

"Ah, darn it! I can't believe the tuition's already due." Brent sighed as he stared gloomily at his computer screen, the triple digit fee staring right back at the frustrated blond otter. Heaving a depressed sigh, Brent rested his muzzle on the palm of his hand, trying to pry his eyes away from the depressing figure in front of him. It's already enough for the poor otter that he has to deal with subpar grades, lack of sleep, and nonexistent social life, but now he has to deal with a whopping \$500 bill to pay for his tuition. "College is so unfair," Brent groaned, leaning his head back on the back of the chair, staring at the dull grey ceiling of his college dorm. "What am I going to do..."

Brent had always imagined college as an opportunity to free himself from his parents' rules, a place to learn important life skills while socializing with new friends. Before the young otter could sample the sweet taste of freedom, however, he was met with a harsh dose of reality. Right away, Brent received a crippling amount of homework, restricting his time with friends to the point where he was almost isolated in his dorm all day. The increase in solitude indoors caused the otter to lose track of time to the point of forgetting when meals were. As a result, he ordered take out haphazardly throughout the day, the random junk food going straight to his belly and adding even more stress into the otter's life as well as weight in his midsection. If the lack of socializing and increase in pudge wasn't enough, the bills started coming in what felt like no time, piling up on each other like an endless stream of paper. It was enough for the otter to almost completely lose his mind!

The young otter perked his little round ears up when he heard a familiar voice. "Hey, you aren't losing your mind again, are you?" Bendor, Brent's roommate, asked as he walked into the front door, the chubby red and green dragon carrying a large box labeled 'assorted goods'. "Of course not, last time I did you laughed and filmed me," Brent mumbled as he slumped even lower into his chair, now eye level with the table.

Bendor slowly heaved his box onto the table before responding. "What's wrong? Money again?"

"Mhm, 500 dollars too," Brent muttered as he slunk down even further, his body practically out of the chair. "I hate my life..."

Bendor reached into the box and quickly pulled out a round object, a pink cupcake still in great condition. "Well, how about another bribe? If you eat this cupcake, I will-" The green and red dragon paused midsentence as he heard the sound of scraping and shuffling. Turning his head, Bendor noticed Brent try and scramble away from underneath his desk, afraid for his life on what that cupcake could do to him.

Having a roommate who was majoring both biotechnology and culinary was always an adventure for Brent. Almost every week, Bendor would come to the dorm with a new experiment, bribing the poor otter to try it out in exchange for a little spare change. All of the dragon's experiments varied quite a bit, from light headiness to a full blown headache, from slight nausea to passing out, from a small tummy ache into a... well you get the picture. Fortunately for the otter, none of the side-effects were permanent, save for a slightly larger belly.

"No way, not this time Bendor!" Brent said as he backed against the wall, staring at the cupcake as if it were the devil itself.

"Aw, c'mon, Brent! I worked really hard on this one! I promise you won't feel a thing."

Brent shook his head defiantly. "Nu uh, I'm not falling for that. No amount of bribing will convince me to even step near that thing!"

"How about I pay half of your tuition for the next year?"

Brent stopped his shaking to look up at his dragon roommate in astonishment, wondering how in the world Bendor managed to come up with so much money. As if reading his mind, Bendor continued. "I made a huge batch of these over in that box. If they do what they're supposed to do, then I might earn not only a scholarship, but a patent! I might even get rich! I promise you that there's a very slim chance something could go wrong, and if it does, I'll pay for *all* of your tuition for the rest of the year!"

Brent gasped in shock, speechless at the dragon's bold claim. Despite loathing everything about Bendor's terrifying treats, the chubby otter knew he needed the cash if he wanted to stay in class. Besides, something about that cupcake did look appetizing. Heaving a huge sigh, Brent slowly walked over and snatched the cupcake from Bendor's open claw, stuffing the dreaded thing into his maw quickly to get it over with faster.

