

"Thank you. Please come again."

Borusa halted in his tracks when he heard those words, a toothy grin spreading across his chubby muzzle. The way those words were said; quiet, fearful, hesitant, implied the owner meant the opposite when he invited Borusa to return. The rex knew he had tormented that poor soul enough, but he couldn't help himself; he swung around, his big belly wobbling. He still had a few minutes to kill before the bus came. "I'm sorry, what was that? I couldn't hear you from over here!"

The look on that weasel's face was priceless! The poor thing tried so hard to fake a smile, the edges of his lips were shaking. "I-I said t-thank you f-for your patronage," the weasel managed to squeak out.

Borusa raised an eyebrow, his sadistic grin still plastered on his face. "Oh really? I thought I heard something else." The rex slowly sauntered forward, relishing at the sight of the weasel flinching with every thunderous footstep. "Earlier, it sounded like you were inviting me back. If you were, I'd love to come back sooner rather than later - in fact, right now sounds good! I could go for seconds."

"W-wait!" The tiny weasel flung his arms to his side, as if trying to protect his buffet from the enormous dino. A futile effort; he may as well have been trying to stop a truck. "I-I told you earlier, sir, we're fresh out of food. You'll, erh, have to come back another time."

"Is that so?" The massive rex snorted, crossing his burly arms across his doughy chest. "I wonder why that is." He was having too much fun flaunting his weight around, even from a distance.

One look inside would tell anyone that the buffet would not be open for the next several days. Tables and chairs were overturned, empty platters littered the floor, while the walls and even the ceilings were coated in grease and sauce. Bones, crumbs, and other bits of foodstuff laid strewn around the place as well. It was as if a tornado had crashed through the building, wrecking havoc as it went.

That, or one very fat and hungry dinosaur.

Or a combination of both. It was all a salty, greasy blur to Borusa anyways.

He remembered the weasel being present the entire time as well, watching with horror as this gluttonous reptile depleted his entire supply within hours. The rex had to suppress a snicker at the weasel's attempts to persuade him to finally leave. "Y-yes, there's no food anymore, sir. None. Not for a long time! Erh, please go to Mama T's diner down the street, if you're still hungry, that is."

The weasel said that last statement in an incredulous tone, as if doubting the dinosaur could fit anymore into that overstuffed beanbag of a gut. Borusa had been considering leaving the poor weasel alone to demolish another buffet, but after hearing that subtle tone shift, he changed his mind instead. "A diner couldn't possibly fill this tank! They take too long to make food; I'd actually leave hungrier than when I arrived, especially after I make room." The dino grabbed at his orange paunch, shaking and jiggling the bloated mass of scales and blubber. His stomach glorped and wobbled in response, Borusa grunting as he felt something rising in his throat before-

"BWUUUUWUUUUUAAAAARRRRP!!"

The dino let out an involuntary moan after that massive belch, his chins still rippling. God damn, that felt good! He didn't realize he had swallowed so much air in that buffet, his belly must have shrunk half an inch from that one burp alone! He had been teasing the weasel when he said he wanted seconds, but now with all that extra space opening up in his gut, that offer was sounding pretty good!

When he looked up, however, the weasel was gone, the glass doors still rattling from the explosive force of his belch. The rex chuckled, patting his wobbling paunch. "Serves him right."

Oh, the joys of being a massive, fat dinosaur. Standing at over 8 feet tall, Borusa drew plenty of stares to himself, even without his exorbitant pudge. With a tan-colored belly large enough to be used as a sofa for a smaller fur, attached to a rust-colored body wide enough to get wedged in most double-wide doors, the rex met every definition of the word big. Big body, big butt, big belly, big hips, big attitude.

And, most notably, big appetite.

The massive dinosaur had an impressive talent of packing away an incredible amount of food, even for his species. Eating came as naturally to him as breathing, his close friends joking that the big dino did more of the former than the latter. Even so, his metabolism wasn't quite as quick as his appetite, as evidenced by his pudgy frame. Yet, Borusa didn't mind the extra heft that came from eating so much; if anything, he relished in it!

Being so big meant others instinctively moved out of the way of the lumbering dino, giving him easy access to the front of the fast food line. It also meant he hardly even had to ask for seconds or thirds, as one look at his obese body told any restaurant owner the rex was ready to clean the place out. Sure, it was a pain not being able to fit into any seat smaller than a sofa, but with a rump his soft, who needed chairs to begin with? He couldn't even remember the

last time he was able to wrap his arms around his incredible gut, but aside from struggling to pick up fallen food, Borusa couldn't see himself happy without his copious pudge.

