

Be Our Guest

A tale as old as time, true as it can be. The beauty of a serenade that resonates within the hallowed halls of-- SMASH! Well..., there goes that beautiful imagery. Though it was by her own will that she allowed herself to be a prisoner of his castle, the beautiful and kind Belle had her work cut out for her, especially when it came to her keeper's temper. Even now she sits, locked in her room while the Beast has another bitch fit about something. It's rather tragic, really. Just as well the Servants were there to keep her company. "Seems he is quite riled up today" Lumière noted, standing on Belle's dressing table with his arms folded.

"Yes, much like yesterday, and the day before that, and the day before that" Belle sighed as she sat on her bed. "As much as I care for the good person that lies beneath, it is quite hard making a sincere connection with him when there is just so much anger in his heart."

"Yes, that temper has always been a troubling component of our Master's nature" Cogsworth sighed, taking quick glances at the door. "More's the pity that taming such a savage beast is quite an onerous task. I fear that he'll never be able to contain it before time runs out."

"Though, that isn't to say we didn't try to speed up the process" Lumière nodded.

"You did?" Belle noticed, a curious look on her face.

"Oh yes mon chéri. We have tried to help curb the fire that burns within him. And as you have seen, our success has been limited" Lumière admitted.

"Don't you mean that they've all been big fat failures?" Cogsworth put in.

"It has been difficult, yes. He is quite a strong-willed young man after all" Mrs. Potts mused as she steamed by Belle's side. "And as stubborn as a mule. Though, we can accept responsibility for making him a bit more hot-headed since our last attempt."

"Attempt?" Belle questioned.

“Oh yes, *that* attempt. That one went quite swimmingly, as did you Lumière once the Master finally managed to shift the weight and put you on ice for a month” Cogsworth said sharply.

“The weight?” Belle repeated, laughing a little.

“Oh yes. It was, how you say, our most outlandish attempt. As they say, fat people are jolly. So, we tried to test that theory” Lumière explained, a coy grin on his face.

““Fat people are jolly”. I do not wish to be rude to the Beast, but, I think this is something I need to hear” Belle smiled, her mind’s eye imagining a rather rounded Beast.

“Then listen well mon chéri, for this is a tale that occurred five years ago” Lumière began, the scene rippling to indicate a flashback about to occur....

It began, with a SMASH! All the Servants were gathered by the Beast’s bedroom door as he was having yet another hissy fit. “Well, at least this is less violent than his usual tantrums” Lumière sighed despondently.

“It was your fault for badgering him when he was clearly in a bad mood Lumière. I warned you, oh did I ever warn you that bothering him would only end in tragedy” Cogsworth moaned.

“That you did my friend” Lumière conceded as they all hopped away from the door, another loud crash issuing from the Beast’s room.

“This is quite honestly becoming a bit beyond the joke now” Mrs. Potts sighed as they all stood in the landing.

“Indeed, and it’s only been made worse by your many attempts to try and adjust his personality. I’ve warned you many times that it won’t work, as the Master is quite the personable character, not one for locking his feelings up” Cogsworth chided snootily.

“Personable huh? That’s a new one Cogsworth” Lumière snarked as he rubbed his chin, trying to come up with a plan.

“It’s a pity he’s not fat” Chip remarked.

“What makes you say that my pet?” Mrs. Potts questioned.

“Well, don’t people say that fat people are always jolly?” Chip innocently suggested.

“Hmm, you might be on to something Chip” Lumière grinned, rubbing his candlesticks together.

“I know that look, and it won’t work Lumière. Our Master is on a strict diet all the time to maintain his figure, and he never overeats, even if you had all the food in the world sitting in front of him he wouldn’t overeat” Cogsworth sniffed.

“Well, we could cut out the exercise part. But the process would be slow without a hearty appetite” Lumière conceded. “If only there were a miracle formula that could make him truly voracious.”

“Ewan would most likely be able to make one” Mrs. Potts suggested. “He was always making appetite inducers for the Horses when they weren’t eating.”

“Oh no-ho-ho. We are not going to that foul-mouthed pot for one of his weird little poisons to use on the Master. No, this entire plan sounds utterly ridiculous, and I will have no part in it” Cogsworth declared defiantly, folding his arms in finality.

