

Mallory loaded up their plate with various delicious foods, almost feeling paralyzed by the sheer choice. In a way they were thankful that their friend Ferg had offered this all-inclusive stay at the resort. Especially after ... that one incident. Or the other one. Or the one afterwards. Honestly, it was surprising how much chaos had happened with the chimera around and that they hadn't been straight up banned from ever approaching this place again. One could only wonder when something like that would come back to bite Mally in their ass. It was only a matter of time unt-

"You are always gonna stay scrawny if you keep eating meals that small. My egg-salad-sandwiches are chunkier than you!" The chimera jumped in shock, letting out the most adorable little squeak, which caused the mysterious voice behind them to let out a hearty laugh. It was a rough, deep voice, one of experience and authority. Mallory could tell by its tone alone a king was talking to them. Or at the very least someone with a huge ego. "That made you jump? You really are a pipsqueak. Bwah hah hah!" Mally turned around slowly, ready to explode at the rude resort visitor for their dumb stupid beh-

Mallory was staring at Bowser. Well, they were staring at his chest but that was not the point! "Buh... buh..." The chimera stammered again and again until Bowser got tired of this literal bottom speak, now growling in a mix of both annoyance and impatience. "Good gravy, you are even more pathetic than I thought! Shut your trap and move along." The koopa king gently pushed Mallory along, towards one of the tables. As a (not so) secret Bowser simp Mally did not have the courage to fight back, especially if it meant getting utterly bullied by THE Bowser! Those were just some very normal thoughts to have about one's crush, right? Right.

A group of boos was already there, chatting and giggling at each other. Anyone with a single brain cell could tell where this was going.

With a rough yet precise shove pushed the king Mallory onto a chair, his minions now surrounding their soon-to-be victim. They giggled and teased the chimera about how tubby it was, invading their privacy without hesitation. While Mallory felt quite overwhelmed by everything, they clearly seemed to enjoy it beyond a doubt. They could easily nuke the boos (and everything else) with a magic spell of calamitous reach, but it was evident by the blush in the chimera's face that they might refrain from doing anything for a little while at least. The sensation of the ghost tongues gliding over their plush body felt strange yet weirdly satisfying. They had to fight over who got to have more fun with Mallory as the little chimera was by far not fat enough to receive attention from all of them at once, but they were very adamant on being able to change that with enough food. Oh how they wished to experience more of this, but it was not meant to be.

"Move it pip-squeaks! This one is mine!" Bowser forced the ghosts aside as he leaned down over Mallory, his hot breath now in their neck. He placed a gigantic plate in front of the chimera, the buffet table creaking lightly under the weight it now had to carry. On top of the plate there was a pile of food, many items stacked atop each other. The lack of any side dishes was concerning however. It was all meat,

reaching higher than the chimera was tall (which was not much, but still very concerning) and probably at least as wide as them.

“Come on, quit wasting my time.” Bowser got tired of the chimera’s hesitation immediately, grabbing a chunk of meat before stuffing it into Mallory’s maw. They let out a moan of satisfaction upon tasting the divine flavor, the varied seasoning, the amazing jui-

Bowser did not wish to wait for the puny little chimera savoring their meal and instead rushed the process by cramming another piece of meat into their maw. Mallory whined before chewing faster to avoid suffocating on the food. As soon as they took a deep breath after swallowing, a few sausages found their way into Mally’s maw, some steaks waiting in Bowser’s other clawed hand. The whole procedure was merciless. The chimera could feel their stomach distend with each strained gulp, soon enough feeling full, although that mattered little to the king of koopas. From what he saw there was still plenty of food left on the plate, and it would all go into Mallory, whether they liked it or not. It was very obvious that the chimera enjoyed this, an evident blush on their face while it was busy rubbing its swelling midsection. They looked stuffed already, their overtaxed stomach letting out a series of loud groans and gurgles. That did little to deter Bowser from stuffing the chimera like one would put filling in a turkey.

Mallory’s gut had already been quite the lap filler before and the additional calories that were forced into them did not help in slowing down this gradual avalanche of lard advancing towards its knees and inevitably spilling beyond them, now pinning the feedee in their seat. Even without that boulder of a belly and their fat chest they would find it impossible to get up - Mallory’s massive behind had swollen with enough useless adipose tissue to firmly root them in the creaking furniture. Without a doubt the chimera would shatter this piece of furniture with ease soon enough, but by that point they would probably be far too heavy to escape the wrath of their overeager feeder, let alone stand for longer than a few seconds.

Neither Bowser nor the boos nor Mallory noticed the approach of a thudding sound at a sluggish pace. Each thunderous quake was disregarded due to Bowser’s laser focus on utterly stuffing Mally. “Muh huh huh. I scoff. Scoff at your taste. Only meat is boring. Only meat has no calories. Fat cows need calories to grow.” Bowser and Mally tilted their heads towards the source of the dismissive voice. Near them stood Midbus, Bowser’s old rival. Similar to Bowser, he also carried a plate of food with him. Unlike the king of koopas however, Midbus’ had a pile of desserts towering higher than Bowser’s tower of meat. He put it down on the table as well, causing the wood to creak yet louder. It looked ready to snap.

