

Flynn and the Weight of Passion

By: Indigo Rho

“How?”

Flynn demanded the answer rather than ask for it. The short-tempered gila monster tended to do that. Questions could be dodged and ignored, drawn out in a dumb little game of back and forth that might not even end with an answer. Demands cut through the complicated crap and got immediate results. Either you got an answer, or you didn't.

Life was too short for mind games, so Flynn stuck to demands.

The rotund river otter sitting at the edge of the lap pool looked up at Flynn and raised a brow. His wet fur shone in the searing desert sun. Water trickled down the round mound of his belly. “Huh?”

“How do you stay so damn fat, Chase?” No reason to tip-toe around the subject, especially when there wasn't anyone else around to glare and chastise him about being blunt or callous.

And because Chase's first response to the blunt question was to smile his damn, cute little smile. “Your cooking, probably. Everything you make is so fantastic, I simply can't resist. And you make so much, too.” The otter patted his belly three times, sending short, jiggling ripples across the doughy ball.

A snarl flickered at the tip of Flynn's snout as his face heated up and the crotch of his pants felt tighter. “Don't blame me, fat ass. I cook healthy, balanced meals.”

“Must be why the doctor always gives me a solid bill of health whenever I drop by.” Chase wobbled as he laughed. Then he eased his hefty body into the water and kicked off the back wall, darting towards the opposite end at an impressive speed for a man his size.

Flynn's eyes followed Chase to the end of the lap pool, honing in on his round rump and thick tail. At one point, he caught sight of the wobbling curve of Chase's belly and exhaled sharply through his nostrils.

Chase swam every day. The otter had kept up the routine ever since they'd put in the pool. At least thirty minutes of laps—maybe even a full hour—intermittently broken up by breaks where he'd lounge at the edge of the pool. Sometimes he just floated on his back, the dome of his belly jutting upward like a soft, furry island.

As far as Flynn could tell, the regular exercise had no effect on Chase's waistline whatsoever. The otter didn't lose an ounce of fat or gain an ounce of muscle. He wondered with morbid curiosity if the daily swims were the only thing preventing Chase from ballooning, like a dam holding back a sea of blubber. Instead, Chase's gains had been slow and steady, gradually piling on

until Flynn realized he barely recognized his boyfriend in old photos from before college.

None of it made any sense to Flynn. If you ate well and exercised plenty, you were supposed to lose weight, plain and simple. Injury or illness might screw the process up, but neither of those applied to Chase, who managed to simultaneously be the fattest and healthiest person Flynn had ever known. The worst the otter ever dealt with was the occasional sprained ankle, but those never kept him off his feet for long.

Flynn watched Chase go back and forth, the otter never sticking his head above the water. Chase swam on a single, seemingly endless breath as if he'd never surface again. Even after years of living together, Flynn couldn't shake the dim unease he felt when Chase stayed under for so long. He didn't care how long otters could hold their breath. It sure as hell wasn't forever.

Finally, Chase came to a slow stop back where he'd begun. He surfaced and pulled himself out of the pool, not entirely without grace. However, there was plenty of jiggling for Flynn to take in with flustered frustration.

Chase practically looked nude at a glance. The overhang of his belly and love handles covered half of his tiny blue thong. His bulging thighs and massive tail worked hard to cover up some of the rest.

He shook water out of his fur, expending a great deal of effort to accomplish little. The towel worked better. But the towel didn't put on a show for Flynn, who huffed as he watched.

"So," Chase asked, because the otter was the sort to ask, not demand. "What's for dinner?"

* * *

Dinner was a long and passionate affair for Flynn. Take-out and frozen meals couldn't compare to a competently prepared, homemade meal. Obtaining fresh food in a place like Echo was an ordeal in itself, but Flynn refused to half-ass his cooking. Watching someone eat and enjoy the dishes he prepared was enough to make him bother smiling.

