

It had been a slow morning at the pizza parlor so far, which came in quite handy when an utterly overblown order came in. Not only was the matter with which it came in unusual, but the ridiculous amount of pizzas ordered made it appear like a prank. Cal's boss, an old and gruff wolf, was not very happy about the ridiculousness of that order. The stegosaurus could hear his employer's blood pressure rising, albeit he didn't show his anger on the outside. Their boss felt insulted by the very notion of how this was currently being handled. He had very strict ideas on how things should be done in his business, and this was NOT it! Not in the slightest! This was an amateur's work and he was not going to let this ruin his reputation.

"What do you mean we are supposed to send a thousand pizzas to the only warehouse around here that is abandoned? Even if we space it out like the order said, this is simply not possible! We logistically can not pull this off! Are you really that gullible that you would just- How did you even get the order?" Cal listened to their boss, who had finally snapped and was now releasing the entire force of his disappointment at the poor new hiree who had been naive enough to buy into a joke order and then insist on it being real. Things were about to escalate when the stegosaurus decided to step in. She hated fights and wanted to avoid them at all costs, especially in a place she adored above everything. "Hey hey hey! No fighting please! I will just check the place on my own, alright? You want me to take more breaks anyways so you don't get in trouble with the union, so I can just take the rest of the day off! Pleeaaaaase, boss? I am sure it will turn out fine and it was just a big misunderstanding!" Cal was using a lot of things to his advantage here - his good standing with their boss, the worries of their employer and the fact that they had accumulated a little too many vacation days were a strong and dangerous combination that would bring even the most stubborn employers to their knees.

Cal was beaming with a surplus amount of joy as she left her workplace. Normally they would be devastated to depart from her most beloved place, but since he helped his most favorite place ever, this was no big deal! As always they sped through the streets on their roller skates, although they moved at a much faster speed than usual now that they didn't need to keep some boxes of pizza safe. In no time at all they made their way throughout the town towards the far outskirts. The destination was so far away that building density slowly decreased until all that was left was a lone road that cut through the thick forest.

Nobody had used this path in a few years, so keeping it in a good condition was not a main priority. This left the road in a worrying state of disrepair. That in itself was no issue - Cal could easily avoid potholes and roots that had burrowed through the asphalt - but being this far out was quite concerning. Something was terribly amiss about all of this, as if someone planned something horrible around a deliberate joke order. A realization of incredible dread came over them as they approached the end of the road.

How would Cal be able to deliver all these pizzas on time?!?

The little journey ended in front of the abandoned warehouse. This must be where the joke order originated from. One quick look confirmed that this building was very roomy and run-down. A place such as this one could easily house hundreds of people with no effort at all and offer a unique atmosphere at the same time. Of course, it all made sense! Someone was holding a huge party there and they just needed a lot of pizza and somehow communication went wrong! This was easy to fix! She would just walk in there and talk it all out. Surely they didn't mean to send an order for so many pizzas to just one place! After pulling off her roller skates and leaving them on the side, the stegosaurus went inside. Oh how quickly her initial theory had been shattered when she laid eyes on what was inside.

She had expected a large group of people, a lot of equipment or maybe some sort of concert. Instead there was a brown tyrannosaurus rex of massive proportions in front of her. They just barely fit in the warehouse, and even then they had to stay hunched over, their back brushing against the ceiling of the rundown building whenever they shifted around. Cal was about a third of the stranger's height and not even remotely as fat as them. That gut was hanging low, almost touching the ground in this awkward position, only strengthening that feeling of claustrophobia. How did they even manage to get in here in the first place? A not-so-fine rupture line along the ceiling suggested that they possibly climbed inside by ripping off the roof, which was an impressive feat at their weight. He figured that someone of this size would tear down a wall or two or smash the entire building to bits by losing their balance, but yet it seemed like they had managed just fine.

