

Borusa never would have imagined he'd ever go into outer space.

It's not that he found space inherently boring or anything; the dino just had everything he could ever want on Earth. Food, friends, more food, restaurants that delivered food. You couldn't find any of that in space, unless they were serving burgers hot and ready aboard the ISS. Besides, Borusa had always been a very chunky Tyrannosaurus. He couldn't imagine how much rocket fuel it would take to haul his fat ass off the planet.

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And yet, he ended up there anyway. The faint twinkling stars reflected off his wide brown eyes as he observed the endless expanse before him. While not much of a star-gazer himself, Borusa had to admit there was a tranquil peacefulness being alone with the stars, the sounds of Earth muted to him. He wondered if this is how the astronauts must have felt, floating thousands of miles above the planet, with no one but each other and the countless stars above to serve as companions. It was a sense of isolation that Borusa did not care for, but thankfully he wasn't alone.

Borusa never would have imagined he'd ever go into outer space.

Especially while he was still *on* Earth!

The dinosaur grunted as he felt something warm and gooey pressing into his rear, snorting. It was the only way he could express himself; physically, at least. He couldn't even frown, not when his muzzle was too busy devouring trillions of tons of food a second.

"Is something the matter?" A voice that wasn't his own, yet was just as familiar, inquired within his head.

Borusa snorted again. "My butt's getting really warm. I thought I was sitting in the ocean."

"You are." The voice confirmed. *"The tectonic plates are collapsing beneath your immense weight. What you're feeling is molten magma rising out from the Earth's crust, washing against your very visage. Or rather, climbing along it."*

"Climbing?" The dinosaur blinked.

"You have your own gravitational pull, Borusa."

"Interesting." Borusa would have nodded if his chins weren't the size of countries. He was in for a science lesson, it appeared, one that would use his own body as an example.

The idea of a spirit inhabiting one's body with the sole purpose of feeding it until it expires would be a terrible curse to any typical fur, but to Borusa it was a blessing. The large dino had always lived for food; one of his post-buffet belches had angered an all-mighty spirit, who chose to inhabit Borusa's body with an "ironic punishment." The real irony, of course, being that it simply gave him what he had always wanted; a chance to glut to his heart's content without ever having to move again! His mobility vanished without a trace, his house weeks later beneath a mountain of dino blubber, all to Borusa's delight, and the spirit's dismay. Everytime it appeared the dinosaur had reached his limit, Borusa would suddenly demand his intake be doubled, spurting his growth to seemingly-impossible sizes. It wasn't until Borusa leveled a city beneath his immense body did the deity finally relent, realizing it could never hope to do in the T-rex with food alone. It was Borusa who suggested the next course of action the spirit should take: help him discover his true limits!

Over a month had passed since then, yet the creature within him still found ways to be impressed with its host. *"You're sitting atop a crumbling Earth, with lava pouring around your rear, yet all you can say is 'interesting?'"*

"Well it is!" Borusa scoffed. He wondered if he could hear all the crumbling and cracking beneath him if his head wasn't poking into space. Or if he wasn't gulping down an avalanche of food.

"The heat isn't burning you?"

"Not really. It's actually kinda cozy, like sitting on a heated bean bag, or something."

The spirit chuckled. *"You dinosaurs are nigh unkillable. I'm struggling to imagine how your kind nearly went extinct at one point."*

"Isn't it obvious?" Borusa snorted, wishing he could smile without his city-sized cheeks getting in the way. "There wasn't enough food back then!"

"I chose a very inappropriate punishment for you, then, didn't I?" The deity spoke in a light, humorous tone.

"M'hm. Speaking of food, can you ramp things up a bit? Getting kind of peckish."

"Understood. Doubling your food intake now."

Borusa rumbled in delight as he heard those wonderful cackling; the spiraling storm before him doubled in size, the hurricane of food funneling into his forced-open muzzle. The dino coveted the feeling of his throat bulging out with a new influx of food, his stomach churning noisily somewhere down there beneath hundreds of miles of blubber. He could feel those tell-tale signs his body was growing faster than ever before, his belly and rump sliding along the Earth, swallowing up everything beneath its indistinguishable shape. Already, the warm feeling

of the molten magma washing over his rear was growing more distant, the dino rising higher than ever with his own lard.

Weeks later, the doughy dino found himself suddenly sinking further into the Earth, or perhaps the Earth was rising around him! Eitherway, he felt thousands of miles of T-rex tush soaked in the scorching magma, before hardening and cooling off to form a semi-crust along his lower derriere.

The planet was finished.

“With that, any hopes you’ve had of returning to a normal life have vanished completely, although you don’t appear too troubled.”

Borusa grunted softly. “Honestly, the fact that I’ve crushed every single doorway that couldn’t fit me before I met you is actually somewhat therapeutic.”

“An interesting way to look at it.”

The dino chuckled as best as he could. “Always gotta look on the bright side of things. For example, I’m absolutely delighted that I’m not suffocating in the vacuum of space!”

“That’s certainly a plus.” The spirit agreed. *“We’ve been bound together for so long, it’s safe to say you’re becoming a deity yourself. A hedonistic, selfish deity of gluttony, but a deity nonetheless.”*

“Cool.” There wasn’t much else to say about that, at least Borusa thought. God or not, he just wanted something to fill his stomach. “So, uh, let’s celebrate with another food uptake.” With a rumble, he eagerly awaited another upsize in food intake.

Alas, his hopes were dashed. *“I’m afraid I’m at my limit, Borusa. With my current power, it’s all I can do just to continue feeding you at your current rate.”*

“Oh...” Borusa’s heart sank. While he appreciated the fact he was allowed to eat as much as he was, the thought of hitting a limit to how much he would be allowed to eat was rather disappointing. Finally, he was in space! There were no limits anymore, no confines to press against him as he grew! He could finally spread out and up as much space as he wanted to with no repercussions, so to be told he wouldn’t receive much food anymore...

