

Pheal Gud Shorties: Don't Feed The Animals

The smell of musk and animal feed was a prominent popuri to any zoo, heat radiating off the concrete crosswalks and artificial boulders in the midday sun. Weeds grew from the cracks of the sidewalk and sometimes up the brick walls with the mural of happy animals displayed in chipped paint. Animals would lazily sleep in their dens or sun themselves outside, everything was somewhat cramped yet sleepy.

It wasn't all sleepy, as a small crowd surrounded one of the more cramped looking cages in the zoo, holding large boxes of popcorn, soda, and many other prepackaged treats bought from the local snack shop. There was commotion as kids and adults alike pointed and tossed popcorn at the center of their attention.

Sprawled out in the cage was a pile of white, black and grey fur, barely noticeable as a living creature. She could be more described as a parody of one from how bloated she was. The opossum was massive, immobilized in her weight as her sides and gut spread out beyond her reach, thick fat breasts with exposed nipples sagged as thick flat lumps on a huge gut that was so massive it firmly pressed against the top of her hairless feet despite how spread out they were. Her head was permanently sunken into her thick neck rolls, her muzzle forced upwards to where she no longer could see the horizon. Food covered her expansive rolls, thrown at her by the audience for the past several hours, and yet she still continued to eat.

Elizabeth was in a confusing purgatory, practically stuck on her ass almost five yards wide, everything ached, her breathing was labored, and she was perpetually too hot. Yet she was constantly fed these delicious

foods full of salt, sugar, and fat. The obese opossum knew that it was the cause of her current issues, yet whenever a funnel cake or a kernal of popcorn landed anywhere near her muzzle, she'd struggle to turn her head and attempt to lick it up. Her face was bloated with fat, the top of her muzzle had swollen a couple inches upwards with lard and formed thick rolls getting in the way of her eyesight, even making her nose look sunken in. Cheeks encroached upon her vision, forcing her to squint and making her eyes appear very sunken in, even with her soft fat forehead partially pushing over also.

Her arms attempted to move, short limbs that have grown wider than they are long, sagging with literal feet of fat draping out to her sides. So thick that she's able to touch the skin around the elbow of the same arm with her fat hand, if it could move. Her hairless hand was swollen similar to that of a glove, bloated with so much fat that her palm had swollen outwards. It was impossible for her to form a fist, and when she tried her own fingers dimpled and bulged only able to wiggle like fat outstretched nubs. They ached when she did this, her muscles atrophied by the year of inactivity, barely budging here and there to get more comfortable. Her bald tail was fattened to the point that it was thicker than a normal sized torso, lined with rolls like an earthworm. It rarely moved, twitching on occasion but too weak to move its own weight, merely oozing outwards to each side.

"Here fatass, you 'love' popcorn don't you" one bystander cackled, tossing popcorn at Elizabeth, watching as she would frantically lick it up off her chins.

"She just can't seem to get enough" called another, reaching through the bars to poke at her gut, the fur thinned to the point that people could

somewhat see the thick array of stretch marks sprawling across her titanic gut.

“Look at that blob” one called out, holding a hotdog through the bars, “I bet you want the hotdog don't yah. You've been fed constantly for hours yet you're still desperate for this.” Elizabeth whimpered, trying to ignore the teasing but her hands scrunched up in attempts to grab at the treat oh so far away. She wiggled and wobbled, jaw opening and closing compulsively as she licked her lips imagining the hotdog in her fat clogged muzzle.

“Look at how desperate the bitch is” he called out, watching as Elizabeth struggle and wheeze, even her chubby toes squirmed, as if making any movement could help. Though her legs slowly bent and moved, causing the audience to scream in excitement. Seeing such a massive fatass of a creature slowly move was like seeing continents shift. She could feel the soles of her feet, thickened by inches of flab, push against the concrete as she swiveled them around. Gut slowly inching forwards further and further as her ass rose in the air, limp tail falling into place on the canyon sized crack of her ass. Folds shifted and slapped against each other, breasts swung and rolled against the deathgrips at her side. Beyond the tipping point, she sloshed forward, ass jutting in the air and her breasts slapping the ground before her fat chest and fur smooshed into the iron bars.

The opossum's head was firmly stuck between two bars, the creature's muzzle was so thick with rolls that it was squished between the iron rods. Fat attempted to squeeze between the metal rods of her enclosure, yet they could only make it past an inch. The opossum's fat back rose high, almost higher than her ass, and collapsed against the back of her head, forcing her ears against her head and pushing her eyes closed. She was physically blinded by her own fat, cheeks, muzzle, and even her face

and back fattened to the point where it firmly pressed her eyes closed. Yet her muzzle was still open, her tongue licking her lips for more treats.

She could hear the crowd outside cheering, but it was muffled through her own fat, and then she felt the thick hotdog shoved into her muzzle. The person's hand shoved it forward to the point where his palm squeezed against her nose and pushed it up, just to make sure it made it all the way in.

"What a desperate fat ass" he called out, his voice muffled like the rest. Elizabeth felt hands crawl against her flesh through the bars as many curious visitors and their children touched and pushed at her fat. Pulling open rolls to the cold air and sending her goliath body into slow shaking motions. Some eager guests started to violently shake her, just to hear her rolls slap about, slipping against her sweaty furred body.

She was more violently fed now that her muzzle was within arm's reach, and more and more whole foods were just rammed down her throat. People teased and poked her, many proclaiming her as 'the fattest thing alive'. He didn't know how long that would last, as her heavy wheezing breaths whistled past her sunken in muzzle and nostrils. Still, the keepers did nothing other than occasionally clean her and put her on oxygen at night.

The sign at the front of her cage, "Do Not Feed The Animals" was ignored, all for the entertainment of the guests, seeing her swell outwards more and more, despite her whimpering and wheezing. Yet even then, as she tasted the sweet taste of funnel cakes, the saltiness of popcorn, or the savory processed meat of a hotdog, she couldn't help but wrap her lips around it and swallow, addicted to the taste.

She was less an animal now, and more of some kind of attraction. Barely able to hear, unable to see, only able to taste the food and feel their hands crawl across her body, shaking and pinching her fat. Elizabeth heard a strange noise one day, yet didn't pay any mind to it, unknowing that someone was crossing out the 'not' in the "Do Not Feed The Animals" sign.

It was an appropriate modification.