

## The Sting of Frenchfry

Humiliated! Gantu was absolutely humiliated! He didn't know how, but this absolutely irresistible and delicious cake produced by one of Jumba Jookiba's abominations had turned the former captain into a blimp! His massively expanded rear hung over both sides of his command chair as he desperately scoured the Galactic Database for the source of the abomination's poison. The hardest part was reaching over his round middle to even reach the keys.

"Y'know bud, I don't really see what the problem is," Experiment 625 remarked, chomping on a sandwich, "round is a pretty good look".

"The problem is, trog, is that being so hideously bloated makes it difficult to capture any more of your abominable kind. I don't even know what kind of poison the creature used! Your creator, despite being a menace and a danger to the entire galaxy, is still far more intelligent than he deserves to be. No doubt a disgrace like him would have extensive knowledge on how to bring harm to others; why wouldn't he make an abomination that deliberately disables security with poisonous cakes? The question is what poison did this to me? There's hundreds of venoms and toxins that can cause bloating, and I don't have the abomination here to test in person" Gantu grumbled.

"You sure, because, by the looks of it, I think there's a bit of frosting on your belt there" 625 pointed out.

"There is?" Gantu gasped, straining to try and see over his middle.

"That or some ice cream" 625 shrugged.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Gantu grunted from the exertion of getting out of his chair. Huffing hard, the whale-sized space whale bounced off to the ship's lab.

“Heh, that must be jam cuz jelly don’t shake like that” 625 quipped as he followed.

With the frosting sample in the machine, Gantu and 625 awaited the analysis, which the illegal creation was reading on the computer. “Welp big guy, says here that the ingredients of the cake was sugar, flour, eggs, butter, milk, and some vanilla. Strangely it also says the cake has absolutely no nutritional value. No protein, no healthy fats, no nothing. Just empty calories. Boy, don’t ask that guy to make you a sandwich lemme tell ya” 625 chuckled.

“But what about poison?!” Gantu demanded.

“As I said, no nothing. It was a poison-free cake with empty calories, that’s all” 625 shrugged.

“Impossible! Mere empty calories couldn’t do this to me!” Gantu snarled as he gestured to his swollen figure. “I knew I should have kept a cake sample! There is nothing I can learn from mere frosting” he growled.

“I literally just told you what was in the cake meat head, you really gotta work on your listening skills. Oh, and maybe hit the gym too to work off the Freshman Fifteen Hundred” 625 asserted.

“Oh please, like you could be useful enough to tell me anything of value. No, there’s probably a secret here, something the machine can’t detect. It would be just like that wretched scientist to synthesize a secret poison to hoodwink the Galactic Federation. Computer! Compile me an antidote made from all known anti-venoms in the entire galaxy” Gantu commanded.

“And how about a little Diet Rite too?” 625 sniggered.

“That’s not funny trog” Gantu growled. “And you can disregard the Diet Rite” he snapped at the computer, which hastily deleted the entry.

In no time at all the computer synthesized a vial of what had to be dark matter, just from how dark and deep the solution was. It looked like the cold recesses of space, which was almost as cold as Hämsterveil’s heart. “You sure you wanna drink that stuff? It looks nasty” 625 grimaced. “Wouldn’t you prefer a sandwich instead? Big guys like you love sandwiches, and eating anything not nailed down.”

“Shut up! This is the only way I can be certain to neutralize that abomination’s venom. So I’ll remind you not to tell me what to do, OR to insult my weight” Gantu scowled as he took the vial and upended it.

A system of chemical reactions far too complex to even explain began the moment the super anti-venom hit Gantu’s stomach, mingling with the remains of Frenchfry’s cake and converting instantly into a gas. Whatever the solution the computer had made, it seemed to be effective as Gantu was rapidly deflating, his muscular body returning to him as the unusual bloat seemed to be abating. His face was a little red though, from the audible **hissing** of escaping gas as he returned to his svelte state. “This feels so much better” Gantu sighed with relief as the swelling had reduced by half; and soon he would be able to see the tips of his feet again, with the rest covered by his large, manly chest.

Unknown to him though, and something he should have learned back in the Academy Science Class, but you shouldn’t mix over a thousand different chemicals together, hoping to hit a bullseye. Especially not mixing them together when there was weird traces of alien food inside you, the anti-venom gas mixing with the bloating and becoming something... new. “Looking good meat head, but, y’know, should you really have thrown all those chemicals together like that?” 625 pointed out.

“Well it worked, didn’t it? Clearly the abomination’s venom was from the Galactic Database’s library of anti-venom, and as you can see, I am almost back in perfect condition” Gantu boasted as he was nearly deflated.