“I’m sorry, Borusa.” The spirit almost sounded resentful of this fact, seemingly equally frustrated. *“If it’s any consolation, I may be able to offer you something of similar worth.”*

Borusa wasn't so sure there was anything worth as much as more food, but the spirit was welcome to try.

Before he could even give his approval, however, the dino grunted as he felt a warm feeling surge throughout his midsection, his eyelids fluttering shut. Goodness, that felt incredible, and he thought the lava pouring over his backside all those weeks ago was comforting! A happy grumble emanate from deep within his throat, the enormous t-rex sighed softly, reveling in the feeling of his middle warming up like the world's largest heater.

And then, he saw himself!

Startled, Borusa's eyes shot open. As usual, he only saw the thousands of miles of, well, himself; his mountainous cheeks and valleys of chins. He was the landscape, a perpetual series of tan scales as far as the eye can reach, with nothing else aside from the endless void of space hanging above him. This was nothing new; it's all he had ever seen for the past month, after all.

But when he closed his eyes, he saw *all* of himself, viewing himself from the third person as if he were onboard a space station some several thousand miles away.

And boy howdy, was he *round!*

Having finally outgrown the Earth, Borusa's body was free to finally expand out in all directions, no longer impeded behind any barriers. His stomach alone was the shape and size of a planet; the dino was excited to actually see how his middle sloped around, a perfect sphere of pure lard, yet a closer look revealed enormous valleys surrounding his navel that could rival the grand canyon in terms of size and depth! Higher up, the rotund reptile found a set of moobs pressing into such a gut, drastically smaller than his belly, yet Borusa knew each of them could shatter a planet beneath their incredible weight! Alas, his head was completely obscured from his vantage point above him, yet he could make out a series of ring-like rolls of neck and chin chub leading towards where his snout most likely lay, buried beneath mountains of blubber.

Well, that and the spiraling tornado of food also helped pinpoint where his mouth was hidden beneath it all.

To his surprise, Borusa's rump actually rose *above* his head, the dark-orange mounds resembling softer, saggier versions of his own gut; his black stripes so distorted and bloated they looked more like flabby ovals than tiger stripes. Unsurprisingly, his limbs were completely MIA, but similar to his head, he could easily spot where they would have been thanks to the rising rings of lard. Borusa wondered how long it would take a normal fur to climb a single one of those rolls. Would they even be able to find his paw, buried beneath all that chub? If they did find it, would his paw be distortedly fat beyond recognition? He smiled at the prospect.

Surprisingly, his tail was the only feature of himself to somehow still resemble itself, if only barely. "Sausage-like" didn't even begin to describe such a lardy appendage; the

pitch-black spikes along the top were completely invisible along a tail half as wide as the Earth itself, the bottom half of which were coated in the dark-gray remnants of said Earth. Even the “tip” of the tail was round and nubby, with zero signs of any firmness on what should be the skinniest part of his entire body.

“Woah...” The dinosaur thought softly to himself, surveying the vast landscape that was himself. “This is incredible.../’m incredible!”

“Indeed you are,” the spirit agreed, feeding Borusa’s ego just as it did his stomach. *“I assume this shall entertain you for some time?”*

“Oh, for sure!” Even with this new ability to view himself from a distance, Borusa assumed it would take weeks, maybe even months just to explore every new area along his body, not even factoring in his continuous growth!

And that was just what he did. When the dinosaur wasn’t dozing off, he would be inspecting various areas along his own body. To his delight, he learned he could alter his perspective of his own body at will, allowing him to travel to the surface of his own middle. While looking like normal folds from a distance, the dino’s love handles were actually far more; the valleys were seemingly bottomless, while the layers above looked like enormous tan-brown mountains! As the weeks went on, those valleys grew deeper, wider; big enough to swallow an entire city! All the while, those mountains of rolls grew into sheer insurmountable walls of scaly fat, impossible to even glimpse the top of!

Oh, and his navel! The only part of his body that actually looked inhabitable, a sprawling cave large enough to fit the entirety of the Earth’s populace in it’s dark, squishy mass! A shame his new visual powers didn’t come with a light; he would have loved to see just how deep it went!

While this experience was quite the treat, it unfortunately couldn’t make up for the gnawing hunger that was starting to develop within the reptile’s stomach.

Despite continuously eating and growing at an astronomical rate, Borusa’s stomach started to growl. By now, his influx of food should have increased ten fold, yet with the spirit’s powers tapped out, he was forced to settle for his current “meager” meals. It was a frustrating feeling, reminding the dino of the times when his favorite restaurants would kick him out before he could even start the main course, back when he was still mobile. He only had a brief respite from his hunger pangs when a sudden, massive glob of cheese suddenly forced its way down his gullet; was that the moon?!

Alas, not even the moon could satiate the greedy dino for long. The weeks turned into months, and Borusa was starting to wonder if he would actually end up starving! If space could conduct sound, he was certain he’d hear nothing but growling and gurgling as his stomach roared out in hunger, demanding more than what was being given! Too tired to even explore

himself anymore, the dinosaur was forced to conserve energy via quick naps, which slowly drew into longer and longer periods of sleep.

But not even that was enough, as Borusa suddenly woke up a horrible, alien feeling; the flow of food had suddenly stopped!

“What gives?!” The dino roared out in shock, terrified that there was nothing left to eat.

The spirit responded with a single word. “*Five.*”

“Five? Five what? Five minutes until more food?!” Borusa growled.

“*Four... Three...*”

Borusa closed his eyes, but found his powers to observe himself had vanished. Eyes open, he saw nothing but the familiar sight of his endless expanse below and the sky above. What was going on?!

