

Routine Management

The keys dropped. A dull jingle sounding out as they landed against the welcome mat. She wiped the sweat from her brow, the small, rounded spines atop her head that looked a bit like short, spiky hair bobbed a little from the movement. The swamp-green alligator let out a sigh as she tried to stoop to reach them, quickly finding herself unable to bend forward. Her ridged-scale belly got in the way. It was a dull, yellow-green in color, this specific hue extending from her tum up her chest and neck to the bottom of her jaw and her cheeks, as well as the underside of her tail. More specifically, her newly-arrived muffin top which had appeared thanks to the mana eggs currently 'incubating' inside her stomach got in the way. She had recently agreed to house them there as part of a summer job of sorts. A local company selling numerous magic wares had created the eggs as sort of magical batteries for all their products. However, just like real eggs, they needed to grow within a live host. They could simply be swallowed and rest inside the stomach to do this. The company paid handsomely, as well, and Rosie needed the money. Her office job ran along with the local school district and now that summer was underway, she was out of work for two months. Luckily, this opportunity had presented itself, though it wouldn't help her much if she couldn't even make it into her house.

Cursing under her breath, she turned and backed against the wall beside her door. Stooping down and leaning sideways, she was able to grasp the keys finally. Successful, she stood. Or at least, she tried. It took a lot more effort than she was used to due to her overfull tummy protesting. She finally managed it, sticking the keys in and entering her home.

With a sigh, she dropped her bag and keys on the kitchen counter. Kicking off her shoes against the door, she flopped onto her couch with the folder. The folder was important, she'd been told. Rosie had been given said folder by the company. 'Read through the information thoroughly and keep to the routine diligently!' they'd said; as if this were a summer essay she needed to write. She fanned herself with the folder, pulling on the edge of her tank top's strap to air herself out a bit. Just the effort of retrieving her keys earlier had tuckered her out. Knowing it was for the best, she shrugged and opened the folder.

Her eyes widened. This was a *lot* of text to skim through. Lines and lines and lines of dieting tips, exercise regiments; the works. The information outlined what she was to be doing every hour of every day for the next month until the eggs were ready.

According to this, she was already supposed to have started on her exercise an hour ago. The gator groaned and sat up, grabbing her keys. The gym was still open for another few hours, might as well get started on the exercise now. As she stepped towards the door, her scaly tummy growled.

She stopped in her tracks, causing said tum to wobble. She looked down at it, surprised. The faintest hint of swamp yellow scales could be seen below her shirt. It hadn't been poking out like that before, had it? *I woulda noticed, there's no way*, she thought. Annoyed, she pulled the shirt down, only for it to ride up that scaly paunch again. Mild panic struck her.

Am I already gettin' bigger from these things or are they just gettin bigger? She poked at her tummy with a trimmed claw. It was too difficult to judge from touch whether it was pudge or just the eggs stretching her stomach; it felt equally soft and taut. She thought for a moment. Getting an idea, she loosened a notch on her belt. Her distended tummy sank down a little further rather than being pressed against the rim of her jeans. In turn, her shirt sank back down, belly disappearing from sight. *Gotta be the eggs*, she decided, though the incident did shake her enough to decide against having a snack before she left to exercise. *Better safe th'n sorry*. With that, she headed out the door.

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A clang resonated as she flung her locker door open. She panted heavily as she retrieved her things before leaning against the other lockers. The alligator had absolutely reached her limit while exercising, and even after showering she still felt herself sweating. "Must've been at least a coupla hours..." she thought aloud. Curious, she checked her phone. Rosie blinked. Only about thirty minutes had passed since she got to the gym. How had it felt like such a long time? She groaned, knowing it'd be best for her to get back out there and start working again.

How could she, though? She was beyond exhausted. Her mind searched for an explanation. *Well... I didn't eat too much today*. Yes, that had to be it. She hadn't taken in enough sustenance to exercise properly! She'd had a busy day, as well. Walking around so much must've made her tired. That had to be it.

Now only mildly miffed, she made her way out to her car. *I'll do more t'morrow, f'r sure*, she assured herself. The gator got inside, absentmindedly pulling her seat back as her tummy let out a growl. Maybe she could treat herself to some fast food on the way home. After all, she *had* gone out and exercised today. Besides, this might be

the last time she'd be able to get away with it since she was starting that diet. *Oughta be fine f'r one last time.* With that, she left.

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Rosie groaned. She looked over the remnants left on her coffee table: plentiful bags that once held all of the food she'd bought and wrappers that had been lazily used as makeshift plates for her meal. Or did that count as 'meals?' That thought alone elicited another groan. The gator had binged on nearly thirty dollars worth of fast food. The worst part? She didn't exactly feel full. Plenty of room remained in that swollen stomach of hers. She grimaced, afraid to look at the offending tummy.

With all her courage, she leaned forward a bit, eyes going wide. What laid before her was almost beyond reason. That gut of hers had bloated up tremendously from its previous size. What before had been no more than a slight bulge on her figure was now a prominent swell that weighed heavily in her lap, filling most of the space there. She swallowed and poked at it with a dull claw. It gurgled in response, visibly jiggling some from even that slight of a tap. It was about the size of a small medicine ball now, and as she felt over it with a clawed paw, it seemed to barely be full at all. It was just a mass of scale-covered lard with some semblance of a meal still left deep within it. To her horror, after a bit of prodding, she felt the eggs pulse inside. The gator gasped as her belly fattened up in her lap, a fresh coating of pudge layering itself on as it swelled outwards. It seeped out in every direction a little less than an inch, stretching over her thighs very slightly before halting with another gurgle.

