

The Expansive Alexander Grey

Alex's nimble fingers rapidly tapped away at his keyboard's WASD keys, his other wing shifted and tapped at the mouse buttons; determination in his eyes as he rocket jumped onto the last capture point of Dustbowl's third stage, capping it after only a minor scuffle.

Finally freed from obligation (the server was loading a new map) he leaned back in his chair, grabbing the nearby bag of pretzels and drawing out a messy collection of salted snacks that were promptly deposited into his mouth. His chair creaked ever more ominously as the 550 pound fruit bat added to his bulk between rounds. He made a point of trying to down as much sugary snacks and fizzy drinks as he could in the minute or so setting up took, to sate the rumblings of hunger that would otherwise strike mid-game.

He grumbled uncomfortably as he chugged down another two litres of Cherry Coke; discomfort brought on by his hips swelling ever tighter between the plastic armrests of his seat. His bloated body easily overflowed the confines of the chair and he had been wedged into it for some time, only using this as an excuse to stay by his desk and spend his free time on video games when not working.

Easing out a prolonged belch, he settled himself into Upward (emptying another few bags of food into his mouth whilst setup happened, he was on BLU). The chair would probably break in a few days, there were probably enough takeaways in town to last him 'till then.

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He slurped loudly at the bottom of the cardboard cup, discarding his latest double double supersize milkshake onto the floor next to him. Unrelenting, he didn't even blink before he had replaced it with another one just like it, one of the many milkshakes that were waiting on the table before him.

He was dining alone, sat in an otherwise empty McDonald's booth and quite intending to fill it. He was doing a pretty good job already, his weight slowly climbing past 2,500 pounds as he sucked away, his rump filling most of the bench seat and his gut pushing towards the ground as it sagged lower and lower. He had miraculously maintained decent movement and dexterity, even as his limbs had swollen larger and heavier than an obese fur's stomach, and it was a miracle he had exploited to only make himself larger; though he made a point to expend as little effort as possible, he found gorging to be much easier when he could control how many dozens of burgers he shovelled into his mouth every minute.

Regardless, effort was effort, and even the simple act of drinking milkshakes was causing him to sweat quite heavily. Small streams of sweat dribbled from under his wings, moobs and neck, matting and darkening the fur wherever it touched. His bulging cheeks were coated too, their rotund masses covered with the liquid and detritus of his previous (and current) feed. Without warning a thundering belch erupted from between those cheeks, echoing throughout the restaurant as the bat dropped his empty cup onto the floor and snatched another one of the thick, fattening shakes from the table. This was a good start.

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Alex silently praised his mechanical engineering skills. He was by no means an expert, given this wasn't cybernetics, but it was definitely a lifesaver for the times he needed to navigate to the kitchen.

He twiddled a thumb over the small joystick that controlled his mobile belly hoist, waddling behind it as it trundled forward at a meagre three feet a minute. A speedy machine it was not, but it had guaranteed his mobility for at least a few more weeks. The machine was almost as ponderous as he was, its two ton counterweight (necessary to even lift his gut to begin with) wobbling precariously within the reinforced steel frame. The pulleys too had been reinforced, with steel rope taking the place of more conventional threads. The only comfort he had afforded himself was a wide sheet

of fabric and leather that was slung below his gut, lifting it a few inches away from the floor and allowing him precious locomotion.

Walking was still a tedious exercise despite this. His shins and thighs were so well endowed as to be constantly in contact with one another, his toes barely poking from beneath those chunky legs. Each tiring step leading to more rubbing, chaffing and jiggling than he would like to put up with. His hygiene had continued to deteriorate, ultimately the result of messy mealtimes and an inability to fit in the bath or shower. This and the mere effort of movement left a thick coat of sweat and drool splattered across his body. Just a little, necessary sacrifice, he supposed, as he gradually entered the kitchen.

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Immobility had struck him a while ago now, and since then he had flourished. Without the effort or calories expended through everyday movement he had piled on weight like never before. Now limited to a simple diet of lard-packed milkshakes delivered through a never-ceasing hose, he spent his days and nights chugging on the vats of foodstuff that were delivered direct to his location.

Twenty thousand pounds of quivering blubber shifted underneath him, the bat beached atop the trophy of his own gluttony as he suckled the hose, savouring the effects (if not the taste) of heavy cream and the remains of grease traps from across the dining sector.

His face was dripping with the recycled oil, his six chins completely saturated with grease and fat. Sweat as thick as the oil that formed it drooled from every roll and fold, coating his morbidly obese form in a shimmering sheen. His rump, bloated and wide, stuck proudly into the air, greasy gases periodically exploding from it, making the bat ripple from the force.

The comfort of such a situation was surprising at first. He had mixed feelings towards immobility at first, both desiring it with each ounce of his form, yet fearing how it could limit his growth. In hindsight his fears had been unfounded. He growth had only thrived with his loss of movement, his weight had trebled in mere weeks following his change in diet, and the sudden abundance of warm, soft fat coating every limb was like being wrapped in a thousand blankets of the finest silk. He wanted more of it. More blankets for the blanket bat.

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He wasn't even sure how he got this large, but it didn't take long for him to realise he didn't really care. Be it a few hundred or a few thousand, his tonnage had really started to push into the field of irrelevance.

He wasn't just dwarfing people, he was dwarfing buildings... well, smaller ones. He could still aspire to outsize a warehouse or factory, at least. He couldn't help but want more by this point. He had found

the nirvana of comfort, the heavenly sensation of mass and massiveness, and the kind of ecstasy that could only come from such selfish hedonism. Even the rubble of his home jabbing uncomfortably into his bottom could do little to sully his mood.

He beamed with pride, and burned with heat. The added insulation of so much excess weight had caused his core temperature to skyrocket, and the added surface area did little to help dissipate the heat. The sweat that had trickled from his body had turned into a thick, slow moving river that pooled twelve inches deep for yards in every direction. spurts of slobber poured down from his mouth with each deep, frequent belch, drool cascading down the dozen thick chins that hung from his jowls and adding to the fetid swamp of bodily juices growing at his feet.

His unwashed, gassy stench permeated for miles around, the complaints of his neighbours and government workers only growing louder whenever the wind blew in the right direction. He couldn't help but feel above them now. He was grand in size and endless in potential, while they were quite literally below him. Their whining would only fall onto increasingly deaf ears, as rolls of flab and cheeks of lard slowly encroached upon his head. This was what he wanted. Away with the bureaucrats and bosses, but with comfort and food and an endless internet connection on a head-mounted biologically integrated computer system. This, he knew, was living.

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