

“Hey, PanPan. Pan. Pan-bro.”

Panda held his tongue and took a deep breath. Eyes closed, he tried thinking through his words—lest he ends up wounding his well-intentioned but *annoying* brother. He tapped dull, rounded-out claws against his desk for a few seconds before turning his chair towards Grizz.

“What?” Panda bluntly asked. “I’m *busy*, as you can see.” He gestured at the three monitors playing the same anime visual novel concurrently.

“Well, y’know how you always stay late up because you record yourself talking over video games? And people watch you and stuff?”

“Waitwaitwait. You *know* about that?!” Panda stood up from his chair, fists clenched and cheeks puffed up. “Since when?! How?! I always wait for you guys to fall asleep—”

“Eh, you’re not *that* quiet. Especially when you play those weird horror games!”

“Ughhh...” Panda whined, hands over his eyes only to retreat them when yet another realization hit him like a brick to the head. “Oh my god, does Ice Bear know?”

“I dunno.” Grizz shrugged. “I think he just knows everything.”

“Ngghaaah!” He whined—head cocked skyward as he angrily shook his hands. “This is so embarrassing... You can’t tell anyone else, promise! You have to promise!”

“Why tho—”

“JUSTKEEPYOURPROMISE!”

“Alright, alright!” Grizz nodded rapidly at Panda’s screech, gently stepping back from the quivering ursine. “Just... chill, you know? I think that what you’re doing is actually really cool. Playing video games as a job? That sounds like the dream life for me, Pan Pan.”

“It’s just not-whatever. Whatever. Doesn’t matter.” Panda swiped away the sweat off his forehead, only to realize that he was drenched down to his waist. The sweat made his sweater cling to his doughy midsection—segments of the garment getting stuck between rolls. “Ugh, look at what you made me do! You know that I start sweating like crazy when I get stressed!”

“Sorry, sorry! I-I’ll just get to the nitty gritty then.” Riz apologetically rambled. “How do you like... get started? *I kinda wanna do that too. I kinda got fired from Cy-Burger so I need to make cash too.*” The last part was said in a low, almost inaudible hum followed by an awkward laugh. “So! That’s why I want to get in on that cool business you have. Can I be like, an intern on something?”

“No. No. NO.” Panda chanted as he looked for his handkerchief amidst the mess strewn around his desk. “Grizz, youuuuu can’t be part of my channel. I-I wanna keep this private and I don’t think that I could handle you being on stream with me... or even messaging me in my alt accounts...”

“Well... How about I start my own channel then? That way we can both collab without it seeming like I’m invading your space.”

Panda was about to refute yet again, but by now, he was just too exhausted to continue shutting down Grizz while trying to keep his temper down. “Yeah, sure. Just don’t spam my page.”

“Alrighto, Pan Pan!” Grizz cheered. “Oh, but we need to go shopping! I don’t think that my computer can handle all those cool games that you play.”

“Didn’t you just say that you needed cash...?”

“It’s an *investment*, Pan.” Grizz proudly insisted. “I’ll eventually get my money back! I know I’m charismatic enough to get a big *BIG* audience!”

“Sure...” Panda grinned—teeth clenched together. “I’ll help you order what you need, but I’m not gonna lend you any money, got it?!”

“Thank you!” Grizz rejoiced, leaping to wrap his chubby but firm arms around Panda’s stomach. The bear nuzzled his face deep into Panda’s stomach—much to the chagrin of the black and white ursine. “You’re the *best*, Pan Pan!”

“I suuuuuuuure am...”

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Under the glow of obnoxiously saturated colored lights, Grizz continued to play through the lack of sleep and exhaustion. Fifty viewers was the highest number he’d ever reached, and he wasn’t letting that achievement go any time soon.

“Ugh, come **on** ON!”

His character—a muscular grizzly bear wearing an outfit revealing enough for it to be just a few more inches of skin short of being considered medieval-themed lingerie—leaped to the side as the massive orc swung his club down.

