

A Bug in a Blender
by Holo

Sugarwings awoke with a headache that split his skull. White light blazed down from fluorescent lights set into the ceiling above him, burning his eyes with their glare and assailing his ears with their buzzing drone. He raised an arm to rub at his eyes, and he took note of how exhausting and slow the movement was. As his eyes adjusted to his surroundings, he got a better idea of his situation. The bright glare was from the lights being reflected off of a curved glass wall, one he was suddenly aware surrounded him entirely. He glanced to his sides, and then down to the floor. Sugar gasped at the sight, finding himself unable to see the floor anymore past his enormously fat chest and stomach. He had no idea how he had ended up this way. The last thing he could remember was being fit and trim, with a workout routine that would keep him that way.

Bewildered by his predicament, and still hazy from sleep and a headache, he tried to call out to someone, anyone. "Mpphh hrrmmff! Hmmff?" He crossed his eyes to stare down his snout and found it secured shut with a metal muzzle. At the far end of the muzzle, a hose was attached, and as he moved his tongue around in his mouth he could feel the rubber tube where it pressed down into his throat. The hose rose up from the muzzle, out of the top of the glass prison, and vanished into a hole in the ceiling. He tried to remain calm, but his breath grew hot and short through his nostrils, and his heart began to pound under the pile of fat that had blossomed on his chest.

A sharp pain shot up through his chest, on his right side. He bent over as best he could and reflexively clutched at it. His hands met an open gash that had partially healed, but was still wet with blood. His hand was warm and sticky with his own blood now, and he looked down at the wide incision, confused and even more terrified. He felt like a lab rat, trapped in a glass cage.

His body pressed up against the glass on all sides, squeezing his obese body uncomfortably. He shifted in place, trying to move, to turn, to do anything other than wave his sagging, fat arms around. As though his stomach wasn't enough trouble, it was the width of his hips and the girth of his butt and thighs that really wedged him in place. With a grunt into the muzzle, he tried to use his weight to rock forward. The glass container tipped forward, and then back, but before he could give another forward push with his weight, he felt a painful sting against his thighs. He yelped and froze in place, and tapped his hooves around below him to try and feel for what he couldn't see.

He could hear the familiar sound of his hooves tapping against plastic, and he shuffled his feet around as much as he could without being able to turn in place. He heard a clank, and felt a rattle move up through his hoof and leg bones. Just above the plastic bottom, he could feel a long, thin blade of metal. He ran his hoof over it, tracing it until he found the sharpened edge. He froze, and began to flick his gaze around the room in a panic. He pounded his hands against the glass, to no avail.

The quiet pop of a speaker turning on reached his ears, and he craned his neck against a tire of neck fat to try and locate the source. A voice crackled out of a speaker overhead, and the wall in front of him lit up, letting him see through to the room that was behind the glass. A

dragon with red scales and a yellow underbelly stood in the room, gazing up at where Sugarwings was being held. His gaze was dismissive and aloof, looking at Sugar as one might gaze at a piece of undercooked and unseasoned meat.

"My my," the dragon began, speaking through the overhead speaker. "You sure got big fast. All that muscle mass really metabolized everything I pumped into you." He glanced at a control panel and scoffed. "Yeah, you got fat as fuck. Good." He looked back up at Sugar, his expression having taken a sharp change. The previous apathy was replaced with a deep hunger. He ran his tongue over his fangs, and his round pupils dilated to vertical slits, making him look like a cold-blooded serpent.

"Don't worry, fatass, I got your stuff all taken care of. Got my hands on your last will and testament. I think that got fed to you in the slop on day one. You definitely won't fucking need it. Oh, and looks like your funeral insurance got cancelled too, because you're not going to be eligible for a burial when I'm done with you." He fiddled with the control panel, and the lights in Sugar's room all shut off aside from an uncomfortably warm spotlight that clicked on. Sugar started to sweat from the heat of the light and the panic and adrenaline building in his blood.

