

Hell's Bells

Last week, I.M.P. was informed that an opportunity for expansion appeared in Gluttony. Big shot client with a job that seemed as simple as one two three. I.M.P. sent Moxxie to negotiate. Not wanting to get his suits retailored afterward, he protested, but it fell on deaf ears. Whatever, nothing some extra time in the gym couldn't fix. So he went, and surprisingly, it went very smoothly.

At Hell's largest buffet Moxxie met up with the client, a big, greasy, bulbous demon who obviously wasn't meant to be this fat. His auburn gut, unfettered by his tiny waistcoat, was covered in stretch marks and he was always wheezing through the discussion. Although rudely chewing through his words, the client was very reasonable, and they came to an understanding quickly. The rest of the meeting was spent eating way too much and making small talk- which was also about the food. By the end Moxxie was well aware of how easily a demon could blow up here. It was the most delicious food ever to grace his tongue, and he could just gorge without getting remotely full. As such, Moxxie easily kept up with the several hundred pounds heavier demon. Luckily, the temptation to indulge like that again didn't overpower him for the next few days.

Today was finally the day he'd be going back to headquarters. He took a cab driven by a demon spilling over into the front passenger's seat, but quickly found out traffic was as congested as the hearts of Gluttony's demons. Not wanting to give this miserable den of fatties any more time of day, Moxxie pulled out some cash and waved it at the cabbie. "Can I just get out here?"

"Heh. That's what you skinnies always say during munchies hour." He snatched the bills with a deep exhale. "Have a nice walk."

"Thanks." The imp hopped out and was immediately almost hit by a speeding mobility scooter. "Hey, watch where you're going, lardass!"

Moxxie tugged at his collar as he walked. Surrounded by walls of cellulite leisurely lumbering the opposite way he was going, Moxxie decided it best to take a detour. With a gap in the procession to the buffet, he took a chance to slip behind an alley. Fast food wrappers and cups littered the ground, much of it trampled underfoot like leaves in a forest path. The imp kept his head on a swivel. He was familiar with the hooligans of Gluttony, trying to drag whatever stupid tourists they could find down to their level. He was so alert he didn't even see the blubberbutt

standing at the end of the alley. He went face first into the hammy demon, losing his balance from the bounce. The imp ended up on the ground, but still ready to defend his waistline with his life. That was when he realized the fatty wasn't even facing him, instead with his back turned, eating a stick of butter in the same fashion one might puff a cig. Mox's face was covered in sweat- sweat which was not his. Ready to throw up in his mouth, he wiped it off with his handkerchief. "Crumbs... sorry sir..."

"Somebody say somethin'?" The obese demon looked around but quickly lost interest. He kept eating butter while Mox snuck around his gut. Boy, would Moxxie be glad to be home...

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Headquarters was quiet tonight. Loona was busy ignoring emails, Millie sharpening knives. Blitzo was just back in his office, probably performing some strange sex act on himself. The silence was broken by the doors being kicked in, the imp of the hour standing in the frame. "I'm hooooome!"

Millie perked up and hopped like a bunny to greet his lil teddy bear. "Moxxie!" She immediately pounced him and started planting kisses all over his face, lifting him off his feet in a vice grip. Mox returned a weak hug before she dropped him. Now it was his turn; he pulled her in close and gave her a long, saccharine kiss on the lips.

"If you guys are that excited go back to your room." Loona blurted.

Mox shot her a scowl. "Do your job!" He immediately brought his attention back to his wife. "Oh, how I've missed you..."

Millie ran a loving hand through his snow white locks. "I missed ya more... What can I do for ya to unwind, sugar? Anything? Anything at all?"

"Yeah, I need a salad! And a treadmill!" He scratched his chin. "... Maybe a copy of Jazzercise."

"Well, I can certainly make you a real nice salad, sugar. But might I say you still look as fit as a fiddle!"

"I *feel* like I'm pushing gravy through my veins." Mox wiped sweat from his brow. It wasn't even hot, but he was still burning up for some reason. "I dunno, I've just been feeling kind of weird since I got back. Unhealthy."

"All those Gluttony buffets you were hittin', huh?" She elbowed his side. "Just joshin' ya!"

"Funnily enough, the client and I did have our meeting at one... but I dunno."

"Aw, don't worry about it, hun." She gave him a reassuring palm on the cheek. "I'm sure you're just feeling nasty 'n grimy after spending days down there, it's so humid!"

"Hope you're right." Mox thought for a moment. "Actually, you probably are. It's nothing."

"That's the spirit! Now why don't you go unwind while I whip up some greens for ya."

The imp fell into Millie's chest and wrapped his arms around her. "You're a real lifesaver, Millie..." He kissed her again on the cheek before heading back to his quarters. That was when Blitzo decided to emerge.

"Well hiya Mox! Hey, did your ass rip a hole in your pants?" Moxxie went wide eyed at his words as he checked his trousers. "Hah, made you look! Retard! Hahahaha!"

