

Hedonism

By collargogglebirdhorse.

The low hum of her feeding pump purred in the background. The rhythmic beeping of an electrocardiogram somewhere nearby. The sound of traffic outside, muffled but still audible, came in through the thin walls.

The twenty-five ton mare had been kept well cared for since her run-ins with the demon. The second occasion having left her barely able to fit in her house, Grey and Meredith had her relocated to a small warehouse outside of town, where the immobile birdhorse now resided with few creature comforts. Kim didn't really mind. She couldn't see well enough to watch television or move enough to fiddle with toys, and her new computer goggles provided endless realms of entertainment anyway.

She hadn't gotten any smaller or any less gassy, either; nor had she made any attempt to. All she seemed to care for nowadays was getting fatter and fatter, the demon's mind-altering song still ringing around her brain, filibustering any psychological or technological fixes Grey had sought out for her. She demanded

food constantly, her desires transmitted 24 hours a day to the app that Alexander—some sort of cybernetics specialist they'd called in—had set them up with.

Against all medical expectations her physical health hadn't suffered at all, she was as fit as an utterly immobile fiddle as far as anyone could tell. The pools of viscous sweat and frequent eruptions of gas apparently just side effects of her rapid and extreme weight gain. Her mental health had been harder to evaluate, demands for 'more' being all she seemed willing or able to convey to anyone.

Grey and Meredith didn't spend much time with her nowadays. They visited occasionally to check up, but few people—even them—could bare to see her like this, nor withstand the encroaching stench of her unwashed, uninhibited body for more than a couple of minutes. Kim wasn't the conversational type nowadays either; all she did was suck desperately from the feeding hoses and demand more, more, more...

Which made it all the more unusual that, in the middle of the night, the sound of metal hitting the floor echoed through the warehouse, immediately followed by cursing. The sound of footsteps drew nearer. Heavy, lumbering footsteps.

“Kim?” a voice enquired. A moment of silence passed. “Kim? It’s me, Alex. Can you hear me?”

No response. Alex mentally cursed himself, remembering that she had been too fat (or too gassy, at least) to speak last time he’d seen her, and she was at least double the size now. He pulled up the thought log he’d installed on his goggles, marvelling at the countless demands for food and fatness that her mind were spewing out every second.

Slowly he walked around her bloated mass, running a finger around the circumference of her bulk, feeling her sweaty, swollen blubber squish under his touch. Despite all the rapid growth and unhindered feeding of her recent days she had remained remarkably soft and malleable—like a partially inflated balloon that could keep getting bigger without ever growing taut.

Still failing to garner a response, Alex grabbed onto a handful of fatroll and started to climb upwards. Almost immediately his foothold shifted, the cellulite wobbling and warping underfoot, forcing him to reorient himself and pull himself closer to her. He slowly managed to shuffle his way upwards, unable to contain a contented churr as his belly bulged and rubbed against Kim’s own on each step of the way.

Her head was within sight, bookmarked by where the feeding hoses hung down from the rigging, her facial features yet to succumb completely to her overwhelming shapelessness. Alex crawled nearer, marvelling at how much bigger she had gotten since he last saw her. From below she was just a bloated sphere of fuzzy fat, from above it was obvious that there was a much smaller being buried under those tons of blubber.

He touched her cheeks as he approached. It was a giant mass, taller and wider than he was. Hell, each of her *chins* was wider than he was. He shuffled around to where her face should be, churring again as his own weight squished into hers; laying upon her raft of chins, them bulging around him like a soft, warm hug. He saw here eyes, still decked with the goggles he had provided, looking lazily forwards as some TV show flashed before her, hardly moving but for the rhythmic, unceasing swallowing of whatever came down the hoses.

Alex positioned himself before her and remotely turned off the show. "Kim?" he asked, looking toward her, tracking her stream of thought for any sign of recognition.

Nothing. The stream of hungry demands continued unabated. He frowned, looking down at her glazed, lifeless eyes.

He drew a narrow vial from his pocket. "I brought you a gift. One that'll make you bigger, even,"

The stream lit up, the noise of demands for more replaced by the word 'BIGGER' over and over again. She could still hear, at least.

"These nanites will augment your digestive tract. Digestion should be near instantaneous, letting you eat more food, faster," he leaned close, "in your case, turning it straight into more of this wonderful blubber,"

He emphasised the last sentence by teasingly groping at her messy, rolling chins. Her thoughts were seemingly convinced of the offer.

"All you need to do to get it," he continued, "is talk to me. Properly,"

The stream of thoughts slowed, within a second it had stopped completely. She was blinking, looking at him, suddenly much more conscious of the situation, though seemingly unwilling to stop feeding from the hoses. The log slowly updated.

“SO HUNGRY.”

“NEED TO BE BIGGER.”

“NEED MORE.”

“HELP.”

“I’ll help you grow as big as the earth if I can,”

“WHY?”

Alex blushed softly. “This is hard... for me to talk about,” he hid his face behind a wing, “Just, when I saw you that time, when I came and got you the goggles, you were... so beautiful. The fattest person I’d ever seen, and, like, well, I wanted to see you again, so I tracked the GPS in the goggles and... now you’re so much fatter and...” he blushed a deep red, “I... really love it,”

He stopped, trying to hide by pushing his face into her chins, which just made him blush harder; a muffled “I wanna grow fat with you...” emanating from within.

There was a moment’s considered pause.

“OKAY.”

“YOU CAN GROW FAT WITH ME.”

The bat squealed gleefully. So happy he could kiss her if her mouth wasn't shoved full of feeding apparatus. He resorted to kissing the nearest chin, revelling in the actually rather unpleasant unwashed, salty taste regardless.

Finally, they would be granted their every wish.

“What in the hell!?” Grey screeched. He'd barely flown a foot through the front door before he caught sight of the swollen, oversized blobs in the centre of the warehouse. Kim had more than doubled in size since the checkup a week before, despite instruction to feed her a pittance diet. And there was a *second* person to deal with now!?

His arrival with the morning shift came was already too late. Alex had contaminated the feeding system with his digestive concoction before taking a hose for himself and hugging up to the grossly obese pegasi's hide. The potion was a success by all counts, in four short hours he had grown by nearly ten tons and Kim by twenty-seven, far in excess of her gains since the demon had left; and neither had expressed any feeling of fullness whatsoever.

As Grey screamed bloody hellfire from below, a fleeting thought of maybe having taken this too far crossed Alex's mind; a thought he swiftly discarded as it was overridden by the carnal pleasure of what he had done. This felt right. He was still a fraction of Kim's huge size but was already practically buried within himself—nary a finger nor toe could extend further than the fat that grew out of his arms and legs, and even his face barely reached the surface past the rings of chins and cheeks and necks that encircled his head. His gut extended forward several paces before squishing into the side of the expansive pegasus, the whole mass squashed under the weight of his moobs, chins and itself. His back and rump spread just as wide and just as heavy, exerting enough pressure to push back up against his head where he sat, immobilised under fat and happy to be with the object of his affections. Life was bliss.

Together their augmented appetites roared, two insatiable beasts crying out in unison to the assembling crowd of caretakers. Screaming...

“MORE!” “MORE!”

“MORE!” “MORE!”

“MORE!” “MORE!”