“*Two... one...*”

Borusa’s blue eyes widened as he felt something *heavy* slam into his stomach, completely knocking the wind out of his lungs. Goodness, that nearly hurt! The last time he felt anything like that was when a bus accidently drove straight into his gut, back when he was merely the size of half a neighborhood. Only, rather than feeling himself jiggle and wobble all over right away, the dino felt the wobbling throughout the course of entire hours; nearly half a day had passed until he saw what could only be described as a tidal wave of blubber rolling towards him from the distance, briefly smothering his head in his own chub!

Days passed until Borusa could finally make out something that wasn’t just more tan scales. Still wheeling from the impact, the dino attempted once more to observe his body, closing his eyes.

He gasped in shock.

Something large, round, and gray had slammed into his stomach, the celestial object nearly the size of his entire stomach! At first, Borusa assumed it was some sort of asteroid, yet that shouldn’t be the case; he’d been dealing with asteroids bouncing off his rubbery body for the past year now, they were nothing but tiny pebbles compared to him. But this was like being struck by a huge boulder launched from a catapult! A perfectly polished boulder; round, firm, and dense, if it were able to survive the impact into his gut, despite how squishy the latter was.

“H-hey, spirit?” The dinosaur asked, unused to being able to move his muzzle. “What the hell was that?”

"Venus." It responded calmly.

Borusa frowned. "Venus? Erh, I'm no astronomer, but isn't Venus, like, bright yellow or something?"

"It is." The spirit agreed. "This is Venus fused with Mars and Mercury, along with countless other asteroids."

"What?!" How the hell was that even possible? "Did you do that? Did I do that?"

"This is far beyond anything I'm capable of, Borusa. My powers and your gravity alone would not have altered the planets in such a way."

"T-then-"

"This is the work of another force, one I am unfamiliar with."

The dinosaur wasn't sure how to respond to that. He'd always considered himself a laid back, relaxed T-rex, but being struck with what looked and felt like a planet-sized cannonball by some space dude he couldn't even see was rather disturbing. Was this an attack?

Or maybe a gift?

Once the shock wore off, Borusa's stomach began growling once again, the dinosaur suddenly reminded of the intense hunger festering within him. The fear and questions within his mind quickly subsided, as a new thought flooded his head.

"I wanna eat it."

He could sense the spirit's doubts. *"I'm...not so sure that's a good idea, Borusa. This is beyond anything your body should be capable of. You may-"*

"Explode?" The dino snorted. *"Wasn't that the reason you 'cursed' me to begin with?"*

"I...suppose it is."

"Then do your job. I wanna eat it." Whether the planet was meant to harm or feed him, the dino was intent on devouring it whole; he wanted to send a message either way.

"Very well." With a grunt, Borusa felt the sphere start to roll on its own along the surface of his flabby body, slamming into his moobs later that month. Another two passed, and the dino could see the planet come into view beyond his horizon, a daunting, enormous sphere that terrified him as much as it enticed him.

Borusa opened wide, and the planet fell in two weeks later. Wider and wider, his jaws stretched to accommodate such a celestial object like rubber, his mouth flooded with the unusual taste of three raw planets combined into one. It was almost too much for him to handle; the T-rex considered spitting it out at one point, yet he persevered. Not just out of hunger, but out of spite; he'll eat everything thrown at him!

It took him the entire month just to wrap his jaws halfway around the planet, letting his own gravity work the rest into him. His jaws ached, and he knew his throat would hurt more so just trying to swallow this planet, but his will was stronger than some lump of rock and metal! He *had* to eat this thing; no one else would!

Thankfully, the process accelerated once he passed the halfway point, the planet already forcing its way down his throat a mere two weeks later. The process was so autonomous, the dinosaur found he was actually able to nap throughout the ordeal, occasionally awakening some week or two later to check on the process. His throat ached severely, his jaws sore, but his stomach hurt far more.

He wanted to eat!

At last, one final gulp, and the planet fell into his stomach in a single day! Borusa was forced awake when he felt the huge shift in weight, belching hard enough to actually rock himself backwards. Just catching his breath proved to be an ordeal, the dinosaur suddenly met with yet another strange feeling, one he hadn't felt in ages.

He was stuffed!

"Congratulations, Borusa. Yet again, you've exceeded my expectations."

Still panting, the dinosaur closed his eyes to observe his body, his lips parting to form the biggest grin possible.

He was *massive!* His soft, flabby belly now looked distorted and firm, bigger than the rest of him put together, giving him an almost oval-ish shape! All the soft folds and creases along his belly ironed out, revealing a very taut gut. Hell, even his belly button had popped out with a moon-sized outie, almost giving him the impression he was pregnant!

He ate that entire planet! A planet was *inside* of him. A planet made out of three other planets firmly smashed into one another!

The dino chuckled. "I'll name him Timothy."

"You're not actually pregnant, Borusa." The spirit sighed.

"I know! I just wanted to give a name to the planet I just ate!"

"Timothy is an...interesting name for a celestial body."

"I was gonna name it Zachary, but that's the name I picked out for you."

"Do not call me Zachary."

Borusa ignored Zachary's complaint as he discovered something rather interesting; according to his Eye in the Sky powers, he was actually digesting Timothy in real time! While he would have loved to savor the pleasure of finally feeling full for once, the dino was equally excited to watch that gigantic lump in his belly gradually shrink on its own! In only the course of a few years, Borusa's stomach steadily returned to its previous shape, although that was hardly the only change occurring within his body. For every inch his belly shrank, dozens more were piled elsewhere along his figure; the folds along his face and limbs multiplying and lengthening. The familiar folds along his belly soon returned, each far deeper and wider than Borusa could have ever imagined!

The dinosaur let out a belch, a smug grin spreading across his muzzle. He felt fat; wondrously, gloriously fat. This was the first time he had ever felt noticeably larger since he had destroyed the Earth, an impressive feat, considering he had nothing to compare his size to in the vastness of space. And like any God of Gluttony, he wanted more. "Hey, Zachary, keep the food coming!"

