

The Great Temporal Taste Test

Glaz and Grey made their way towards testing chamber 2To3. The automated pathway below them trundled along slowly, carrying them through the sterile, echoing halls of the facility.

Grey stood behind Glaz, his short height stopping him seeing where they were headed. “You don’t happen to know what we’re doing here, exactly? I didn’t read too much into the paperwork...”

Glaz shrugged, turning towards the more diminutive bat, “Advert said food testing. I don’t question free food, never mind being paid to eat it,”

“Student living!” Grey grinned.

The pathway slowed to a halt as they approached their designated chamber. An otter in a lab coat was there to welcome them, “Glaz, fox, five-eleven, one-eighty pounds; and Grey, bat, four-one, one-thirty pounds, I presume?”

“That’s us!” Glaz cheerfully replied.

“Sorry it took you so long to get here, our usual testing area is... unavailable,” the otter frowned. “We’ve been allocated a room from the chromo-physics department instead. Hopefully it shouldn’t affect our test. Please enter the chamber and await instruction.”

The two complied, strolling through the double wide chamber doors into the mostly empty room; a table, piled with a variety of sweet goods, composed the centrepiece of the room. The door hissed as it slid shut behind them.

“We will be testing whether a new food additive—intended to replace high fructose corn syrup—is fit for consumption,” the otter continued over a PA, “Do you understand?”

They nodded in agreement.

“Please proceed to the table,”

They complied.

“When I tell you to, choose something from the table and sample it at your leisure. Please describe any physical or mental sensations as you are doing this, be they good or bad. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” they said in unison.

“Then proceed when you are ready,”

Grey picked up a slice of a thick chocolate cake, turning it over in his wing. The thing felt like a slab of sponge, iced heavily with a creamy looking chocolate icing, “I’ll admit, this seems like an easy gig,”

Glaz had already pushed one of the slices into his mouth, “Dude, free food AND free money!”

The PA rattled, “Keep observations relevant to the test, please,”

“It’s pretty damn tasty, can’t fault that,” Glaz muttered, picking the cake off his teeth. Grey murmured in agreement, his mouth still filled with cake.

“The sweetness is kind of sickly,” Grey voiced to the PA, “could you tone it down a little?”

“We’ll look into it,”

“Thanks,”

The pair kept eating at a heavy pace for a few minutes, shovelling whatever free cake, pies and fritters they could swallow into their maws before the PA-wielding otter called them off. No such call came however, so they took the time to slow down a little.

“This...” Grey huffed through his cake filled maw, “is awesome,”

“Darn... right,” Glaz wheezed back, “I could barely manage anoth-”

The sound of ringing alarms filled the room. The otherwise cleansed white surfaces burned red as the fluorescent lights chugged off and the emergency lighting kicked in.

The otter, slightly panicked sounding, returned to the PA: “Please leave the testing chamber immediately. This is not a drill. I repeat, please leave IMMEDIATELY.”

“Already?” Glaz sighed, turning back towards the table of delicious foodstuffs, “Hang on, let me get some for the road,”

“We really outta leave, what if somethi-” He stopped as a sudden pain hit him. Grey grunted as his paws clasped at his stomach, feeling a deep belch rise up through him as his belly burst through the already tight lab coat and over his waist. “Glaaaaaaaaaz!”

A thunderous belch sounded next to him, buttons rattling across the floor as his friend shredded through the front of his issued lab coat.

“This is a chronometric emergency! Please vacate the testing chamber IMMEDIATE-”

Glaz and Grey made their way towards testing chamber 2To3. The automated pathway below them trundled along slowly, carrying them through the sterile, echoing halls of the facility.

Grey stood behind Glaz, his short height stopping him seeing where they were headed. “These issued lab costs they gave us are so tight, I swear,”

Glaz shrugged, turning towards the more diminutive bat, “They must just have given you the best fit, not as if they keep a warehouse of them on standby or anything. Besides, free food!”

“Student living!” Grey grinned.

The pathway slowed to a halt as they approached their designated chamber. An otter in a lab coat was there to welcome them, “Glaz, fox, five-eleven, two-oh-five pounds; and Grey, bat, four-one, one-fifty pounds, I presume?”

“That’s us!” Glaz cheerfully replied.