"Why don't we fix that, then?"

Borusa froze, his blue eyes widening. He swiveled his fat head this way and that, looking for the source of the voice, but couldn't find anyone. He was completely alone at the bus stop. Frowning, the dino scratched at his head, ruffling his black hair. Was that his imagination just now?

"I am very real."

Goosebumps erupted along the dino's spine. That voice came from *inside* of him. Horrified, the dino slowly looked down at himself, grabbing an armful of his own gut. He thought back to inside the buffet, and his own out-of-control temperament. "Oh, lordy...I didn't *eat* someone, did I?"

"Fool! I am not bound to this realm by a material body. I am etherial. I am limitless. I am-"

"Oh, thank God." Borusa heaved a sigh of relief. "It's only a ghost. I...didn't make you a ghost, did I? When I was eat-"

"Stow your tongue, you fat, bloated mess!" The voice screamed from within. Borusa bit his tongue and nodded, even if it was to no one in particular. Perhaps he was still living off the high of that incredible belch, but slowly the dino became aware of his strange situation. He was being haunted by an invisible creature, apparently, and judging from their tone, they were *not* happy with the tubby T-rex. Talk about a mood killer.

The voice continued. **"You've brought about a grave and terrible fate upon yourself for your gluttonous actions. For weeks, you've stirred me from my slumber with your incessant eating next door, noisily stuffing your face like a pig in a trough. I have been merciful, and tried to ignore your cacophony, but my patience has a limit. Your recent...expulsion of gas rattled the vessel which housed my being, and sent it falling off the pedestal! Now, you have fully awakened me *and* my wrath! For your insolence, I shall-"**

"Woah, are you serious?! I knocked down a vase with that belch?!" Borusa's eyes widened. The only place he knew of that would have strange objects that housed gods or ghosts would be the curios store across the street. *Across* the street. Good lord, were his lungs impressive or what!

The spirit within him seemed to agree, but wasn't quite as ecstatic as the tubby T-rex. **"It was more than a simple vase, you simple-minded oaf! It was crafted eons ago using clay from the sacred site of the Wah'Nuk, sculpted by the finest artisans of the land!"**

"Oh, so it was a vase?" Borusa smirked. His next guess was that he had knocked over a genie's lamp, but figured the spirit possessing him wouldn't have been interested in granting three wishes. Still, that spirit was justified in being angry; Borusa did destroy his home with a single belch, as unintentionally hilarious as that sounded. The large dino looked down at his belly and patted it, thinking it was the only part of him large enough to house an entire specter. "Hey, I'm really sorry about breaking your, erh, not-a-vase. I, uh, usually try to limit my property damage to a minimum."

Usually. He had ripped off doors with his wide hips trying to squeeze into restaurants before. The T-rex blushed slightly, hoping the spirit possessing him couldn't read his thoughts. "Is there a way I can make it up to you? Maybe buy you another vase to, uh, live in?"

"INSOLENCE! I will not be contained within anything short of what is proper for a god like myself!"

Borusa frowned. He was starting to get annoyed with being yelled at by someone he couldn't hip check or sit on. "Well, there must be some way I can repay you, right?"

The answer he received made his blood run cold. **"You can pay with your life."**

Borusa let out an involuntary gulp as he felt something stir within him, his thick tail rubbing around his flabby cankles. Was he seriously about to die from belching too hard? Out of the corner of his eye, the nervous dino noticed a small clump of smoke appear, slowly congesting and congealing itself, until it finally took on the appearance of a...

"A hotdog?"

Borusa tilted his chubby head, watching as the cloudy item took on the size, shape, even the color of a typical frank, complete with mustard, relish, and a bun! Alongside the hotdog, two more tufts of smoke faded into existence, slowly taking on the form of a pizza slice and a hamburger respectively.

Borusa's sausage-like tail started wagging. He couldn't help himself, the sight of free food was always enough to put a smile on his dimpled face. Was the spirit being generous and offering him a last meal before his inevitable demise? Or was the food laced with something that would stop his heart the second it entered his system? Either way, the dino didn't care; if this was the end, he wanted to die the way he lived: eating!

