

“No, it’s not a typo. My name is actually Jarek.”

Jarek sighed as he read that question, his head tilting to the side. It wasn’t the first time someone asked that, and it probably wouldn’t be the last either. The jackalope would have preferred to just ignore the question entirely, but when your stream only averages 3 viewers, you learn to bite the bullet and interact with the few who bothered to even show up.

Unfortunately, that sometimes meant inviting trolls. Whatever, viewers were viewers, right?

Having reached a savepoint in his game, Jarek’s amber eyes briefly flicked back towards his chat, the jackalope reading out loud the newest message. “Explain your name…”

His brow furrowed. “I’m pretty sure it’s self explanatory. Jarek\_The\_Jock\_Gamer. I’m a relaxed, chill sports enthusiast who likes to play games and chat. If you want, you can ask about my time playing football in college, or-”

He paused, noticing the chat updating again. “No, the Jarek part. Explain that.” The jackalope read aloud.

He sighed again. Maybe it would have been better to just not check his messages at all. “Alright. Imagine Darek. Now imagine Jar. Combine the two, you get Jarek. That’s my name.” The jackalope had never been good at explaining things, but stupid questions deserve stupid answers, right?

Apparently not, as he soon found another stupid question in his feed. “Do you have a brother named Dar, then?”

Nope. He was not dealing with that today. In a single fluid motion, Jarek alt+tab’d out of his game to switch to his stream view, just to block whoever just asked that ridiculous question. Time and time again, he’s had to deal with trolls like that; if there was a speedrun for blocking idiots, Jarek was certain he’d make the leaderboards.

Unfortunately, that skill didn’t translate well to remembering to actually pause before alt+tabbing out. For when Jarek looked back at his game, he was met with a flashing “Game Over.”

The jackalope sighed loudly through his nose. Honestly, he barely even had the strength to hit the “Continue” button. He would have preferred to just end the stream there and stay in bed the rest of the day, but considering he’d barely been on air for thirty minutes, that’d be a big waste to his productivity. Still, his heart just wasn’t in it anymore. The comments about his name cut rather deep for the jackalope.

Especially since he was dealing with a bit of an identity crisis.

Jarek always imagined he'd find a career in sports ever since high school, and even found reasonable success in college. He was naturally quite athletic, and a quick learner to boot, definitely one of the star players on any team he was on. However, he was never quite *the* best on any team, never the MVP or hero of the game. Overtime, the jackalope felt as though he was competing with his own team more than the other team for recognition or attention, and the amount of effort needed to receive his own acknowledgement just wasn't worth it anymore. It was vain of him, perhaps even narcissistic, to want others to praise him for his actions, but Jarek couldn't help it! He worked hard too, dammit, why shouldn't he be rewarded for it?!

With his college years coming and going, the jackalope decided to move on to a different platform for attention: Streaming. It was the natural solution to his problem; his own personal corner of the internet devoted entirely to him, where he didn't need to compete with anyone else present. He even figured out a unique niche he could fill out! Jarek\_The\_Jock\_Gamer, the channel to tune into to ask the muscular jackalope for workout advice, sports stories, or just to chill and watch him game.

Hell, Jarek was certain he had the perfect body for this gig and everything! He was blessed with fur colors that matched his different muscle groups, as though he were a walking talking anatomy chart. His stomach and chest a yellowish-cream color for abdominals and pectorals, his shoulders and sides a rusty red for deltoids, his upper arms and legs a dark purple for triceps and quadriceps, and his forearms a tannish orange for brachioradialis. If anyone asked for workout advice, the jackalope was the perfect fur to give a demonstration on exactly what motions worked what muscle groups!

Alas, Jarek never got the chance. Hardly anyone ever showed up to his streams to begin with, and even fewer really mentioned the "jock" part of his username. The rare occasion someone did talk in his stream, it was to ask more dumb questions like "Is your name really Jarek?" or "How do you get shirts on with those enormous antlers?" or his personal favorite: "You know you're not supposed to jump into the bottomless pits, right?"

Alright fine, he wasn't much of a gamer. Sue him! He was still a jock, dammit. Or rather, an ex-jock. So focused was he on growing his streaming audience that his gym activities had taken a noticeable hit. He'd started going less and less to instead stay at home and stream; in fact, it'd been months since the last time he'd gone. Jarek still had his muscles, they were just noticeably less pronounced, as pressing buttons and posing in front of a camera weren't exactly intensive activities. He had every intention of returning once he'd built a following; perhaps as a 100 subscriber bonus he could take his camera with him to the gym, showing off proper workout routines while using his fur's unique coloring to show what muscle groups they worked. But as of now, he still had to reach his 10 subscriber mark first. Or get a single subscriber.

*Sigh*

What was he doing with his life? Jarek could see his frown growing deeper in the top left of his stream view, but at the moment he couldn't be bothered to fix that. He could barely even be bothered to jump over the enemies in his game, losing yet another life. Who was Jarek anyways. Was he really living his best life, his true self? Or was he really just a typo, trying to masquerade as someone else. Was Jarek really meant to be a streamer? Was he trying to be a Darek instead? Or a Danuary? Were they actual streamers?

Damn. Game Over.

With a hefty sigh, Jarek set his controller down on his desk. Today was not a streaming day, he figured. Maybe he'll feel better after a warm shower and some sleep. With that, he reached for the power button on the computer; why say goodbye to his viewers when he barely had any to begin with.

Wait, hold the phone, that comment was new.

"Hey man, nice gains?" Jarek's brows furrowed. Was this comment for real? The jackalope's muscle mass wasn't particularly impressive, especially compared to when he first started streaming. Was this another troll?

Nah, best not to ignore it. This was the first time anyone actually acknowledged his figure.

The jackalope smiled into the camera. "Heh, thanks, uh, 'Large\_Lad\_42.' I appreciate it." Well, this was awkward. Should he keep playing the game now, or-

A new message. "Show me the goods?"

Jarek blinked. As vain as it sounded, he expected there to be a few people who found his body type quite appealing. However, to jump straight into being asked to "show the goods" was a tad strange. What constituted as "the goods" that wouldn't get him banned from the streaming site?

Thinking quickly, the jackalope raised both arms beside his head, flexing firmly. Yeah, that's it, he still had strong arms! Hopefully "Large\_Lad\_42" didn't notice the slight belly peak beneath his shirt. The triceps were still there, but his abbs were a bit MIA.

As he lowered his arms, Jared noticed another message pop up. "Very nice start! Can't wait to see you grow!"

The jackalope couldn't keep the smile from his face. That little bit of support might just be what it takes to keep him going. Maybe this streaming business might work out after all.

Another message. "What did you have to eat today?"

Oof. Jarek's cheeks went a few shades redder, his eyes unintentionally darting off camera to the empty fast food bag on his desk. "Uhh, had some cereal this morning. Turkey sandwich with cheese for lunch. And, heh, I cheated a little and went for a WcWonalds meal for dinner. A cheeseburger, fries, cola. Small, of course." Yeah, no need to lie. When he gets a decent income, he can afford more proper, healthier meals. Hopefully he didn't just disappoint his first and only fan.

Apparently he did, but not in the way Jarek expected. "That's it? I know you can fit so much more!"

Jarek raised a brow. This person must not understand proper body building techniques. Well, that's what he was here for. The jackalope put on the best friendly smile he could manage. "Beef isn't a bad bulking food, actually, but fast food restaurants tend to add far too much sodium into their products, especially their burgers and fries. Soda is absolutely a no go; sugars won't help you at all. I prefer to avoid bulking-and-cutting diets, but if I were to go on one right now, I'd use store bought beef and protein powder for my protein intake, potatoes for my starches, and-"

He never got a chance to finish before another message popped up. "But don't fast food burgers get you fatter?"