The imp just rolled his eyes and retired to his office. He sighed. Blitzo may have been more right than he realized. Coat hung, he decided to seriously assess any damage. Mox started by unbuttoning his shirt and letting it fall to the floor. He stood in front of the mirror with his hands on his hips, a careful eye on his middle. Nothing was different as far as Mox could tell. He had a svelte, subtle hourglass waistline, his flat tummy flowing into proportionally wide hips. Of course, knowing how weight can sneak up on him, Moxxie undid his belt and let his trousers fall to his knees. He squeezed his heart-boxers clad thighs and found they had very little give, then juttied his behind toward the mirror and found it was just as firm as always. The imp chuckled and shot finger guns at himself.

"Hehe, still got it!"

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Blazing summer heat set the tone for what was about to go down Earthside. It was simple, the target would be hosting a meeting on the south side of the KAKU building. Moxxie calculated that the view from the roof of Union Hotel would give him the perfect shot. Low winds, noisy traffic density, a little pride parade to jam up the cops. If all went well, Mox would be back before lunch.

Moxxie arrived half an hour early in sunglasses, sniper rifle in a big black case. Slipping into the hotel through a back entrance, and realizing the elevators were too crowded, the imp found his way to the stairwell. He lugged the sniper rifle up the first few flights relatively easily. However, with eighteen more to go, he was already feeling tuckered out. That was strange- Moxxie's done way worse without breaking a sweat. He pushed through though. Maybe he was just having a caffeine crash or something. The imp got up one more story before he felt his knees start to buckle under him, heart pumping. "Crumbs..." He sat on the top step for a moment trying to catch his breath. His thoughts naturally returned to the target's meeting and that it'd start any moment. But he also thought about the workout ahead of him. Was it just the stairs, or was it him?

In any case there was a contract waiting. He sucked it up and made it for the top, playing 'The Final Countdown' in his head. A panting mess made it onto the roof, barely even able to remember the task at hand. Moxxie had reached a point of exhaustion where he went on autopilot. He unpacked the rifle and assembled it while barely cognizant. When he screwed on the suppressor the sweaty imp finally snapped out of it. Taking a few deep breaths, he scanned the KAKU building while trying to remember what floor the meeting would be on. Suddenly his crosshairs grazed a window full of people around a table, a graph at one end with a fellow presenting it. More importantly, there was an assortment of donuts sitting off to the side. One of the meeting-goers kept sneaking the glazed ones. Mmm, donuts. Moxxie would kill for a donut right now. His favorite donut was *definitely* the glazed chocolate filling- actually, maybe churro donuts that one place sold was his favorite. He'd have to look up who made those after he finished the contract. Oh yeah, the contract. He realized the meeting he'd been staring at for the last five minutes of pondering dough was the one he was meant to wreck. Mox scanned the room again. The guy who was presenting, bingo. He trained his crosshair on him, accounting for the slight wind, but slowly drifted back over to the donuts. His mouth watered at the sight before he absentmindedly pulled the trigger. The glass shattered and the bullet went straight through the middle of a pie graph. "Aw, crumbs, stronger wind than I thought!" There was a moment where nobody moved due to shock, and Moxxie took the opportunity to gun down his intended target. He fell into a pool of his own brains and blood, but Moxxie was still kicking himself even as he took the leftover shell and escaped through a portal.

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Moxxie went straight to his office that night, which struck his fellow employees as odd. Usually he had a lot more to say after a hit. It wasn't that the imp was in a bad mood, per se, he just had a hunch. He undressed in front of his mirror again.

"Ah-hah!" The culprit presented itself on his torso. His red flesh looked soft, abdomen less defined, chest puffy. Moxxie knew what to do.

The office burst open with Mox in his best aerobics wear. "*It's time!!*"

Everyone stared at him before Millie said something. "Time for what, sugar plum?"

"My weight loss journey, of course!" He straightened his headband with a smirk. "I knew Gluttony rubbed off on me somehow. It may not have shown at the time, but my eating habits have degraded, clearly!"

"I'm not gonna lie Mox, ya look pretty much exactly the same to me."

"Out of shape as per usual." Loona quipped.

"Oh, you shut yer trap! You know what I mean Mox, you just look like your ol beanpole self."

"I know there's a difference! I can feel it and I can see it! It's affecting my *performance!*" Moxxie booked for the door. "I'm off to the gym!"

Millie rubbed her arm as her husband disappeared around the corner. She tried to quell the worry in her heart by telling herself a little exercise never killed anyone, but still... something felt off.

The gym wasn't that busy this hour, and Moxxie liked it that way. Less asshole jocks to give him a hard time or hit on him. Though, the music on the speakers was even worse around this time too. Some hipster asshole got a hold of the playlist and started playing bands like "Minivan Pillowrest". Luckily, Mox had a good pair of earbuds and a playlist full of classical (real music! Why couldn't Moxxie have been born in the right generation?). With all criteria met, Mox usually had a good time working out. He enjoyed the stretch and burn, the runner's high. He felt fantastic after every session.

'Maledictus Sempiternum' blasting in his ears, Moxxie started jogging on a treadmill, but it wasn't long before his legs began to ache. Sheesh, stamina really went out the window. Then the ache turned into breathlessness. He'd spent two or three minutes jogging and he already felt defeated. Humiliated, Moxxie ditched cardio and decided to lift some weights. He picked up a fifty pounder and immediately dropped it. The imp felt ready to collapse, and other gymrats stared at Moxxie in confusion or derision. Just ten minutes after he'd arrived, he left the gym.

