

If there was one thing that the streets of Cairo were abundant with, it was usually the pattering of children's footsteps against the sunbaked pavement. One particular child had just gotten out from the nearby patisserie; a bag of chewy salted caramels clutched tightly in their little hand, and was running down the street without a care in the world! Why, they weren't even watching where they were going!

“OOMPH!”

Said blindness lead to the child colliding headfirst into the waist of someone who was much much taller than them. They fell backwards, still gripping the bag of caramels securely in their hands. To a child, candy was far more important than the well-being of an adult; but the lingering reminder of reprimand from their parents made the child murmur out a small apology to the individual that they had bumped into.

“Hm, impressive, you didn't cry when you bumped into me” The adult replied, kneeling down to meet the child's eye level.

The child couldn't help but tilt his head at the sight of the man. He appeared to be middle aged with very pronounced and pouty lips...almost like a fish or a stereotypical rich man with a haughty air about them. His hair was styled into a long, dustmop-like style and multiple jingling bells hung from random strands by decorative purple beads. Dark sunglasses covered his eyes, but not fully, it only showed the top of his slightly drooping and deadened brown eyes.

“How old are you?” The strange looking man asked in a calm and almost fatherly manner.

The child rose up their free hand and held up five fingers, still speechless at the sight of the man.

“Five? Impressive” Was his reply, the slight movement of his head caused the bells in his hair to jingle softly “Now, where are your parents?”

Words finally came to the child in the form of a quiet, pitchy murmur just like before.

“A-At work”

“So your parents are working right now? They are not around?” The man tilted his head slightly, producing more jingles, lips upturned into a pouty smile.

The child nodded: “Yes”

For a second...the man continued to smile...he slowly placed his hand on the child's shirt and dusted off some dirt for them. A small chuckle, a chuckle that fit his stature and face very well, escaped his pouted lips.

But it was only for a second

The man's grip on the shirt tightened and the child was pulled up with a violent heave. The dead droop in his eyes was replaced with wide and fury filled eyes; capillaries preparing to burst on the periphery of them. The pout on his face jutted outward into an evil sneer; showing off his lower teeth and just how pronounced of an underbite he truly had. The child yelped and screamed in his grip, their small hands grabbing at the angry man's muscular arms in some vain attempt to make him let go, but to no avail.

**“IF YOUR PARENTS AREN'T AROUND TO PUNISH YOU FOR NOT WATCHING WHERE YOU ARE GOING, THEN ALLOW ME TO DO IT FOR THEM! HOLD STILL YOU LITTLE BRAT!”** The angry man bellowed out, delivering a swift and heavy **SMACK** to the child's face. Tears and snot ran down the child's features, cheeks turned red and eyes cinched closed in absolute horror. Fear fueled the man further, more and more smacks and punches connected with the soft and innocent skin of the youth, an almost bestial snarl came from the man and totally drowned out the gurgled whimpers and coughs of the now bloodied child in his grip. When they proved to be no more of a threat, the man dropped them unceremoniously to the ground and sauntered around their unconscious body.

“Hmhmhm, impressive, that one stayed conscious much longer than the little idiot who dumped mud onto my shoes. I, Alessi, am truly a force to be--“

“Hellooooo, what is this?”

The man, Alessi, looked at the small cellophane bag that they had dropped during the beating. It was a bag of caramels that the child probably spent their hard earned allowance on, so many dishes washed and so many clothes folded to make enough money to buy such a delicious looking treat. What better way to add insult to injury

than for Alessi to take spoils he had so **OBVIOUSLY** deserved more than that little brat. He picked up the bag and chuckled softly.

“Sweets are bad for you little one, let Alessi take those for you” Alessi giggled, popping one of the caramels onto his tongue. The sweetness of the caramel and the sting of salt caused the man to giggle even further, candy well-earned indeed, it tasted so good in fact; that he popped a few more in just so he could feel the sensation of sweet and salty coalescing on his tongue yes again. Before long...the caramels had all disappeared...Alessi dropped the cellophane bag near the still unconscious child and wiped his hand on his purplish jacket.

Oh how impressive that was! Alessi had never thought of taking candy from children before! The abject innocence of the victims he stole them from made the candy taste so much better!

Perhaps there was something to gain from this practice, there were many children in Cairo with sweet teeth and Alessi didn't want to waste any of the hard earned money he got from his kills on candy he could so very easily take from others. With a smirk, Alessi brought his hand to his sunglasses and adjusted them carefully.

“I, Alessi, will take candy from a baby...that is how the metaphor goes yes?”

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It had been exactly one month since Alessi had come to this realization and he had raked in a literal dragon's hoard of sweets: jammy dodgers, shortbread cookies, fruity gummies, caramels, and even a handful of candy corn here and there. Ohhhhhh how the children sobbed and wailed when he took the candy from them, he enjoyed the shrieking warbles of the babies the most, the look on their dumb little faces when he snatched away their lollipops was priceless. Alessi hummed and giggled as he reminisced, the stick of a cute round Dum Dum Pop popped out of his still pouting lips.