To his chagrin, the dodge didn’t go far enough to avoid the hit. With a bit-crushed *smash*, his avatar was turned into excessive amounts of low-polygon blood before the words ‘YOU DIED’ appeared on his screen.

“Ah, what the hell?! I swear this game’s bugged.” Grizz put the controller down and almost crushed the beer can when he grasped it. He made sure to guzzle down the drink to the last drop. His usual bedtime had passed *four* hours ago, and he was moving through pure inertia and food. “Sorry. Guess I’m beginning to get sloppy, haha...”

The few people that were active on his chat began to reply. From unasked back seating tips about how much he sucked and what he *should* be doing to simple ‘good luck’ statements, Riz couldn’t help but feel a slight warmth at the interaction between him and his followers. It was like having his own small cheerleading team, in a strange and disconnected way.

“Aw, thanks, guys! I’ll try changing weapons. See if that works—”

Before he could grab the controller, a deep rumble erupted through the air. It was like hearing a beast roar; so loud that his mic picked up on it and his chat erupted in a mix of chaos and euphoria. His stomach gurgled for a long time—enduring like a starving scream. The gelatinous mass in his midsection *morphed* with a water bed-like consistency as the gurgling continued, all the way until it *finally* ceased.

What followed was a long, shocked silence. Grizz’s eyes darted up and down between the flooding chat and his stomach. Being a glutton wasn’t foreign to him, but to have his body cry out so *ferociously* was a shocker.

“Woah...” He glanced at the camera, a nervous laugh coming out without him even thinking about it. “T-that was, uh, wild! Sorry about that folks. Guess I’ve been at this for too long. I’ll probably order something real quick. Lemme see. I’ll get...” When he opened his wallet, Grizz was met with the sad sight of nothing but a few cents and dust inside. “...nothing! I’ll just have to settle for a sandwich. That sucks.”

He was about to hit the ‘Be right back’ hotkey on the keyboard when the donation sound suddenly boomed from his speakers. He winced away from the monitor—unaware of how loud it’d be since he had never gotten a donation before.

“What the... Who in the world—”

CyXp donated \$50

Don’t lose the momentum. Just order a pizza and keep going. Invested as hell in this.

“Holy crap!”

Grizz gawked at the screen—inched far closer toward the camera than he should’ve. The monitor’s glow highlighted the leftover hashbrown crumbs sprayed over his chin; a detail that wasn’t missed by his currently laughing chat.

“I-I... thank you so much! Thank you, thank you!” He kept relentlessly expressing his gratitude—hands clasped and a massive grin on his face. The ursine could barely believe that he already fetched a willing donator just a few weeks in streaming—let alone one that contributed without any prompting. “I’m gonna savor that pizza so much.”

CyXp: Make sure it’s a big one. You got this king.

“Will do, Cy-man!” Grizz blew at the screen while doing finger guns. “Alright, I’ll just pause to get the order and then we’ll be back to gaming!” Taking out his phone, Grizz’s finger was just about to start dialing when yet another notification popped up on his screen.

Gglaadi donated \$15

Don’t forget the soda lol

Riz felt his jaw drop in shock. “Yeah. Will do.” He said, still trying to process everything. “Extra large...”

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“Aaaaand we’ve reached five hundred subs!” Grizz pressed down on the hotkey for the celebratory music to come up. The LED lights around the room began changing colors rapidly as he clapped at his milestone. “Thank you all! And I think that this requires some celebration *pronto*.”

Opening the food delivery app, he was once again showered in coupons and rewards. By now, he accepted everything the app would throw at him every time he logged in. Grizz used it so many times that his reward programs continued to endlessly build up—a blessing and a curse.

“Hmmm... What am I gonna get tonight?”

His chat flooded with suggestions almost immediately. By now, it was tradition for Grizz to satiate his gluttony with the full support of his viewers. It had become so common that the ursine had made a graphic to put above his camera feed labeled ‘Grizz Meal Time’ for the nightly occasion—an event that his viewer base seemed to anticipate fondly.