Filet of fish formed the core of dinner; topped with a lemon garlic sauce, of course, to reduce calories. Mashed potatoes and steamed vegetables on the side, along with a fresh roll. The meal was about as healthy as Flynn could make without going full vegetarian.

Yet Chase would clean off two plates-worth—as he always did—and grow a tiny bit softer—as he always did. Because against the odds, the otter was predisposed to putting on weight.

Flynn stewed as Chase devoured dinner with a smile wider than his exposed belly. After drying off in the bathroom, the otter had changed into the casual fit he wore at home when no visitors were expected. Khaki shorts clung to his thighs like spandex. His blue shirt came just short of reaching his belly button, serving more as a crop top. Chase claimed the tight outfit was comfortable, even though he looked as if he'd spontaneously ballooned a solid fifty pounds or more whenever he wore it.

So, on most days, Flynn had an unobstructed view of his boyfriend's doughy gut, along with every faint wobble and bounce that came along with it. He bit his lip thinking about how much the shirt had ridden up Chase's belly in recent months alone.

Flynn guided the conversation away from Chase's weight while they ate. Not to be polite—Chase never shied away from the topic when they were alone—but to prevent the otter from teasing him. To think the otter had once been the shy one in their relationship. Growing fat had made Chase bolder.

They ate in relative silence, occasionally sharing praise for the meal or work stories. Flynn had little to pass along; working at the mayor's office of a small town on life-support made for dull conversation. It was all spreadsheets and noise complaints. Chase worked remotely, and spoke only of confusing emails and voice calls plagued with technical issues. Flynn wondered if Chase's coworkers knew his belly was constantly exposed just out of view of his webcam, since the otter hadn't bought a button-up shirt that properly fit in almost a year. Perhaps the tight upper buttons gave them a hint at what lay below.

Flynn shifted in his seat and banished the horny thoughts by silently reciting building regulations. It didn't work.

* * *

"Want to have some fun tonight?" Chase asked. A question that wasn't a question, but wasn't a demand, either. It was an offer. Flynn heard that in the otter's voice and his mischievous smile. And he knew he wouldn't say no in the end. But he'd force his boyfriend to reach that point first.

"What do you mean?" Flynn placed the last dish on the drying rack. He'd cleaned them all himself tonight. Chase had offered to help, like always, but Flynn had needed the distraction. Cleaning normally cleared his mind. Then again, he normally didn't have his boyfriend hovering nearby, meandering around the kitchen in a manner that showed off how every part of him had a faint, gentle jiggle to it. He now realized the otter had been prepping him for the evening's entertainment to ensure he couldn't possibly say no.

It was an unnecessary and obnoxious ploy. And it would work.

“You. Me. The bed.” Chase averted his gaze as if the very mention of fooling around together made him bashful.

“Swimming didn’t tire you out? You were panting on the way in earlier.” Wet belly inflating and deflating with every breath.

“Dinner rejuvenated me! That’s the power of your cooking. And why I’m so fat, remember?” Chase smacked his belly once—just once—but at a side angle that wobbled the furry ball from left to right twice over.

Flynn’s heart skipped a beat. “I don’t cook anything fattening,” he grumbled. “But if you’re up to it, fat ass, then sure.”

“I knew you’d say yes,” Chase practically chirped. “Race you there.” He sauntered away without any hint of haste, swaying his hips so much that his large tail swung like a rudder.

Flynn followed his bouncing boyfriend, cursing under his breath, eyes never leaving the otter’s round ass.

Once in the bedroom, Chase worked to shed his purposely poor-fitting shirt. The otter raised his arms, lifting his shirt above the broad curve of his belly. He tugged at his shirt collar, jiggling his gut up and down, up and down. He was taking his time. Flynn knew it, and appreciated it, and grumbled about it.

