

KLANG!

The sounds of heavy metal hitting the ground rang off the sturdy concrete walls around Villam in rhythm. His donkey-like ears flicked around reflexively as the chimera worked, adding the sound of a blender to the cacophony.

KLANG!

Villam's hoof tapped as he waited the requisite 60 seconds for the protein shake to be fully blended. On schedule, the metal blades turned off and the chimera was able to pour the thick mixture into the cup owned by the patron in front of him.

KLANG!

"Here you go Baxter! Honey and oats with extra powder, just as you like it." Villam beamed, happy to be of help to the fur that helped him get a job at the local gym only a few short weeks ago.

"Thanks big guy, you always make the best shakes. I'm gonna grow massive with you around!" The red-tinged bull in front of him laughed heartily, his deep voice rumbling through Villam.

Despite Baxter's description, the Chimera was average at best. In fact, next to Baxter, Villam felt absolutely petite. The slender farm chimera was a hodgepodge of animals. Tall donkey ears poked through a hat sporting the gym's logo, which itself contained the chimera's horse mane. Below the hat was a dog-like face with two boar tusks poking from his bottom lips. A mane of wooly fluff circled the chimera's neck, hiding the scant muscle definition Villam had. The gym-appointed shirt hung loosely from his shoulders, just barely covering up the cow spots that covered his upper body. The shirt stopped just above the colourful rooster plumage serving as Villam's tail, connected to thin horse legs.

The massive black angus bull, on the other hand, was truly massive, weighing in at 400 pounds and towering over Villam at eight feet tall. Baxter's shirt barely contained his powerful body, straining to contain biceps that dwarfed Villam's waist and pecs that threatened the integrity of any shirt. Baxter never let anyone forget that it was all from years of hard work at the gym, reminding everyone that they too could get as big as him if they tried. As Baxter lifted up his drink his shirt rode up his fuzzy, rounded belly, which unlike his biceps, were honed from years of hard work at fast food restaurants across the city.

KLANG! *GRUNT*

The sound of weights falling from somewhere in the gym brought Villam out of his thoughts. "W-Well, that's my job! I wouldn't be doing a good job if you got smaller!"

Baxter laughed again and slapped his gut, creating a hefty thud. "I don't think I'll be getting smaller anytime soon, don't you worry!" He took another swig of the protein shake. "So, you planning on finally hitting the weights after you're done today? You may as well take advantage of the free gym membership now that you're working here!"

Villam blushed. "I dunno, we'll see. Everyone here is so big, it's honestly kinda intimidating."

Baxter wiped away the last of the protein shake on his lips. "Well, we all started somewhere! You know I was your size before I started working out. It'll take hard work and dedication but you too could get big like everyone here if you really put your mind to it."

KLANG!

"I know, I know. You've told me a thousand times you goof!" Villam stuck his tongue out at Baxter cheekily. "I just wish I could start somewhere that was a bit bigger is all," The chimera chuckled, embarrassed by admitting he wanted to be bigger than he was currently, but appreciative of the support his friend was showing.

"Well, if we're talking about things I repeat a lot, you know I'm here to support you any way I can big guy!"

Villam rolled his eyes, making a show out of it, trying to distract from his mild blush. Baxter was right, if he ever wanted to get bigger he'd have to start somewhere. Maybe he'd finally give the gym a try today.

Villam felt like he was about to fall into pieces. He had just finished his short workout and was heading to the showers to get the sweat out of his eyes and, probably, melt into the drain. Furs seriously did this regularly? And some for fun? Baxter made it look so easy, but working out was clearly anything but.

Villam managed, with wobbly arms, to turn on the shower. His arms were heavy, and his fingers weren't taking commands. Barely managing to get his arms up, his hands hit the faucet on. The water was near scalding, but he couldn't manage to bring his arms back up to fix it. At least the sweat wasn't stinging his eyes anymore. Eventually Villam managed to wrap his towel around his waist and headed back to the change rooms.

"It's nice to see you outside of the snack bar, Villam!" A kind voice rang out through the white tiled room. Villam lifted his head only to see Kygen, a friendly sky-blue kangaroo. "Did ya go a bit too hard today?"

Kygen and Villam had met many times before at the snack bar outside the gym and had quickly become friends. Before and after every regular workout, Kygen showed up to the snack bar to ensure he had enough fuel to get through the workout. Then, like clockwork, Kygen would show up to get his post-workout 'gains shake', a recipe of Kygen's own design Villam had quickly memorized. And boy, did Kygen have gains. The roo's figure was on proud display, showcasing a hefty paunch and a muffin top that poked out several inches from where the roo had tied a towel around his waist. His tail stuck out from his towel, thick and powerful behind him. Beneath all that blubber was some serious muscle thanks to his time at the gym - Kygen's thick biceps and powerful calves showcased that well enough - but all the layers of chonk kept Kygen looking extra cuddly.

"Ughhh, yupppp." Villam flopped on a bench to ease his aching body. "I was chatting with Baxter before my shift ended but, woof! I think I set my sights a bit high for my first go at the bench press. And push ups. And deadlifts."