*What?*

Suddenly, more messages from "Large\_Lad\_42" popped up in rapid succession.

"OMG!"

"I just realized."

"You're Jarek\_The\_Jock\_GAMER!"

"I thought it said Jarek\_The\_Jock\_Gainer!"

"I'm sorry! I thought you were streaming yourself getting fat!"

And with that, Jarek watched his viewer count drop by one, to a grand total of 0.

The jackalope sat there in silence, trying to process what just happened. This person wanted to watch him get *fat*? That's a *thing*?! The name suddenly made a lot more sense. But what the hell would a jock gainer even look like? Would it just be Jarek gaining weight on stream?

What if he started gaining weight on stream?

What if he started gaining weight on stream?

Jarek couldn't get the thought out of his head. He mulled it over long after turning off the stream, during his shower, laying in bed, and well into the next day. There was clearly an audience for people watching others growing fat over time, but how would he even go about it? Eating a bunch of greasy, fatty foods on camera? Showing off his growing body? Posting his increasing measurements on stream? Letting donations go towards his food bills? Did people like that sort of thing?

No, of course not!

But "Large\_Lad\_42" did. Who's to say there weren't Large\_Lads 1 through 41 who were just as interested?

The next day passed by in a blurr; whether Jarek was driving, playing games, watching Youtube, and *especially* eating, he thought about this new possibility that'd just been presented to himself. He tried not to, of course, and tried even harder to shake himself on the idea of growing fatter for an audience. He'd been in sports since elementary school, and spent most of his highschool life and all of his college time working himself into the best shape he could be. Yes, he'd fallen off a bit ever since then, but to take a complete 180? That was insane! He'd never been fat before. What if he didn't like it? Working out was much harder with several layers of blubber on!

...But what if it *did* work out? What if he enjoyed it? What if he developed a real following? What if it was worth it?

Jarek was starting to develop a headache; he was overthinking things. Browsing Youtube for distractions didn't help much either; the jackalope swore he was recommended the same video of a cartoon character eating 50 cakes and crashing through the floor three times by now. He just couldn't avoid it! He'd end up not sleeping all night unless he did something about this.

So he did.

The next morning, before he even left his room, Jarek got to work. The first step was obviously the most important one: managing his appearance. Not like that was too hard, the jackalope fished out a tank top that had grown too small for him around the time he finished up highschool. Putting it on and wearing it, however, gave Jarek mixed feelings when he saw himself in the mirror.

His glory days were certainly behind him. His pectoral muscles were very noticeable beneath the stretched white cloth, but just as noticeable were his lack of abs. The jackalope stared at himself for some time, trying out a variety of poses. When he lifted his arms to

head-level, no one would be able to tell he'd changed much since college, but raising his arms higher lifted his shirt around his midsection, and lowering them to his sides made his middle press out an extra inch or two. Barely noticeable to anyone else, sure... but to Jarek, who'd maintained a skinny lifestyle all his life? It was a world of difference to him.

Well, today was the day he would do something about that belly, one way or another.

Clothed and ready to take on the world, Jarek hopped onto his computer. He created a new streaming handle, "Jarek\_The\_Jock\_Gainer." Perfect, no one else had it. If he ever found "Large\_Lad\_42" again, he'd make sure to thank him for the idea.

With that squared away, Jarek set to work making breakfast. Grilled cheeses were possibly the fattiest-sounding breakfast food he could make with the ingredients on hand. Six should be enough; the point was to show a big stack of food to the camera anyways, not necessarily to eat them all. A large glass of whole milk would also work well- oh. He only had 2%. Well, the audience didn't need to know that.

Excellent, everything was prepared! Jarek sat at his desk, a big plate of grilled cheese and milk in clear shot of the camera. Now he just had to press the button to go live.

Press the button.

Press. The. Button...

Jarek sighed loudly through his nose, closing his eyes to concentrate. This was just a one-time gig, he reminded himself. Just a little experiment, to see what kind of audience he could attract with this content, if any. If things didn't work out, which he expected was the case, Jarek would just hop back onto his "Gamer" account. The grilled cheeses can be worked off at the gym, no problem. Plenty of carbs for energy, right?

Yeah, just a one time gig. It's not like there's a huge audience out there who want to watch him destroy his figure. Still, the idea of showing off his round belly was just... weird! The jackalope was used to making sure the camera highlighted his strong shoulders and arms, not the little bit of fat that had been slowly accumulating on his middle. To actively show off that bit of growth, to let it swell out with each grilled cheese he may or may not eat... No one *really* wanted to see that, right?

His eyes opened, and Jarek pressed the button to go live.

Nothing.

He knew he was being impatient. He'd only been live for seconds, and he was already tempted to switch it off and dump the sandwiches into the trash. Ugh, this was stupid! He should

be streaming himself losing weight, not putting it on! Maybe he shouldn't be streaming himself at all. Maybe he should be getting into a new career, like construction, or deliveries, or-

Oh, a viewer!

Jarek quickly sat up and alert, clearing his throat. Whoops, his shirt rode up; it was a struggle of self restraint not to tug it back down. "H-hello! Thanks for tuning in, viewers. Uh, viewer."

Another viewer! "Uh, viewers, now."

Jarek cleared his throat. "Great to have you guys. I'm, uh, Jarek. Jarek the Jock Gainer. It's not a typo, that really is my name, a-and I really am a jock, who's... going to get fat."

He reached down to pinch his exposed belly, shaking the little bit of softness that accumulated over his middle. Already, his cheeks were flushed with embarrassment. God, he looked ridiculous. Do people really enjoy this kind of crap?

Apparently they did. The jackalope was floored to find himself at 4 viewers already, the number ticking up to 5 before his very eyes!

"U-uh..." Jarek swallowed heavily. C'mon, man, you got this. Just stick to the script you rehearsed in your head dozens of times!

He slid a paw beneath the plate of grilled cheese sandwiches, holding them up to the camera. "A-and what's the best way for a jock to get fat? By, uh, sitting on his big butt and stuffing his face while playing games. That's right, uh, for the next hour, I'm gonna be chowing down on these greasy, cheesy, buttery sandwiches while attempting to beat this... this really hard platformer game. Every time I die, I eat another half a sandwich. The milk here, the *whole* milk here, is just to, uh, help wash it all down."

8 viewers! 9! Jarek's heart was pounding in his chest. There were even a few comments calling him cute already! The jackalope needed to swallow heavily before continuing, his throat going dry. "A-and that's not all. With every subscription, I'll do f-five jumping jacks. I'm still a jock, ya know. Even with this... this big, fat belly of mine." He pushed out his stomach as far as it'd go, rubbing the tiny dome.

He looked ridiculous, sounded ridiculous, but those view numbers didn't lie. In the first couple minutes, his "Jock Gainer" account had more concurrent viewers than he ever had on his "Jock Gamer" one. Double digit viewers already, goodness.

Relax, he told himself. "Alright, so without further ado, let's get started with-"

He froze, almost dropping the plate.

Someone subscribed already? His first subscriber *ever*, and it was on *this* freaking account?

It even came with a comment. “Heya, cutie! Can’t wait to watch you tear that shirt to shreds in the next couple months! Don’t worry about the jumping jacks right now. I’ll gift another donation if you do me a favor and shove half a sandwich into your mouth right now. Bunnies with chubby cheeks are adorable!”

