

Flabnite

Oscar sucked his teeth, a frustrated vein pulsing on his forehead. When he had been informed that there was a job for him, he was expecting some form of hunt. Instead, he had been assigned security detail; graveyard shift. Put in charge of holding down some large, dingy complex of alleged importance overnight, to prevent anyone from nosing around the ruins. "I know I've done bodyguard detail, but this is absurd" he grumbled to himself as he switched through the various security cameras.

Seriously, keeping overnight watch was just an absolute waste of his time; only way this could be worse was if he was keeping an eye on something ridiculous, like statues, or mascots. Best not to give anyone any ideas there, he couldn't stand the idea of having to play night guard at some cheesy eatery or some theme park. Tapping his polished shoe against one of the boxy monitors, the tiger fished around in a cooler he had brought with him. There was the familiar **scraping** of ice as he sought out another mixer, but it was dawning on him that he appeared to be out. "Already?"

Kicking off his desk, the feline hunter searched and searched, but his cooler was coming up empty. Or, was it? Fishing through the ice, Oscar found the top of a drink, which he pulled free. "The hell is this?" he muttered, eyeing the label.

"Glutton Juice" was what it read, most likely a knock-off Guzzle Juice. "Oh yes, now I remember. I was given it by that weirdo with the lazy eye on my way here" he recalled.

They were giving them out for free, and apparently it was the last one too. Despite the odd choice of name the tiger could use a drink, and he was due for another patrol. Knocking the top off the bottle with a knife he sculled the lot, finding the stuff very sugary and a little lemony. "*Ugh, I hate these sweet drinks*" he thought grimly.

Wiping at his lip, the tiger began walking around the complex. Allegedly it was a research lab of some kind, with one sealed door nobody could get into without specialised equipment. And whatever was beyond that seal, and most likely down below, was probably pretty darn valuable. The hunter rubbed at his chin thoughtfully, the idea of getting into the place himself to reap whatever prizes were inside sounded very alluring. **Crrreeeaaaakkk!** Turning in alarm, Oscar scanned the area behind him with his torch, finding nothing there. "Who's there?" he demanded aggressively.

Silently stepping down the hall, the tiger peered around the corner carefully, but found nothing there but a half-opened door. A sour frown crept on the feline's face, the mood to hunt lost as his prey turned out to be a squeaky door hinge. *"I am vetting all my assignments from now on"* he reminded himself.

Moving deeper into the winding halls, Oscar casually tugged at his collar, feeling a little hot under it. Perhaps it was the stagnant air and the hot summer night outside, but he wasn't quite feeling his icy cold self. If anything, he was feeling just a little uncomfortable in his own skin. **"URRPP!"**

URRPP! URRPP! URRPP! URRPP. URRPP. Urrpp. Urrpp. urrpp. The belch echoed down the halls, reaching into his every nook and cranny and reading all the magazines in an old office. Oscar didn't even know where that had come from, though he was glad nobody was around to hear it. Wouldn't want anyone to cotton on to the idea that he might be losing his edge despite putting on a little bit of weight. It was hardly noticeable, unless you looked closely from the side, anyways. Shaking it off, the tiger continued, though he was really not feeling it now. Rubbing his front, Oscar frowned at the tightness of his vest buttons; the poor things had been fighting with his fine appearance and slight dad bod for a while now, but they were feeling more strained than ever. The odd thing though was how his belt was actually feeling a little tight too. "Ugh, gotta lay off the drinks again" he sighed, and tried to think no more about it.

It was getting really hard to ignore the discomfort now, forcing Oscar to pause again as he tried to figure out just what the hell was wrong with him. **PING!** The hunter's sharp eyes followed the launched button off into the darkness, where it clattered amongst the dust and debris. "What the hell?" he uttered in a shaky voice.

Staring down, the feline flinched as his slight dad bod was looking a lot more fatherly than he thought. His belly pressed against his vest buttons, forcing them to the limit that- **PING!** Oh, there went another one, lost in the darkness as the tiger was starting to panic a little. Only the lowest button of his vest was left, and it was doing everything it could to hold back the now very visual enhancement of his former tummy. Oscar breathed deeply at the realization, which was a poor move as taking in air causes the pushing out of the- **PING!** Diaphragm, which is located just above the stomach. This in turn causes your gut to stick out more, as his did here with his open vest as window dressing. A thicker belly rested uncomfortably over his diamond-shaped belt buckle, his next set of buttons already straining against his surging mass of white belly fur. "What is happening to me?!" he gasped, before suddenly remembering "Glutton Juice!"