Leccruri donated \$20

Burrito. Burrito. Burrito. Burrito. Burrito.

Grizz snorted at the continuous chanting of the automated text-to-speech voice. The message lasted fifteen whole seconds, drowning out the sounds of the pause screen. Every time that he announced meal time, it was a race for everyone in his chat to shell out the money to make a featured suggestion above everyone else. The flood of late suggestions and then appeals to change his order was always a joy to see.

Feels like I’m a celebrity...

All the talk of food inevitably stoked his hunger further. Looking down at his stomach, a strange mix of pride and shame swelled inside him. Being *large* was expected for bears like him, but he had surpassed that descriptor a long time ago. The layer of fat that had adorned his body for almost all of his life had grown... *significantly*.

Before getting involved in the streaming world, it wasn’t like Grizz was *slim*. He had a decently sized amount of pudge lathered around his frame. It made shopping for clothes slightly harder compared to thinner folks, but that inconvenience was nothing compared to the struggles he had been recently subjected to.

Looking down at his frame, the size he had ballooned to continued to leave him astonished. His stomach had gone from a small pouch to a giant pile of bear dough that hung over his waist. It looked even worse when he sat down; all the gelatinous mass piled up to form a stack of lardy chunks of flab. The sight resembled a large tower of fatty, greasy burger patties

Atop his flabby stomach laid two soft, amorphous moobs. It was *bizarre* to sport heft around his chest. Shirts that perfectly fit around his upper torso a few months ago now could barely go past his plump man breasts—ending up looking like a makeshift bra.

Thank god for XXL shirts...

Lecrercuri donated \$15

If you're going to go to ChatasPole you might as well order their cheesecake. It's mad good.

His new chair—which was already beginning to feel cramped as the days went by—came after the previous one was *crushed* under his increasing girth. The fact that the accident happened *mid-stream* only made the shame sink deeper into the pit of his stomach. He had seen the clip of him falling on his ass posted online enough times to just want to purge it from his mind. He was lucky to have a fanbase dedicated enough to start obnoxious enough discourse for the OP to delete the post.

Shifting in his new seat, the armrests dug into his blubbering thighs. Every few minutes, Grizz would try to readjust himself to find a comfortable position, only to grow uncomfortable just a few minutes after.

Seth_Prmcore donated \$20

Yeah ignore those other two bozos. There's a new pizza place in the city and it's THE best. Way better than Chatas fr fr

Cy_kuma \$12

Okay that's clearly self promo. The fact that you thought you could get away with it is a massive L.

Then again, he probably wasn't *that* big. If he was, people wouldn't be egging him on. He trusted his audience to know when to stop encouraging his gluttonous eating habits. Grizz could *probably* stop whenever he needed to—in the meantime, he'd entertain his audience with his ravenous hunger displays.

"Alright, guess Chatas it is!" Grizz proclaimed—earning the excited uproar of his chat. "And if we hit the donation milestone for this month, I'm gonna be reviewing the Death Spice Chips on my YouTube channel!"

The donation sound was heard again. Like the chime of a cash register, it filled Grizz with calm and hope about his future.

Never gonna work another day of my life!

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"Ice Bear." Panda whispered—hands clenched together. "Ice bear."

He desperately peered at his fellow bear, only for the cold ursine to stare back at him with his usual blank gaze.

“What.” Ice Bear drily asked as he continued peeling the apple skin off with his Swiss army knife. “Did you need something?”

“I-I ah, well why do you need me to say it?!” Panda whined, pushing his face forwards. “It should be the. Most. Obvious. Thing!”

Ice bear cocked his eyebrows. He bit down on the fruit—eye contact still unbroken. “...Ice Bear does not understand.”

“Oh, my god.” Panda pressed his fingers against his face, dragging it down before shaking his head and finally leaning in even closer—his breath sticking right on Ice Bear’s face. “Griiiiiizz. It’s Grizz.”