"You haven't even finished digesting the planet Timothy," the spirit muttered.

"Don't care. I need more!" He yearned for that feeling of complete fullness that Timothy had granted him, and he'd do anything to experience it once more.

But still, Zachary denied him. *"I believe it to be in your best interest to save your appetite, Borusa. Your mass has grown enough to affect the entire solar system at this point. The gas giants are on their way to you as we speak; I estimate their collision to be within two to three decades, with the sun arriving later this century."*

"Decades?!" The doughy dino growled. "I can't last five minutes without food, let alone a decade!"

"Not sure," Zachary denied. "As you've grown larger, so has your perception of time. While you may be unaware, our very conversation is taking place over the course of entire months. By the time I've finished this sentence, over a whole year has passed since you started demanding food."

"Seriously?" Borusa blinked. It genuinely felt like he'd only been in space for a week or two at most, not for years and years. Yet, that would explain how he was able to eat so many celestial bodies in such a seemingly short amount of time. Space was apparently far more vast

than he anticipated. This news only served to excite the gluttonous dino, of course. It meant there was more room to grow into!

Low and behold, that internal dialogue with himself must have taken a few years itself, for he soon saw the yellow-ish orange body of Jupiter itself descending upon him, the gas giant several times larger than the planet he devoured! Licking his lips, the dino opened wide. Looks like it was time for round two!

“Hey *bwuaaarrp* Zachary? When’s *hiic* the next *bwrp* sun?”

“*They’re stars, Borusa, not suns. And one should be making its way towards your maw within a century.*”

“So, any second then?” The dinosaur chuckled between burps, bits of glowing yellow dust escaping from his muzzle with every expulsion of gas. Sure enough, he could make out a glowing red orb hurtling towards his pudgy muzzle, a snack just dying to be eaten. To think, less than a thousand years ago, the very same star would have burnt the celestial dino into a crisp.

Now, it was hardly more than a snack.

All that remained of the star was a faint glow that showed beneath Borusa’s thick rings of neck fat, before even that was extinguished forever.

A massive belch escaped the dinosaur’s maw, followed by glowing red remnants of the star. “Next?”

“*Two centuries.*” Zachary sighed. “*Shouldn’t you slow down, Borusa? The galaxy isn’t going anywhere anytime soon. I worry you might hurt yourself again.*”

“Never!” The dino chuckled, licking his stardust-coated muzzle. “I wanna feel full again!”

This time, the spirit chortled. “*Big talk, coming from the whimpering gas bag of a dino three centuries ago.*”

“S-shut up!” Borusa growled, before another massive belch exploded out from his maw, this time a faint blue.

The coloration reminded him of Neptune, one of the four gas giants he struggled to devour. While not nearly as dense as Timothy, Jupiter and the others made up for that with their sheer size! If Timothy pushed his jaws and throat to their limits, then Jupiter did the same to his entire body!

The whole planet was vortexed into his maw, the dinosaur felt as though he was eating an enormous wad of cotton candy rather than a planet. Despite the light and fluffy texture, the gaseous planet filled him up faster than he could digest it, something that surprised even the greedy dino. Decades passed while he devoured the gas giant, a lengthy amount of time even for the godly Borusa. Thankfully, he was allowed to nap during the process; he didn't need to swallow gas if it just flew right down his gullet, after all.

However, he found such naps harder and harder to take the longer the process went on. While Jupiter shrank, Borusa's entire body grew, not just his stomach. His entire figure blimped outwards, filling up with the gaseous body; his stomach rounded out as expected, but the dino was surprised to find even his back rolls starting to flatten out, the thick rolls slowly turning into smaller, rounder curves. Once the planet had been devoured, Borusa resembled an overinflated parade animal, having grown more circular rather than ovular. The dinosaur snorted, a cloud of orange escaping his nostrils. This was *not* the kind of fullness he was craving.

Unfortunately, he wasn't given much time to digest his new meal; while decades passed, only minutes were felt by the dinosaur, who soon saw a familiar ringed planet looming towards him.

Yet again, he was subjected to another immense feeding, though perhaps feeding was a misnomer. Borusa felt as though he were being pumped with an invisible air tank, rather than devouring a planet, the t-rex's scales creaking along his stretching skin. Soon, Borusa didn't even need to close his eyes to see the effects his eating was having on him; what used to be an endless sea of rippling blubber soon rounded out into a perfectly flat plain. Jupiter's moons used to collide into his rippling belly with a squishy splat; Saturn's, however, were starting to bounce off his rounded, inflated hide.

"You look absolutely ridiculous," Zachary taunted. Borusa could imagine an invisible face smirking at him.

"Shut up," the dino thought back, his planet-sized cheeks blushing. It was true, he'd gone from monstrously fat to comically round, a literal balloon animal. Hell, Borusa could actually feel his limbs for the first time in...who knows how long, rising up on their own accord, overly inflated with gas. His flabby, floppy tail now stood straight out behind him, the endless layers of lard no longer enough to keep it soft and malleable.

"You'd make an excellent pooltoy, if we could find a pool big enough to fit you."

"Can it," Borusa growled.

"You wanted to consume everything so badly, Borusa. You should have known the gas giants would be...gassy."

The dino snorted in response, more gas leaking out of his nose. "I do want to eat everything, but this isn't eating!"

"Well, whatever it is, be prepared to do much more of it; I sense Uranus on the horizon."

Borusa's blue eyes widened. He hadn't even finished Saturn, yet he noticed traces of light blue mixing with the bright yellow, his body blimping out at twice the speed! Soon, even his head began to shrink within his own body, everything rising up around him. While the idea of his vision being completely submerged within himself was enticing, the dino wished it was with more lard, not this stupid gas!

