

The Bedbreaker's Club

“I’m coming! I’m coming! Shut your trap!”

The doorbell had been ringing intermittently for a few of minutes now and it was becoming obvious that the person responsible wasn’t planning to go away. Alex slowly waddled towards the front door, his thick thighs pressing against the walls as his ponderous gut threatened to topple him completely.

Having reached his destination, he opened the door to a slim, suited specimen. This fellow (a cat, it seemed) was as dapper as they came, with barely a hair nor a thread out of line on his monochrome suit.

“Mr Alexander Grey, I presume? A message for you, sir.” He spoke smoothly with a refined English accent. Alex took the slip of paper that the cat had proffered and watched the feline march away silently. He unfolded it.

Mr Alexander Amadeus Grey,

Having witnessed your grandiose display of gluttony at the Mall Food Court yesterday, we feel compelled to extend to you an invitation to our fine establishment.

Your passion and drive are precisely the kind of virtues which we endeavour to uphold.

We request your attendance at our meeting hall, No. 4 Park Lane this coming Saturday for introductions and assessment.

— THE BEDBREAKER'S CLUB

Alex winced. He did not need reminding of yesterday's incident and the embarrassment of being wedged between table and chairs after an impassioned gorge. The fire brigade was eventually called. They had to cut him free.

The aftermath was less than perfect, but at least the food was good.

With a gentle sigh he pressed a wing down onto his gut, sinking his fingers into the furry, squishy mass, giving his bloated middle a gentle massage. He shouldn't really be embarrassed, yesterday's 'incident' had pushed him within a dozen pounds of hitting 2,200—his next weight goal. It was, if anything, a boon.

2,200 pounds... He could probably reach that before next Saturday.

* * *

The day had come. Alex slowly pried himself free of the narrow bus doors, a problem that was becoming an ever tightening scourge to his transport requirements. He was becoming uncomfortably accustomed to shouting apologies to the driver and passengers as he squeezed his 2,209 pounds of bulk out of the vehicle. Today it took four minutes.

The bus had helpfully pulled up directly outside the meeting hall, a large but remarkably nondescript building of Georgian architecture located on a junction between two roads. Extra-wide doors made of a dark wood sat on the corner of the building, above which a mural of some sort had been cast in metal. The windows were frosted with only a faint glow coming from within, with no signage or identification anywhere on the building. This seemed to be the place.

Alex relented slightly. The invitation hadn't specified a time, he'd just left home after he'd woken up and eaten breakfast and now it was nearly midday. He knocked on the door.

Almost immediately a peephole opened, a pair of eyes peering out before the slot closed again and the door opened. A slim white rabbit, dressed identically to the fellow who had delivered him the message, greeted him. "Mr Grey, do come in! We've been anticipating your arrival," He beckoned Alex into the building, making sure to shut the doors firmly behind him at the earliest opportunity.

The view inside was... astonishing! Although the outward appearance didn't lend to it, the inside of the building was almost entirely hollow; transformed into a grand dining hall, filled with comfortable chairs and long tables. The outer perimeter was dotted with wide *chaises longues* and exquisite paintings, seemingly depicting the history of the club. Crystal chandeliers hung down from the high ceiling, illuminating the room in a soft golden glow.

The club members seemed just as extravagant as the decor. Only a few people were present currently, many lounging around the outside wall, but even at a glance they were all weighing in the region of several tons. For once in his life, Alex actually felt kind of small.

Identically dressed butlers hurried around, busying themselves with the obese furs they were seemingly tasked to tend to. Platters of food and drink rushing back and forth between the kitchen and the member's mouths, interspersed by belly rubs for the needy. He almost felt overwhelmed by the largesse of the clientele; few people in the city even came close to his size and the only person he knew who was larger was...

"GLAZ?!"

A white and green face poked up from a *longue* near the far end of the hall. "Grey?"

He waddled as quickly as his legs could carry him. Glaz was flopped over onto the supersize couch, his gut rising several feet above it. A butler was casually feeding him cheesecakes. Alex gave his belly a prod. “You never told me you were in a club!”

“Oh yer, got inducted last week. I wus spotted cleanin’ out a buffet in Chinatown,” he gulped down a mouthful of cheesecake, “Besides, I wunt allowed to tell yer. Club’s rules,”

“Rules?”

“Yes, sir,” the rabbit—who had evidently kept pace with him—jumped in, “You will become accustomed to them as part of your induction,”

“And when’s th—“

“Right this way, sir,” the rabbit motioned towards the long table to the centre of the room and—a feast! A whole feast! There must’ve been twenty, maybe twenty-five platters there! Alex moved to the space the rabbit had motioned to, settling himself into the wide, cushioned seat and becoming all too aware that everyone seemed to be watching him.

The rabbit took out a large, frayed book. It was a dull blue hardback, sullen by age and probably more than a few food stains. He affixed a pair of reading glasses as he read. “The first trial an inductee must

face is the First Feast. Twenty-two platters of the finest food the Club has to offer shall be laid before him, and all must be emptied within one hour.' Are you prepared, sir?"

Alex looked around awkwardly, watching the eyes of the club members and most of the wait staff looking harshly towards him. Glaz gave an encouraging grin. "I... guess?"

"Then we shall begin," the rabbit snapped the book shut. Clicking a button on a pocketwatch he seemed to have materialised from behind his lapel.

Alex leaned forward towards the first platter, taking the seemingly extravagant amount of prawn cocktail in his wing, but the bunny rapped his fingers away before he could lift it, shaking his head. All too suddenly it dawned why there were suddenly so many waiters standing around him...

