

Ring Ring Ring

The sound of an alarm rung through the air, it's annoying buzz and cry audible from outside the room. The source of the alarm came from a cellphone that had fallen off the bed during some point of the night. A low groan and rumble moved through the room, the source coming from the rather large lump smack dab in the middle of the mattress. The springs bounced and shifted as the lump seemingly rolled under the sheets before a massive paw shot out from beneath the warmth of the covers, it's coat a shade of off-white, and grabbed the phone. The device's obnoxious tone was immediately muffled by the mammoth mitt, a thumb sliding across the screen to cease the buzzing once and for all. With silence restored the lump rolled back over in it's bed, a heavy snore filling the room not to long after. A new noise joined the symphony of boisterous sounds, a low rumble that seemed to pick up in volume. The lump let loose a low grumble of sorts before tossing the sheets back and it's form clear for the world to see. From beneath the covers emerged a white ball, and attached to that ball was a dog and a large dog at that. No, large seemed to fail at describing the vastness of the canine, the substantial size of the hound.

“Yaaaaaaw-URRRRRRRRRRP.” erupted the dog as it stretched out in the bed and laid on it's back. The massive mutt seemed to overflow from the bed as one leg lazily hung off he edge and managed to touch the ground. Rolls of soft flab spread and covered a majority of the mattress as the dog scratched at it's belly before another low rumble caught it's attention. The dog smiled as it tried to grab it's belly but only managed to grab a thick roll as it shifted in bed and sat up. The dog, a St. Bernard to be frank, raised it's fat arms over it's head as it stretched.

“Ooooooh man.” said the dog, even it's voice thick with fat. “What time is it?” He reached back and picked up his phone and slide a fat finger across the screen to see that it was two in the afternoon. “Stupid thing, you woke me up early again.” joked the dog as it poked it's belly, the digit sinking into the lard. Once settled, the dog rocked back and forth and built up momentum before it rose up from the bed. The dog exhaled at the exertion and headed out the door of it's room, or attempting to. The St. Bernard tried to step through the door, keyword hear being try. With one step he had wedged himself tightly in his own bedroom, his sides bunched up against the door-frame. “Hurmph, well I don't remember this happening last night before I went to bed....” said the dog before a devilish grin crossed it's face. He looked down as he saw his bulbous middle expand far enough that he couldn't see the ground beneath him, not like he could have seen it last night either. Long since had he lost the ability to see his own feet, but really who needed that? He knew his feet were just as fat as the rest of him. The rumbling caught his attention again, this time even louder. It sounded like a wakening monster that hd been starved for years.

“Ok Ok, no more fooling around.” he said as he narrowed his eyes and focused. He huffed and struggled as he tried to pull himself out from the door-frame. He kicked, wobbled, and struggled to move, but made progress as he could feel his body shift slightly forward. Meanwhile as he he focused in only on the feeling of an empty stomach he became less aware of the cracks forming on the door, the sound of splintering wood falling on deaf ears as the massive mutt fought for freedom. It didn't take much longer for the old frame to crack and bend, the St. Bernard free from his entrapment s he stumbled forward. He panted and huffed as he made his way to the couch in the living room, which was all of ten feet from his room. He flopped his massive behind on the couch, his form taking up the double-seater completely. His fat thighs bunched up against the arms of the couch as he got comfortable in the small imprint he had made on the furniture through his years of sitting. He reached between him and the armrest and dug out the remote to turn the TV on, not before taking a moment to marvel at himself through the TV screen. It had taken sometime, dedication, and a lot of take out, but

he had finally gotten big. Nowhere near as big as he wanted to be, but this was a nice 'start' he thought. His face was quite fat, his chubby cheeks making his eyes look much smaller than what they actually were, and below a thick ring of fat that once resembled a neck. Next were the favorite parts about him being fat, his chest. He reached forward and played with his impressive moobs. They were nice and thick, and the tuft of white fur that was right between them were just the cutest. The thick rolls of fat that sloped out from his chest helped prop up his fat arms and added a nice top shelf to the many rolls of fat that cascaded down his sides. His stomach was an entity all on its own, even going as far as making its own language. Granted the language only really knew how to tell him when it was time to eat, still its vastness and girth gave it a size big enough to be an adult person. The thing sat and covered his knees when he sat, and just felt soooooo good to squeeze and heft and wobble, but felt even better when it was packed full of food. To feel his stomach reach new heights when it came to being stuffed was a thrill in its own. To feel his formidable gut packed tight with food, to see the fur along his belly thin out as more stretch marks appeared and formed with each new meal. To literally feel drunk on food as he hiccuped and belched to make room for more food. It was all so...tantalizing. He had started to drool at the thought. It wasn't until his belly roared again that he came out of his thoughts.

