

It has been too long since the last job I had been given, money has stopped flowing and blood has stopped shedding. Nobody to curse, nobody to tear apart with my Stand; my life has become...boring. The life of Devo the Cursed has become a life of monotony and normality, a life I do not want to live. Something needs to happen soon or I will be tempted to use Ebony Devil to tear my own throat out, a world where I cannot curse others and instill my hate in them is a world I do not want to be a part of.

The only joy I can find now is scamming ignorant white people out of their hard earned money. I find it funny and sad how these people, who are responsible for the mass genocide of my people and culture, suddenly find themselves so interested in it; interested enough to buy a mass of feathers and bones I put together and lied about it being a Native American shaman ward. Hawking these wares has given me a paltry sum for my pocket, but not enough as a stable income. I can hear my stomach growling in hunger, these idiots barely gave me enough money to buy one of those disgusting grease laden burgers from one of their mass produced fast food places.

I need food...by any means necessary.

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A day has passed; the growling in my midsection has now reached a roaring crescendo and refuses to let me rest. I can feel my regality failing me by this point, making it harder to hide my violent and sadomasochistic nature from tourists. Just now I let out an animalistic growl at a fat white man in an ill-fitting tank top and shorts, I startled him enough to cause him to scream and drop the overindulgent bucket of fried chicken he had just purchased.

What a fool, the sight of a growling scarred man shows just how prejudiced people still are, I will take great joy in cursing the lot of these disgusting examples of humanity; watching Ebony Devil rip their faces off with a straight razor is a good enough fantasy to turn my animal-like growls into a deep rumbling laugh.

My sight returns to the fried chicken, the bucket had landed perfectly on its bottom, as if it was trying to keep itself from tipping over. A smell comprised of grease and spices enters my nose and I find my long tongue lolling out of my

mouth just a little bit. Chicken this processed and covered in fattening crust should not smell so appetizing, but my food deprived stomach growls and roars for it like an angry tiger. My hands move on their own and pick the bucket back up, eagerly shoving what I assume is a drumstick betwixt my teeth. My sharp molars and canines tear the skin and meat off with ease and my tongue is hit with a taste that almost floors me. There are spices and juices cascading on my tongue and cause my entire body to shudder with ecstasy. How can this preservative laden, obesity causing food taste so...so...well?! It shouldn't be possible! But it is!

The rest of the chicken is promptly shoved into my mouth with gusto, I let out small noises akin to a wildcat tearing apart and chewing its prey, I pay no heed to the snide glares and disgusted sneers of people walking by; I have a right to eat food in the middle of the street just as much as anyone else does!

A small scrap is the last thing to go down my throat, my stomach gurgles softly before finally resting. The silence satisfies me far more than the food at the moment, days of listening to it drone on and on in agony had become audible torture for me. My throat was overcome with a pressure pushing itself up from my stomach and a sudden burp escaped me.

Adrenaline had coursed through me when that man was scared witless, Dopamine and Endorphins rushed afterwards when I sank my teeth into that chicken. Those feelings were hypnotizing and alluring in their wonder. It almost felt like a high you would get from a drug, it left me wanting more of it...

I wanted to experience it again...I HAD to experience it again.

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The next day I began my prowl, tourists tended to gallivant about in the early morning with those breakfast sandwiches or those sausage patties smothered in gravy. I spotted a couple walking together hand in hand, a white paper bag with golden arches clutched in the man's hand. My stomach growled in hunger and I unleashed my Stand: Ebony Devil. I watched as my doll hopped towards them, brandishing a large meat cleaver and laughing like an overexcited child. It took a swipe at the woman and she let out a blood curdling scream, the man followed suit,

dropping the bag and running off; practically pushing his so called girlfriend at my Stand as a viable sacrifice.

Instead of cutting her throat, I willed my doll to pick up the bag of food and hop back to me, it spoke a few vulgar words along the lines of “FUCKING ASSHOLES” and “That woman’s tits were so huge! I wanted to motorboat them you cockblocking piece of shit!”

I wasn’t listening; my mind was in a haze of flavors. The sausage was so savory and the gravy sloughed down my esophagus like a fine thick broth, I was too hungry to even savor it. The “lovebirds” also got a few of those hearty breakfast sandwiches made from biscuits and sausage and eggs. I hungrily gobbled one down, not caring if anyone saw what I was doing. The second sandwich met the same fate in one fell swoop and then the third, my stomach was beginning to protest against me going any further; pain radiated from my core as the last morsel was sucked from my fingers and they came to rest on my burgeoning middle. I took note of how round and tight it felt, all that food was resting inside of it, digesting slowly but surely. I would be satisfied until this afternoon. As I walked I noticed that my now heavy stomach hindered me a bit, my strides couldn’t be as long or else they caused me to clutch my belly in pain, I was reduced to careful baby steps for a little bit and I safely returned to my home.