A multitude of hands lifted a multitude of prawns, all of them moving as one as they were deposited into his mouth. He chewed vigorously, leaned back into the plush seat as he swallowed, and opened wide, ready for more. The cycle repeated itself, again and again, until the platter was clear and a second (lamb chops, drizzled with mint sauce and gravy) was there to take its place.

Of course. How could he be so blind! This club was intended for appetites of the highest calibre, the secret elite of outrageous hedonists and grandiose gluttons. If he was going to be in their ranks then, by god, he should not have the indignity of having to feed himself!

This, he thought, would be child's play.

* * *

That was child's play.

“First Feast? More like first course!” Alex chided, patting his distended gut for emphasis. Over the last forty minutes it had become even more lavishly huge, and he had to actively resist the temptation to embrace it all in his wings. He had defeated the twenty-two platters with relative ease; if anything the feeding staff had just stunted his progress.

As for his cybernetically enhanced digestive system... well, that's just something they can find out about later.

The rabbit, who had disappeared for the length of the trial, reappeared once again with book in hand. He stood silently until Alex—delirious in victory—had noticed his presence before reading. “The second trial an inductee must face is the Fifty-five Gallon Glut.

A fifty-five gallon drum of the finest ale the Club has to offer shall be laid before him, and all must be emptied within thirty minutes.” Alex raised a wing in protest but didn’t manage a word before the rabbit continued, “With respect to your teetotalism, sir, we have substituted ale for our chef’s own mango milkshake. I assume that is to your taste?”

Alex grinned and nodded enthusiastically. He loved mango!

“Then we shall begin,”

Book snapped. Watch clicked. Four of the wait staff carried a large metal barrel into view as a fifth placed an exquisite glass funnel between his lips. Thick, bright yellow liquid flowed into him, a cool mix of mango and passion fruit flavours accompanied by small pieces of the prerequisite fruit ran down his throat.

He purred. It was embarrassing to admit, but he laid back and purred as much as a bat was capable of doing so. His wings grasped at his belly, kneading and cradling it as it was filled anew with the best milkshake he had ever tasted. Glaz whooped in encouragement as he drank the barrel dry. The twenty minutes it took to empty it was clearly not enough to sate his tropical fruit-flavoured desires.

“The third trial,” the rabbit had reappeared. He hadn’t even waited for Alex’s attention this time, “an inductee must face is the Bed

Breaking. The inductee will be presented with a king-sized bed, formed of the finest wood and furnished with the finest linens. He must then navigate himself to the bed unaided and though sheer application of body weight, cleft the woodwork in twain.”

Still hugging his belly Alex turned to look. Behind him, some ten feet away, a bed had been constructed. It looked entirely like a normal bed, like others he had split before. What challenge was this?

The rabbit spoke again. “This particular bed has been constructed from camelthorn wood and assembled with nails of titanium alloy. The linen has been hand woven and was commissioned specifically for our Club,”

Ah, so it’s a really hard bed. Okay then.

“I’m ready,”

“Then you may begin,”

Alex hefted himself up. Then collapsed back into the chair. He hefted again, collapsing once more. He settled back into the plush upholstery, already breaking a sweat.

“Hang on, give me a moment,” he muttered between laboured breaths.

“You have all the time that you need, sir,”

Nodding in acknowledgement Alex tried again, he pushed against the back of the seat trying to lever himself upwards, but he felt so much heavier now. He looked down at his huge, doughy gut, suddenly feeling betrayed.

He pushed and he heaved and flailed around for several more minutes until, a miracle! He felt weight land on his feet and stay there, his gut pressed against the tabletop. He looked again, the bed was now even further away. He turned.

Oh god he was heavy. He was still smaller than seemingly everyone else in the room (sans the staff, of course) but he was so unaccustomed to this size. He must've put on another three hundred pounds, at least, and for the first time he could feel every single one. He inched forwards slowly. His stomach sloshing with every tiny step, unhelpfully throwing him off balance every time he moved, but move he did.

It took many more minutes to make any sort of progress and the effort was starting to destroy him. Sweat dribbled down his goggles and congregated beneath his wings. His thighs rubbed together painfully. His milkshake-filled belly bounced around, making him belch uncontrollably with every few steps. And he still had so far to go! He dragged himself on and on, closer to the bed as gravity

seemed to protest his every movement. He contemplated quitting, but the thought of being in a club which would so readily indulge his fantasies seemed too good to give up on.

Time dragged on as slowly as he plodded. Many of the staff got bored of watching and went to continue their duties. Many of the members too grew tired and withdrew themselves to their previous agenda of fine food and drink. Only Glaz continued to watch as he edged closer and closer and closer...

Alex faceplanted the mattress. His entire 2,600 pound mass came crashing down in a cacophony of splintering wood as his legs officially called it quits, quickly followed by the legs of the bed.

He'd done it. The walk may have broken him, but he had broken the bed. He could hear Glaz's cheers echoing from across the room, partially drowned out by his own exhausted panting. He just laid there. He didn't want to have to move anymore.

The rabbit's slim shadow slid across him. He could hear a book being opened. "Finally, 'upon completion of these trials the inductee shall become a full and recognised member of The Bedbreaker's Club on the provision that they agree to uphold the rules, values and virtues upon which the Club has been founded.' Do you agree?"

"I... I do," Alex whispered between breaths.

“Then I now pronounce you, Alexander Amadeus Grey, to be a full and recognised member of The Bedbreaker’s Club. Congratulations, sir,” A smattering of applause rang around the room. “Now, about your welcome feast...”