In a month, all the candy gorging had...made itself known on Alessi's frame...but not that much. His muscular body had very slightly softened and his flat stomach began to show a curve, his sides were a bit puffier and produced a sizeable muffin top (which was thankfully covered up by his jacket and the band of his suspenders), and his slender face had rounded out a little bit; making his cheeks look a little bit more

pinchable. Alessi was totally ignorant to the weight he had gained, it was just a tiny bit of chub, where was the harm in it? He could easily walk it off with a few laps around DIO's mansion. It was fine.

Absolutely fine.

Alessi sat back on the musty sofa in the living area of the mansion and unwrapped a milk candy before he delicately licked it and slurped it into his mouth. He lay in a lackadaisical position as he chewed and smacked at the candy, hand resting on his head while his shadowy Stand held up a book for him. It didn't take long for the candy in his mouth to finally slide into his stomach and for another two to be popped in.

Suddenly a familiar sound filled his ears: the clacking of a cane against the floor. He remembered that it was usually the time that N'Doul returned from his desert pilgrimages and relaxed in the living area for a couple hours before retiring to his bedroom. The noise of the clattering cane came closer and closer until the blind man entered via the eastern corridor, the cane tapped the couch and he carefully sat himself down next to Alessi.

"Mm, hello N'Doul" Alessi spoke through a mouthful of milk candy; his words were very slightly muffled. The crinkling of a bag full of caramels was audible and soon was the sound of more chewing.

"Hello Alessi, has the day been treating you well?" N'Doul calmly replied, his tone never wavering, remaining at its constant sagely monotone. His closed eyes cinched a little as the sound of a bag and chewing became apparent. "You are eating more of that junk food?"

"It isn't junk food! Junk food is that greasy slop that those American fast food places serve or the chips you get in vending machines that are utterly saturated in cheesy powders and corn starch and such. Candy is far too sweet and delectable to be junk food"

"Hmm, it may not be as greasy as junk food, but it is still unhealthy to eat in large amounts like you have been doing this past month" N'Doul raised his cane and lightly pushed it into his compatriot's stomach, it sunk in very gently. "See? You have put on weight, keep going like this and you'll get even worse"

“Worse worse worse, you know you are quite the pessimist N’Doul, you do not need to worry about any sort of weight I might have put on; I can just run it off, no skin off my nose” All of his words were still muffled thanks to the caramels in his mouth and now a box of vanilla wafers were pulled out of his little candy hoard. He nudged the box towards N’Doul with a smile on his face. “Here, have a cookie, you have been out in the desert for quite a while and you must be hungry”

“I will eat something later” Was N’Doul’s only reply “Something more substantial”

“Alright, suit yourself”

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How long had it been now? Three months? Yes, three months sounded about right. Alessi had showed no sign of stopping his new candy pilfering agenda, like an engine that refused to die; he just kept going and going. Soon enough the hoard of sweets had shrunk to a more manageable basketful that sat on the shelf. It was much smaller than the proverbial hill he started with but he was fine with it being this small now, even he had his limits.

His clothes had their limits too, which was now very...**VERY** obvious

The Stand User had ballooned outwards during the three months of candy pilfering. His face was now totally round and sported the beginnings of a second chin, his once muscular chest had now totally softened out; pecs becoming perky moobs that gently sagged against the burgeoning fabric and the creaking suspenders, his stomach had inflated into a large squishy ball that hung out and peeked out from the holes his straining jacket buttons were creating; he looked as if he was hiding a couple of medicine balls under his shirt. His belly band was absolutely dying, giving up on covering the expanse up a few weeks ago and just letting it hang out from underneath it.

The most damage was done to his lower body though, Alessi was known to have a “bubble butt” by most of the people he worked with, well, that bubble butt had become a straight up zeppelin butt by this point. His ponderous ass could easily take up two chairs now and made his once very loose and baggy orange parachute pants skintight. Thick thighs caused the side seams of the pants to groan in agony.

Overall, he had become quite fat, fat enough to reduce his once athletic sprint into a heaving waddle. He hobbled himself out of his room, wide hips getting stuck in the doorframe for a moment before Sethan peered out of his shadow and gave him a firm push. A snack cake was clutched in his pudgy fingers as he waddled down the corridor and set himself down on the couch with a heavy thud. Thank goodness the couch was made to support the weight of four people; it barely reacted to his fat ass sitting down upon it.

“Mm...mmff...goodness...so impressive! Hmmhmmhmm, this job just keeps getting better and better” Alessi mused to himself inbetween mouthfuls of the cream filled snack cake. In a second the cake was gone and he licked the excess cream off of his sausage fingers. “It is a shame that parents have caught onto my misdeeds, there are hardly any sweets for me to pilfer anymore! Umpf! Unimpressive indeed!” Alessi pouted and folded his thick arms together and laid back, the motion causing his fat gut to gurgle and wobble slightly.

