

Sensei's Recurring Conundrum

Life can be hard sometimes. It's hard to grow up, it's hard to find a job and raise a family. It's hard to live in a sewer with four sons who are all somehow completely incapable of picking up after themselves. These are the grim thoughts that the mutant Ratman named Splinter had to deal with as he picked up stray weapons in the dojo of the underground sewers he lived in. A naginata was clasped tightly in his paw, the wood cool in his hand as he placed it back on the rack with the other oriental weaponry he had gathered over the years; and the same tools his sons would ruin in five minutes flat. Oh, he loved them to death, there was no doubts there. But it was always so difficult when they were so cocky and headstrong, and yet still naïve to the ways of the world, and of the ways of the ninja. He shook his exhausted head as he hobbled off, cane in hand as he quietly shut the dojo door behind him.

The only sound that could be heard was the gentle clicking and clacking of Splinter's cane as he patrolled the lair. His boys were all out, doing their "Ninja Business" in the world above. As much trust, and faith..., and hope he put into them, he still could never shake the feeling of dread that would arise in the pit of his stomach every time they went to the world above. It always worried him that one day they might leave, and never return. Splinter sighed loudly, trying to shake that macabre thought as he drifted by Donatello's Garage. Though that boy had a habit of tinkering a little too much, he was certainly a bright boy. Quite the bright boy indeed.

Idly walking about, he cast a wary eye to the Shellraiser. Whilst a fun toy, it certainly didn't have much of a lifespan, considering it was broken... again. He actually chuckled a little that it was, to be honest. It wasn't a spiteful laugh, just an amused one; repairing that thing at least kept his son busy. He chuckled again as he walked past the Algae tanks. The cultures were thriving quite heartily, ever since the boys had swapped over from the nutritional algae to above world foods, especially pizza, there was always an overabundance. Honestly, he didn't even know what to think of their bizarre addiction to the stuff when they were quite content with algae and worms for over fifteen years and- Huh, speak of the devil. Donnie had left a slice of the stuff on his workbench. At least he had a plate for it.

Splinter held the pepperoni laden slice with two fingers. He sniffed disdainfully at it, his nostrils assaulted by copious amounts of cheese and sauce. He wrenched back from the overwhelming aroma that lone slice had. He placed it back on the plate, flicking off small traces of sauce from his fingers. He really should consult the nutritional value of the stuff; that much cheese can't be good for a growing boy. Splinter sniffed loudly, the aroma wafting from the pizza a lot more tantalizing now that he wasn't nostrils deep in the stuff. It had a certain appeal, in its ways. It most likely was as tantalizing as it smelled, but Splinter

was a Ninja Master. There was no way that he would be swayed by melted cheese and a hodgepodge of meat.

His stomach disagreed, as it growled angrily beneath his crimson robes. Splinter flushed out of embarrassment, glad that his sons were not here to have heard New York's first ever earthquake. Casting a longing look at the pizza, Splinter shrugged to himself. If the boys ate the stuff... and lived, then clearly he could as well. It was just one slice, it's not as if it would be missed or have any dangerous repercussions. His delicate fingers curled around the crust, the pointed wedge of baked dough, cheese, and what was most likely at least eleven different animals and a boot drifted towards his mouth. Taking a haphazard snap, he tore off a slice of the stuff, chewing it gingerly. Splinter's brown eyes widened as the slice played its symphony on the stage that was his tongue. He chewed intently at the glorious stuff, swallowing the wad as he savoured the memories. "Remarkable. It certainly defeats algae and worms. That is for certain" he mused as he took another bite.

The slice was demolished in moments, the crust left behind. Splinter twirled the baked rind in his fingers, feeling the roughness before he bit half of it off. His front jaws crunched hard, smashing the rind to pieces before tossing the other part in, utterly destroying them as he swallowed. It was not much, but, it satisfied for now as he licked his fingers. Splinter felt guilty about eating Donatello's pizza, but, he'd make up for it with wisdom and training. The sensei let himself, a small gust of wind blowing something out from under the bench. It had been a warning that was by the plate, but a draft had blown it under the bench. It read: **DO NOT TOUCH! EXPERIMENTAL (SEEMINGLY) INFINITE PIZZA!**

Splinter was quietly meditating to himself in his personal shrine; had been for several hours now. The boys had still not returned home, and he was uttering silent mantras to alleviate his own worry. For some peculiar reason he was having difficulty tapping into the vibrations of the world, so keeping track of them was proving difficult. It also made tracking time difficult, as the only clock in the lair had ticked past six hours since Splinter had consumed that pizza. His stomach gurgled loudly, like a roaring lion. His stillwater compose rattled by the unnaturally violent noise his stomach was making. He had had some algae and worms earlier to tide himself over, but now his stomach was feeling bloated and cramped.