"I'd ask if you have any last words, but uh, you don't obviously. Too busy stuffing your fucking face to go out with any respect. Man. I'm doing society a favor taking you off the streets." He chuckled to himself, leaving the intercom on so that Sugar could feel that deep chuckle reverberate through the room. "Oh, and I'll spare you the thought. Pumping you full of painkillers would have ruined your taste." The dragon waved a goodbye as he sneered at Sugar, and he pulled down on a heavy lever.

There was the clunk of machinery coming to life. Electricity hummed through oversized wires, and Sugar could hear a car motor chug to life. Sugar screamed as best he could through the muzzle and pounded on the glass. His heart was pounding, he could barely breathe through the lump of terror that had welled up in his throat. Tears began to stream down his face. There was no one who would come to save him.

The blades of the giant blender roared to life. They gave a half turn and collided with his hooves, sweeping them out from under him and cracking them on impact. Sugar sank an inch deeper into the blender's basin, but it was enough. As the blades swung back around, they hit his ankles. His flesh, fat, and fur were cleaved clean off. The blades halted as they met the bones of ankles, and the engine of the blender let out a horrible grinding noise. Sugar was sobbing. He had a gash a half foot deep in his fat ankles, and the blades had bit and wedged into his bones before they jammed, not having sped up enough to cut clean through. The pain was sharp, it was beyond his description, but he could feel his bones breaking more, little by little. Every tiny new fracture was a blinding explosion of pain, but he couldn't stop it. He couldn't keep himself from squirming, tensing, convulsing against the pain.

The dragon in the smaller room snorted, jetting steam from his snout. He pushed the lever back up, stopping the blender, and fiddled with some of the controls. He yanked the lever down again, and the morbid machine roared to life once more. The blades briefly reversed, and then lunged forward with renewed vigor, and this time they snapped Sugar's bones clean in half. His feet were removed from his body, and tumbled alongside the blades until they were minced and bloody. The blades revved to full speed, and the sharp, rotating swords cut through Sugar like he was a stick of butter. Fat as he was, he might as well have been.

Sugar's legs were resilient, and the blender made loud, grinding noises as it sliced and chopped up the increasingly fat load of bugbuck that was fed into it. Sugar tried to slow his descent, trying to grab onto the sides of the glass, but it was too smooth. He screamed, and screeched from the pain, shouting until he ran out of breath. He could feel it, the sense of incredible loss with every inch of him that was blended into mush. Even through the pain he was acutely aware that he could no longer wiggle his hoofed feet, or rotate them at the ankles.

The grinding continued, incessant, not stopping or caring about the life that it was ending. He could feel the way the sharp metal cut into his skin, shaving it away from the bone. The metal would hit his bones, and the impact would outright shatter his skeleton. The rest of his meaty leg would follow, just another slice of flank cleaved away to be added to a growing slop of blended bugbuck. It was sickening. He could feel his underbelly, crotch, and butt getting splattered with his own bloody, meaty remains.

A loud thud accompanied the collision with his kneecaps, and he almost vomited from the pain. They were ripped off, no match for the machine, and it began to work up his fat thighs. The grinding turned into more of a slosh as more meat than bone was added to the mix. From the dragon's perspective, the bottom quarter of the blender was a whirlpool of pink meat, red blood, and yellowish-gray adipose with the occasional fleck of green fur. Sugar could feel his hot remains swirling around his thighs and rising up closer to the bulge of his huge butt and the overhang of his stomach. The rest of the blender still had an obese and anguished Sugarwings wedged into it, but the vibrating of the glass from the engine below helped slide the helpless fatass down and down to his demise.

Sugarwings was so fat that the blades began to split his stomach before they had even finished his thighs. The first few slices took nothing but a few inches of fat from his overhang, but the next slice split through into his body cavity and snagged on his intestines as they spilled out. Sugar gasped as he felt the spinning steel grab his guts and pull them out of his body, spooling them around him like a thread before they pulled taut and split. His entire chest depressurized as he was ripped open, and he could no longer breathe. He gasped, and the dragon could see his diaphragm pumping uselessly.