"Wow, you didn't even ask what it would do." Bendor said, raising his eyebrow slightly before continuing. "Anyways, I've been working with this other guy named Denya to create nano-bots capable of acting like stem cells. However, instead of simply transforming into the first thing they attach themselves to, they also multiply and spread throughout your body. We think this could quickly heal anyone who eats it, kind of like a potion from all those RPG video games you play. Heck, it can even be used as a safer form of steroids!"

Brent nodded as he listened to his roommate's explanation while licking the crumbs off of his fingers. "So, you're saying the first thing the nano-bots in the cupcake come into contact with, it copies and multiplies itself?"

"Exactly, which means..." Bendor paused a second and looked at Brent's chubby middle. "Well, um, how much do you weigh again?"

"260 pounds, why?" Brent asked before realization dawned on his face. "Wait, does that mean that-" A loud gurgle suddenly erupted from the otter's belly followed by a strange tingly feeling all around.

Bendor bit the bottom of his lip awkwardly, realizing too little too late what he just caused. "Shoot... sorry Brent! Don't worry, they won't multiply *too* much, perhaps an extra 20 pounds on you?" Brent looked up at Bendor and was about to shout something rather vulgar at him but was halted by another loud grumble. To the chubby otter's dismay, his stomach started to slowly swell outwards, pushing his red, buttoned up Hawaiian shirt up.

"Oh man... I'm never going to work this off," Brent groaned, finding it hard to breathe properly for some strange reason as his belly continued to grow, his belly button now showing. "Don't panic, it should wear off soon," Bendor said calmly, trying to reassure his fatter friend. To both of their horror, however, Brent's weight gain continued on for several minutes, showing no signs of slowing down; In fact, in Brent's point of view, he was growing even faster.

"Oh no... Bendor... I need air." The wider otter suddenly exclaimed as the buttons on his shirt started to strain, his blue jeans groaning and struggling to hold back his leg flab. Gasping for air, Brent suddenly sprang up and dashed out the door, waddling through the hallway before Bendor could stop him. "Come back, Brent! Moving around will only speed it up!"

"Excuse me, pardon me," Brent quickly apologized as he ran past several college furs, many of which flabbergasted at the sight of a ballooning otter trying to hold his pants up. The chubby otter could feel himself bloat up with every step he took, whether it be an extra two inches to his waistline, his double chin drooping a little lower, or his tail thickening in circumference. Halfway down the hall, Brent's belly had grown into a full-on paunch, slapping against his meaty thighs with every step he took. "Almost...there," the otter wheezed as he continued his quick waddle, his girth taking up more space in the narrow hallway. After several minutes of embarrassing shuffling, weight gaining, and awkward apologies, Brent eventually managed to make his way to the elevator. Doubled over panting, the otter jammed a chubby finger against the down arrow and squeezed his way in.

Once inside the elevator, Brent finally managed to get a good look at himself. "Dear god... I'm enormous," He muttered as he squeezed one of his numerous belly rolls from his 600 pound body, feeling the flab continue to grow around his fingers. One by one, the buttons on his shirt shot off with a loud *ping*, revealing more of the otter's light brown belly flab, now almost the size of a yoga ball. His jeans began to tear along the seams length-wise, the stitches failing to hold back the surge of leg fat. "This can't get any worse," Brent groaned, squeezing more of his doughy gut before staring horrified at the elevator switches. Due to the otter's gain, not only did the buttons on his Hawaiian shirt bounce off, some of them even ricochet into the elevator buttons, causing the lift to stop at unnecessary floors. This was going to be a loooooong flight down...

There was very little activity happening on the ground floor, fortunately. A female cheetah sat behind a counter, ready to check anyfur to their dorms while a male husky sat in the lounge, sipping tea while reading *The Gazette*. Due to today being a slow day, no one minded when the elevator on the far right of the room *pinged*... until the doors opened up, that is.