Neptune came, and the dino soon began napping outside of his own volition, his mind wracked with nightmares of balloons popping into pretty gaseous clouds. When he wasn't sleeping, Borusa was subjected to the feeling of his body creaking and groaning, his vision completely obscured within himself. Whenever he shut his eyes, he caught the sight of not an all-devouring dino, but of a silly balloon animal, completely round and spherical save for his blimped out tail. It was a vision he couldn't escape, for soon his eyes were forced shut, stuck watching that silly balloon blimp out bigger and bigger, tighter and tighter, for decades to come.

Until at last, the flow finally stopped.

The second it did, of course, Borusa belched harder than he had ever done so in his life, his whole body forced into spiraling in the vacuum of space. He could hardly breathe, his hide wracked with fullness. Not just his stomach, every square inch of him felt tight and stretched, just like a damn balloon.

"Enjoy your snack, Blimpie?"

"Don't call me that!" Borusa groaned.

"Don't call me Zachary, then!"

"No chance of that," the dino snorted. Lost within his own body, and too bloated to even think straight, he had no choice but to close his eyes and drift off into a post-binge coma.

Throughout his dreams, he was granted visions of his body shrinking bit by bit, the excess gas working its course through him. Thankfully, it appeared the planets were more than just smoke, for new rolls soon made their way across his body. Folds thicker than ever appeared along his softening body, his shape gradually returning to its default ovoid shape. It wasn't long until familiar features, such as his rump and moobs, began to return; the latter of which was larger than his entire body before devouring the gas giants! Even in his sleep, the dino allowed himself a deep sigh of relief; at last, he was finally returning to his rightful shape!

Soon, however, he was roused from his slumber by an intense light and a flash of heat; waking up, he was soon face to face with the sun itself!

A sudden belch brought Borusa back to the present, the area before his snout briefly glowing yellow. The sun had pushed him to his limits, but at least it left him feeling full and satisfied, not puffed up and bloated! He even enjoyed the intense glow he radiated afterwards, although now the stars hardly even show up beneath his endless blubber. Yet again, Borusa felt a pang of anxiety; if the stars themselves couldn't fill him up anymore, would he ever feel satisfied again?

"Were the gas giants not enough, Borusa?" Zachary teased.

The dino rolled his blue eyes. "Those don't count! I want something meaty!"

"Stars are meaty to you?"

"You know what I mean!" The dino grumbled. He wanted sustenance! He wanted to actively feel himself growing again! Sure, he knew he was still growing fatter, and would only ever grow fatter, but it was so gradual he could hardly feel it. One star every century or three wasn't cutting it anymore.

"The next star is approaching, Borusa."

The dino grunted in acknowledgement. He had to start small to get big, even if he was hardly what anyone would consider "small." A blue star made its presence known to him; a hundred times larger than the sun, sure, but it was hardly what Borusa would call filling at this point. Still, at least he would feel this one going down. He opened wide, ready for his next bite...

...only to gasp in shock as the blue star was obliterated before his very eyes, destroyed by a smooth black sphere a hundred times larger than that!

"What?!" Both Borusa and Zachary cried out in shock. Where did that thing come from?! It was so dark, Borusa didn't even notice it until it destroyed the star he was about to eat! Before he could ask more questions, it struck the dinosaur square in his snout, which forcibly widened to accommodate such an object. He was reminded of the large planet he ate millenia ago, yet this orb practically forced its way into his body on his own; no swallowing required!

Blistering fast, it took a mere decade for Borusa to gulp down the strange entity, the dino grunting as the heavy weight settled into his stomach. "T-the hell was that?" He huffed.

"I'm...I'm not sure." Zachary was similarly at a loss for words, and for good reason. After a star, what was left that could actually make Borusa's stomach bulge out like that?! While this development was all rather startling, the dino couldn't help but smile to himself. While he wasn't stuffed, he had to admit, it felt *good* to have some weight in his stomach for once!

"E-excuse me? Mr. Borusa, sir?"

The dino's smile dropped. "*Why do you sound so weird, Zachary?*"

"*That...that wasn't me.*" Zachary responded, the spirit's voice nervously tense.

The other voice piped up. "T-that was me! Sorry, Mr. Borusa, sir. I hope I'm not intruding!"

"Errr..." Borusa blinked. "You're, uh, fine. Are you the one who sent Timothy Two at me just now?"

"*Timothy Two?*" The foreign spirit asked. "*N-no sir, I was sent by my master. I am but a humble servant to master, my spirit sealed within the orb you so wondrously devoured. I am to bring you to him right away!*"

"Master?" The dino couldn't even begin to picture who, or what, this "master" must be. "What are you-"

But he was cut out as the foreign spirit suddenly squeaked. "*O-oh, goodness, you're far too skinny, Mr. Borusa! No, this won't do at all! You'll be torn apart by the Master's very presence if you are to see him as you are now!*"

Borusa growled. "What the hell are you talking ab-mmmf!" Yet again, he was cut off, but not by the new spirit's voice. Rather, a sudden influx of food had halted his speech, the dino startled to find himself tasting something actually edible! It brought back memories of his first encounter with Zachary, back when his "punishment" was to eat delicious food until he burst. Man, if this new spirit thought he was small now, it should have seen him back when he used to fit on a planet!

Now, that planet was no larger than a speck of dust compared to him.

Zachary, however, was having none of this. "*Stop it, stop it at once, stranger!*" The older spirit demanded, speaking directly to its host. "*Borusa, this is dangerous! If this "Master" is as powerful as implied, you could be eating yourself into a trap! For all we know, you're being treated like a pig, fattened for the slaughter!*"

"*Oh? You wish for me to stop?*" The new spirit inquired, the flow of food dwindling to a trickle.

Borusa let out a sad whine. Finally, after eons of pitiful stars, he finally had something nourishing to eat! His stomach wasn't growling and churning in hunger for once, yet it was beginning to grumble softly with no influx of food anymore. "W-wait!" The dino cried out. "Keep feeding me! Trap or not, I need food!"