“Sorry it took you so long to get here, our usual testing area is... unavailable,” the otter frowned. “We’ve been allocated a room from the chromo-physics department instead. Hopefully it shouldn’t affect our test. Please enter the chamber and await instruction.”

The two complied. The door hissed as it slid shut behind them.

“We will be testing whether a new food additive—intended to replace high fructose corn syrup—is fit for consumption. Do you understand?”

They nodded in agreement.

“Please proceed to the table,”

They complied.

“When I tell you to, choose something from the table and sample it at your leisure. Please describe any physical or mental sensations as you are doing this, be they good or bad. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” they said in unison.

“Then proceed when you are ready,”

Grey picked up a slice of a thick chocolate cake, turning it over in his wing, “I’ll admit, this seems like an easy gig,”

“Dude, free food AND free money!” Glaz grinned through a mouthful of cake.

The PA rattled, “Keep observations relevant to the test, please,”

“It’s pretty damn tasty,” Glaz muttered, picking up another slice of cake. Grey murmured in agreement.

“The sweetness is a bit sickly. You could you tone it down a little?” Grey called out the room.

“We’ll look into it,” the PA rattled back.

“Thanks,”

The pair kept eating at a swift pace for a few minutes, shovelling whatever free cake, pies and tarts they could swallow into their maws before the PA-wielding otter called them off. No such call came however, so they took the time to slow down a little.

“This...” Grey huffed through his cake filled maw, “is awesome,”

“Darn... right,” Glaz wheezed back, “though I could probably manage anoth-”

The sound of ringing alarms filled the room. The otherwise cleansed white surfaces burned red as the fluorescent lights chugged off and the emergency lighting kicked in.

The otter, slightly panicked sounding, returned to the PA: “Please leave the testing chamber immediately. This is not a drill. I repeat, please leave IMMEDIATELY.”

“Already?” Glaz sighed, turning back towards the table of delicious foodstuffs, “Hang on, let me get some more for the road,”

“We outta leave Glaz, what if somethi-” A sudden pain hit him. Grey grunted as his paws clasped at his stomach, feeling a deep belch rise up through him as his pot belly burst through the already tight lab coat and over his waist. “Glaaaaaaaaz!”

A thunderous belch sounded next to him, buttons rattling across the floor as his friend shredded through the front of his issued lab coat.

“This is a chronometric emergency! Please vacate the testing chamber IMMEDIATE-”

“These lab costs they gave us are so small, I swear,”

Glaz shrugged, turning towards the more diminutive bat, “At least they managed to find one in your size! I’ve not even been able to afford a well fitting shirt recently!”

“Student living!” Grey grinned.

The pathway slowed to a halt as they approached their designated chamber. An otter in a lab coat was there to welcome them, “Glaz, fox, five-eleven, two-ninety-five pounds; and Grey, bat, four-one, two-forty-five pounds, I presume?”

“That’s us!” Glaz cheerfully replied.

“Sorry it took you so long to get here, our usual testing area is... unavailable,” the otter frowned. “We’ve been allocated a room from the chromo-physics department instead. Hopefully it shouldn’t affect our test. Please enter the chamber and await instruction.”

The two complied. The door hissed as it slid shut behind them.

“We will be testing whether a new food additive—intended to replace high fructose corn syrup—is fit for consumption. These samples have had their concentrations altered to account for your... physiques. Do you understand?”

They nodded.

“Please proceed to the table,”

They complied.

“When I tell you to, choose something from the table and sample it at your leisure. Please describe any physical or mental sensations as you are doing this, be they good or bad. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” they said in unison.

“Then proceed when you are ready,”

Grey picked up a couple of slices of a thick chocolate cake, turning them over in his wings, “I’ll admit, this seems like an easy gig,”

“Dude, free food!” Glaz grinned through cheeks full of cake.

The PA rattled, “Keep observations relevant to the test, please,”

“It’s pretty damn tasty,” Glaz muttered, picking up another few slices of cake. Grey muffled an agreement.

“It’s really quite sweet, might be overpowering,”

“We’ll look into it,” the PA rattled back.

“It’s really good though, mmmm,”

The pair continued stuffing themselves for a few minutes, shovelling whatever free cake, pies and gateaux they could fit into their maws

before the PA-wielding otter called them off. No such call came however, so they took the time to slow down a little.