The Rat master groaned uncomfortably as he stuck a claw to the front of his robe, gently gliding around his stomach. Though tempered by years of training, it felt tempered by something else by how hard his belly felt. He was just so painfully full, like he had eaten ten plates of algae. He rubbed at it gently, trying to soothe his aggravated innards, but it just

Try as he might, he could not rebalance his mental state. Honestly it was more like he was

As he rose, he found himself feeling strangely unbalanced in the front, well, even more so

He slowly hobbled back to his room, a comfortable futon waiting for him. Though trained t

It was around midday when Splinter awoke, which was... incredibly unusual for him, actually. He yawned loudly as his eyes fluttered open, his vision blurry in his morning haze. For some strange reason all he could see was crimson in front of him; had he cocked his leg up during the night? A quick shift of his leg told him that he had not, so, what was that? Focusing intently, his vision snapped back into focus, revealing a disquieting surprise. A thick mound of belly was pushing at his robe, forcing it up almost a foot high. Splinter gasped loudly, flailing wildly as he got into a sitting position. His eyes were now wide open as he watched his full belly sit beneath his robe, the front part discretely being pulled open by the extra pudge. Well, pudge was the wrong word; fullness better sufficed.

Hoping that this was not just another bizarre Rat King fantasy, Splinter's hands rested on his swollen midsection. Despite its size, it was incredibly firm; packed, even. He felt very full, but, unlike last night, it didn't hurt anymore. What was going on here? Splinter grunted as he got to his feet, his low center of gravity unbalancing him as he stood upright. The bulge was more spread out whilst standing, so it was still well-disguised by his robe. However, part of his chest was showing as the added weight pulled on it, making a nice V shape with the folded crimson fabric. Splinter stroked at his long beard, visibly disturbed and distressed by this strange occurrence. "There must be a lot more fat in pizza than I could have imagined. How do the boys eat it day and night and not gain weight?" he questioned of the universe, shaking his head.

Not to be weighed down by petty problems such as what was clearly an underactive metabolism, Splinter took to his rounds. His keen hearing lead him right to the main area of the Lair, where the boys were goofing off, as usual. "I take it that your mission last night was successful?" he inquired to Leonardo, who happened to be closest at the mutual table.

"Yes Sensei" Leonardo answered stiffly. "We were successful in our scouting mission, though we did have to fight the Foot Clan and Dogpound. But, as you can see, we're all back in one piece."

"I am glad" Splinter smiled, placing his hand affectionately on Leonardo's shoulder for a brief moment.

As he drifted past, Leonardo's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Sensei?" he said loudly.

Splintered looked over his shoulder. "Yes, my son?"

“Umm, sorry, nevermind” Leonardo said meekly, going back to whatever it was he was doing. Splinter nodded thoughtfully, drifting away as Leo narrowed his eyes again. “*Why does it feel like there’s MORE of him?*” he questioned to himself.

Mikey was reclining on the couch, stuffing his face with pizza. Splinter used his tremendous will not to turn his nose in disdain at the dreadful stuff. Though Mikey was practically the Mayor of La La Land, even he noticed Splinter approaching due to his, *larger than normal* presence. “Ah, heyff senfffswei” he mumbled as he snacked on his pizza, small chunks spitting out of his mouth.

“Hello to you my son” Splinter greeted stiffly, a little disgusted by his son’s eating habits as specks of pizza and crust peppered his robes.

Mikey laughed to himself as he swallowed hard, leaving his half-eaten pizza on the box. “You’re up late this morning” Mikey noticed a little too perceptively.

“I’ve been quite preoccupied by son. I assure you I have been up for quite some time” Splinter lied perfectly, still maintaining his calm and dignified veneer.

“Oh, really? Man, it’s almost as if you never sleep Sensei” Mikey laughed as he returned to his pizza, gobbling it down as he grabbed another slice.

“Quite” Splinter said stiffly as he decided to make himself scarce.

As he departed from the living room, Splinter could feel a sharp pain in his midsection again. Stumbling out of view of his sons, he staggered about, hands on his stomach as he could feel something pushing inside him. Leaning against the wall for support, Splinter breathed heavily as his fur glistened with sweat. His troubled claws clung to his belly, feeling the most unnatural of things: He could feel his belly growing bigger. His claws were being pushed up as the basketball sized lump swelled in his fingers, his robes being pulled apart to show off more of his chest. His belly gurgled loudly as it bloated in his grasp. Despite the sheer weight of his engorged belly, it still felt heavily packed. He kept breathing loudly as the pain subsided, his belly the size of a watermelon clenched tightly in his hands.

He released it in disgust, the bloated orb hanging beneath his robes, supported by his sash. It was so heavy he had to slouch more to make up for it. He looked like he had the spine of

an eighty year old man, with a metabolism to match. It was clear now to Splinter that that hadn't been an ordinary slice of pizza. "Donatello" Splinter whispered in a low, vengeful growl.