“Suit yourself” Lumière shrugged as the other Servants hopped off.

Watching them go, stress lines started forming on Cogsworth face as he was steadily being abandoned, and he grunted in frustration. “Curse them. I’ll have to come along to ensure they don’t do anything absurd” he grumbled as he chased after them.

Deep in the cellars of the Castle, far below the ground floor was the laboratory of the castle alchemist Ewan. Once a man of great stature and intelligence, he has now been reduced to the form of his greatest strength, an alchemy pot. Of course, his transformation did nothing to curb his intensity; though it was at least apt considering either way he was always steamed. The enormous black pressure cocker scowled at the Servants as they entered his domain. "Ach! Close the door ye gits, ye lettin' the heat oot!" he complained loudly as the door was closed brusquely.

"Nice to see you Ewan" Lumière greeted stiffly, not liking the look the pot was giving him.

"Oh if it ain't the namby pamby golden child himself. What have ye been up to huh? Goin' round chattin' up all the fine lasses have ya ye git!" Ewan fumed loudly, before noticing Cogsworth. "Och, and if it ain't the Master's lickspittle himself. Managed to pry ye'self from between his fuzzy cheeks to come pay ol' Ewan a visit huh, ya mincin' door knocker!" he jeered.

"Hello Ewan" the two Servants greeted through gritted teeth.

"And what kind of greetin' is that ya- Ooohhhh," Ewan grinned as Mrs. Potts came into view, "to what do I owe the pleasure of the castle's finest rose visitin' this ugly ol' pot?" he greeted suavely, his lid being doffed politely.

Mrs. Potts giggled like a giddy schoolgirl. "Oh Ewan, you old charmer" she giggled, steam steadily rising from her spout as she got all flushed.

Lumière and Cogsworth rolled their eyes in disgust. "Believe us Ewan, the pleasure is all ours" the clock sniffed sarcastically.

"I wasn't talkin' to ye, ya clockwork tea trays!" Ewan barked loudly.

"Well, quite Ewan. However, we have come to seek a remedy from the castle's finest alchemist" Lumière declared, his smile strained and as false as a mannequin's bust.

“Wait a minute...”

The Servants looked at Belle with intrigue, a questioning look on her face as she folded her arms. “There’s an alchemist in this castle?” Belle questioned sceptically.

“Oh yes, the ever foul-mouthed and even more foul-mannered Ewan McKinnisfield. You’ve never met him because we keep him in the catacombs due to his frankly rude behaviour. Plus, his services aren’t much in requirement, what with the Master being the only one of us with flesh and blood” Cogsworth explained, before quavering from Belle’s withering look. “And you of course, my dear” he saved with a weak smile.

“Hmph, my father was an inventor, and Ewan sounds rather interesting. Perhaps I’ll go visit him later” Belle considered thoughtfully.

“Well quite, because that’s just what we need: A foul-mouthed woman speaking Scottish to woo the Prince. Now Lumière, your failed plan?” Cogsworth insisted.

“Quite right, as I was saying...”

Ewan gave a look of disbelief, a smug grin on his mug as he shifted himself, hanging over the candelabra and clock. “Do ye now? After all this time mockin’ ol’ Ewan, suddenly ye need his help huh? Funny how the tables turn don’t they ya French tartlet” he jeered.

“Yes Ewan, the Master isn’t feeling too well, and he’s not eating like he should. We figured that if anyone could help improve his appetite, it would be you Ewan” Mrs. Potts explained, batting her eyelids for good measure.

Ewan quivered, step bursting from his outlets as his body turned bright red. “Oh course oh course me white swan. If it’s a request from ye, how could I refuse? I know just the thing to make the Master hale and hearty again, I guarantee it” Ewan promised, whistling loudly. Many pairs of tongs and stirring rods suddenly became active, looking to their master for

instructions. "OKAY BOYS LISTEN UUP! We need a remedy te ignite a fire in the Master's belleh. Get to work ye lazy bums, and get mixing!" he barked authoritatively.

His valves whistled loudly in martial step, commanding the tools as they gathered the ingredients, dumping them into Ewan with well-practised ease. "OI! Ease up on that ya two tined silver scumbag. Too much and ye'll blow us all to kingdom come ya twonk!" he growled at one of his tools.