“This...” Grey grunted through his cake filled cheeks, “is awesome,”

“Darn... right,” Glaz wheezed back, leaning against the table, “though I could probably manage anoth-”

The sound of ringing alarms filled the room. The otherwise cleansed white surfaces burned red as the fluorescent lights chugged off and the emergency lighting kicked in.

The otter, slightly panicked sounding, returned to the PA: “Please leave the testing chamber immediately. This is not a drill. I repeat, please leave IMMEDIATELY.”

“Already?” Glaz groaned in disappointment, already snatching up extra food in his arms, “Hang on, let me get a doggy bag,”

“We should leave, what if somethi-” A sudden pain hit him. Grey’s paws clasped at his stomach, a deep belch rose up through him as his swollen gut burst through the already straining lab coat and almost down to his feet. “Glaaaaaaaaz!”

A thunderous belch sounded next to him, a dull thump echoing out as Glaz’s belly smacked into the test chamber floor.

“This is a chronometric emergency! Please vacate the testing chamber IMMEDIATE-”

“You’d think they would’ve give us some sort of safety equipment or something,”

Glaz shrugged, facing towards the shorter bat, “I guess they just don’t have the budget to hand out lab coats and goggles to every Tom, Dick and Harry test subject,”

“Reminds me of student living!” Grey grinned.

The struggling pathway ground to a halt as they approached their designated chamber. An otter in a lab coat was there to welcome them, “Glaz, fox, five-eleven, five-twenty pounds; and Grey, bat, four-one, four-ten pounds, I presume?”

“That’s us!” Glaz cheerfully replied.

“Sorry it took you so long to get here, our usual testing area is... unavailable, and the travelator is, well...” the otter trailed off. “We’ve been allocated a room from the chromo-physics department instead. Hopefully it shouldn’t affect our test. Please enter the chamber and await instruction.”

Glaz nodded and waddled precariously towards the wide double doors. Aware of his girth he turned slightly and eased himself through, feeling the cold metal brush against his sides before making his way into the centre of the chamber. Grey followed on.

“We will be testing whether a new food additive—intended to replace high fructose corn syrup—is fit for consumption. These samples have had their concentrations altered to account for your... physiques. Do you understand?”

They nodded. Grey huffed indignantly.

“Please proceed to the table,”

They did so.

“When I tell you to, choose something from the table and sample it at your leisure. Please describe any physical or mental sensations as you are doing this, be they good or bad. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” they said in unison.

“Then proceed when you are ready,”

Grey picked up a couple of slices of a thick chocolate cake, shovelling them into his maw without a moment of hesitation, “Free food!”

“Free food!” Glaz grinned through cheeks full of cake, already lifting the next one to his lips.

The PA rattled, “Keep observations relevant to the test, please,”

“It’s goooooorgeous!” Glaz ejaculated, pushing another few slices past his lips. Grey muffled in agreement, groaning through the mass of chocolatey mess that had already plastered his face.

“It’s so sweet!” Grey moaned happily before filling his muzzle with another slice.

“Is that good or bad?” the PA queried.

“Mrrf-rrf!” He gave a thumbs up.

The pair stuffed themselves silly for several more minutes, shovelling whatever free cake, pies and turnovers they could fit into their maws before the PA-wielding otter called them off. No such call came however, so they continued to feed their outrageous appetites.

“This...” Grey groaned, crumbs of pie crush spilling out of his mouth as he spoke, “is amazing!”

“Darn... right,” Glaz wheezed back, resting his stomach against the floor so he didn’t have to put effort into standing anymore, “I could

probably do this all day if I-”

The sound of ringing alarms filled the room. The otherwise cleansed white surfaces burned red as the fluorescent lights chugged off and the emergency lighting kicked in.

The otter, now distinctly panicked, returned to the PA: “Please leave the testing chamber. This is not a drill. I repeat, please LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.”

“Already?” Glaz groaned in disappointment, still pushing doughy bits of sweet goodness past his lips, “Gimmie five more minutes,”

“What if,” Grey swallowed the fruit tart, “something happens to us?” Grey winced. His paws clasped at his stomach, a roaring belch rose up through him as his already obese gut lurched forwards and slammed into the ground, easily beaching him in place. “Glaaaaaaaaaz!”

A thunderous, reverberating belch sounded next to him. Glaz had collapsed onto the table whilst attempting to reach the far side, crushing it below him as his swelling gut rose like yeast.