The hotdog floated towards his muzzle, and Borusa was happy to guide it towards a new home by opening his muzzle wide. He meant to bite down once the frank was halfway inside, but to his surprise, found he just couldn't do it. The hotdog slid all the way in, Borusa's throat muscles automatically gulping the entire morsel whole, before making room for the pizza and hamburger next. All the while, the tubby T-rex tried pushing his muzzle shut with his arms, but to no avail.

His jaws were stuck open.

"Yes! Now you understand your fate!" The spirit chimed in as more and more junk food started materializing out from floating tufts of smoke: fried chicken, pizza slices, bags of french fries, and more, all floating towards the helpless dino's gullet. With every item of food Borusa ate, two more manifested to take its place. While he may not be able to chew and savor the greasy servings, the flavors of every morsel of food exploded off of his tongue with every gulp. For being made out of smoke, this was some good food!

The spirit continued. **"A fitting punishment for your careless eating, if I do say so myself. Your gluttony shall become your downfall! Soon, you shall grow sick of the flavors you're so fond of, until the very taste of grease or sugar will make you want to retch!"**

"But I don't plan on giving you any sort of reprieve! You will eat, and eat, and eat, until you've taken your last breath! Within the hour, you will be begging me to stop, with tears in your eyes as your stomach reaches its breaking point! Minutes after, you will burst like the insufferable party balloon you've become! Your last few moments of life will be filled with excruciating agony as your stomach tears at the seams, your scales pop off one after another, before finally-"

"Oh hey, the bus is here!"

Borusa couldn't respond back properly, on account of his jaw being forced open, but he was free to think. And right now, he was thinking about how much he was looking forward to finally kick up his sore legs as the bus slowly pulled into its stop. He was even delighted to see he could still squeeze onto the bus with minor difficulty, even if his belly did rub against the bus driver by the time he waddled on.

"You're ignoring me."

There was even a row of seats free at the front of the bus! How lucky! Borusa gratefully plopped his fat rump down on the seats, sighing happily through his nose, given his mouth was too busy eating. The seats creeeeaked beneath him, and the dino felt his sides spilling out into the aisle. Hopefully, no one minded having to squeezed past the girthy reptile to get to the back of the bus.

“Do you fail to understand the gravity of your situation?”

Of course, Borusa could feel the dozens of stares behind him as he continued to eat food out of thin air, but then again, when wasn't he being stared at? He was a gigantic fat dino, and everyone in town knew that already. Borusa finding a new way to fatten himself up to incredible levels should be just another Tuesday for them.

“What are you talking about?”

Borusa couldn't help but smirk at the spirit's annoyed tone, playfully tapping the top of his steadily-growing belly. *“Just wait and see.”*

To Borusa's surprise, the bus managed to make it all the way to his house, although to say it made the trip in one piece could be an overstatement. After all, the bus was barely sliding along at a snail's pace, with three tires completely flattened. The grill was also grinding against the pavement, sparks flying out as the bus desperately staggered forward.

All so the bus driver could finally kick the fatass dino out at his destination.

“How have you not exploded by now?” The spirit asked in total shock, although Borusa was too busy trying to haul himself into a standing position; he was carrying a lot more weight now than when he first boarded the bus, after all. A couple moments of swaying back and forth (which was enough to rattle the entire bus), Borusa was finally on his pudgy feet, although he was met with a more immediate problem: the door.

What was once a slight squeeze was now an uncomfortable wedge as he shoved himself against the opening, his tan belly spilling outwards in all directions, completely filling up the comparatively narrow doorway. Anyone looking from the outside would have seen a massive blob of scaly dough covering what would have been the entrance to the bus, completely unaware that all that flab belonged to a much larger dino inside.

Fortunately, Borusa received aid in the form of dozens of paws shoving and squeezing at his back, their arms engulfed up to their elbows in rust-brown chub. It was a mildly annoying process, especially considering the dino was forced to eat throughout all of it, but with the help of a few angry bus passengers, the obese dino was able to eventually stagger out, in all of his glorious tonnage.

Borusa grunted as he struggled to halt his inertia, his enormous arms flailing about. Due to his steadily-increasing weight, the bus was forced to drive at a slower and slower pace

through its travel, to the point where the sun was setting over the horizon once the dino had been let out.

During that time, Borusa did nothing but eat.