Letting others take control in these situations generally didn’t bother Flynn. He’d let strangers spit-roast him on the dancefloor of underground clubs, fully aware he had an audience. He’d bottomed for one-night stands without a second thought and eagerly given blowjobs to guys who rarely returned the favor. He’d even dabbled in light bondage; simple ropes and blindfolds.

Giving up control was nice at times. No concerns, no decisions. Just action. It kept fucking from becoming a hassle.

His relationship with Chase was different, though, and not just because he’d never had one remain stable for so long. Intimacy with the doughy otter stirred Flynn in all new ways. It didn’t even necessarily involve sex. The gila monster had yet to come to terms with the things Chase’s considerable gains had awakened in him. Cravings he used to mock—that he *still* mocked, even as they made him hard. Because although he persistently encouraged his boyfriend to exercise and eat healthy, he anticipated every new pound the otter gained with something akin to desperation.

Or maybe he hadn’t realized how blissful something as simple as a soft curve could make him feel.

Chase finished wobbling out of his shirt and tossed it aside. He slid his paws beneath the underhang of his gut in search of the button to his shorts.

Exaggerated motions jiggled his belly, accompanied by well-timed grunts. Someone who didn't know the otter well enough might have assumed he was struggling against his girth to undo his button, that he might even require assistance.

They'd be wrong. Chase certainly wasn't a ballerina or a gymnast, but he didn't struggle with his weight, either. The bastard just liked finding inventive ways to tease Flynn. It was his idea of having fun.

"A little help, love?" Chase asked with a sheepishness that nearly sounded genuine to Flynn.

"Fat ass," Flynn huffed. His face felt warm enough to fry an egg on. But he didn't say no. He knelt before Chase, on eye level with the otter's belly. It bulged outward like a fuzzy balloon, round and soft and warm. The navel in the center went almost a finger deep. An intrusive, lustful voice in the back of Flynn's head begged him to bury his face into Chase's middle so he could feel the otter pudge spread over his snout.

No. It was too early for that.

Flynn took two deep breaths and focused on the task at hand. He lifted Chase's overhang with a claw, ignoring the otter's jiggling giggles. He carefully angled the button of the shorts through the hole. Chase's gut wobbled once the pressure was released, unzipping his shorts a third of the way through force alone.

"Much better." Chase let out a long, sensual sigh, as if he'd just blown his load.

"You'll pop that button if you keep overeating," Flynn grumbled as he retreated from doughy temptation.

"Seems to happen to every pair of pants I own inevitably. At least the ones that don't tear along the thigh seams." Chase finished unzipping his shorts. He shook his hips, causing the shorts to slowly slide off and to the floor.

Thoughts of popped buttons and ripped seams invaded Flynn's head. He swiftly scattered them to the wind.

"God, you're getting fatter every day." Flynn huffed out the words, holding back a shudder. The corner of his mouth twitched.

"Am I?" Chase looked down on his round middle with mock surprise. "Honestly, I feel like I'm the last one to notice when I gain weight. Guess I'm just not as observant as you are." He placed the palms of his paws on either side of his belly; his fingers sank in faintly, as if he was pressing down on a pillow. Slowly, he massaged his belly in circular motions, kneading the fat up and down, left and right.

Flynn's eyes were locked onto Chase's gut, following its every wobble.

“Don’t need a keen eye to see you’ve ballooned.” How fat *had* Chase gotten? The otter played coy about his exact weight, never offering exact numbers. All Flynn had to go off was what he saw, and he saw a whole lot of otter. His best estimate was that Chase had well over doubled in size, at least, from slightly chubby to a certified dough ball. As far as Flynn could tell, there wasn’t anyone fatter in town.

“I don’t know. I think some angles just make me look fatter than I actually am. And there’s the clothes that shrunk in the wash,” Chase mused, still rubbing his belly.

Flynn scowled. “You’re really gonna blame those curves on angles? Fuck me.” He instantly regretted his phrasing.