"Oh, right." he chuckled as he picked up the phone. "I need to order in breakfast. He pressed and held a button on his phone, his fingers much too big to deal with the hassle of dialing. "Hello?" he said. "Yea Sal it's me." The big dog was a local legend of sorts around here, when you were known for eating enough food to cover a place's lunch cash flow it's hard for you to go unnoticed. "I want the usual, actually make it a double." said the dog as he thumbed a love handle. There was a bit of static on the other end as he nodded. "Mhm, yea. See you in 40 minutes or so." and with that he hung up the phone. "40 minutes...hmm." he thought aloud. He rocketed back and forth on the couch and stood up with the extra momentum carrying him forward. He turned, his tree thick thighs and moved towards the kitchen as he let his tail wag happily between the exercise-sized balls he called his ass-cheeks. The XXXXL basketball shorts he had on were really starting to cling to him so he knew it was time for a wardrobe upgrade. He waddled slowly into the kitchen, pots and pans piled high in the sink from the feast he had a couple of nights ago. He could still smell the pasta in the air as he sniffed around, the memory of a not too long ago meal reminding him that he was absolutely starving. He opened the fridge and gazed inside as the cold air blew out over him. He was immediately drawn to the four XXL boxes of Chinese takeout he had left over and knew it would be a good appetizer for him. He reached inside and grabbed all four boxes and tossed them in the microwave, far too impatient to let them reheat on the stove. He tapped a fat paw on the counter as he waited, each passing second feeling like torture as he had gone so long without eating anything (Authors note: He woke up literally 30 minutes ago). The sound of the microwave beeping brought a bright smile to his chubby face as he grabbed the takeout boxes and waddled as quickly as his fat little legs would let him back to the couch. He plopped down on the furniture, hearing a crack or two and thinking nothing of it as he opened the tops of the containers and the smell of left over fried rice, pork lo mein, honey chicken, and walnut shrimp filled his nose, a bit of drool forming on the edge of his mouth as he wiped it away. He immediately dug in, leaning back and tipping the box of honey chicken to his muzzle and scarfing down the sweet lukewarm poultry. He didn't really both that not all of it had warmed up, it was just an appetizer after all. Besides he could still taste the sweet honey of the chicken, the satisfying crunch from the fried skin as he chewed, the small feeling of a none-empty belly setting in as he made light-work of the takeout. He stopped and set the box down, his muzzle coated in brown sauce and crumbs as he rubbed his belly. He was nowhere near the feeling he wanted, but within the next couple of hours. oh he knew he would be. Next up was the lo mein. The St. Bernard dug his fork in the XXL box and twirled around the thick noodles before pulling out a spindle of pork and noodles before biting down on it. He hummed to himself as he ate, the rumbling and grumbling of his belly silencing with each bite. Sometime passed before the doorbell rung, then the sound of the lock being turned as an Orca walked through the door.

dressed in the uniform of the nearby steakhouse.

“Sam? It's me Kila.” said the Orca.

“You're here alre-BWURRRRRRRRRRP.” Same responded, releasing a blast of air as he made room for more food. “Come one in.”

“Right right.” Kila had four bags with him, two in each hand as he made his way into the living room. The Orca dropped the bags on the table before Sam, a starker contrast between the two was harder to miss. It looked like Kila could fit five versions of himself in Sam and still have room for more. By no means was the Orca small, he was fairly muscular and tall, like his species should be, but it was the sheer fact that Sane was so large, so mammoth that he just could not compare. “Four orders of 30oz ribeye's each with double orders of loaded mash potatoes, extra cheese, extra bacon and plenty of dinner rolls.

“Mrf Mru.” Sam mouthed as he had a shrimp tail hanging from his mouth.

“Anything for Big Sal's favorite customer.” Kila commented as he patted Sam on the belly. Even with all of that food he had just packed into it his belly still wobbled and jostled like a bowl of jello on top of a waterbed. “Anything else I can do for you?”