Then...just like every other day...the familiar clacking returned, the sound of the cane caused Alessi to sit back up again and scoot himself over as much as his wide hips would allow, leaving only a small spot for another person to sit. N’Doul took no notice to this until he finally sat himself down and was bombarded with a squishy, warm mass invading his left side. This was so shocking that he actually opened his eyes, revealing his completely white sclera and irises.

“Oh! Ah! What...What is this?!” N’Doul sputtered out, his hands pushing at his friends flesh. It felt incredibly warm in his grasp. Each touch elicited a small noise from the corpulent Stand User until he finally yelped when Geb poked at him...rather violently.

“AAH! N’Doul! It is just me! I am sitting here too!”

“Alessi? This is...” He paused and exhaled slowly “What did I tell you all those months ago? You got worse”

“No I didn’t! Big just happens to be beautiful nowadays”

“Hm...” Was all N’Doul could muster at the comment. He had to admit that the warm flesh felt nice against his hands, his heightened sense of touch only furthered how pleasurable it truly was. “Big is beautiful?”

“Yes, yes it is; I can still walk around and run all this weight off; I told you before, there is no need to worry about it!”

N'Doul paused, a wave of feelings going through him at the moment. He experimentally placed his hand back onto the warm flesh and squished it a little. Alessi shuddered softly but didn't do anything to stop him, for some reason, this felt...really REALLY good.

“A-Ah...N'Doul!”

The other didn't respond, he simply continued to squish and knead the other's assflesh. N'Doul shuddered as well and let out a small huff...so...so good...it felt so good! It felt surprisingly good! His small kneads and rubs intensified, one hand pushing and rubbing at Alessi's ass while the other hand moved up towards his gut and massaged it gently.

“Oh g-god” Alessi muttered, round cheeks growing red “Hh...N'Doul...you are venturing into a very s-sensitive area”

N'Doul wanted to feel all over his friend, just to see how much damage he had done to himself. The flesh was warm and soft, the blind man's hands ran over the expansive ball of a gut; circling around it a few times and even resting his head on it for a moment. N'Doul's heightened sense of hearing allowed him to listen to the soft gurgles and grumbles of Alessi's stomach as it digested the sugary candy inside of it. In one swift motion, N'Doul moved himself closer to Alessi's face and groped at it. It no longer felt solid and strong; it felt like jello inbetween his fingers.

“Your cheeks feel warm” he murmured out, pulling and squishing at Alessi's round and full cheeks.

“Mmsh...wellpf thatsh what happensh when you go afround gropfhing me!” Alessi choked out, though his words were lispy and muffled thanks to N'Doul's hands squishing and poking at his face like an overexcited child. “Shtopf it! Unimpresshivfe!” His fat hands pushed and shoved at N'Doul's face in an attempt to make him stop but it only made him want to continue, he nestled his face into his hands and sighed softly.

“So soft, no moisturizer in the world could make hands this soft”

Alessi squeaked out a scream and toppled onto his side, causing the couch to creak just a little bit. He could hardly believe what was happening; he never pegged N'Doul to be the type of person to have a fat fetish! Though, the more Alessi pondered over it, the more it started to make a little sense. N'Doul was blind and probably had no idea what fat felt like, feeling something so foreign and new was probably making him excited. N'Doul simply continued to try and blindly grope at Alessi, crawling back onto him and placing his hands on his chest; slender fingers trailed around his moobs and squeezed them softly, causing Alessi to let out a moan, much louder than the quiet ones before.

“You’re as abundant as a woman now!” N'Doul laughed and squeezed the others tits with a bit more force, he reveled in how Alessi moaned and mewled underneath his touch. Feeling and hearing the normally overconfident Stand User act like a flustered pile of adipose drove N'Doul wild. He slipped his hands underneath his jacket and got a better grip on him.

“N...N'Doul...oh god...” Alessi gasped and huffed, cheeks as red as beets, his fat arms moved closer to N'Doul’s waist and held him close for a second.

Until he promptly shoved him off

“YOUR HANDS ARE FREEZING COLD!” He screamed out, folding his arms together and puffing out his cheeks like a pouting child “Gracious, N'Doul, if you are going to grope my moobs, at least warm your hands in a microwave or something!”

All N'Doul could do was stare for a couple of seconds before he finally let out a friendly and bashful laugh. His cheeks were still red and he pressed a hand to his mouth to stifle himself.

Even though Alessi was bigger and softer, he was still himself.

From then on, N'Doul spent less time in the desert, coming home to the mansion earlier so he could get more time to talk (and possibly grope) his wide friend. Alessi soon gave up the whole “stealing candy from children” spiel entirely when he was caught by an odd man with a Stand that spewed fire and had the body of a bird. He simply went back to his normal routine, still retaining all the chub and softness he had acquired from his candy hoarding.



Though the candy hoarding was a thing of the past, Alessi still reveled in just how impressive that plan was.

Very impressive indeed~