Snatching his staff with vengeful ease he strode as he quickly as he could to the garage, bypassing his sons who would now clearly take notice of his unique, err, "condition." Despite his new girth he snuck in noiselessly into the garage, where Donatello was working on one of his gadgets. He was so into it he didn't notice his master's presence until his presence ran into him as something hard pressed into his elbow. Pulling his goggles away, Donatello whimpered softly at the livid look on Splinter's face. "You and I need to talk, my son" he said darkly, eyes narrowed like arrows.

"Umm, have I done something wrong?" Donatello squeaked meekly.

"Not yet" Splinter replied as his arms slide out of his robe.

Donatello held his arms up defensively, averting his eyes. "Ah, Sensei, I've told you, I'm still too squeamish for full body inspections" he whimpered, waving his arms in the hopes it would go away.

"Not full body my son, just *this* body" Splinter explained to the blind Turtle.

Moving his arms away, Don's eyes went wide as Splinter stood with his robe around his waist, his upper torso on display. As stunning as his upper body's architecture was, clearly that wasn't what Splinter wanted him to see. No, it was clearly the enormous lump of a gut his master was sporting. The intricate black, white, and brown markings of his fur were so stretched out, as was his impressive navel. It was so wide it could have held a silver dollar with some change. "Oh my" Don declared as he wheeled over to Splinter.

He orbited around his master's protruding belly, mumbling to himself as he jabbed it with his fingers on occasion. Splinter was resentfully silent, only grunting from each of Donnie's uncalled for jabs. "Well, I'm stymied Sensei. You're not constipated, you eat too much algae for that. I wouldn't say it was a sinister Foot or Kraang plot, as again, you only eat our home-grown algae and never leave the Lair. And I am VERY positive that it's not a result of a mutation. I can't really say what's wrong" Don admitted glumly.

“Perhaps it might have something to do with a slice of pizza I found in here last night” Splinter suggested.

“Ha ha” Don laughed loudly. “That’s a good one Sensei. Unless you ate the crust you wouldn’t have any real issue. Though, I have been wondering where it’s gone. I swear if Mikey got his hands on it I’d... I’d.... Okay, I don’t know what I’d do, but I’ll figure it out, then go and do it” he declared boldly.

“Mikey does not have it” Splinter declared.

“Oh, did you use your keen senses to deduce that? But, if Mikey didn’t take it, then I honestly have no idea who did. Well, besides Raph, but, I don’t think he’d want cold pizza. Leo is too respectful as our leader to do so. And, you wouldn’t, you don’t eat pizza” Don pointed out, listing the names off of his fingers.

Splinter’s eyes shifted guiltily, and obviously enough for Don to see them. “Sensei?” he declared aghast. “You *didn’t*, did you?” he questioned voicelessly.

Splinter cleared his throat awkwardly, trying to stand tall despite the weight of his guilt bringing him down. “I will admit, I have been very perplexed as to why you continuously devour the stuff when you were quite content with algae and worms for fifteen years. Even as a trained master such as myself, sometimes curiosity is a good thing Donatello. And, I will not lie to you, pizza certainly is quite delicious” Splinter explained, not even realizing he was licking his lips.

If he had been holding something, Don would have spastically dropped it as he looked completely blown away. “Oh... oh dear” he stammered in distress. “This, this is not good. Not good at all” he gibbered, biting at his fingers nervously as he cast distressed look at Splinter’s belly.

“Donatello, just, what *exactly* was in that pizza?” Splinter questioned warily.

Donnie swallowed nervously, sweat drops running down his bald scalp as he drummed his fingers on the bench. “You see Sensei, there was, well, you’ll find this funny, but there was supposed to be a warning sign by the pizza. It uh, appeared to have blown off the bench while I was gone. I must’ve brushed it off when I left. See, that pizza was, uhh, “special”. It

was something I had been fiddling with, to create an Infinitely Recurring Pizza” he explained, a forced smile on his face.

“A pizza... that infinitely renews itself? This might seem like a peculiar question my son, but, why?” Splinter questioned wryly.

“Well, it was a test, so it’s still only Seemingly Infinitely Recurring. See, I’ve been tinkering with Kraang technology, and with some science mumbo jumbo, some applied phlebotonium and an anti-gravity parthenon in conjunction with Pernium Bicarbonate I was trying to devise food that would recover itself, and thus never ran out. That way, we could have all the supplies we’d ever need. If it had worked I was going to do it with our other food sources. But...” Don grimaced, avoiding eye contact with Splinter.

“But?” Splinter pressed dryly.

“Well, I didn’t get to test the pizza out. I was going to when I got back, but, it was gone. Which is where the problem here is. See, the pizza itself doesn’t recur, it’s the specially designed crust that kinda, “regrows” the pizza over time. This is so what you eat doesn’t multiply in your stomach, unless...” he trailed off.

“Unless you eat the crust itself” Splinter finished, completely horrified.