Jarek couldn’t help but laugh when he got to the end of that message. These people were weirdos! He could *maybe* understand people wanting to watch an already-fat fur grow fatter, maybe. But him?! An exercise enthusiast who had, at most, 10 pounds of excess body fat? These guys really wanted him to publicly destroy his figure that badly?

Apparently so, as he just surpassed 15 viewers, with several more comments calling him cute. The numbers don’t lie.

Jarek chuckled again as he picked up half a grilled cheese, wagging it at the camera. “Alright, you asked for it. But if I make a mess all over my chest, I’m blaming you.”

Ah, who was he kidding? These weirdos would probably like that, too.

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It was the best stream of his life!

Jarek had such a blast, the morning practically flashed on by. It felt so gratifying after all this time to finally be the focus of this much attention; a vain pursuit, he knew, but a rewarding one all the same. Having others actually participate in his chat to talk with him made the jackalope feel much less self conscious, like he wasn’t just talking to himself in a void. Heck, there were even plenty of times he and his chat went off topic and discussed things outside of gaining, like the game he was playing, what college he went to, what sports were his favorite...

What drove him into becoming a gainer.

The only problem with this stream, alas, was that he wound up eating his own words, and all of those sandwiches.

In pure Jarek fashion, the jackalope found himself running face-first into enemies and bottomless pits nearly every chance he had. Having an active audience was euphoric, but it was also just as distracting, as the ex-jock found it tricky trying to balance observing his chat with his own gameplay. Hell, he even noticed a message poking fun at all his deaths, saying he was doing it intentionally to play up how much he had to eat to the crowd.



When in actuality, it was the opposite!

Jarek loved grilled cheese sandwiches, and had no problems eating the first two on camera. He absolutely played up his enjoyment of them as well, closing his eyes with each bite, letting out a few quiet moans, hoping his camera picked up the satisfying *crunch* of each bite. After the second sandwich, however, it became harder to stomach them.

He was no stranger to large meals, but eating nothing but buttery, cheesy, greasy sandwiches was a little much, even moreso when his only means of washing them down was with 2% milk... sorry, with *whole* milk. Halfway through, and Jarek was seriously starting to regret making so many grilled cheeses. It was quickly becoming a chore cramming the crispy triangles into his mouth without wincing on camera. It didn't help that the sandwiches were starting to cool off into more lukewarm temperatures, and the fullness only added to his gaming distractions, causing him to die more and repeat the eating cycle yet again.

Was this really the right choice for him? Jarek was as full of self doubt as he was sandwiches by the time the 7th made its way into his gullet. He felt absurdly fat, fatter than he ever felt before, and he still had three more sandwiches. Was this worth it? Was he going to sabotage his waistline for some attention online? Throw away years upon years of maintaining a strong and powerful figure, bury it beneath untold calories, carbs, and later on pounds of blubber?

He glanced at the viewer count. 37.

Fuck yeah, he was!

Taking a deep breath, Jarek paused the game to close his eyes, choosing the moment to relax himself. His stomach was still in knots; it was a habit of his to suck it in whenever he felt his shirt ride up. But with a bit of mental will power, he was able to loosen it up just a tad, letting the little round lump of cream-colored gut swell out. "*Bwuurrrp!*"

Phew, that felt great! And judging from the reaction on chat, it was also great to watch. With the game still paused, Jarek slumped back into his seat, grabbing the plate and bringing it atop his bloated stomach. Who needs gaming? These people came to see him eat!

And he was determined to give them a show.

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Jarek was elated to see the stream end with 50 concurrent viewers. At least, he believed it was 50—he was so stuffed, he might have been seeing things!

Regardless of whether or not he was hallucinating at the end, it was the most successful stream of his life by leaps and bounds, which gave the jackalope plenty of food for thought as he collapsed on the sofa, fighting off the inevitable coma. The stream was popular, far more than he thought it would be. He got a new follower seemingly every other minute, whereas he was lucky if he managed a single one at the end of one of his older streams. Everytime he checked his chat, there was a new message for him to read, something to keep him engaged.

And they all wanted him to keep eating, to keep growing.

Looking down at himself, Jarek weakly rubbed at his rounded abdomen, gently squeezing the lump of fur and flesh rising before him. If his abs were hard to spot before, they were definitely gone now. With his tank top pulled back, the jackalope's gut looked like a partially deflated basketball, yet just as firm as a fully inflated one. Round, heavy, sensitive, Jarek couldn't even take a full breath without wincing in pain.

Was he really about to let this happen to him every single stream?

Gripping the ends of that creamy belly, Jarek imagined that bloated gut filled with fat instead of sandwiches. A mass of squishy flab constantly weighing him down, a permanent fixture to his body. The thought sent a shudder down his spine; already he was fighting back the urge to do some sit ups, something to burn off the tummy full of calories waiting to be turned into jackalope blubber.

He very well could do that, he reckoned. Jarek's viewers didn't need to know he was working off some of those calories, right? After all, they didn't know he was drinking 2% milk the whole time. Ah, but he couldn't do that! It'd be cheating! His viewers would surely catch on, and he'd lose the little following he'd developed in no time.

No, Jarek was going to have to commit to this if he wanted this stream to take off. Ignoring his intrinsic nature to work off the large meal, the jackalope allowed himself to drift off into an early afternoon nap, a hand resting on his bloated, gurgling stomach.

The restless energy he developed from not following his primal urge to exercise was devoted to planning his next few streams. Depending on the time of day he streamed, the jackalope would eat an appropriate meal. For example, the next day's stream was during lunch time, so Jarek prepared himself a mighty helping of peanut butter and honey sandwiches (hey, sandwiches were quick and easy to make)! And for the following day's stream, Jarek went live around dinner, which meant eating an extra large pizza on his own with a big bottle of Coke to wash it down.

Suffice to say, each stream ended up more popular than the last, and Jarek was quickly becoming overwhelmed with the attention. A shame his cream-colored cheeks didn't have the same reddish hue as the rest of him, for the jackalope found himself blushing quite often at how

cute his tummy looked, or what a messy glutton he was—not his fault he struggled to eat and play games at the same time!

*Ugh*, he especially struggled with the eating part. Jarek's eyes were constantly larger than his stomach, as it always seemed he made far more food than what he could naturally stomach. It was only through encouragement and donations from his chat that the jackalope willed himself to down the calorie bombs, filling his stomach to the absolute brim on sheer effort and the power of \$20 donations. Each stream left the jackalope feeling ready to pop, feeling fat as all hell, feeling like he desperately needed a run on a treadmill.

But rather than that, he would simply nap off the food instead, and wait till tomorrow to repeat the process.

Hell, in one instance, Jarek forgot to end the stream after a particularly hefty eating binge and simply fell asleep on stream. The jackalope was horrified to wake up and see his camera flashing red, indicating he was still live. He scrolled back to find he had literally streamed himself slumped back in his chair for *four hours*, doing nothing but snoring and occasionally scratching at his visible stomach. God, he didn't even bother to clean off the crumbs from his shirt, either. What a slob he looked like! A fat, lazy, messy slob!

And yet, people actually watched this! He didn't have less than 40 watchers at any time watching this once-fit jackalope sleep off a heavy meal. Some commented on how precious he looked, others placed bets with each other on when he'd wake up, a few even donated money in stream, just so the text-to-speech voice would speak to the unconscious streamer, saying comments such as "Wake up, fatty! I think I heard the ice cream truck!" Or "Ooooh, I'm hypnotising you! Ooooh, you're gonna wake up and eat donuts next. Ooooh!"

Jarek couldn't help but laugh at these comments. Weirdos. They're all weirdos.

