thicker around the middle – quickly. A few bites in and Julius' belly was pushing up from under his shirt, which had popped a button free. He -had- to have noticed too, but Julius didn't make any effort to stop himself.. In fact when he caught sight of Rochelle standing and staring with her mouth open he all but shoved a handful of the rich, creamy chocolate into her mouth.

Something buzzed inside Rochelle the instant she tasted it. A kind of wild, vibrating pleasure ran through her nerves and left her squeaking quietly as she batted at Julius like she'd meant to be much more upset about this. She *should* be upset about this. But the urge just.. failed? Instead she found herself wildly hyper-focused on the way that chocolate crunched just right and how cloud-like the nougat was and how she wanted *more* in her.. *right now*.

Lucky for Rochelle the whole damn cabin was made of more. When the rest of her brain shut off she dove for the bookshelves and found herself with handfuls of cake. Just like her partner she felt the effects of that feast *immediately*. A few bites in and Rochelle could feel her dress splitting apart all around her, she felt her belly starting to droop down and touch her waist, and it was

spreading outward from there. The whole thought of it, of getting so much fatter so quickly, was maddening. Years of watching her weight, of being careful, gone in *moments*. Julius, too – she'd worked hard to keep her partner from overindulging and now he was stuffing a cotton candy bed comforter into his face by the handful and stripping his clothes off as she watched. He'd outgrown most of them already, looking like double his old size and just still growing.

It wasn't like she could say anything.. literally. Rochelle couldn't stop eating long enough to even speak. She'd torn through half the books and her face and hands were caked in.. well, cake. Now she was moving to the minibar, finding that it had actual drinks but that the bottles weren't glass. They were all gummies full of fruity booze. Rochelle let out a rumbling purr at that find, starting to gorge herself on them, savoring the little sweet burst each one had when she bit down. And how each time she did it she felt her clothing rip a little more, felt more flesh exposed to the air around her. Rochelle's whole frame was starting to quiver gently when she moved and there was something *delicious* about that.

There was something delicious about *them*. Rochelle felt it, she saw it when she looked at Julius as he sprawled out on what was left of the bed. Her partner was looking *huge* and getting more so by the moment, soft and jiggly, well past just chubby. Julius was *obese*. Swaddled in layer upon layer of blubber, fat rolls growing in up and down his frame, and still he kept feeding that belly of his. But then it wasn't as if Rochelle could blame him, she ended up crawling for the bed as well and snacking on anything she could get into her face along the way. Even that ended up being a bit of a taxing experience for her body, halfway to it she could feel her belly start to scrape the floor as she reached out for handful of cinnamon bread carpet or a stray cream puff throw pillow. Rochelle's whole body jiggled with every little motion by the time she climbed into bed and started to breathily approach her partner.

“J-Julius.. w-what.. we're.. we're *huge*-”

Rochelle made it almost up to her partner before she collapsed, her own quivering body too heavy and awkward for her to manage anything more. Not when she fell into the fluffy, sweet confines of that mattress. All the fat-assed badger could do was dig in, whimpering quietly, and surrender.

Next to her, Julius was starting to come through the other end of the gluttony into a bit of clarity. At least, a particular sort of it. One indulgence leading to another. Surrounded by food,

struggling with his own heavy body, Julius saw something *else* he wanted. Waddle-crawling across the bed wasn't easy, he had to struggle for every bit of ground he gained and kept getting distracted by stopping to pull parts of the bed off and snack on them, but eventually he got there. Nestled up against his partner's giant backside.

“..W-we really are.. Oh *fuck* you look good like this. I, I just..”

Shuddering as the urge he was wrestling with took over, Julius dug his fat fingers into his partner's body and gave her a rough shove over onto her side. Getting her into a spot where he could pry her thighs apart and waddle-shuffle his way between them took some effort, enough to leave him panting and sweating more than he already was. It didn't at any point stop Rochelle from gorging herself, from getting steadily thicker by the moment, but that hardly mattered. Once Julius coaxed his increasingly throbbing hard cock out from under his belly and started working it inside of the other badger he was.. Not content, never content, but he had what he wanted.

Now he just needed *more of it*. Julius started to rock back and forth, pushing into the thick pillowy bulk his partner had grown into while he felt his own frame *still growing* around him. The both of them were looking like fat, grumdrop shaped slobs still stuffing their faces. Still adding more to the caked on sugary mess around their chins as they grew new ones to do the same thing to. Still panting and grunting with every breath they didn't spend eating as Julius gripped his partner's blubbery body for support and found her passing him handfuls of marshmallow pillow fluff since he was too busy hanging on to keep fucking her to reach for himself.