“Yeah...” Donnie said in an awkward, low hiss.

Splinter swallowed hard, a cold sweat running down his face as he repressed the need to look down, fearful of witnessing his belly growing again. “Can.... Can it be stopped?” he demanded.

“Well, no, it can’t” Don answered sheepishly. “See, right now the pizza is in a constant loop of renewal and digestion. So your stomach is filling up with whole slices of pizza. It couldn’t even come up or go down, except painfully. Although, that’s what worries me: If you do digest it all.”

“That would lead to?” Splinter pressed.

“Well, pizza is pretty greasy. And, well, it tends to go right to your shell. Sooo, in your case, it would go from just your stomach to your, well, everything” Don said grimly. “The pizza would cluster in your adipose tissue, and, well, for the week I had planned it for, your fat would just renew renew renew” he chimed in a hysterically sing-song voice.

Splinter swallowed hard; he was sweating bullets as he haggardly pulled his robes back on, finding them a little more snug now as it didn’t go all the way back to where it went. “So, as of now, I have six days of this” Splinter sighed grimly, hand to his gut.

“I’m afraid so Sensei. But, I’ll try to work on a way to reverse it, hopefully before things get worse” he explained.

“I hope so” Splinter sighed sadly, forgetting that if you say such a thing, of *course* it was going to get worse as Splinter’s husky belly subtly softened.

With little else but to wait out the inevitable, Splinter chose to spend his time meditating. The hours steadily ticked by as he kept his focus, ignoring his growing gut as it nestled perfectly in his crossed legs. It had grown quite large now, forcing his robe open as his chest was on display; the crest of his gut sticking out over the sash that was nearing its limits. His proud chest was starting to look a little soft as well. The growth had stopped hurting by now, aside from the sash digging into the fattest part of his midsection. The pizza had digested fully by now, his body hungrily absorbing the nutrients that circulated in his blood, clustering whatever meagre deposits of fat they could find in his supremely lithe body. Each particle was biding its time, building its energy for the great expansion.

A clenched finger drifted to his belly, scratching the softening fur to erase a niggling itch. His belly had grown very itchy as his skin stretched to accommodate his girth. He grunted in annoyance as he itched at it irritably, the scratching just feeling so good, just like the time he had fleas and Donatello had invented that lovely scratcher for him. Splinter shuddered at that pleasurable thought as he scratched at his chest, nails cleaving into the softening skin. And he was none-the-wiser for it as his itchiness abated. Focusing on his meditation again, his hands couldn’t help but wander as his mind did, feeling the smooth flesh of his engorged gut. While it was a disgrace to be so porcine, a small part of him was truly embracing what was going to be the tragic inevitable. He teased into the softening folds, his fingers sinking into himself as he smiled to himself. It honestly wasn’t terrible, he had to admit. A bit more

of him felt rather pleasant... in moderation, that is. The only issue was the warmth that burned within his body. He could feel it all over, even in his cheeks... both of them.

He sniffed delicately as his eyes slowly opened, looking up at the roof of his meditation room. He continued to play with his belly, fingers digging into his strained robe to scratch at his ever itchy navel. He giggled pleasantly, the front of his midsection was even softer than the top, and his well-trained fingers felt every sensation as his gut did. Each scratch was like a sweet kiss as it tingled his spine. He was grinning wildly as his itch abated again, his fingers pressing against himself. *"Why do I find this so pleasant?"* he asked to deaf ears as the warmth in his body flared up again. As hot as he was, he wasn't sweating at all. It was a pleasant, tingly warmth; like the pride of a good day's work, or the warmth of snuggling up by a fire on a cold winter's evening.

Releasing himself, his belly jiggled from side to side, shifting his robe about as it gorged itself over the hem. His sash was starting to dig into him, and it was very very uncomfortable for the sensei. "Mmf, it appears I will require new attire soon. Perhaps my sons could acquisition something much more suitable for me?" he mumbled to himself, gently stroking his beard as his belly pressed against his sash.

Splinter grunted from the forced strain, but bore with it as he staggered to his feet. His gut was so bouncy now, it kept throwing off his balance as it bounced this way and that. Splinter's chest was heaving from the effort, the extraneous effort of moving his husky frame burning away his energy reserves. "I should make my request while I am still able to walk" he panted as he staggered out of the room.

Moonwhile, Donatello was addressing his fellow Turtles. "Why are we here again?" Raph demanded irritably, quite annoyed that the science nerd had dragged him away from training.

"Well, y'see, we'll soon be umm, I want to say burdened, but that's rude. Umm, we'll soon be acquiring, yes, that's a good choice. Acquiring new duties amongst fighting the Foot Clan and the Kraangs" Donatello explained uncomfortably, a forced smile on his face.

Mikey's hand bolted in the air, waving with every ounce of energy he could muster. "Yes Mikey?" Don sighed tiredly.