“Could you get my laptop for me?” asked Sam as he opened up one of the containers. The smell of the rib-eye wafted up to his nose as he took a big whiff, the tender steak just waiting for him to bite into it. Kila nodded as he walked down the hall to Sam's room, noting the cracked door-frame on his way in. This wasn't anything out of the usual for Kila and Sam. Kila was young and he made a living as a delivery boy for a lot of the nearby restaurants. Sam wasn't to much older then Kila actually, but here he was, eating so much that all the eateries nearby knew who he was, and in turn Kila getting to know the St. Bernard quite well. The one thing Kila didn't know what how Sam could afford to live the way he did. The Orca walked back into the living room and placed the laptop on the arm rest of the couch.

“I'll just show myself out.” Kila said as he headed towards the door. “I've got other deliveries to make.”

“See ya later Kila.” Sam responded as he heard the door click behind the Orca. Left to his lonesome Sam looked fondly at the steak infront of him, how the juices ran down the sides of the huge rib-eye. “Oh Sal...you damn sure know how to make a good medium.” drooled the dog as he marveled at the marbling of the steak. Oh how he wanted to dive in right then and there, but he had to wait. He reached over with a fat paw and pulled his laptop over to him. He used his chest as a sort of table as he logged in and navigated to the web. You see Sam's lifestyle was fairly simple. Out of college for three years now, in almost no debt, and hadn't had to left a finger when it came to work in almost two years now. Sam knew quite well how the outside world would see him, a fat lazy dog who was literally eating himself out of house, home and life. However he also knew of the people that would support him, push him to greater heights and and even greater weight class. Yes he was well versed in the world of gaining, and that was how he made a living. The behemoth of a canine navigated his way to a site called Massivemen, where men of massive sizes let the world and those interested see just how big they were. Whether it be muscles mass, or lard mass all types of people flocked to the site, and Sam had quite the following. He logged into his account and immediately set up a stream. The smell of the rib-eyes were growing intoxicating and the want to just rip into them were growing stronger.

“Alllllright.” he said as he checked to make sure everything was good. “And...we’re...live.” he moved his laptop into the middle of the table and pushed it away, far enough to where his entire frame could be seen in the shot of his webcam. “Hellooooo everyone.” Sam said in a sultry voice. He hefted up his belly from inbetween his thighs and shook it for the camera, viewers slowly rolling in as they usually do. “I’ve got a special treat for you all today and I’m sure all of you will just love it!” he exclaimed as he played up for the show. He acted as if he struggled to reach for something near him, not like it was too hard with all that mass weighing him down. He leaned over, letting his belly slosh and jiggle for the camera. This was all part of the act he had developed. People would come and donate money to him to watch his lethargically large body slosh, wobble, jostle, and shake as he did anything. He smiled as he heard that all too familiar ding as he grabbed the box with the first 30oz rib-eye.

“Thank you very much to...Donnskeeee for the 40\$ donation.” he said as he read the name. “All donations go to this wonderful dome of tub you all, and I, love so much.” Sam laughed as he slapped his belly, sending waves across his form. He watched the chat flood with love, admiration, and lust for him as he did so and the dog just couldn’t help but laugh. “As I was saying I’ve got a treat for you all, you see I’m starving, like I feel like I could waste away.” he joked. “Luckily my biddues over at Sal’s steakhouse really helped me out by sending over four 30oz rib-eyes just for me, and plenty of loaded mash potatoes to go with them. Do you know how much food this basically is?” Sam reached over and moved his laptop to show off the other bags to the audience, the mutt having to lean over his monolithic belly to do so. “Easily 10lbs of food here, and not to mention the 5lbs of Chinese I have before I started streaming. I’m going to sit here and eat Every. Last. Bite.” he mused as he finally grabbed the box with the first rib-eye. The smell of the steaks had grown too strong for the dog to resist any further, the mutt literally grabbing the whole rib-eye with both massive paws and biting down right then and there on the steaks. Sam hummed orgasmically as the tender steak melted in his mouth, the saltiness of the fat just adding to the overall flavor Sal had really outdone himself this time and Sam knew he had to give an extra tip next time. Juices flowed out from the steak and coated Sam’s big greedy paws, blood dripping from his muzzle and down onto him and dirtying his fur as he took another bite of the steak. He munched away greedily as he took hold of the steak with just one paw, the other hand landing on the side of his belly, the mutt coated in blood, juices, and grease as he rubbed his belly through his fur.

