

Personal Rebranding

By: IndigoRho

Reid Lamiac's alarm went off at eight a.m. sharp, the same time it had for the last five years. The lights in his compact, corridor-shaped apartment all turned on to imitate sunlight, with the ones above his bed brightest of all. On the small portion of a wall that constituted his "kitchen", the built-in Tortoise Brews brand coffee maker came to life, while a similarly branded breakfast sandwich was flash cooked.

By then the mint-green tiger was already mostly awake, when the daily morning greeting blared.

"Rise and shine Mr. Lamiac, it's the start of another productive day at Tortoise Brews!"

Reid sighed, another morning tradition. He wished he could remember a time he didn't regret choosing Tortoise Brews as his corporate education sponsor, but his contract had never been an enjoyable one. The tiger had simply wanted to be a chef, not even necessarily a brand-defining one. Tortoise Brews maintained a considerable number of popular bistros, cafes, and restaurants, plenty of opportunities to cook.

At least that's what their recruiters had claimed.

In reality, Reid spent more time as a barista than a chef, and upward mobility seemed impossible. His only solace was not minding the green shades that dominated his home and wardrobe thanks to public advertising clauses in his contract.

Wearied of receiving another excessively chipper wake-up reminder from his alarm, Reid slid out of bed and shuffled two steps into his kitchen wearing nothing but his boxers and a tank top.

To the tiger's surprise, neither his coffee nor sandwich were ready. In fact, both seemed to have been automatically discarded.

"Ugh, I hope this stupid thing didn't break again," Reid mumbled.

The alarm's voice came back to life. "Wonderful news Mr. Lamiac! Tortoise Brews has officially sold all assets in this city to Gaines Global, the leader in food and biotech solutions! Welcome to the Gaines family!"

Reid stood in silence, taking in the revelation. His contract had been sold, just like that, and to a company he knew best for fast food.

All at once the decor of the apartment began to shift. Comforting greens altered to tan with golden highlights. The tortoise shell filled with coffee that'd represented his former employer turned into a stylized globe with a mohawk and the initials of Gaines Global within it. Even the coffee maker changed, modular parts adjusting until it was a soda machine.

On the wall in front of Reid various panels lit up to form a display screen with the Gaines Global logo, before an image of a hefty hyena in a sharp suit appeared.

"Hello, my name is Leon Gaines, honored CEO of Gaines Global, here to officially welcome you to the company."

An orientation video--just what Reid wanted to deal with. Sure Leon looked friendly, but so had all his old bosses. The frosted-tip mohawk was different, though, and Leon was a good deal fatter than the CEO of Tortoise Brews.

"Many see a career change as a scary thing, but I like to think of it as an opportunity to explore a brand new you! From this point on you'll be working as a pastry chef for our prestigious Laughing Yeen Bakery brand, voted the most filling bakery on the planet ten years running."

Beside Leon the logo of the bakery appeared. It was the face of a fat hyena even wider than Leon, sporting a pink mohawk and a stern frown that was in stark contrast to the name.

It was a brand Reid knew well, mainly because he'd actively avoided it. Every pastry the bakery sold was absurdly high in calories, and everyone he knew who'd made regular trips to one had ended

up putting on weight. Maintaining his slim figure might become difficult.

“Now here at Gaines Global we believe very strongly in two things: that employees are the best advertisement, and that you can’t trust a skinny chef!” Leon let out a hearty laugh that shook his prominent belly. “As such, we offer ample incentives for team players who adopt ample waistlines.”

Reid scoffed. He couldn’t see himself gaining weight just for a tiny increase in pay or company credit.

“Of course all bakery employees also have a four hundred pound minimum written into their contracts, so your first assignment will be to grow into your new role!”

Reid’s jaw dropped open in shock. He’d never heard of weight requirements for a job—it was outrageous! They couldn’t possibly expect him to gain nearly three hundred pounds, he’d be huge, immense! Surely there was some way to get a deferral.

From the kitchen wall a hose appeared. It lunged for Reid’s mouth, the tiger barely getting out a yelp before it forced its way down his throat.