Kygen laughed and patted Villam on the back. "I remember my first time on the bench press. I could barely lift up the bar *without* weights on it. Now look at me!" Kygen jumped in front of Villam's locker with surprising speed for someone his size, and struck a bodybuilding pose that only seemed to accentuate his pronounced tum. "I've got so much experience now that I have my own weights built in!" Kygen heaved his stomach up, then let it fall, causing his body to jiggle.

Villam laughed at Kygen's display. Just chatting with Kygen had made him forget the pain his body had been in moments before. "Hahaha, ok, ok, I get it ya goof~ Baxter keeps reminding me that we all have to start somewhere. I just wish I could skip the hard part and get right to enjoying being big!"

Kygen hopped around, just barely managing to belt up his brown pants, before closing his locker. "Well, who knows. Maybe one day science will come up with a gym in a can. Until then I'd be happy to be your spotter and source of inspiration, big guy~" Kygen winked and posed as if for a picture.

"Oh hush!" Villam turned red.

"Fine, fine~ You think about it. I've gotta get going anyway to cook dinner. See ya around Villam!"

"See ya Kygen!" Villam waved his friend goodbye before opening up his locker so he could head home too. As put his shirt on, a piece of paper previously unnoticed fell from its perch in Villam's locker. Picking it up and dusting it off, Villam gave the strange paper a read.

'Looking to bulk up? Immense Ingenuity is looking for individuals to test our newest supplement designed to help you gain mass, fast! Reach that next weight class, set a new PR, or reach the size you always wanted. Contact Immense Ingenuity Research for inquiries.' At the bottom of the page was a waist up picture showing a heavily muscled bear giving a thumbs up.

Looking around, Villam noticed a couple other people reading the same paper in the change room. Someone clearly must have put these ads in the lockers while he was working out. It seemed whatever this 'Immense Ingenuity' company was, they were advertising to anyone and everyone here at the gym. *"There's no way, right?"* Villam absentmindedly folded the paper and put it in his pockets to avoid littering as he left the gym.

The warm, comforting smells of vanilla, chocolate and blueberries wrapped themselves around Villam's muzzle, further enhancing the comfort he was feeling. Villam stood in his home kitchen, wearing his signature buffalo plaid button-up shirt and coveralls. It was a comfy, classic farm look that the farm chimera wore well. Spread across the counter was a massive pile of chocolate covered protein balls, a gift for Baxter, who had been teaching him all about the machines and the exercises you could do with them in the past week since Villam had gone to the gym.

Sitting across the counter on the windowsill was Villam's second batch of baked goods - a hefty stack of blueberry pies, cooling down after being pulled fresh from the oven just moments ago. These were a gift for Kygen, who hadn't showed up at the gym for several days. So, Villam figured the best thing to do was to surprise the roo with a bounty of his favorite food.

Villam packaged up the baked goods in aesthetically pleasing white boxes before pulling out his phone to text his friends and make sure they were at home so he could drop something off. But as he fished his phone out of his shorts, a piece of paper fell out. Picking it up and unfolding it, he recalled the information he read a week ago. *"Immense Ingenuity..."* Villam couldn't help but chuckle. He was actually having fun at the gym last week, and it had taken his mind off of his rush to get massive as quickly as he could. Yet, with this as a reminder, he couldn't help but hear a voice in the back of his head. *"What if?"* What if this research company had developed something that could help him accomplish his body goals? Even if it was an extra 5 pounds a year, that was something.

Groaning as he gave in to the voice, he opened his phone's map. Looking to see where the research facility even was, he was surprised to see it was only 5 minutes away from Kygen's

place. A plan started to form in Villam's mind. Maybe he could just inquire about the research before making his way to Kygen's place. Just to get the idea out of his mind. It's not like he'd actually sign up or anything, right? Whatever, he'd have a great story to tell Kygen in the worst case scenario. Villam grabbed the many boxes of goodies and put them in the back of his car before heading in the direction of Immense Ingenuity.

The double-wide glass doors to Immense Research opened with a hiss and a whirl. The lights from inside the glass and metal building attempted to rival the natural sunlight outside.

"How may I help you?" The goat manning the reception desk called out across the clean, white, empty room over to Villam.

Villam moved towards the desk and held up the flyer he had received at the gym. "I found this in my locker about a week ago. I just figured I'd ask if you could tell me more?"

"One second." The goat typed a couple words into his computer before nodding, his chin fluff wagging. "The research supervisor leading this, Dr. Urso, actually has a small break in his schedule right now. I can get him down here right now to explain things for you. Would you like to take a seat and have a snack while he comes down?" The goat gestured over to a set of steel and white faux-leather couches, as well as a massive selection of multicolored doughnuts.

"Uhh, sure!" Villam didn't want to wait long, but after a morning of baking, he was hungry. He took a seat and began to munch on a doughnut with bright blue icing. Wow, it was delicious! Somehow the neon icing tasted fresh and juicy, just like the real thing. Inhaling the last three-quarters of the doughnut, he eagerly picked up a doughnut colored with eye-searing pink icing, and bit in. This time, it was strawberry, as if it had just been picked. Combined with the fried dough, it tasted like heaven. Villam ate several more, each as good as the last, before a voice woke him from his hypnotic eating.

"Enjoying the goods? We're very proud of our ability to replicate flavors."