“Does this new duty involve us fighting mutant ants who are trying to enslave our world to steal our sugar mines?” Mikey questioned eagerly, excitedly bouncing in his seat.

“What? No! Where did you even...? Ugh, no! Sugar mines aren’t even a thing. Look, it involves Sensei. See, some things have gone a bit wonky, and soon we’re going to be doing for him what he did for us a long time ago” Donnie continued.

Mikey’s hand waved in the air again. Donatello face palmed, knowing he’s going to regret whatever asinine thing will erupt from Mikey’s mouth. “Yesssss?” Don droned.

“You mean change his diapers, right?” Mikey question.

“No, well, I hope not. See, Sensei ran afoul of one of my inventions and... and.... Uhh, what are you guys looking aaaaAAAAATTT!?” Don shrieked, following his brothers’ gaze to the open door of the dojo.

Splinter was breathing heavily, looking very dishevelled as the top portion of his belly was hanging out of his robe, his navel peeking out of the Turtles. He barely squeezed through the doorframe as he stumbled about, catching a pole for support as the Turtles rushed to his aid. “SENSEI!” they all shrieked, hoisting him up.

“Pant... pant.... Do not... worry so much..., my sons. I am... quite alright” he breathed, trying to put their minds at ease.

“What did you *DO*?!” Leonardo screamed at Don.

“I didn’t do anything. He went and ate my (Seemingly) Infinitely Recurring Pizza, that’s all” Don explained, trying to make the situation sound normal. (Which is an amazing feat in the context of a series where getting hit by goo turns you into a hybrid of whatever was close at the time. Normal is a pretty scarce commodity when you think about it.)

“So, is that why he’s mega fat right now?” Mikey questioned crassly.

“Yeah, though, come on Mikey, he’s right here, show some respect” Don hissed at his ill-mannered brother.

They helped guide Splinter over to the couch, the bench creaking under his hefty girth. “Do not be too concerned for me, my sons. I have dealt with many challenges in my life, and this is merely one of those things I will have to accustom myself to” he wheezed.

“This isn’t natural” Leonardo declared in a blind panic as he realized what should happen should Splinter become immobile.

“Of course it isn’t, science caused this. And I’m going to use science to fix it” Don protested.

Raph snarled furiously as he grabbed Don by his shell, his furious face an inch from Don’s. “You better fix him” he snapped, shoving Don away angrily.

“BOYS!” Splinter snapped angrily, drawing their undivided attention. “I understand this is a distressing time for you all. I can easily say that it is not pleasant on me either. But we cannot blindly panic here, for if we panic, we make mistakes. We must all take this calmly and thoughtfully” he explained sagely.

“Yes, you’re right” Leonardo sighed, rubbing his head awkwardly as he tried to wrap his head around how he could avoid panicking right now.

“Now, young Donatello will require time to engineer a way to fix this. But, in that time, I am reticent to say that I will require a more, ahem, appropriate attire, as this robe is starting to feel rather tight, and I would much prefer it to walk around, erm, in the fur” Splinter explained.

“Will do Sensei. April might be able to help us out with this, she knows clothing like the back of her hand” Leonardo declared.

Nodding in mutual agreement, the four Turtles used the most over-the-top flips to leave the Lair, leaving Splinter alone on the couch. His body was starting to heat up again, this time more violently before Sighing loudly, he heaved himself up, groaning from the sharp pain in his midsection. With a violent “TING” the buckle on his sash launched like a bottle rocket,

ricocheting off the wall and impaling itself in the head of the Turtle's training dummy. His sash fell from his waist, piling on the ground as he finally had room to grow.

As if waiting for the moment his belly started swelling, pushing well past the limits as Splinter's robe was pulled apart by the errant growth. Splinter wheezed loudly as he grabbed the sides of his expanding gut, the weight throwing off his balance as he staggered around the living room, desperately trying to find a wall to lean on. Crashing against a pole, his trembling legs trussed themselves as sturdily as they could as Splinter's gut gurgled with every burst of growth. The fat was rolling off him like waves, the heavy beast hanging above his waist as it surged forward, bloating with soft, warm fat. Splinter moaned heartily as he felt the softness build, his engorged gut looking like he had stocked up for winter and then some. He rubbed the expanding softness, digging his fingers into it as it forced against him, his fingers leaving deep inlets as it now looked like he had swallowed half a medicine ball. Splinter sighed in relief as the warmth wore off, his growth abating with his enormous belly to greet him.

The complicated black and white markings that marked his belly were stretched so far, they made the enormous mass of fur look like the face of a dreadful Oni. Sighing in relief of the growth being over, it was nothing short of presumptive as he could feel the warm sensation in his chest. Splinter bit his bottom jaw in pleasure as he felt his normally flat chest engorge with fat. Abandoning the act of holding up his belly, it bounced repeatedly as Splinter cupped at his chest, feeling his warm and sensitive moobs swell in his grasp. They were so deceptively soft, so comforting and pleasant in his grasp as he squeezed them eagerly, the flesh overflowing as they bloated past Double As right on into a handsome pair of A cups. The Rat master eagerly played with them in his heat induced delirium, enjoying the feel. He cooed gently with each sharp pinch he gave them, their new girth making them very sensitive to the touch. And like before, the heat wore out, making Splinter's mind its own again as his hands flopped to his side. He was panting heavily, his heavy chest rising and falling with his breath.