It squeaked meekly, retreating into the group as many different coloured solutions were added to Ewan. With a loud slam his lid slammed shut, sealing tight as he started to rattle violently. "THIS IS HOW YOU MAKE A BLOODY POTION!" he roared, steaming like an enormous kettle as the pressure increased inside him.

The Servants ducked for cover as the entire room rattled, Ewan's fiery expression lit up on his burning red body, until, with a loud ding, he was done. A pair of tongs brought a vial around to Ewan's tap, where he dispensed a glowing amber liquid. "It's finished me fine Scottish moonflower" Ewan called out.

The tongs flew over to Lumière, who held the vial in his hands. "LISTEN UP YE GOLDEN WOMANIZER!" Ewan howled unnecessarily loudly. "I'm only gonna tell ye this once, so LISTEN UUP! All ye need is three drops of this to whet the Master's appetite. No more than three, ye hear?!" Ewan rumbled loudly.

"Unnecessarily loudly" Cogsworth grimaced, pretending to dig a finger into his ear.

"One more thing!" Ewan added, making everyone jump. "Do not, under ANY circumstances heat the liquid, or put it anything hot!" Ewan ordered.

"Why?" Lumière questioned.

"Ye questioning me noow? It's been watered down ya stupid git. Heating it removes water, and makes the solution stronger. Stronger it is, the more it'll make the Master want te eat, ye hear? If you don't want him eating us out of house and home, don't heat it!" the pot commanded vulgarly.

"Thank you for your assistance Ewan, you have been very helpful to us" Mrs. Potts said appreciatively, the pressure pot going weak in his base as he let off steam. Lumière and Cogsworth scoffed loudly as they left, happy to be away from the Scottish pot.

"I hate visiting him" Cogsworth grumbled loudly.

"That is something we can both agree on" Lumière agreed, holding an arm around the clock's shoulder in solidarity.

"So, despite his warning, you're going to serve the potion in the Master's evening tea?" Cogsworth declared dramatically.

"That is the gist of it, yes" Lumière answered bluntly. "There is plenty of water in tea; as we only need to, stoke the fires as it were."

"Oooooohhhh" Cogsworth whimpered as he pushed the tea trolley to the Beast's door. "If this goes wrong, I'm blaming you" he said venomously, knocking politely on the door.

"WHAT?!" came the monstrous roar.

"W-w-w-w-we... we brought some t-t-tea, Master" Cogsworth whimpered nervously.

"..."

"M-master?" Cogsworth quavered, placing his head to the door.

"Enter" came the gruff command.

Lumière held his thumbs up as the door was opened a crack, the Servants making their way into the trashed room of the Beast. He was standing by the windows, before the pedestal containing the Enchantress' rose. He gave the glass jar a longing stroke, before growling as

the Servants neared. "Greetings your grace. After your, err, episode, we figured you could appreciate a nice hot cup of tea" Lumière explained, Mrs. Potts pouring the clear amber liquid into a tea cup.

"Hmph, that would be nice" the Beast grunted as he held the small cup in his fingertips. He downed the entire cup in one sitting, not even noticing the scalding hot liquid. He belched loudly as he placed the cup back on the trolley.

"Ah yes, and of course my Master, supper will be ready shortly, if you are hungry of course" Cogsworth muttered, still not happy being dragged along for this ride.

"Well, I..." the Beast began, before slowly ebbing off by a loud roar from his stomach. He grunted in pain, clutching at his flat midsection as he fell to his knees.

"Lumière you..." Cogsworth growled in a harsh whisper as he ran over to the Beast. "Master, are you okay?" he simpered desperately.

"Yes" the Beast grunted, picking himself up, a large claw to his stomach. "I'm just, hungry, is all" he grunted in embarrassment.

"Well, the Master did skip out on lunch" Mrs. Potts chided in a motherly manner.

"I did?" the Beast questioned, the early part of the day a complete blur after his temper tantrum.

"Indeed Master, which is why we have prepared an extra-large dinner to compensate for missing one of the three most vital meals of the day" Lumière added, playing his part perfectly.

