Everything I Gave You

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Everything I Gave You

by Nesher

Summary

The pants have stopped fitting, which America is handling with all the dignity and denial one would expect. Then he walks into China’s apartment and finds enough food to feed a small summit waiting for him. It takes three plates and one very deliberate hand on his stomach to realize this may not be hospitality. China has been paying much closer attention to the extra weight than America thought.

Notes

Originally posted on AO3. These fics were written some time ago, so I didn't write them all today! I'm reposting them here because of the great AO3 shutdown of 2026. We'll get through this together <3

Kinktober 2026, Day 6.

The pants were the final straw. Not the mirror, not the way his shirts had started clinging in places they used to hang, not even the photograph Japan had taken at last month's summit where America's jawline had softened into something that looked, from certain angles, dangerously close to a second chin. He could rationalize all of that. Lighting. Water retention. Fabric shrinkage, because fabric shrank, that was a documented phenomenon, and if every shirt he owned happened to shrink at the same time, well, stranger things had happened.

But the pants didn't lie. The pants were an indictment of six months of drive-throughs at two in the morning, of shoving fries into his mouth while sitting in traffic, of telling himself that a McFlurry counted as dairy and dairy was a food group and food groups were healthy. He'd stood in his bedroom that morning, sucking in his gut with both hands on the waistband, and the button had closed, technically, in the sense that it was performing its function under extreme duress and might give up at any provocation. He'd exhaled and felt the fabric strain like a warning.

He should not have come to China's apartment. He knew this the way you know you shouldn't scratch a mosquito bite, knowing perfectly well and doing it anyway. China had texted something about documents he'd left behind, paperwork from their last meeting, and America had said fine because saying no would require an explanation and explanations required acknowledging that being around China lately made him feel like an exposed nerve, raw and twitchy and too aware of his own body.

The food was the first sign that something was wrong.

Not food. A *spread*. The kitchen island in China's apartment, sleek and granite and offensively well-organized, had been transformed into something between a buffet and a declaration of war. Dumplings in bamboo steamers, their skins glistening and translucent. Mapo tofu in a clay pot, the surface trembling with chili oil. Scallion pancakes stacked in a golden tower. And then, on the other end, arranged with the careful precision of someone who had studied the enemy: a stack of burgers on a ceramic plate, thick and dripping, the buns toasted and gleaming. A bowl of fries, crisp and salted. A dish of mac and cheese so aggressively orange it practically hummed.

America stared at it. His stomach clenched, and he couldn't tell if it was hunger or dread.

"What the hell is this?"

China was at the stove, his back to America, doing something with a wok that involved a lot of flame and very little apparent concern. His red skin caught the warm kitchen light, and the stars on the left side of his face were visible in profile, sharp-edged and precise. "I cooked," he said simply.

"You cooked burgers."

"You like burgers."

"Since when do you make burgers? You told me last month that American food was an insult to the concept of cuisine."

"It is." China set a final dish on the counter, some kind of braised pork belly, rich and dark and glistening with fat, and wiped his hands on a towel. "Sit down."

"I already ate," America said, which was a lie so transparent he might as well have not bothered. His last meal had been a protein bar six hours ago, consumed with the grim determination of someone trying to undo months of damage with a single sad rectangle of compressed oats.

China didn't respond. He just pulled out a chair, set a plate in front of it, and walked back to the stove. The chair sat there, empty and waiting, and the food sat there, steaming and waiting, and America's stomach growled so loudly it practically echoed off the granite.

He sat down. Just to be polite.

The first plate vanished faster than he wanted to admit. Three dumplings, a scallion pancake, a heap of the mapo tofu over rice that China materialized from somewhere. The flavors hit him in layers, the numbing tingle of Sichuan pepper, the salt-fat richness of the dumpling filling, the crisp chew of the pancake, and his body responded with the blind, grateful enthusiasm of an animal being fed after a fast. He ate with his head down, not looking at China, focused on the plate like it was a task to be completed.

When he looked up, the plate was full again. A burger this time, plus fries, plus a neat portion of the braised pork. He hadn't seen China move.

"I didn't ask for more."

