

Furcas Float
By Holo

Furcas was having trouble lately. The oversized Golgor general had been spending a lot of time at the Citadel since meeting Ross and crew, but all of the time off the battlefield meant that he was getting a lot less exercise than normal. Even with the strong build of his frame, and a buttload of demon magic at his disposal, he had found his mobility steadily decreasing until he could no longer leave his room, or even move about it.

"Crud. One too many room service..." he groaned, as he managed to roll out of bed, only to find himself pinned under his own weight on the floor beside it. He laid there, accepting the consequences of many months of inaction before deciding he had suffered enough. He groped around and was lucky that his phone was within reach. He fat-fingered the on-screen speed dial, not really caring who answered.

"Furcas? What's up?" Ross's voice was on the other end of the line.

"I can't move," he grunted as his own gut weighed down on him. "Got anythin' ta help with mobility?" he asked.

"Uuuuhhh, sure. I think so. I'll head right over." The line died promptly, and Furcas simply laid himself out on the floor under his gut.

Ross arrived as promised, and took a moment to marvel at the mountain of demon that was literally laid out before him. He was big enough that he would have nearly filled Ross's room, but because of his natural hugeness, Furcas had been granted a huge room for his own use. "Geeze, has it been that long since I last saw you? You weren't even close to this big," he observed aloud as he circled the pile of demon gut while looking for Furcas's head.

The Golgor grunted. "Been a couple weeks. A couple real lazy weeks..." he admitted with a cough.

"More than just lazy from the looks of it, fatass," Ross teased as he groped the pale gut in front of him, getting an easy handful of squishy belly fat. "Don't worry though big guy, I got you covered."

"Thanks Ross, you're a real pal. What's the solution?" As he finished speaking, he heard the heavy clunk of a metal canister hitting the floor. He craned his head toward the sound, and saw Ross leaning against a tall metal canister of helium. "Oh."

"Don't give me that, you're lucky you didn't call Aros or something."

Furcas nodded. "True, fair. Well, it'll get me up on m'feet at least, so let's do it."

Ross grinned in spite of himself and dangled a length of rubber hose over Furcas's mouth. The Golgor opened wide and bit down on it, and Ross turned the nozzle open. The hose went rigid, and bulged slightly with the pressure, and Furcas's cheeks did the same as the light gas began to flow into him. At first it didn't have much an effect at all. He was already so big that there was a lot of empty space for the air to fill, and it took several minutes before his stomach started visibly stretching.

Once it finally did, Ross stood back to watch. The already-stretched-out tattoos on the demon's belly widened and distorted even further as his pale skin expanded. The inches crept on, but Furcas was so heavy that the helium wasn't making much of a difference in this

amount. He grunted and tried to sit up, or push himself to his feet, but he still wasn't feeling any lighter.

"Give it a bit!" Ross insisted. "Helium doesn't have *that* much lift. I mean, we could have used Hydrogen, but that's kind of explodey and also I think Holo ate it all the last time he was here," Ross said, leaning against a far wall. "You should at least be able to stand and waddle around after finishing this tank though."

Furcas rolled his eyes, but nodded. This was a simple solution at least, and it wasn't like a full tank of helium would be a challenge for his tremendous gut. He huffed in the gas and let it fill his body, stretching his stomach as it slowly worked to lighten the load he was carrying. He hummed, tapping his fingers on the ground as he felt his chest start to puff, and his limbs took on a bit of the air as well, making them thicker, but less heavy.

Impatient, he pushed against the floor again and teetered forwards before successfully lifting to his feet. He landed with a heavy thud, but his body wobbled slowly as the light air counteracted the heavy fat. He grabbed his sides, lifting his stomach as more and more light gas flowed into it. The weight on the bottoms of his feet slowly eased off as the minutes passed, but the room itself was getting more crowded with demon as well.

Ross was certainly enjoying the sight of the demon getting even more absurdly large. Better was the fact that he was now mobile at this girth that rivaled the size of a hotel lobby. The tank hissed on, but was starting to sputter as Furcas inhaled the gas faster than it was being supplied. His body groaned, creaking to its final size before the tank ran dry and he let the hose fall from his mouth. He took a few test steps, and was pleased to find he was mobile again, if cumbersome.

"Heh! Thanks fer the hand bud. You're a lifesaver."

Ross smiled and blushed. "Oh, it's nothing! It was my pleasure, really."

"I bet it was," Furcas teased with a wink that Ross couldn't see past the enormous orb of demon. "Now how's about you go find me a more long-term solution to this problem huh?" he suggested, strongly. Ross nodded and agreed, and bolted from the room, headed right for Aros's lab. Furcas knew that the easiest solution would be to lose weight, but he had no plans or desire to shed a single ounce of fat. From here it was only upwards and outwards.