Turning back, Oscar suddenly realized he had no idea where the hell the security office was. He had wandered so far and so randomly that he hadn't even bothered to chart his course back! Seeing little recourse he ran for it, charging down the hallways hoping to god he might find the drink he had so thoughtlessly drunk. Now, perhaps it was his accelerated heart rate from the panic, or from the running, or both, but the tiger was looking definitely a bit pudgier as he ran down the halls. His ball-shaped belly bounced as he ran down a corner, cursing as he realized he had just gone in a damn circle! Taking a different direction, the tiger grunted as he grabbed at the back of his pants, fiddling with his underwear straps that was bunching up uncomfortably around his thick rear. He was definitely feeling caked up back there, and that wasn't good as it was clearly spreading elsewhere. Huffing hard as he went down another hall, Oscar ignored the tightness in his shoes, and also in his pants as he looked like he was wearing something a size too small for him. "DAMN IT!" he bellowed, trying another hall.

His finely tensed arms pumped as he kept going, but by the second their muscle dwindled, iced over by the creamy frosting of adipose, and he was looking like one very full éclair indeed. The tiger's belt dug into his broader hips, the fine leather straining to contain the bloating mass building up beneath it. And that ungodly belt buckle was digging deeply into the underside of his bloat. Swelling up as he ran, the hunter was seemingly gaining faster the more he ran in search of the mysterious Glutton Juice. His jiggling belly and porky sides shimmied violently, pulling his black shirt free and exposing the underside of his creamy white midsection. Oscar's chest was starting to burn a little, as were his legs as he was forced to slow down, his body not built for moving so much weight so quickly. Doubled over himself, the hunter's chest heaved as it desperately clawed for oxygen. Doubtlessly he had a fantastic set of pecs, but they were looking a little on the soft side, looking a little more cushion-like now. Wasn't helped that the dwindling of his shirt size was causing his nipples to appear quite clearly through the fabric, now a bit plumper than usual too. This was all topped off by a fine haze of sweat seeping into the fabric, the tiger's body feeling like a furnace from heaving around so much mass. Tubby people just aren't meant to run, and it was his first mistake. Well, second after sampling that wretched juice in the first place. Whatever it was must have been a calorific bomb going off on his well-built frame.

Huffing and licking his drying lips, Oscar kept going, but it was getting harder to move as his outfit felt about ready to burst. His black pants clung to his broader legs, small tears weaving their way into the fabric, exposing small pockets of orange fur that bulged through the breaches. And above the feline looked like he had swallowed a large balloon, his thick gut stretching the buttons to the limits, his pudge squishing through the empty space with plenty more muffin topping around his belt. It kinda gave you the impression of a top-heavy hourglass, with the bigger space up top and a smaller one down below. Either way he fumbled with the damn thing, but it was too obscured by the slow avalanche of his belly and sides and back. And even then his pudgier fingers couldn't work a lock, let alone his belt. The tiger huffed loudly, his facial cheeks **creaking** as they grew fuller, his handsome square

jaw getting softer at the corners. **PING!** There went another button, with the second one tearing off as his fat moobs heaved into view. Oscar groaned in dismay as he cradled his thick man boobs, his nipples looking fatter than ever as they crowned his D-cup man tits. Shaking his head, he took back the situation by removing his tie in a bid to avoid it becoming a noose. And then, much to his disgust, he gripped at his shirt and pulled hard, ripping it enough to expose the entirety of his hefty middle. Carrying what had to be at least eighty pounds by itself, the hunter didn't like his odds as the inner seams of his pants split. His thighs spilled out by the gallon, any sign of his firm leg muscles long forgotten. Groaning hard as his belt dug in further, Oscar could only stagger to a wall, where he kept one broad hand to it as he kept going. *"I've GOT to find the security room, then I can call for help!"*

