

20

You bust down the door, free from your imprisonment after what felt like eternity. Normally this would be a reason to celebrate, but you were already running short on time. You looked around to see nothing but white, the ceiling, the concrete walls, even the florescent lights were shining down a bright light. You dash forward and hope you can find the way.

19

“Exit, exit, exit.” you say as you turn a corner, but only met with another long corridor. Was this place a fucking maze? You didn't have time for this and you knew that every moment you stood here contemplating your time was running shorter and shorter. You pick up the pace and run forward, only thing mattering at this point was finding the exit.

18

Your lungs burned, your legs ached, and your head throbbed. You knew the voice counting down was a signal to your end, but your optimism was pushing you forward. Your body was starting to feel unusual lethargic. Was that that exhaustion starting to take place or whatever drugs were pumped into you before you escaped that room. Everything that happened was still fuzzy, your memories a haze of events. There were moments you remembered, the needle, the doctor, and that countdown. That god awful countdown was the harbinger of something wicked, a feeling of dread sitting in the pit of his stomach as he heard it

17

Another corner, another hallway. Another hallway another myriad of corners that led to even more hallways. How does one even navigate a place like this? Do they carry a map with them? God Christine told me to meet her in room 2000, but this is room 1000! Cracking a joke really did help clear away the feeling worming in the pit of your stomach. It was odd to place what the feeling was, but you knew well enough that you wanted nothing of it. Making it outside of this place was going to be the one cure.

16

There it was again. The countdown, but for what? What was going to happen in 16 seconds and why did it strike more fear in you then...then...then what? You were sure you were about to say something funny, but your brain just froze. At any rate you continued your feared sprint. There had to be a door, or something that would get you out.

15

“Shut up!” you yelled. Irritation and anger were building inside you as you huffed. It shouldn't have been this tiring to run. You were fairly fit and there was no reason running for five seconds should have made you this tired.

14

Something definitely was off with you. That lethargic feeling was growing as your dead sprint became a slow jog. Your lungs felt absolutely on fire and your heart felt like it was throbbing 100- times a

minute. Is this death? Were you really dying? If this was true then...then...fuck again? Your mind just couldn't put thoughts together anymore. Maybe it was the fear playing tricks on your mind, the confusion this place had thrown you in, but if you knew nothing else it was that you needed to keep running

and run you did.

13

You huffed, your speed decreasing with each stride and your lungs screaming for you to stop. You were positive you shouldn't be this winded, but you were feeling the burn intensely. It was like your entire body was being weighed down by some invisible thousand pounds or more. You stumbled as your balance shifted weirdly, like you weren't in your own body anymore. You tumbled forward and came to a stop, heart pounding in your throat as you slowly, meticulously pulled yourself up. What in blue blazes was happening to you? Surely you weren't dying were you? Yeah you had the thought earlier, but...this wasn't death was it? Had whoever or whatever pumped you up with enough poison to take down an elephant? Was this some sick game to someone? You leaned against the wall, the voice around you continuing it's countdown.

12, 11, 10

10 seconds, 10 seconds was all you had left. Your stomach churned and sloshed, a sick feeling bubbling in your middle. You took a hand to hopefully quell the sickening felling and that's when you felt it. It, that soft spot you knew good and well you didn't have 10 or 5 seconds ago. You gazed down and watched as not just your stomach, but your arm and hand puff out, softening and growing thicker. Were you hallucinating due to exhaustion? You couldn't possibly be growing...fatter, could you? A nervous reaction to whatever drugs or poison they had pumped into you earlier right? There was no way, but yet the increasing weight you could feel amassing onto you was certainly real. You reached up and touched your face, the chubby cheeks that weren't there earlier a clear sign of what was going on. You screamed at the top of your lungs and took back off.

9

You could feel the pounds packing on now. It seemed that with every breath your body was seemingly growing fatter, weaker, softer. Your speed had been decreasing for a few seconds now and was now resembling something of a heavy jog. The worst thing, the scariest thing, was that you could feel your body jostle and jiggle with each step. You had grown so much that when you ran now you could feel all that excess weight flop around, your belly sloshing to and fro with every stride. You huffed and puffed with heavy lungs. It felt like your entire body was on fire now as sweat coated your brow. You didn't have time to stop, you needed out and you needed out now. You turned a corner and stopped.

“The exit!”

8

A wide smile crossed your face. Such a wide smile with such chubby fat cheeks made you look like Santa Claus. At the end of the hallway you could see it, clear as day, the exit to this hellish white nightmare. Just outside you could see flowers, and what looked to be moonlight. The elation in your heart couldn't be higher as you could finally put this behind you, and with a few trips to Jenny Craig

you could get back to where you were. With renewed vigor you took back off. With the end in sight you had been refueled

7

Your heavy jog had become a slow one as you stumbled to stay on your feet. The weight gain had increased in such a short time span that your body was overflowing with adipose, and at the rate it was going it was only going to get worse. A double chin had developed now along with a thick ring around your shoulders that was once your neck. Your once flat chest had bloated up like a wound left by a bees stinger, the fat pillows starting to push your arms up and out to make room for their thick sides. Your clothes were not spared from the destruction your body was undergoing as your shirt had rips along the seams and your pants tearing at the hems and thighs. Your thunderous thighs looked like they were signaling the beginning of a summer thunder storm, rubbing against one another as you escaped. You huffed and billowed with strained effort. The exit was so close, so close.