Without further ado Midbus simply invited himself to the feeding party by shoving a particularly large slice of cake down Mally’s throat. The confection tasted incredible, despite the copious amounts of sugar making it almost too sweet. They had gotten sick of the constant stream of meat assaulting their taste buds so this was a very

welcome change in flavor. The fact that Mallory was also a (not so) secret Midbus admirer did not help slowing the impending doom on their waistline. Well, perhaps Mally could eat a few slices. While the chimera deeply enjoyed being treated this nicely by both of their crushes at once, someone else seemed to disagree.

“Grr! Get your own pip-squeak you goomba-breath!” Midbus was the last thing (he did not deserve being recognized as a person) that Bowser wanted to see and vice versa, so it came as no surprise that the two of them started arguing like an old married couple. “Typical. You do not share. Only insult. No longer needed if you ruin this.” Midbus retorted with a grunt, which enraged Bowser. “You’re gonna taste my fist, you piglet! I will NEVER be pals with the likes of you! I’ve got an image to keep!” He was already fuming, smoke shooting through his nostrils as he exhaled sharply. Each word only spurred them on until they eventually clashed, trying to sock each other square in the face without a shred of remorse. Unfortunately for Mallory both its feeders had forgotten about them entirely.

Just moments ago Mally had been rubbing and kneading their own hefty belly before being squished between two powerhouses of fat and muscle with a thunderous boom that caused their ears to ring. The impact shattered the chair they had been sitting on into a pile of scraps, eliminating the need to squeeze out of the furniture. It was a wonder that the chimera hadn’t straight up been pulverized into a pile of insignificant atoms. That wouldn’t have been the first time it happened, but was it really necessary to repeat it so soon? According to some of its’ friends the answer was very clearly yes, but such was the fate of a very bullyable chimera. Well, perhaps another day...

To Mallory the entire conflict sounded very muffled as they attempted to push away the soft, jiggly bellies that had enveloped them. It failed miserably. All they could do was wait and hope that they wouldn’t be crushed like a can until Bowser and Midbus calmed down. If they ever calmed down. There was only little hope for a peaceful outcome however, the two brutes brawling away as they attempted to incapacitate each other. Midbus and Bowser bashed their heads against each other with enough force that would give anyone else a concussion and caused their fat guts to jiggle. For them it was just a weak blow and they would gladly do it again! Their clawed hands were placed on each other’s soft bodies, squeezing into one another’s flab. It was quite the hot sight for the other resort visitors to watch the beasts fight each other, groping at their fat guts, moobs and lovehandles to find leverage. Mally probably did not mind missing out on that, considering that they were in the middle of the action, literally.

After some more cussing, headbutting and some suspiciously overeager groping, Midbus and Bowser would hold off of each other. With a surprising amount of insight both of them admitted that a real battle would flatten the entire buffet, though in reality both of them were exhausted and sweaty from this little amount of fighting.

Their waistlines had seen better days, “ruined” by a life affected by hedonism and gluttony in this time of peace. The blushes on their faces betrayed their feelings. Anyone could easily guess that they were longing for something more meaningful. In reality, however, anyone guessing so was straight up wrong. Bowser and Midbus hated each other so much that the mere mention of their behated rival caused their blood to boil. At least that was what they claimed. As such it was very surprising to see the two trying to settle on common grounds. Midbus was first to suggest this genius plan. “You. Me. Work together. Better results. Fatter thing. We get paid more.” Bowser let out a loud, boisterous laugh that caused many buffet visitors to jump before responding. “That’s a cruel, rotten, disgusting idea... and I love it! Where’s that pip-squeak actually?” It dawned on Mally now that this was clearly either a revenge or a gift by their friend ... Maybe because of all the chaos the chimera had caused? They would have to ask their friend Ferg once this was over. Both the beasts now looked around before noticing that their little feedee was missing. It took them a little bit of effort to find Mallory. At their sizes a lot of angles were considered dead angles as it was impossible to see beyond their massive pecs or gargantuan guts, no matter how much they tried to push them aside.

Pushing and squeezing their heft around caused Mally to be thoroughly massaged by two walls of thick fat yet further, kneading them into submission. Bowser and Midbus most likely knew that they had trapped the poor chimera in between their guts, but only cared little about such a fact. Despite their rivalry they could at least work together to bully some pip-squeak. Wearing them down so it didn't fight the force feeding was simply part of the plan, and nobody told them to not have some fun while they were at it. The beasts could have fun smothering the little fatass some more for now.

For the past half hour Mallory had been hearing nothing but the soft gurgles of its bullies guts overpowering any chance of negotiation. Mallory tried again and again, but whenever it attempted to raise its voice a particularly loud *gurgle* drowned out their feeble attempts at diplomacy. Eventually the beasts were satisfied with the amount of bullying they had done and stepped away, freeing the smothered chimera who promptly stumbled to the floor, landing on their back, too dazed to act. Perfect! That just meant that they burned less calories!