She swallowed, eyes still wide. *They didn't say anythin' about this! 'Some weight gain,' my butt; I feel like a balloon! Gotta check th' manual...* Right, the manual! Surely that would have something about this. With a grunt, she struggled to reach past her bloated tum to reach the coffee table, but she managed. Quickly, she pushed the trash aside. The folder was just underneath. She held it in front of her and flipped through it, skimming the pages.

No use. It was just filled with exercise advice and how she should 'stick to her diet.' Maybe that was all it was? She did eat a lot, but even with *that* amount of food it shouldn't have caused *this*. ...There wasn't any other explanation, though. Why hadn't they spelled out for her just how *drastic* this would all be? She sighed. *Oh well*, she thought. *Can't do much about it now. And I'm gettin' paid f'r this, I jus' gotta stick to th' diet. Gotta do more exercise, too. T'morrow*, she resolved. For now, she needed some rest.

As she stood to make her way to her bedroom, she heard a creaking sound which stopped her in her tracks. The alligator glanced around, trying to determine the source of the noise. It came again, louder this time, along with another sharp sound. She recognized it as her zipper and looked down. Well, she tried to. Her gut impeded her progress. Embarrassed, she lifted and sucked in her belly to find that her pants had unzipped themselves completely. Her zipper was straining as it dug into the fabric below, trying to sag further down. Her belly couldn't be causing this. And that only meant--

RRRRRIIP...

She froze. The ominous noise had come from her. Rosie hurriedly made her way to her bathroom, flipping on the light as she focused on her own image. Her pants had ripped along the sides, plush gator thighs bulging out through the seams of strained fabric. This had been a pair of her smaller jeans but she never thought she would *burst* them so quickly from the eggs. A draft was felt behind her. *Oh no... can't be...* She turned around and craned her neck, spotting at first just a plump gator tail. Admittedly, even it seemed to have become swollen, weighing down lower than it usually did. Though, what alarmed her most was the horizontal split from the purposeful hole in her jeans, made specifically for that tail. The rip had spread across her butt, showing off two meaty chunks of gator rump that wobbled slightly from her breath. It was almost too much to handle as she turned back around in awe, only to find her belly on full display. Her chest had fattened as well, it seemed. The swollen, soccer ball-sized spheres pressed tightly to her shirt, having effectively pulled it up into a crop top.

Rosie couldn't take looking in the mirror another second. She didn't find what she saw disgusting, but just *astounding*. That was *her* she had seen? How could it be? That gator in the mirror was far too wide. Far too... *big* for it to be her. She shook the thoughts away by physically shaking her head. This was too much for her to deal with tonight. She was tired... and hungry, though she didn't even want to *think* about the second concept. Rosie changed into her pajamas as she did every night, not letting herself dwell on just how much tighter they felt now as she climbed into bed and passed out.

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She woke up larger. She didn't even have to check, Rosie could *feel* that her body had grown in its sleep. A groan came out of her as the realization hit her. How

was it even possible for the eggs to cause this much weight to pile on in such a short amount of time? The heavy gator pulled the covers off of her to check the damage done to her frame.

Her belly was the first thing she noticed. Wide and heavy, it sat atop her lap as like an oversized globe as she managed to carefully sit up. It had become so big, it was stretching her pajama top to its absolute limits. The poor garment looked as if it was about to snap. The bottom rung of her belly was visible underneath it; over half of that mass of scaly blubber poking out as if overtaking the rest of her. It rested heavily on her thighs, though those were more than fat enough to still be visible past her gut.

She wiggled herself over to the edge of the bed, wincing as she heard it creak. Rosie heaved her legs over the side and touched the cool carpet. With a mighty push, she thrust herself upwards. A loud tear was heard as she barely managed to make it onto her footpaws. Swallowing nervously, she found her pajama bottoms sliding down to her feet. They had been stressed beyond capacity by that widened rear and those thunderous thighs she now possessed.

This was bad. Her pajamas were the stretchiest garments she owned. With them torn to shreds, she had no hope of being publicly decent enough to make it to the gym. She would have to exercise here; and fast. This weight was put on extremely quickly, so maybe it would go away just as promptly? Rosie nodded. That had to be true. That was the only way she'd possibly be slimming down.

A growl rang out. One that was particularly loud and gurgly; the kind you'd expect to hear coming from a giant, hungry beast. Rosie grimaced. It had come from her stomach, of course. She was already starving, the hunger nearly unbearable. The gator did her best to ignore it for now, she had other things to attend to. She attempted to reach her phone she'd dumped on the bedside table to check the time, but was having trouble reaching past her own paunch to do so. As she struggled, gripping her gut to try and pull herself past it, a strange warmth overtook her reaching paw. A small, kind of purplish energy surrounded it and extended out from it and surrounded her phone. It seemed to grasp it weakly, as if struggling to hold it. Regardless, it bounced the cell into her paw not unlike a rubberband. Rosie blinked. It had been effortless on her part, and the energy seemed to originate from her middle. *Must've been th' eggs. Those people said there might be some weird magic side effects fr'm this stuff... probably all explained 'n th' packet.*

Part of her was a little excited by these newfound powers. Not having ever experimented with magical stuff like this before, she wanted to spend some time to see what she could do. There were more important things to attend to, though. She

checked the time on her phone finally. 1:47? *Jeez, I slept past noon! Need t' get started already, can't afford t' waste more time.* With an annoyed breath, she pocketed her phone and heaved herself up before exiting her room. Rosie realized she had a slight waddle to her gait now. Rolling her eyes, she headed down the hall to the stairs. *The stairs!* she thought. *I c'n use those t' exercise! All I gotta do is head up and down 'em over and over; and I won't stop 'til I've burned all this off. I got this, I'm gonna make sure I keep at it; no problem!* the gator reassured herself. With renewed hope, she stomped her way as quickly as she could down the stairs. She almost ended up overbalancing herself and falling into the wall, but caught herself at the last moment. *Jeez, gotta be careful. 'M not used t' bein' this heavy. If I fall 'm not sure I'll be able t' get back up...*