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Hours passed and the food had digested, leaving me hungry for more, I failed to notice how my lithe form had become a little bit softer after all of those calories digested. It was such a minute change; I didn’t even take the time to notice it before I was back out again.

For the sake of brevity, I will say that this cycle of theft, gorging, digesting, and repeat was something I did for a long time. No jobs had come in that time and the ignorant tourists still left me rather penniless with my shaman wares. By now, I was beginning to have a much more difficult time prowling around.

All of the food I have accumulated and eaten has taken a toll on my once skinny frame.

I have to be about 400 pounds now. My face has become round and featureless, I now have an extra chin that wobbles slightly when I eat and my cheeks have swollen to the size of baseballs. My chest is still rather small but it's still soft and sags slightly against my shelf of a stomach which looks as if someone has placed a balloon inside of me and filled it with a mix of water and tapioca; like my chest it sags but at a severe degree, it is very round and soft but it is beginning to cover up the top of my thighs.

Oh god...my lower body is even worse. I am the literal definition of a pear shape. My thighs are as thick as tree trunks and sink over my knees, reducing my mobility to a rather embarrassing waddle; I look like a disgusting penguin when I walk. My...ugh...ass...is a shelf just like my stomach; it's now wide enough to get me stuck in the doorways of my abode and makes hiding in refrigerators impossible. My pants are so tight and creak with every step I take, I fear that the seams will burst if I bend down too far, so if I drop something I simply use Ebony Devil to pick it up for me.

Speaking of, Ebony Devil has become quite more aggressive now that I have gained weight. It will take any chance it can get to chastise me for becoming fat, its wooden fingers pinch and poke at my abundant adipose and spit words of hate at me with its sharp acrid tongue. Just a few moments ago it gripped my stomach and jiggled it fiercely, calling me a pig and threatening to flay me to get at my delicious fatty meat.

It does not frighten me, rather it exhilarates me, I am a sadomasochist by nature and Ebony Devil is simply an extension of my own personality and spirit. All of the hatred I have towards my own body fuels me; it makes my fat disgusting face red with fetishistic lust. Every dirty word my Stand use against me makes me shudder and laugh like a bloated hyena.

They were my own words, my own feelings, god how I loved this; the feeling of hating what a big fat ball of lard I have become was enough to make my swollen cheeks redden with blush and sweat to trickle down my face. I can feel my cock harden inside of the pad of fat that has accumulated around it and I begin to straddle my seat.

I am such a fat slob, a disgusting pig, a fat disgusting pig that needs to be ripped apart; my fatty meat being sold to other fat disgusting pigs for their breakfasts and dinners; my flesh being greedily chewed by people possibly much more obese than I have become. God...it's so abhorrent...so disgusting...I can't get enough of it. My straddling becomes more violent and heated; my entire jiggling form is practically bucking at this point! Threatening to capsize my seat and send it toppling forwards along with me!

My fat hands trail down to my chest and begin to squeeze and grope wildly at my chest, god, I have the chest of a woman now; it's so soft and disgusting, I can feel the lard packed within it. I'm like a balloon full of jiggling fat; every single awful word I sling at myself underneath my moans and growls drives me further and further into madness.

Soon enough I let out a loud rumbling moan and feel a slick sticky substance coat the inside of my thighs. My rumble becomes a purr and my head comes to rest in my ring of neckfat. I huff and puff, hands still clutched to my sagging tits. I'm such a disgusting fatass.

A disgusting...hot...fatass

All of this fat provides a sufficient cushion to any blows I receive, making me harder to take down and allows me to stay conscious through all of the wonderful punishments that my targets may inflict upon me. It creates more hatred, more fuel for Ebony Devil to use.

The only problem is that I don't have any targets to go after, I growl in anger and frustration as I heave myself off of my couch and waddle towards a still warm pilfered bag of fast food: a chicken sandwich smothered in a "special sauce" and a large box of salty French Fries. I bite into the sandwich and continue to growl, the chicken is the perfect amount of crispy, not yet soggy from the sauce. Handfuls of fries are quickly stuffed into my still full mouth and I release a few wet belches before I return to my seat and grasp my fat gut in my greasy fingers. I lick the excess off and return them to my gut; I will never EVER allow myself to become a disgusting slob of a glutton like the ones I have seen on TV.

I, Devo the Cursed, have reached my peak, and I refuse to become any more disgusting than I already am. As I make peace with that fact I begin to feel myself lull into slumber, only to be awoken by the incessant ringing of my telephone. I let out a shocked snarl and jolt back up, heaving myself up and waddling towards the phone to finally answer it.

As I pick up the phone...my eyes widen with shock at the voice on the other side and what it is saying. Blush covers my face and I bite my lip hard enough to make it bleed, the trickle of blood seeping down my double chins.

I had finally gotten another job...

How was I supposed to explain this weight to Lord DIO?