

“Honey, I’m home!” Richard said, entering the Watterson household. This had become a regular occurrence, the rabbit having somehow secured himself a full time job a few months ago. Over that time, he had undergone a shocking metamorphosis. The once overweight slob had slimmed down considerably thanks to his new position, now sporting a relatively trim figure. The whole Watterson family had taken notice to the sudden change in character; his changes earning praise from all those around him.

That is, all except for Nicole. You wouldn’t be able to tell outwardly, as she joined in with the admiration of his new physique. However, safe within her own mind was stored a feeling of resentment towards her husband’s slimness. Though she was legitimately proud of his responsibility, she despised how she no longer had anyone to spoil, no one to make unnecessary amounts of food for, no one to keep lazy and fat. That is, until she devised a plan, a plan that she would soon put into motion.

Gumball Watterson had just finished a surprisingly uneventful day. He had gotten up, gone to school, and otherwise completed his daily routine without any of the normal hijinks that tended to befall upon him. That evening, he entered his kitchen for dinner, but found much more. The kitchen table was stacked high with all varieties of burgers, fries, and all other sorts of fast food fare. Although it was all homemade, it carried the same aura of fat and unhealthiness of the real stuff.

“Hey there, Gumball!” his mother popped out from behind the mountainous meal. “Looks like I went a bit overboard tonight. . .” she chuckled to herself. “Ah, well. Enjoy anyways!”

And so he did. Gumball quickly tore into the pile of food, devouring to his heart’s content. Burger after burger passed between his lips, stimulating his taste buds with their intoxicating flavors. As he did so, his shirt began to be pushed up, exposing his stuffed stomach, and his behind began to feel tight in his pants. Eventually, however, his pace did slow, eventually coming to a halt. He rubbed his tight stomach with one hand and tried to loosen his pants some with the other. The intense fullness in his belly caused him to groan softly to himself.

“Hmm, looks like we’re going to have some leftovers.” Nicole said, downplaying the considerable pile of food still left on the table. “But still, it looks like you enjoyed yourself, huh?” she said, patting Gumball’s swollen stomach.

A quick burp escaped Gumball’s mouth, pulling his mind away from the tightness in his gut and back to the outside world. “Y-yeah, mom.” He said meekly. “URP- t-thanks.” He slid off of his strained chair and landed heavily on the floor, causing his taut belly to jiggle slightly. He waddled upstairs, his body causing him quite the struggle on the way back to his room. He did eventually reach it, though, panting somewhat due to the trial he had gone through to get there. He then unceremoniously flopped into his bed, falling quickly into a food induced sleep.

Meanwhile, even after all of the other lights in the home had been shut off, those in the kitchen still shone on. In it, Nicole worked unceasingly, diligently cooking away. “That was a good start,” she said to herself, “but tomorrow is when the real fun begins!”

Gumball's dreams didn't give him any refuge from his fullness. In them, he found himself in front of great buffets and banquets, piled high with all the types of food he could imagine. He stuffed himself endlessly, achieving levels of gluttony he didn't think were possible. As a result, his body fattened immensely, swelling up to the point of near immobility by the time that he awoke. He sat up in his bed, confused somewhat by the odd dream he had just experienced, but mostly by how much he enjoyed the idea of recreating his nocturnal vision.

He had little time to dwell on these feelings, however, as his nose was suddenly assaulted with the scent of bacon. He hopped out of bed, wobbling slowly downstairs to the source of the smell, and creating quite a ruckus as his weight fell upon each stair on his way down. Nicole heard the loud thumping that announced her son's arrival and called out to him from the kitchen. "Good morning, Gumball! You sleep well?" she asked him.

"Uh, I guess." He said, rubbing his eyes as he entered the room. "I kept having really weird dreams about-" he stopped for a moment as he opened his eyes and looked across the kitchen, "-food?"

