

Time had become a lost concept to you at this point. Whether the sun was out, or the moon filled the night sky meant very little to you. It didn't really matter as long as it meant you got more food to fill your ravenous appetite. Gluttony had become your one true friend after all these years of isolation, the want, the need, the desire to devour anything you could get your thick mitts on. The years of unrestrained hedonism had managed to put so much weight on you that it was almost impossible to ascertain a definite description of you. Massive didn't seem to fit right, elephantine seemed to be a joke when it came to describing how much space your vastness took up. You relished in the fact that there wasn't any type of clothing that could contain your girth, your gelatinous form simply to ample, to grand to....fat.

It began at your face, what an adorable chubby face! Those jiggling jowls munching away blissfully on the remains of a deluxe extra large burger, your bulging cheeks and chins covered in a thick layer of sauces, drool, and crumbs from meals past. You let loose a room shaking belch as you finished the deluxe burger and grabbed another one, this one XXXL sized, drool spilling from the corner of your lips as you couldn't wait to down to meaty treat.

Next would have to be your chest, the slabs of swollen, soft, breasts absolutely uncoverable, uncontainable, and down right unmeasueable. The hills of fat were so thickly padded that your insanely fat arms were constantly propped up and out. The sheer fact that you could move them at all was amazing in itself, but your desire to fill your bottomless gut, and stuff your face with inconceivable amounts of food so that more lard could pack onto your body, seemed to give you enough strength to feed yourself. It was almost impossible, almost, to bend your fingers, the digits so thick and covered in adipose that there was no definite sign of where your knuckles were.

Then there was the main event, the table muscle that you called your stomach. The alter of which your untamed hedonistic lifestyle had came to existence. The place where if anyone dared try to climb would meet an end, the monument of gluttony so soft, so massive that it might as well have been quicksand. There truly wasn't a word to describe just how ginormous your gut was. It far stretched past your waist, past down your knees, past down your toes, and spread over the floor like a warm oozing sea of flab. It stretched as far as you could see past your bulbous cheeks, and crushed anything in it's path. It was as if your belly was the top of a mountain, and the many folds and love handles that adorned your sides were the jutting peaks and ledges. Thicker then an overfed cow they were, covered in sweat and lord knows when the last time they had truly been cleaned between. As you ate you could feel your dough like frame grow tighter, a greedy lust fueled glint forming in your eyes as you know that tautness would dissipate, and in it's place would leave more lard for you to jiggle into, to sink yourself lower and lower into

If one's gaze managed to gaze low one would actually see that your lower half was visible, although amongst the rolls and folds of fat that coated your body it was still hard to pick out where your belly began and where your thighs started. The redwood thick thighs were so covered in fat, so swaddled in corpulence that they were more massive then an average morbid obese fatties waist. The thick circles of fat had no definition of a knee, nor an ankle, your feet so padded with pudge that they were basically swallowed by the sea of flesh that you had become.

All in all you were a true monument of gluttony, a width that could probably stretch from sideline to sideline of a football field, a girth uncontained, but no one would dare try at this point. You had thought once if there were pants you could wear, but the thought of finding any pair of jeans that could cover the circumference of your ass was laughable. Those jiggling, jostling orbs of pure lard were undeniable the favorite part of your gluttony, and it was a shame you couldn't see it. Those thickly

padded walls of adipose had grown so large that cracked were forming underneath where you sat. With each breath you took those globes of decadent flesh wobbled with delight. You would love nothing more for someone to slap and play with them, to pound them and feel them wobble, to see them bounce back and forth up and down as they were toyed with.

Truly you were fat. As simple as the word was it may have been the best way to describe you at this point. You weren't corpulent, you weren't ginormous, and you damn sure weren't massive. You were a ball of growing fat that relished in the feeling of glutting out, the feeling of being stuffed fatter and bigger by any means necessary. To be filled, and filled, and filled until you belched enough gas away to be filled with triple the amount. You wanted it, you **craved** it. It was all you wanted at this point, and no one was going to get in the way