For an uncomfortable amount of time the two of them stared at each other. Cal only acted when he heard the T-rex' stomach grumbling, immediately slipping into her customer service persona. He could not leave a customer hungry after all. "Hello there! I am from Jurassic Calzone! We received your order but wanted to confirm if this was not a mistake as this is the first order of this magnitude we have ever received. Sooo, are a thousand pizzas correct?" Judging by the very intense and hungry look in the bigger dinosaur's eyes that was a very obvious confirmation for the legitimacy of the order. "Alrighty, we will get back to you right away, let me just step outside and call my colleagues to let them know!" She would have left the warehouse already, but a tail blocked the door and slowly moved towards her. She sighed, knowing all too well what was about to transpire. They did not hesitate one bit before retaliating. The stegosaurus grabbed a few slices of pizza off of her tail and threw them towards the T-rex' maw. They barely even registered the presence of such tiny slices and continued with their slow tail slide, further blocking off more and more space. This "client" was not going to be satisfied so easily. At this rate there was only one option left, as much as she usually tried to avoid it.

Cal began to focus with deep breaths. What she was about to attempt was something she hadn't done often before, and it might go wrong, very wrong even, but

she had no choice. They took deep breaths as they gathered magical energies within them. The mana surged through them, pulsing within as the excess energy gave them a little growth spurt. By all means, she was not trying to start a fight, as this was more a means of self-defense. While she was decently tall at around nine feet, she was tiny compared to Borusa! Her plan would not work without a little bit of extra size. The already limited amount of space quickly was taken up by a growing Cal, who was now forced to lean against the other dinosaur, soft shapes squishing against one another. His belly wasn't nearly as large in comparison, but it was still plenty soft and pliable. They could feel their own body starting to push against the walls, forcing her to adjust and shift a bit further against the T-rex to avoid breaking anything. She was quite grateful that this building was this big, or else they might have run out of space a few minutes ago - well, there was no space already, but at least there were options to force a bit more room. The stegosaurus stopped growing when she was about three feet short of matching the mystery customer in height. This surprising feat did not intimidate the T-Rex, and instead only seemed to encourage his gluttonous urges further. Cal knew that this person would still try cramming her down their throat.

The pizza dino was now able to meet eye to eye with Borusa. Being this close put him at risk of being devoured, but that was a negligible risk during the second phase of this plan. Just like everything else the pizza slice scutes on her back had grown as well, now being much more up to scale for a hungry predator like the one right in front of her. He detached a slice of pepperoni pizza and fed it to the T-Rex, which disappeared in the blink of an eye. Another slice with extra cheese was removed and subsequently fed to the 'customer'. Cal slowly went down her backside all the way towards the tip of her tail, systematically shedding slice after slice in order to feed them to Borusa. They got to enjoy a wide variety of flavors, which was a rare occurrence. For a special upcoming promotion the stegosaurus had consumed a few ingredients which had given her the temporary ability to generate toppings different from the usual salami flavor for her scutes. In spite of how much this was meant to be intimidation, the T-Rex couldn't help but treat this like an appetizer for the big meal that was yet to come. Even while eating they eyed up the pizza dino with big, hungry eyes, thinking about the many ways they could eat the walking hot pocket.

Cal was obviously not all too happy about Borusa enjoying this. Nobody he had stuffed before enjoyed it, at least not for that long! She must have stuffed enough slices in there to make up at least twenty dozen pizzas, though they definitely lost count after a while so it was hard to gauge that. They might be off by a few ten pizzas or so, though it definitely didn't matter in this situation. The lack of regret certainly urged them to continue with the stuffing until the T-rex would apologize, which they seemingly didn't intend to do for a long while. Minutes turned into hours, not to be interrupted any time soon by insignificant matters like the stegosaurus' tiny phone ringing. He would get back to it later.

Macros usually required a lot more calories for maintaining their weight, but Cal's insistence ensured that that daily goal was met, and surpassed multiple times. Once the onslaught of calories exceeded the rate at which they were burned, it began to affect Borusa's waistline. Slowly but surely their already generous and doughy midsection expanded with newfound flab, adding further onto their impressive tonnage. The T-Rex certainly didn't mind, their gluttonous nature perceiving it as a token to his voraciousness. So they continued to eat without a hint of shame. In fact, the thought of their rolls spilling out of the remains of the ruined building was a big motivation to continue consumption to ever increasing extremes.