"You didn't have to." China was leaning against the opposite counter, a cup of tea in his hands, watching America with an expression that could have been hospitality. Could have been. His yellow eyes were steady and calm, tracking America's hands, America's mouth, the way America's throat moved when he swallowed.

America ate the second plate. He told himself he was just being a good guest. The burger was, infuriatingly, excellent, the patty seasoned with something he couldn't identify, the cheese melted to the exact right consistency, the whole thing assembled with a precision that felt almost pointed, as if China was saying *I can even do your food better than you.* The fries were crisp. The pork belly melted on his tongue, sweet and savory and devastating.

Halfway through, he felt it. The shift from hungry to full, the point where his stomach stopped asking and started informing, a warm heavy pressure settling behind his navel. He slowed down. His jaw still worked, but the urgency had drained out of it, replaced by something softer, more languid. The food was becoming less about taste and more about texture, about the mechanical comfort of chewing and swallowing, about the warmth spreading through his gut like a slow tide.

He reached down and unbuttoned his pants. Just for comfort. Just because the waistband was digging into the soft swell of his stomach, and the relief of releasing it was immediate and

almost obscene, the pressure dropping away and his belly expanding into the space with a sigh that came from somewhere deeper than his lungs.

He froze. Looked up.

China was watching. The cup of tea had stopped halfway to his lips. His eyes were on America's midsection, on the sliver of white skin visible where his shirt had ridden up above his unbuttoned waistband, the gentle curve of fat that hadn't been there six months ago.

The corner of China's mouth moved. Just barely. Just enough.

"Don't," America said, his voice sharp with a humiliation so immediate it tasted metallic.

"I didn't say anything."

"You were going to."

"I was going to offer you more pork belly."

"I don't want more pork belly." His stomach gurgled loudly in the quiet kitchen. America closed his eyes. "Shut up," he said, to his own body, to China, to the universe in general.

A third plate appeared. He didn't remember agreeing to it, but there it was, and there he was eating it, slower now, each bite deliberate and slightly pained, the fullness in his stomach pushing against the underside of his ribs. He was flushed, he could feel it, heat crawling up his neck and across his cheeks, his white skin going blotchy pink under the stripes. He leaned back in the chair because leaning forward compressed his gut and the pressure made him feel like he was going to burst. His shirt had given up any pretense of covering him, bunched above his navel, and his belly sat round and taut below it, visibly distended, the skin stretched and warm.

He looked terrible. He felt terrible. He felt, underneath the terrible, something else that he refused to name, a strange liquid warmth that had nothing to do with the food and everything to do with the heaviness of his own body, the surrender of it, the way he couldn't have moved quickly right now if he'd wanted to.

China set down his tea. Walked over. Stood next to America's chair, close enough that America could smell him, that clean, sharp scent, cedar and tea, the same scent that had gotten into America's head weeks ago during a different evening and a different kind of surrender. And without asking, without warning, China put his hand on America's belly.

America's whole body went rigid. His hand shot down and grabbed China's wrist, fingers locking around it hard enough to feel the bones underneath. "What the *fuck* are you—"

"Shh." China's hand was warm. His fingers spread across the taut curve of America's stomach, palm flat, feeling the fullness of it, the way the skin stretched tight over everything America had eaten. His touch was gentle, almost clinical, and his face was doing something America had never seen before. Soft. The sharp edges of his expression had dissolved into something that looked almost tender, his yellow eyes half-lidded, his lips slightly parted, and

there was a light in his gaze that America recognized with a lurch of horrified clarity as *appreciation.*

"You look good like this," China said quietly.

"I look like shit."

"You look *full*." China's thumb traced a slow arc below America's navel, pressing gently into the give of his flesh, and America's breath stuttered. "Warm. Heavy. I like it."

"You're insane. You're genuinely, medically insane." America's grip on China's wrist hadn't loosened, but he hadn't pulled it away either. His hand just sat there, holding China's hand against his own belly, caught in the space between rejection and permission. "This is — I've gained like fifteen pounds, this isn't — you can't just—"

"More than fifteen," China said, and before America could process the audacity of that, China started rubbing. Slow circles, firm enough to press into the ache of overfullness, easing the pressure with a patience and precision that suggested he'd thought about this, planned this, maybe planned this whole evening around this specific moment. The ache eased at once. America's head tipped back against the chair, his mouth falling open, a groan escaping that was more animal than human, low and involuntary and mortifying.