**BLORP!**

“Yeah, perfect condition for the all-you-can-eat buffet” 625 snickered.

“What are you sneering about trog?” Gantu sneered.

“Oh nothing, but at least you don’t have to worry about road accidents with that “spare tyre” of yours” 625 cackled.

“Spare tyre? The ship doesn’t even have spare tyres you ninny!” Gantu snarled.  
“Now stop laughing, I’ve had enough of your pointless games!”

“Sure thing. But just uhhh, tell me: When are you due?” 625 pressed.

“Didn’t I just say I’m tired of your games?!” Gantu roared.

625 rolled his eyes, unable to believe this guy. “Look down meat head” he sighed.

“What are you even- HOLY BLITZNAK!” Gantu yelled, finally looking down.

A big flabby mound of dough was hanging off of Gantu’s middle, which from a rigorous jiggling inspection, was found to be his own belly. “I tried to tell ya, but dinko te fabba meat head!” 625 laughed.

“Haka taba” Gantu groaned, gripping his forehead. “It’s.... You know what, it’s fine. It’s just a little lingering trace of the trog’s venom. I can work this off in an afternoon” he said dismissively.

“You sure about that la la patookie?” 625 cackled, his smile getting wider.

“Why does everyone call me that?! I’m just big boned!” Gantu insisted petulantly.

“Or maybe it’s cause you got a la la patookie, la la patookie” 625 stated, pointing at Gantu.

Swivelling his hips, Gantu’s eyes bulged at the sizeable junk in his trunk. “My butt isn’t fat, it’s just a bit of water weight” he denied, straightening himself. **GORL!** “Ugh, my stomach” he groaned, clutching at his baby bump.

His insides were feeling all funny, and bloated, and maybe a little hungry but he hadn’t eaten since the cake. But he was also feeling light, like he was gassy? Does that make sense? “Ooohhh Gantu, I know I’m joking and stuff, but uhh, what was in that antidote, again?” 625 asked nervously.

“Anti-venom, obviously” Gantu sighed wearily.

“Okay, so is my mayo off, or is that uhh, food baby of yours getting bigger?” 625 asked, pointing at the ex-captain’s belly.

“Oof, what are you talking about trog?” Gantu groaned as he gripped his middle. Squeezing at his blubber, Gantu’s hand immediately ripped away the moment he felt his lard squeeze him. Looking down, the alien’s eyes widened

as his middle was getting fatter, and quickly too. His stomach **groaned**, his newly piled flab **sloshing** about as it spread outwards, gaining by the second. Gantu gasped as he squeezed his sides and wiggled his middle, the bounce getting heavier and jigglier as his love handles started to congeal around his fingers. “WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?!” he howled.

“I uhh, heh heh, think maybe you shouldn’t have mixed all those chemicals together, especially on an empty stomach after eating weird food” 625 observed as he cautiously began to back up to the lab door.

Gantu’s stomach **growled** ominously, the lard caking itself on to his middle in waves, the rising tide of flab jostling the quake zone with every new iteration. **Blorp, gurgle, churn!** The blubber kept growing, evolving the baby bump into a real muffin top as his burgeoning middle began to push at Gantu’s belt, the V-buckle pressing into his batter-like belly. **Goorrrrr!** It was impossible to believe, but the weight just kept coming, rising higher and higher and baby, this soufflé was nowhere near done yet. Not when there was plenty of icing to do, and the sudden shaking of Gantu’s hips drew his attention to his rear, where his uniform pants were under some sudden cosmic expansion. His finely-toned rear, naturally flat thank you very much, and though inflated before, was just looking flat out comical as his booty bloated with gusto, forming a deepening cleft in the space fabric. Gantu’s eyes boggled as he cupped at his rear, desperate to push it back in, but even with his enormous strength the lard pushed back with force, his fingers sinking into the expanding quagmire of ass fat. This can’t be happening. This *could not* be happening! His hands were sinking deeper as the flab went higher, spreading around them. His rounded rear bounced the second his ripped his hands away, the whale-like alien feeling a little off-balance as his gut pulled down from one direction, and his ass from the other! **FWOMP!** “GAH!” Gantu shrieked, his chin suddenly feeling warm.

His perfect chest line had suddenly inflated like an air bag, his pectorals pouring into poobs that hung heavy and soft, bloating beneath his suit and stretching it out. Creases immediately formed in it, capturing perfectly the exact curves and folds of his plush chest as the wedge between them

deepened further than his pecs ever did. “Nice fun bags tubby!” 625 called from the lab’s door frame.

