

You just got the device a week ago, and have been waiting for the perfect opportunity to try it. A feeding machine, one that boasted a limitless supply, to reach your most lofty goals of weight gain and far exceed them. Such a device, you thought, could not exist, yet here it was. Your hesitation was based on fear of it not working, that you spent those hundreds of dollars on some fetishistic pipe dream, or that it might work too well.

But now was not the time for holding back. Now you would finally sit back and allow the machine to feed you with all its might, to live out your dream, and eat all that you wish. You have the tube in your mouth, the machine resting on the table in front of you, sitting on the couch as you notice the device is reading your thoughts. Convenient, as it would be hard to communicate with a tube feeding you all the time, but there was only one thing on your mind as you started up the machine.

“More.”

It started off slow. A steady stream of a tasty mixture of savory, sweet, salty and more, all different flavors which culminated in one delicious sauce of goop. Each gulp tasted delicious, but you weren't here for delicious. You wanted fattening, excessive fattening, so your mind relayed the word once again...

“More.”

The stream picked up, now filling more of the tube. If the last stream was barely covering half the tube, this one was now pressing up against the sides, albeit lightly. Each gulp now seemed to add an extra pound to your weight, not noticeable at a glance, but over time it really started to pick up. Yet despite this growth, it wasn't enough still, so you insisted,

“More.”

Huge bulges were now pumping through the tube. Each one clearly visible through the tube, shoving their way into your mouth with nearly 3 pounds being added per gulp. You could feel yourself swelling now, stomach bulging out of your shirt, covering a bit more of the couch than before, your body feeling much softer than it had when you started. But for you, this was only the beginning.

“More.”

You pressed your hands against your chest as you felt the bulges getting bigger, both in your belly, and the tube which fed you. Each gulp now forced ten pounds onto your body, filling you up at a far more substantial rate. Every time you swelled it was like dumping muddy sand onto an already damp sand pile, spreading out further and growing bigger and wider. You groped your stomach pleasantly as you bit your lip with a simple desire of,

“More.”

An extra tube was added this time, filling you up with 20 pounds every gulp. You were really getting fatter now, nearing to half a ton with your enormous body stretching and growing at a much more rapid rate. Your thick rolls of fat were bulging out before your eyes, the whole couch nearly smothered by your huge ass. You were nearing to immobility, if not already surpassing it, yet despite this you cried out again,

“More!”

This desperate cry added two more tubes to your mouth, 40 pounds now being added with every bulge that swam down your throat. You could feel the couch creaking and straining under your body, the clothes you wore finally reaching their own limit as you kept growing, buttons flying off, fabric tearing at the seams, you wondered if you were going too far with this, but your soft, comfortably fat body told you it was. It was, and there was no reason for you not to ask for,

“MORE!”

Several more tubes were added. Your body was becoming rapidly immobile, clothes completely useless as they fell to rags underneath you. All that protects you now is a pair of underwear stretched dangerously around your massive waist, though how long that will last is debatable. You moaned deeply as you grabbed your enormous body, feeling it expand across your room. The whole couch was completely crushed at this point, smothered by your fat ass.

You wondered, as your fat body soon reached the table, if you should shut this off before it becomes too late... But you think better. Why stop now, why EVER stop? When it feels this good to grow, why do anything but grow...

“More. More. More.”

Each time you want more, several more tubes are added to your throat, stretching your mouth out to it's seemingly maximum capacity, now adding hundreds of pounds to your frame each time you take a swig from those fattening tubes. You can't help yourself now, even if you wanted, the machine was smothered under so much of your lard and your mind was completely obsessed with your extreme weight gain. Never before had you experienced such a euphoric rush, and now, all you could think of was wanting,

“MORE. MORE. MORE”

The whole room was quickly becoming flooded by your own fat, spilling into other rooms and nearly knocking down the walls. You could no longer feel your arms and leg buried so deep below your fat, your head bobbing about and endless sea of lard with several tubes added to your mouth. With no room left to add tubes to your mouth, the only option the machine had was to start filling you from behind. An equal amount of tubes slid their way up your behind, and while a more rational person would question how on earth such a tiny device could hold so many tubes, or so much food for that matter, all that was stuck on your mind was how much BIGGER you could become!