As he stuffed his face while stuffing Rochelle the badger couldn't help but imagine them both in terms of the food they were gorging on. Like she was a gargantuan pastry all herself and it was his dick doing the stuffing. The thought was enough to push him over the edge. Julius let out a thundering, staggered cry as that climax *flooded* his partner. Both of them were left violently sloshing back and forth, like riding inside a furry waterbed.

Even as it started to ebb, as Julius kept bucking his own fat hips into Rochelle's to milk just a little more pleasure out of the moment, he could still feel them both growing. Glutted, exhausted bliss permeated every last bit of both badgers as they slumped into a sloppy heap against one another and clumsily tried to cuddle up with their own bellies in the way.

It took a bit of effort to manage, to get close enough to nuzzle at one another before they passed out, but as they worked on licking each other's chins and cheeks clean the couple gradually

eased off into sleep as the sounds of their own bellies lulled each other away.

Waking up to the sounds of nature around was part of the whole aesthetic they'd come out for in the first place, so it was a pleasant and welcome thing for Julius when it happened. Birds twittering and wind and water rustling nearby were just.. peaceful things. It left the badger feeling contented and happy.. until his belly snarled at him anyway. That made his eyes snap open as he shifted position in bed.. and went wide-eyed.

While he was taking in the sight of himself Julius' body poured itself over, gradually sloshing to the side until he was on his back and then wobbling side to side. It was a bit like being in a waterbed while on the proper bed itself, layers of blubber wobbling to and fro, pinning him down. Not *completely*, Julius freaked out for a moment that he wouldn't be able to get himself out of bed, but discovered if he just rocked back and forth steadily could build up enough momentum to roll over again and reach the edge of the bed, but that still left the *other* issues. Like finding himself pushing up clumsily and trying to find his equilibrium with a body *hundreds* of pounds heavier than he was used to.

Even the first step he took left the whole thing wildly sloshing and jiggling, he had to fight past his own thighs and slip into an awkward waddle to get moving. That simple movement left his cumbersome bulk slapping against itself, like someone was applauding his ponderous waddle.

“Oh.. ohgod.. that was all r-real? I – oh *wow*.. Rochelle..?”

Julius headed for the bathroom. The badger felt sweaty from head to toe, sticky from feasting on snacks, and like he'd spent a good while *messily* fucking his wife. Which he had. That tacky feeling all around his crotch was very real even if, as he discovered, he couldn't actually *reach* his own cock to feel around it and check. There was just too much flesh in the way, but plenty of it to feel with, slowing him down and forcing Julius to stop and lean on the wall as he swiftly ended up out of breath.

“R-Rochelle?! Are you.. d.. did we, this- I don't-”

A sound nearby left Julius with a wash of relief. Not Rochelle's voice, but the shower being on. That explained everything the badger needed and gave him a destination. He was still out of breath though, with his back complaining loudly by the time he reached the bathroom and saw the *enormous* visage of his wife in the shower.

“Hmm, oh! Julius! That.. oh my. Look at us~”

Watching as his wife stuck her now fat-faced visage out of the shower, looking at her blushing – at the way her giant frame pressed against the glass of the shower doors.. the *sizable* shower.

“Look at *you*- just.. *wow*. I mean, you're okay right?”

Rochelle couldn't stop herself from smiling – and from eyeballing Julius.

“I mean.. This is *exhausting* and it has some problems – but there's a bench in this shower. There was a note about them sending breakfast, too. I think we have about an hour for that, yet? Which.. *oouf*. I am.. so hungry! Among.. other, ah-”

Julius waddled himself up to the door of the shower and pushed open further, wanting a look at his partner. For a few moments that kept both of them occupied, studying each other's new layers upon layers of soft, pillowy flesh. It was Julius that reached out first, planting his hand on Rochelle's side – then his other on her breast. He gave both a gentle push to see just how far they'd sink in. As to Rochelle, she backed away – but she took hold of Julius' wrists to tug him in after her.

“Mmmn.. other problems – like.. I might need your help reaching some things~”

A breathy chuckle followed. Julius couldn't help blushing furiously himself as he slid into the shower booth, belly and ass scraping the door frame on both sides. The badger's belly rumbled loudly in the process and his partner's did the same thing as if empathizing. Once he was in he found that, even with the spacious shower stall, the two of them together took up a *whole lot* of space.

“Okay, hang on.. I ah, if I slip I don't thin I can get off the floor in here? Heh. But-”

Rochelle's hands closed over and into the fat rolls on his sides as the hot water seeped into them, guiding Julius around to where she'd been sitting.