“Eventually, love,” Chase smirked in a way that made Flynn want to curse him and kiss him simultaneously. “But if you want to confirm I’ve actually put on weight recently, then touch is the only way to do it. Looks can be deceiving, but a firm grip tells no lies.” Chase squeezed his belly and shook it firmly. “Come check for yourself.”

There it was. The invitation. The excuse. Flynn felt silly having to twist himself into knots to enjoy the bounty Chase offered, when he typically dove right into intimacy. One day, the gila monster wouldn’t require a self-imposed ritual to indulge in the unexpected kink that’d snuck into his life. He looked forward to that day with equal parts dread and ecstasy.

For now, he’d stick to being aloof and act as if he took convincing to submit to his boyfriend’s whims, even if he knew Chase didn’t believe the act for a second. The otter was in control, and that was how Flynn preferred it.

Flynn stepped up to Chase, who removed his paws from his belly to give his boyfriend clear access. Flynn cupped Chase’s overhang in his claws and gently squeezed, feeling the pudgy bulge between his fingers. A stuttering breath escaped him. “You’re so fucking fat.”

Chase laughed, jiggling in Flynn’s grasp. “If you say so.”

“What else would you call this?” Flynn shook the ball of dough in his claws. There was so much of it. There was so much of Chase.

“Pleasantly plump,” Chase said, emphasizing the p’s.

“My ass is plump. This is…” Flynn wobbled Chase’s middle, mesmerized by the way it bounced.

“It’s what?” Chase asked.

Enormous. Excessive. Enrapturing. Euphoric.

“It’s fat.”

“But it’s soft, right? Like a plush pillow.”

“Like a wrecking ball.”

“Like a bean bag chair. You want to faceplant on it, don’t you?” Chase spoke the question so casually, as if asking Flynn what his plans for the evening were.

Flynn froze. “Maybe.”

“Definitely. So why not have a go?” An order disguised as a question. Flynn didn’t know what had turned Chase from a pushover to a sly dom any more than he knew what had caused the otter to fatten up. College? Perhaps that was the answer to both. High-calorie dining hall food nudged his waistline on the path of limitless expansion, while a subby fling nudged him on the path to kinky commands and safe words.

Chase placed his paws on Flynn’s shoulders and applied the slightest hint of pressure.

Flynn dutifully went to his knees, dropping all pretense of resistance. He wasn’t in the mood for it that day. He came face to face with Chase’s sizable belly once again. Had it somehow grown in the minutes he’d been away? No. An embarrassingly vocal part of him only wished that were true. Chase only spontaneously ballooned in his dreams, the ones that got him squirming and moaning in his sleep.

“No need to be shy, love,” Chase said.

And because Chase willed it, Flynn complied. He leaned his face against Chase’s gut and felt himself sink into the ball of dough as if it were memory foam. Warmth radiated from the furry mass. On winter nights, he’d cling tightly to the otter, using him as a rotund heater. He didn’t care that he’d already flustered himself hot; the thick, cozy layers of fat made enduring the heat worth it. He felt the beating of Chase’s heart beyond the blubber, along with the gurgling of dinner digesting in his stomach. Calories on their way to being stored as fat.

Flynn gripped Chase’s love handles for balance and pleasure, slowly clenching and unclenching his claws like he was working at a stress ball. He leaned in and out, in and out, massaging Chase’s belly with his face. The otter giggled. He bit his lip to stifle a moan.

The goddamn fat ass was right; he *could* feel Chase’s recent gains. It was in the way his face sunk a little deeper into Chase’s belly than before. How his hold on the larger love handles had grown harder to maintain over time. And the wobbling. The slightest nuzzle got Chase’s pillowy gut swaying from side to side.

“Don’t forget to come up for air,” Chase teased. He topped every sentence with a small laugh, just enough to jiggle his belly.

“Fuck you.” Flynn’s words came dangerously close to a moan.

“If you want to dive deep, then go ahead.” Chase slid a paw behind Flynn’s head and pushed, pressing the gila monster’s face further into the mass of his belly.