The jackalope was quite thrilled with how high his follower and subscriber count had been growing, although he was quick to learn that another number had been rising steadily with every stream as well.

Each morning, as part of a ritual, Jarek would observe himself in his full body mirror in his bedroom. And each morning, the jackalope would watch as his abs would slowly fade away, bit by bit, until they simply vanished for good. Even on an empty stomach, even when lifting his arms as high as they would go and flexing his abdominals, Jarek couldn't see any sign of the muscles beneath his belly.

Instead, the jackalope found a small lump of chub that he'd been slowly cultivating all this time, a round mound of lard that had been progressively growing along with his online following. Even turning to the side, Jarek could see his belly start to jut out more, hanging past his waistline bit by bit. That tum of his had been soft to the touch even before his gaining streams, but now it had a bit of jiggle to it, even enough for him to pinch and shake (something

he demonstrated to his chat on request). It had taken months of him losing his gym-going habits for him to start losing his muscular definition, but just a couple weeks of gaining streams had caused him to go from lean and slim to slightly chubby. It was... alarming, how quickly his gains were taking off.

"I can still stop." He'd tell himself everytime he felt that buildup of anxiety upon seeing an extra layer of chub get added to his frame. "I can quit at any time and go back to the gym. I can drop the weight easily, no sweat." Just reminding himself he had an out was enough to get him through the day, through his next oversized, caloric-intense meal in front of his new fans. However, even he couldn't deny that returning to his glory days would become increasingly difficult with every binge he underwent.

Until one day, he gave up that notion altogether.

That day started out like any other, with Jarek staring at himself in the mirror while putting on his old tank top. By this point, it was beyond obvious that the thin white garment was not meant for a jackalope of his size. No matter which way he tugged, there was always fur visible beneath every side of the tank top, a noticeable ring of creamy yellow and rustic red hanging above his waistline that couldn't be hidden. Even with that ring of chub on full display, the tanktop was so tight against his belly and chest that the whole thing was practically translucent, showing hints of his colorful fur beneath it. God, his navel looked so deep with the shirt practically painted on top of it.

And to think, this thing used to fit him perfectly in college.

In any case, Jarek tried not to think about that as he started up his stream later that evening. It was packaged cookies tonight, as sweets were perfect for a late night dessert. Jarek didn't even attempt to hide his rounded middle on stream, as just sitting down had caused the tank top to fly on up, revealing the fledgling belly without any need for him to lift it up.

It was when he was roughly a dozen cookies in that Jarek received a donation, the comment asking if he could even hide that gut of his behind that shirt anymore.

Jarek didn't think twice before grabbing the hem of his tank top and tugging down. The visage of how he struggled just to put it on was the farthest thing from his mind right now; all that mattered was satisfying his donor. However, in his haste to please his fan, the jackalope did forget just how tight his shirt had grown, and with one hard tug-

*\*RIIIIIIIIP\**

"Oops..."

The jackalope's face went red. Sure enough, he did manage to cover his stomach... However, now he felt a cool breeze brush against the majority of his back. His head now

sticking out of the enormous tear he made, Jarek's chest was on full display as well, and even through the camera, the jackalope could see that even his impressive pecs were starting to look a tad softer than he remembered.

His entire head was burning. God, he looked so fat! He felt so fat! He *was* so fat! How would his teammates and coaches react to seeing one of their star players literally ripping his tank top with his own size? He actually jiggled now, freaking *jiggled*! He needed a diet ASAP! He had to drop this weight immediately! Kale and water for the rest of his life!

Thankfully, that thought only lasted a second.

Jarek was soon made privy to his chat, mainly how it practically *erupted* at his wardrobe malfunction. Messages flew on by faster than he could read. Some "YOOOOOO!"s and a few POG emojis flashed by, but everything else was a blur. The jackalope received several notifications at once of chat members clipping and recording his shirt tearing. Before he knew it, three more donations were sent his way, all asking for him to finish the job.

At first, Jarek was floored at the reception he got. He thought hitting triple digits in viewer count was astonishing enough, but this... this was incredible! If he kept getting donations like this, he'd never need to worry about income again. He'd make enough to sustain a family, just by letting others shower him with praise and attention.

With a shaky hand, he reached for his tank top once more. Only this time, he didn't stop pulling until the entire thing tore right off. Jarek grinned as he waved the torn piece of fabric before the camera.

"The first casualty of many." He teased, tossing it over his head behind him. Well darn, it caught on top of his antlers, dangling from it like a clothes rung. But who cares! Jarek felt invigorated! This was now a shirtless stream, and he wanted everyone to see his big body on full display, showing off to the long time viewers the new layers of chub that had been developing on his belly and sides, the new jiggles that were starting to take place!

Forgetting about his game entirely, the jackalope grabbed at the package of cookies, stuffing them greedily into his gullet one by one, stopping only to belch or pat his stomach.

For the first time since he started these types of streams, Jarek wished he'd made himself more food.

From that day forward, Jarek took to his gaining streams much more seriously. He'd already developed a great audience, but he fully intended on capitalizing on the sudden burst of popularity that the tank top incident brought him. For example, a Jarek\_The\_Jock\_Gainer

Twitter account was in order, with his pinned tweet being none other than the clip of him tearing off his shirt. Now *that* was good advertising!

His stream could also use some enhancements as well, he thought. At the cost of adding a bit more visual clutter, Jarek added a picture of himself from back in his college days, posing shirtless with his muscles on full display. After all, if he kept up the gains, people might forget the “Jock” part in his username is actually legit. Or, well, used to be legit.

And below that, he put his current weight, updated daily!

Jarek had actually been procrastinating on weighing himself, despite that being a very popular question among his viewers. He was just too antsy to see how large he’d actually grown; yes, it was obvious he was becoming softer, but having it put to numeric format made him just a tad uncomfortable. However, after the tank top destruction, he felt more confident than ever before, and even found himself smiling when he peered past his belly and saw the number.

308 pounds. He couldn’t believe he actually broke the three hundred pound mark, but the numbers didn’t lie!

Finally, there was one more step for Jarek to take to show his commitment to his new life, a step far more important than the other two: He began gaining off stream.

The jackalope had gotten as fat as he had simply by eating large, greasy meals on camera, on top of refusing to exercise. If he truly wanted to be a gainer, he couldn’t just act like a fatass on camera a couple hours a day—he needed to be a fatass *all* hours of the day! The jackalope still had his hefty meals on stream, but he made sure to order himself plenty of large fast food meals as well. Burgers, fries, sodas, milkshakes, all consumed off camera on the side. Foods Jarek used to have an occasional guilty craving for were now being eaten even when the growing jackalope was stuffed sick. Breakfasts were sugary cinnamon rolls or greasy grilled cheese, lunch was heavy with carbs and fats, dinner involved foods typically found on fast food menus but supersized, and dinner was a variety of treats made with plenty of butter and sugar.

To say these had an effect on Jarek’s waistline would be an understatement.

Within a week of his new routine, the jackalope found himself pushing the boundary on where “chubby” ended and “fat” began. His stomach truly was the size and shape of a basketball now, soft and heavy with plenty of squish, big enough for him to push up with his hands to bounce, or rather *dribble*. It hung over the waistband of his pants a tad, even on an empty stomach.