Shit, his stamina was really bad. Gluttony really did a number on the hapless imp. At least a stroll around the block would do him good. Even if it also had him on the edge of passing out. It was a long and tiring walk of shame back to headquarters. Actually, Moxxie was pretty hungry. Maybe that's what was tuckering him out, he hadn't eaten much that day. He slipped into a WackDonald's that was on the way...

Loona had been working on her real job, betting on Earthside sports, for most of the day. The hellhound was totally glued to an illegal stream of a football match for the last hour, ignoring some emails and giving curt responses to calls. She was so invested she didn't notice Moxxie trudging past, who sat a WackDonald's strawberry milkshake on her desk. He felt like he was about to collapse, panting and slumped against the desk. Loona's canine senses detected something tasty in her personal space. She had no qualms about immediately sucking it down, being quite mindless around misplaced snacks.

As the imp caught his breath he could hear the sound of air being sucked through a straw. "... Loona?"

She lapped up the last bits of whipped cream. "What?"

"Are you serious?" Moxxie felt a stronger sense of rage than he normally would have, especially over food. "You stupid BITCH! That was my milkshake!"

"Then why was it on my desk?" She didn't even look at him, still stuck to the screen.

"Hrrng, it was- it was on your desk for two fucking seconds! What the fuck!"

"Aren't you trying to lose weight anyway?" A smile crept onto her snout as the team she bet on was starting to beat their opponents ass. Loona was set to make some pretty serious money tonight. Her attention was split seventy five percent on football, twenty percent on food, and five percent Moxxie. "Kinda looks like you're fatter than usual, actually. I'm kind of, like, doing you a favor, so why are you being such a little drama queen?"

"Because you're a bitch! A do-nothing, apathetic BITCH!" Moxxie stormed back to his office. He could hear Loona cheer at the game which only worsened his mood. He peeled off the aerobics wear and plopped onto his leather chair in undies. The imp rested his hands behind his head and crossed his thick legs, reclining to cool off. He pondered about how much work he'd have to do to get back to where he was. Mox took deep breaths. There was always tomorrow to do a proper workout- especially after a proper breakfast.

Tomorrow came and went. He managed to get to the gym the day after, but he only had a fifteen minute session. Still an improvement, but nowhere near the routine that kept his waistline so pristine. It was also followed by another trip to WackDonald's. The first couple of weeks at the gym were rough, it was like getting acclimated to working out for the very first time. But as he continued, trips to the gym became longer. In fact, he barely broke a sweat on the treadmill for half an hour. Getting in good meals every day really got his energy levels back to normal, even if it was more than he used to eat. Maybe he'd even bulk up a bit from all the calories and exercise! Wouldn't that be wonderful, being able to easily sling Millie over her shoulder on a romantic rendezvous, opening jars of pickles without having to try really hard, everything he dreamed of...

A month of hard work passed. He was finally feeling like himself, perhaps even better than his normal self. Moxxie decided against checking himself out during that time. He was well aware he'd be demoralized looking in the mirror and not immediately seeing results. A month was enough to lose a few pesky pounds though, right?

Today was the day he'd finally take a peek at his new and improved figure. Practically rapturous, Moxxie threw off his shirt and stepped in front of the mirror.

He didn't know what to make of it at first. He wasn't even sure his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. What he saw in the reflection wasn't his normal self. The imp's softened belly had developed into a muffin top. Beginnings of love handles flowed into the curve of his hips, which grew ever slightly wider. Now that Mox was really looking at it, he realized his gym shorts clearly dug into his fleshy side. He whimpered at the sight of his behind; a lot of weight tended to land there, and it was looking pretty big. Moxxie would've guessed he put on at least ten pounds of pure fat with a few muscles from all the exercise. Did he really eat *more* calories than he burned in all that time? Must have, considering he was staring at the fattest version of himself yet. "Crumbs."

This was the moment he feared. Moxxie tried his best to avoid lowering his own morale, but it was crushed in a single moment. Instantly in the throes of a breakdown, Moxxie redressed. Clothes still fit pretty well, he couldn't tell he'd gained any weight in it. Nobody would judge him for having gained another ten pounds in a month. It was okay if he got several orders at WackDonald's- they'll just think you're getting it for other people. This is just water weight. You work hard, eat what you want...

The imp went for the exit without saying a word to Millie, who was in the kitchen. She noticed him and tried to get his attention. "Hiya Mox. Whatcha been up to?"

"Not much." He said in a flat tone. "Lost weight."

"Oh, well that's great news, hun. So whatcha doin now?" She was aware of the blankly distraught look on his face.

"Just gonna go walk I guess."

"To?"

"Around," he replied. "See ya later, Millie."

"Want me to make ya some dinner for when ya get home, Mox?"

"... Yes." With that he was out the door. When Millie noticed how her husband's legs bulged in a way they didn't before, she started putting two and two together. Oh well, at least a walk would do him good.