Villam looked up from his orange doughnut, muzzle stuffed. Before him was the beaming face of the muscular bear on the flyer, body draped in a lab coat that did little to hide the size of his arms and pecs. "Ish delishish!" Villam gulped the rest of the doughnut down before slurping off the leftover icing from his fingers. "Do you guys sell this? I'd love to buy more!"

The bear laughed heartily. "We can get you more from the cafeteria before you leave. I'm sure it'll be on store shelves soon enough too! They were my own personal project, so I'm happy to indulge a fan!" He held his massive paw out. "Dr. Urso. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Villam."

"Villam! I understand you're here because of the flyers we had passed around to local gyms?"

Villam nodded and held up the ad. "I mean, yeah. I guess I was just curious to see what this all entailed."

Dr. Urso grinned. "Well, basically we've developed what appears to be a way to gain mass faster than previous supplements. We hope creatine will be a thing of the past once this gets to market! We're looking for people to give it a try and see what happens. Does that sound like it would be of interest to you?"

"Well, I dunno. I've just gotten into working out and everyone I've talked to has told me that shortcuts generally won't work and are just a waste of time..."

"Well, it's up to you. I should maybe mention that so far our research has shown that you'll start seeing results, well, within the day."

Villam couldn't believe his ears. "Seriously? And there's no side effects?"

Dr. Urso's eyes glinted. "That's part of what we're trying to figure out, but what I can say definitively is that everyone who's given this a try has rated their experience here, and their results, a 10 out of 10."

While Villam still was sceptical, but the voice that had gotten him this far was hard to ignore. "I can quit any time right?"

"Absolutely. Your safety is of utmost importance so if you ever want to, you can leave. We'll also have scientists monitoring you every step of the way."

Villam sighed, and gave in. "How do we start?"

The other floors of the building were a far cry from the quiet first floor. As soon as Villam had stepped out of the elevator, his retinas were impacted with motion - drones bolting along glowing lines on the ground, furs of all sizes and species walking between rooms, and... what was *that*??

Villam rubbed his eyes, and in that time, the scientists rolling the sphere down the hallway made good distance, but Villam swore maybe, just maybe, that dalmatian-spotted sphere had a face attached to it - and that face was clearly lost in euphoric bliss. Just what was that?

“This way, Villam! We’re nearly at the test site.” Dr. Urso took the lead, with Villam following shortly, ever so slightly behind pace as he looked in amazement at everything that was going on. “Just in here, if you please. I’ll make my way to the viewing area and I’ll be seeing you shortly.”

Dr. Urso scanned his paw on the biometric reader next to the door they had stopped in front of. A pleasant chime emanated from the device as the doors effortlessly slid upwards and out of the way. Villam hesitantly walked forward, drinking in yet yet more of the colorful science devices that clearly filled this floor.

Ahead of Villam was a massive steel and white-painted room, filled with various pieces of lab equipment, a sunken bed (Villam imagined whoever had slept here was a good deal larger than the bed should have held,) and a black screen sunken into the walls. And - he almost missed it at first glance - a calendar he recognized as the one that was produced at the gym he worked at, showing several of their biggest patrons. “*Maybe someone else at the gym accepted this offer,*” Villam wondered, before hearing machinery whirring on.

The single camera in the room moved, a red light illuminating the white contours of the device. Clearly Dr. Urso had made his way to the viewing room and was turning things on. “So what’s all this for?” Villam gestured at the various things lying around the room.



“Oh, apologies Villam! Just excuse the mess! We just had a long-term occupant in this room, and facilities haven't quite cleaned everything up yet. This was the only open room today, but it shouldn't make a lick of difference in our testing though. If you're ready, we'll go ahead and get started.”

“Heh, no worries! I'm ready-” Villam's voice was cut off suddenly by an artificial sounding voice.

“Vocal consent accepted. Sensors calibrated and scanning. Autopilot testing enabled” An androgynous-sounding voice spoke from large speakers likely hidden at the top of the room. “Facilitating round one of experiments.” A clunking sound thudded through the room, before Villam let out a dull “Oof!”



A thin dart, no longer than his finger, had been wedged in his shoulder. It shone a colorful blue, reminding Villam of the doughnuts he had eaten just moments earlier. “Dr. Urso?” Villam called out, clearly surprised at the scientists' methods. The speakers above were cold, not even static emanating from them. Villam began to get nervous, but his mind was quickly distracted with something else. His shoulder was in flames.

Or, it felt that way for a second. As soon as Villam turned his head to view what had felt like flames, he felt the burn dull to something altogether comforting. It was like his shoulder was being massaged with a combination of oils that gave an icy-hot feeling. The chimera let out a

grunt of appreciation, then a second grunt as his turned head got bumped from underneath. His lids opened in surprise and his pupils dilated as his eyes took in the sight of his shoulder again. This time, his shoulder was twice as big.

Villam wasn't able to focus too long on his shoulders as the icy-hot feeling continued to spread from the dart. It soon enveloped his arms, going from bicep to tricep to forearm, even spreading to his digits. He wriggled his fingers as it spread, watching as they grew. Slowly, sure, but there was no mistaking that his slender digits were increasing in mass by the second.