“MORE! MORE! MORE! MORE!”

Your house was collapsing, the tubes were in overdrive and your fat was only growing more intense. Your growth wasn't slowing down an inch, it was only intensifying with every second, the house blowing up like a balloon until it burst forth with your pillowy, doughy flab. All anyone could see soon was the house surging out of the property line and into the neighborhood, pressed up against neighbor houses and spilling into the street, the shapeless mass of lard now spreading across the neighborhood, like an upraised plateau.

“MORE! MORE! MORE!”

You could see the sky above you, which meant you were fully aware of the chaos and destruction this fervent growth was causing, Though despite this, you didn't care. As was made clear by the machine, your only thoughts were eating more, getting fatter, faster. You didn't care

how big you got, how much you ate, or what was affected as you demolish building after building with your gelatinous behind.

“More... MORE! MOOOOOORE!”

Citizens of the nearby city would witness several walls of doughy flab squeezing their way through the city, cracking the windows and infrastructure of the gigantic buildings around them before toppling to the ground and being flattened underneath yet another roll on your enormous body. Of course, all this was only based off what you could sense and feel, but the bigger you got, the harder it became to feel anything. To see anything. Your fat body was pouring out across the planet and you didn't even have a good view of what it looked like.

“More... More...”

You could only stare into what little of the sky you could see through the several tube pumping and sliding their way into your mouth, as well as the massive cheeks and face fat blocking the other portion of your view. Through the massive crater of face fat you found yourself trapped in, you could only watch the clouds roll by as you experienced this true bliss of sheer gluttony. The sensation was unmatched, and while you could see or do much, it still felt incredible.

“M-more... MORE! MORE MORE MORE!”

Things started to pick up a bit here, as after the city you became a complete bulldozer of a flabalanche. You toppled over mountains, flooded lakes, destroyed other cities and states, your enormous body swiftly overtaking the entire country in less than half an hour. Nothing could

be done to slow your progress, as in just fifteen minutes the whole continent was buried, replaced by your lard! It felt so good, to be so massive, to be so beloved... Completely blinded by lust, you cried out in your mind to the machine,

“MORE! MORE! MORE! NEVER STOP, I NEVER WANT TO STOP GROWING!

ALWAYS WANT MOOOOOORE!!!”

And more it was you received. The machine overloaded itself even further, then overloaded again, and again, smoking with how far it was being pushed as exponentially larger tubes kept shoving and pushing their way into your mouth and butt, one after the other, bigger and bigger as you spread flatly across all of the planet. The speed, the acceleration, you were completely outsizing the planet seconds after, and you could feel it breaking beneath your immense weight!

Once the Moon got stuck, smothered and crunched to bits between your fat, you realized this might've gone a bit too far. It felt so good, but you couldn't keep going now! You had to stop this!

“T-too much... Too much... S-stop, please...”

But it couldn't. The device was trapped in an endlessly recursive loop of adding more tubes, bigger tubes, thus creating a much bigger you. No matter how much you pleaded, the machine refused to operate correctly. Your eyes went wide as you gazed into the depth of space, slowly being consumed by your fat face sinking deeper and deeper into your own body. It was really setting in now, the consequences of your actions.

“I’m fat... I’m alone... I can’t stop growing...”

Bigger and bigger did you grow, the whole planet collapsing in on itself as you swiftly outgrew the solar system, bursting any planet to pieces as you surged further and further into the galaxy, more galaxies soon to follow. You couldn’t witness any of it, or even feel it, for you were now trapped within your own body. A body that spread across the entire universe, gorging and gorging on the most fattening foods imaginable.

“...All food is depleted. Thank you for choosing Feedtron, and call the number on the box for a resupply.”

Silence. The machine had seemingly finished its “endless” supply, and now you were trapped somewhere beyond existence. Where nothing ever existed, so large that you may as well now be all that exists. A jiggling mass of flabby lard floating in the depths of nothingness, completely alone and larger than anyone or anything has ever been, or ever will be again. This truly was your destiny, and while it did get a little scary, and you were afraid near the end... All you could think is...

“...more.”