6

A heavy wheeze escaped you as you strolled down the final corridor. You had to make it to the end now, you just had to. The lone thought of escaping was pushing you forward at this point, but the thought of a nice, big, juicy, tender, delicious cheeseburger, dripping with sauce and covered with trimmings of onion, bacon, cheese....you shook your head and casted away the thought. What was going on with your head? You shouldn't have been thinking about food at a time like this, but that burger....you smacked yourself with a fat hand as you picked up the pace. Whatever they had pumped you full of was altering not just you physically, but your mental state as well. The memory loss earlier and these rampant thoughts of food were sure signs of mental configuration. No matter what you wanted to reach that exit though, it was so close, so...close.

5

Your lungs felt a blaze, tired, and completely gassed. The weight gain had hit such a crucial point that your jog for escape had become a slow waddle.

Riiiiiiiiip

You blushed, the sound echoing in your head as you felt a draft run over your thighs. Your pants were completely gone now, reduced to shreds by your powerfully massive thighs. Your waist had widened and thickened so much in such a short time, and along with them your ass cheeks wobbled with each step. You could feel the excess adipose literally jiggle and and wobble with each heavy, thundering step. You looked down only to see the remains of your shirt being used as a bra to keep those pillow like, fat breasts in check. You watched in horror as they looked bigger then your own head at this point, but what was even scarier was what was holding them up. Your belly had gone from thin, to chubby, to huge, and now outright massive You could feel it hang far past your waist and rest heavily on the front of your thighs. You wanted to cry, oh how you wanted to cry but you didn't want to give up. You wanted to hold on to that last shred of hope.

4

From stroll to outright waddle you used the wall to help keep yourself steady and up. Your knees felt absolutely horrible and honestly...a nice 40oz glass of Pepsi would be wonders right now. A nice cool,

refreshing glass really sounded tempting- No, stop. You needed to keep going. You were right there, a mere 4 yards away from the door. If you could just make it 4 yards, 4 yards, 4 yards of a sub sandwich piled with bacon, cheese, sauce hmmm....You licked your lips at the thought. That sounded absolutely delicious, and you bet you could finish the whole thing. You could hear your monster of a gut growl, a hungry beast demanding to be fed inside you. You tried to pat the front of your gut but it was just too far away now. You could barely reach the side of your belly, one of your massive breasts taking up so much room that all you could do was pat at one of the jiggly love handles that crested the side of your frame. One of those thick rolls just jostled at the pat, Mmmmm rolls. Sweet buttery rolls covered in butter and honey. You had to stop yourself from drooling at the thought. Why were you walking again? You stopped in place, your entire frame wobbling like jello at the stop of movement.

3

Your frame shook even more, slowly coming to a stop.

2

You're tired, why are you standing? You flopped down on your massive behind, a loud cracking sound reaching up to your ears as you got comfortable.

1

Your stomach growled, you were hungry, no. You were famished, but it was ok because you knew

0

It was dinner time.

The sound of a clock ticking echoed through the room. A woman sat in a chair, working away as she typed in information. Her amethyst eyes glossing over the screen before her. A light rapping came from the door behind her, a young woman walking into the office, head down at the ground as she approached the desk the woman sat behind.

“Ma'am, the next subject is ready.” said the young girl.

“Wonderful, let's see how everything goes.” the woman with the amethyst eyes said. She pushed her chair back and stood up, her heavy set frame accentuating the curves beneath her lab coat. The woman followed her assistant out of the room and down the hallways, the sterling white walls and ceilings very soothing to her now. This had been her work, her home, for years now and her research for her products had become something amazing.

“Tell me, what is this patient like?” she asked.

“Subject 101 is much like 100. Very basic almost like a blank sheet. We've already administered the product into their system.”

“Good, let's hope they provide valuable information just like subject 101 did.” responded the woman. The two walked into a lab, other scientist gathered around and working on singular projects.

They walked past the scientist and into a smaller room, inside laid flat on a table. The woman watched as the person slowly came to, the haze in their mind clear for her to see.

“Hello.” she said as she approached the person.

“....hello” they responded.

“Slow waker? Makes sense. I bet you're wondering who I am, or...who you are.” The person on the table rose slowly, clutching their head as they shook away the deep sleep. “Ah don't worry about it, that stuff wont matter soon.”

“What....What do you mean?” they asked.

“Exactly as I said, those thoughts won't matter soon.” the woman walked over and pressed a bit, the bindings on the 'subject' releasing. “I won't bore you with the details so listen up. You've got about 60 seconds to get out of here, or you'll die.

“What?!” screamed the person. “What do you-”

“Ah, not finished.” she interrupted. “ I'm actually here to help you. If you can make it out of this facility you won't die, that simple.”

“There's no way it can be that simple! How does that-”

“30 seconds.” responded the woman as she looked at her pocket watch.

“What?”

“30, well more like 26, 25, 24” The person panicked as they jumped off the table and rushed towards the door, their heart rate already racing.

“23, 22, 21, OH! You should just stay straight to get to the end!” she yelled after them.

“Ma'am, why do you always say they'll die?” asked the assistant. The woman simply smiled as she put away her pocket watch.

“Because humans work amazingly well under pressure.”