“...What is Grizz—”

Both of them turned their heads at the entrance. Grizz had practically kicked the door open with how hard he swung his leg to burst in. In his arms was an array of bags—all of them from the most expensive clothing brands one could think of.

“Wazzup, brothers!” His arms shook under the pressure of the giant, opulent haul. Of course, that didn’t stop him from speaking like the bombastic party animal he defined himself as. “I brought you both something nice for helping me get another chair. You know, after the previous one broke.”

“You mean the *second* one...” Panda mumbled under his breath.

No matter how many times he saw Grizz, Panda still found his stomach churning whenever he laid eyes on his morbidly obese frame. Even someone like himself—constantly in a struggle to find a store that sold the XXL clothes he sought—couldn’t help but feel petite in comparison to Grizz; Panda was *just* fat, and *massive* didn’t even begin to describe the grizzly bear’s size.

His lardy legs had reached the width of tree trunks. Even just standing seemed to be a task of great labor for them—constantly shaking as he shuffled in place. Each step that he took with them felt like a small earthquake rumbling across their home.

“Potato-potatoh, Pan. It doesn’t matter.”

Grizz’s face had softened up to a concerning degree. His face had always sported a chubby, round edge, but it was now shapeless and sagging. His cheeks sloshed every time he spoke, causing his voice to morph into a deeper octave.

Chuckling at himself, Grizz slightly swayed to the side. During the first few months, Grizz’s stomach had ballooned out, but it had never been as bad as it was now. The ursine’s gut hung to just above his knees. He had clearly given up on keeping his stomach hidden from view—the bottom half visible to all.

Even custom-sized shirts from the companies he worked for failed to wrap around his massive frame. On the off chance that one could ignore his brown-furred belly being out in the open, the love handles sucking parts of the shirt in between them, and the giant mounds of fat he had for man boobs were sure to disgust anyone that laid eyes on him.

“Sure...” That was all Panda could muster without letting his vice seep through his words.

“Sorry for taking so long! I was getting some fresh air and then, you know, got distracted by some pretty cool stores in the mall... But I’m here now! So it doesn’t matter.”

Kicking the door shut with an *equal* amount of concerning force, Grizz set the bags down. As he stood near the entrance—trying to regain his breath through staggered, short-lived breaths—both Panda and Ice Bear realized that he was *soaked* in his own sweat.

The shopping mall was just a few minutes away from their cave, and yet Riz’s entire body was *slathered* with perspiration. Panda thought he had gotten lost for a few seconds and wandered around. That explanation would’ve been more palatable in retrospect. For as soon as he realized *why* Grizz was wholly coated in sudor, he felt his lunch just *almost* go up his throat.

“Um, Grizz?” Panda’s knuckles continued to redden. Every part of him looked like it would unravel from the pressure; twitching eyes—clicking teeth—clenched fingers. “Did you... take a shower before leaving?” He already knew the answer, yet Panda couldn’t help but ask. It was like prodding a beehive; a foregone conclusion pushed by macabre curiosity.

“Oooh, I *knew* that I was forgetting something!” The only thing that Riz offered as a reply afterward was a short-lived laugh in contrast to Panda’s horrified gawking. “Now that you mention it, I might be a little musty. The summer heat is **KILLING** me, man!”

Taking a deep breath out of frustration, Panda’s face contorted further as he took a whiff of Grizz’s pungent smell. His hands automatically moved atop his nose and mouth as his cheeks puffed up, holding in a disgusted gag.

Ice bear seemingly sensed the strong aroma as well. He silently pinched his nose while continuing to eat his apple, although the frown on his usually stoic face was impossible to miss.

“Hah... I think that I’ll... Go to the shower. You know, get all fresh before my afternoon stream. I’m gonna be reviewing spicy wiiiiings!” Grizz sang out. “Oh, but before I do that, I got you guys some cool stuff!”