Villam looked up his arms, who had already been under the influence of whatever substance the dart was spreading across his body. It was as if he had undergone years of work at the gym in only a couple seconds! He tried to feel them, and even with his newly-larger paws, he couldn't reach around his biceps anymore. Before, that would have been no problem with his twiggy arms. He could feel his arms growing, almost in pulses, as his paws rested on his swelling biceps. Villam could barely believe it. *Is it accelerating?*

Villam didn't have time to do the math, as something new was expanding into his field of view. His chest, once flat, had grown two rounded pecs, pushing aside his button-up shirt as they grew. Looking down, he could see a third mound growing. His belly had begun to grow as well. It was round and taut, covered in a layer of chub but clearly hiding powerful muscles below it, rippling as Villam shuddered from sheer pleasure. The science running through his veins hadn't quite hit his lower limbs, giving him a cartoonishly top-heavy build.

Villam's perception wavered, feeling a sudden sensation of upward momentum. He was already looking down at his growing abdomen, giving him the perfect view as the floor started inching further and further away. Villam spread his legs and planted both hooves flat on the ground in an effort not to fall, feeling every muscle in his leg as his body just barely managed to keep up with his increasing energy demands. His limbs, once lithe and limber, were now heavy and unwieldy. The combination of upward momentum and a difficulty moving his limbs swirled his brain, giving the chimera vertigo. As if to help, his still-growing chest bumped his muzzle upwards as if to focus his eyes on something other than the moving floor.

Freed partially from the visual sensations of growing taller, Villam felt the weight of gravity pulling on his still-expanding body. He leaned left, his massive upper body perpetually at the tipping point, only to have his calves expand and keep him upright. He could feel his newly enlarged muscles fight against gravity's pull, as he surged ever taller. Thickening thighs, not to be outshone by the rest of the body, made themselves known by stretching against, then beginning to tear, the once large leg openings of his shorts.

Villam groaned, feeling his brain dull as the nerves connecting all his new muscle tissue reconnected and reconfigured themselves for his new size. Then, a burst of dopamine hit as his nerves accepted their new formation, giving Villam sudden clarity over the changes that had overtaken him. Villam, slack jawed until a second earlier with the sensations wracking his body, grinned. His smile was genuine, and filled his face. He felt *AMAZING*. Leaping into the air several feet, he landed in a front double biceps pose, as if he had been a professional strongman for decades. With a small **pop** Villam's enlarged traps dislodged the spent dart that had fueled his growth, and it fell to the floor.



"I could get used to this!" Villam's voice shook the room with newfound bass, having deepened by several octaves. As Villam stood, arms flexed and pointing to the sky, it was clear his voice wasn't the only thing that had become more powerful. Arms the size of watermelons strained Villam's shirt, seams and thread audibly creaking with every small muscle twitch. His pecs were plump and tense, their sheer mass jutting from his chest even as he lifted his arms high. They made room for his traps, like wings on the chimera and accentuating Villam's V-shaped silhouette. His rooster heritage would have been proud. His boar genetics had clearly decided to make an appearance as well; it was as if Villam's gut and his pecs were competing for attention. His enlarged belly, unlike the rest of his newfound muscle, wobbled slightly after

Villam had landed. Thighs like tree trunks led to calves that were, somehow, nearly the same size. Villam was truly a powerhouse of a fur now, and he reveled in it.

“That’s some fantastic stuff doc!” Villam let his arms down to his side, his traps not quite allowing for his biceps to hang downwards. Villam’s head swung around, expecting Dr. Urso to make an appearance as the experiment had clearly finished with good success. “If I have any say, I think this is ready for prime-time!”

But Villam didn’t hear from Dr. Urso. Instead, the androgynous voice made a second announcement. “Commencing Stage Two,” it stated nonchalantly, yet matter-of-factly.

“Sta-Stage two?” Villam had expected that was the end of the experiment. He must already weigh 300? 400 pounds? There was no way-

Thup



A second dart had just lodged itself in the middle of his stomach. Villam watched as it glowed a lovely blue color, and then drained that color into his belly. “Oh, gosh.” Suddenly, that musclegut had become a lot more round. Unlike the accelerated growth of the last dart, this one seemed to hit at full force right away. Villam grabbed his stomach as it began to expand outward, feeling his hands squish inward, unable to feel the muscle that must still be under there, or he’d have fallen already.

Glorp, groooooan He could almost feel the liquid inside him, expanding his frame outwards in all directions. His once densely-packed pecs had become even heavier, fattening outward and downward until they began to rest on his still-enlarging belly. His shirt, while small before, quickly became ill-equipped for his even larger size, leaving little to the imagination as his hefty moobs became fully exposed.

At the same time, the V-taper that had been created with the last dart had disappeared entirely, Villam's hips bloating until they reached past the width of his shoulders. His sides pressed outwards, halted temporarily only by his arms, which hadn't been affected by the spreading chonk - yet, anyway.

Riiiiip Villam blushed, and began to sweat, as the sound of torn jean filled his ears between the sounds emanating from his now spherical stomach. Jean was not a stretchable fabric, and clearly the seams holding his lower bulk had begun to give up. Letting his stomach go, Villam maintained some modicum of decency as his unfastened overalls began to expose the chimera. His stomach dropped in front of his nethers, covering up all but the sides of the jean material, which was just barely holding on for the moment.

