

The Last Act

by collargogglebirdhorse.

Alex huffed and puffed heavily, sweat dribbling from across his entire body as he inched forwards slowly, so slowly. His feet—so barely visible past the full, round bloat of his legs and yet carrying so much weight—did a valiant job of pushing him forward. In his hand he held a thin rope stuck out almost 90 degrees from his body, arm held aloft by the shelves of lard that piled up to form his hips and moobs.

The bat weighed, on this day, 3,991 pounds. Just shy of two short tons and 26 times the healthy weight of his species. The gift of decades of gluttony, sloth and a scientific manic aimed entirely at increasing his capability for for the first two. He was a gainer and a genius—a dangerous combination.

His gut was by now too huge for him to effectively see past; indeed he couldn't see anything lower than eye level that wasn't his own blooming mass, so he stumbled blindly, pulling behind him his latest and—most likely—last invention, the means by which he would sate his desire for the rest of his mortal life. Alex knew that immobility, after so many years of working around it with

technological compensation, was an inevitability he was soon to face. Knowing that he couldn't continue to work, and with nowhere enough money to pay for decades of food and assistants to feed him, he instead formulated a plan—an ingenious plan—that would let him maintain independence even as he tipped the scales past two tons and the capabilities of his organic body. Since then he had bought this former fulfilment warehouse in the middle of nowhere and invented the device that would make it all possible...

His lumbering walk came to a slow end. He was sopping with sweat from the exertion, his breathing laboured. He wanted desperately to sit down and rest his feet but he knew if he were to do so now he may never stand up again. Turning around, he observed that he was about the centre of the darkened, cavernous warehouse, stood in the soft light of a sunbeam passing through a dirty skylight. A fitting place for a bat to call home, really. The device he had been dragging was by his side. He dropped the rope.

This was it. Zero hour.

He activated the machine.

He let out a pained grunt as a hose propelled itself towards him and penetrated his mouth, squirming as he felt it push its way down his throat and directly into his stomach. It wasted no time in

depositing its payload, air filling with the sound of pumps roaring to life. His stomach already visibly bulging outwards.

The pumps could almost be drowned out by his ensuing moan. His wings automatically grasping at the small part of his stomach he could still reach so that he could grope and caress it as it bloated against his prying fingers.

If he was going to be immobilised for the rest of his days he wasn't going to settle at a meagre two tons. Oh no. He was gunning to do it at *two hundred*.

Alex dropped backwards onto his similarly swelling derriere, finally giving his feet the long rest they deserved and securing his position for the ensuing growth spurt.

He blushed as he found himself moaning uncontrollably to himself, the sensation of gaining hundreds of pounds in mere seconds so carnally exhilarating. A life's dream, life's work, and life's lust all rolled into one drawn out moment of lard-loaded ecstasy that he still had some 197 tons of to enjoy. Already he could feel the shift of balance in his body, his belly—spreading across the floor between his thighs—was bloating outwards, fresh flab oozing and encasing his legs in his own gluttonous excess.

The formula worked! His final invention: a concoction that contained as many calories as possible in as little material as possible. It had taken some time, but given he didn't need to worry about taste, shelf life, or any legal paperwork, he had managed to produce the most potent mixture that chemistry could afford him and produced it in enough quantity to last him the rest of his natural, warehouse-filling life.

Already he felt so much larger, so much heavier. The shelves of fat he was groping moments before had warped and swollen into huge, striating rolls too big for him to hold on to. At the same time his arms had expanded and sagged into forms more resembling bean bag chairs with a set of thick, useless fingers poking out of the far end than a useful limb.

He couldn't grow like this forever, he knew. The plan was to drink half of his supply now—to launch himself far into the immobility big leagues that he had pined after for so long—and then ration the rest to maintain his weight. With the superior biological control his nanites gave him it shouldn't be a problem; the biggest risk was giving in to temptation and drinking it all right now!

Despite how rapidly the formula worked, the intended goal of some 200 tons—literally a hundred times larger than he currently was—meant that progress would take time. The intervening period was

spent madly churring and moaning to himself, drinking in every changing sensation and shift in his body, knowing that he would probably never experience these feelings again. He felt his arms swell and push around his hands and smother them from sight; his moobs come up to press hard against his face whilst his back rolls countered and pushed from the back; groaning softly as the pressure kept building and he daydreamed of the unrecognisable lump he was destined to become.

As the next few tons passed him by he got to witness the eventual envelopment of his fingers into his immense, saggy wings and the seemingly (hopefully) perpetual envelopment of his entire body within itself. A chasm started to form around his head, the inhuman size of his belly and butt quite literally starting to dominate his body, surrounding his face and burying it deeper and deeper into a pit of his own creation, able to see nothing but his own body, the hose, and a dwindling patch of ceiling to which—passing one-tenth his goal—he finally, gleefully, bid goodbye.

His goggles illuminated the darkness, nothing left to see but the digital display of his mass and the endless wall of fuzzy flab beyond it. He closed his eyes.

Obscured from the rest of the world, all he could hear was himself: the somewhat-irregular flow of the formula through the hose; the churning of his stomach as it rapidly expanded the dense mixture into the dozens of pounds each gulp should provide; the low churr of his own hedonistic glee. He realised that despite their engulfment his hands remained tactile, the steady swelling of his arms rubbing newly-formed rolls against his fingertips, disappointed that he could no longer squeeze and rub at the fresh blubber. His thighs—despite the efforts of his belly—were still rubbing together. Alex smiled, musing on how they must each be the size of car by now, smirking wider as he noted that he was probably far too fat for the truck that had helped carry him here earlier.

He flicked an eye open to check the counter. Still so many tons to go...

As time wore on it became harder and harder for him to keep track of things. Alex didn't mind—it just made the experience even more arousing, he was actually getting too fat for even his cybernetically-enhanced biology to keep up—and it was fun trying to work out whether his lowest chin was currently pushing against a moob, stomach roll, upper arm or a new, even lower chin. The overwhelming feeling was just of growth: the delightfully debauched sensations of becoming an amorphous, literal

mountain of lard, devoid of features only by virtue of them having been swallowed up by one's own obscene gluttony. About the only thing he could keep track of was up from down (because gravity, he knew, would only increase its tug as he got fatter).

Despite his excess, he audibly groaned when the supply of formula slowed. He had overshoot slightly, at 209 tons, but it still didn't feel like enough. Even now—as he sat immobilised to the last inch, probably encased in more blubber than the rest of his species combined and incapable of experiencing virtually any stimuli except for his own opulent heft—he desired more. He knew more than ever that this was right. Like, *right right*. This wasn't just some weird fetish or irresponsible hedonism now, this was his destiny. After decades of trying so hard, he could finally be content and begin to live his life as it was meant to be.