On Panda’s side on the table, Grizz put a rectangle-shaped box covered in gift wrapping—on Ice Bear’s, a smaller box with the same kind of wrapping.

“Ice Bear has already gotten a gift.” He pointed at the Swiss Army knife. “Ice Bear isn’t sure why he’s getting all of these new things.”

“Because I got money, bro!” Grizz said as if the answer was obvious. “I mean, I’m already drowning in subs, and I already got most of the stuff I’ve been wanting to buy for like... forever! I just have tons of dough rolling around!”

Ice Bear snorted, the double entendre going seemingly unnoticed by Grizz. Panda—on the other hand—wasn't impressed.

"Let me know what you guys think of your gifts after I finish the stream!" Waltzing towards the living room's doorway, the blubbering bear could just *barely* make it through. His wide legs and midsection slowly were pushed through the cramped opening—compressing like giant piles of dough being flattened under a roller. His palms planted themselves against the rock wall around the doorway to give out a *pitiful* push.

The roar-like groans were as cringe-inducing as they were unsettling. Slowly, Grizz pushed his adipous mass through the doorway. The process was *crawling*—each second agonizing to experience for Grizz and to witness for his brothers.

"H-Hey, guys!" Grizz tried preserving his cheery tone amidst his exhausted panting. "Do you guys think that you could help me? I think I'm stuck..."

"I-I ah, ngh..." Panda's whine was just like hearing a whimpering dog cry. He shuffled in his seat awkwardly, standing up with quivering lips twisted into a poor attempt at a smile. "Sure! Just... one second."

"Yeah. Ice Bear will help."

Both bears pushed their hands into Grizz's ample behind. Just as how his belly burst out from under his shirt, the grizzly bear's ass pushed his sweatpants down. His nub tail and ass crack was aired out as he wiggled vigorously—*buckets* of sweat trailing down the brown-furred mass. There was just so much Grizz that each ass cheek required both hands of each bear.

"Ugh..." Panda didn't know what would be worse; to breathe through his nose and be forced to inhale the pungent smell of Grizz's sweat or to do so through his mouth and *taste* it. "Come on, I wanna get this over already!"

"Mmh." Ice Bear hummed.

"Sorry, guys! I guess I've been getting... a *little* plump."

"Ya..." Panda huffed, pushing harder while trying to keep his face as far away as he could from Grizz's ass. "...THINK?!"

Ice Bear grunted slightly harder as they *finally* made some progress. Neither of them wanted to say it out loud, but the thing pushing Grizz forward was probably his sweat acting as a lubricant.

"I'm gonna wash my hands for hours after this..." Panda groaned under his breath.

With one strong push, Grizz was sent tumbling to the ground. The walls he had been stuck between were coated in his pungent sudor, and so was the patch of the floor he landed on. He **remained down for a low time**—not from the pain of the fall but from the exhaustion of trying to push all the heft up.

“Ooomgph! Sorry for all the favors, but, uh... think you can help me get up?”

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“Hey... Guys...”

Even *speaking* had become a struggle. His voice had finally reached a peak where every word sounded like it had been slurred out. Grizz’s speech was just *barely* understandable—most of his chat constantly asking for clarification on whatever he said. Were it not for the mods *hired* to constantly translate his obese commentary, most people would be completely lost.

“Day... 21 of the bedbound lifestyle.” With the hand that wasn’t holding the selfie stick, he struck a peace sign with his plump digits. “Let’s hope that the pizzas arrive on time. Thank you, guys, for helping me out after I ordered multiple orders because of how long they were taking...”

Grizzly_BBB donated \$80

Whatever for you bby. Wouldn’t mind helping you again.

He couldn’t help but chuckle—a great deal of oxygen required as he tried pushing the laughter through the giant pile of fat resting atop his chest, pushing down on his ribs and lungs.

“T-Thanks... You guys... are the best.” Grizz stopped for a moment to recuperate, gathering strength to continue. “Alright! Let’s get this show on the road!”