As embarrassed as Villam was, another emotion was making itself clear. Just like his last growth, Villam couldn't deny this felt... *good*. He wasn't sure if he should be enjoying this as much as he was, but this was clearly hitting buttons for him. Sure, he had always wanted to get big, but he had assumed that big meant like, muscly big. Here he was, thighs rubbing together and gut now reaching to the floor (*'Ooh, cold!'* he reacted, lifting his stomach up in a futile attempt to keep his bulk off the cold white tile of the observation room) and instead of being concerned, which all logical parts of him assumed he should be, he was feeling more like himself than ever.

Villam hugged his stomach bulk, pulling it up and feeling the weight of it as it continued to just get heavier. It was cozy, and soft, like the perfect medley of a pillow and a blanket. His pudge continued to swell around his arms, coating them in soft, delicious warmth, like pulling a

fresh pie from the oven.



"Huff, huff, huff." Villam was so enraptured he didn't even notice the exertion he had been putting forward to hold his bulk up, which by this point was wider than his original height and extended at least that far from his abdomen. The vial that had fueled this growth was still keeping his muscles big enough to keep him upright, but it clearly was being outpaced by the fattening swell occurring across his body. He noticed, with some dulled surprise, that he was also several feet taller, which also must have helped keep him mobile. Regardless, if this growth continued, Villam wasn't sure he would be mobile by the end.

"Whatever." He said his inner thoughts audibly, realizing he didn't care who heard him.. This bulk, this sensation of heft - he was quite convinced he wouldn't give it up for anything after having experienced it even for the short moments he had. He gave his belly a pat, as if hitting a stretched drum, and in doing so, the second dart fell from his gut, spent.

Villam looked himself over. He was a veritable mountain thanks to that second dart. He couldn't reach the end of his new gut with his eyes, let alone his arms. It stretched magnificently in front of him, sure to enter doors several seconds before his face ever made an appearance. His love handles jutted over what remained of his shorts as if doing their best to finish ripping the seams that had managed to remain intact. His moobs sat comfortably on top of his shelf of a gut, unable to be hidden by his napkin of a shirt, which miraculously had managed to stretch

around his arms, now a wonderful combination of muscle and chub. He attempted to reprise his previous role in bodybuilding poses, spreading his legs until his thunder thighs didn't touch, and flexing his bicep again. Villam grinned with delight and laughed aloud. "Looking gooooood, stud!~"



For a third time, that androgenous voice spoke up again. "Weight predictions surpassed. Further testing required. Scans set to record at femtosecond intervals. Triple~"

As the voice relayed its information, Villam's eyes sparkled. He knew what was going to happen next, and he was *ready*. With a glint in his eyes, he steeled his legs against the impending darts. "Bring it on, doc! Another round!"

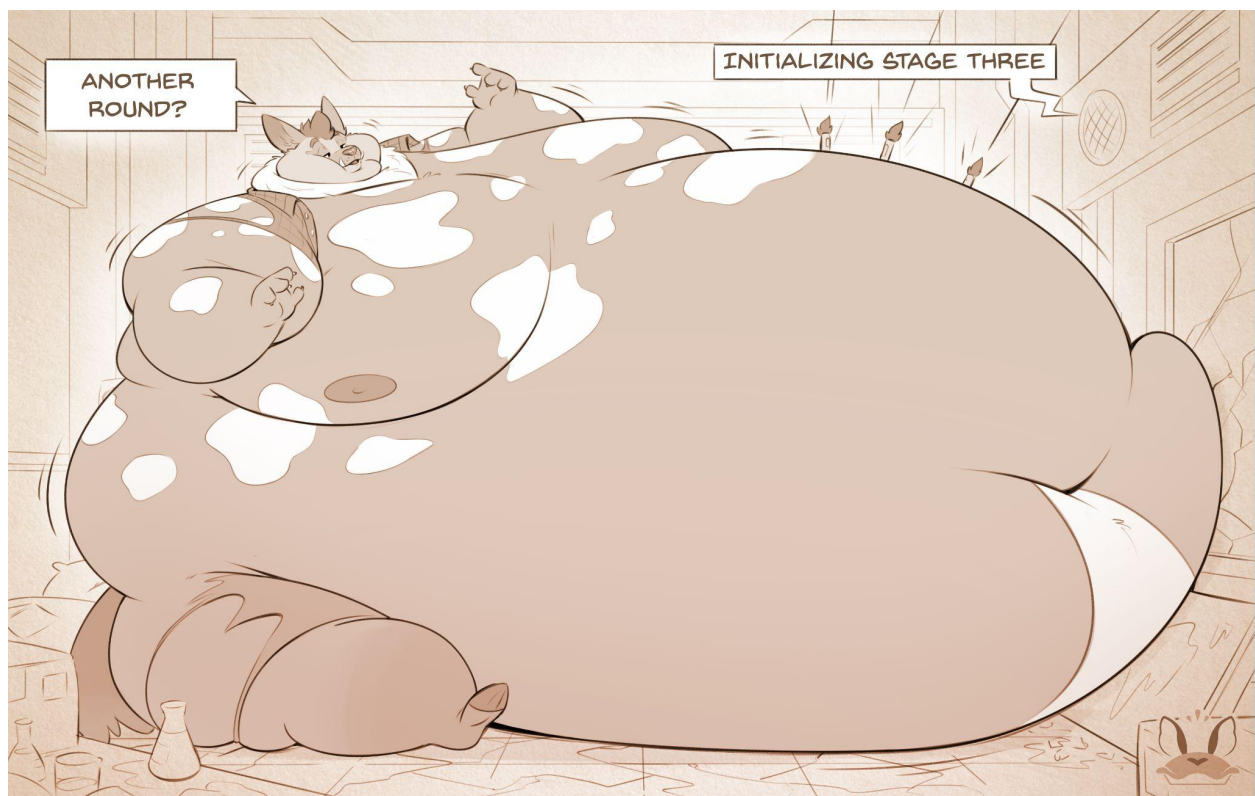
"Starting stage three!" The voice gave its final piece of information about the upcoming test. **Whap, whap, whap**