Resolving to go more slowly, she trudged up the stairs. Her pace had definitely diminished, as she only made it up four steps before having to hold the railing. Rosie was already panting lightly just from the sheer effort of trying to carry all this bulk vertically. She *had* to do this, though. It was the only option she had! Grunting, she resumed in earnest. The gator managed to make it back up the staircase before propping against the wall in a sweaty heap. Her legs trembled. She barely had the strength to keep herself upright at this point. Every second she remained standing was a struggle. ... *Okay... so this ain't workin'. I'm gonna end up tumbling my way down and hurtin' myself or just collapsin'. Gotta think...*

She panted, her belly heaving. This caused her whole frame to jostle, which was quite annoying. Though, her demanding belly growling at her, growing louder with each outburst, was the biggest distraction. *Alright, so... I don't have th' strength t' keep this up. Gotta get more energy. ...Means I need protein, right? That oughta help. Jus' gotta make some meat t' keep me goin'. Or find some energy bars. I'll figure somethin' out; jus' gotta eat. I'll be able t' do more after I eat, 'm sure.*

Rosie had a plan now. When she believed she was ready, she made her way back down the stairs again and almost immediately went for the kitchen. She worked quickly. Finding some leftover hamburger meat, she resolved to make a few burgers and wash it down with some of that electrolyte-replenishing drink she usually brought along when exercising.

Cooking was a bit slower than usual. Much to her dismay, she found that her paws had thickened significantly along with the rest of her. Each digit was rounder, looking like sausages, while her palm was alike some kind of plump breakfast pastry. Though, making those comparisons in her head only made her hungrier. Nevertheless, things were taking her a good deal longer than they should have, and she was getting impatient by the time the burger patties were simmering.

Hesitantly, she checked around in the cabinets for anything to munch on while they cooked. The hungry gator knew she definitely should not be snacking, but her tummy was refusing to shut up about it. The gurgling and groaning had been near constant ever since she had tried to exercise. After rummaging, she found a box of beef jerky sticks she had forgotten about. *These'll be okay t' eat. It's protein, anyways, right? Oughta help out, if anything.*

With that excuse, she began mindlessly munching on the sticks as she cooked the burgers. In time, the movements became so automatic she hardly noticed how many sticks she went through... or how many burgers she was actually making. By the time she finished, she had a whopping total of five burgers on her plate and had gone through the entire box of jerky sticks save for two of them.

She licked her snout as she looked at her plate. *Oh uh... guess there was more of that meat left than I thought. It's protein, though. It'll help me exercise. 'M sure...* After dressing every burger up with fancy, sweet buns and plenty of extras in between, Rosie plopped down against the couch with an audible "Oof," and began to dig in. The gator ate voraciously, as if food was a concept only known to her in the last few hours and this was her first time experiencing it. One by one the burgers disappeared. The first one took her a few bites, then just a single one, and by the time she was on her last she simply swallowed it whole. A victorious belch rang out from her by the time the final one went down, and she licked her claws clean of the various condiments and grease they were soaked in. Even after all that, her gut rumbled heavily. She emitted a groan and clutched her needy tummy. Rosie was still hungry; hungrier than she ever had been. It was overpowering: a need rather than a want.

With almost Herculean strength, she pulled herself upright with only mild difficulty. Her body made a beeline for the kitchen and thrust open the fridge. Only her hunger was in control now, barely a thought running through her head besides what she could feed on. She grasped the half-empty gallon milk jug and popped the lid. Part of her mind was screaming at her as she tilted it back, knowing it was a terrible idea. Nevertheless, she placed her maw around the spout and downed every drop. Absentmindedly, she tossed the empty one aside, not worrying as the plastic jug noisily clattered to the floor. She was already busy grabbing the brand new gallon jug of whole milk behind it, ripping the top off.

As she drank, she could hear her belly slosh, swelling outwards from her frame as it puffed up and drooped lower towards her knees. She could *feel* its heft weighing her down, feel every inch of that stuffed balloon of food and lard. Rosie didn't let herself be concerned, though. She couldn't be at this point. The food-frenzied gator

continued to binge, going through item after item, no matter how large. Anything she had trouble reaching, her egg-borne powers would pull towards her with ease. Said eggs were rumbling as they swelled inside her, as if spurred on by and encouraging more of this greedy over-stuffing. Idly, even in her stupor, she noticed that the powers seemed to have gotten stronger. After that, she lost herself. Her body was now at the mercy of this hunger as she zoned out entirely to the feeling of that demanding paunch of hers being packed fuller and fuller...

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BuUUAARP... The sound of her own thunderous belch woke her up. With a long groan, she blinked and assessed herself. Immediately she realized that her clothes were long gone. The shredded remains of her pajamas had fallen in scraps around her on the tile floor. *Tile floor...* She was still in the kitchen. In addition, the remains of the *entirety* of her grocery stock were scattered around her as well. She had cleaned out all of it. Everything that had been in the fridge, cabinets, everywhere: gone. All of it was now packed into her still-swelling bulk. Rosie could feel her impressive belly gurgling. The eggs had swollen ever larger and were still at it. She laid there, beached between the fridge and the sink in what used to be a fairly large amount of space. Her body took up almost all of it now.

Even trying to look around to examine herself, she met immediate resistance from her neck. She could feel how puffy it was; a stretched ring of pure, jiggly adipose that rested partially on her shoulders. It acted as a sort of collar, ever-present and making movement of her head difficult. She also quickly noticed her cheeks had put on weight as well. Astonishingly, she could feel the plump deposits of pudge wobble slightly with even the most minor motions she made. The gator didn't want to think about how comical her face must look at this moment. She moved her arms up to touch at her cheeks and grimaced. Even *they* were heavier! Raising one up as best she could, she looked it over. Indeed, lard had bloated out the both of them, making them rounded and bulky. They were both a good four inches thicker, possibly more, though they only drooped slightly. More than anything, they just looked much thicker. Trying to extend or rotate them caused her to near-constantly bump the thick limbs against herself. There was just *so much of herself* to run into, it was hard *not* to make contact.