“Don’t make me blast you trog!” Gantu warned, drawing his blaster and holding it out. “Huh?!” he gasped, dropping it in alarm.

His arms were trembling; not from fear, but from the tightness of his armoured bracers, and the tightening around the sleeveless sleeves of his shoulders. As if pumped out from an ice cream machine, his arms immediately started to fatten like the rest of him, the batter pouring down his muscular limbs and washing away any traces of sinew or bulge. Well, maybe one kind of bulge, as his arms were bulging with bulge of a thicker kind, blubbering up his biceps into flabby bingo wings hanging off of him like melted marshmallow. Thick and gooey the surge of lard pressed against his inflated chest bags and definitely on the mountainous mound of his gut, which inside his body suit was already hanging low enough to stretch his belt and groin out to phenomenal proportions. Gantu simply couldn’t believe it as he grabbed at his ample gut, the weight alone actually feeling like it mattered to his twenty foot self as it produced a voluminous **sloshing** sound from all the fat crashing about. It rolled like the Hawaiian waves, and **crashed** louder than Kīlauea. If anything, he was starting to look like he did before this whole wretched experiment even started. “Computer!” he suddenly remembered. “I need you to make an antidote for what’s happening to me!” he ordered.

**“ERROR! ERROR! Unknown reaction taking place”** the computer declared.

“Unknown reaction?!” Gantu gasped, only to yelp as his legs slid apart.

The insidious growth had now spread downwards, widening his hips and spilling into his stumpy legs. His thigh gap alone had already vanished from the hammy shape his wobbly thighs had become, and the wave of fat was already overtaking his thighs and his stumpy feet, bulbous wads of fat forming just

above his ankles. "This feels so wrong" Gantu moaned as he tried to stuff his chest back into his top.

But no matter how he tried, the upper cleft of his moobs would not stop squishing out of his neckline, not that he had much neck to begin with. Or anymore, as fat spread and **blorped** onto his shoulder line, stretching out the arm holes and forming a small ring of fat around the base of his neck. His chin rubbed against it as his head swapped from shoulder to shoulder, the ex-captain bemoaning how tubby his arms were. The friction could only deepen as his chin ballooned, his cheeks following as finally, Gantu's head was almost as fat as his ego. The alien rubbed at his face, horrified at the squishiness of his plump face, and mortified that he was still growing fatter! Inch by inch his belly expanded, pushing his bodysuit to its limits as it spread and stretched out the lower half. Small tears in the fabric were cropping up across the widest part of his gut, just above the belt which was getting tighter than ever. The tension alone was sending tremors through his middle, shaking his blubber up even harder as the thing held on for dear life. Gantu's belt buckle was in real danger of disappearing into the depths of a fat tuck, with wrinkles of fabric squeezing around it from every angle. It was very much about to give up from the **straining** of his suit, which could stand so much battle damage, but apparently not the weight of a multi-tonne space whale. Or maybe beached whale would be a better description, as Gantu was having difficulty even moving from the sheer weight and wobble of his jammed up legs. "How can this be happening to me?" Gantu moaned, his hands running down his enormous facial cheeks.

"Because you didn't listen to me!" 625 called from the doorframe. "Karma! Karma karma karma!" he chided.

Snarling at the disrespectful abomination, the effect was ruined by the sheer puffiness of Gantu. His rump had already expanded to the size of a dumpster, with more junk than a garage sale! Its sheer girth hung off him for several feet, hanging chunky and heavy, already merging with his thighs to give him one enormous back end. It was flanked by the absolute wall of back fat above, with the back fatalanche marked by countless creases of folds stuck in fabric. Something had to give, it simply had to as there was an inherent pressure on



Gantu, with the feeling only being that of sports clothes you're too stubborn to admit don't fit you anymore. **TWANG! SMASH!** Gantu's jaw hung in horror at the v-shaped belt buckle embedded in one of the computer's screens; he was so mortified he failed to notice how violently his blubber was shaking, the quakes running from his head down to his toes. **RIP!** A sudden tear ripped its way across the suit, just above the belt. A tidal wave of grey skin immediately flooded into view, crowned with Gantu's enormous and deep navel, its depth enhanced by several deep folds plunging into it. A relief to be sure, but it almost felt like encouragement as the ex-captain's flab was growing faster than ever. His belly, which hung towards his knees, was still getting lower and wider, forming an entire hillock that hung off of his abdomen with more weight than a space ship. There simply wasn't a single part of his lower half that middle didn't rub, with a sense of warmth and softness coming from the underside pressing against his constantly swelling thighs. Such thighs endlessly pressed against each other, the flab running vertical between them and met with equal force at every avenue.