His enormous middle glorped and wobbled about as he finally slowed to a halt, his footsteps cracking the concrete beneath him. Now wider than his 8 foot tall self, Borusa could easily be described as an absolute unit with a body that reflected his eating habits. He was a massive monster, with arms too thick to bend lower than a 45 degree angle, permanently stuck to his side and limited to whatever motions his thick shoulders could still make. Those arms were only good for wiggling around as Borusa struggled to stay upright, his massive, bloated gut bouncing against the top of his thighs, billowing out over twice as far as he could reach. Thankfully, he had a massive ass to counteract all that weight, his pudgy tail resting along the upper curvature of his wobbling yogaball cheeks. Those very same thighs were stuck rubbing against each other down to the knee, each of his tree-trunk legs wider than most furs' entire torso.

In short, Borusa was the fattest creature standing, and given how quickly he was growing, it wouldn't be long until he wasn't sitting either.

"This cannot be! You should have perished hours ago!" The spirit roared in a fit of anger, one that Borusa chose to ignore.

Instead, the dino watched with a smirk as the bus sloooowly hobbled away, the metal doors stuck ajar after he squeezed through it. *"Whoops. Kinda wish I knew I'd be given an all-you-can-eat buffet for life. Otherwise I would have hired a tow truck to take me home."*

"You think this is a joke?" The spirit snapped back at its host; Borusa could feel the malice from its words. **"You're nothing more than a waddling mound of blubber! You cause incredible inconveniences to others with your sheer size alone!"**

"It's not my fault an entitled spirit decided I needed to eat for the rest of my life. I was just fine coming onto that bus, you know." Borusa rolled his eyes. It wasn't worth arguing with a god, or whatever the spirit was supposed to be.

With a huff, the lardy lizard slowly made his way up his driveway, leaving behind forked craters in his wake. His footsteps were heavy enough to shake the house down to the foundation, the double-wide door looking awfully small. And yet, he waddled forward, slowing down for nothing, even as his bulging belly shoved open the doors.

CRAAAAAAASHH!

Even Borusa was surprised at how easy that was. He didn't slow down an inch as he marched through his living room, leaving behind a massive, circular hole where his front door used to be. Shaking debris off his pudgy head, the always-eating dino slowly thumped his way towards the couch, the floorboards bending beneath his weight. *"This looks like a good spot to immobilize myself on"*

The couch didn't share his sentiments. The fourseater, already quite dented, was not prepared for an obese T-rex to literally fill every seat with his body, and promptly gave out the moment Borusa lowered himself onto it. With a loud thump, he found himself sinking a bit lower than he was expecting, shattering the chair with his titanic rump. He vaguely felt the wooden beams rubbing against his rump, but in the end, he was simply too well padded to care. Heck, he was even cozier sitting on the floor than he ever would have been on the couch, thanks to his beanbag rear.

"Your apathy is impressive." The spirit spoke up again as Borusa grabbed the tv remote from the couch-side table, streeeeetching his pudgy arm as far out as he could to grab at anything that wasn't himself.

Just barely, he managed to grab the device. Borusa smirked as he flicked on the tv, resting the remote on his massive shelf of a gut. *"Were you expecting me to grovel or something?"* The T.rex thought as he leaned his massive self back against the broken couch, sighing loudly through his nose. If only he could lift his legs high enough to rest them on the coffee table.

To Borusa's surprise, the spirit let out a chuckle. **"I suppose I have underestimated you. You truly are a deplorable glutton, through and through. Perhaps there are worse fates than a slow and painful death. Being trapped in one's body, with no opportunity to move and escape from your own flesh, sounds like a far more fitting punishment to one as grotesque as yourself."**

"Sounds good to me," the dino snorted, flicking through tv channels as pizza rolls raced into his gaping gullet.

"You're not worried?"

"Why should I be? With the way I've been eating before I met you, I was gonna end up immobile anyways."

Another loud cackle from the demon. Borusa furrowed his fattened brow, turning up the T.V volume to hear it better. **"You've devoured the equivalent of 500 entire pizza's since boarding that vehicle you call a bus. Surely the flavor has grown numb to your tongue by this point?"**

Borusa heaved his massive shoulders up and down in a shrug, the resulting jiggling almost enough to send the remote falling off his gut. *"Fair enough. Can I get some milk or a Coke or something? You don't want me to become dehydrated without making your point first, right?"*

The dino's cheeks dimpled as he grinned triumphantly, watching a two-liter of coke materialize out from midair. Like with the rest of the food, Borusa didn't have to do anything as the bottle automatically poured itself into the dino's maw, his throat wobbling with every greedy gulp. To his delight, the spirit gave him a moment to belch after draining the entire two-liter, before returning to its scheduled stuffing of fattening food. What a nice guy.