She managed to lift it towards her face, but stopped when she noticed her paw. She hesitated to even call it that at this point. It was so heavily-expanded, even basic movement was limited. Her claws were nearly invisible, only the dulled tips sticking

out while the rest looked to be swallowed up by the lard of her fingers as if in quicksand. The Twinkie-like digits pressed against each other, as well, and could only be pulled apart if she pulled them away with all of her effort. They refused to bend towards her cantaloupe-sized palm more than a few inches before just squishing against it.

Rosie hadn't even looked over the rest of herself yet. It sunk in just how much time it took to even *observe* her expansiveness, but she tried not to think about it. Scooting herself back slightly, she looked down. Instantly, two giant spheres entered her vision. Her chest hadn't been exposed to the worst of the growth, and that was saying something. Each breast looked to be about the size of an overblown beach ball, though they certainly were not filled with air. It felt more like they were scaly bags that had been overfilled with some kind of pudding; jiggly and huge. They rested heavily against the expanse of her belly. That mass of food, fat and eggs was truly enormous; unrivaled by any gut she had seen before. Its mass was comparable to a wrecking ball in size, and it felt about as heavy to her. However, it was much suppler, the expanse of scales quivering with every breath she made. Guessing just by looking, it was nearly four or five feet in diameter; almost as wide as she was tall. The hefty balloon drooped to the sides slightly, looking doughy while still retaining a bit of tautness as it puffed out vertically. Her lined rows of scales had plumped out, each now a rung of fat along that rippling hide. Rosie could still feel the eggs in there, too, sloshing about as they competed for room against what little bit of food was still digesting.

Beyond that, she couldn't see much else of herself from this position. She could see her swollen footpaws stretched out ahead as they squished against the cabinets under the sink, but her paunch obscured everything else at this angle. Looking upward, she tried to reach up to grab the handle of the fridge, but it was too difficult to lift her handpaw up that high. As she strained, the purple energy returned. It almost seemed to *know* what she was going for, and scooted her backwards and upright against the front of the fridge. The motion was so quick, she let out a yelp of surprise, feeling her bloated frame quake and jostle.

Once her fat settled, which took an unexpectedly long amount of time, she glanced down once again, her pillowy thighs now slightly in view. Rosie's hips had expanded tremendously. They stuck out a good six inches further than her massive belly, and looked just as soft to the touch. Those legs were the size of tree trunks at this point, perhaps larger. The both of them also now seemed to be permanently squished against each other, as even the maximum extent she could move them away

still kept them slightly brushing each other. Now that she was in a sitting position, she noticed just how comfortable a seat it was thanks to her newly padded rear. It nearly rivaled even her gut in size; each lard-stuffed cheek the size of a large beanbag and just as pleasant to sit on. She couldn't see them, but she could certainly *feel* how tremendous they had become. The cheeks on her face warmed up a little as she thought about what it must look like to someone standing behind her now. If she could even get herself standing again...

However, she took a strange solace in realizing that her tail had gotten big enough to provide some semblance of decency. The many rolls of chub that adorned it had widened the tail enough to cover a good bit of her massive rump, including the embarrassing point at which her two buttcheeks were squished so tightly against each other. This position also afforded her the knowledge that even her back had grown softer. Though, she was relieved to feel that it wasn't separated into too many rolls, but instead seemed to be a few soft, connected masses currently being cooled from pressing against the fridge door.

Well, she thought, I'm huge. A car-sized gator approachin' van-sized status. And if I get much bigger, I'll end up a parade float. What's after that? 'M I gonna end up a blimp? Will I even be able t' MOVE if this keeps up?! She took a deep breath. *Calm down,* she told herself. The people she had signed up with could help her out. She still had the number, she just had to get to her phone. *This ain't hopeless. Not gonna be a blimp. Calm down.* Strangely, feeling her body wobble a bit as she took deep breaths was helping. Having all of that massive pudge almost felt... nice. Heavy, warm bulk swaddling her entire frame. Making her feel soft... and warm... and safe... and ... *Ooookay not THAT calm. C'mon. Gotta get up. Get movin' and sort this out.* Rosie shook all those thoughts away, a little afraid by how easily they came to her. Was it the eggs causing them? She didn't want to think about it.

Instead, Rosie concentrated on getting up. Before she could even reach for something to give her leverage, that thick purple energy surrounded her and pulled her up to her feet, the sudden motion sending waves of wobble across her bulky frame. The alligator shuddered a little, feeling the eggs react to the magic again. It was a good thing these powers had kicked in, she wasn't sure she could've gotten up on her own. How long had she been out, anyway?

Inspecting through all the trash on the floor, she used her powers to pull her destroyed pants up in front of her, grabbing the phone out of the pocket. As she checked it, she found the time read 7:48 PM. She had spent the entirety of the afternoon binging before passing out on the kitchen floor. It didn't matter at this

point, she had to fix this. The packet wasn't much help; trying to exercise while this big would be more than difficult, and all she would end up doing is working up her appetite again. If that happened, she'd just binge... though there wasn't anything in the house to binge on now, at least. *Good. 'M not gonna eat a single bite 'til I at least get some of this worked off, no matter how hungry I get.* There had to be an easier way to lose it, though.