“It feels so good to be this big you all have no idea.” he stated, his voice a little deeper, a little more intimate. “All this weight, all this soft, wobbly flesh is just so better than you could know.” he stopped and ripped off another piece of steak with his teeth. “I mean just looked at me, sprawled out on a too small couch, which reminds me.” Sam tried to sit up straight on the couch, raising off of it just a little. With all the force he could muster he flopped down on the couch, a loud crunch sound ringing in the ear as the furniture split and broke, leaning awkwardly. “Gotta make room for the three seater that should be here soon.” Again the couch went crazy as, more donations piling in as he got comfortable on the destroyed furniture. Sam finished off the rib-eye in no time flat, leaving himself a dirty mess with bits of steak stuck onto his chest and grease spots on his fur. He stifled a belch as he leaned back, running a paw in small circles on his belly. Sam had become a sort of performer, using his girth as a tool for the show. He knew every inch of his body, every curve, every fold, every crease, every pound was put to use whenever he live-streamed, and in turn he was paid lucratively for it. Normally he would talk to a few of his viewers, let them talk to him and encourage him to eat more, but not today. Today he actually was starving. He reached over for another 30oz rib-eye and just like before disregarded the utensils and settled on holding the massive steak between his hands and ripped off huge chunks of meat. He swallowed the medium steak down easily, the meat melting in his mouth as that feeling of being stuffed slowly started to creep up on him, not now, but as his meal continued. Just as he ate up the steaks his viewers ate him up. They absolutely adored the monolithic mutt and loved it even more

as he devoured food before them. He easily garnered 100 people whenever he streamed, quite a few of them generous with the donations they would leave him.

“He's so huge...and hot”

“Yea...keep eating. Gotta make sure you're well fed.”

“He's literally eating roughly 12lbs of food, that's amazing.”

“What I would do for a man like that.”

All comments he received, and more. Sam watched on with glee as more donations poured in, some even donating twice as he demolished the second steak with ease and then moved on to the third. He had picked up a rhythm and his inner greed was taking over as he started taking bigger bites from the rib-eyes. His stomach had slowly gone from soft and jiggly to solid. A pure ball of food and lard that was growing heavier and heavier. He stopped after the 3rd steak and dug in for the containers of mashed potatoes, the thick taters coated with cheese, butter, and bacon. He figured that he had set up a sort of theme with this stream and just forewent the utensils all together, taking huge handfuls of loaded spuds and stuffing them into his mouth, and the crowd went wild. More money rolled in, more comments. Sam absolutely loved the attention, but even more he loved knowing that he was going to have one of the best food comas after all of this. The feeling of tiredness that comes from a full meal, that was one of the greatest parts of it all. Before he had realized it Sam had devoured every last container of loaded mashed potatoes, his muzzle coated in bits and specks of grey, cheese crumbs on his chest. He tried to sit up, but gave up half way as he grabbed the last rib-eye lazily. His coup de grace if you would. He opened his mouth as wide as he could, the chat already going crazy before he even had a chance to do it.

“No Way????!”

“Yooooooooooooooooo”

“Open Wide!”

Sam stuffed the entire 30oz rib-eye into his mouth, and devoured it. He gulped hard and took a deep breath, his belly nice and full now as he sat there lazily, not completely stuffed as he wanted to be, but stuffed enough to where his belly no longer sagged like jello, the bottom of it packed tight with food. He looked over at the screen to look at the stats. He had been streaming for nearly 40 minutes, a decent stream for the day.

“Well, thank you guys for coming out.” he stated. “I greatly appreciBWUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURP” he belched “Whooo~, I appreciate you all so much, and so does this thing.” he hiccuped as he rubbed his belly. A few more donations came in as he finally sat up for a proper send off. “I cant wait tofor you guys to see just how big I'll be next time.” he smiled as he signed off. He sat there for a moment in a food haze, idly playing with his flab as he poked and prodded his belly, the dome no longer as soft as it once was.

“Let's call up the doughnut shop, I've got a coupon and I'm craving something sweet.