But there was no rest for the wicked, as, to Splinter's dread, the warmth went down south, into the downtown area. He hitched his robes up in pleasurable dread as he could feel the heat and pressure build in his perfectly flat butt. It had been wedged between the pole ever since his growth began, and it was now taking advantage of the situation as both cheeks positively ballooned. Each cheek greedily fought for space as they curled around the pole, squeezing it as they resembled a pair of ripe melons. With each sudden movement from the Sensei, they bounced lightly as the brown flesh expanded, grinding and devouring the pole as they became a contented pair of bowling balls hanging off his backside. Dropping his robe, Splinter's hand reached under it as his hands glided over his growing behind. They had already graduated from bowling balls and were already trying to compete with watermelons. They just kept growing, surpassing their mark as his enormous behind finally

stopped; defeating the watermelon in scale. Splinter's hands rubbed all around his bodacious booty, the softness of each cheek remarkable. They will certainly make meditation much more comfortable; that was for certain.

With the major sites of fat primes, his entire body began its fantastic transformations. The sleeves of his robe tightened as his shoulders and arms filled with rich fat, bloating like rising dough as the adipose crept underneath his bands, tearing them clean down the middle as his arms ballooned out. And like his arms, his thighs gained new power as the noodle limbs bloated into fat filled drumsticks, his thighs pressing against each other as they ran out of room. They squished together, forcing Splinter to spread them as his calves thickened, tearing away the rest of his bands as his petit feet bloated, doubling in size just to support his new girth. Fat bubbled and churned along his slender fingers, piling on the size until they looked like German sausages. Thick lumps ran along his tail, bloating the once-slender appendage as it tripled in width, making it look more like a club as the heavy thin hung from his backside. And for the final flourish, his face wobbled as three new chins joined their brother, his neck joining his torso as his cheeks bloated up, as if he was hiding food in them.

Finally, he was done. Breathing deliriously, Splinter staggered off the pole, his butt cheeks fighting to keep their grasp on the pole as they were wrenched from it, his robe falling back to barely cover them up. His tail thudded to the ground loudly, not even having the strength to stay up as Splinter stared in horror at his fat hands. With a loud tear the sleeves of his robes exploded, raining to the ground like red confetti as his fat shoulders sent thick tears into what remained of his sleeves. Breathing heavily again, Splinter waddled over to the couch, landing on it and smashing through the flimsy material. His magically soft behind cushioned his fall, providing him with a soft landing as he sat dumbly on it. He just sat there, breathing loudly as his mind accustomed itself to his new girth. Casting one suspicious look at the entrance of the Lair, well, they had been gone for only like, what, ten minutes? The boys will probably takes hours, right?

With that in mind Splinter rolled onto his back, his fat back rolls cushioning him as he stared up at the mountain of a gut he was now sporting. Staring at it wistfully, he squeezed it as hard as he could with his fat digits, moaning pleasurably as he relished in his lard. He eagerly squeezed every part of himself he could reach. Every inch of his fantastically soft belly, his slowly blossoming B cups, the fat rolls of his chins and his plump cheeks. Both sets. *"This is completely and utterly wrong. And yet, it feels truly right."*

It was hours before the Turtles made it home, and they were all sniggering to themselves as they leapt over the antiquated subway turnstiles. "OH SENSEI!" Mikey called out eagerly,

clearly too excited for this. "SENSEI! WHERE ARE YOU?!" he called, his voice echoing in the Lair.

"Shut up Mikey, you're going to ruin it" Raph snapped, punching his brother in the arm.

"Oww! Stop Raph, no hitting. You promised no hitting!" Mikey whined.

"I lied" Raph said crassly as they entered the living room.

There was no sign of Master Splinter, only torn patches of crimson cloth, and his sash. "Well, just as well we picked the appropriate fashion choice" Don remarked as he knelt down to scoop up the cloth.

BOOM!

A thunderous noise echoed throughout the Lair, throwing the Turtles into battle mode. They all had their weapons out as they all hunted for where the sound was coming from.

BOOM!

The noise was even louder now, and the Turtles were huddling up to ensure they had max range as they were trying to figure out where that rumbling was coming from.

BOOM!