* * *

He felt stuffed. Absolutely incredibly stuffed. For the first time in goodness knows how many years, he felt like he couldn’t eat another bite.

Alex laid on his couch at home (he had flattened much of it months before) and grasped his taut, full, utterly stuffed belly. The welcoming feast had ended a few hours ago. Club tradition called for him to be served the greatest quantity of food as he lay upon the broken bed. He’d had no energy left to fight, so he just ate everything the wait staff offered to him. Afterward they weighed him for their records (3,100 pounds) and helped him to the kerb, a hired minibus waiting to take him home.

In that time he learned a little more about the Club. The rabbit, for example, wasn’t anyone particularly special—he was just the chief of staff, hired hands there to make life pleasant for the actual members. The Club itself had no hierarchy, everybody in it was equal. As predicted, the Club concerned itself entirely on the promotion of gluttony and hedonism. Members were expected to be extravagant

and excessive, and to purposefully stop any other member from doing so was expressly forbidden. Much of everything else was a blur. His memories becoming more attuned to just what and how much the wait staff had ended up feeding him.

And now he just laid on the couch, rubbing at his taut tummy, still sweating with the exertion of squeezing himself through the front door and down the ever narrower corridor. He considered sleeping on the spot; he dare not even try and get upstairs in this state.

The next meeting was on Wednesday.

* * *

The days had been kind to him. An extended sleep had allowed the induction day's feast to digest, returning his straining stomach to a pleasantly pillowy softness. He had quickly grown accustomed to being nearly half a ton heavier and could even waddle almost as quickly as he could beforehand, although his lumbering steps were notably more pronounced now.

Unfortunately public transport hadn't changed much. After a tiring twenty minutes of standing up (no seat could support him, and he took up the space of six people anyway) and another sixteen minutes simply getting on and off the vehicle (he considered that he should

carry some WD-40 with him at all times) he found himself standing outside the meeting hall again.

Four days ago he had stood in this very same spot, unaware of what was ahead. Four days ago he only weighed 2,209 pounds. Today, 3,220. Four days ago he hadn't managed to decimate a handcrafted piece of extra-strong household furniture with his weight alone. It turns out a lot can change in four days.

He was waved into the building by the same white rabbit, the gentleman ever courteous to his superior. The meeting hall was much busier today, with many of the outer seats occupied by bloated masses greater than he, occupied staff tending to the culinary vices of each. He joined them, taking a seat in one of the plush couches and ordering a few platters of aperitifs to satiate his rumbling gut.

He was just clearing out a second platter when he was approached by an unfamiliar face—an elderly owl barely taller than him, yet significantly wider (he estimated the fellow was closer to six tons) stood before him.

“Is it true? What the rumours say?” he asked.

Alex finished off the dish and licked his fingers clean. “What rumours?”

“Did you really gain nearly a thousand pounds since your initiation four days ago?”

He nodded. “Oh, err, yeah! Well, most of it *was* the initiation. But yes,”

The fellow gasped, reeling backwards in shock, “Impossible! Even our fastest gainer took months to achieve such speed!”

“Well I guess you’ve got a new fastest gainer then,” Alex grinned smugly, filling his maw with a platter of chicken wings as if to prove the point. The owl left in a huff, though his slow undulating waddle didn’t make his exit very dramatic.

He ruminated on whether the other Club members should know of his accelerated digestion, but he could always tease them until they found out.

Glaz had arrived recently enough to catch the tail end of the confrontation, waddling past to take up residence in the nearest couch, “Yer met Aldric then, aye?”

Alex nodded in acknowledgement, occupied with licking hot sauce from off his lips.

“Don’t mind him, he’s been around fer years now. Don’t take kindly to new folks,” Glaz grinned, “Ahm glad yer passed induction though, I knew yer had it in yer fat arse,”

“Couldn’t let you have all the fun to yourself, blubberbutt,” Alex grinned, slurping his fingers clean, “Besides, some of us have some proper gaining to do,”

The fat fox guffawed loudly. “Ah’ve been fatter than yer ever since we met, yer can’t seriously think y’ll outdo me now?”

Alex smirked, “I could do,”

Glaz raised an eyebrow. “Is tha’ a challenge?” he muttered.

Alex countered by raised his voice, booming with faux confidence, “Maybe it is a challenge!”

Glaz went wide eyed, whispering quieter as more faces turned towards them, “Did yer even read th’ induction booklet you got?!”

“I did... not. I kinda skimmed it. Why?”

As though on cue, the white rabbit appeared from nowhere, musty old rulebook in hand: “Any Club member may at any time challenge another to a duel of appetites. Both members shall be subjected to an

unending supply of the finest the Club has to offer until such a time as one member forfeits or is unable to continue. To refuse a challenge outright is grounds for expulsion,” He turned his bespeckled gaze towards Glaz. “Do you, sir, accept this challenge?”

“Hey wait I didn’t mean anyt–“

“Ah do,” Glaz nodded, turning to Alex with a wide toothy grin, “Now you can try to outdo me,”

There was a short interval of half an hour while the Club’s team of cooks prepared food for the challenge. The both of them remained in their seats, a pair of staff ritually massaging their guts in preparation for the feast to come.

“I didn’t know eating challenges were a thing here!”

“Yer really should’ve read th’ induction booklet, Grey. Yer don’t wanna be kicked outta ‘ere on a technical’ty do yer?”