"I see, then tell the kitchen staff I want everything ready in five minutes" the Beast grunted, his stomach rumbling loudly.

"We will make it three" Lumière grinned, rubbing his candlesticks together deviously, knowing dinner was already made as the tea trolley wheeled itself out.

“Do then” the Beast snorted, returning to his rose and not noticing his servant’s devious gesture.

“I don’t like this” Cogsworth whimpered as they left the room.

“You don’t like anything” Lumière countered scathingly.

It was all prepared, everything was ready for the Servant’s master plan. The long dining table was positively packed with foods both rich and exotic, an enormous turkey cleverly stationed by the Master’s seat, and an enormous boar roasting on a spit in the center of the table. Lumière rubbed his candlesticks together as Cogsworth was biting at his fingers. “I don’t like this” he whimpered softly, the anticipation getting to him.

“If it’s a bit too much for you, perhaps you should leave, as to not associate yourself with the crime” Mrs. Potts suggested kindly.

“I’m already associated by allowing this foolishness to proceed” Cogsworth said snippily as the doors burst open, the Beast entering the Dining Room.

Cogsworth was shaking violently as the Beast lumbered forth, a haunted look on his face as a chair raced around to seat him. “Welcome to your dinner, Master” Lumière declared, hopping onto the table.

“Enough words Lumière, I’m starving” the Beast complained, his belly roaring in agreement as he breathed in the rich aromas wafting down the table; he was salivating so much that drool was dripping from the corners of his mouth.

“Well, as you can see, the kitchen has gone all out for your meal this evening to feed the savage..., err, hunger you have. So, without further ado, bon appétit” he bowed, getting out of the way.

The Beast licked his chops hungrily as he ignored the plate and utensils, reaching straight for a turkey leg. Skin and meat went flying as he ripped it clean from the bird, savagely tearing into it. He hungrily swallowed large mouthfuls of turkey, viscera scattering around and on him as he devoured the large bone in mere seconds. With a loud gulp his hearty meal plummeted into his stomach, and yet the savage beast hungered for more. Reaching for the other leg, the Beast devoured it in the same messy order, the table being splattered with meat and skin as the Beast gnawed at the bone, trying to grab every sliver of meat from it. Unsatisfied, he went for the turkey itself, holding the magnificently golden-brown bird in his hands as he sunk his fangs into it, rending off enormous wads of meat, barely chewing as he swallowed hungrily, his innards begging to be filled. He snarled like a wild animal as he tore the turkey apart, the fragile thing being reduced to just bones as the Beast messily tore off any scrap of meat he could find, shoving it into his oil soaked maw. Turkey demolished, the Beast belched loudly as he lay back in the chair, patting the meagre bulge in his front.

Lumière chuckled wickedly, knowing that that turkey and the vast majority of meats there had been basted with Ewan's special formula. Only a drop, but each meal was the next chain in this reaction of feasting, one they had planned to go on for quite a while. The Beast sighed contentedly, before his stomach rumbled loudly. He felt empty, desperately empty. So empty he could waste away from not having consumed anything for an entire month. He grunted in pain, that turkey now utterly meaningless to him as the dishes moved aside, a large leg of ham moving forth to greet him. The Beast grabbed for it desperately, sinking his teeth into it, ripping off a third of the meat, chewing desperately as tears of joy ran down his face. He happily tore into that leg, reducing it to the bone before even a minute was up. And yet his belly still screamed for more, it was demanding more in a fierce crescendo as its symphony of protest played like a hundred man orchestra. He moaned loudly, that soulless emptiness filling his packed stomach as a pile of sliced meats were presented to him. The Beast grabbed them in the handfuls, cramming them into his maw as fast as he could. He chewed every irresistibly delectable slice with gusto, their sweet flavour on his juice soaked face as he downed them all, the meats piling into his slowly rising gut.