The gator realized her legs were wavering a bit and resolved to make it to the couch. Attempting to walk resulted in heavy, waddling strides, her footpaws seeming to stomp no matter how lightly she tried to put them down with each step. As she passed a small table in her living room, her overblown butt bumped her lamp off of it. She gasped, trying and failing to catch it, though it hovered above the floor. Her powers had caught it just from her thinking about it, and quickly brought it back to safety in its usual spot. Relieved, she slammed herself down against the couch. She hadn't been trying to sit so hard, but she was just so *big* now. Shifting to get comfortable, she heard the couch creak and groan audibly. *Hope this thing holds...*

Determined to call the company responsible for her heaviness, she tried to navigate her way to the number in her phone. This was easier said than done. Those fattened digits of hers couldn't help but tap multiple icons at once. *Maybe th' powers c'n help?* She focused on the screen, thinking hard about getting to the phone app. Her phone became surrounded in violet, making the screen a little harder to see, but she watched as the phone icon was tapped and her contact list popped up. The gator smiled. She was quickly growing fond of how easy these powers made just about everything. Next, she tried focusing on calling the mana egg company. A long, distracting groan came from her cavernous belly, her hunger already starting to renew itself. She tried to shake the thoughts away, but as her powers scrolled through the numbers on her phone to get to the correct one, the contact for the local pizza place stood out in her mind. Before she had a chance to refocus her thoughts, the purple energy suddenly selected One Gal's Pizza, and began dialing. "What? Wait, no... no no..." She tried to tap the end call button with her thumb, but was having trouble. Before she knew it, a voice came through.

"This is One Gal's pizza, can I interest you in our two-for-one special on calzones today?" *Damn, the eggs are readin' my thoughts too fast. Gotta focus. Focus!* "Oh! Uh, no thanks, I just... er..." the gator spoke awkwardly, trying to compose herself as her belly rumbled in hunger once again. "Alright, well what can I do for ya?" the friendly zebra asked earnestly. "I... um... just... Sorry, I--" *Why's it so hard t' focus?! I don't want any pizza! Just say that. Or hang up. I don't want any... I mean, I do but... I*

really want pizza. I'm starving, I just want something to eat. Her thoughts raced, judgment becoming clouded as her belly roared. *I do. I want food, I--* "Want fifteen twenty-four inch pizzas. Extra, extra cheese, extra sausage." Her inner thoughts came pouring out of her plump muzzle, that purple energy surrounding her. "Thickest crust on all of 'em, too. And make it twenty pizzas." The poor zebra covered up their other ear to hear through the receiver better; they must've misheard something. "...You said uh... twenty? Is this for a party?" "I said twenty. And yeah, y' could call it a party. 'M gonna pay now." She listed off her debit card number from memory, then her address. "'N get me four two-liters of soda," she belched, all this talking loosing some of the gas that was built up within her. "Okay, uh... what kind?" they responded. "Whatever ya got. Th' good stuff. And uh-uuuURP... make it quick." With that demand, the phonecall was ended. The energy resonating around her dissipated and she stared, awestruck. *Twenty. Pizzas.* The thought of eating all those was unfathomable to her, but part of her found it strangely appealing; excitement brewing in the back of her mind.

"What are these things DOIN' t' me?!" She exclaimed aloud. Rosie panicked, panting a bit from all the excitement. *Gotta call those people. Right now! They gotta help me.* Her powers cooperated enough for her to dial the company's number. She waited a moment, and a voice kicked in. "Hello--" it said, though she quickly cut it off, frantically trying to explain things to get answers. "Hi, yeah, my name's Rosie, I recently--" "We would love to assist you," the voice continued. "However, we are currently experiencing an *abnormally large* volume of calls. You will be placed on hold, but we value your input and absolutely want to sort out any problem you may have! Your expected wait time is... Fifty. Eight. Minutes." With that, the automated voice message left Rosie at the mercy of slightly-catchy smooth jazz hold music.

Rosie stared for a while before leaning her head back against the couch. Well, more accurately, resting it slightly against her fat neck. She started an long, annoyed groan, though it transitioned into a particularly dense belch. *This is bad... I keep gettin' hungrier. ...No food... not until th' pizza gets here. Can't wait that long... gotta get somethin'...* She whined as her gut rumbled loudly. The hunger wasn't painful in the least, but she felt it overwhelmingly necessary to consume. Her thoughts raced, trying to think of any possible thing she could fill herself with.

Can't fit out th' door. Ordering more won't help. No food in th' house... think... But I don't wanna bloat up more, either! What 'm I gonna-- Her eyes widened. *Water! Maybe that'll fill me up! I'll jus' drink a whole lot of it from th' tap, and it won't make me any bigger!* She chuckled, giving her gut a triumphant slap. It wasn't until after she did this did she realize the torrent of motion that would send her into. She cursed softly

under her breath, feeling her rolls jostle and wave about. The gator found herself shuddering a bit. All that wobbling did feel nice. Thoughts of being bigger crossed her mind, but she quickly pushed them out. *Why do I keep havin' these thoughts? ...Gotta be th' eggs makin' me think that way. Gotta ignore 'em.*

She tried to heave herself up of her own strength, but quickly realized how difficult that would be. The gator rolled her eyes as the eggs helped her to her feet. The purple aura seemed to be slightly surrounding her legs indefinitely while she was standing now. She realized she must've become heavy enough now that she could just *barely* stand on her own. That confusingly tantalizing thought lingered for a little while as she started her slow waddle out of the living room.

Her first thought on how to get a drink was the shower, since the sink was probably too low for her to stretch her muzzle down to get a sip. The shower was quickly ruled out when she reached the door, however. The lardy gator's cheeks grew warm as she took in the difference in size between the bathroom door and her massive body. She didn't have a chance of fitting through there. Rosie thought on it for a moment, trying to concentrate past her demanding belly's incessant growling and the thoughts creeping up about growing larger. It hit her soon after. She had an idea.