Moxxie undid the button of his pants in the depths of an alleyway, surrounded by his own wrappers. His belly did the zipper for him, spilling onto his lap. It looked like an overinflated dodgeball. He groaned before unwrapping another burger and sinking his teeth into it, enjoying it just as much as the first bite of his meal. Fabulous. Moxxie inhaled the last bite and licked the grease off of his fingers. He threw the wrapper under a dumpster and belched. "'scuse me..."

Moxxie's hands rested on top of his gut. He felt little discomfort from his overly full belly- in fact, it was like euphoria localized in his middle. The pleasant warmth overtook him, lulling him further and further into sleep. His eyes eventually grew so heavy he could not open them- even if he didn't want to lose consciousness in an alleyway. He'd been mentally out of it since he left, and his rationality only returned at the worst possible moment. But his thoughts slowed down, and finally, he let go.

It seemed like an instant and he was awake again, but he saw a darkening, overcast sky. Shit, how long had he been passed out behind an alley? Mox looked at himself and found his stomach was looking mostly unbloated. "Oh crumbs, my waistline is totally screwed..." The imp pulled himself up with the dumpster and stumbled toward the street. He made himself decent again before joining the pedestrians just trying to get home themselves.

A savory aroma filled the Knolastname apartment. Millie was whisking the gravy while wondering where her hubby could be. It'd been over an hour and the skies were looking stormy. The concerned imp thought about picking up the phone, but as if on cue, the front door creaked open to a Mox that looked a little worse for wear. His clothes were wrinkled and his hair was a mess. He stumbled into the house, Millie noticing a streak of red running down his shirt. "I was wondering where ya'd been! Geez Louise, you look like dogshit run over by a truck. What the hell happened?"

Moxxie looked down at himself and realized what a state his attire was in. Not to mention the giant food stain running down from his collar to his chest. Feeling strangely hungry and not wanting his food habits questioned, he bluffed. "I had an altercation with some stairs."

"Really? I'll be damned, are you okay?"

"Yeah Millie, it wasn't that serious." Moxxie hung up his coat and hobbled further into the apartment.

"Okay, you ain't *covering* for some rat bastard who hurt ya, right? Just tell me now if that's the case."

"Uh... no. I just tripped. Is dinner almost ready?"

"Hmm. Just about. Was just whipping up the gravy for the steak 'n taters." Just then the timer rang. Millie rushed to turn the oven off. "Why don't ya go wash up while I fix ya a plate, sugar?"

Mox felt a little more comfortable thinking alone. Maybe he'd be better off just telling her the truth. About his weight, not his binge. Well, he could tell her that too... nah. But the extra weight- if it keeps going it won't be a secret for long. Maybe it wouldn't be the best dinner conversation, but in Mox's mind it was either now or never. So he washed his hands and face then returned to the dinner table. A steaming plate of two chicken fried steaks with mashed potatoes and corn greeted him, along with a pair of adoring citrine eyes. Despite having eaten the most food of his life a mere hour ago, his stomach was rumbling. It was time to eat.

Moxxie started by cutting a big chunk of steak and stuffing it into his mouth, washing it down with mashed potatoes. Millie was just nibbling in comparison, but she couldn't help but smile at the sight. Mox was usually the one doing the cooking. She felt prideful at how thoroughly pleased the chef was. Mox finished a steak before Millie got halfway through her first one, and that was when he figured it was time to break the news.

"Millie..."

"Yes dear?"

He sighed. "I'm getting fat. I don't know what to do."

"Hmm." She took a bite of steak before answering. "But you've been hittin' the gym damn near every day. You sure it ain't just your mind playin' games?"

Mox's lips pursed into a quivering frown, tears welling in his eyes. He looked like a sad kitten. "W-Want proof? Well, here, take a look!" The imp stood up and lifted his shirt. His doughy little belly and burgeoning moobs were on full display for his wife. "I'm *disgusting!*" he sobbed.

"Oh, Moxxie." She put her utensils down. "You're still as pretty as a peach. Just like the day we met!"

He jiggled his fat for emphasis. "Look at this! You're just saying that to make me feel better..."

Millie just shook her head and decided to make a point. "Take a gander at this," she said, unbuttoning her jeans. She let them fall down around her hips, pulling her own shirt up. Millie had always been in tip top shape, so when he didn't see a washboard and instead a chubby pooch, Mox's eyes went wide. "Haven't been able to keep up my figure lately, no matter what I do. So tell me, baby, am I disgustin'?"

"N-no, of course not, you're utterly breathtaking!"

"And ya mean it, right?"

"Yes!"

"Course you do! And so do I." She pulled him in. "Everyone's weight fluctuates, Mox. Besides, I'd love you if ya weighed a million pounds. Don't ever forget it!"

A smile returned to his face. "Oh yeah? I'd love *you* if you were a billion pounds!"

The two laughed and fully embraced, Moxxie feeling a great weight lifted from his shoulders. It made him think this was all temporary, and better yet, Millie still found him cute. Everything that mattered to him was as it should have been. So, he figured he might as well keep hitting the gym. Gotta see results at some point.

Several months pass. Moxxie attended the gym every day, cut down on calories, never looked at a single sweet or greasy fast food. He needed to get this weight off, his job depended on it. He was pretty confident he would until he was *feeling* much heavier. Movement in general started to suck because it felt like going through water while having weights strapped to his waist. It became harder to put on his clothes, and lately he felt ready to burst out of them. The imp held onto hope, even if it turned into denial after a point. He didn't even think he was getting fatter- he filed all the changes away as water weight.