His belly had certainly grown the most, but it didn’t end there. His once-mighty pecs had softened significantly, now starting to round a tad just as his stomach had when he’d first started gaining. His biceps still held definition when he flexed, but at rest he simply had broad

arms—strong, yet soft and supple. Of course, sitting for hours at a time had done plenty to his hips and rump as well. Jarek had been tempted to do a similar event for his old basketball shorts as he'd done with his tank top by bending over in front of the camera; however, the fear of ripping more than just his shorts prevented him from following through, as that would be a very quick way to get banned from streaming. Instead, he settled for taking a few pictures of himself in front of the mirror from a few flattering angles, Tweeting them with some rather suggestive teases of him needing to go up a few sizes.

Alas, he actually needed more clothes. He'd quickly lose his appeal if he just streamed naked all the time, right? He needed his followers to watch him outgrow something!

Jarek had never been a fan of clothes shopping before—it was the antlers. However, finding new clothes specifically with the purpose of destroying them on camera made the experience far more enjoyable! To think he used to be too embarrassed of his much plumper body to even want to leave his house. Nah, he was large and in charge now, and he wanted clothes that showed that off! Button-ups he could pop off button by button, tight jeans he could split by bending his legs, long collars that'd define his developing second chin.

And would you look at that, the clothing store had a coffee shop right by the checkout! Well, he was still rather bloated from breakfast, but a large coffee with plenty of cream and sugar would be the perfect calorie bomb to celebrate breaking into brand new clothes. Maybe he should grab a few of those yummy pastries to go with it. He wasn't too hungry, but they sure looked delicious.

His stream took off like a jet airplane! At first, he only managed 100+ concurrent viewers due to him breaking his tank top on camera, but soon that number appeared with every stream, sometimes breaking the hundred viewer count a mere hour after starting. The focal point of the stream soon shifted from gaming to Jarek himself; sure, the game would still be visible in a corner of the stream, but the main picture was taken up by the fat jackalope and the absurd meals he ate.

Risking the intense stomach aches, Jarek began preparing more food than ever before with the express intent of *not* finishing it all! A bigger jackalope meant bigger meals, right? And he didn't want his viewers to know if he could finish everything, or if his stream would turn into another impromptu 4 hour nap time. What kept engagement up was the user interaction, the bets being placed on whether Jarek could finish his meal or pass out trying. Of when he'd pop another button. Of when he'd bust another belt buckle.

Of when he'd break his chair.

Perhaps the only downside to his intense weight gain: Jarek began fearing for when his gaming chair would finally give out. Of course, he had to milk it for everything he could. When he surpassed 400 pounds, the jackalope would bring his mic close to his seat, just so it could pick up the creaks and groans it made when he shifted his large rump around. Inwardly,

however, Jarek couldn't help but feel the pang of anxiety of suddenly falling onto a heap of broken plastic, as though he were sitting on a ticking time bomb. Breaking the chair would drive his viewer counts to new heights, but damn it might hurt like hell when it happened!

But Jarek was fully prepared for this. He long abandoned the notion of ever going to the gym and working himself back to shape. His watchers wanted him to break the chair, and he was going to do it! He pushed himself to the limit with every meal, dealing with the resulting belly ache purely with the goal of breaking that chair.

410... 420... the weeks ticked by, and the creaking only grew louder. Jarek's love handles squished into the armrests at this point, even when sitting firmly in the center.

430... 440... Now they began spilling over the armrests. Chat quickly coined the term "lovehandle-rests."

450... It actually took a bit of effort to squeeze himself into the seat. Admittedly, he could just flop into it, but again, Jarek felt that was cheating. He wanted to break it with size alone, not with any extra inertia.

460... 470... *BANG!*

As gentle as he was, his poor chair simply couldn't take the sheer amount of jackalope blubber being forced into a chair designed for normal-sized furs any longer. With a high-pitch yelp, Jarek found himself falling, the spine of the chair snapping in two and sending the jackalope on his back. He was wide-eyed, terrified. Shit, that was loud!

But he was unharmed.

Gradually, Jarek let out a small chuckle, which turned into a full-on belly laugh. Hah, that didn't hurt at all! His headrest stopped his head from hitting the ground hard, thankfully, but while the impact definitely knocked the wind out of his lungs, he was perfectly fine. He just laid there giggling, looking up at the foot-plus mound of creamy pudge rising above him, jiggling and bouncing atop of him as though it was laughing along with him.

What a perfect analogy this was? So afraid of growing too fat, when in actuality he was just fine. Getting fat was awesome!

Well, maybe not so much getting up. Jarek had to pry himself out of his seat with a fair bit of effort, making use of the muscles buried beneath his blubber for the first time in who knows how long. Rising up with a huff, the jackalope's eyes lit up to find dozens of donations from his fans, all celebrating his newest milestone and offering to help cover the cost of a new, sturdier chair.

Jarek grinned widely. He couldn't wait to break that one, too.



A change took place within the jackalope after the destruction of his chair.

Truthfully, he'd been intending on slowing down his gains after breaking it. It was a huge milestone, to be sure, but when it came to streaming, he wasn't sure how else he could top it. There wasn't much he could exactly break that was feasible after surpassing chair-shattering size. More shirts, pants, another chair? Surely his audience would get bored of that. Sure, he could say he's still gaining and getting fatter, but the jackalope wouldn't try stuffing himself to the gills every day just to push his weight into new extremes. He'd just maintain his weight, and his following.

But now, Jarek *wanted* to grow fatter, wanted to see just how huge he could make himself! All this time, he wanted to shatter that chair to impress his audience, but after actually doing it, the tubby jackalope couldn't help but feel a strong sense of pride in himself. He did this! He pushed his stomach to the limit every day, put on all that weight, and broke that chair himself!

And now he wanted to see how much further he could push himself, how fat he could make himself! What other new goals he might reach on his own!

Of course, he still wanted to show off to his audience. The pictures of his destroyed chair quickly surpassed his tank-top video as his most engaged Tweet. With the amount of donations he received, not to mention ad revenue, he had enough money to buy a dozen reinforced chairs. He had an excellent time informing everyone that the extra money would just go to his increasing food bill.

But off camera, Jarek loved himself more than ever. Every morning he'd idolize himself in front of the mirror even before taking pictures, marveling at the thick dimples starting to form in his chubby cheeks, the round series of chins forming to make his muzzle look even smaller, the two mounds of moobs replacing his once-prevalent pecs, the widening ass that slowly worked to engulf his little tail.

And of course, the swelling mass of fur and flab that was his belly, big enough to bounce over his crotch, big enough to cradle in his large arms, to lift up and smash onto the table with enough force to rattle his camera.

To think he never would have discovered this side of himself if it weren't for his followers. Jarek received plenty of attention from his peers and coaches when he was at the height of fitness, and he genuinely believed that to be his right self because of it. But now, seeing himself swelling out with chub right before his eyes, burying all of those muscles... this was right. This was him! And it took his fanbase to make him realize just how much his size meant to him. He

made sure to thank his chat for every donation, every subscription, every way he could to share the same newfound love he had for himself with every watcher who showed him that love, even if said watchers were just numbers on a screen.

But hey, the numbers don't lie!

The same love for himself even extended into the shower. More and more shampoo was required to clean all that fluff, but thankfully that was a nonissue as his stream income continued to rise along with his weight. In fact, he loved how long it took to clean himself, as it gave him more time for his chubby paws to roam across his perky moobs, his hanging belly, between those dimpled ass cheeks, and especially along those ever-thickening side folds. On more than one occasion he'd playfully press his belly against the wall, letting the creamy mass of flab spread out across the cool, damp surface, pretending he was smothering his smaller, skinnier, more timid self and looking him in the eye.

"All those muscles, and yet oh so weak, both mentally and physically." He sneered at the mental jackalope shoved up against the wall, meekly shoving back at the wall of blubber keeping him in place. Meanwhile, the fatter jackalope would grope at his belly and jiggle it proudly. "This is true strength!"