Lumière silently elbowed Mrs. Potts, referring her to the sight. She grinned giddily as Cogsworth continued to bite at his fingers as the next course was presented to the Beast. It was an enormous pot of beef casserole, one seasoned with exotic spices from every corner of the world, filled with rich meats, potatoes, carrots, peas, and cauliflower. The Beast breathed in the rich aromas, his vacuous pit of a stomach howling loudly like a wounded animal. Possessed by this impossible hunger, the Beast grabbed each side of the pot, the metal hot to the touch as he brought it to his lips. He gulped heavily, downing each hearty glob of rich gravy, meat, and vegetables, barely savouring the flavour as he guzzled it down. Much of the gravy and ingredients missed his maw, dribbling down his front in thick brown dollops, staining his front. And yet he continued to swallow the casserole in thick gulps, the heavy bulge in his belly rising, filling up with the hearty casserole as the pot was emptied. The Beast groaned loudly, rubbing at the dense bulge in his stomach, smearing gravy into his

fur as the pot drooped from the side of his chair, clenched weakly in his other paw as he lay back into it.

His stomach was so full, packed with so much meat and rich gravy. And yet, it still demanded more from him. Again his belly howled to be filled, despite the large bulge of food already staring at him through the splattered gravy. Drool was running down his jaws in rivers as he was presented with a plate of no less than a dozen seasoned pheasants. The pot clattered loudly on the ground, rolling away as the Beast grabbed two Pheasants in each hand, cramming them both in and crushing them in his jaws. Their juices were squeezed out of them, pooling in his mouth as he smashed both meat and bone into pulp, swallowing the large load as a thick lump ran down his throat. His ravenous appetite was barely even satisfied as he continued downing each succulent, juicy, plump bird in his jaws. The juices dribbled down his face as he relished in every mouthful, every delectable bite was heaven to him as he reached for the plate, and his hand slid in grease, every bird having been devoured, leaving the dish barren save for the garnish. The Beast grunted in displeasure, his hand running again his heavy balloon belly, and still he wanted more as he devoured the garnish, ignoring the bitter taste. He just could not be satisfied as his bulging stomach grew.

What sweet mercy there was when the boar was presented to him. His eyes went wide as he was staring face-to-face with the apple stuffed expression of the roast boar. It was a prized hog, there was no doubt. It was roasted to a perfectly golden-brown colour that glistened in the light of the chandelier and the roaring fireplace. With a guttural roar he snapped, biting off the snout and apple in one fell-swoop. He was lost to his unending desire to eat, to devour. He snapped the apple and meat into paste, barely swallowing in time as he twisted the boar to its side, tearing into it like a wild animal. The Servants took cover as meat rained down from each of the Beast's clumsy and slobber filled bites. He tore off enormous chunks of meat, barely chewing them as he swallowed hard just for his next bite. His belly was engorged with the meat of the enormous hog, testing the strength of his pants as the waistline became too tight for his gluttonous belly. And yet he could not stop, devouring every last inch of golden-brown boar, not resting until it was nothing but bones upon a rotisserie bar! The Beast was panting in exhaustion as he finally tore himself away from the meal, grease slathered on his face alongside small pieces of skin and meat. He moaned loudly, rubbing his grotesquely engorged gut. He was so packed, so filled with food. His mid-section was like a furry brown weather balloon.

It was so disgustingly packed, so tight and filled. And yet the restless beast still continued, gurgling and rumbling loudly, demanding more more MORE! He had eaten enough food for twenty people, and still he wanted, no, he *needed* more food. He was starving beyond belief. "MORE!" he bellowed desperately.

“As you command” Lumière declared from a safe distance, clapping his sticks together.

The cutlery and spent dishes moved aside, bringing into view an enormous, four tiered cake. Naturally, it wasn't spiked, as this was the last nail necessary. The Beast panted loudly, still reclining into his chair as the weight of his bloated belly pressed against him. His purple pants were straining against the sheer weight as the cake sat before him. It was half his height, and the lowest tier was just as wide. He moaned loudly, his stomach rumbling loudly, and the cake looked so delicious. Every icing rose was perfectly pristine, and the white icing coating it resembled silk. He moaned loudly, oh how he wanted it. Finding the strength to move, his hefty new weight pushing him forward, his face before the cake. He blubbered to himself as he tore huge scoops of cake from wherever he could grab it, shoving it in his maw, smearing himself with icing and vanilla sponge as he smashed his face into the mound of sugary delight. His jaw slurped up whatever part of cake he could find, devouring the equivalent of the top tier.