Once she finished hauling her bulk back into the kitchen, her fatted paw pointed out in the general direction of the sink. The nozzle typically used for dishwashing was snagged by violet energy and quickly pulled in her direction. The extendable hose attached to it was stretched a little, but seemed to reach her without much difficulty. Making things easier, the egg powers unscrewed the nozzle, leaving a simple water hose. The resulting hose was suddenly stuffed into her muzzle as the sink was turned on full blast, her powers seeming to have acted on her enthusiasm. That didn't matter to her in that moment, though, as she finally had something to sate her needy stomach.

For the first time since her surge in weight, she relaxed completely. Her muscles went still as she leaned back against her fridge, the big metal box creaking slightly as she settled on it. The steady flow of water running into her and the admittedly relaxing, distant hold music soothed her. Though she embarrassingly found the slow feeling of her belly expanding, sloshing out further and rounder, to be the most relaxing factor. A breezy, blissful smile crept across her muzzle as she looked down to see the curvature of her gut growing wider. Her chunky paws slowly crept over it, rubbing and caressing at the hefty, sloshing sphere. The pleasure of gently expanding was enthralling. The feeling of her body growing slightly tauter, but ultimately just becoming pleasantly full was heavenly. All of this felt *wonderful*. And

for the first time, she didn't feel the need to push the thoughts away. Why did it matter, after all? She felt good; better than she had in a long time. She wasn't getting permanently bigger from the water, anyways. What did she have to worry about? Though, a more malleable growth was sounding better and better by the moment. Her mind glazed over with thoughts of being this big all the time, and always working towards getting bigger. If she wasn't so relaxed, she might've been annoyed at just how *good* that sounded.

This went on for a while, Rosie taking a deep breath through her nose. Her swelling rump and tail had started to push her away from the fridge a little. ...*Wait...* Her eyes shot open. She was getting *fatter* again, and had already put on a good hundred pounds in the time she'd been downing water. *The eggs! They must be convertin' th' water magically or somethin'! Gotta stop th' flow...* She reached out towards the faucet, but her powers didn't seem to cooperate with her. Frustrated, she decided to go for the tube. With all her might, she reached up for the tube. Her stubby, overblown arms barely managed to reach it, taking it in what little grip her chubby paws had. She pulled, but it didn't budge. Looking down, she noticed the purple aura covering the end of the tube. *They're keepin' me from takin' it out! They gotta be! ...O-Or... wait... they respond to what I want t' happen. ...Do I really want this...?*

She shifted a little, feeling her whole body jostling. Her wobbly arms were starting to shake from the effort of keeping them up for so long. Rosie didn't have a lot of time to think this over. *Of course I don't wanna get bigger! T' be turned into a mound of blubber like this would be... inconvenient! It doesn't matter how... nice it feels... I gotta stop this before it gets too outta hand!*

Just like that, the aura seemed to fade. Having regained focus and control of her powers, she stopped the faucet and pulled the hose from her muzzle. The gator panted and huffed. Her egg-filled gut was still processing all the water inside, slowly mixing it up into more pudge to pad on her frame. For now it was mostly still waterlogged; bloated almost to the floor and expanding out to press against the countertop several feet away. The rest of her had already fattened up a great deal, and was only swelling further. Her hips and rump had already plumped up enough to keep her against the fridge no matter how far forward she tried to push. Effectively, her body was wedged into her kitchen. Before she could think on that further, the doorbell rang.

Rosie gasped. *Th' pizza!* she realized. The act of jolting her head sideways to look at the front door caused a ripple throughout her lardy scales unlike any other. All that jiggling her gut did caused the gases inside to release. "UuuuUUAUUUARP!" the

gator loosed a massive belch, surely audible outside the door. She groaned as she waddled her way over to the front door, her powers doing almost all of the work. Try as she might, even in the few steps it took to get there, her body was in constant motion. She was actually able to see the different *layers* of wobbling at this point. The largest parts of her, such as her gut, rump and hips, were so heavy their jiggling was almost lethargic. The 'smaller' portions such as her neck and arms seemed almost lively by comparison.

Rosie had bigger issues in that moment, though. As she reached the door, it sunk in what kind of situation she was in. She was huge; nearly spherical at this point. Also: she was naked. Not to mention, getting these pizzas to eat would only make her bigger. *Jus' leave 'em. Don't worry about th' pizzas. I don't need 'em, I don't--* Her gut gurgled in protest. She felt her belly lurch as the eggs swelled in size again. "Oof... not agai-bbBRRRAP..." Another greedy burp was pulled from out of her. *...but... I did pay for 'em. Was a lotta money, too... and I got nothin' else t' eat.*

The aura shot out from her, grasping the doorhandle. "Wait, WAIT--" Not giving her a choice, her powers flung the door open. A tall, slightly bewildered bat girl standing in front of a massive stack of pizzas and several soda bottles was revealed. Thinking quickly, Rosie pulled a nearby blanket over herself, though it didn't even cover most of her paunch. Breaking the silence, the bat spoke. "Hi uh... you ordered all this, right?" Rosie glanced away. "Well... I uh... Yeah. Sorry f'r the uh... not havin' clothes." She chuckled nervously. "Caught me at a bad time, is all! ...And uh... th' reason I'm gettin' so many pizzas is cause I'm havin' fr-UURP... friends! Over later. Buncha friends! All comin' over t' watch movies. That's erm... th' reason." The gator closed her eyes, silently chastising herself.

The bat offered a tiny smile. "You got those eggs, right? The magic ones?" Her eyes widened. "...Y'know about th' eggs?" The pizza girl chuckled. "You're about the fifth person I've had to deliver this much pizza to this week. People are taking up that offer all over town. Had one dude explain it to me. Seems like it's hard to keep up that routine they give you. Lotsa people are having trouble, so don't beat yourself up over it, okay? I'm sure you'll get the hang of it." The gator relaxed a little. "Oh uh... well, thanks. Good t' know I'm not th' only one, I guess. ...But anyway, y' need f'r me t' sign somethin' probably, or-?" The girl nodded, producing a pen and a tiny receipt. Rosie instinctively tried to reach for it, but stood no chance. Rolling her eyes, she levitated both objects towards the wall. She grinned a little, still amazed at these powers she had, as she gave the girl quite the tip and returned the receipt and pen.