That self-love also fueled his appetite. Three meals a day soon turned into four, and four into five. Jarek never intended on increasing his meal count itself, as each meal was typically enough to leave him feeling bloated and lethargic for hours on end. However, even with a healthy amount of food in his gut, the jackalope found himself craving more food before mealtimes. Greasy food too; pizzas, burgers, hotdogs, wings. Food he used to stuff himself with for the sole purpose of gaining weight, now a full on addiction he simply couldn't say no to. In fact, he occasionally lost track of how much food he ate until witnessing the leftover mess in his wake, making sure to snap a pic of a dining table full of fast food bags, or of several pizza boxes resting atop his stomach.

Even with his attention more focused on personal growth than streaming growth, the jackalope's popularity only grew. Everytime he checked his phone, Jarek would find dozens of notifications of people praising his cute tum, wanting to pinch or hug him, and especially asking to feed him. The latter was possible thanks to donations, but even with his increased appetite, Jarek couldn't eat the amount of food being offered to him if he tried!

What he could do, however, was find new ways to show off his size.

And what better way to do so than by buying a pair of glasses that also served as a camera, letting his audience know what it's like to see through the eyes of an obese, chair-breaking jackalope?

The lardaceous lagomorph was fat enough to break his own chair dozens of pounds ago; think about what else he was too fat for! Jarek proudly streamed himself maneuvering

around town with pride, boldly squeezing through bus doors and taking up several bus seats. His goal was to act as casual and normal as possible; he was fat as hell, sure, but he wasn't an exhibitionist to those who weren't exactly into him.

Regardless, that didn't stop those same people from staring at him, gawking at the fat jackalope who needed a moment squeezing through doors, whose blubbery sides pressed into armrests, whose stomach accidentally hung over the backs of chairs. Jarek's favorite trips were those to restaurants, where his entire stream would watch as nervous waiters did their best not to gawk or stare at the obese jackalope who casually asked for two seats, whose food order filled a table meant to seat four, whose belly pressed into the table before the meal and ended up resting on it after the meal.

But the one encounter Jarek never forgot was the one with one of his fellow college athletes.

Arriving at his favorite coffee shop, Jarek was delightfully surprised to find an old friend waiting in line, recognizing that dark-blue wingless dragon from a mile away. Off camera, a devious grin spread across the jackalope's face. He could simply run up and start chatting with the slim drake right away, but he thought of a much, *much* funnier idea instead.

Without saying a word (and doing his best to cover up his heavy breathing), Jarek quickly shuffled to the back of line. He didn't want to alert the drake of his presence right away, although he continued to stare straight at the back of the dragon's head, as though mentally willing him to turn around.

And soon enough, he did. The dragon glanced back, looked down towards Jarek's hanging gut, looked up towards Jarek's face... then swiftly turned back forward!

"He doesn't recognize me!" Jarek whispered with a snort so only his viewers could hear. Taking a deep breath so as to stifle his giggles, Jarek cleared his throat and spoke up. "Yo, Tyrex! Is that you?"

Tyrex turned around so quickly, Jarek had to pinch his fatty sides to stop himself from laughing! The dragon looked *horrified!* Oh, but he swiftly tried putting on an awkward smile as he looked his old friend up and down. "J-Jarek, hey! I, uh... I didn't recognize you!"

Jarek noticed his chat was starting to pick up on what was happening. Perfect. "Yeah, it's been a while! Haven't seen you since we graduated! Heh, it only feels like yesterday Coach Tarbek was making us do laps on the track field. I beat you by a country mile, too!"

Jarek reached up to tap his glasses, simply to stop the notifications from flooding his vision. People were *dying* in his chat! They were witnessing first-hand Jarek's old jock pal realizing the once lithe and strong jackalope was now a waddling ball of blubber.

And Tyrex's reaction? Priceless!

The blue dragon stood there dumbfounded, stumbling and tripping over his own words, forcing himself to make eye contact yet constantly finding himself drawn to that hanging belly as though it were a gravitational well. "H-h-ha, yeah! Y-you were... real fat, I-I mean *FAST!*"

Jarek could feel dimples forming in his cheeks, with how wide he was smiling. "Sure was! Hey, you doing anything right now? Lemme buy you a coffee, and we can catch up."

The jackalope would have been content to leave it at that, but to his delight, the anxious dragon slowly nodded his head. "S-sure... w-why not?"

Oh, what a delightful catch up it was! Jarek made sure to maintain eye contact with the dragon at all times, so that his viewers could drink in Tyrex's reactions. Everything from the jackalope ordering a heaping mass of a drink that was more milkshake and sugar than coffee—along with an armful of pastries, compared to Tyrex's much more modest latte, down to Jarek struggling to squeeze his enormous self into one of the many sofa-chairs, placing all the food atop of his gut, as reaching the table was simply too hard.

Each time, he had to stifle himself from laughing. Poor Tyrex was simply *astonished!* The dragon similarly couldn't keep his eyes off the massive jackalope, whether it be those quivering cheeks or that mass of belly. Jarek had fun reliving their glory days with his ex-teammate, but Tyrex genuinely needed a couple seconds to respond, as he simply couldn't get over how Jarek's gut literally filled his entire lap.

It was all a game to Jarek, to see when his friend would finally break and acknowledge his weight gain. The jackalope would talk about their days running laps or doing other intensive drills, all while finding ways to jiggle his belly such as shaking his leg or tapping his gut. He'd talk about the diets the two of them were on while scarfing down muffins and cupcakes in a single bite, lazily brushing off the crumbs accumulating atop his shelf of a gut.

What finally did it, however, was when the jackalope raised his arms and flexed, grinning. "Heh, I'll admit it's been a while since I've stepped inside of a gym. Mighta lost a bit of muscle mass, but oh well. How about yourself?"

Again, Tyrex needed a few moments to recuperate, his eyes focused on the mass of flab hanging off each arm. "W-well, uh... yeah, I also, erh... I stopped working out, too. Down to one-sixty, actually... What, erh... what about..." He swallowed nervously. "What about you?"

Jarek wasted no time. "Five hundred sixty!"

His face! Jarek wanted oh so badly to whip out his phone and snap a few shots of it! The dragon's blue cheeks quickly turned a vivid violet-red, his green eyes looking ready to pop right

out of his head. Tyrex couldn't even offer a proper response, instead letting out the faintest, tiniest "oh."

As much fun as Jarek was having, he was starting to feel a bit bad for his friend. Having all that blood rush to his face was probably not the best thing for his brain. The rotund jackalope made up some excuse about needing to meet someone for a dinner date, prying himself out of the chair which, miraculously, remained undamaged. With that, he held out his arm for a friendly handshake

But Tyrex had both arms held out for a hug.

This time, Jarek wound up being the one at a loss for words, with Tyrex quickly pulling an arm back, trying to play it off as a stretch. But he couldn't fool Jarek. Nu uh!

The jiggling jackalope stepped in and held the dragon in a warm embrace. He never hugged someone at this size before, and boy did it not disappoint! He practically engulfed the comparatively-tiny dragon in those enormous arms; meanwhile Tyrex could barely even reach around the front side of that stomach!

Not that either of them minded. The hug lasted a bit longer than a typical friendly hug would, with both ex-jocks rumbling in delight all the while. Jarek made sure to exchange contact info with the dragon; he had a feeling he was about to gain a new subscriber.