“Just... I didn’t know it was a thing,”

“Well look on th’ bright side. Yer can finally test yer claim to gain more than me!” he forcefully jiggled his huge gut, still a good five or six hundred pounds heavier than Alex, “Welcome t’the big leagues, fatbat,”

When it came closer to the time they were asked to move to the centre of the room. Part of the grand table had been moved aside, replaced instead by two solid wooden benches, three yards apart and facing one another, with ample room around them for staff to navigate.

The rumbles of conversation around the room simmered down as they took their seats, the white rabbit making his presence known, this time without the book. He must be familiar enough with this.

“You are each to be fed identical dishes from our kitchens. You may not interfere or contribute to the feeding process in any way. To do so would be considered cheating and would constitute a forfeit. I will announce the dishes as they are presented to you. Are there any objections?”

The room remained silent.

“Then we shall begin with a roasted sweet potato and carrot soup,”

Two large tureens of soup were carried in by a pair of the wait staff. Methodically they were lifted to their lips, allowing them to freely drink the hot soup until their tureens were empty. Like seemingly everything here, it was delicious.

“Spiced butterfly chicken,” announced the rabbit.

Two more staff entered holding hot trays of grilled chicken fillets, this time picking them up with forks and feeding individual pieces to them. The spices tingled on the tongue, but weren't overpowering, giving the whole palette a pleasant sensation.

“18-hour cooked barbecue pulled pork,”

More staff. All of these wait staff seemed to move in-sync with one another, though whether this was from experience or as a requirement of the challenge Alex couldn't tell. He slurped up the pork as it was spooned into him. He rested his wings on his gut, giving it a gentle rub. After all, not as if he was allowed to use them for anything else.

“Salmon and vegetable ratatouille,”

He glanced over at Glaz, who was feverishly gobbling up food as it was fed to him, a far cry from his own relaxed glutting. Slow and steady would win this race, he was sure of it.

“Pappardelle with beef sauce,”

He slurped along his messy cheeks, taking in the combined flavour of everything that had somehow missed his maw so far. Seemingly only a few minutes had passed. Slow and steady, he thought. Slow and steady, and this should all be over before you know it.

* * *

“Belgian chocolate flapjacks,”

Perhaps this was too slow. It had been hours. Hours! Nearly all of the club members had long since gotten bored and gone home. Even the stoic white rabbit had taken a seat, a glass of water on hand to quench his drying throat.

“Cinnamon pancakes with raspberry compote and maple syrup,”

Even Glaz had tired by now. The voracious gluttony he had displayed at the start of the challenge had succumbed to the overpowering lethargy of doing nothing but eat for so long. A fat, green blimp slumped into a chair, struggling to stay awake.

“Salted caramel brownies,”

This was like induction all over again. He felt full. So incredibly, immensely, totally full. He was just too exhausted to do anything but continue eating what he was fed. This must surely be how the others were so large—just being fed until they were too tired to resist.

“Flambéed vanilla poached pears with apricot sauce,”

He slowly pressed a finger against his stomach, wincing painfully as the slightest hint of pressure was applied to the solid, round mass. No, he couldn't take any more. He just couldn't. He was too full—cyborg physiology be damned—he'd rather give up than burst.

He was just about to speak up when the white rabbit cleared his own throat, now standing between Glaz and Alex, barely visible past the horizon of their guts, "I'm sorry gentlemen, but it appears that your appetites have bested our pantries. I'm afraid that the challenge shall have to be postponed until we have restocked,"

Alex could barely contain his relief, breathing a weak, brief gasp before collapsing into unconsciousness.

* * *

That ceiling sure looked familiar. So did that television, and that chair. Same for the window, and the view outside it.

Alex was in his living room, laid messily upon the flattened couch. A beige envelope stuck out from a fold between his chins, the wax seal highlighted by an afternoon sun. With unruly effort he snatched it and tore it open, unfolding the handwritten letter within.

Dear sir,

We have taken the liberty of transporting you home following your evening at the Club, as you were unfortunately unconscious at the time of closure.

We regret any inconvenience this may have caused you.

— THE BEDBREAKER'S CLUB

P.S. We also took the liberty of weighing you. You are now 5,684 pounds. We have updated your records accordingly.

He slowly set it down, surveying the damages of yesterday's challenge and the subsequent digestion that had taken place. Every morsel of food had been turned into fat and redistributed across his body. His stomach towered above him, rising four feet into the air and a couple to each side. His wings had bulked up thickly, and based on the abundance of chins his face had done so too. He couldn't see his legs, but he could assume they had met a similar fate.

He heaved himself upwards but collapsed back onto the crushed sofa. He tried again, but failed to gain enough leverage to move. He was stuck.

It was two long, slow days before his cyborg components adapted to the new weight and he could pull himself into a sitting position, his

distended gut immediately smacking into the floor as he did so. He ached horribly, both from sores and a lack of food. He had been sustaining himself on takeaways, instructed to deliver straight to the living room, but even binging on them didn't come close to the filling feasts that the Club provided.

Laboriously he stood, stomach still dragging the ground as he inched—painfully slowly—towards the kitchen. He couldn't stand this hunger much longer! The next Club meeting could not come soon enough!

* * *

Alex found himself facing a rather annoyed looking bus driver, and not for the first time in recent memory. Whilst it only took a few days for his leg muscles to get used to carrying almost three tons of weight, his front door had proved itself incapable of such adaption. Luckily he had a wide enough patio door through which he could exit his home instead.