Moxxie cursed as he fixed his boxers before leaving the office, chafing thighs bunching them up every time he walked. Ever since he lost his thigh gap, bunched up underwear wasn't the only new sensation. The chunky imp's potbelly swayed as he moved, hips and butt rippling along with it. His arms thickened and rested a weird way on his little side rolls. When he looked down he could feel a pocket of fat forming a double chin.

Moxxie's stomach ate at itself, growling as he left his office. The imp was starving- it'd been a couple hours since he ate. Hopefully Loona didn't raid the fridge again. He almost regretted having the thought when he opened it and found all the leftovers, lunch meat, cheese, cereal, yogurt, drinks, basically everything but the components to a salad was gone. He was thankful for the latter at least, but that gluttonous dog would have an earful soon.

"LOONA!" Moxxie cried from the kitchen.

"What do you want, fatass?"

Moxxie came storming into the lobby, body bouncing all the way. The wolf giggled when she saw him which enraged the imp further. "What the hell are you laughing at, bitch?"

"You're just getting really fucking big. Heh."

"Wrong! It's *water weight*! I'll piss this all out in no time!"

"Sure." One of her myriad social media buzzed so she stuck her face in her phone.

"Well I don't wanna hear it from somebody that's started eating entire damn fridges worth of food every week!"

The hellhound looked up from her phone with a sour face. Loona was getting extremely hungry as of late. So she relieved herself from that misery, who was this fat to say something? "I can eat whatever I want whenever I want and my ass would *never* be as wide as yours is now."

"You're so dumb, Loona." Moxxie noticed a couple pieces of candy sitting on her desk. Looking for any way possible of getting back at her, he swiped the candy. "I'm Loona, I'm a dumb ugly mutt that's gonna get fat because I started eating constantly."

"Hnnrg, shut up! You're already fucking obese, you can't say anything! Give that shit back, they're my favorite flavors!" Food aggression had truly taken hold of both demons. Loona picked up her coffee mug and threw it at Moxxie's head, which he dodged, but he dropped the candy.

"You just helped yourself to the entire fridge, I'll help myself to your candy. Capiche?" The imp bent over to get the candy with a wry smirk. That look was wiped off his face when they both heard a loud rip followed by deafening silence. Both were frozen, trying to process the moment. Loona finally broke it by barely containing a laugh. Mox's ass felt a lot colder, and he knew exactly what it was. His face went a deeper shade of red as he grit his teeth.

"Wow, Mox, you wore that shitty outfit every day. You're getting so big you can't even wear it anymore." Loona's voice was now calm and content. She knew Moxxie couldn't even begin to come back from this. She went to social media and started recording the moment. "Yo. One of my coworkers is getting enormous."

"Hey, you can't record me!" He shot up and another rip rang out. His lower belly flopped out of his ruined shirt and over his waistband, a round and soft slab of flesh that jiggled for a second afterward. One could clearly gleam the stretch marks running up it. Loona was immediately launched into a hearty belly laugh, zooming into his wobbly flesh as he tried to get out of frame.

"Hehehe, he used to be like ninety fucking pounds soaking wet! I'd call him a fat fuck all the time as a joke, guess I made it come true. And this bitch ass fag is calling me overweight!"

"Loona, I'll KILL you!"

Moxxie went to wrestle the phone out of her hand, but tripped over himself. He landed belly first, knocking the wind out of him, and giving Loona prime access to the hole in his pants. It wasn't just the pants- a peephole to his doughy red butt appeared on his boxers too. The imp tried getting up, but with all the extra weight it was much more difficult than anticipated. Loona gave the cruelest laugh at his inability to perform a simple movement and zoomed in on his tush. "Look at this guy, he's like a turtle on his back. He'll probably be there all day, heheh. Like the video and let me know in the comments below what you think he eats in a day!"

Moxxie said nothing and did nothing after he managed to heave himself up. He was out of breath and paralyzed from embarrassment. Loona just scoffed at him. "Hmph. Doesn't look like you're gonna kill me. I'm taking a bathroom break. Enjoy your sweets."

Mox crushed the candy in his hand, trembling from rage. The imp watched Loona strut down to the bathroom, her hips swinging with pride. However, Mox did notice something. The tears in her clothes seemed a little less intentional now. Also, did her cutoffs always look that tight on her butt before? They conformed so much that little was left to the imagination.

Moxxie took solace in the sight. "Heh... you'll get yours, hellbitch."

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The morning Mox could no longer button any of his shirts was the same one he would go to the doctor's office. Even if it was water retention (it definitely was!) it was bound to be a dangerous amount. Despite all his best efforts, Moxxie guessed he put on another thirty pounds after the Loona incident. Sure, he was eating a lot more junk than before, but he was working out every day of the week for hours at a time. Millie urged him to take a break, but he just *had* to sweat that stupid fluid out. And now that it just kept coming, the imp saw no other choice than to seek medical help.