Still smiling, Borusa soon settled on a tv channel he liked, tossing the controller aside. It wasn't like he'd be able to reach for it soon at this rate, even if it was just resting atop his doughy moobs. Sighing heavily through his nose, the obese dino leaned back and watched the show, happily devouring everything summoned his way. He couldn't believe his luck! Free food for life, and he never had to move again? He couldn't have been happier! No more squeezing through narrow doorways, waiting in lines, and most importantly, no more walking! He could finally live out his hedonistic dream of sitting on his fat ass all day and eat, eat, eat.

Much to the spirit's displeasure, he didn't care how fat he was growing. On the contrary, he found himself enamored watching his scaly belly slowly rise before him like a water balloon inflating in slow motion. Even with the tv running, he found himself drawn to the doughy orb, playing with it in his claws, feeling it grow softer and squisher as the evening closed into night. He found it humorous how difficult it was becoming to move his bloated, puffy arms, or how his massive tire of a neck started preventing him from turning his head. Heck, he could even see his own tubby cheeks in his own peripheral vision, the melon-sized fat sacks pressing against his chubby muzzle. The dino even snorted when he discovered he had to press down on his rising blubbery belly just to continue watching tv! A shame he was too fat to use a phone; he'd call a buddy down to set the tv on his gut.

He would have loved to stay up during the night, feeling his gut start to engulf the coffee table, but alas, he did have a long day. Besides, he was curious if the demon would continue feeding him in his sleep. Slowly, Borusa's eyes started to creep shut, and soon, he was snoring throughout the night.

Even with the constant influx of food, Borusa slept soundly, only stirring when a stray muffin bumped against his snout. Snorting and stirring, the massive reptile slowly awakened his eyes, curious to see if his belly had crushed the coffee table by now.

To his shock, it now reached the opposite wall.

"It seems you're finally awake." The demon spoke up as Borusa roused himself up, shocked at the sight before him. His massive middle wasn't just reaching the other wall, but was

pressing heavily against it, spreading outwards to completely fill the room with his own girth! The couch, other furniture, even the tv were completely M.I.A, buried deep beneath meters and meters of T.rex blubber. The sound of the television was replaced with the wobbling and jostling of his own body, his flab sloshing loudly like a wave pool. Eyes darting around the room, the dino was shocked to find he was almost rubbing against the ceiling, his flab even blotting out most of the windows. The only light source came from the hole he made in his front door the other day, and even that light was dim as his billowing rump slowly bloated closer to filling it. *"Woah...I'm big..."*

"An understatement," the spirit chuckled softly. **"Seeing as your impending immobility didn't phase you, I took the liberty of doubling your caloric intake."**

"Oh, that'd explain it," Borusa thought. He was too busy marveling over his own obesity to notice all the plumes of smoke popping up before him, almost clouding his vision as they quickly manifested into food to feed him. His maw was hardly ever empty as cinnamon buns slid down his gullet one after another. Out of reflex, he tried to grope at his own belly, but found his arms were simply too heavy; he couldn't pudgy them an inch. Even just wiggling his pudgy claws proved to be a fruitless endeavor. There was just too much Borusa blubber!

"Yesss! This is what you wanted, my obnoxious whale! You acted so casual about eventually breaching yourself, but now you're far beyond the point of ever returning to a lithe lifestyle! You could fast for centuries, yet you would never be able to move on your own again! Your life is officially out of your control, and now in mine!"

Borusa sighed through his nose, frowning as a dozen donuts flew into his maw, two at a time. *"Good job, Mr. Spirit, you've succeeded in pissing me off."*

"Oh?" The spirit purred, delighted with this new knowledge.

"Yeah. If I had known you could have fed me faster, I would have asked you to crank it up way earlier! Do you have any idea how much food I missed out on because of that?"

The enormous dino huffed, wobbling his enumerable chins. All this time, he could have been gorging himself to the point of actually feeling full! Even now, at supposedly double speed, he still felt himself slightly peckish, despite devouring entire meals in seconds. He was a big dino, after all, and a big dino needed *big* food!