Midbus and Bowser showed no mercy. Fanned on by their filling rivalry they now wanted to both see who could actually force more food down the chimera's throat. Immobilized by the amount of food it had been forced to eat before and still dazed by the extended squishing, it could not fend off the torrent of calories that were now crammed into it without a regard for their future mobility. With each gulp Mallory could see their dome of a belly rising higher and higher alongside with the rest of its body fattening up accordingly as Mally's stomach worked tirelessly to digest food. Soon enough the fatass had accumulated enough weight to be utterly immobilized, pinning them under their gut that made them look wider than they were tall. They

could probably still waddle around with great effort, as long as someone helped them up. Though that seemed unlikely. At least the plates seemed to be empty, so the feeding was over now, right...?

A few boos now chimed in, carrying many more plates to their king, throwing a variety of teases Mally's way whenever they got close. "Hehehehe, they look heavier than your training weights, your highness!" To add salt to injury they seemed to encourage their beloved leader, if not to fuel their own desire for seeing the chimera grow fatter. Ever since the one time they were under lord Fawful's command they had discovered their secret penchant for fattening some poor sap. Lucky for Bowser it had not been him in a long while due to his diligent work towards regularly finding a new victim for his subjects. With how often he had done it however he had started to enjoy this a fair bit himself. Well... Mallory was the first victim that he was now feeding (mostly) all by himself and he was relishing in it! He did not even mind that he had to share now! "They love this stuff! Feed them more King Bowser!"

Midbus had a different approach to this. Initially his feelings about fat people had been a bit complicated. He was the reason Bowser even lost all that weight he had gained from Fawful's exquisite cooking a few years ago. Many people believed that Midbus had some sort of weird complex about wanting to be the fattest person around because of helping Bowser lose that gut. In reality the opposite was true. While his own weight was a big part of his pride he also loved seeing grow softer and heavier. Perhaps it was a part of his subconscious hog nature that encouraged Midbus to indulge himself and others in deep, unbridled gluttony. He truly loved seeing people grow softer, so long as they were not Bowser. The overgrown turtle had to stay thin at all costs! How else could he be the one with the superior belly circumference if not by manipulating Bowser's attempts at gluttony? Well, lately that had not been working too well since the king of koopas may or may not have put on enough weight to now almost match Midbus' girth, but he would end up victorious in this rivalry of weight gain!

His complicated relationship towards Bowser aside he had to adapt his feeding style to be a bit different. Midbus did not have a kingdom to call his own and thus no minions to assist him in his evil deeds. After the events of the dark star attempting to take over Fawful had vanished, and so had Midbus chance of a payment. Obviously he was PISSED about it. He had been scammed out of money, which was admittedly his own fault since he had agreed to getting paid AFTER the job.

Well, at least he was able to steal some of Fawful's inventions, it was not like he needed them anyways. Midbus had sold many of the gadgets for a quick buck between some other freelance minion jobs, but kept a few of the more curious items, most notably a set of drones that Midbus could control with his mind. They were quite handy as they allowed Midbus to be a bit more flexible and take on some more intelligence-based jobs. Though most importantly he used them to make it easier to indulge in his more peculiar interests. Every feeder was jealous of Midbus having a

dozen drones or so at their disposal to make the feeding process easier. Midbus had a variety of other tools at his disposal, but the drones were the most well known ones that caused the armadillo to receive some rather odd requests based on a very peculiar niche. Quite a lot of people seemed to enjoy the idea of Midbus either feeding himself or others. He didn't particularly care about having to record whenever he did that. It was extra money - whether it came from freaks or not was insignificant in the end. Midbus operated a few of the drones to go grab some more food, even if they had to steal it from other resort visitors. With the overabundance of food around here it was not necessary, but taking food just felt better simply because it was evil and mean. Ultimately it did not matter since the resort's cakebald personnel replaced anything that the drones stole in a matter of seconds. Each food item that came close enough to Midbus was snatched from the drone and consequently fed to the overly full chimera.

At this point they felt much too fat and lethargic to even lift a fat arm to defend itself. Mallory was a blob of fat, weighed down by hundreds pounds of fat that clung to them, serving no purpose other than to immobilize Mally. Its' belly was large enough to constantly touch the floor, no matter the angle they assumed. They had grown soft all around, giving them several layers of jiggling pudge. All in all it was nothing more than a glorified, oversized stress ball now. Just a few more meals and Mally would be fat enough to serve as a bed for at least one of its feeders, if not both.

The chimera's belly was groaning and creaking like an overinflated balloon as its stomach cramped a little, clearly complaining over the enormous strain it was being put under. Mallory felt ready to burst, but knew that they would be fine no matter how much they consumed, both to their dismay and relief. Remaining in one piece and not exploding was very much a nice and desired thing, but being stuffed endlessly until those two had determined a clear winner in their feeding contest was a bother. However, it didn't look like they could decide on a winner for round one, so they argued to do another round of feeding, and maybe another one after that. Bowser and Midbus wished to settle this (un)fair and square and would gladly have Mally be the judge, even though it was evident that there was no way that it could form a coherent sentence to even announce a winner. No matter how often Mallory tried, every word was interrupted by either a thunderous belch that sent ripples through their doughy body or another tasty morsel.

They would be stuck here for a while, huh.