"Nnngh... fuck you," America managed, but the words came out soft, melted by the warmth of China's hand and the slow release of pressure in his gut.

"You ate everything I gave you." China's voice was close, low, right near America's ear. His breath ghosted across America's neck. "Three plates. You didn't stop. You didn't want to stop."

"I was being *polite*—"

"You were being hungry." China's hand pressed flatter, following the round curve of America's belly from one side to the other. "I wanted to see you like this. Full of what I made. Soft."

America's cock was hard. He didn't know when it had happened, sometime between the second plate and China's hand, arousal had crept in under the fullness like a vine climbing a wall, twining around the heaviness and the shame and the heat until they were all one sensation, indistinguishable, overwhelming. His erection pressed against the unzipped front of his pants, obvious and unavoidable, and China's gaze dropped to it with the precise, unhurried attention of someone confirming a hypothesis.

"Shut up," America said preemptively, because China's mouth was opening.

China kissed him instead. Leaned down and pressed his mouth to America's, tasting of tea, his hand still warm on America's belly, and America kissed back because he was full and hard and tired of fighting and China's mouth was the only thing in the room that wasn't making him feel like a disaster. He reached up with his free hand and grabbed the back of China's neck, pulling him deeper, and the kiss turned wet and searching, China's tongue sliding

against his, China's fingers pressing into the soft flesh of his stomach in a rhythm that matched the slow roll of his tongue.

They migrated. America didn't remember the specifics, just China's hand on his arm guiding him upright, and the miserable awareness of his own body as he stood, his unbuttoned pants sliding on his hips, his belly hanging heavy and round and shamefully visible. He tried to suck it in. China put a hand flat against his stomach, firm, a gentle push that said *stop,* and America's breath left him in a shudder.

China's bedroom was dim and cool. America landed on the bed on his back and the mattress absorbed his weight with a softness that made him groan, the pressure on his overfull stomach shifting as he sank into the sheets. China undressed him with steady hands, shirt first, pulled over his head and discarded, exposing the full extent of what six months of fast food had done. America's chest was still broad, still strong across the shoulders, but there was softness over all of it now, a layer of padding that blurred the definition of his muscles, and his belly sat round and prominent between his hips, rising and falling with his breath, undeniably *there.*

He put his arm over his face. China pulled it away.

"Don't hide." China's voice was rough in a way America had rarely heard. His yellow eyes were dark, his pupils blown wide, and he looked at America's body with an expression that was too raw to be called admiration. It was closer to hunger. He ran both hands down America's torso, from his chest over the soft curve of his belly to his hips, and America squirmed under the attention, his face burning, his cock jumping against his stomach.

"You're a freak," America said weakly.

"Mm." China pulled America's pants and boxers off in one motion, leaving him naked and exposed and unable to hide behind anything. His cock lay thick against the curve of his belly, flushed and leaking, and China looked at it, then at the belly, then at America's face with something between tenderness and triumph. He pushed America's thighs apart and settled between them, and the position left America open and vulnerable in a way that made him want to crawl out of his own skin.

China's fingers were slick, he'd gotten something from the nightstand, though America didn't know when, and when the first one pressed inside, America's whole body clenched, his stomach tightening, the fullness in his gut pressing down against the intrusion. The sensation was doubled, amplified, everything bigger and more intense because he was so fucking *full.* He gasped and his belly shook with it, the soft flesh jiggling, and China made a sound in his throat, low and appreciative and barely controlled.

"You feel..." China pushed a second finger in, curling, searching, and found the spot that turned America's vision white. America arched off the bed and his belly rose, round and taut and trembling, and the sound he made was something between a moan and a sob, too loud, too honest.

"Aahh — hhhn, fuck, *fuck*—"

"There?" China's voice was steady but his breathing wasn't. His free hand rested on America's stomach, pressing gently, feeling the muscles clench and release under the padding. "You're beautiful like this."