The bus, unfortunately, did not have a wide patio door. Instead it had a normal-sized door, one that he was now significantly too wide for. This was evidenced by the way he was currently wedged in it, the disapproving glares of passengers beating down on him as the driver pushed him back to the kerb.

“Sorry mate, you’re just too... well, fat,” he shrugged and shut the door, making sure to leave in a hurry now that blasted bat had made his bus late.

Alex huffed, pressing a paw into his grumbling belly. How would he get to the Club now?!

“Ahoy, Grey!” A voice called out from nearby, “Yer need a lift?” Glaz grinned as he slowly ascended. He was stood on the lifting platform of a white lorry as it raised him into the container section, straining quite audibly under the weight. “Geddit? It’s a lift!” he said, motioning downwards to the mechanism below.

“I got it!” Alex responded as he tumultuously waddled over, “Where the heck did you get a lorry?”

“Ah know people,” Glaz smiled, “People who own lorries, specifically, and’ll give me a free ride if ah ask ‘em nicely,” He stepped off the lift into the back of the truck, hitting the button to lower it again. “Climb aboard!”

Glaz spent the entire journey enthusing relentlessly on how huge they were getting, on more than one occasion pressing their guts together to compare size, softness, jigglability and a bunch of other factors he evidently knew about. Alex could only blush as Glaz’s

fingers sunk deep into his quivering fat. They *were* getting pretty huge.

Some fifteen minutes later they were both inside the Club. Barely a foot inside the door before they were accosted by the white rabbit, “Sirs, you return! Are you ready to resume your challenge?”

Oh yeah. The challenge...

* * *

Dear sir,

We have made the effort of transporting you home following your evening at the Club, as you were unfortunately again unconscious at the time of the Club’s closure.

Please ensure that you have adequate accommodations in future.

— THE BEDBREAKER’S CLUB

P.S. Your weight record has been updated to 9,442 pounds.

Alex groaned loudly as he set down the letter; memories of the previous evening returning—of he and Glaz glutting themselves on the first truly filling meal they'd had in a week—their inhibitions overridden by pure hunger, the precepts of the challenge all but forgotten. Predictably, he now found himself pinned to the couch again.

“Ahoy Grey!” Glaz waved from across the room. The fox had very visibly swollen outwards too, currently spread out on an extra large king sized bed a few feet away.

Alex became suddenly aware that this wasn't his house.

“They couldn't fit yer into yer place. Yer too fat!” Glaz grinned widely, his pillowy cheeks spreading to expose his sharp vulpine teeth.

“Luckily ah've been planning fer this fer years, got m'house remodelled an' th' like,”

It was true, years ago he had suffered many a restless night as his neighbour's building works rolled on and on. The results were pretty obvious: what was once a decently sized two bedroom terrace was now a single open-plan room, with bedroom, kitchen and living areas all merged into one massive, two storey studio apartment. The only doors were the ones that led outside, and they were more like industrial-sized roller shutters than doors.

“How... how did you get planning permission for this?”

Glaz shrugged.

“How did I never notice?!”

Glaz shrugged again, grinning, “Too preoccupied with yer sciences, I guess. And yer never come over to visit!”

“Well, damn. It’s a nice place, buddy,”

“And it should comfortably last me upta ‘bout twelve tons! Maybe more!” He patted the bed affectionately, “Been waitin’ fer years t’push this to th’ limits,”

Alex wiggled ineffectually, he was definitely stuck. He’d have to wait for the nanobots to work their muscle adapting magic. “I guess you’re stuck with me as a houseguest for a few days,”

Glaz somehow grinned even wider, “By all means, it’s my pleasure! Now what’d yer want fer breakfast?”

* * *

Alex groaned as he inched himself towards the waiting lorry. Every tiny step having to shift a ridiculous amount of weight forwards, at

the same time having to make a conscious effort not to trip over his own sagging stomach as it dragged sluggishly across the ground.

Living with Glaz for a week was apparently not the most efficient means of letting muscle adaption happen. The fox had always been a rampant gainer, and while his meals lacked the quality and panache of the Club's offering, his contacts at the local takeaways could match the sheer quantity without too much trouble. Every single meal over the last week had ended with them both feeling comfortably replete, and every evening they fell asleep filling up a bit more of their beds.

The lorry was a tighter squeeze than the week before too, something which only encouraged Glaz's enthusiastic comments on how fat they were getting. His points only emphasised as they squeezed through the Club's tight doorway and starting gorging themselves all over again—their precarious bloat now looming over those members who once clearly outsized them.

It took half a dozen wait staff to match the speed of their gluttony and half a dozen more whenever they partook one of a myriad of long forgotten gorging challenges the Club had on the books, researched over the preceding week and revived for their own amusement. They played out the whole spectacle, each taking turns to dramatically 'lose' to their opponent before immediately calling for another test of gluttony from the rabbit's great tome.

Far from eating themselves into unconsciousness they remained as ravenous as ever, their appetites constantly calling for more as the pleasant feeling of complete fullness started to become increasingly absent from their lives.

They exchanged few words outside their glutting, driven too much by their need to fill their maws with appetisers. Glaz flung slobber across the room as he gnashed aggressively at the staff feeding him, desperately trying to snatch up the snacks they held to his maw. Alex's wings groping and kneading at his needy stomach as he was fed his fifty-third platter of the night, moaning softly as it swelled even larger into his touch.

The Club's other members just watched them, jaws left empty and agape as the pantry's reserves were redirected to the growing pair.