At the same time, Sugar's rear was getting minced into cubes of blubbery bugbuck butt. As the fattest parts of him were ground up, he was splattered with his own blood and guts. The slop bubbled up around him and splattered over the glass and onto his chest and over his back. It soaked his face, and he could smell the iron in his blood as it poured down his face and back into the blender basin.

His hips were all but obliterated, and his groin was liquified along with it. The shock to his system was too much, and he dry-heaved. The hose crammed into his mouth prevented him from retching properly. He began to tremble and convulse as his body went into shock from all the pain and damage, yet he remained conscious.

In the observation room, the uncaring dragon captor had begun to eat, prodding at a plate of something with a fork and making eye-contact with Sugar with every bite. "Oh man, oohh man," the dragon moaned over the loudspeaker. "It's a damn shame you can't taste this, this is so good," he said as he popped another bite into his mouth. "The real shame, of course, is that you've had your entire life to try a bit of yourself and never did. I mean, an insect/deer hybrid? I had to have a taste. And this? This is just... It's like magic." He nodded towards the

gash in Sugarwings' hide, the one that was there before the blender started. "Bet you were wondering about that, and I don't really have to tell you since you're gonna like, die, in the next few minutes. But I'm nice. So you can know."

He slowed down the blender so Sugar could hear him better. "Ever heard of Foie Gras? Of course you have, you're a gourmet, and you're also a disgusting glutton from the looks of it. Well, my delicious friend, you just got so fat so fast, I... I had to try it, you know? I HAD to. Fat... fucking fat as fuck bugbuck liver. I took the whole thing, it was huge. Huge! Like you. And the taste, oh the taste puts the size to shame, it is SO good. Actually... You know what, I'll do you a favor." The dragon's face cracked into a sneer that flashed his razor sharp and bloodstained fangs. "I'll let you have a taste of you." He kicked the control panel and twisted a knob, and the hose that was fastened to Sugar's mouth rumbled to life. "Just a little taste. No sense on wasting it all on you."

The hose bulged, and Sugar tried to bite down on the hose to stop the flow, but the pressure of it and the pain that assailed him was too much. He was overwhelmed in moments. A glob of his own adipose-bloated liver was squeezed into his mouth, filling it until his fat cheeks bulged with it. Tears welled up in his eyes, and he swallowed it, down his throat, and into his stomach, where it would sit for the next minute or so before his stomach was torn apart. The worst part of the experience was that the dragon was right. His liver was delicious. So much so that his mouth was left watering and wanting more. He was disgusted with himself.

The blender made quick work of his lower torso, his spine alone being no challenge at all for the force of the blender. The tide of blended meat stew rose up around Sugar as he was cut down inch by inch. His diminishing size and the increasing amount of meaty slop swirled up around him as he was being sucked under the surface by a whirlpool of blood. The blades called to him, they needed him, and their voracious spindles sucked him down and down even as he braced his fat arms against the sides of the glass. The blood splattered up along it made it slick, giving him no grip, and no salvation.

His lungs, rendered useless as soon as his body cavity was torn open, were now disposed of. As Sugar's fat chest was minced, so too were the precious organs that his ribcage guarded. The bones were shattered in seconds, and Sugar's lungs and stomach were ripped apart. Meat swelled up past the fat of his neck, and Sugar went under. The remains of his chest cavity flooded with his blended self, and it bubbled up through his open lungs and filled his nasal cavity, making it burn and pour out through his nose. He could no longer see, and his eyes stung when he tried to open them, turning his vision red.

Everything went still and cold and his heart was broken. With the beating ceased, he could feel his life freeze in his veins, unmoving. There was little left of him anyways. The ceaseless swords that cleaved his carcass were intent on taking what was left. They crushed through his shoulderblades and sliced through his neck, until only his head remained. It swirled around just above the blades for a few seconds, and then-

Crack.

His skull was split straight in half, and his brain was sliced at an angle. His thoughts, his pain, his existence all ceasing in that moment. The blender spun on, working until the dragon was sure that there was nothing recognizable left in that giant glass blender. He shut off the

machine, letting the slop settle and smooth out. Bubbles slowly made their way to the surface, making loud, wet pops like gaseous bubbles of tar.