"You...you wish for more?" The spirit asked, absolutely dumbfounded.

If Borusa could, he would have nodded. *"Absolutely. Double the food again. And turn up the tv too, while you're at it. I can't hear it buried beneath all of me."*

While his last request was ignored, the dino was delighted to see his vision almost completely fog up with more smoke, massive servings of breakfast foods dive bombing into his open maw at unprecedented rates. It was nice of the spirit to be so compliant and not insult him, for once.

With a happy rumble, Borusa once again settled into his own immobility, squinting past the food cloud to watch himself grow. It was a slow process; he was already quite massive, after all, but gradually he could see his body rise. He was enormous, a personal ocean of scales and flab, and with every passing hour, that ocean rose higher and higher.

By the same time the next day, his bulk had completely covered his windows. The dino chuckled when he woke up to total darkness. Anyone looking in from outside would see nothing but scaly flab outside, part of his massive ass spewing out from the doorway he created two days ago. The only downside was he couldn't properly see his ocean of a belly rise before him anymore, but he wasn't too upset about it.

All he had to do was triple his food intake even further, and that little problem would soon remedy itself!

No more than a few hours later of rampant, gluttonous eating, Borusa found his head bumping against the ceiling, followed by the top of his belly. The dino grunted, feeling the walls close in around his colossal frame; his rear behind him running out of room to grow as well, after knocking down several rooms.

“Are you uncomfortable?” The spirit asked, more curious than taunting. Borusa wasn't sure how to reply; feeling his entire house squeezing in on all sides of him was certainly a new experience. And with every second, that pressure intensified; somehow, he was still able to eat, despite his face buried in his own blubber. This tight feeling was probably the closest the doughy dino had ever come to experiencing fullness.

CRREEEEAK! God, what was his house made of?! The dino winced as his weight continued to pack in on itself. He could feel the windows shattering, spilling out spare rolls of his scaly chub. The entire outside walls were bending outwards, giving the impression that even his house was starting to gain weight! Borusa could hear thick cracks spiderwebbing along the exterior walls, yet it did little to mitigate all that building pressure. He could barely find the room to breathe, feeling the pressure build higher, and higher, and higher, until finally-

He broke free.

The house exploded into a confetti of debris; drywall and broken beams raining down all around. From the center of that explosion, Borusa finally *fwumped* outwards to his true size, his hips slamming into his neighbors' walls while his gut spilled into the street with enough force to overturn a car! The dino roared as he was finally free of his prison, only for that roar to get cut

off by two large wedding cakes flying into his muzzle. That didn't stop the T-rex from grinning triumphantly. He was so huge, bigger than he could have imagined! His head rose above the neighborhood, yet his vision was mostly filled by his own enormous middle. What he lacked in vision, he more than made up for in height, feeling the way his blubbery sides and rear molded against the neighbors' houses. Hopefully they evacuate soon, lest the end up trapped in his blubber.

“Congratulations,” the spirit spoke up blandly. **“You have finally broken through your only home. You are too large to be contained in a simple building, which leaves you in the mercy of the elements. Your thoughts on the matter?”**

Borusa snorted. *“I just hope it doesn't rain.”* Indeed, he could faintly see clouds forming above him, or were they just the food-filled smoke feeding him.

“Hey, spirit. Can you-”

“Double your food intake? I was already in the process of doing so.”

The dino's dimpled grin widened as now four wedding cakes forced their way into his gaping maw at once, rumbling in delight.

At first, Borusa was afraid that sitting and eating for eternity would grow boring; he couldn't have been more wrong! He was ecstatic, feeling his body slowly spread across the ground like an all-consuming blob, smothering buildings and trees alike. Even with all that scaly flab, he could tell what objects his body spilled over, from as large as houses to as small as bicycles. It was an exhilarating feeling, turning into an all-encompassing deity.

Borusa didn't even wait until he filled the entire neighborhood before asking the spirit to triple his food intake.

He needed, absolutely *needed*, to get bigger. He needed to feel the Earth start to crumble beneath his tonnage, to feel buildings crumble beneath his tonnage. The first time he knocked over a skyscraper, he doubled his intake. The first he smothered, he doubled his food intake. His belly completely smothered all of downtown, he quadrupled his food intake. All with the simple purpose of growing his masterpiece of a body, in hopes of one day filling all four corners of the world.

Of course, with all that eating came plenty of resting; it was quite draining to grow millions of tons a day, after all.