Feeling better than ever before, the waddling jackalope re-enabled notifications, and ended up nearly tripping over himself. That interaction earned him *thousands* of dollars! Thousands! Not from ad revenue either- although his viewer count had reached a new record as well. These were all donations from people from within a half hour timeframe, all begging to be treated like that little dragon!

Alas, Jarek found himself in an awkward situation, as he wasn't so sure he wanted to hug every stranger who came up to him with a fistful of cash. Would that make him a prostitute of hugs? Even while explaining that, his chat was more than happy to depart with him their pocket cash, all for the sake of adding even more jackalope pudge to him.

How could he say no?

From morning to night, Jarek's primary thoughts were focused on one thing: growing.

His subscriber count was a priority, as the jackalope found himself lazing on his couch for hours at a time, munching on snacks while tweeting several times a day. He Tweeted pictures of his food, of his body, of his food *on* his body, of gaining tips ("Have two spoonfuls of

peanut butter on the hour every hour you're awake to get an extra ~3600 calories (~1 lb of blubber) into your system everyday"), or of other moods he was in ("Imagine lounging on a resort beach, belly spilling over the arms of beach chairs, pitchers of vibrant tropical slushies in paw, and just passing the time in the sun as resort staff frantically restock the all-you-can-eat seafood buffet for the third time that day.")

But of course, the most obvious growth was done on Jarek himself.

Jarek's daily six meals were more and more resembling the enormous binges he underwent on stream, done for the sake of fattening himself as well as quelling the near-insatiable appetite he developed. It wasn't enough that he ate until he was full—he *needed* his stomach pumped full of calories and sweets until it made noises begging him to stop! Those stomach aches were no longer aches as well, but rather euphoric sensations that rewarded Jarek for another job well done—as satisfying as the taste of the meal itself, and something to look forward to with his next meal. The stomach gurgles weren't there to torment the jackalope in his sleep anymore, but rather to play him a soothing, melodic melody that gave him blissful dreams of eating his own weight in butter.

Yes, *butter*.

In the ever-ongoing quest to one-up himself, Jarek took to eating far, far more fattening meals for his stream. Sodas and milkshakes weren't enough anymore, the jackalope needed to wash down his meals with heavy cream, his meals being lumps of deep-fried butter, cookie dough, oreos, foods that were basically calorie incarnate.

God, he was *destroying* his body! Jarek was constantly outgrowing clothes, eventually giving up on the idea of ever fully covering his obese body properly anymore, allowing the bottom rung of his apron-like belly to appear at all times. Not like he looked any less ridiculous with it hidden; each of his shirts had permanent sweat stains along the pits, no matter how often he washed them.

His public outings were becoming shorter and less common, and not just because he was struggling to fit through most doorways, either. Waddling around was simply becoming that much of a chore. Even walking short distances left him huffing and panting. Simply climbing onto the bus left him needing to pause to catch his breath, should he even manage to fit on that day anyways (a shame, as it was satisfying to feel the entire vehicle lurch when he stepped on it).

But that was fine for him anyway. Before, his outings were just to intentionally inconvenience himself with his own size. Now, he only left the house to feed himself. Grocery trips with his stomach nearly reaching the handles on his mobility scooter, restaurant outings that required multiple chairs to contain him, to buffet visits that lasted for hours on end.

Eventually, he was banned from all of them. Too fat for the scooter, too big to squeeze into a restaurant, and no way in hell was the buffet turning a profit whenever Jarek arrived!

So fine, Jarek would just stay home then, except the jackalope soon discovered he was growing too fat for even his own house! He bumped hips and sides against the doorways more often than not, adding even more to the challenges he faced; just waddling from one side of the house to the next was too much. After shattering his bed frame, the jackalope needed a large stack of mattresses to sleep on, as laying too close to the floor would leave him trapped like the world's fattest turtle.

And as if his hygiene hadn't already taken a huge hit, Jarek barely even took showers anymore! The effort of lifting one enormous leg followed by the other over the bathtub's side was simply too much, as that stomach hung heavily against his knees. Not to mention, standing for that amount of time under the running water while having to move his arms across all that mass was exhausting. He couldn't even reach the end of that belly on his own, for crying out loud! In fact, when he told his chat that one evening, one of his moderators added a new emote: "Rag on a Stick."

Bathing was absolutely out of the question as well. While standing against the wall, Jarek's flab still hung over the other side of the tub. If he even attempted to sit in it, well, he'd need his phone on hand to call the fire department to pull him out.

All of these inconveniences, all of these reasons why Jarek *needed* to shed some weight, and yet the jackalope simply couldn't stop himself! Even off camera, the waddling tub of lard developed a craving for the sickening crap he ate on stream. Burgers were smothered in jars of mayonnaise, fries were fried a second time in rich butter, his gainer shakes were filled with heavy cream and chocolate syrup. Even with his stomach begging him to stop, Jarek couldn't even sleep at night without shoveling down entire tubes of cookie dough as though they were five-layer burritos.

Obviously, his chat was eating it up. It didn't matter to them that Jarek had long stopped updating his daily weight. Just watching this tub of lard wheeze with every word he said, shoving canisters of whipped cream into his mouth every other sentence was more than enough for them. However, it was also more than enough for Jarek. He was getting so... so fat. Something needed to change.

And so it did.

He went offline.

Immediately, his fanbase sent themselves into an uproar. Comments on his most recent Tweets and streams poured in, asking where he went and what was happening. People began speculating with each other publicly. Did Jarek give up on his gains? Was he trying to slim back

down? Did the worst happen? All Jarek said was that he would be returning “soon.” But what exactly did “soon” mean?

Days went by, then weeks. Jarek assured his fans he hadn’t vanished, but offered nothing else. Despite uploading hardly anything, his follower count continued to skyrocket. Hundreds of comments begged for an update, about his weight, his mental state, *anything!* But Jarek would simply respond with a simple “I’m fine.” But what exactly did “fine” mean?

They would find out very soon.

Jared’s stream started up without warning. Those who were notified flocked to his page, eager for an update. However, what they saw wasn’t the familiar obese jackalope, but a large void where he should be. Even his chair was gone, replaced with an enormous triple-wide couch.

*Could it be?!*

The camera began shaking softly, stirring the chat to react with excitement. Some members of chat responded with more emojis than others, not because they knew what the shaking entailed, but rather due to discovering a neat little feature that was added on Jarek’s stream.

The ability to switch cameras.

Most other cameras were vacant as well, but a few others brought them exactly what they wanted to see: Jarek huffing and waddling towards the couch.

The jackalope’s belly was hoisted by a sling and rope attached to the ceiling.

Jarek thought he was about to go deaf, with how quick notifications pulled in. Of course, that was the least of his concerns. Even with the sling taking off hundreds of pounds of weight, he could barely even manage to stay on his feet. It took every ounce of his long, long dormant muscles just to bring one impossibly-thick thigh around the other, each one full of deep, thick, cellulite-ridden rolls thick enough to lose a finger in.

*Finally*, he made it to the three seater, the jackalope allowing himself to fall back onto it. The poor couch splintered audibly, causing him to let out a laugh through his heavy panting. “Shit... think I broke it...”

He was fat. Fatter than his stream had seen him before. Fatter than his stream had seen *anyone* before! Taking time to catch his breath, Jarek reveled in the sight of chat messages pouring in faster than he could comprehend, not to mention his own reflection.



Jarek's face was puffy and flabby, his ears, antlers, forehead, and upper snout perhaps being the only parts that weren't exaggeratedly huge. His headset microphone squished his left cheek until it rose higher than his eyes, and even then it couldn't reach his snout. His neck had completely vanished as well, his head looking like an oversized red and yellow flan resting atop of... well, another oversized red and yellow flan!