“There. All done. And uh... thanks for bein’ so understandin’ about this. This is all a li’l bit humiliating t’ me.” The bat shrugged as she helped haul the pizza and soda inside. “No worries. Honestly, I’ve thought about trying it myself. I mean, isn’t it kind of a good deal? You get to eat whatever you want, just laze around and get paid. You even get like... magic powers! That’s pretty rad if you ask me. I mean, you get pretty big but that doesn’t sound *too* bad considering all the stuff you get out of it. You’re basically making money just to take a vacation at home. Sounds pretty nice... Anyways, I gotta get back or my boss’ll get mad. Thanks for the tip! Later!”

Rosie was too deep in thought to respond. She gave a tiny wave and shut her door. The bat’s words were resonating with her. The lardy gator slumped onto the couch, ignoring the furniture’s protests. She couldn’t stop thinking over all of this. She got the gnawing feeling that this would be her last chance to turn things around, but a conflict was still brewing in her mind. *...Is this really so bad? Why ‘m I fightin’ this so much? There’s no way I’m losin’ any of this weight on my own at this point, that ship’s sailed. And I gotta eat. Can’t just starve m’self or I’ll go into a frenzy again. Plus, it... it feels nice. I like being this big. It feels soft, comfy, cozy... I... I think I wanna get bigger, too. I don’ wanna stop. I can do that later, when th’ eggs are ready t’ come out. Then I’ll... I’ll slim down completely. No problem.*

She nodded, having come to her decision. After a deep breath, she pulled all the boxes and bottles towards her. With the eggs’ newfound size, her powers had grown much stronger. All twenty pizzas and all four two-liters levitated around her like a mobile buffet. A grin spread across her muzzle. She had wanted something like this for *far* too long. Almost drooling, she watched the first box open, the pizza inside rolling itself up like a giant calzone before the entire thing crammed itself into her muzzle. She downed it in no time, moving on to one of the bottles of soda next. The lid was unscrewed in front of her without her having to lift a claw. It pressed its spout to her muzzle and tilted all the way back as she confidently gulped it all down. The gator proudly let out a room-shaking belch and chuckled, giddy at finally giving in to her new gluttony. She surrendered to it, glutting herself on the incredible amount of food and drink.

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Bliss. That was what the gator felt as she finally came out of her gluttonous stupor. Once every single slice of pizza and every single drop of soda was all crammed into her churning, greedy gut, she felt absolute bliss. She rubbed over what she could

reach of herself, enjoying her luxurious rolls. A bassy burp echoed from her maw, and she patted her gut in congratulation. The gator examined herself in all her bloated glory.

Her vision was slightly more limited than before, as her cheeks had puffed up enough to be always within her sight no matter where she looked. She could feel them wobble with every movement of her head. She could also feel the mound of fat just under her face. Forget it being a collar, the pudge was practically a small tire at this point. Rather than separated into rolls, it was just a singular, plump ring which encapsulated her neck and then some, drooping down towards her breasts. Rosie snickered, reminiscing over how her face once looked intimidating.

Looking down, dual spheres came into view. It was her chest, she realized. Each breast had grown enormous. Whereas her rumpcheeks used to be the size of bean bags chairs, her boobs now more closely matched that description. Though only the largest bean bags you could find would accurately resemble Rosie's. They were also holding more shape than the rest of her; positively rounded while still having a slight sag around the top. She reached up to pat at one of them, but her flabby arms couldn't quite make it, impeded by their own girth. Her arm movement was much more limited in general just from how hard it was to lift them. Each one was just two oval-shaped blobs of lard with fattened paws almost the size of soccer balls at the ends. She tried to flex her claws, but they barely moved in response. Not like it mattered thanks to her newfound powers. She let her arms droop again, already panting slightly.

They only fell a few inches before flopping against her sides. Those lovehandles had swelled up, rising up and out from her belly to press against the high back of the couch. The term lovehandles hardly did justice to how big they were, anyways, as no one could possibly dream of reaching both of them around her wide frame. They nestled softly against her hips, which, along with her thighs and butt, had overtaken the couch's width and started to pile over the sides. She doubted even being able to fit comfortably in anything but a king-sized bed at this point, and even then she imagined there would be overflow. Her thighs had thickened to the point where taking a step seemed impossible. At their widest, they rivaled most high-security bank vault walls for thickness. She imagined each one could double as a twin-sized bed themselves!

Furniture in general seemed a thing of the past to her at this point. Her overblown backside had long since destroyed the legs of her couch. Each colossal, lard-laden buttcheek was akin to the biggest giant pumpkins written about in local newspapers. Rosie imagined they weighed about same, too, even shaped similarly:

massive, round and sagging with their own heft. She was proud of her butt, especially with how comfy of a seat it gave her. The bottom of her giant tail was even swallowed up slightly by it. Said tail had detached the back of the couch somewhere between the fourteenth and fifteenth pizza. She remembered feeling her flabby rump ooze backwards to fill in the space, rising like freshly cooking bread. Her tail had flopped backwards, but only barely touched the ground, most of that overstuffed, sleeping bag-sized length resting on her puffed-up rear. She tried to thump it, something she used to do involuntarily when she was excited. It lifted hardly an inch before just crashing down against that blubbery butt, making the entirety of her behind quiver and wobble. She was giddy knowing such a simple movement could be used to tantalizingly jiggle her rump for all to see. All that combined with her broad, sagging backfat would give anyone lucky enough to be behind her a sight to behold.