“This is a chronometric emergency! Please vacate the testing chamber IMMEDIATE-”

“Just like student living!” Grey grinned.

The slow-moving pathway ground to a defeated halt twenty metres short of their designated chamber. An otter in a lab coat, who was waiting outside, came down to welcome them, “Glaz, fox, five-eleven, one-thousand-seven-hundred-and-nine; and Grey, bat, four-one, one-thousand-three-hundred-and-ninety-one, I presume?”

“Close enough!” Glaz cheerfully replied.

“Sorry it took you so long to get here, our usual testing area is... unavailable, and the travelator is, well...” the otter trailed off. “We’ve been allocated a room from the chromo-physics department instead. Hopefully it shouldn’t affect our test. Please enter the chamber and await instruction.”

With an annoyed huff Glaz led the short march down towards the chamber doors. He barely waddled two metres before he felt like giving up already, “Stupid...” panting, “travelator...”

The otter very kindly went and got the assistance of a couple of lab technicians, who jury rigged a cargo trolley underneath Glaz’s sagging gut. Grey too received a complementary bellybarrow, which definitely made hauling himself around a lot easier.

“Oh c’mon!” Glaz cried as he reached the doorway to the test chamber. It didn’t take a scientist to see that he was almost twice as wide as it was, “You people have never designed a building for the wider gentleman before, have you?!”

“Just breathe out a little and squeeze through!” Grey muttered quietly, “Don’t cause a scene!”

“Okay! I will!” Glaz exhaled sharply and rammed himself straight into the doorframe. He promptly got stuck.

Grey met much the same fate. It was true, the doorway was meant for individuals significantly thinner than they were, but there was nothing some butter and enough people pushing couldn’t fix. The only toll was their dignity.

They eventually got seated in the chamber a good half an hour late, sharing six aluminium chairs between them they took their place at the table, sniffing the scents of sweetness emanating from the food.

“I explained everything outside. Are you ready to begin the experiment?”

“Yes,” they sang in unison.

“Then proceed when you are ready,”

Grey picked up half of a thick chocolate cake, shovelling the hemisphere into his face without a moment of hesitation, “Mmmph! Finally!”

“Took them long enough!” Glaz jeered between mouthfuls, his paws already brown with chocolate mess as he eagerly shovelled cake into his maw.

The PA rattled, “You’re meant to be making observations, remember?”

“It’s soooooooo goooooorgeous!” Glaz ejaculated, pushing another huge slab of cake past his lips. Grey squealed in agreement, groaning through the mass of chocolatey mess that had already plastered his cheeks and chins.

“It’s so sweet, oh god!” Grey moaned happily before filling his muzzle with another three slices, barely able to resist the temptation to eat entire cakes at a time.

“Is that good or bad?” the PA queried.

“Mrrf-rrf!” He mumbled back, too busy trying to force cake into himself.

The pair stuffed themselves silly for several more minutes, shovelling whatever free cake, pies and churros they could fit into their maws before the PA-wielding otter called them off. It was quite a while before either of them realised that the word “Stop!” had been repeated over the PA a half-dozen times.

“This...” Grey moaned softly, a trail of drool and detritus dribbling from his maw, “was amazing,”

“Darn... right,” Glaz wheezed back, pushing his paws gleefully into his swollen middle, “I’ve not had such a good dessert since-”

The sound of ringing alarms filled the room. The otherwise cleansed white surfaces burned red as the fluorescent lights chugged off and the emergency lighting kicked in.

The otter, now distinctly panicked, returned to the PA: “Please leave the testing chamber. This is not a drill. I repeat, please LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.”

“Already?” Glaz groaned in disappointment, shovelling another cake into his maw and grabbing hold of anything else he could manage, “Grab what you can, they totally owe us,”

“Buh wharf,” Grey gulped down the sweet apple pie he had stored in there, “something happens to us?” Grey choked. His paws clasped at

his stomach, a roaring belch rose up through him as his already immense gut swelled against the table with enough force to tip it over. “Glaaaaaaaaz!”

A thunderous, reverberating belch sounded next to him. Glaz had expanded IMMENSELY! More fat than fox; he sat there, barely managing to wiggle against the wrecked, crumpled chairs.

“This is a chronometric emergency! Please vacate the testing chamber IMMEDIATE-”

“Do you understand?”

“Yes!” they cried out in boredom. They’d heard this a dozen times already.