With his stomach no longer supported by the sling, it was free to surge forward, spilling well past his knees and hovering inches above the ground, even while seated on the couch. An enormous, billowing avalanche of blubber, requiring heavy machinery or a ceiling-mounted sling just to hoist up. His navel alone looked large enough to fit a small apple inside, not that Jarek would know without seeing a video of himself. After all, he couldn't even reach halfway across his stomach, more or less impeded by the pillow-sized sacks of lard that were his moobs.

What he could reach, however, was the mini-fridge just out of view of the main camera. As if his chat wasn't freaking out enough, they got to watch the flabby jackalope who could barely lift his saggy forearms off his sweaty chest reach off screen for a mason jar full of melted ice cream, lifting it to his muzzle and chugging until his muzzle and chins were stained a milky white.

"Aaaaah!" he sighed in elation. Nothing like a refreshing glass of ice cream to cool down on a warm Winter's day.

Clearing his throat, the jackalope wedged the jar between the armrests and his side folds (hey, who said the ice cream would only cool down his throat?) "Alright, then." He huffed, his voice almost too rich to be picked up on the microphone. "Sorry about that... It's been a while, folks... Welcome to my, *huff*, one year anniversary AMA of becoming a gainer. Donations of *bwurrrp* \$50 or more will have their questions answered. Go nuts."

Immediately, he was bombarded with donation notifications, many of which were far more than \$50. Looks like he was going to be here for a while. Good thing he had his mini fridge. Eventually, his eyes settled on what was most likely an obvious question. "Were you you?"

With a grunt, Jarek reached into the fridge once more, this time pulling out an enormous tube of cookie dough. God, moving his arm was tiring. He actually felt a bit winded as he unpeeled the plastic casing, taking a bite before continuing.

"Sorry about that. Turns out... got stuck in my doorway. Tried squeezing through, I really did, but I just couldn't. Couldn't even pull back out either, I was really stuck. Heh... I was lucky I was looking at Twitter on my phone. Managed to call the paramedics. They got me out real quick."

He widened his grin, bunching up those cheeks. "Turns out, they were real big fans, too. Longtime watchers of my stream. Shoutouts, hrrrf, to Jeff and Lucy if you're watching."

The ginormous jackalope took another hearty bite. "Walking was getting too hard... decided to, hrrf, install this thingy to keep me on my feet." He tugged on the ceiling-attached pulley, shaking it around. "Still afraid my roof's gonna fall down on me, heheh. I wanted to, hrrrf, surprise y'all with this stream. But, hah, ended up worrying you lot. Real sorry, hurf, about that. Won't happen again."

He reached up to take another bite of his cookie dough, only to find an empty crumb-covered wrapper. Whoops. Over 2000 calories down the hatch, and he barely even noticed. With a grunt, he lazily flicked it off his chest, feeling it fall somewhere lower on his stomach, before reaching into the fridge once more. "Thanks for the question... next one?"

With a jar full of mayonnaise in hand, Jarek read out the next question that was no doubt on his viewers' minds. "What's my current weight?"

He snorted loudly at that, raising the mayonnaise jar to his mouth to give it a quick lick. Well, he meant to wait until the end of the stream to reveal that info, but that wouldn't be fair to everyone. If he was going to be a bigtime streamer, he was going to do it by being faithful to his fans, not by stringing them along to the very end like other clickbait videos.

The jackalope licked his chops. "Last I checked... bout a week ago, I was around... 850? Prolly a lot more now." He mentally shrugged, as physically moving those heaving shoulders was a hell of a lot of work. "Dunno what else to add to that. Sorry."

He brought the tub of mayonnaise to his maw, once more taking heavy gulps of the viscous goo. Jarek knew better than to move his mic away from his face as he did so. He wanted everyone to pick up on every last noisy gulp, slurp, grunt, and belch that erupted from his mouth. Only when the jar was as licked clean as his tongue could reach did he read out the next question. "What is my diet like?"

Jarek snickered, holding up the mayonnaise jar. "This. Pretty much this kind of crap. Butter, heavy cream, lard... if it's made of fat or deep fried in it, I'll eat it. Sometimes I'll, heh, treat myself to a burger, something that actually tastes good, but those kinds of foods... just don't do it anymore. They don't... satisfy my cravings, or fill me up. If I went back to my diet two months ago... hurf, I'd never be satisfied. I'd eat until I popped!" He wasn't exaggerating either. His reddish fur did an excellent job of hiding his stretch marks.

*Bwuuuwrp!* Phew, all this chatting was working up an appetite. Once again setting the jar down between his folds, Jarek reached over into the fridge, pulling out a large bucket. Deep fried oreos, covered in fudge. Finally, some variety.

"Mmmf... can I still walk?" Jarek muttered, chubby cheeks full of his newest snack. "Alright, so picture this... imagine two huge, enormously fat sumo wrestlers... just going at it with each other. Grappling each other, squeezing each other, pressing themselves against each

other... Just perfectly equal rivals fighting one another for space... sometimes one side slips, and they can squeeze out an advantage there... but it's still just an endless war..."

*Bwuuwrrp!* "Alright, imagine those sumo wrestlers were my thighs. Yeah, that's walking." Jarek was never good at explaining things. How else could he describe just how hard his thighs battled for space beneath him when he waddled, how each step had to prop up not just his enormous hanging belly, but also his heavy sagging ass?

The rest of his stream proceeded as such, with Jarek gradually eating through his fridge's contents while explaining what life was like for an almost-900 pound jackalope. The mobility issues, the aches in his legs, the insane amount of food needed to keep him satisfied, all of it and more. All the while, his enormous body slowly became covered in snacks: Sauces and smears along his muzzle and upper chest, and empty containers wedged in his lower folds.

There was no shame at how he conducted himself, nothing but pride at his size. He was absolutely, mind-bogglingly enormous, and he could never imagine himself ever going back to a size where he wasn't swimming in his own sea of blubber. He loved being an out-of-control glutton, who couldn't stop snacking on fattening junk to save his life, even if it meant leaving a huge mess atop his sprawling body.

Despite eating a fridge's worth of whipped cream, mayonnaise, ice cream, deep-fried snacks, and so much more, Jarek was still stuffing himself hours into his stream. He'd moved onto sticks of butter at this point, sliding the entire yellow brick into his mouth as though it were candy before lazily flicking away the plastic wrap. He was starting to get tired, all the talking and food making him drowsy. A couple more questions, and he'd be done.

"What's my goal weight?"

Jarek snorted, pointing at the pulley above him. "I wanna break that next... heh. Don't care if I'm left stranded... I wanna be too fat to move... get a crane in my house, maybe... then get too fat for that. Hrrf, I want immobility, in every sense of the word... too fat to move one way or the other..."

Another stick of butter, followed by a hearty belch. "Definitely gonna need some help... Doordash doesn't like their employees... coming in to hand feed me, heh... anyone wanna be my new roommate?"

The response was overwhelming. Jarek knew it, of course. His viewers absolutely idolized his enormous body, and would do anything to worship it. Honestly, the feeling was mutual; if Jarek could give all of them a hug, he would. Maybe he should buy a larger house, see how many followers of his he could get to move in with him. The jackalope was happy to pay for their rent; they deserved it for all they've done for him.

He let out a noisy yawn, a wrapper falling off his multi-chinned face. "Alright...getting sleepy. Last question." With a snort, he peered through the list of questions still available, searching for the perfect one to end the night on.

And to his delight, he found the perfect one. "Explain my name?"

The jackalope beamed. "Been a while, hasn't it, Large\_Lad\_42?"