But it was not looking good for Oscar, as his unfettered stomach swelled with the force of a hundred big dinners, his former firm midsection now a spherical cascade of undulating adipose. Again, he was glad no one could see him as his belt buckle shot off with the force of a shotgun, burying itself three inches deep into the opposing wall. Whatever was left of his belt unwound and sagged, his fine pants slipping behind and exposing the straining band of his jockstrap. Oh, and of course his enormous ass as well. Can't forget that as his corpulent cakes carne diemed the back of his pants, forcing it down and exposing their bowling ball-sized girth to the empty world. Man he was REALLY glad nobody could see this, though now he was going to have to destroy the security footage, if he can make it back in time. But the place was a labyrinth, and he maybe had minutes at best as his inner workings **bubbled** and **gurgled**, enhancing his ungainly growth at a fearsome rate. His belly crept out in inches, spilling over the ruins that was his pants in the most unpleasant grey goo scenario ever. It rippled and jostled with his haggard movements, now bloating into an ungainly waddle to avoid his juicy thighs from starting a fire at crotch level. Oscar's chest heaved hard, his breaths sharp and deep and burning as he forced his bellow-like moobs in to breathing. They were so sweaty in the little cleft underneath them, and they made loud **slapping** noises as they struck at his flabby middle. The former hunter was on the ugly side of obese and accelerating now, his fingerless gloves falling away in pieces. Confetti for the saddest parade around, with the only float being one big tiger and the applause being the **clapping** of his ass cheeks. Practically naked save for his extremely stretchy jockstrap framing the tremendous mass of ass pulling them to their limits. **SNAP!** *"YOUCH!"*

Oscar seethed as a flailing strap of elastic struck his rear, a ripple of lard running from the impact site to the middle, where another wave ran through the other couch-filling cheek. He was an absolute monster of flab, and it just wouldn't let up as the tiger kept expanding in all directions, his fine shoes splitting in half allowing his puffed up feet to breathe through the countless holes in his socks. Grunting and groaning and **gurgling** the feline took a chance at a doorframe. As he was before this would have been an easy feat, but as he was now he was immediately snagged a third of the way in, the concrete catching around his many-folded sides. Grunting and baring his sharp fangs, Oscar fought hard to try and push his way through into the hallway beyond. But he was stuck tight, his lard and sweat forming a seal

with the concrete that seemed to suction him to it. Not ready to give up he fought hard, but by the second he was only getting more stuck as his stomach bloated into the lower edges, while his fattening rear was providing no hope of ever going backwards. **SNAP!** The obese hunter winced as the other leg strap of his underwear snapped, striking the underside of his bountiful booty and bouncing those cheeks like he was shaking what his momma gave him. He ignored the intense clapping of his mattress-flattening rump as he tried his damndest to get through, but, from the cracks appearing, he didn't need to.

SMASH! Oscar fell forwards, the old building giving out as he landed on his gut and lay four feet in the air. Struggling to get back to his feet, the tiger resembled someone fighting with a water-filled weather balloon, all jiggling and jostling as he could only barely make it back to his size twenty clodhoppers. Oscar moaned feebly as he struggled onwards, but he was so slow now, and his back was arched forwards from the sheer weight of his middle pulling it down. The tiger had to at least be eight hundred pounds now, and surprisingly seemed taller than ever despite it. But he was trapped, and he knew it. There was no way he could make it back to the security station at this pace, and he was just so damn tired. Giving in, he fell backwards onto his ass, the final strap of his underwear breaking and striking the sides of his gut. Two quakes ran through the vast terrain, meeting in the middle and quivering his many folds and deep well of a navel. So, this was how his career ended huh? Honestly he thought he'd go out in a shootout, but this was fine too. He'd made enough money in life to get through to the end, and being a mega fatso wasn't the worst thing in the world. Might as well embrace it, as he really didn't have much choice. Sighing loudly, Oscar shut his eyes and felt for his expansion, his gut still spreading out one way, while his rear was headed in the other. Everything was growing faster and faster, and, he might as well enjoy it. Yawning loudly, the tiger listened to the ground **cracking** beneath his tremendous, one thousand pound mass, and the constant little **groans** and **gurgles** of his innards. "What a way to go" he said through bulging jowls.