Brent grunted noisily as he slowly shoved and heaved his oceanic stomach through the narrow doors, squishing his malleable chub through as if his body were silly putty. Once outside, the blob of an otter's body bulged outwards, taking on its original shape. He was no longer chubby, nor fat; not even obese would be a strong enough term to describe Brent's current physique. The otter was practically whale like, his plasma TV sized gut sloshing with each slow shuffle he took, his beanbag sized and shaped ass cheeks bouncing and rippling with the slightest move. From amidst the piles of back rolls and ass fat, his girthy tail laid on the floor limply, nearly as large as a lampshade at its widest point. Not even Brent's head was safe from this miraculous weight gain as his cheeks bobbed with the slightest movement, his already stubby otter muzzle looking even more pig-like. His chins all congealed into one mass of flab, covering his bulbous neck.

Groaning from exertion, Brent slowly continued to trudge through the room to the exit, feeling his immensely swollen body continue to bloat outwards. With each step the colossal otter took, the floor shook more and more violently, emphasizing his increasing weight gain. His thick, doughy arms slowly began to rise and stick out, much too fat for Brent to bend anymore. Sliding his seven foot wide belly across the floor, Brent gasped as he felt the sides of his belly dig into the edges of the double wide door, forcing him into an abrupt halt, causing him to almost double over his bean bag belly had it not been for the extra weight located in his bulbous rear. "Grrr... c'mon, belly, you're almost through!" He growled as he pushed his fat legs hard into the ground, forcing all his energy and strength into squeezing through the constricting double-wide door. For every two inches Brent managed to squeeze through the door, his body would grow another inch wider, causing him to wedge himself in even deeper. Despite his desperate situation, however, the obese otter couldn't help but feel extremely embarrassed for showing off his beyond ample rear to the poor furs watching from inside.

At last, with a satisfying pop, Brent managed to heave himself out through the narrow door, landing on his back with a mix between a boom and a squish. Gasping for air, the portly otter lazily grabbed a pawful of his rolls, feeling his tender flesh easily squish into his paws. "Phew... At least I'm outside now. I'm sure this weight gain will end soon."

The following plot twist is brought to you by M. Night Shyamalan

Brent gasped in shock as his already-immobile body suddenly surged with fat, his spherical belly skyrocketing upwards. Without warning, the ballooning otter felt himself put on over a ton of fresh lard a second, his fatty head slowly being engulfed by his advancing shoulder, neck, and cheek fat, leaving only his eyes and the top part of his muzzle showing. His limbs, hidden somewhere underneath all that flab, quickly grew wider than oak trees, his massive tail now the size of a school bus. The furs inside the first floor are now *really* getting a good look at Brent's rear, much to the otter's dismay. His belly, however, was the main body part that grew. Brent's stomach bulged up higher and higher, growing outwards like an all-consuming mass of brown chub. Despite being unable to even look up, the blob of an otter could easily assume that his gut was easily higher than the third floor to the dorm.

As soon as it started, Brent's massive weight gain suddenly dissipated, leaving a 50 ton pile of otter flab laying in front of his dorm, blocking any way inside or outside. Without warning, Brent let out a muffled grunt as he felt something fairly heavy land on his immense stomach, sending two foot waves of lard rolling across his body. The mountain of otter tried to lean his head back as he felt the creature grab his rolls, using them like a rock climbing wall as he descended. "Heya Brent-o!" Bendor called as he landed in front of the otter's face, half of his body sinking into the piles of chins.

"Mmmf mmmoh hmmmm!" Brent tried to shout, his own flab blocking his voice.

"Heh heh, sorry about all this" Bendor said bashfully, blushing a bit as he patted the obese otter's blond hair, the only thing distinguishable underneath the endless feet of rolls. "I didn't expect to be so potent... I guess I owe ya an apology... but I have great news!" The red and green dragon suddenly exclaimed, wagging his tail happily, accidentally bouncing it into Brent's thick moobs. "I just got a phone call from the state! Apparently, they're quite pleased with my results, and they'll be sending me a huge bonus soon! Don't worry, I'll share it with ya too... as long as you keep being my tester!"