It was too much for his pants as the front tore loudly, his gut spilling out onto his lap as he desperately consumed the cake. He was cutting enormous swaths of creamy expanse with his jaws, vanilla and icing gone beneath his baleful bites. He made quick shuddering gasps between mouthfuls, at this point he was just shoving cake into his maw without chewing, swallowing thick bumps that packed into his swelling stomach, now more resembling a large medicine ball than the flat expanse of fur he once had. Mouthful by mouthful was gone, devoured by his monstrous appetite as finally he was done, he had finished off the cake. His face and chest was coated in vanilla sponge and icing, his face now resembling the cake as he swallowed his last mouthful of dessert. He groaned loudly, the chair creaking under his impressive weight as he rubbed his tortured gut. Despite everything he had consumed, only now did he feel in any ways full. He groaned loudly again, his eye lids flickering as he yawned loudly.

The candelabra hopped forward, admiring his handiwork and the effect it will have on his master tomorrow. “Take the master for his bath, and it's straight off to bed” he told the chair.

The head nodded firmly, its body straining to move the inflated Beast out of the dining room. Once he was out of sight, the Servants sighed loudly with relief. “Well, that went quite well, I should think” Lumière remarked.

“That was positively vile” Cogsworth gagged, looking quite green.

“Agreed, that was not an appropriate display of proper table etiquette” Mrs. Potts agreed, shaking her head sadly.

“Yes, but, it was just one of many. That was but a mere few drops littered over his food. And there are many more meals to go” Lumière declared.

“Oooooohhhhh no Lumière, I’m putting my foot down on this matter” Cogsworth snapped, literally putting his foot down. “After that repulsive display, I am afraid you are now putting the Master’s life in great jeopardy” he protested.

“It was just a little overeating Cogsworth. We aren’t going to be stuffing him silly this much from now on, we just needed a little bit of a kick” Lumière explained.

“No, we aren’t doing this anymore. I REFUSE to be a part of this” the clock protested.

“As you wish” Lumière shrugged, nodding to something behind him.

The sound of clanking was a big tipoff, as Cogsworth was suddenly clamped tightly in the hand of a suit of armour. He struggled to no avail in the cast-iron grip. “Let me go! I must warn the Master” he whined, clearly trapped in the suit of armour’s clutches.

“Sorry my friend, but we can’t have you sabotaging our efforts. But, do not fear, should the Master catch on, we’ll tell him you tried to stop us” the candelabra called as the suit took Cogsworth away.

“LET ME GO!” Cogsworth shrieked as he was taken out of sight.

“This is getting to be a bit too much Lumière” Mrs. Potts sighed.

“Indeed, but, we are obligated to see this to the end, I am afraid” Lumière nodded.

“Now, hang on a minute...”

The Servants were looking at Belle's slightly disturbed expression, apart from Cogsworth, who was glaring at Lumière. "Yes?" Lumière inquired.

"What did you do with Cogsworth?" Belle questioned.

"They locked me in a cupboard for a month!" Cogsworth spat.

Belle gave Lumière a piercing glare, the candelabra becoming very sheepish as he idly kicked at a small patch of dust. "We left him with some books and a candlestick for light. We aren't monsters" Lumière defended earnestly.

"You gave me a pile of romance novels. You know I don't like romance novels" Cogsworth protested.

"The suits of armour weren't exactly paying attention to the subject matter when they collected the books" Lumière retorted flatly.

"That's horrible" Belle uttered, completely aghast.

"I am not defending my actions. But, sufficed to say we were desperate to try anything, and we couldn't have Cogsworth tattling on us" Lumière said defensively.

"I am *NOT* a tattletale" Cogsworth whined loudly.

"Yes you are" Belle and Lumière answered together.

The clock humphed loudly, giving the two the silent treatment. "Well, that was the end of the first night, and, as for the next morning...."

With Cogsworth indisposed, it was up to Lumière to check up on the Beast in the morning. He was actually feeling quite nervous, not knowing what to expect after the previous night's celebration of gluttony. Opening the door a crack, Lumière crept into the Beast's room. One big mess of destroyed furniture as always, the room was home to the gentle, rumbling breath of the Beast as he slumbered. He was lying prone on a pile of pillows and cushions, and the candelabra stuffed a candlestick in his own mouth to stop himself from gasping.