Perhaps it was the acceptance, or merely good timing, but the tiger's weight exploded having reached the big 1-0-0-0. His gut spread out in front like a plague, going an inch a second in a desperate bid to cover all the ground ever. And above his luscious moobs resembled comfortable pillows, which his many chins rested on. Like how they crowned his stomach, his thick neck folds crowned the moobs. A plump ring of fat surrounded his head, a ruffle for the King of Lard. They breached into blobs that could be shoulders, but they could also be enormous masses of cream cheese; either way they went down into his completely undefined arms that used to be biceps, with equally lardy forearms and hands that looked like overinflated balloons. There was absolutely no hope for the feline as his avalanching stomach merged in with his thighs, which were so thick with fat they resembled a reverse ice-cream cone going down to his trimmer-if-useless calves. A thick ring of blubber was found at each joint, and especially at his bloated, swollen feet that seemed to be sinking into his calves. And behind Oscar's ass loomed, growing now just wider but taller, taking up more space compared to the wrinkled wall of folds that was his back. And in

between, just barely poking out, was his chubby tail that continued to sink into the depths of his abyssal crack.

He completely filled the hallway from top to bottom, with said bottom pushing its way through the damaged doorframe his smaller self had fought with just before. The tiger was accelerating in his gains, his sweat-stained carriage rising towards the tall roof, while his sides were already cracking the walls. Oscar braced for impact as he surged through the reinforced roof like it was paper, the entire complex starting to rumble as more of his stripy blubber filled up every available space, tearing through rooms and breaking the floor so hard he could feel bags of himself hanging into the secret complex below. And he was still going and going and going, growing bigger and fatter until his hands began to sink into the flab of his arms, and his feet were circled by several feet of raw lard. All the security cameras were rapidly going offline, the last things they ever saw were the depths of Oscar's flab before they were torn from the walls and lost inside him. The history of his gains were being wiped without him doing a damn thing, his deep navel and surrounding mass finally breaking into the security room, trashing the devices and inadvertently sending an alarm out. And despite all this, the tiger was thinking that retirement as a blob might not be so bad. For one thing it would justify that big house he had always wanted, though he was no going to need to envision many more floors as he could feel himself penetrating the roof of the upper floor. At this rate, he was going to become the biggest hunter in the world; provided, of course, that his only prey happened to be twinkies. Bracing for impact, Oscar shut his eyes as the building started to collapse around him.

It had taken an hour for Oscar's agency to get two members out to the complex, and they were surprised to find an enormous cloud of debris dust floating around where the building had stood. There was something else though, obscured by the night sky and shadowed by the cloud. Whatever it was clearly had torn the place apart, and must have been what forced Oscar, of all people, to finally call in an alarm. They held their weapons at the ready, listening out to the loud **sloshing** of some unknown matter.

“BWWWAAAAAARRRRRPPPPP!!!”

A powerful gust of wind blew at the agents, nearly blowing them off to Oz. It had the added benefit of blowing away the debris, revealing to the stunned agents, to have been caused by their compatriot. Now a towering mass of quivering, sweaty blubber that stood taller than

the former complex, Oscar was a veritable island of pure flab. His stomach stretched as far as the eye could see, obscuring a good deal of his thighs and calves, but providing enough space for his tiny, sunken feet to be visible. He only barely seemed to get narrower as you went up, reaching moobs that dwarfed even the largest of luxury beds, providing no real comparison beyond the fact that his nipples were wider than sewer covers. And though they couldn't see it themselves, the feline's ass towered almost as high as his ultra-obese self, and sticking out almost as far as the ocean that was his middle. Oscar was a leviathanic mass of blubber, who would need several trucks to even move his enormity an inch. And yet, deep in the folds was his head, his cheeks and chin so big the rest of his face looked like a pea on top of an orange. If you were to squish any part of his face, your hands would sink over a foot into him. And yet, despite it all, he seemed to have a small smile on his face. This was followed by a quaking **rumble** from deep within him, and his massive maw opened wide as he was about to engage in his new favourite pastime.

**“GGGWWWWWWWWAA
AAAAARRRRRRRRRPPPP
P!!!!!”**