Their worries were answered the moment a vision of brown came from down the Lair. Splinter was standing before them, now larger than life and completely nude. Somehow, he had managed to get taller as he now quite easily resembled a sumo wrestler. His body kept itself together, the flab staying firm as it distributed itself largely in his gut. His entire midsection was completely rounded like a balloon, his navel sticking out two feet from his body, now big enough for the Turtles to almost get their entire fist into it. And despite this enormous weight, and the fact that his beard was reclining on his fat moobs, Splinter still

kept his quiet dignity as he addressed his sons. "It is good to see you all back, my sons" he greeted pleasantly, his voice an entire octave lower than normal.

"Glad to be back, to witness all of this" Leo remarked, the other Turtles sniggering.

"Did you get what I requested?" Splinter inquired sternly.

"Oh yes... snrk, we sure did" Leo giggled as he nodded to Donnie.

From behind his shell Donatello pulled out some form of crimson fabric. Pulling it out to its full shape, it was revealed to be a big red silk sumo mawashi. Thick fronds hung from the front, all decorated with what appeared to be yellow cubes painted to look like cheese. "Ta da" he declared triumphantly, presenting it to Splinter.

Their sensei stared at them, saying nothing as he accepted the belt. Feeling it in his fat claws, he could feel the craftsmanship, the love that went into making it. It was the work of an artisan; although, Splinter suspected that the sagari cheeses were their doing. "Thank you, my sons" Splinter said gratefully. "I will wear it with pride" he declared proudly, his heavy feet pounding the Lair as he headed towards the Dojo, that was, until he paused.

"Boys?" he boomed innocently, his flabby back to the Turtles. "I think some training is in order, seeing as how we've all been slacking off a little. Do wait for me in the Dojo, I shan't keep you long."

And with that, he left, leaving the Turtles quite confused as Splinter hobbled to his room. With some effort he managed to squeeze his way through the tight sliding doorframes, isolating himself as his still keen ears picked up the sound of his sons entering the Dojo. Closing his bedroom door, he silently moved to the middle of the room, and he just laughed. He laughed long and hard, his body bouncing and jiggling with mirth as he laughed himself silly, almost falling onto the floor to roll on it. He continued to cackle as he held the mawashi up, the red fabric staring at him as a tear of joy ran down his boys. "Those boys" he laughed, a few stray hiccups coming along with his giggles. "Only they would do this sort of thing. I cannot blame them for their sense of humour. However, I *can* for their disrespect; and, I know precisely how to teach them a lesson. It *is* about time they learned some new ways to fight, after all" he chuckled darkly, a fiendish plan brewing on the horizon.

The Turtles were waiting patiently for Splinter to arrive. They honestly had no clue what it was that Splinter even had to show them, especially in his condition. "He took our joke a little *too* well" Leo noted suspiciously.

"Splinter's always had a weird sense of humour. Maybe we finally managed to connect with him for once" Raph shrugged.

"I dunno. It was kind of insulting to him, I don't think he'd let us one-up him like that" Don pointed out.

"He looks pretty good in it though" Mikey remarked.

"And how do you know tha- Oh" Leo gasped, seeing Splinter was still silent when he needed to be.

Squeezing through the doorframe, Splinter proudly hunched himself over, the mawashi tightly bound around his body. It cupped perfectly around his front, circling all the way around to sit snugly between his fat behind. His butt looked like it was trying eat the fabric (and succeeding) as Splinter stomped over to his sons. "Sensei. You're... looking good there" Don stammered, a fake grin on his face as he only now began to grasp Splinter's true volume.

Splinter chuckled good-naturedly as he leaned down at the sitting Turtles. "I'm glad to hear you say that Donatello. Back in my youth I used to observe the Sumo wrestlers fight in their arenas. I for one never thought I would have the immense honour of wearing the same belts they did" Splinter grinned a little *too* widely.

"So, what did you want to teach us, Sensei?" Leo quivered, already realizing their joke had gone too far.

Splinter's chuckles boomed in the dojo as he straightened himself up, his enormous girth like a mountain before them as he placed his hands as close to his hips as he could. "You boys have shown me that I have been so narrow minded in your training. While it is fine to fight with the stealth and ferocity of the Ninja, I see now I have been stealing away the

chance to learn some other, just as useful fighting styles. Your generous gift has shown me that, which is why, in honour of you boys: I shall train you all in the art of Sumo” Splinter declared dramatically.

Raph snorted loudly. “You’re kidding, right Sensei?” he scoffed loudly.

“You do not wish to learn this noble art?” Splinter questioned curiously.

“No offence Sensei, but why do we need to learn the art of being giant fat lards who slam their guts into each other for people’s amusement? I’ll keep to my far superior Ninjitsu, thank you very much” Raph sneered.

A curt brow rose on Splinter’s face. “Is that so my son? Then, feel free to prove it. Sumo, vs Ninjitsu. May the better art win” he suggested.

Raph laughed cockily as he pushed himself off his cushion, the other Turtles (much more smartly) dashed to the sidelines, knowing *exactly* where this was going. “With all due respect Sensei, but how will you being fatter AND slower than Mikey even let you get a hit on me?” he arrogantly questioned.