The meal had certainly done quite a number on his virile young master, and that only became readily more apparent as he drew closer to the brown fur ball. His proud muscular arms had the consistency of half-baked dough, solid in the middle, but a softness was quite prominent on the outside as they squished on the pile of pillows. His legs hanging over the incline of pillows now somewhat resembled them, appearing much like legs of ham stuffed into a pair of torn pants. But these were just accessories to what truly caught Lumière's eyes. The Beast's belly had reduced by half of what it had been the prior night, and now it was nothing but a hill of furry brown flab that hung over the torn fronts of his pants. It jiggled gently with the rising breath of his flabby chest, each patch of fur sagging from his princely moobs. It was certainly quite a large mass, but, it could be bigger. The candelabra silently hopped about, admiring his handiwork. *"This was only after one night!"* he mentally uttered in great surprise.

He honestly did not expect such a vast meal to have weighed down on the prince so quickly, but, he was not one for looking a gift horse in the mouth. Standing to attention, he coughed politely, the Beast snorting loudly as his keen hearing caught the cough. He yawned loudly as he reclined in his pile, his back arching backwards, pointing his flabby gut to the ceiling. "Good morning to you, Master" Lumière declared politely, bowing courteously to his master.

"Lumière? Why isn't Cogsworth here?" the Beast questioned, his eyes still hazy from sleep.

"I'm afraid our friend Cogsworth has come down with some wood rot, very unpleasant business. So I have come in my friend's place to serve you" Lumière answered with a courteous bow.

"Hmph, that's his fault for being around too much dampness. It's bad for his composition" the Beast snorted, rolling onto his side, still unawares of his excess mass. "What happened last night? It all seems such a blur to me."

“You made quite the little piggy of yourself, if I am to be perfectly frank” Lumière answered, testing the waters of the shark tank.

“I have to keep my strength up, to keep intruders out” the Beast snorted, sinking into his pile.

“Indeed, we owe our safety to your big, strong arms after all” Lumière nodded thoughtfully.

“Yeah, they are big and strong, aren’t they?” the Beast yawned, rubbing his arms gently.

“Well, to thank you for your valour in keeping the castle safe, we have brought breakfast to you, so you do not need to waste the energy of climbing down all those stairs to the dining room” Lumière declared joyously, that being the signal for the breakfast cart to come through the door, a thick stack of crêpes piled up on not one, but two trays and drenched in sweet sauces.

The Beast purred approvingly, heaving his generous carriage up as the trolley sidled to the front of his pile. “It has been a while since you offered me breakfast in bed” he remarked.

“Well, we Servants have admit that we have been rather lackadaisical in our duties to you, which is why we are going to try and go the extra mile, just for you” Lumière explained, show boating a little for good measure.

“Hmph” the Beast grunted as the trolley tied a bib around his neck. “It’s about time you started showing me my dues” he snorted as he grabbed a fork. He greedily speared through several crêpes at once, plunging the whole pile into his mouth.

He chewed messily, crêpe flying everywhere as the sauce dribbled down his face. Cleaning it off with his bib, the Beast continued his gluttonous eating, destroying the delicious French pancakes in short order, with nothing left but the plates they stood on. He belched loudly, stray bits of his meal blowing out of his mouth. Sighing contentedly, the Beast reclined back on his pile, bib still around his neck. “It is such a lovely day Master, why not have a lovely post-breakfast nap?” Lumière suggested.

“That sounds....yyyyyyaaaawwwwnnnnn, like a good idea, actually” the Beast agreed, his eyelids going heavy as the sleeping drug in the sauce kicked in.

“Sweet dreams, Master” Lumière said sincerely.

“And then what?”

“And then what what?” Lumière inquired.

“So, did you just spend the entire time feeding him up, then just drugging him to sleep?” Belle questioned, growing steadily unnerved by the candelabra.

“Oh no, well, just for starters. After a while we worked at keeping him as inactive as possible. The first load of lard was easy, but we couldn’t repeat the opening act again. So we just kept him too happy and sated to even want to leave his room. We managed to keep the act going, that was, until...” Lumière idled off, looking at Cogsworth.