Moxxie was dressed in an ill-fitting t-shirt and some sweatpants that clung to his thighs. It'd been a while since the doc last talked to him. He wanted some 'rapid' testing done on his blood when he saw how quickly Moxxie put on over eighty pounds. He winced at the sensation of his butt spreading out on the examination table, of his belly resting on his inner thighs. The imp tried to pull the shirt over his bloated red gut but it was just as futile as other attempts. He gave up when the door opened and the good doctor stepped in.

"The results are in, Mister Knolastname." He looked over the clipboard he held one last time.

"Good, so what the heck is wrong with me?"

"I'm going to need some additional context to issue a full diagnosis. What we found could be a few different things. You said you've been on a consistent exercise schedule?"

"Yup, David Goggins type stuff."

"Okay. Any waves of nausea that come and go?"

"Not really, can't remember the last time I felt sick to my stomach."

"Headaches?"

"Nah."

"Diarrhea?"

"Nada. Actually, I've been having the runs way less. In fact... when was the last time I did a number two..."

"Mm. Any back pain?"

"Yeahhhh, I'm getting to be a heavy load."

"Before the weight became a problem I mean."

"Oh. Nope, none at all. I felt fantastic before the weight gain."

The doctor looked like he was in deep thought before speaking again. "Right. Has your appetite felt more stimulated than usual?"

"Oh, yeah. But it's mostly because I've been working out so much."

"Sure. Has your attitude toward food shifted in any way? Are you more defensive over food? Less willing to share?"

Moxxie was shaken by the question. He wanted to say no, but if he thought about it, it was true.

"Uh... yes."

"Interesting. Has anyone around you been gaining weight as well, or demonstrating a similar aggression over food? Anyone you could have maybe shared a meal with?"

"I mean, my wife isn't as fit as she used to be... the secretary at work is getting thick... Come to think of it, my boss's face is looking puffy too... Did I even eat with that guy?"

"Okay, I have a few more questions, but I think I'll have a pretty good idea after this one. Within the last year, have you been to the Gluttony layer? If so, did you dine with any natives?"

"Uhm... yes and no. Well, actually, he wasn't a *native* but the place definitely rubbed off on him." Mox was starting to get nervous. "He was a client, he wanted to meet at Hell's largest buffet."

The doctor's veneer of professionalism cracked. "You *ate* at a buffet in *Gluttony*?" he said with disbelief and slight derision. "Excuse me. Sorry. I don't mean to judge, but you haven't heard of P.E.A.D.s at all?"

Sweat formed on his brow. "Peeds? W-What's that?"

"It stands for Permanent Excess Adipose Disease and I'm pretty sure you have it. The chance of contracting it in a Gluttony restaurant is so close to one hundred percent it might as well be guaranteed." He flipped through the readings the actual last time just to make sure he interpreted everything correctly.

'Permanent' and 'Adipose' being in the same sentence sent Moxxie into a panic. "What does that mean!?"

"Contracted from sharing food with other sufferers. It attacks all of your metabolic functions and prevents leftover energy from being flushed out of your system. After calories are consumed, rather than saving some of it as energy and the rest into stool or sweat, it will all be converted straight into adipose. Basically, you'll never be able to lose weight again."

Moxxie stared slack jawed at the doctor for a moment. "So it's... it's like goddamn *obesity AIDS???*"

"I'm afraid that's a rather apt description."

An involuntary wail escaped Moxxie. "Oooooohhhhh... oooohhh goooooooodd..."

The doctor adjusted his glasses. "Sir, your prognosis really isn't that bad. There's not many other effects until the complications of obesity arise. The weight gain does slow down significantly, even if it doesn't stop. I'm sure you know demons aren't as fragile compared to humans, so you're essentially fine for a long time."

"But I'm gonna get FAT! And the way you make it sound, everyone around me is gonna get FAT! AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT! OOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!"

"Just those you've shared food with. Diet can slow it down. Exercise can improve stamina in the early stages, but by now it won't really do anything. I'm going to start you on some blood pressure medication to soften the blow on your heart."

Mox was a blubbering mess at this point. "Doc... is there *really* nothing we can do? We can't just... we can't just suck the fat out?"

"Liposuction has proven to be ineffective. The weight comes on more rapidly than before, and it'll wreck havoc on your internal organs more than a steady gain. It's much safer to just let your size change."

Moxie's head hung low. He was all too aware of the fat engulfing his neck, his perky man tits, his ballooning belly. "There's nothing...?"

"Nothing. Personally, I don't recommend dieting. Just enjoy life. You're ending up morbidly obese either way, so you might as well rip off the bandaid. If you're scared of social rejection, Gluttony has been a refuge for P.E.A.Ds sufferers since the conception of Hell. You'll be loved and accepted there."

It was all over. Moxie's good looks, his lifestyle, hell, maybe his job. He didn't tell Millie when he went home, he just took her to bed and plowed her. He figured these were the last days he'd be able to do it with ease, so why not? He'd tell her tomorrow. He *wouldn't* be telling Loona or Blitzo. They could get their own diagnosis- Millie actually deserved to know what was about to happen to her. When he did bring it up during a movie night, she had a muted reaction.