“Then proceed when you are ready,”

Before the sentence was even finished Grey had picked up a thick chocolate cake from the table in front of him, haphazardly shovelling the whole thing into his greedy muzzle.

Glaz had done much the same, grinning widely through cheeks plastered with icing and stuffed full of cake, already the next one being smoothed to his mouth.

The PA rattled, “Any observations relevant to the test?”

They each made some non-committal murmurs. Stifling even those by pushing another few slices into their mouths. They grunted with the effort of each movement, moaned with the addition of more food to their mass. The four-thousand-two-hundred-and-thirty-three pound fox and the three-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-eight pound bat, seated uncomfortably in solid steel seats that their bloated rumps overflowed, eager drool running down their fronts as they engorged themselves on the largest, sweetest, most free meal that they could find. This was an offer they planned to exploit to the fullest.

“Anything? Anything at all?” the PA queried.

They didn’t respond. The pair engorged themselves for several more minutes, glutting on the incredible pile of sweets that had been laid before them. Undoubtedly they had not been expected to eat the entire buffet, but they did it anyway, eager to finish every morsel before the PA-wielding otter called them off. The otter screamed for them to stop until he was hoarse in the throat, but they continued to feed their outrageous appetites regardless until not a crumb remained anywhere but on the fantastic mess that covered their faces.

“That...” Grey moaned, his thick fingers gently caressing the mess of cake that coated his sagging moobs, “was amazing!”

“Darn... right,” Glaz groaned back, resting his tired, truck tyre arms against his chest, “I would do this all over again if I could,”

The sound of ringing alarms filled the room. The otherwise cleansed white surfaces burned red as the fluorescent lights chugged off and the emergency lighting kicked in.

The otter, distinctly panicked despite being barely able to speak, returned to the PA: “Please vacate the testing chamber. This is not a drill. I repeat, please VACATE THE AREA IMMEDIATELY.”

“They expect us to move?” Glaz muttered to Grey in protest, rubbing some excess chocolate icing off his gut and licking it from his finger, “They should be coming in here to get us!”

“I hope nothing goes wrong...” Grey hiccuped, pressing his paws into the small part of his belly that he could reach. A thunderous belch rose up through him as his head smashed through the ceiling, his body bloating outwards in all directions in a tidal wave of lard. “Gal... az!”

Glass shattered, walls tumbled down and floors were summarily crushed as the pair expanded outwards, unable to do anything but

groan ecstatically to themselves as their own bodies swallowed them up. Every limb and every feature bloomed with tons of their rapidly multiplying mass until they could barely see past their own abundance of mountainous cheeks and rolling chins. Moaning pleasantly to themselves as they smashed through the roof of the complex and felt the sun on their faces, a pair of green and grey jiggling blots upon the landscape.

Somewhere down below a loudspeaker screamed, “EVACUATE THE LABORATORY IMMEDIATE-”

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“These are one hundred gallon samples of pure, concentrated additive. Do you understand?” The otter glanced down at them from his elevated platform.

The two barely-shapeless masses of lard didn’t respond. They couldn’t after all - their mouths were perpetually jammed open with feeding hoses and diagnostic equipment, their folds and rolls graced with patches and monitors measuring their every vital. Glaz and Grey lived on a floating research platform out in the Pacific, the only place in the world designated to hold them. They had always lived here, ever since time began.

As the viscous, bronze coloured additive was pumped into their respective maws, they each broke a smile. They loved being fat, and as good as five-hundred-and-fifty-thousand pounds was, they had a sneaking suspicion that this latest experiment was going to be of more than a little assistance.

Ten minutes later the sirens boomed, right on cue, “A TEMPORAL DISRUPTION HAS BEEN DETECTED ON BOARD. ALL PERSONNEL ARE REQUIRED TO EVACUATE THE PLATFORM. THIS IS NOT A DRILL.”

An audible rumble spread through Glaz and Grey’s middles, simultaneously releasing a belch that rocked the whole platform from where they lay. Their smiles spread wider, their girth breaking through thousands of tons of steel and scaffolding as it spread; amorphous blobs of dirty, gluttonous, never ending fat spreading out across the planet.

“These are two hundred gallon samples of pure, concentrated additive. Do you understand?”

Alexander Grey is @blubberbat. Glaz is @The_Glaz. Lab coat otter is @Minh_Ande.