“Until I managed to escape,” the clock finished, his arms folded grumpily, “but by then it was far too late for me to stop the damage from being done.”

“How did he not see what you were doing to him though?” Belle questioned.

“Well, as you know, the Master has a few, err, “issues” with his appearance. As such he avoids mirrors at all costs, and tends not to regard his body when he can help it. We just kept him too distracted to really notice or want to notice” Lumière explained.

“There are quite a few broken mirrors are the castle” Belle conceded.

“Indeed, now, after I managed to escape that wretched cupboard...” Cogsworth began.

Cogsworth was furiously pulling cobwebs off his body, having been host to a small family of spiders during his incarceration. But, trust the suits of armour to be so dim as to let him trick his way out of that dreadful cupboard. Sneaking about stealthily, the little clock had managed to make his way to the door of his Master's room. Carefully looking about, he opened the door a peep, and snuck in. The Beast's room was a lot darker than normal, as the curtains had been pulled over the windows. The only source of light was the rose, gently glowing in its case. "Master?" Cogsworth whispered as loudly as he could, feeling his way in the darkness.

A loud wheeze pervaded the air; it sounded like it came from an enormous monster. "Cogsworth, is that you?" a heavy voice questioned in the darkness.

"Yes Master, I'm here" the clock whimpered, running over to the curtains.

"That rot of yours took too long to fix" the Beast grumbled loudly.

"My..., ah, AH! Ah yes, my "wood rot". Yes, a terrible thing it was" Cogsworth stammered, glad that what had clearly been an excuse from Lumière had only amounted to wood rot.

"Lumière has been doing an excellent job in your absence, however" the Beast noted.

"I'm sure he has" Cogsworth grimaced as he pulled the curtains apart, and that was when he turned around.

A golden fist was shoved in his mouth, just so he could avoid screaming. What was lying on the pile of pillows and cushions wasn't his master, but an enormous brown blob of fur. The Beast's gut was immense, it looked like it could have stored a smaller version of himself in that furry brown expanse that went past his knees. It quivered from every one of the Beast's laboured breaths. At a better view, Cogsworth could see that the end of the sea of brown squished against the floor, pressed against the Beast's sack-like legs. His knees were impossible to even see, trapped in their little pockets of flab that surrounded them, drowning his joints to the point that they could barely bend. His feet hung uselessly on either side of his tide of a gut, clearly having not been used for quite some time. His arms were the same as his legs, hanging limply from his body, now resembling the pillows they lay upon. And at the end of the enormous brown throw-pillows were his bloated paws, now much like enormous, German sausages. His claws were sunken into their expanse, their tips only barely surfacing from the bloated bulk. A thick ring of flab ran around the Beast's neck,

or rather, it was his neck, having fused with his many chins as his inflated cheeks hung, looking like roast chickens were being stored in them. He must've been at least 800 lbs or more, with plenty of room to spare inside that enormous, pillowy sack of a gut. The Beast wheezed loudly, and Cogsworth just bit into his hand harder to stop himself from making any loud vocalizations. "What is it, Cogsworth?" the Beast gasped, still unawares of his horrific transformation.

"Well, y-y-y-you see, Master..." Cogsworth stammered.

"I told him the truth about his new, err, shape" Cogsworth finished.

"He was absolutely furious, and his temper was worse than ever afterwards" Lumière nodded. "After that, we just stopped trying. We realized that we simply could not change him, it's just the way he is. We are glad to know, however, that the concern and kindness shown by a good woman is having a positive effect on him."

"Indeed, and, not to sound vain, but somehow I don't think a nice young woman would have found him in anyways lovable as an immobile and drooling blob" Mrs. Potts sighed.

"I don't know know" Belle mused aloud, attracting the attention of the servants. "While the slobbery is quite disgusting, I know I would care for him, as I care for the person that he is, not for how he looks" she explained firmly. *"Although, he would be quite nice and soft, and good to cuddle with."*

"That is quite true, sincere love comes from the heart, not from your looks" Lumière agreed with a nod.

And on the other side of the door, the Beast nodded to himself as well. *"The person that I am, not for how I look. That girl is truly something else"* he smiled to himself as he lumbered off, trying to find a good way to apologize to Belle. Maybe he should show her that library of his.