"Ahhh, knew somethin' was wrong with both of us. Shit, I done put on forty pounds in a couple months." Her double chin and dome of a tummy, which she undone her pants to let breathe, was proof enough.

"You aren't scared?"

"How bad can it be, really? Get to eat whatever ya want, and nobody can say nothin' about yer gut because it's just a condition ya have." She knocked back a beer she'd been sipping on. "It's a good excuse not to diet or exercise. What more can ya ask for?"

Moxie thought for a moment but couldn't come up with a retort. "Huh... I guess you're right, Millie. I mean, it's something I gotta accept anyway, might as well look at it with rose-tinted glasses."

“It ain’t rosy glasses.” She finished off her beer then rolled onto her husband. Feeling how much heavier Millie became was surreal. Everything was changing. “It’s just the truth!”

It was hard to be nervous about anything in such a predicament. Millie’s added weight wasn’t painful to bear yet- in fact, it was rather pleasant. It helped that her assets took most of the damage. And as she stroked Moxxie’s torso, from his enlarged chest to the slight cleft of his underbelly, maybe Millie didn’t mind either.

“The doc said it’d be a good idea to move to Gluttony. You know all these skinny assholes-” Moxxie caught himself. He never expected he’d refer to skinny people as assholes. He was skinny a few months ago! But even after such a short period of time, other demons looked at him like a different person. A lesser person. Especially when he was still at the gym. “How judgemental they can be.”

“Shit, sounds good to me!”

“Wait, really?”

“Yeah! When ya look past all of the fatties, whose ranks we’ll be joinin’, the place is just a giant resort. Shit, when Loona and Blitzo are blimps we could convince em to set up shop down there!”

“You aren’t kidding, are you?”

“Why would I be?” She smiled and pulled Moxxie in for a kiss. “I think I understand why you were so ready to rut the other night... Well, I’m feeling the same way. Let’s just do it till we *can’t!*”

Now that sounded appealing. Yeah, maybe Moxxie could get used to this P.E.A.Ds stuff.

Two years later...

Another sunny day in Gluttony. Another contract to be fulfilled.

Loona leaned back in her quadruple wide, steel reinforced office chair. The last fry from her meal disappeared down her gullet as the I.M.P. gang, now lovingly named B.L.I.M.P. by Gluttony residents, waddled to go Earthside. They’d all done their fair share of growth, some

giving up on weight loss before others. Eventually, especially after a move to Gluttony, it wasn't even weird anymore. It was hard to remember a time when they weren't constantly growing.

Blitzo gave into P.E.A.Ds induced gluttony almost immediately, even before he was diagnosed. His stomach hovered just above his feet, most of his weight going to it. What he struggled with most at first was the size of his chest, which besides his belly, ballooned the fastest. Blitzo watched in horror as his stick-thin body filled into something like a pregnant woman's, a look that only became more exaggerated the more he blew up. Luckily for him he was getting too heavy to keep the shape up. Gravity started doing its thing, making him look less pregnant and more like he was sticking pillows under his clothes. Plump moobs turned into flaps of meat conforming to the shape of his apron gut. Blitzo's face also took a lot of damage. The first thirty pounds already made his visage look like a bloated parody of itself. By now you'd be forgiven not to even recognize him. Every single facial feature was buried under thick layers of blubber. Blitzo's neck hadn't existed for a long time, cheeks sagging over his all encompassing second chin. Given he couldn't really put his arms couldn't reach around his body anymore, the only weapons he used on the job were pistols with the finger guard sawed off.

Simultaneously resentful of her coworkers and dependent on them, Loona peered as they hobbled by. Already having a canine appetite was catastrophic for her waistline. She was filled with abject terror at the rate she caught up to Moxxie, completely unaware of why it was happening even when she starved herself for days at a time. She gave up on that pretty quickly though, and at first it wasn't so bad. Her random fuckbuddies loved how round and squishy her ass was getting, often complimenting her on 'eating good', some of the freakier ones devolving into ass worship. It wasn't to last though. The more her backfat jiggled with each thrust, the more it turned those fuckbuddies off. They went from 'damn girl, you've been eating good!', to grabbing a thick roll and saying 'damn girl, are you okay?' All of her favorite demons to screw slowly drifted away, leaving her with the ones that actually enjoyed her double belly and cottage cheese thighs. That attention wasn't too bad. In fact, it was really nice- a few of them were hung, and they tended to be a little sweeter than her usual, something she'd never admit she enjoyed. They made Loona feel like she was still beautiful.

Of course, she eventually got too heavy for even the fat loving studs. The obese hellhound was left with pencil dicks who she could tell were trying to make her fatter. The worst part was that it worked every single time. Each encounter left Loona's gut a little heavier, tits a little less perky, hips a little wider. What pushed her out of the casual sex lifestyle was when a guy convinced her to eat a birthday cake while he fucked her big ass. For all the partying Loona did, this was the moment she felt the most out of control. It wasn't even for the dick, it was for the cake. So she decided if she was going to pig out, it wouldn't be for some schmuck. Now she sat with her belly resting over her knees, hips spilling over the sides of her modified chair. Recently a grifter looking for curiosities to exploit noticed her in her mobility scooter, marveling at just how

gargantuan her behind was. He offered her two hundred dollars, measured the circumference of her hips, and proclaimed Loona had the biggest butt in Hell! Bottom heavy demons were the beauty standard in Gluttony, and since her pretty face was as unmarred as it could be, the news quickly made Loona a sex icon again. Of course, she wouldn't be giving any to some disgusting *fatties*. She wasn't nearly as huge as them...