"I'm *fat*."

"You're full." China withdrew his fingers and lined himself up, and America felt the blunt press of his cock against him, firm and insistent. "Full of everything I gave you. And you're going to take more."

He pushed in slow, achingly slow, and America felt every inch of it, felt himself stretching around China's cock while his stomach sat heavy and distended above, the dual fullness so overwhelming he couldn't breathe, couldn't think, could only lie there with his thighs shaking and his mouth open and his eyes wet. China bottomed out and held, his hips flush against America's ass, his hands braced on either side of America's ribs, and he looked down at America with his lips parted.

"Look at you," China murmured. He rolled his hips, slow and deep, and America's belly moved with the motion, the soft flesh rippling gently. "So good for me. So full. You took everything."

"Shhh... shut up, stop — nnnh — stop *talking*—"

"You ate every plate I put in front of you." Another thrust, deeper, angled to drag across the spot that made America clench around him. "Every dumpling. Every bite. Because I made it. Because I wanted you to."

America's hand found China's hip, gripping hard, nails digging in. His other hand was on his own belly, a reflex, trying to hold it still while China fucked him, trying to contain the way it bounced and swayed with each thrust. China reached down and laced their fingers together over the curve of it, pressing their joined hands into the warm, taut skin, and the intimacy of it, the possessiveness of it, cracked something open in America's chest.

"You're — hahh — you're so fucking weird," America gasped, and it came out reverent, almost grateful, and China smiled, a quick, warm smile, and picked up his pace.

The sound of skin meeting skin filled the bedroom, wet and rhythmic, underscored by the creak of the bed and America's broken, stuttering moans and the low, controlled grunts China made each time he buried himself deep. China's hand stayed on America's belly, stroking, pressing, claiming, and his mouth found America's ear and he kept talking, kept feeding him words the way he'd fed him food, steady, relentless, filling him up until there was no room left for shame.

"So soft here," China breathed, his thumb tracing the curve below America's navel. "I want to keep you like this. Feed you until you can't move and then fuck you exactly like this, heavy and warm and mine. Nnnh — you feel incredible, you know that? Tight and full and *perfect* —"

America came with a ragged, choked cry, his cock pulsing untouched against the swell of his belly, cum streaking across the skin China's hand had been worshipping for the last hour. His body clenched around China so hard his vision went dark at the edges, every muscle in his overstuffed body seizing at once, and the pleasure was tangled up with the fullness and the shame and China's voice and China's hands until he couldn't tell where one ended and another began.

China followed three thrusts later, burying himself to the hilt and going rigid, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of America's belly, his breath hissing through his teeth. America felt the warmth of it inside him, another kind of fullness, and his throat made a sound that he'd deny to his grave, a small, satisfied, almost grateful whimper.

China collapsed onto him. His weight pressed down on America's stomach and America groaned, shoving at his shoulder. "Off, you're — nngh, I'm going to explode, get *off*—"

China rolled to the side but kept his hand where it was, resting on the apex of America's belly, proprietary and warm. His breathing was evening out already with that infuriating composure, and when America turned his head, China's expression was settled into something so quietly smug that America wanted to smother him with a pillow.

They lay there. The room smelled like sex and chili oil and something sweet America couldn't identify. His body felt like a sandbag, heavy, warm, utterly immovable. His stomach rose and fell under China's hand with each breath, and China's thumb moved in idle, absent circles across the skin, tracing patterns America couldn't see.

"This doesn't mean anything," America said to the ceiling.

"Mm," China said, in the way that meant he'd already decided everything it meant.

A minute passed. America heard China reach for his phone, heard the soft tap of a screen.

"What do you want for the second round?"

"Absolutely not. No. I'm done. I'm never eating again."

Silence. Long, comfortable, damning silence. And then, from somewhere deep in America's gut, a growl so loud and prolonged that it sounded like a small engine turning over.

China's smile pressed against his shoulder, warm and certain.

America pulled a pillow over his face and didn't move it, even when he felt China's hand reach for the delivery app, even when he heard the quiet click of an order being placed, even when his own traitorous mouth watered at the thought of whatever was coming next.

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