He hardly managed to finish that sentence before the torrent of food spiraled down his gullet once more, the dinosaur happily glutting himself stupid. At last, something to finally fill the literal black hole his stomach had become! He growled pleasurably, a slight smirk appearing on his muzzle as he gorged away. He'll get his way in the end, he always does.

"Borusa, this is a terrible idea," Zachary warned.

Borusa silenced him with a grunt. *"If you're so worried, help Timothy Two feed me. Make me big enough so I can eat his master instead!"*

Timothy Two chuckled at the notion, but said nothing further. Neither did Zachary, who relented and added his power to the new spirit's. Satisfied, the dino allowed his stomach to finally fill up once more with delicious, fattening treats.

Of course, even with a steady influx of food, it was hard to keep a growing dino satiated~

The next few millenia were the best Borusa had ever experienced, a smile permanently etched onto his bloated, flabby face. No longer were his hunger pangs ever an issue, the dino's stomach constantly filled with the tastiest treats he could have ever imagined. At last, he could *feel* himself growing again; even if he still looked the exact same, it was enough just knowing he was several times bigger than he was mere years ago.

It didn't just end there, either. Everytime Borusa was starting to feel the slightest notion of hunger, another dense sphere would fly into his mouth, hosting an additional spirit. And like every spirit before them, they would claim the dinosaur was too skinny, forcing him to up his caloric intake a hundred fold each and every time.

And each and every time, Borusa welcomed it without question. He completely tuned out Zachary's warnings in favor of simply being able to eat! It was pure ecstasy, forever being treated to the richest, tastiest meals any dino could ever ask for! As if his life couldn't get any better, the spirits being hurled into his gut actually *encouraged* him to pick up the pace! He felt invisible hands kneading and digging into a stomach that could only be measured in light years, before growing enough to even *notice* the rubbing!

“That’s it, Borusa!”

“Keep eating! Don’t ever stop!”

“Bigger and bigger, faster and faster!”

“All for Master’s sake!”

This “Master” was a fool! All this feeding and conditioning, there was no way his size could hold a candle to Borusa now! The God of Gluttony literally blinked away entire galaxies in favor of more food! No one could match his size, no single entity was as vast as he was! Maybe this “Master” was hoarding more spirits; Borusa should gobble them up and add them to his own collection of...of...

What was that?!

In his shock, Borusa didn’t even notice the flow of food dwindle to a halt, the spacebound dino horrified at the sight before him. What he saw couldn’t even be described as a person, but a wall; a wall of round, jiggling flesh, as black as onyx! It was little comfort to Borusa that he himself must have looked just as vast to any other creature inhabiting this universe.

He wasn’t the biggest. Not by a long shot.

But he was headed for a collision course with the title of universe’s biggest.

“Well well, if it isn’t little Borusy!”

A flash of anger snapped Borusa out of his stupor. “Shut up!” The dinosaur growled, even as he hurled faster and faster towards the creature, those neck folds quickly zooming into view. “Don’t ever call me that again!”

The booming voice laughed within his head, infuriating the hot-headed dino further. **“Heh, quite a lot of spunk for someone as diminutive and insignificant as yourself. I still can’t quite get over the sight of you nearly exploding from a few measly gas giants.”**

The dinosaur roared. “That was...” Shoot, time was tricky to tell at this point. “A long time ago!”

“Not to me, it wasn’t.” The wall of flesh cackled. **“Then again, the lives of my future snacks hardly concern me. Enjoy the next one hundred thousand years of fattening, Borusy; hopefully by then, you’ll be large enough to be worth eating!”**

“Don’t call me that!” Borusa snarled. Not even the returning influx of food was enough to smolder the dinosaurs raging inferno within him. “I’m the one who’ll be eating you!”

“Oh?” The wall didn't respond further, even as the dinosaur continued his collision course with him. Still fuming, Borusa spent the next 100k years angrily devouring everything offered to him, only speaking to demand even more food. Yet, as he steadily grew larger and heavier, the dinosaur hardly made a dent as he collided into the giant's squishy neck folds. The dinosaur hardly appreciated landing on anything by this point, even if the fall was soft and squishy like himself.

He wanted this fool to fall on *him!*

“Do you have any idea who you are speaking to, whelp?” The creature cried out, its enumerable rolls jostling the comparatively pea-sized dino. **“I am that which cannot be comprehended! I am the unforeseen force which directs this very universe's actions! I am all consuming, all controlling; I am Dark Matter itself!”**

“No you're not,” Borusa snorted. “You're my next meal.”

“Amusing.” Dark matter grumbled softly. **“Of all the prey I've fattened for consumption, you're the first to dare suggest the opposite. Your bravery is commendable.”**

“Not bravery. Hunger.” If Borusa could, he'd lick his lips. It's been a while since he'd felt something living squirming in his gut.

“Call it what you will, it will inevitably be your downfall. If you're so eager to fatten yourself for consumption, then so be it! But before we get started, might I offer you a taste of a small fraction of the powers I wield.”

Before Borusa could return, a dense onyx sphere materialized right before the galactic dino, this one larger than even himself! The dino's eyes widened, but his mouth widened further; he'd eat the damn thing, just to stick it to stupid Dark Matter!

Apparently, he had no choice in the matter, for he felt an invisible hand along the back of his neck, holding him in place! Meanwhile, the orb was *thrust*ed into his mouth in mere years! Faster than Borusa could react, his jaws were once again pushed to their limits, as was his neck, then his stomach! Faster than he could process, the dino groaned as his belly *surged* forward, the entirety of the treat devoured in seemingly an instant!

“You're still in one piece! Impressive!” Dark Matter cackled.

