

Prelude:

Feeling a bit restless and very excited, Grarem goes through his mental checklist of stuff he needs to complete, trying to make sure everything is in order and that he's not forgetting anything. Having recently decided to make a very ambitious push for one the top spots if not *the* top spot in the semi-niche super heavyweight sumo-wrestling scene. Already having been closer to the top than most, his biology *was* the only thing holding him back, having all of the cards in place, he can finally claim the position he's been seeking for many years.

While his species, the Jahleet aren't known for their size, being on average shorter than most people, Grarem's natural height being even less so at only 120 cm tall. While he's made some massive improvements to his form over years of effort, now being 185 cm, weighing well over what was thought to be the limit of his species weight, and stronger than most professional lifters, it's not enough. While able to beat anyone from his species, Grarem desires more than that, wishing to be the largest and strongest there is.

Despite his best efforts, conventional methods aren't enough to push himself any further, having plateaued for a while. However, he's recently come into possession of something that can allow him to break the limits and push himself as far as he wishes. The wrestling group has few rules as to how the contestants gain their weight and strength, most just there to promote the health and safety of the participants. Given this, Grarem's concocted a plan with the help of his friend, Rijomu, who works in one of the most prestigious pharmaceutical companies as a top researcher.

Supplying Grarem with a well tested but still quite experimental drug, that will allow him to reprogram his biology to suit his wishes; the necessary programming of which Rijomu has already prepared for him. His plan mostly involving this drug, he's been given a highly unique opportunity to "test" it with little oversight from the researchers, who would likely poke and prod him given every opportunity otherwise, something Rijomu has kindly already taken care of too. Allowing him to do this in the comfort of his own home with very little disruptions except from Rijomu, who's required to check up on him every day or so.

The current configuration of the drug is to increase his body fat and muscle mass to allow himself to get, not only, incredibly fat, but incredibly strong as well, not that any of the new muscle would actually be visible underneath all of his new lard. While it would be convenient to gain weight from thin air, technology hasn't quite progressed that far so the material has to come from somewhere. The source

is a few semi-truck tanker trailers of dense, highly nutritious food gel with some of the drug mixed in so that he has a small but constant dosage.

For the next week, he'll gorge himself on the gel nearly constantly. Since most of the gel will directly contribute to growth, one of the tankers would put his mass greater than the other contestants, however, he plans to eat two over the week to really give himself the edge he needs. However, since Grarem is actually quite a fan of the stuff, and purchasing in bulk is cheaper, he's bought 20 truckloads, much more than needed. Though, having extra is nice. To make it easier, the gel will be effortlessly fed to him via a large hose, a large pump being controlled with a simple remote he made tied to his wrist with an elastic strap.

Part 1:

Feeling everything is in order, he readies himself to begin his week-long feast. Checking his computer one last time to make sure the remote's controls are being sent to the pump correctly, everything is ready. Picking up the hose, Grarem sticks the hose in his maw and switches the pump on with his remote. Outside his house, the pump whirl to life, making a short muffled buzzing sound as it reaches its configured speed. Shortly after, a slow but steady flow of gel rushes through the hose into his mouth. Almost immediately he can feel the effects of the gel mixture, beginning to feel the weight of the gel building in him, making his body begin to slowly swell with fat.

Grarem, feeling a bit worn out from all the setup he's had to do, decides the most fitting way to mark the beginning of probably the most gluttonous thing he's ever done is to laze around. After all, he needs to get used to being much fatter and much lazier, and what better way to start than to lay on a couch and watch movies while gorging himself on food. Sitting on the couch flicking through the admittedly uninteresting selection of movies, he lands on a trilogy of lower budget sci fi action movies. Beginning to watch the movie while the hose effortlessly feeds him, this is definitely something he can get used to, laying down on his side and getting comfortable as the movie begins to play.

Half way through the 90 minute movie, Grarem has become mostly distracted by his now visibly fattened body, having already grown quite a bit heavier. He gently massages his fat belly, adoring his already larger figure, his hands squishing into the swelling lard easily. The movie completely failing to capture his attention, the cheap CGI and C-List actors slowly being replaced by visions from his imagination. He pictures the end result of his gorging, standing triumphantly in the wrestling ring. Two of the previously largest contestants trying to take him down at the same time since he's grown so far outside of the previously

largest weight class. Their puny attempts doing little but squish and wobble fictional Grarem's massive belly.

After a while of entertaining his imagination, Grarem begins to get a bit curious about the speed of his growth, a bit eager to see more results come faster. Grabbing the remote, he presses the button to increase the flow for a sec, watching the flow rate on the small LCD go up some. Shortly after, he can faintly hear the pump speed up slightly, followed by a more than doubled flow of the gel. The vastly increased consumption startling him, expecting much a smaller increase. Grarem gets ready to switch the pumps back down to their initial speed, hesitating for a bit until he realizes how good the faster swelling fat feels.

After contemplating for a bit, he elects to leave the pump at the increased speed, after all, he can always turn them back down later with the remote if he needs to. Returning to his movies, he starts to watch the second one, hoping it will be a bit more coherent than the first. Absent-mindedly squishing and massaging his growing lard belly, his once quite loose clothes begin to fit tighter around his body as he continues to steadily grow larger and fatter. His body slowly is sinking into the cushions of the couch as he continues to get heavier over time, the couch beginning to quietly creak with every little movement.