“HEY!” Mikey squawked from the sidelines.

Splinter shrugged nonchalantly at Raph’s demand, jiggling all over as he took his place on the mat. “I do not know Raphael. Perhaps we should see for ourselves. May either side win” Splinter smiled as he hunched over, hands on the mat as Raph stood on guard with his Sais.

“I shall!” Raph yelled, breaking the distance in record time, swinging his blades at Splinter’s enormous target of a belly.

He only hit empty air as Splinter expertly dodged the attack by sidestepping. Time slowed to a crawl as Raph slowly questioned how Splinter even managed to dodge with his porky frame. With a quick hip thrust, Splinter slammed his belly into Raph. The Turtle’s eyes bulged out of his head as his body sank into Splinter’s soft belly, before time resumed as normal and he was launched into a wall via trampoline, smashing against it hard. He groaned loudly as masonry fell from the wall, clattering off his shell as he couldn’t believe

what had happened. "Seeing as you were taken out of the ring, I do believe that the first point is mine" Splinter smirked.

"I don't know how you moved that fast, BUT YOU WON'T TAKE ME DOWN TWICE!" Raph shrieked indignantly, charging his master again.

With his Sais abandoned, he went for the old one-two, swinging his fist into Splinter's belly. The Rat sumo didn't even have to move as Raph's fist lodged itself in his navel, the deep brown hole sucking his fist in as he struggled to remove it. With his son at his mercy, Splinter pulled him up by his arm, his fist escaping the cavernous navel with a loud pop. Pinning Raph to his front, his son whimpered loudly as Splinter slammed the ground hard, pinning Raphael underneath his enormous mass that contoured around his shell, forming a tight seal. The Turtle wheezed loudly as he felt every last pound of Rat press down on him. "Say uncle" Splinter commanded.

"UNCLE!" Raph rasped loudly.

"Say "I will never disrespect the master by bringing him gag clothing"" Splinter commanded.

"I will never disrespect the master by bringing him gag clothing" Raph begged, turning purple.

"I am glad to see you have learned your lesson" Splinter sighed as he pulled himself off Raph, the Turtle practically a pancake as he lay prone on the floor.

Casting a sinister eye at his other sons on the sidelines, Splinter grinned menacingly. "My sons, I didn't hear *you* saying those words" he said way too sweetly as his shadow loomed over the distressed Turtles.

If there was one thing the Turtles learned, it was that no matter Splinter's weight, he could kick their butts in ten different ways, and they wouldn't quickly forget that fact. Perhaps that's why they were so eager to help out as the week played itself out, with, expected results. Their lives hadn't changed too much in that time, they just had a few extraneous responsibilities to add to their agenda. They also had gotten a nicer couch for the living

space, well, Mikey did at least. After the pizza had run its course, Splinter was now a sixteen foot tall mound of flab. His enormous belly cascaded like steps, his enormous moobs each a luxurious pillow (that Mikey had actually slept on, and would recommend.) His legs were both enormous wads of fat hanging from his enormous hips, his feet having not gotten any bigger as they wiggled on occasion. Splinter's arms were just as massive as his legs, his tiny hands always resting by his side. And atop it all, was Splinter's bloated face, kept on either side of his face cheeks and atop twelve chins.

Mikey was reclining along the fat shelf of Splinter's shoulders, reading from a pile of comic books that sagged into him slightly. Every so often he would take a slice of pizza from the many boxes encircling him and place it by Splinter's mouth, which the sensei would gobble up greedily as he meditated. Leonardo shook his head at the display. "You should really stop feeding him pizza" he chided his brother.

"Why?" Mikey questioned as he kept reading. "It's not as if feeding him pizza will make him any bigger. What, will it all go to his car-sized hips? Besides, he likes it, might as well keep him happy."

"That's not the point" Leo protested.

"What is the point? I feed him pizza, he lets me recline in his beanbag flab. It's win-win" Mikey pointed out.

"It's disrespectful" Leo explained indignantly.

"If he didn't like, he'd say something" Mikey smirked.

"He can't say anything, his cheeks are too fat!" Leo snapped.

"I can most assure you, my son, that my ability for speech is not inhibited in any way" Splinter boomed loudly, his voice as deep as a pit. "And as I am currently indisposed, I figure I might as well attempt to make the most of the situation. As, disturbing as it is to say, Michelangelo is correct here. "

Leo's jaw fell to the freaking floor at the fact that Splinter, *the* Master Splinter, said that Mikey was right, and he was wrong. "You.... I.... Whumba?" he gibbered, his mind incapable of processing the idea. He just walked off, gibbering to himself as Mikey got comfortable again.

"My son, your Sensei still hungers" Splinter declared as he returned to his meditation, his fat fingers pressed together tightly.

"Sorry Sensei" Mikey apologized, slipping Splinter another slice of pizza.