Pudge bulged over the tip of Flynn’s snout. He said a muffled curse but didn’t struggle. Chase’s heart beat louder in his skull. He felt like he’d been submerged in a sea of fat. While he dived, Chase scratched the back of his head and fussed with his mohawk. His boyfriend knew all the sensitive spots that made him squirm, both in joy and irritation.

The longer Flynn remained pressed against Chase’s gut, the larger he wanted it to be. How much further would he sink if Chase gained another hundred pounds? What about two hundred? The otter in his mind grew fatter and fatter and fatter, until he imagined himself sprawled atop a mountain of doughy curves and rolls. Enough otter to smother him.

Flynn’s heart raced in his chest. He hadn’t taken a fresh breath since Chase had pushed on his head. His lungs burned, but his crotch throbbed. Fantasies transformed from a bed of fat to a wave of fat. He was submerged. He needed to surface, but he didn’t want to. Surfacing meant leaving the comfort of Chase’s belly.

His claws quivered, their hold on Chase’s love handles growing slack. Stars pulsed in the darkness behind Flynn’s closed eyelids. He felt faint. Hovering at the edge of consciousness, Flynn finally tapped Chase’s love handle three times in quick succession, one of the couple’s silent safe words.

Chase still waited a few seconds more before he removed his paw from the back of Flynn’s head.

Flynn pulled his head back and gasped greedily for air, nearly collapsing in the process. He swayed a little as he breathed heavily. A paw patted his head. He tilted his head up to meet Chase’s gaze. The otter’s face looked so round from below.

“Told ya not to forget to come up for air,” Chase cheerfully chastised him. “I’d hate to drown you in otter fat, after all.”

Flynn cursed his dick for growing harder after the comment. “Wouldn’t have...to worry about...that...if you’d lose...some weight.”

“You’re better off improving your lung capacity.” Chase grabbed Flynn by the mohawk and shoved the gila monster’s face right back into his gut.

Flynn shuddered and moaned, which was thankfully muffled by his boyfriend’s belly fat. He wiggled in place for a minute longer before he rapidly smacked Chase’s love handle again and was released.

“Fuck you, fat ass.” Flynn’s mouth twitched as he looked up at Chase. He desperately wanted the otter to submerge him again as punishment. It was more dignified than begging or face-planting right back into the inviting ball of

blubber. Turned him on more, too. The fake tension got his blood pumping. To think, he'd once had to be the one to take the initiative in their relationship, guiding Chase through positions and scenarios that left the otter speechless. The wonderful bastard had turned the tables on him at some point, and Flynn had never felt the desire to turn them back.

"You should rest, love. It'll make you less grumpy." Chase patted Flynn on the shoulder. "The bed's ready and waiting for you."

Flynn dragged himself up, not quite fully recovered from his deep dive. He fell face-first into bed, bouncing once and rattling the frame. It paled in comparison to his boyfriend's gut.

Chase smacked Flynn's ass twice, jolting the gila monster. "On your back," he ordered. His tone was playful, but got Flynn rolling over nonetheless.

Flynn stared at the ceiling as he listened to Chase stomp around. He turned his head down when he heard Chase stop moving and spotted the fat otter standing at the foot of the bed—looming, really. Chase hauled himself onto the bed, which groaned faintly from the sudden influx of extra weight. He crawled forward on his hands and knees, belly hanging low and brushing the bed covers. He didn't get in next to Flynn; he came on top of him.

Flynn bit his lip as Chase crawled over him. The otter's gut rolled over Flynn's crotch, prompting a stifled gasp that almost became a moan. The furry ball of blubber spread over his chest, pinning him to the bed. Otter blocked his field of view, Chase's round, smiling face mere inches from his own.

A long, drawn-out, and likely fake yawn passed through Chase's lips. "Maybe I'll take a little nap myself before we fool around. I know you won't mind if I flop down here, right?"