As the pounds piled on, space slowly became a scarce resource. With each additional roll of flab that found its way on their body it forced their feeder to gradually shift into a different pose over time. Borusa themselves had to slowly readjust, their girth no longer allowing them to remain in an incredibly uncomfortable pose. Eventually there was no other choice but to plant their massive behind on the floor, the sheer force of the impact causing the walls to tremble. Their behind and tail had started to pad out as well. Due to how undexterous the appendage had become it couldn't bend as much as it used to. It was clumsily pressed against the nearest wall, causing no damage as it was simply too soft to be of any threat. Even if it was fine now, the walls would eventually come down once the T-rex filled this room entirely.

Each miniscule adjustment forced Cal to lean against Borusa a little more in order to still reach that greedy gullet. Bit by bit he was slowly laying on a progressively softer bed of flab as the belly began taking up the floor they were standing on. After every swallow that fattened body inched towards the far ends of the building a tiny bit further. Pudge wrapped around support pillars and pressed against walls as the T-Rex began to take up every nook and cranny, threatening to squish Cal in the process if they didn't watch out. The pizza dino however seemed to be absolutely infatuated. They knew what junk food could do, but past stuffings had never fattened someone this fast. Their pizza scutes were loaded with calories that would make it easier to gain weight from, but this was a bit excessive. It definitely unlocked something within Cal's mind, that new desire quickly festering into something much stronger.

The initial feelings of spite were pushed aside by a wave of eagerness as she doubled down on the feeding. He felt absolutely delighted seeing the obese dino fattening up even more, which made Cal think about how much further he could push this. In his imagination he was fantasizing about how large he could make the T-Rex. At this point he was definitely getting carried away, stuffing more and more and more pizza slices into that greedy maw, caring little for what their true capacity was or if they could even keep up. Cal was grabbing the slices at the same speed as they magically reformed on her. At this point it would not be possible to go any faster, but Borusa was comfortably keeping up. Personally they thought that this could go faster, but they could endure an amateur feeder. With this newfound enthusiasm

from the stegosaurus, the fatter dinosaur's waistline downright blew up. At this point every bit of floor within the warehouse was now covered by dino flab, forcing Cal to now lie down on a sea of fat as they fed their "client". Not like they minded of course. A few stray appraising grabs and touches tested Borusa's progress.

Time was hard to tell when nobody looked at a clock directly, but the constant expanse of fat was the next best thing they had. If the walls that cracked under an increasing amount of pressure were anything to go by they might soon be able to tell time through another method. A few hundred pizzas later the pressure of the encroaching mass proved too much for the flimsy architecture. It crumbled away against the many folds of Borusa's fattened up body, but neither of the two came to harm. They were both plenty large and soft enough to protect them from the rubble, any stray pieces simply bouncing off of their squishy frames. Naturally they both did not care, having something more important to do. There was lots of pizza left to eat after all!

No longer restrained by the stuffy, rickety warehouse they could now expand Borusa freely across the landscape. Their fat began enveloping the surrounding environment, slowly covering it under never-ending fat. Surprisingly enough nothing came to harm despite it being buried under literal tons of fat. This was another strange interaction between the two that should not be possible, and yet it happened regardless, spiting the rigid laws of nature in the process. For everything and everyone affected it felt like they were trapped under the equivalent of an incredibly soft, heavy and toasty weighted blanket. At least it was comfortable, although it was a bit impractical to now be stuck under all of this.

The forest around the ruins of the warehouse were first to disappear under Borusa, followed by the lone and empty roads of the outskirts. Not too long after that the first buildings on the outskirts of the nearest town were submerged. Minutes later after that the entire town was safely hidden away under a blanket of brown pudge. By noon the better part of the continent was covered by Borusa, but they did not care. Neither did Cal. Currently they were both in their element, focused on nothing but these gluttonous urges. They could do this all day! So they did just that.

Over the next couple of hours they worked hard towards seeing just how far they could actually push things. Borusa's mind barely registered when their excess flab spilled over cliffs, beaches and other edges of the landmasses, now coming into contact with the cool water of rivers, seas and oceans. The difference in mass was too great to cause a noticeable effect. It was comparable to dipping one's toe into a lukewarm puddle, so it never registered in the T-rex' mind. At least fat was very good at floating and did not cause the oceans to shift under the tidal wave of flab. It did not make entirely too much sense, but given the former wondrous events this was fairly normal. Cal was determined to feed the glutton to their limit on principle of doing it to anyone that tried devouring them. They still wanted to teach them a lesson in the

end, but their newly discovered desire for feeding someone was perhaps a bit too insistent. Revenge turned ambition caused an explosive expanse of flab which slowly overtook the planet, threatening to swallow it all under the softest blanket it ever had the pleasure to experience.