Another 90 minute movie finished, far more entertaining and captivating than the first, managing to keep his attention the whole time. Grarem instinctively adjusts his posture to keep his now even larger belly from hanging off the couch, not the true extent of how much fatter he's gotten. As soon as he moves, the couch makes a loud creaking sound followed by the sound of splintering wood. Inspecting his now even fatter body while the last movie in the trilogy buffers. His belly is beginning to squeeze its way out of his clothes, forming a large squishy muffin-top. His suspenders nearing the limit of how much they can stretch squeeze tightly into his belly trying to hold in all of the new fat.

Feeling a bit tempted by the amazing feeling of his already much fatter body swelling even larger, he reaches for the remote once more, hesitating for a second before pressing the button to increase the flow even further. "A little more couldn't hurt" Grarem thinks to himself, trying to justify the extra indulgence to himself. Shortly after the button press, the flow increases even more. Almost immediately, his body begins to swell even faster now. Returning back to his last movie, he fails to realize how much larger his wrist has gotten already, growing much wider than he had anticipated, the elastic strap for the pump remote quickly running out of stretch.

Grarem watches a third of the movie before, in a dark scene, he sees his reflection in the TV, making him notice just how much larger he is now. Estimating to have more than tripled his weight, his body is significantly rounder now, his enormous fat belly sagging over the edge of the couch. Readjusting once more to fit his belly, he realizes just how small the couch feels now, its reinforced frame starting to bend under his extreme mass. Before, he could comfortably sit on it. Now, Grarem barely fits on it, his large and squishy fat belly hanging over the edge, his tail now hanging off the other end of the couch, making him realize he's grown a good bit taller already too.

Before he can return to his movie, the remote's elastic strap around his wrist suddenly pops, the remote riding down his fat arm, bouncing off the edge of the couch, and sliding into the middle of the floor. Too lazy to go get it and out of reach, Grarem decides to leave it there, now quite invested in the story of the movie trilogy. After all, He can always just go pick it up later. Beginning to have trouble staying on the couch, he reaches for a nearby padded footrest to support his swelling belly. Sliding it over, he moves it under his belly to support it so he doesn't fall off the now comparatively tiny couch.

Two hours later, he finishes the final movie, having actually quite enjoyed the story. Finally deciding to get up to get the remote now and play some games on his computer after, Grarem struggles for a minute as he slowly works his way upright. His much fatter body making it more difficult than he expected. The couch begins to creak loudly as his weight becomes more concentrated where he's sitting. Almost immediately after sitting upright, the couch makes a loud crunching sound, the wooden frame splintering as it begins to bow more and more. Suddenly the frame snaps in half underneath him, dropping him to the floor, his fat body wobbling and jiggling heavily.

Laughing at the fact he's so fat that he already broke his specialty made couch under his own weight, he readies himself to stand, to finally retrieve the remote to put a larger strap on it. Struggling for a bit, he eventually manages to get his fattened legs underneath him. Fighting all of his weighty fat trying not to lose his balance as it wobbles at the slightest movement. He eventually stands up with great effort.

Getting a better look at himself in the reflection of the TV, he can see all of his fat in its full glory. His neck is about twice as wide as his head now, numerous fat rolls forming in it. Grarem's arms are as wide as they are long, segmented in blobs that somewhat separate the different parts of his arm, the palms of his hands having rounded out some with large sausage fingers. His legs look like pillars of fat, supporting the massive blob of his very lard-swollen body, his feet soon to not be

visible except for his toes, slowly being engulfed in fat. The waistband of his pants are beginning to squeeze into his waistline, causing the fat on his belly to overhang quite a lot in a big squishy mound, squeezing around the suspenders in large blobs.

Grabbing the sides of his belly, he lifts it, kind of curious to see just how heavy it is. Having grown quite substantially since he started, it's gained a quite large amount of mass, his belly alone likely weighing as much as he did when he first started. Letting it fall back down, his stomach sloshes heavily, some of the the gel inside it not fully diffused into his enormously swollen fat deposits yet. His body wobbles heavily for a bit, mesmerizing him as the aftershocks of the wobbling continue for a couple of seconds.

Snapping out of it, he begins to make his way over to the final resting spot of the remote, in the middle of the floor. His body wobbling heavily with each small step. All of the extra momentum from his fat wobbling makes walking quite laborious now. If it wasn't for the additional strength provided by the drug he likely would be nearly immobile by now.

Standing close to where the remote is, he can barely see it past his enormous belly. Reaching down to grab it, his belly squishes right over the remote, Grarem not not noticing this at first. A bit alarmed that he can't even touch the ground leaning on his belly. Then Grarem immediately knows something is wrong when he can't see the remote anywhere, now able to feel the rectangular imprint of the remote being squeezed between the floor and his belly. A muffled click being barely audible as he feels the button give way under his weight. He can begin to hear the pumps speed up as the flow begins to increase substantially. Quickly standing back up to lift his belly off the remote. Looking down at the small screen on the remote, he pressed the button for so long it more than quadrupled the flow rate.

Grarem, startled by the massive increase in growth as the pumps increase in speed, instinctively grabs his swelling belly. His stomach groaning a little as his whole body begins to visibly swell with fat. His rolls of lard growing larger and larger. Rolling onto his belly, he tries to reach the remote once again, careful not to squish it again. After trying for a bit, he realizes he's far too fat to reach it, his belly keeping him from getting too close, able to feel it swelling underneath him as it slowly lifts him. Unable to roll any further without risking getting stuck. He needs some other way to reach it.