Borusa felt woozy. Eyes shutting briefly, he could see his body now resembled a massive pill! His gut was stretched almost cartoonishly far, faint stretch marks actually visible along his hide! That single meal more than doubled his bodyweight, the dinosaur struggling just to remain conscious! Deep down, he could feel his poor stomach struggling to churn this new

meal into even more blubber. While he hated to admit it, Dark Matter had a point. How was he even in one piece?!

“Perhaps I’ve misjudged your potential, Borusy,” Dark Matter teased; Borusa felt the invisible hand slap his aching belly, like a grocer determining the ripeness of a watermelon. **“It might be worth it to fatten you up over the next eon or two, make you into a proper meal. Be a good little dino and submit to your new master, and I’ll make your last moments of existence one of gluttony and decadence!”**

After quite some time, Zachary suddenly spoke up. *“I warned you, Borusa! Now we have no choice but to let him turn you into a turkey!”*

“Nah,” the dino hiccuped. “I’m gonna eat him before then.”

Zachary gasped, but Dark Matter huffed. **“Very well. I’m also content with feeding you until there’s nothing left, then gobbling up the remains!”**

Another sphere materialized; once more, Borusa felt those hands holding him firmly as it was forced down his gullet. At first, it felt as though Dark Matter was struggling to even cram the sphere into him, with his stomach already at peak occupancy. Nonetheless, he managed to succeed, and Borusa was left blurry-visioned, two enormous lumps protruding from his midsection.

“Submit!”

“N-no, you.”

Three, four, five more spheres, all vanishing into Borusa’s gullet, each one requiring seemingly more effort than the previous one. Each one left the dinosaur gagging and wheezing, his consciousness fading bit by bit. Even when he closed his eyes to observe himself, the vision he saw was blurred and hazy, although he didn’t need that vision to know he resembled a scaly bag of marbles!

“Submit!”

“M-m-make me!”

Ten more spheres, then twenty. The dino himself wondered why he hadn’t burst yet, especially when any signs of flab on his body were replaced with enumerable bulges! His figure continued to contort, growing faster than it could process the “food.” In a way, he was glad he was laying against Dark Matter’s cheeks; they were actually proving comfortable.

“Yield!”

Borusa needed a moment to catch his breath. "Not...in a...m-million years..."

A poor choice of words, because that's exactly how long it took Dark Matter to cram a whopping five *hundred* of those spheres down Borusa's gullet. Deeper and deeper, the dino sank into those puffy chins, slowly coming to terms with the true meaning of gluttony. Another two hundred, and his vision faded all together.

Grapes.

That was the last thing he saw, before passing out. He looked like a vine full of grapes. Borusa remembered grapes; plump, purple ovals he could pop into his mouth one after another.

For some reason, he was stuck recalling one hot summer, back when he could still fit on Earth. Before he even met Zachary, even! He was a simply young chubby dino in his teens, relaxing on the couch, popping grapes one by one into his mouth. Back when he could still fit in XL clothes.

He remembered popping grapes one after another into his mouth, while idly watching TV before him. This was before his appetite truly kicked off, leading to the incident where he belched a little too loudly after devouring an entire buffet, waking up Zachary and kick starting his new life of hedonism. Back then, he simply ate to pass the time, his attention focused mainly on the television than the grapes. They were a light snack, to say the least, hardly enough to fill him up or even make an impact on his appetite.

Somehow, Borusa saw his teenage self sitting on the couch, eating those grapes as if he were standing in the very room itself. Was this his life flashing before his eyes? The dinosaur wasn't sure what to make of this scene; why was he here? What was the point of watching his younger self eat so slowly and casually?

All this served was to infuriate him further!

How *dare* his past self treat food like a commodity while his current self was being stuffed to death by it! How *dare* young Borusa not even pay attention to the plump, juicy fruits just begging to be eaten! If that little twerp had time to eat those grapes one at a time, he had time to eat two, four, ten!

"What are you doing?!" Borusa snarled, glaring at the teenaged dino. "Forget the TV, you dolt! Don't you know what will happen to you in the future?! You have more important things to be doing!"

Teenaged Borusa paused, before grabbing for two more grapes.

"You're better than this, tiny!"

Four more grapes.

“Eat, dammit! Stuff yourself! Gorge!”

The teenaged dino grabbed a pawful of the grapes, stuffing them all into his muzzle, juice splattering onto his face.

“Not enough! You’re still hungry!”

Younger Borusa reached into his pocket, pulling out his phone. As he did so, present Borusa noticed those pants growing a bit tighter, the shirt lifting up to reveal a smidgeon more belly than before. Obviously a bushel of grapes wasn’t enough to cause such a rapid gain in weight; it was more like this Borusa had always been a bit greedier than he remembered.

The phone rang, and soon the teenaged Borusa began speaking. “I’d like to order a pizza, please.”

“More!”

“Two pizzas.” His shirt rode up further, revealing a soft navel.

“More!”

“Four pizzas.” His clothes changed before his eyes, growing up a size, yet still just as revealing.

“More!”

“With five orders of cheese bread.” That gut rested along his lap, the couch creaking beneath him.

“More!”

“And four liters of Coke.” His tan gut nearly filled his lap, the entire couch leaning towards the side.

Borusa grunted in satisfaction, watching his younger self fatten up properly, yet of course to him, it wasn’t enough. He continued demanding more food, and his teenage self would continuously order it, each order changing his entire lifestyle. Pizza boxes piled up along the side of the room, the couch being replaced with a mattress on two cinder blocks, bags of fast food filling up the empty space.

But not as quickly as the young dino blob filled it!

The dinosaur grinned at the sight of his younger self, utterly and irreversibly corrupted with gluttony and hedonism. It was his past, after all. All his life, he'd been nothing but a food-driven monster! A single belch from his house had been enough to shatter Zachary's vessel, which prompted the spirit to fly over and begin his "curse." It took days, not months, to break out of his own home, then the neighborhood, then the world! Zachary hardly ever heard the dinosaur cry out anything other than more, and more he received!