Borusa would have enveloped the planet entirely by nightfall if it wasn't for yet another miracle that defied logic and reason altogether. Somehow, by means which even the best scientists would have failed to explain, the T-Rex' immense size was somehow picked up by the solar system's gravitational forces. Slowly they felt their own bulk being lifted up (or down?) into the vast expanse of space, away from earth. Mobility had left them a few tons ago so they had no manner of stopping their own ascend into the void. It was fine though, their weight providing enough insulation to protect them from the harsh cold of space. Things were disorienting at first, especially when the blob of a dinosaur struggled to figure out where exactly they were going. Which planet or moon were they orbiting? Ultimately it mattered little. They had everything they needed: An unlimited source of food. Borusa took a closer look now that things had advanced this far - as far as their countless rolls allowed them to at least. The pizza stegosaurus seemed smaller. At first they reasoned that it was simply because they had grown beyond morbidly obese, but Cal had to scoot much closer to reach their feedee and the slices were significantly smaller now. A shame, really. They had hoped to receive a bit more of a filling meal, but now their feeder was running out of energy. Their mass should at least rival Jupiter, if not the sun itself. Perhaps if they played their cards right they could squeeze out a bit more. Borusa just had to be smart about it.

Gluttonous as they were, this was easy to do. They remembered that the pizza dino had been rather upset about the T-Rex attempt of eating him. Borusa decided to lean into that with a massive belch before smacking their lips and throwing a lazy, uninterested look towards Cal. "Nice appetizer. Mind climbing in my maw now so I can move on?" Snacking on them would absolutely be nice, but the promise of near infinite food was a much more tempting offer compared to one measly morsel they would get out of cutting things short. Thankfully their bait had worked. The pizza dino was definitely offended if the look on his face was anything to go by. "Oh you learned nothing! Well! I will show you! Once I recover enough mana I will stuff you until you sweat cheese!" They were dead serious, determination burning in their eyes. Borusa only chuckled in response, acting like they were not impressed one bit. Seconds later Cal planted face down into the T-Rex belly, sending some ripples across a tiny portion of their gut. As soon as that face had landed on this mattress of soft fat, the stegosaurus had fallen asleep.

Ah dangit. They had hoped to get more food now, not later.

Being immobile was quite boring when one could do nothing. After two hours Borusa had already grown tired of the unchanging scenery and the stars they had counted over and over again. If they could at least turn around on their own terms it would be

a lot less agonizing, but they had become another moon for planet earth. Everyone down there could see them, and yet nobody was respectful enough to send rockets full of food straight into their maw. They considered it rather rude, because they were already starving again. No wonder, Cal hadn't filled them up completely! They better finish their job the moment they wake up! Whenever that was going to happen, at least.

Telling time was hard when one had become a celestial body, but it damn sure felt like an eternity had passed until something happened. Slowly, but surely, Cal arose from their slumber, instinctively pressing into a handful of flab as if she was getting up from her mattress at home. When she tried to swing his legs off the edge of the bed frame and stepped on soft flesh instead of the hard floor she was initially confused. They had to sit there for a while, waiting for the grogginess to subside before they could fully comprehend their situation. Right, they had to finish "teaching someone a lesson".

Without further ado the pizza dino gave the blob a knowing smirk before climbing down a little to get in position. Proceeding through this flabscape was treacherous, the ocean of fat regularly quaking as it was plagued by constant stomach rumbles. At least Borusa's gravitational pull was strong enough to prevent her from floating off into nothingness. The stegosaurus stopped at a specific spot somewhere on the belly that seemed like it was comfortable enough for her incoming growth. As Cal closed her eyes their focus shifted towards gathering huge amounts of ambient mana within his body once again. Their body grew in height just like yesterday, seemingly outdoing themselves this time around. The added height they gained was not too noticeable against a literal planet-sized ocean of fat, but it ensured that they could feed Borusa a little bit more, just like they deserved. Maybe with a bit more training Cal could extend this technique for even stronger feeding in future sessions.

The two of them had to make sure to fill up all the unused space around here after all.