

Titanic

High above a valley where the sun never shines and the rain always falls, there is a thick grey cloud that has not moved for many moons. It is here, suspended by a pegasi's inherent magic, that Grey now called home. It was here, four years before, that Grey had been irreversibly transformed. It was here, in this day and at this time, that Grey still resided - a mass of swollen, disgusting lard, spread wider and higher than the largest city in the land.

Every minute of his life is ecstasy. He cares not that he hasn't spread wing, seen daylight or even breathed properly for longer than he can remember; the past was the past, what is important is his life now - and it's brilliant.

His glorious, bloated body is a self-sustaining powerhouse. He doesn't need to eat, and he doesn't need to sleep. He had been abandoned as a freak of magic, sure, but if being a freak was this good then he would volunteer in another one of his slow, strained heartbeats.

His body is very much at its biological limits, even for a species as inherently magical as an Equestrian. Pumping blood around such a

gargantuan being is not something even the powerful heart of a pegasus is made to do, and yet his was performing an admirable job given the circumstances. Breathing too is no easy task, a combination of low atmosphere and having his face and lungs both smothered by thick folds of fat does nothing but to conspire against the wellbeing of his respiratory system.

He is nearly the personification of excess, a gigantic shapeless blob with no discernible features other than his cutie mark - a neatly rolled and tied scroll, dirtied by sweat and filth and stretched a thousand metres tall across his sides for any passing creature to see. Every feature from face to fetlocks has been distended with immeasurable tons of fat, rendered unrecognisable or merely buried under his own girth, a fate that had befallen his facial features and hooves, amongst other things.

His flanks have grown especially huge, having not only smothered his rear hooves and paraded his cutie mark to all the land, but it has granted him an obscenely large butt in the process. Even with his extraordinary girth, only two quivering, blobby cheeks are visible from behind, ready to greet any pony who comes up behind him.

His stomach composes the other major build-up of mass, it having swelled below him like a great ocean forced into an infinitely elastic water balloon. It is as engorged as the two butt cheeks that neighbour it, and yet are larger still; it alone could smother the the cloud upon

which he is perched - and in fact it does. Even at its narrowest point it is a gut that measures many kilometres in diameter, constantly excreting hundreds of gallons of sweat, falling gracefully onto the land below.

To his front are two more swollen masses - his fore hooves, now turned like the others into lumps of useless fat marking where his engorged form has outgrown his skeletal structure a thousand times over. His horseshoes are not visible, his hooves having been absorbed into his growing corpulence many years before at the time of the initial incident. His horseshoes are corroded and rusting, sweat having overcome them over time.

Yet it is metres below the surface that the real effects of being so spectacularly swollen are seen. It is here, in pitch darkness, that Grey's head has come to rest after being swallowed up along with every other extremity. In a small cavern formed of his own body, Grey's swollen face peeks out into blackness, framed on all sides by cheeks and chins of indeterminably blobby size, each drenched in fresh sweat emanating from his furnace of a body.

Here he spends every day and every night, wheezing and panting in a twisted mix of breathless pain and breathtaking pleasure, his body trapped in an unending state of degradation and failure from such morbid obesity; and yet at the same time he was persistently aroused and excited, endorphins clotting his mind as cholesterol clotted his

blood. He lived a personal ecstasy, fated until time immemorial to be the great blob high above a valley where the sun never shines and the rain always falls.

The character of Grey is @blubberpony.