Three darts launched out, hitting Villam once again in his pendulous stomach. Like before, the glow of the darts lingered, highlighting the curvature of Villam's gut, before injecting themselves.

It was like a dam had opened from inside of Villam's belly. His mountain of a gut surged forward, hitting the observation glass with such momentum that it managed to crack it. Not that Villam could see, of course. As his gut had launched forward, he had launched back, completely knocked off of his feet. He now sat on his blubbery butt, watching as the volume of his stomach

grew by leaps and bounds in mere seconds. In moments he took up nearly the whole volume of the room. His moobs increased alongside everything else, now larger than the bed that his butt had probably just crushed in the wake of his fat. His arms were equally massive, now jutting out nearly 90 degrees from him, and supported by the fat surrounding his upper body. His legs were like sausages, rolls shaped by the last remaining vestments around his legs. His face was even visible to him now, as his expanded cheeks fought for room among the rolls of fat that lined his neck. There was no chance of him looking up or down anymore, not that he needed to. At this size, there was no chance he was going to be able to move on his own.

But Villam didn't mind. He reveled in his mass. He was immobile, sure, but he had never been happier in his life.



"Test complete. Thank you for your participation."

"Participation indeed!" The same pleasant chime that had allowed Villam to enter the room sounded from the door, as it slid upward. *"Upward. Clearly whoever built these rooms had some idea as to what would happen inside them~"* mused Villam, managing a small grin between his plump apple cheeks. "How're you feeling, big guy?" Dr. Urso looked up at Villam, just managing to catch his eye through the mounds of his fat.

BRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP Villam had tried to respond, but clearly the darts weren't quite done with his digestion. He mouthed, feeling the way his chin pressed against his chest, a new

sensation for him. It felt good, like everything else. "Feelin' pretty good doc!" Villam's voice was bassier than ever, reverberating in the mountain that was his body. "A little hungry, I guess."

Dr. Urso checked something off on his clipboard. "Right on schedule. You can't very well keep those gains without a snack or two, after all!"

The doctor hit a button on the wall next to the door. "Shall we take you to the cafeteria for those donuts and some post-experimentation refreshments?"

"Yeah, I'd like that." Villam's stomach gurgled, clearly upset about having to answer such a ridiculous question. The gurgle sounded like a plane taking off, but Villam and the dwarfed scientist clearly were unfazed.

Two scientists in lab coats turned the corner, summoned from the press of the button. They clearly were not expecting someone of Villam's bulk and grumbled to each other. They were clearly going to need more help.

Villam waddled forward slowly, his entire body wobbling and shaking with every step. His gut was hovering in the air, several meters ahead of him, as his chunky legs managed to heave himself forward, step by step.

The scientists had had an incredibly difficult time figuring out how they were going to move the tonnes of farm chimera out of the room, eventually realizing that even their largest hover platform wouldn't be large enough to carry Villam out. And there was definitely no way they were going to roll him around on something old-fashioned with wheels!

Eventually, the team of scientists that had gathered around Villam had managed to, in between balking at his size, supercharge one of their larger hover platforms and slide it under his absolute boulder of a stomach. After no less than a sixteen point turn, and several snack breaks, Villam had managed to walk out of the room. Cheers had erupted as Villam's head poked through the door, and Villam celebrated along with them.

Now his posse had dwindled a little bit, the only scientists still present surrounding Dr. Urso as they talked about practical applications. "We could sell these as are, honestly. I'm sure there's a market for such things." "Yes, but what about if people misuse them?" "We could sell them as pranks? I'm sure legal would be able to do something with that. Oh, hold that thought!" Dr. Urso commented, before running ahead to meet Villam as he reached the cafeteria.

He reached over to a tray on a stack before tossing it up to Villam. The tray spun, then wobbled into stability as it hovered just over Villam's gut. "They're voice activated, Villam! Just

ask for whatever you want and the synthesizers in the kitchen will do their best to whip it up. Feel free to take a seat in the extra-large section,” Dr. Urso pointed at a portion of the cafeteria with large, padded sofas set behind even more enormous tables. The dalmatian Villam had seen earlier was even present, spherical and hovering as if lighter than air. “You’ll probably meet more of the participants over there~” The bear winked. “Don’t forget to bring some of those donuts home too!”

