

Maggie was beginning to wonder why she took this job. She sat alone in a cold, brightly lit room in nothing but an odd sort of suit that they gave her which felt at least five sizes too big. When she had taken the job, it had seemed pretty nice, just go to the research facility, test some sciency thing, and make a quick buck. Now, the chubby hippo girl paced back and forth across her room, waiting for anything to actually happen. After some time, the door to her room opened, revealing a short, skinny mouse girl in a lab coat.

“Maggie Forscher?” she said, looking down at her clipboard.

“Yes?” Maggie replied, stopping her pacing rounds to walk over to the door.

“This way please.” The researcher turned and exited, Maggie following closely behind her. The two walked down a labyrinth of halls, turning all sorts of different directions as they went. They eventually came upon a door much larger than any of the ones that Maggie had seen previously. “Step in here and we can begin the tests.” She motioned to the door as it opened up automatically.

“What’s the test for?” Maggie asked

“Ma’am, please refrain from causing delays.” The researcher replied coldly.

“Okay?” Maggie stepped cautiously through the large door, entering into a clean, white room that was seemingly empty save for a single table in the middle of it. She approached it, finding a glass of what looked like water placed on it.

“Subject 24601, drink the contents of the glass.” A voice sounded out through the room, echoing off of the walls a bit.

“Uhm, okay.” She said, picking up the small glass and downing it in a few gulps. She placed back onto the table gently. “So when does it start doing stu-“ she was cut short by a sudden breaking of her attention. Her entire mind was occupied with a new, intoxicating aroma that had entered the room. A large, mechanical noise sounded out and one of the walls of the room was drawn away, revealing a gigantic banquet. Her mouth watered as she looked over the wide array of food placed on the long table, and after a moment she bounded over to the table as fast as her legs could carry her.

Immediately, she began to stuff her face with all sorts of food, their tastes being unnaturally good as she devoured everything in front of her. After she had cleaned off a couple plates, Maggie could feel a distinct fullness in her belly. She had never really overeaten before, despite what her chubby frame might have implied. But now, the pronounced bulge of her gut made her wonder why she never had before. She grabbed another plate and began to down it as well, feeling her belly push out further with each bite. She slapped her bloated middle, moaning softly as she felt its contents sloshing about.

She continued to tear through the seemingly endless food in front of her, and her body clearly showed the fruits of her efforts. Her once baggy suit now stretched tight, her belly having

been stuffed into being a massive mound of flab that hung down past her knees. Her butt was a similar blob, extending out from the rest of her swollen form and making her resemble a large couch from behind. Yet still she ate away constantly, entirely uncaring about anything except being able to stuff her face. With each bite, a new wave of pleasure was sent rippling through her body, causing the entirety of her to jiggle.

Maggie continued to stuff herself full of food, not once noticing the ominous creaking coming from her tight clothes, desperately attempting to hold on to her massive body. Eventually, though, as she began to stuff her mouth with a particularly good chocolate cake, she heard a ripping sound erupt, followed by her piles of fat spilling out from the ruins of her clothes. Her fat, now completely unrestrained, flopped out enthusiastically, her belly finally flopping onto the floor.

She continued to eat like this, naked and huge, not caring about the world in the slightest, or caring that there must have been some researcher intently noting her unrestrained gluttony. However, eventually her massive lust for food got the better of her. Maggie reached out for another plate, but found nothing more than her own flab that she could reach. She was an entirely immobile blob, jiggling slightly as she waved her arms in front of her, desperately trying to grab at any food, though she knew that she was far too fat to do so at that point.

She grunted as she did so “Food. . . ugh. . . food. . .” she said, trying to push her blobby boobs away to reach over at the table in front of her.

Suddenly, there came an odd cold feeling from behind. This feeling wasn’t isolated, as she felt herself getting poked, prodded and squeezed all over herself. Eventually, she heard the scribbling of pen on paper, followed by the mouse researcher from earlier stepping into her line of sight.

“Excellent work, 24601!” she said, smiling at the blob of fat that Maggie had become. “You did great it that test! Is there anything I can get for you as a reward?” “F-food. . .” Maggie continued to reach towards the table.

“Hehe, I should have guessed.” The researcher said, giggling to herself a bit. “Okay then, how about we start up the next test?”

“Food?” Maggie asked desperately, having not eaten anything in at least the past six minutes.

“Oh, don’t worry, fatty. We’ll have plenty of food for you there.” The researcher replied. “We’ll let you stuff your belly as much as you like!” she said, stretching her arms out as far as she could, barely being able to hug half of Maggie’s belly fat, sinking in slightly to her blobby body.

“F-food!” Maggie said, overjoyed at the mere idea of being able to stuff herself further.

“Food indeed.” The researcher said, walking over to an odd looking button on the wall and pressing it, causing another great mechanical roaring to fill the room again.