Suddenly a spectator gasped, wagging a finger towards Glaz's backside. The wide bench—manufactured from some of the hardest wood on the planet and heavily reinforced by steel joints—had started to split down the centre. It was barely a few more seconds before the crevice expanded throughout the seat, a loud crack and a dull boom echoed through the hall. Glaz now laid flat upon the floor.

For a moment everything seemed to stop. The Club's patrons and staff all turned to look at the still jiggling pile of fox fat that had just crushed their nigh-indestructible furnishings.

Glaz looked back towards them, motioning exasperatedly towards his dribbling mouth, “Well? Ahm not done yet!”

It took a handful of staff about ten minutes to push and pull him into an upright position, rump spread across the cold marble floor. A task they had to repeat not soon after as Alex’s bench too gave way. The challenge resumed once more (the food now disappointingly slightly cold), tapering to an end after another half an hour of relentless ravenousness; the white rabbit informing them that they had—once again—exhausted the entire supply.

With no spectacle left to obsess over the other members began to leave, a few whispering words of encouragement and idolatry to them as staff helped them to their feet. Alex groaned as his feet took on the fresh weight, sure he wouldn’t be able to stand at all if his overindulged gut didn’t reach to the ground and provide support. Glaz fared no better—even his feet seemed to be vanishing into the amorphous mass of blubber he was becoming. Trails of slobber ran down their faces, mixed with an assorted mess of food that had plastered itself along their wide cheeks and embedded into the folds between chins. They were a mess.

The Club was now empty apart from the complement of wait staff, who had gathered around expectantly. The white rabbit softly called on them to assemble the scales, and with terrifying swiftness a barrage of instruments and fixtures seemed to appear. It was mere

minutes before an exquisite brass weighing scale was presented before the pair. A large, square platform made up the floor section, while a smooth metal column rose up in front of it, a series of gears exposed at around head-height.

Glaz was invited to step on, and tenderly he did so. The gears spinning wildly as his weight pushed down onto the floor section. They bounced back and forth as he tried to steady his sloshing gut upon the device, eventually settling it. The gears at the top of the machine settled too, and it was there that he could see tiny engravings dotting their circumference and a small arrow marking a spot on each gear.

A thin lizard read out the numbers. “Twelve tons, seven hundredweight, five stone, five pounds. That’s twenty-seven thousand, seven-hundred and thirty-nine pounds total,” Glaz could barely contain a giddy giggle.

Alex was invited up next, the same lumbering steps making the scale’s gears shift and roll worryingly over one another. They took a moment to settle down, wiggling precariously as he shifted his weight on the platform.

“Twelve tons, seven hundredweight, two stone, one pound. That’s twenty-seven thousand, six-hundred and ninety-four pounds total,”

“Aha! Ahm still th’ fattest!” Glaz grinned widely, hefting up his impressive moobs in his arms and letting them drop, their collective weight slamming into his obese gut and making his whole form undulate slowly.

“Ah shaddap, you! It’s only forty pounds!” Alex grinned back, stepping off the platform and pushing his own weight against Glaz’s gut, “I’ll eat you under the table next chance I get!”

“Oh yeh? We’ll see about tha—!”

“Gentlemen,” the rabbit interrupted as he raised a paw, “We’ve updated your records and the Club is now closed. Please leave the building...” he looked them over swiftly, “Quickly, if possible,”

“Alrigh’, alrigh’,” Glaz mumbled. He turned and shuffled towards the exit doors, assisted by a few of the staff. He was just pulling himself through the aperture when a new issue dawned on him...

“Ang on! Ah can’t fit through ‘ere!” Glaz’s quivering body pressed against the once generous door, several feet of excess fat wedging against each side of the frame. He turned to his side and tried that way too, the sheer girth of his gut and rump stopping him from exiting. The staff shoved and manoeuvred him around but no amount of pushing, pulling or lubrication could do anything to get

the fox outside. Alex just sat and watched in amusement, happy that he were not the guinea pig for their experimentation.

After a few dozen attempts they resigned themselves to defeat. The rabbit, clearly tired of dealing with them for one evening, called for the staff to construct a makeshift bed of pillows and cushions and that they would just have to sleep in the Club tonight—builders (the discrete kind, presumably) could come and widen the doorway in the morning.

The lights were dimmed and the staff departed, locking the door behind them. Alex and Glaz wiggled awkwardly against each other, confined to the plush but cramped pile of cushions as they fought for space; wobbling precariously as tons of weight shifted and bulged against their bedmate. They eventually settled in a sort of half-cuddle; one loose arm helping support the weight of the other—their food-stained guts and moobs pressed together—making just enough space for them to both fit onto the cushion mattress.

“So, ah,” Alex muttered quietly, “...Come here often?”

* * *

The next morning they were greeted by the scent of frying bacon. The bacon turned out to be accompanied by fried eggs, fried bread, fried black pudding, fried tomatoes, fried Spam, fried sausages, and what

was (probably) some kind of fried milkshake; which was delivered straight to their beds and—as per Club custom—straight to their mouths.

They devoured almost all of the breakfast buffet before the Club's doors even opened. They were in the midst of exchanging deep, spittle-spreading belches when a small group of about half a dozen people started wandering in, apparently expecting a feast of their own.

Curious, Alex called over a waiter. “Hey, I was just wondering. I thought this place was only open once or twice a week? What's up with those guys?”

The waiter stood at ease, “Oh no sir, the Bedbreaker's Club is open every day. We just prefer to cycle members throughout the week so that we don't need to struggle with an influx or dearth of members on any one day. It makes it much easier to maintain the quality of food and service by controlling who can come in and when,”

Alex nodded understandingly, wiping his greasy fingers on the side of his freshly filled gut, “We're not intruding, are we?”