Finally, she observed the main event: her belly. That hulking, meaty mound of gator blubber stood before her impressively, having grown so rotund as to spill into the floor and push her coffee table a good few feet away. It was positively roomy, the mass of flab about as round as most mid-sized trampolines. Its distinctive ribbed pattern resulting in rolls upon rolls of fat without much space in between each, instead all of them culminating into a single, tremendous dome of fat. She imagined her gut alone took up twenty-five percent of her living room. She could still feel the eggs growing within her, as well, resulting in more and more growth of her own. Experimentally, she used what strength she had to give it a hearty slap. The resounding motions resulted in what could only be described as a sea of flab. The first tidal wave crashing about all over her tummy, creating a cascading wave pool of buttery-smooth lard which resonated for a full minute. Getting an idea, she focused hard, summoning that violet energy yet again. It covered the expanse of her belly before separating into distinctive, disembodied claws, similar in shape to her own. They kneaded and rubbed all over it, giving her a deep tissue massage. The swamp-green butterball moaned out in bliss, those purple paws soothing every inch of her full tummy.

All that moving around caused another earthquake-rivaling burp to upheave from the depths of her stomach. She felt the apartment shake ever-so-slightly from the deep, bassy vibrations. That felt *good*.

Suddenly, the generic hold music that had long ago become white noise dissipated, replaced with a voice. "Customer service, how may I help you?" the friendly voice came from her phone still perched on her coffee table across the room. Rosie blinked. *Th' company! I forgot all about 'em. What am I gonna tell 'em now? I*

barely remember why I called in th' first place... She used one of the floating, purple claws to pull her cell up in front of her and rest it up by her neck. "Uh... hi. My name's Rosie. I-urp... um..." Loud typing was heard, cutting off her train of thought. "Rosie! Yes, our recruiters met with you earlier this week. How have you been feeling?" The dog on the other end of the phone spoke in a chipper tone. "Er... I'm... good? I think? I just... I'm sorry, but I had trouble following th' packet y'all gave me. It seemed like it was almost impossible to kee-rrrRRUP... 'Scuse me, keep fr'm gettin'... Well, huge. I must've put on five-hundred pounds er more in a few days! I can't stop from BRAAAP..." Taking the chance, they interjected. "No need to worry about the packet, and I appreciate the info, but you didn't quiiiite answer my question: how are you *feeling*, Rosie?"

It only took her a moment before her muzzle blurted out. "Wonderful. Better th'n I have in years. It... I-It feels good bein' this big. I don't know why, but... yeah." The gator didn't have time to think much about what she had just said. "That's fantastic! We strive for absolute satisfaction, so we're delighted to hear that the eggs have been treating you well." She shook her head, confused. "But... ain't that bad? Shouldn't I be--" "Oh, don't worry! We understand your concerns entirely and are prepared to help you get what you need. You've been feeling a bit empty now, I understand?" they queried. "URP... Empty? I don' understand, I jus'..." Her belly interrupted this time, letting out a growl picked up by her cell phone. "Yeah, I guess y' could um... say that." Rosie answered, admittedly feeling like her tank was low. "Oh, that's terrible! Well don't worry, we'll be sending out a personal agent right away to get you covered. They'll be staying with you from now on to make sure and keep you pleasantly full. Now that your capacity has increased, we're sure we can help you out with more eggs for you to intake, as well! Of course, this will also result in a big increase in pay. Since all the documentation has been signed, I only need your vocal confirmation that it's okay to do this. Does all of this sound alright to you, Rosie?"

She pondered the question for a moment. "Sounds jus' *perfect*," she answered, a knowing smile appearing across her face. "Excellent! We'll get right on that, don't worry about lifting a *finger* in the meantime; we'll take care of everything. Have a wonderful day, Rosie!" The call ended, and Rosie slouched. She closed her eyes. A long, happy sigh released from her muzzle, as well as a little belch. The only thoughts in her head were regarding her meal on the way. *Who knows how long it'll take t' get here, though.* Her eyes opened. A mischievous grin sprung up on her face as the water hose from her sink began to stretch towards the couch...

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The corgi's tail wagged, flicking about behind jeans straining to contain such a plump rump. They had just finished up their call with Rosie and had done just what their boss asked. A new call appeared on-screen, an automatic timer popping up beside it counting down from fifty-eight minutes. The corgi raised their paw, trying to get someone's attention. "Boss! I did it! I went through the script and asked all the questions; and she agreed!" A tall, purple naga dressed in a typical business-casual shirt slithered over to the corgi. "Goood, you did well for your second call! A definite improvement over the first one, I'll say." The corgi nodded excitedly, seemingly wanting something. The serpent couldn't help but smile, tapping the box of pastries she held in her claws. "Oh? Did you want one of these?" He spoke innocently to the squirming dog, as if not knowing what they wanted. "Y-Yes, please. I think I did well enough to get another."

Chuckling, she removed a savory treat from the box, the corgi sweating at the sight. "Why, yes, perhaps you have." He dangled it in front of them. Their tail began to wag at light speed. "You want one, hmm?" The dog whined with need, nearly drooling on themselves. "Yes, Boss! I'd really like to have one! P... Please..." The snake grinned and popped it into their muzzle, watching them savor every bite as he rested a clawed paw on their belly. Another button popped off as she did so, a bit of corgi flab poking out and continuing to strain the garment. "Good dog," he complimented them before giving the chubby tum a squeeze and pulling her claw away. "Th... thankth, Bosth!" they tried to speak through a full muzzle. "Please, we're all friends here, aren't we? Call me Garik." They nodded happily, tail still wiggling. "Sure thing!" Pleased with the state of her employee, the serpent slithered off. Her company was growing successfully, as were her employees, clients and candidates.

Everything was going according to plan.