“Here, sit down for a couple. I can stand for a little – and this will make reaching things easier too. Just.. get *in there*, real good~”

There was a shaky breath from his partner that followed once Julius reached out, touching the underside of her belly, having a quiet moment to himself to marvel at just how heavy it was to lift up and get underneath. The underside was ripe – the aftermath of last night was still good and deep in Rochelle's fur and nestled in every curve. Julius got to work, and let some of the many questions on his mind wander to his mouth.

“..I – this place.. You remember the same things, right? The – the cabin made of food?”

Rochelle let out a moan that might have been a result of Julius' hands at work or might have just been remembering the feast from the previous night.

“I do. I really do – Oh *heck* I want more of that.. Do you, too? I mean. I woke up *hungry*. Not just properly hungry, but.. like, I want *so much food* and then I think I'd just keep wanting more, and.. and I don't.. care about-”

Julius leaned in, burying his face into Rochelle's belly and running his arms deep underneath. In and out, soaping things up and rubbing them clean and letting his fingers wander around deep between his partner's thighs.

“Just.. just eating, for hours. Feeding each other and ourselves, lying around naked because- oh heck, nothing we packed is going to fit anymore is it? Hah~”

With his partner resting her hands, and then her belly, atop Julius' head the badger was left staring right at the fat pink cavern between Rochelle's legs. It kept clenching gently as he watched, he almost wanted to just lean his face right up against it as his partner spoke.

“And the sex was just.. we need to do that again, but *after* we eat because I am just.. Oh I hope they aren't too long arriving with that breakfast thing they said they do here. I- oh! We need to get you cleaned up too!”

This the laugh was just outright mirth as opposed to something breathy and lewd. Julius pulled himself free from under his partner's belly while Rochelle stepped back and tried to make some room. She was red in the face for a couple of reasons, though blushing and being on her feet for a while were probably high on that list.

“Let me take a breather, hun. I'll get in where you can't while you scrub up top. Then we can dry off and see if this place has anything to hold us over.. Or maybe we'll walk out the door and it'll be made of food again~”

Julius tried imagining that, the whole place just being a feast.. again. The notion left him sighing, wistful, as he let hot water seep through his fur and get rid of at least *most* of the lingering traces of that sweaty night of messy feasting and fucking. The badger tried not to get too worked up during the act but every new crevice and fold he'd never touched before was driving him into a fit of delight to feel now – and that went double for everything Rochelle was handling.

“Oh *heck*.. I mean, if it was – if we saw that waiting, I'd.. I'd definitely just start eating myself stupid again. I know I would. But-”

Feeling his partner's plump fingers coax his cock out from the nest of soft flab it was occupying now left Julius' eyes rolling shut. He spent more time rubbing at his moobs than he really needed to there and, if he weren't so blasted hungry, figured he might've cum on the spot.

“We'd be so big by the time we woke up from *that* one they'd need to haul us out of here in a cattle car and load us into slings for us to make love~”

Of course, Rochelle's choice of words as well as her tender fingers were pushing him close anyway. Julius' whole frame shivered as he imagined the idea. Being too big to even move, needing to be handled like some kind of animal or landmark or piece of furniture.

“..Rochelle, I'm starting to hope that happens. This feels *insane*. I keep half expecting to wake up, but.. it feels real too. I mean.. we're really.. *enormous*. But just-”

The soft touch of his partner's lips on his cock broke the tension that tried to flare up. Julius let out a breath and relaxed most of his body. Rochelle tugged gently on his hands and he helped his partner stand while they both shuffled awkwardly out of the slightly too small doorway of the shower stall.

“I know. I am too. Come on, getting dried off is going to be a bit of an adventure at this size I think. We might be in for another round of fondling each other's crevices and folds.”

That notion left Julius making another sort of hungry sound as he caught a towel his partner through and got to work on that task. Rochelle was right, this was going to require them to help each other. To get as much done as they could on their own and then get their partner to help with the deeper parts. The ones they were just too damn fat to handle on their own, which..

“..We *could* get bigger, even without the help. Just.. stuff ourselves the old fashioned way. Sure, it'll take some time, but we can savor it and even-”

A loud grunt interrupted Julius as he reached the end of his ability to reach himself for rubbing at with the towel. Rochelle was having the same problem, ending up tugging him to sit on the only available seat and get under her belly while she spread her stance and held her gut up and out of the way.

“..Maybe find ourselves someone to help? H-heh.. You have a point. I mean.. if we're *both* getting bigger, then eventually-”

Julius felt a shiver run through his skin as his ass spread out underneath him.

“..We'll both be too big even for this. Hah, *relationship goals*. Let's get started *today*~”