Villam nodded, out of breath after waddling so far. Even with support, it was hard work navigating the building which was clearly designed with smaller furs primarily in mind. His body shook as he nodded, a testament to the fat that now covered his form. Then, off he set, slowly but steadily towards the one part of the building that seemed to be built with him in mind. His tray followed alongside, like an eager puppy, occasionally scooting a foot or two away for a second as Villam’s rolling stomach glorped and gurgled. Eventually, Villam figured out what he wanted from the little device.

“Could you grab me a bacon triple cheeseburger, extra large fries and like, the biggest milkshake you have little guy?”

The tray sank for a second, as if nodding, and headed towards what Villam had to assume was the kitchen. With the promise of food, he picked up his pace, only to bump into a red, furry mass who had waddled in front of him.

“Oh, sorry! Guess I didn’t see ya there!” Villam smiled apologetically. “Still getting used to this new size, I’m sure you understand!”

“Hoooooow. Villam?” He couldn’t see his face, but a voice Villam recognized responded back. “Is.. is this really you? I’m coming up.”

Villam could feel a scramble against his belly button, only for a warm, fluffy mass to slowly crawl up several meters of belly. A head poked over Villam’s stomach horizon. “HO-LY COW.”

“What’s up Baxter?” Villam beamed, happy to see his good friend in such a surprising place. “What’re you doing here?”

“What am I doing here? What are YOU doing here? And at the size of a barn, no less?”

“Well, I found a pamphlet at the gym that was advertising research opportunities. I didn’t think much of it, but, well, the urge struck I guess. I have a feeling I reacted well to their testing too.” Villam once again hefted up his bulk, with Baxter on top of it, before letting his belly drop. The poor hover cart underneath made an error sound and dropped along with the belly, before rebooting and resuming its duties. Baxter too had to scramble to not be bounced right off the massive chimera. “Whaddya think?”

"I think you could be registered with the county as a whole farm all by yourself, that's what!" Baxter rubbed Villam's stomach. The parts he could reach, anyway. In a hushed tone, uncommon for the typically boisterous bull, he commented, "The weight looks good on you, blubberbarn."

"What's that? Say it again?" Villam teased the bull, bringing out a blush on the bull's face. "Am I pretty hot now?"

"Oh hush!" Baxter punched Villam's belly, causing a ripple outward. "I was actually here to get bigger too, you know. They sell supplements here and were offering to sponsor the gym, so I figured I'd check them out, and was told I could get lunch here if I wanted to. I wanted to get bigger the old fashioned way. You know, the way where you can still move around without some sci-fi tech helping you around?"

"Whatever, you're just jealous that I'm bigger than you now." Villam had finally reached the booth he had his eyes on, a tapered, fuzzy blue triangle connected to a round blue oval that towered over even Villam. It would be perfect for eating on, then sleeping on if Villam felt sleepy after his first macro-sized meal. As Villam sat down, he suddenly heard a "Yipe!" emanate from above him.

"Wha-" As Villam inspected the source of the sound, and after a moment of processing, it was his turn to be surprised. "KYGEN?"

The blob of a roo couldn't turn around, but through presumably fat cheeks, he managed a cheery "Hey Villam! Fancy seeing you here!"

With great effort, Villam waddled around the blob, with Baxter still on top. Whistling, his eyes drank Kygen in. Villam, compared to Baxter, was mountainous. But Kygen compared to Baxter was a mountain range. Kygen rose easily past the chimera in height, nearly double the size of Villam. His volume was even more impressive.. Mounds of blue furred blubber spread across the cafeteria, large enough to contain at least 30 of Villam's massive selves. From his view behind the roo, Villam could also see just how large Kygen's butt was. It stood on its own, itself nearly the size of Villam in his new form. His gargantuan tail, the tip of it which was what Villam had confused for a seat, rose from between his cheeks, so heavy that every bit of the tail's underside touched the floor and then pudged out.

Villam rounded what he assumed would have been Kygen's calves. He confirmed his suspicions when he noticed an incredibly plump roo foot sticking outward, suspended upward and immovable thanks to the blob his legs had turned into.

Looking upward, Villam noticed a steady progression of hovering trays flying by the apex of Kygen's body. Squinting, he managed to make out Kygen's cherubic face, eagerly gulping

down one meal after another. The trays, bringing food, would hover over Kygen's gullet, wait for him to open wide, and then drop their contents right into his mouth. It was a system clearly designed to alleviate the need for hands, as Kygens were nearly buried in his own arm's fat.

"Don't tell me you came for testing too Villam!" Kygen stopped his eating and turned his head down, his neck rolls moving aside as his chin was forced further down. The trays stopped gracefully, and queued up for the next time the roo would open his mouth upward.

"Almost doesn't feel like I did when I'm next to you, ya blimp! I figured I was the largest specimen in here, but clearly you've got me beat." Villam was still shocked at the size of his friend, and in an attempt to satiate his curiosity, began to rub the small patch of Kygen in front of him. He was real, all right. And fantastically soft.

"I told you I should be your inspiration back at the gym, didn't I, big guy? I signed up for the most extensive program they had." Kygen's blubber shook as he readjusted. From where Villam and Baxter were, it just looked like waves of chub careening through a fuzzy, blue water balloon.

"Explains why I didn't see you around the gym!" Baxter marvelled at the roo's bulk from the top of Villam's belly. "Do you have more testing to do at this point?"