One particular morning, Borusa was interrupted from his sleep from the most accursed buzzing noise. Groggily raising his eyelids, the only part of his body he could still move, the massive dino frowned. A simple fly had flown too close to his face, and somehow managed to

avoid getting sucked into the vortex of food funneling into his maw. The dino was far too fat to shoo it away, yet it persisted, slowly drifting around, buzzing. Oddly enough, he swore he saw a few flashes from the light, followed by the tiniest, squeakiest of voices...

Borusa's eyes widened. That was a helicopter.

He couldn't see anything outside of the expanse of his billowing blubber; he never once considered that he himself would have grown alongside his flabby self. The helicopter was the size of a gnat compared to his large muzzle, and certainly sounded like one. Annoying buzzing contraption.

Still, he wasn't surprised the lesser anthros were curious about him; he was the size of a small state, after all.

A massive whirling cloud spiraled above him, darker than the darkest rainclouds. Spouting from that cloud was what could only be described as an enormous brown tornado, spiraling and compressing unprecedented amounts of food down the dino's gullet. Naturally, others would be quite curious about the strange weather phenomenon currently transforming a T-rex into the next Mount Everest.

Borusa was grateful for the helicopter; it gave him a new perspective on his current size, after seeing nothing but his own body for weeks, his head currently shrunk within an enormous brown cave. His only other method had been feeling how far his body was spreading across the land. Currently, the front of his gut was pressing against something cold and hard; Borusa figured he was in the process of conquering the Rockies.

Unfortunately, the sound of the helicopter was also pestering him.

"Spirit? Do you think you could-"

"Already on it."

Borusa smiled as the tornado's trajectory into his maw changed briefly, the spiraling food picking up the helicopter. He didn't even taste the metallic vehicle entering his body.

With a satisfied snort, Borusa was ready to return to his slumber when the spirit spoke up yet again.

"I give up."

The dino blinked. *"What do you mean?"*

“Exactly that. I’ve given up. Not only have you failed to explode like my original intentions, but you’re relishing every pound you’ve gained. It matters not whether you’re a waddling blob or a city-consuming monster. Your gluttony, appetite, and stomach capacity have all exceeded my expectations. You’ve won.”

Borusa frowned. He had never heard the spirit sound so defeated before. All this time, he had genuinely thought the deity inhabiting him was having just as much as he was with this experience. *“Does...does this mean you’re done feeding me?”*

“Unfortunately, no.” Borusa sighed through his nose in relief. **“The curse’s conditions have yet to be met, that being you explode from overeating, and it’s unlikely those conditions will ever be met. I can control the rate of your consumption, but I’m afraid that due to my negligence, I am bound to you for life.”** The spirit let out a sigh of its own. **“I should have taken you up on that offer of buying me another vase to inhabit.”**

This was an awkward moment. The dino wasn’t sure how to respond. He wasn’t exactly in the right mindspace to have a proper heart-to-heart with a god who had apparently been trying to torture him for the past month. All he had thought about all this time was eating and growing, eating and growing, not how to console someone with a broken spirit.

Suddenly, the dino had an idea. *“What’s wrong with inhabiting me? I’m far more interesting than a lousy vase.”*

The spirit let out a chuckle. **“You’re hardly what I would call befitting of a god, Borusa.”**

The dino smirked; this was the first time the deity had called him by his first name and not some random insult. *“I’m calling bull on that. I literally just inhaled a helicopter like it was a spec of dust. I’m currently covering about a 10th of the Americas too, if my geography is accurate. If that’s not godly, I don’t know what is!”*

Silence, before the spirit spoke up. **“Those are valid points.”**

“Of course they are, and I’m only going to grow bigger!” The dino growled. *“Make me into a monument, if you’re not satisfied! Turn me into the biggest, fattest relic of your being! Let everyone know your power is as limitless as my body!”*

To his delight, the spirit joined in the roar, followed by a laugh. **“Very well, Borusa! Let us turn you into a worthy vessel for one as great as myself!”**

The clouds parted; Borusa’s jaw would have dropped if it wasn’t already forced open as he watched three enormous meteors plummeting towards him, each one the size of a small

town! The dino squealed in delight; just one of those would surely double his already fantastic weight!

He opened wide, wider than he thought possible, and consumed the meaty meteors one after another. Becoming a world-shattering god was so much more fun with another friend to help.