"Then you're probably pretty hungry; I hope I made enough!" Nicole said. This, again, was quite the understatement, as the entire kitchen was filled with mountainous piles of food. Pancakes, bacon, sausage, eggs, they were all present in insanely large portions. Gumball looked in shock and awe at the array in front of him. There was no way he could possibly eat this on his own, he thought too himself, it's way too much. These thoughts, however, were quickly silenced by his stomach, which gurgled in eager anticipation of the meal ahead, urging him on to sit down at the table.

He eventually did, his chair creaking under the heavy mass just placed upon it, and selected a plate piled with bacon to start off with. Its flavor was indescribably good, and he ended up shoveling it into his mouth as quickly as possible, forgetting all restraint as he munched away at the mountain of meat in front of him. By the time he had finished that, his belly had already begun to swell out again, eagerly accepting the massive load of bacon being shoveled into it and flopping down in front of him like an apron of sorts. His ass, too, showed signs of growth, making his pants strain to try containing it and threatening to spill over the sides of his chair.

After his first plate of bacon had been finished, he moved on to a platter of pancakes, each unbelievably thick and stacked at least twenty tall, with rich syrup and butter filling every crack where there may have been air in the towering meal. Gumball dug in greedily, though began to slow around his tenth pancake, his gut groaning again from fullness.

"Ugh, mom? I'm stuffed." He said, rubbing at his engorged belly in a desperate attempt to aid with its intense pressure.

Nicole swiftly walked over to her bloated son, looking him over intently, squishing and poking his immense flab at various points over his body. "Stuffed?" she giggled to herself, "You've still got some space in there, I know it! And as long as you have space in you, you'd better be ready to fill it up~"

At this point, Nicole took control of feeding, grabbing the fork from Gumball's hand and using it to stuff more pancake into his mouth. "M-mom, no-MPH!" Gumball was unable to voice his protests to the constant stream of food being shoveled into his mouth. His stomach was forced to be stretched further in response to the mountains of breakfast being forced into it, swelling out so far as to touch the kitchen floor in front of him. By now, even saggy moobs were forming on Gumball, resting heavily on his tightly packed stomach.

His rear also shared in his continued growth, now flopping over the edges of his seat, causing it to creak louder with every bite he took. Eventually, it could hold no longer, and with a great sound that resembled both a crash and a rip, Gumball's massive body fell onto the floor, his clothes being torn to shreds by his flab simultaneously. His fat, now freed from its clothe-based prison, spilled forth, causing the boy's body to assume the shape of an oversized bean-bag chair, rather than that of his slim body that he possessed only last afternoon.

Nicole took no notice, simply reveling in the joys of stuffing her child with more and more of her food. She stuffed him full of some giant platter of food, and she would simply grab another to begin the process again. This process continued all morning, Gumball's body growing all the while, until Nicole finished off a platter with Gumball and, reaching to grab another, found that he had consumed the entirety of the immense breakfast.

This was clearly visible on his body, which was now completely immobilized by his fat. His feet could no longer touch the floor, instead they were absorbed into his billowing fat as he now rested upon a thick layer of flesh. His stomach was stretched beyond belief, resting swollen, groaning and gurgling as a giant mass that filled almost half of the kitchen in front of him. His ass was even larger, a giant mound of fat that spilled out behind the rest of his body, threatening to block the door out of the kitchen with its bulk.

Nicole again went about examining Gumball, poking at him and causing his blubbery body to jiggle. He blushed deeply as he felt her hugging at his rear, trying to grab at all that she could, but still failing to reach around even half of it. She stepped away, so as to admire an overview of his blob of a body. "Hmm," she made one final assessment of his size. "Yep! It looks like you're ready for lunch! I'll have it ready in just a moment, hope you're hungry~" she said, as Gumball's eyes at first grew in fear, but then quickly changed to express a lustful desire. He knew that he was already an immobile blob, but somehow he was still enticed by the idea of growing bigger, something that he most certainly would do.