"As much as I'd like that, I'm actually on my last day here. The scientists just need to measure my eating capacity, so I was told to just eat till I was full. It's been hours of eating though, so I sure am glad I have someone to keep me company now!"

"The great and massive Kygen needs more than food to keep him entertained for hours? Color me surprised." Villam had since taken a seat, audibly huffing as he sat in one of the extra-large chairs next to Kygen. With perfect timing, Villam's tray came back and cautiously placed itself on top of his belly, presenting its towering burger. A second and third tray arrived as well, each just able to carry one item Villam had requested due to their massive size. Villam's eyes glinted with excitement. "We'd be happy to keep you company Kygen! I'm a little peckish myself after a hard day of experiments!"

"Thanks guys! The food's great, you'll love it. If only they could get the blueberry pies right, they're the one thing their synthesizer can't quite get right, no matter how many adjustments I've asked for." A disappointed sigh came from the massive blue roo.

Villam smiled, remembering something. He took his milkshake off one of the trays, and whispered to the tray that was now free. It quickly sped off, in the opposite direction of the kitchen. While Villam waited, he guzzled the milkshake, which was as perfect as he could have ever hoped. His stomach, clearly happy at being finally filled with food, gurgled and sloshed alongside Kygen's.

In moments, the tray returned, having brought the pies and protein balls he initially planned on dropping off to his friends. "Kygen, you got room in that tum for something a little different?"

Kygen's promenade of food trays halted for a moment. A loud snuffle reverberated through the room, Kygen's sniffer working at full force "If those are what I think they are, always!"

"You know they are big guy! I made these for you guys while I was - heh- still mobile this morning! They were going to be a thank you to Baxter for showing me around the gym, and a gift for you since I hadn't seen you in a while. I really hope my pies can satiate those cravings - or at least part of it!"

Baxter smiled from the end of Villam's belly, clearly comfortable after laying down on it for some time. He popped a protein ball in his mouth, savoring it. "Oh, these are amazing Vill!" He rolled the morsel around his mouth, as if sampling a fine wine. "There's gotta be like 40? No, 50 grams of protein in each of these!" He popped another one into his mouth and flopped onto his back, savouring the flavor. Villam's waterbed of a stomach shook as he landed.

At the same time, several of the floating trays brought Kygen his pies. Kygen watched as they lifted up to just above Kygen's massive size, then opened his mouth upward. The trays suddenly flipped 180, launching the pies into Kygen's massive maw. Berry flavor rushed out as each pie was split open with Kygen's well-exercised jaw muscles. "Ommf, oh Villam, these are delicious!" Kygen groaned with pleasure, clearly enjoying the chimera's homemade pies. His stomach groaned in turn, as if in agreement.

Villam smiled as he watched his friends eat, clearly in bliss from his food. Villam indulged in his burger and shake along with them. The three friends were quiet aside from the occasional tummy gurgle, belch, or lip smack, but it was clear their experience here had brought them closer together than ever.

The ground shook as Villam walked himself out the front double doors of Immense Ingenuity. After a meal fit for several armies, Villam's body had recovered enough strength to move Villam and all his bulk without needing the hover platform. Villam navigated the building slowly, with Baxter as a guide, as he lifted his gut up to keep himself mobile. His fat rolled around between his arms, soft and supple, and made sure that when he did run into someone or something, no one was ever hurt.

“Hmfffff!” Villam sucked in as much as he could as he approached the doors, and turned sideways. He grinned, remembering how grandiose the doors had felt when he had first arrived.

Baxter followed Villam, ready to push against the chimera if all of a sudden he got stuck in the doors. Baxter was still an absolute slab of beef, but being around his two ravenous friends had possibly rubbed off on him. He had eaten every protein ball Villam had made, and had even indulged in a roast chicken - or three - from the cafeteria. His abdomen was pushed out in a rounded muscle-gut, but Baxter didn't care. He was no longer the largest gym member, so he'd have to bulk like hell if he ever wanted to regain that crown.

“Haaaaaaahhh!” Villam let the air out of his lungs, and his belly flopped forward in turn. He looked towards the parking lot along with Baxter, not caring about where his car was - he certainly wouldn't fit at this point - but he **was** interested in where the crane had dropped their big blue friend. It wasn't hard to spot him.

Luckily, like Villam, Kygen's body had managed - just barely - to regain its mobility. It would take a while, as Kygen had literal tonnes of stomach to push out of the way with every step, and there was no way such a gut would be able to be lifted, but Kygen's expression showed that he was pleased with his new body anyway. From far away, Villam could see a plethora of furs running across Kygen's body, removing the harness that had allowed Kygen to be attached to a crane to help him get out of the building.

Eventually Baxter and Villam managed to reach Kygen just as the harness had been removed. Villam and Baxter began to climb up the hangar-sized roo, eager to discuss next plans.

The bull and chimera sank as they sat on Kygen's belly. “Well, whaddya wanna do now? We've still got the rest of the day ahead of us.” Villam looked between Kygen and Baxter.

Kygen's stomach grumbled. “Well, I'm a little hungry after all the work getting out of the facility. Do you think we could head over to the buffet down the road?” Villam and Baxter's stomachs rumbled at the suggestion. Everyone nodded eagerly in agreement. It was clear the three were not done getting bigger anytime soon.