Chase didn't wait for an answer. The hefty otter collapsed atop his boyfriend.

The impact forced the breath from Flynn's lungs. Hundreds of pounds of infuriatingly hot otter pushed him into the mattress like a pile of weighted blankets. He tried to move his legs but barely budged an inch. He wouldn't move until Chase allowed him to move, and Chase took long naps.

Chase lay his head beside Flynn's, doughy cheek pressed against scaly cheek. "Night, love."

"Fuck," Flynn gasped. "Night," he added, thankful the otter couldn't see how hard he was blushing, but fearing he might feel the heat of it.

He's only going to get fatter, Flynn thought to himself while pinned beneath the massive love of his life. *And not only am I gonna let him get fatter, I'm looking forward to it. Wider. Rounder. Softer. Heavier. Fuck me.*

Flynn let Chase's weight lull him to sleep, bracing for the horny onslaught his dreams would undoubtedly bring forth.

* * *

In his dream, Flynn was on his back in bed. Not his bed; something longer and wider, with somewhat familiar sheets. A distorted idea of a bed. He didn't pay much attention to the strange differences. More important matters weighed upon him. Literally.

Chase sat on top of Flynn's legs, his round belly resting on the gila monster's crotch. They were both nude.

"You're so damn fat." None of the usual sharpness tinged Flynn's words. He spoke with blind adoration, the way a deep part of him felt but was never allowed to express. He didn't feel the need to hold back now for some reason.

"And getting fatter," Chase said with his cheek-pinching smile.

"A pound every few days, at the rate you're going." Astonishingly, erotically efficient. How did Chase do it? He certainly wasn't keeping a horde of junk food hidden in the house; Flynn had checked.

"You wouldn't have it any other way. Unless..." Chase looked away, more mischievous than ever. His smile threatened Flynn in horny ways he'd never before imagined. "What if: a pound every second?"

Chase's belly puffed up like a balloon, gaining a few inches in a second. But the otter wasn't just sticking his gut out; he'd actually put on weight. Flynn felt the subtle difference of the added pounds.

How the fuck? Flynn thought. "Yes, please!" was what he said, though.

Chase continued to grow. His body thickened all over as the pounds piled on. What had once taken months now took seconds. And he wasn't only growing fatter; he was growing bigger, too. Or was Flynn shrinking?

Chase's belly gradually swelled over Flynn's chest. Flynn looked longingly at the glorious ball of growing blubber, letting out ragged breaths. He felt his boyfriend's rump and tail cover more and more of his legs. The bed groaned as Chase's bulk pressed him deeper into the mattress. He couldn't have wiggled free of the otter even if he'd wanted to. Chase was in control.

"You want more of me, right?" Not a question. Not a guess. A firm yet friendly order.

"Of course," Flynn huffed. Chase had easily tripled in size. How would he stand without smashing a hole in the ceiling? The thought vanished as quickly as it had arrived. It didn't matter. Chase needed to be bigger.

"You want to be buried under a ton of otter? No, under a lake of otter?" Chase's eyes flickered red. Flynn noticed for a second, then forgot.

"Submerged under you. Forever. Can never be enough." The words flowed from Flynn's mouth on their own.

Everything below Flynn's neck was under his boyfriend's incredible heft. He couldn't see Chase's face beyond the vast, endless curve of the otter's belly. Pudge pressed against the flat of Flynn's chin. Soon, he'd be buried completely. "Enjoy, love." Chase's laughter caused his belly to flow over Flynn's head.

* * *

Flynn woke to a kiss and a few hundred pounds of cheeky otter sitting on his chest.

He glanced up at his beautiful boyfriend and managed half a scowl. "You're fat."

"And you're finally awake. Nap time's over, love." Chase kissed Flynn again. "Time to fool around?"

"Sure," Flynn grunted. He never could refuse an order from the otter.