Millie took the disease the best out of everyone. The country girl didn't fall headfirst into overeating and thus ended up smaller. Not to say she wasn't enormous. Her curvy physique grew into an hourglass that drove Moxxie crazy in the early days- and still didn't look half bad compared to the other B.L.I.M.Ps. Her breasts never lost their fullness, her thighs were like tree trunks yet still as smooth and inviting as they were two years ago. Her hips, although not as wide as Loona's, (much to the hound's jealousy) remained feminine despite all the cellulite. She had a fertile looking pot belly, which Mox has taken to using as a pillow. Millie's face grew much rounder, yet it hardly detracted from her beauty. It radiated warmth and comfort for her hubby, even more in love with her dimpled smile. It wasn't all sunshine and rainbows though. For one reason or another Millie was having the most complications from her size. She was always so out of breath or clenching her chest. Just as so, Millie's role as the bruiser was long since over. She was a big target that couldn't get in the enemy's face quickly enough, a lesson she learned last year. The scar on her shoulder was a harsh reminder. She slung iron just like the rest now.

Moxxie's days of mobility were nearing an end and he knew it. He was doubly aware right now as he waddled with his coworkers. His joints were on fire and his heart was racing at a million miles per second. Hundreds of pounds were piled onto his miniscule frame and he barely even looked like a demon, just a pitiful red ball wearing clothes. His belly stuck a good five feet out in front of him and grazed the floor with each step, wobbling like an overfilled water balloon. He got suits tailored every few months or so, but his shirts were eternally riding up the elephantine sack of lard, and it was really no use getting replacements until he literally couldn't put them on, or more accurately have it put on by Millie. His arms were forced into a permanent A-pose by the spare tires hanging off his near-useless limbs and his meaty side rolls. Mox's legs developed knock knees which made his gait even more awkward, sweaty inner thighs always chafing, never apart no matter how far he tried to spread his legs. Not that it was easy to do so. If his gut didn't steal the show his gams certainly would. Cankles threatened to swallow his hooves, joints rendered near useless in thick flab. If someone asked Moxxie to do a leg raise he'd kill himself. At least any seat that could hold the butterball was comfortable; Mox always knew he had a big butt for a guy, how it made certain seats more accommodating. This was the logical conclusion to that. With these hamhocks Mox was sure he could plop down on a bed of nails and still relax. And if he got shot, he had a several feet thick suit of armor! That's what he told himself to cope anyway. Being this fat sucked pretty bad, so one must look at the positive side of things. And despite all that, they still made him go out on hits. 'The fuck am I paying you for then?' Was Blitzo's standard response to any protest or complaining. Admittedly, it wasn't all that bad.

Especially when Millie caressed his flab. The more Mox thought about it, she seemed *way* more into his body than he expected, but she never outright said it. Another pleasure was food. Moxxie ate whatever and however much he wanted, and he always went for the top. Being overly full was like a hit of opium. Pure, unadulterated pleasure. He wouldn't call himself one, but he was a total addict, a calorie fiend if any such thing existed. Back when he was himself, Mox enjoyed cooking here and there, the flavor of a good steak or indulgence in trashy sweets and street food. It was nothing like it was now, food was a very literal drug, and he was always on it.

Loona opened the portal for the hitsquad go Earthside, but Blitzo stopped just before squeezing on through. "*Huff*, need anything from the living world, Loonie?"

The hellhound scrolled through an article on liposuction and didn't answer immediately. "Just something to eat." She had to take in a couple deep breaths before continuing. "Fucking Gluttony food sucks fucking cock."

"Picky girl! *Huff*, but I'll be sure not to forget!"

"Don't get fucked up on pills and you probably won't."

"Haaaaa! *Huff*, don't worry, Moxxie here will remind me! *Huff*, And he'll be glad to foot the bill!"

Mox just sadly wheezed. No use wasting his breath.

"Anyhow, we better get going, *huff*, we have a lot of waddling to do! Cheerio!" The gang went on, but as Moxxie struggled to keep up he was always last. Loona constricted the portal just a tad as he went through, catching his love handles on its precipice. He tried to pull himself through, but Loona just made it smaller. It squished his hammy cheeks together and emphasized them through the slacks he wore.

"Hrrrng- Hrrrng-" He had to stop to catch his breath. "Hrrrng- M-Millie!"

"I gotcha, I gotcha! Heave!"

When Loona could tell Millie was pulling on the hapless imp she suddenly opened it wide and let him fly through before closing it. Maybe Moxxie would be on top of his wife- the hound was doing him a favor, really. It didn't look like he was getting on top any other time.

"Ahh. Finally." Loona clicked off the article and logged into her streaming platform of choice. Now that those clods were gone she could focus on her real job: camwhoring for disgusting

freaks on the internet. “Hey guys. Today we’re gonna do a binge celebrating thirty thousand followers...”

The End