“Not at all sir! The Club is open to members whenever they may desire its services, as per our founder's instruction,” he leant in closer, lowering to a near whisper, “We just don't like people to know

that,” The waiter wandered zoff then, called into service by an increasingly hungry wolf at a nearby table.

Glaz grinned, “Are ya thinkin’ of what ahm thinkin’ of?”

Alex grinned back, “Free food, every day, forever?”

“We could really exploit tha’—“

“Excuse me sirs,” the rabbit tapped at Glaz’s overflowing gut, sending a soft ripple through his lard. Alex and Glaz looked up to him, barely catching the top of the rabbit’s head past their swollen stomachs.

“The workmen have completed their amendments to the entrance, if you are prepared to depart,”

“Do we have to?” Alex blurted out.

The rabbit paused, slightly taken aback by the force of the bat’s questioning, “Well, no, I suppose you may remain here until closing, should you wish to,”

“Then we will!” Glaz interjected, “When’s th’ lunch menu on?”

The rabbit took out and flicked open his pocket watch, “In about twenty minutes, sir,”

“See yer then!” Glaz waved him away, looking back towards Alex as the rabbit returned into the wilderness of the hall, “Bet yer ah can eat more than ya, skinny,”

Alex grinned, “Oh, bring it on!”

* * *

As expected, they didn’t make it out of the Club that night. They had exploited the pantry’s rich seam until it had freshly run dry, leaving them contentedly overstuffed and in a state of giddy euphoria. The doors—now widened a couple more feet on each side—were too narrow for Glaz’s newly expanded love handles, which had grown enough throughout the day to prove themselves superior to the doorframe. The rabbit audibly facepalmed when it became clear they wouldn’t be leaving tonight either.

With their records updated they settled down for the night, once again vying for pillow space to comfort their overinflated bodies.

The breakfast buffet returned the next day and was subsequently devoured in its entirety within a few minutes of the Club’s opening, the disappointment of the latecomers obscured from sight as they laughed and groped their greasy, generous guts.

By the time that lunch came around they were at it again, occupying staff by the dozen as they demanded greater and greater quantities of food; other patrons watching on, both in admiration as they grew to ever greater sizes and in anger as they cleared out the Club's whole store of food before their very eyes.

The level of discontent spiked as the evening rolled in, a surge of workers entering from the surrounding offices to find much of the dinner service reduced to scraps, the stench of what could have been rising from the belches of the two food-stained blobs at the far end of the room; ignorant to the scowls bearing down at them.

That night the rabbit didn't try to make them leave. Left to their own devices for the night.

The next day, the same thing happened again.

The day after the Club had the sensibility to increase the size of their food shipments, and for the first time in days there was barely enough to go around. It did little to dissuade the massive proportions that Glaz and Alex were now eating. The Club's excellent cooking, generous portions and scores of staff dedicated to feeding them meant they easily took more than their fair share, supported by the myriad of staged challenges they had prepared together.

As the days passed they swelled larger and heavier, the speed of their growth jumping whenever the Club saw fit to increase the amount of food they brought in. With the need to move or care for themselves all but unnecessary they spent all their time just sat at the back of the room, eating, talking or just sleeping. They argued a lot less now, having become too large for their meagre beddings to provide much by way of comfort. A good third of the once vast hall was now given over to them, the long dining table at the centre cut short where they were starting to impede on it.

The rabbit rarely intervened in their matters anymore, with even their ‘challenges’ now unmonitored by his once watchful eyes. They rejoiced in the lack of scrutiny. No one seemingly able or willing to stop them gorging themselves to the brink of their ability.

The only time they did move was for a weigh-in, seemingly relegated to a weekly occurrence. The lounge chairs were moved aside and scales assembled beside their makeshift beddings, a dozen or so staff (assisted by several floor cranes) coaxing them onto the brass platform. It registered an even 31.8 tons for each of them, with Glaz pipping ahead by a mere few pounds—much to his rambunctious joy.

A crowd of well-wishers surrounded him, congratulating him on his ridiculous success at gaining and asking for his secrets. He laid before them unable to move a thing but thanking them kindly for

their support. He kept his cyborg digestion to himself though, secrets are for keeping after all!

Alex was less enthused. Second place was rarely as revered after all, and aside from a few passing congratulations he was otherwise left to celebrate his size alone. Unfortunately for him Aldric was also here.

“What in blazes happened to you two?” He looked up at them, their huge, increasingly-shapeless fat looming over the once wider owl.

Alex raised an eyebrow. “You not been paying attention lately? We’ve kind of become the big guys around here since, well, weeks ago really,”

“Firstly, I have been away on a luxury cruise to work on my figure. Secondly, I *refuse* to believe you have grown THIS large in such a time! It’s preposterous!” He jabbed a wing roughly into the gut before him, sending the doughy mass into a wobble.

“You better believe it, old timer. A lot can happen with an appetite as big as mine and an entire kitchen of food at your disposal,”

Aldric perked, his feathers ruffling indignantly. “So it’s your fault there’s nary a scrap of my beloved filet mignon to be found in this place! I’ve been trying to order it all afternoon!”

“What can I say,” Alex grinned softly, “I just love to eat... well, everything, really,”

The owl twitched. “This shan’t be the end of this. I’ll have you out of the Bedbreaker’s Club if it’s the last thing I do!” He stormed off as threateningly as a six ton bird could, which was apparently not very.

“Glaz, if your butt ever leaves this floor again, sit on that douchebag for me... Please?”