The dragon shut off the lights in the observation room and returned the lighting in the blender room to normal before stepping out into it. His talons clacked against the concrete floor, and despite having just eaten, his stomach growled audibly. "I hope the rest of you is as good as your liver," he said to the mass of dead meat. He kicked the side of the giant blenders base, and a panel fell open, revealing a rubber hose inside. He grabbed it and pulled it out, looking up at the several tons of pureed Sugarwings he had before him. He flicked a small switch, and the vat started to drain through the hose. He plugged the end of it into his mouth and let the slurry of meat, fat, bone and blood rush over his tongue. His wings fanned and his toes curled at the taste, it was unique and remarkable.

He chugged down the Sugarwings slush. His throat bulged with every swallow and his cheeks puffed up from the pressure of all that liquified meat. One hand held the hose steady in his jaws, and the other stroked over his middle as it rounded out, swelling into a bulge and sagging over the waistline of his pants. The leathery yellow plates that banded his belly stretched, containing and restraining the skin and organs that bulged beneath them.

He couldn't keep up with the flow, and it shot in spurts from the corners of his mouth between swallows. Bloody meat trickled down his cheeks and chin, and dripped down onto his yellow chest where the contrast became more clear. Despite his labored, hurried chugging, he couldn't keep from spilling that fattening mess onto himself.

All the fat that made up Sugar's body was starting to take a toll on the dragon, but he either didn't notice or didn't care. His butt and thighs began to thicken, filling up his pants and making them tight. His arms grew heavier and softer, and his chest began to puff up and sag with fat. He stumbled, knees trembling to hold up all the weight that was adding itself to his body. He lost the fight and collapsed onto his ass, which split his pants open at the rear with a loud rip. He blushed, but didn't stop, and in fact seemed only more eager to pack away Sugar's remains.

The button on his pants strained against the advance of his stomach, but lost the fight and popped off, and the zipper soon followed as it was pulled apart. The legs of his pants began to split around the increasing girth of his limbs, showing off more of his shining red scales. His yellow chest and stomach ballooned with the feast, and a stream of meat chunks and bone fragments poured down his face and over that yellow dome before pooling around him in a hot mess of loose gore.

His neck grew fatter, gradually thickening into a tire like the one that Sugarwings had before. It masked the bulging of his throat as he swallowed, but did little to muffle the chugging sound of his gluttony. The vat drained at a steady pace, and the dragon fattened at an equal rate. His cheeks grew flabby, and his neck rolls were supported by a fat chest, that was in turn resting upon his fat-laden stomach. His arms were getting harder to lift and bend, and his pants and underwear had all but surrendered to the ever-increasing size of his butt and thighs. Any potential mobility he had left neared zero as his weight added a digit place.

He toppled onto his back, landing with a splat in the puddle of Sugarwings that had spilled out around him. His stomach rose above him now, taller than he was, and weighing down like a truck on the rest of his body, but the obesity of it all didn't seem to phase him. The

dragon, lithe and under two-hundred pounds just minutes ago, now rivaled the weight Sugarwings was before his demise. He had gorged himself into a pinnacle of gluttony, weighing a over a ton and rooted in place by his own weight. He was covered in gore and blood, soaked through his skin with it, looking like he had taken a shower in the stuff.

By the time he had drained the vat, he was a blood soaked, gore-covered, obese titan of his former self. He let the empty hose fall from his mouth, and he opened his jaws wide. A thunderous “BHUURRRRPPPP!” blasted through the room, shaking it and threatening to break the glass of the blender. The dragon licked his face clean, though the rest of him was still covered in and surrounded by Sugar’s minced remains. This hardly seemed to concern him though, as he kneaded his fat chest with the sausage-thick fingers of an equally fat hand. He belched again, a slow and lazy one this time as his stomach gurgled, digesting the fat mass that had been pumped into it. Yet despite his overfed and overblown state, he couldn’t help but drool at the thought of doing this to someone else, all over again.