Tipping The Scales (In Your Favor)

by konacher7258

Summary

Sam has a kink for imagining John's reaction to Dean's climbing weight (and also a numbers kink).

Notes

John is still alive in this 'verse but he's no longer part of their lives.

As the hour draws near, Sam feels his excitement ratchet up until it’s almost unbearable. He wants to tell Dean to hell with the plan, they have to do it now, but he knows it’ll be better if they wait just a little longer. So they cook and eat dinner—Sam mostly cooking and Dean mostly eating—then take some time to relax while the food settles in Dean’s gut. A half an hour later Dean pushes himself onto his feet. He asks Sam if he wants to do this or not, then leads the way to the bathroom.

It’s been a month since Dean was last weighed and Sam expects a significant gain with the way he’s been eating. He can only imagine how much though since normally they don’t wait this long. Sam never passes on an opportunity to measure Dean’s growth. In fact he goes out of his way to create them—weighing him multiple times a day, wrapping measuring tape around every bulge, or inspecting his body for new rolls. Dean was the one who proposed they wait for him to actually get heavier. He convinced Sam that it would be worth it to find out how high his weight could climb after a month of eating.
When Dean reaches the bathroom the first thing he does is drag the industrial scale into position. He
wants to make sure that Sam can see him reflected in the mirror as he steps on. Then Dean shucks his
pants and begins to pull off his shirt. It’s an old shirt that’s way too tight for him now but Dean
figures it has its uses. He begins to drag the hem of the shirt slowly upwards, allowing more and
more of his gut to spill out from under the fabric. With the shirt pulled up around his chest, it’s hard
to believe that such a huge belly could be contained within such a small shirt. “Wow,” he breathes,
“look how much bigger I’ve gotten.” He drops the shirt on the floor and puts his hands to his belly,
making the flesh wobble. When he looks up at Sam he sees that he’s achieved the desired effect.
“Wanna play doctor?” he asks.

“No,” Sam breathes, already palming himself through his jeans. “I just want to know how much.”
He stays rooted to his position just outside the bathroom door.

Dean nods, turning away from Sam to face the mirror. He waddles up to the scale and steps on. It
creaks the way it always does—Sam really hopes one day Dean will break it—and Dean stands still
so that it can get a reading.

“Try to read it,” Sam instructs.

Dean leans forward, craning his neck to try to see over his belly. Then he tries heaving his gut up
and peering around it. He presses his bulk down and to either side, then lets his belly fall against his
thighs. “I can’t see it, Sam, I’m just too fat,” he says. “I’m so big I can’t even see my own weight on
the scale.”

Sam feigns a huff of annoyance. “I’ll just have to help you,” he answers, coming into the bathroom.
“But first, what did you weigh before?”

“Four hundred and fifteen, I think.”

“Four-seventeen,” Sam corrects. His hands find their way to Dean’s belly, pressing into the doughy
flesh.

“See what I am now,” Dean prompts him.

Sam steps back and looks at the numbers glowing bright red in the shadow of Dean’s gut. “Wow,”
he murmurs.

“Is it a lot?”

“Four hundred and forty-two pounds,” Sam says, staring at the scale and then up at Dean’s body.


“In just a month,” Sam gasps. “That’s almost a pound a day. It’s practically four-fifty. God, Dean,
you’re so fat.”

Dean grins. He knows that tone of voice and the glassy-eyed look on Sam’s face. He knows where
this is going.

“Imagine if Dad could see you like this,” Sam starts, running his hand over Dean’s hip and down to
trace the curve of his heavy ass. “What if he knew you’d managed to gain twenty-five pounds in one
month?”

“He’d be weighing me almost as much as you do but feeding me differently,” Dean retorts. He steps
off the scale and pushes up against Sam, driving him backwards until he’s got him pinned against the
wall with his belly. The mirror on the opposite wall gives Sam a perfect view of the rolls of fat on Dean’s back. “What would he think if he came back from a hunt and saw me so much bigger than when he left?” Dean hums in Sam’s ear.

“He would, oh God, he would…” Sam trails off, bombarded with images and fantasies that come faster than he can communicate them. Dean is used to this, the way Sam gets so caught up in the fantasy of how John would react to his weight. Instead of answering Sam crushes his lips against his brother’s and pushes him towards the doorway. Sam doesn’t break the kiss until they’re out in the hallway, where he tells him breathlessly that he’s going to fuck him so hard.

Sam pulls him into the bedroom and shoves him down on the bed. Dean struggles a little to pull off his underwear, watching as Sam sheds his jeans and peels off his boxers. Then Sam crawls between Dean’s thighs, gripping his knees, and dips down to suck at the flesh around Dean’s belly button. “He wouldn’t believe how big you’ve gotten,” Sam gasps. “So close to four hundred and fifty pounds, practically five hundred.” Sam climbs over one massive leg and pushes it against the other so that Dean’s legs are together. Then he climbs back on to straddle Dean’s thighs. He lines up his cock and then plunges it between Dean’s massive legs. “The look on his face when he opens the door… you would be stuffing yourself on the couch, too full to move when he asks what you’re doing.” Sam is completely engrossed in the fantasy playing out inside his head, bucking harder between Dean’s thighs. Dean for his part is captivated by his view of Sam writhing over him, his face contorted with the intensity of his arousal. Each of Sam’s thrusts forces Dean’s belly down against his cock so that all he has to do is swivel his hips in time with Sam to create a perfect friction. “He wouldn’t know what to do with you,” Sam mutters, and then his hips are stuttering as the words die on his lips. Sam comes with a groan, shooting deep between Dean’s legs before falling to his side. He lets out a breathy laugh the way he does when coming down from a strong orgasm, then snakes his hand under Dean’s gut and jerks him off.

They lay motionless for a while before Sam starts running his finger over Dean’s gut, tracing stretch marks around his belly button. “I want to see you break that scale,” he says after a few minutes.

“I know you do, Sammy,” Dean answers with a puff of laughter.

“Do you think by next month…?”

“I guess we’ll have to wait and find out.”

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