* * *

It was a cold and snowy morning, the white rabbit was up bright and early to open the Club for the day, as his job description prescribed. The lustre of the job had somewhat faded since those two moved in; what was once nice suits and playing master of the house turned into a never-ending babysitting and stock management minigame over the last month. “Those two will ruin this club,” he thought aloud, turning the final key in the lock.

The doors responded by swinging violently outwards, knocking the rabbit back towards the kerb as a thick bulge of grey fat swelled out of the doorway and into the cool air.

The rabbit stared aghast. “What. Did. They. DO?!” he screamed, dragging himself to his feet and running around the perimeter of the

building to see broken windows, shattered by the moist rolls of fat that had grown through them.

“That’s it! This is the final straw! The absolute, entirely last one of the whole sodding bale!” He whipped out his phone and hit the first speed dial option, the call being picked up almost immediately, “Sir, I’m afraid that we have a situation at the Club. One of those ‘I’m really not qualified to deal with this’ situations,”

Over the next few hours the building was deconstructed, brick by brick, tile by tile until the pair were exposed for all to see. By now a healthy group had gathered—an eclectic mixture of staff looking for work, Club members looking for food and members of the public looking for gossip. The police had come to the close the street and wrangle the crowds, which were spilling over into the road. Aldric had arrived at some point too, screaming expletives about Glaz and Alex to all who would put up with his presence.

All in all, there were hundreds of eyes gawking at the featureless, sprawling blobs of lard that had replaced the Club.

The white rabbit meanwhile boarded a cherry picker, riding it upwards to the top of the pile, watching the fuzzy hides glisten with a moist sheen of sweat and food debris as he rose. At the top, two thick, swollen faces—partially buried in the hilltop—poked outwards towards him. Soft groans rose up from them, fuelled jointly by

ecstasy and hunger. Were it not for their goggles they'd hardly be recognisable.

Glaz perked up as the cherry picker stopped in front of them. "Oh, hey," he grunted, struggling to get words out, "Wus wonderin' when bre—EEEEEEEUUUUURRRP!—fast would be turnin' oop,"

The rabbit scowled down at them, switching to his stern, imposing voice, "What is this? What did you do, here, exactly?"

"Huh...? Oh yer! We got hungry," Glaz paused, stifling another belch, "after yer closed, so we ordered takeaway,"

"So much takeaway," Alex chimed in.

"Ah know people," Glaz added.

"I... you... you know what, I won't question *how* you managed to get that much food into your bodies," The rabbit frowned, "I've seen enough," Silently he pulled out his phone and called the speed dial again. "Sir, I have them here,"

He turned the phone to face them. A shadow of a person filled the screen, apparently watching them through the camera. Even on the tiny screen Alex could tell this person was a cyborg, and a very fat one at that. Their silhouette alone made the pair feel small.

“So,” the shadow grunted, “you are the ones who broke my club? You have put my staff out of work, denied your brethren the ability to sate their every lust, and revealed our secrets to the whole world—all to feed your own selfish gluttony?” The rabbit nodded along to his words. “What do you have to say for yourselves?”

Glaz grinned. “Yer service is terrible! We’ve been ‘ere fer hours and we’re still waitin’ fer breakfast!”

Alex’s eyes widened, reflexively trying to turn towards the insane fox only to be stopped by his immense cheeks. The rabbit too looked appalled, treating Glaz with a fresh face of scorn.

The shadowy figure paused before letting out a stifled titter, giggling away like a child before regaining composure.

“Ahh, now that’s an attitude I miss seeing! Tell you what, I have no choice but to kick you out of the Club—you broke a dozen or more rules, easily—but what I *can* do is set you up with something else! Gentlemen, how does having your own club sound?”

Everyone gasped. Glaz in glee, Alex in shock, and the rabbit in the utmost horror.

“Sir!” he interjected, “Surely you cannot be serious?! These two have been responsible for some of the worst events to befall the Club in

recent history! They've done nothing but exploit everything the Club stands for so they can become BIG FAT SLOBS!"

"Well then Reginald," (Glaz giggled at his name.) "It is surely then appropriate to provide them with their own accommodations, is it not?"

"Why are we to reward their insolence?!"

"I am not, I am rewarding their gluttony. They may not have followed the rule of law, but they have become exemplars of the lifestyle the Club has encouraged from the start, and that deserves recognition,"

"Sir, I—"

"And I'll make sure that they never darken your doorway ever again,"

The rabbit happily conceded, "DEAL!"

* * *

A few hours later, following the breakfast promised to them, the workmen arrived. Accompanied by cranes, forklifts and other machinery they slowly slid a thick tarpaulin underneath them. A little later a small fleet of helicopters arrived, hooking onto part of the tarp so they could be carried away to the outskirts of town.

They were dropped into an airy warehouse; vast, empty, and apparently all theirs. A collection of cooks and waiters were stationed to sate their hunger whenever it may rise, a few familiar faces from the Club within their ranks.

Unlike at the Club Glaz and Alex were actively encouraged to eat themselves to a stupor, and the waiters on hand were more than happy to massage their swollen, sweaty guts if it meant it made room for another few platters. All this, at the behest of their mysterious new benefactor.

A formally dressed grey wolf stepped up before them. “Gentlemen! Welcome to—“

“Don’t!” Alex groaned.

“The Clubbreakers Club!”

“Goddamnit.”

*Glaz belongs to @The_Glaz. Alex belongs to @kimintodarkness.
Your purviews of the conundrums of philosophy belong to you.*