Gripping the hose in both paws, Reid pulled with all his might, but he couldn’t budge it an inch. The wall display flickered on, reading “Gaines Global GainerGro™”.

Something cool and thick began to pour through the tube and into Reid’s stomach, causing his eyes to widen. Almost instantly his flat middle ballooned outward, turning into a dome frighteningly fast. He redoubled his efforts to dislodge the hose.

Leon started speaking again. “Fortunately you’ll be in peak company shape in a flash, as Gaines Global is the market leader in weight-gain supplements. Whether you need your livestock to be too wide to waddle or think a friend could use an extra jiggle in their step, Gaines Global has you covered. Quite literally, as we also sell an award winning line of expandex clothing guaranteed to handle your heft from a hundred pounds, to a thousand, to beyond!”

Reid’s middle had swelled into a ball gut. He stumbled as the weight of the gainer shake filling his gut disrupted his balance, and was forced to give up on the hose just so he could hold up his belly. Unable to remove the tube, all Reid could do was watch as he expanded out of control.

“And with our patented digestion enhancer you won’t have to wait hours for all those calories to turn into productive pudge. Instead the pounds will pile on in a matter of minutes!”

Had he not been gagged by a hose, Reid would’ve let out a cry of dismay.

Just as promised, the tiger’s whole body steadily began to fatten, growing thicker and softer before his very eyes. Reid’s gut hadn’t gotten any smaller, still bulging with gainer shake. He could *feel* it growing in his grip, becoming heavier, doughier.

Out of desperation Reid tried poking at the kitchen dispenser, but whenever he moved his paw away from his belly he nearly toppled over, and the dispenser didn’t seem eager to respond to the few commands he entered. Eventually he’d swelled so much his middle pressed against the wall, prompting him to stagger backwards. Of course his bed was right behind him, and Reid found himself falling back into it.

Reid grunted as he landed on the bed, his whole gut wobbling—along with the fat he’d accumulated. Attempting to stand back up proved futile, the tiger weighed down by his own belly.

There was no way for Reid to tell how much weight he’d gained already, but with how pudgy his paws and face had become he knew it was far too much. The seams on his boxers and tank top were starting to tear apart, overwhelmed by his girth. Moobs had formed, his rump was rapidly taking up more space, and he swore he could feel his second chin jiggle whenever he moved his head.

The swelling continued, blubber being added all over the tiger’s body. When the flow of gainer shake finally ceased and the hose retracted, Reid couldn’t even feel relief. He watched his gut deflate slightly as the last of the shake was converted into fat, but he was still massive.

Reid’s paws nervously explored his new heft, squeezing and wiggling his belly, sliding down towards his wide rear and thighs. He couldn’t move an inch without *something* wobbling, making it impossible to pretend for even a second that he wasn’t now four hundred pounds.

“Adjusting to your exciting new size may take time, but don’t let that get in the way of your vital work at Gaines Global!” Leon chuckled. “A properly-fitted uniform will be provided, along with a graciously complimentary expandex jumpsuit for you to wear until you’ve purchased a new wardrobe.”

A panel slid open, a freshly delivered jumpsuit ejecting out of it and onto Reid’s gut. Reid unfolded it, revealing a large logo for the Laughing Yeen Bakery both on its front and where his rear would be. With his considerable girth, Reid would practically be a waddling billboard for the company. Undoubtedly another reason the employees were required to be so fat.

“A wide assortment of nutritious pastries will be provided for your daily at-home meals, and serving sizes will be automatically adjusted to maintain your contractually obligated weight,” Leon said with his ever-present smile. “Details on your new workplace and schedule will be sent shortly, but for now make sure you enjoy a well-earned rest. Vacation time will be deducted accordingly. Oh, and try not to exert yourself and lose any precious ounces!”

Leon faded from view, the logo of Gaines Global returning for a moment before the screen went blank.

Overwhelmed, Reid simply fell backwards, whining as he felt himself jiggle. He was already missing his boring career with Tortoise Brews. At least then he wasn’t doomed to be a butterball for life...