Suddenly, he was brought back to the present, reminded of his current predicament. Hundreds, no, thousands of those spheres resided within his body, the dinoblob resembling a series of orbs crammed against one another. He was still as achingly stuffed as he remembered, his own consciousness flickering on and off. And he was still given the same command.

"Submit!" Dark Matter roared, a sound that somehow traveled throughout the vacuum of space. **"You cannot take much more, Borusa! Your body is forfeit, now submit!"**

This time, the dinosaur uttered a different response. "More..."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said more!"

No sooner had he opened his maw did another sphere enter his body, this one far beyond anything Borusa had ever devoured! It made the others look like tiny seeds in comparison; by the time he finished it, his entire body yet again resembled one enormous ball, with comparatively-microscopic bumps along his figure.

"More!"

Dark Matter didn't even say anything, seemingly perplexed in this change of nature. However, as he readied another enormous sphere, the master let out a slight chuckle. **"You've learned how to break through the fourth dimension, have you? An impressive feat, especially for one as feeble as yourself. Whatever reality you've tricked yourself into living matters now; in the end, you will fall."**

"No..." The dino grunted. "You will fall...into my stomach!"

The next orb was twice as large as Borusa, the following four times, yet the dino devoured them singlehandedly. Everytime he felt a semblance of fullness, he would simply travel back further, encouraging greedier and greedier thoughts into his younger self. He awoke Zachary as a preteen, then as a whelp, to the point where he was spoon fed planets before he was even aware! His whole body glowed a dark red as light warped around it, his expansion breaking all laws of physics. The feast no longer made him double in size every eon. It was everyone millenia, every year, every second!

“Borusa!”

The dino was deaf to its pleas as he found something new entering his mouth, softer than those annoying spheres. For once, this meal took an impressive amount of time to consume, Borusa letting out loud grunts in between gulps. His stomach was filling up, a feeling he had never known ever since his infancy! It was a lovely craving; one he desired more of!

Trillions of years later, and Dark Matter was no more. With a satisfied belch, the dino grinned. **“I wish I had gone to your past, Dark Matter. Made you into a more filling meal”**

With the powers of the cosmos at his fingertips, Borusa had little effort summoning more meals for himself. Of course, he went for meals a little less orb-shaped; something that actually flowed down his gullet a bit better. Alas, with his stomach rapidly digesting anything the second it entered him, the dinosaur was having a tough time finding a suitable meal.

Frustrating.

With his entire existence now devoted to feeding himself, the God of Gluttony was left alone to ponder on what else awaited him. He vaguely remembered a time where he could hear the voices of the countless spirits he inhabited; now, his grand size made it impossible to hear any of their voices. Even Dark Matter’s once booming voice was now subtler than a tiny gnat. The thought did raise a question: Should he become the new Dark Matter, and take pleasure in the sight of live prey fattening before him? He wasn’t sure he could wait that long; he just wanted to eat, anything and everything.

The largest of celestial bodies were too small to be seen beneath his gaze, anyways.

He was left to roam the universe on his own, or perhaps the universe roamed around himself. He wasn’t sure at this point, not even he could wrap his head around the concept of his own size. For all he knew, he spread on for infinity, a number that was always growing. Would he just grow for all eternity? Or would he eventually find a barrier?

Apparently, the latter.

The dinosaur grunted as he felt his stomach suddenly collide with something firm, rigid, unyielding. Borusa growled; how dare there be *anything* to impede him! Unfathomable! Unforgivable! He quintupled his intake, yet the barrier before him refused to budge to his pudge; soon, his rear met with a similar situation, followed by his tail.

“I’m outgrowing the universe.”

Borusa was startled. So apparently he was outgrowing that which was limitless? A pleasurable thought; he recalled a timeline where he struggled to outgrow trivially miniscule objects called buildings. Clearly, this barrier was stronger and would take a lot more Borusa to shatter.

He increased his feeding a thousand fold.

Immediately, he found himself slamming into the spherical barrier from all sides, his entire body forced to take on its shape. His face buried yet again in his own endless pudge, the dino was forced to simply warp matter into his very being, rather than consuming it through his mouth.

Why did he even use his mouth anyways?

The feeding increased two thousand fold, and the dinosaur grunted. His body was crammed tighter and tighter upon itself, compacting, despite growing. The dino wondered if he would break under his own weight!

He increased his intake ten thousand fold to find out.

His entire body glowed a bright white, yet Borusa's vision was red from sheer excruciation. He wasn't sure how much more he could handle! Faintly, he heard creaking and cracking; was that himself breaking, or the universe's boundaries? Which would break first?

Borusa refused to yield. A million fold. Two million. A billi-

He broke through!

With a gasp, the dinosaur poured out in all directions, no longer constrained! He was free, free to grow, and free to observe. His universe shattered, the immense reptile found himself floating in a rift beyond universes. Countless realities could be seen as far as his all-seeing-eye could see. While these universes were truly infinite, to Borusa they were merely large gray orbs.

The dino smiled. He was used to eating those.

And when he grew bored after his 14 billionth universe, Borusa sought out the Dark Matters of their respective universe, changing their pasts like he had wanted to in the past. Those Dark Matters grew to eventually shatter their own universes and beyond, the multiverse now Borusa's own farm for very, very fat creatures. Each one bigger than the last, of course.

When Borusa realized he no longer was satisfied, even after his 390 quadrillionth Dark Matter, he opted for another solution: time itself.

There was a period where the multiverse *wasn't* filled with himself, so he ate that moment in time, doubling in size.

He ate two moments, doubling once again.

Entire minutes were hardly enough to satisfy Borusa; he wanted hours now!

Days, weeks, months; none of this was enough; he needed years! Centuries! Eons!
Eternity!

Borusa *was* existence! Always had been, always will be.

He was still hungry for more.