The strangest thing, though, was that Gantu could swear his feet were sliding across the floor. It was weird, but as much as his gut seemed to grow forwards, it was looking practically as wide. If he didn't know better, he could swear that he was getting as wide as he was deep. But that was impossible, wasn't it? This was why he was in the military: Science was an evil tool for evil ends, and he should have known better than to mess with mad science. It wasn't helped that the weight of his front was forcing him into a slight stoop, his torso hanging just a little bit forward to compensate from the weight pulling him down. His neck ring was only getting deeper too, with its girth pressing into his body as a sizeable bump was forming from behind, the rise of flab on his upper back and shoulders starting to overwhelm his head. Which was funny since his arms could do that alone, as the air balloons that were his biceps were so big, so flabby that they were starting to catch up to his pillowy chest. Gantu looked positively ridiculous, an absolute joke of his former self as the alien resembled not just a lardier version of his previously-inflated form, but an even larger one too. The only way you could measure his weight now was on the Richter Scale, and there were some serious quakes in his local area. Even the reinforced floor was starting to dent beneath his feet, which were starting to vanish beneath calves twice as wide as those stompers. Even the computer began to issue an alert for structural damage as the mega tonne alien took a single step, causing

the entire ship to **rumble**. “Hey earthquake butt, maybe don’t move! I don’t want this ship coming down on me!” 625 cried out.

“Urrfff, oogh. Don’t, **huff**. Don’t tell me, **puff**. What to do, **oof**. Trog!” Gantu wheezed.

Even with all his training he had never felt weight like this before, and it was getting seriously difficult to move as his padded apron gut hung a foot from the floor, and looked as if it could house Stitch’s entire ohana beneath as it Gantu was, against all odds, nearly as wide as he was tall. His body structure had been stretched so much by all the excess mass that he looked like he was wearing a fat suit meant for a whale! His suit had only continued to split the entire time he continued to grow, frays and an additional tear forming around the front high on the hill of his middle, with the stray connecting fibres digging into his immenseness. How his pants were so intact was anyone’s guess, though they still struggled to contain thighs that needed a yard stick for measuring. His feet trembled from keeping all of that rolling mass up, even as they were buried under the sheer mass of his calves. Gantu’s gigantic body jostled with his deep breaths, ripples running through the ocean of his gut and all the way around to the flab hanging above his rump. A deep wave of ass fat spilled out over the back of it, his corpulent flab soft and pillowy with no real form, just mass. **CRACK!** Gantu’s bracers **clattered** on the ground, having broken in half from his forearms being just too porky for them anymore. In a ways, it was pretty miraculous that such a massive tub of lard remained so well-clothed, though that was space suits for you. It may have been a good thing too as the alien’s enormous moobs were practically vacuum-sealed in, every curve and fold perfectly visible through the tight mesh, with still plenty of cleavage poking out through the top.

Maybe the concoction had finally ran its course, or maybe the growth was so subtle it only gave the appearance of slowing down, but it didn’t seem like Gantu was growing any larger at this point. At least, not in a way that mattered, as the space whale was bloated from head to calves, and the ship just couldn’t withstand him getting any heavier as his feet were about to disappear into the dents in the floor. Gantu’s chest heaved from his heavy

breathing, with not even his former muscles able to manage what had to be at least ten tonnes of flab hanging off of his every angle. There was even a large cliff of blubber brushing at the back of his head; all of it. His shoulder and back line hung behind him, looming like a cowl to back up his scowl. Groaning and summoning all his strength, Gantu slowly cartwheeled one bloated leg, rolling it about in a waddling motion as he attempted to take one step. **BOOM!** The ship shook again, the power flickering as the alien panted hard from the exertion. “**Huff. Puff. Wheeze!**” Gantu gasped loudly.

“Yeesh blubber butt, you really did it didn’t ya? You wanted to get rid of some bloating, and now you’re twice as fat as when you started. Feel proud of yourself?” 625 chided.

“Meega nala, **huff**. Kweesta” Gantu uttered under his breath as his legs gave out. He fell in slow motion, with 625 hitting the deck as his gigantic ass came down hard on the steel floor, generating an enormous crater from the impact that sent the ship into Emergency Mode, the power giving out and leaving the whole ship in the dark. Gantu’s blubber rocked about violently, jostling with enough force to travel through time as he tried his best to poutily cross his arms over his engorged chest. “Blitznak” he grumbled, his flab continuing to jiggle like a water bed.