

Twix laid on the couch, watching an episode of his favorite television series. A series he had already watched, and re-watched, at least three times over, but good tv never got bad, so he watched it with the same joy and an enthusiasm he had on his first viewing.

Twix was a canine, which species he was exactly was still unknown, but he definitely had all of the spirit and energy of any dog out there. His fur color was probably the most unusual thing about him. He had a mostly light blue coat that seemed to mix in perfectly with the midday sky. He had a white furred belly, with a red and yellow stripe of fur encircling his white belly patch. His tail didn't follow any standard colorization at all. No, his tail had every color of the rainbow. His tail started with red, ended with purple, and had every other color in between the two, with a little white patch of fur at the very end for good measure. And to top off his technicolor appearance, he had a snazzy lime-green patch of hair covering his blue head, resting right in-between his two big dog-like ears.

He laughed along with the jokes in the show, just like he was hearing them for the first time. He had planned for it to be another lazy day, watching television, and maybe picking up one of his games for later. But, unbeknownst to him, his day (and the rest of his life for that matter) was about to drastically change. And it all started, when he heard...

'Dun...DUN...DTHUUD!'

The sound came right from his front door, and was so loud that it echoed through his entire house. He paused his show, and walked right up to the door. The entrance to his house was less than a few feet away from where he was sitting, it took him less than ten seconds to reach and open the door. So you can imagine his surprise when he found that there was no one there. His front porch was vacant, he couldn't even see footprints from where someone must have stood to knock on his door. But something he did spot was a big cardboard box. The box had his address, but no return address. There wasn't even a shipping company's name on it, or any branding on it whatsoever for that matter.

Twix scratched his head, trying to remember if he had ordered something.

"Odd." He moaned to himself, examining the box for a second. He then shrugged. "Ah well, might as well see what's inside." He said with a little smile, picking the box up and carrying it back inside, making sure to close the door behind him.

He laid the box down on his coffee table, which was right in the middle of his couch and television. He opened it up, and tilted his head in surprise.

"What the..." He sighed, picking at it, slowly and carefully unraveling it out of the box.

The thing was one gigantic piece of red fabric. At first he thought it was just some odd comforter, made to fit a double-king-size mattress. But the more he felt at it, the more he realized that wasn't the case. The thing had some firm spots in it, like padding in bicycle shorts. He

unraveled it some more, and realized that there was a huge waist-band holding the whole thing together. And after spotting some more holes, he quickly realized what the thing was.

“A mawashi?” He laughed out, surprised to see just how big it was. The belt was at least ten feet around altogether, and there was a waist band in it, meaning it was made to stretch out even more. “A mawashi made for a beached whale.” He giggled, finding the size of the thing to be just absurd. It was a good twenty times wider around than his waist. Hell, even the leg holes in the belt were bigger than Twix’s body by a pretty sizable margin. He stretched his arms out, trying to grab as much of the belt as he could, but still only getting a hold of about thirty percent of it in one go. It was like trying to wrap your arms around a tree much bigger than yourself, it was simply impossible for him to grab onto all of the mawashi.

He felt a little confused, wondering how such a big belt made it to his house in the first place, but then he started laughing. He dropped the belt, and rested his paws on his knees to steady himself from his laughter. “Man, the fur that wears this must be the size of a damn house. Hehehe! How would they even be able to stand, let alone fight. They must be wider than the equator to fill out this sumo-belt!” He went red in the face, laughing so much. He realized how stupid it was, laughing for such a non-reason, and then he laughed some more from the absurdity of it all.

He tried his best to pick the mawashi back up. “Welp, hehe, might as well try it on.” He laughed, rolling up enough of the belt to step into the leg holes. The leg holes were so massive, just one of them was easily fifteen times wider than most of the waist-bands on the pants he usually wore. The back padding in the diaper was terribly big, the fur the mawashi was made for must have had an ass bigger than a studio-apartment to warrant such a big rear-end.

Twix rolled up the straps of the sumo-belt. Scrunching up the waist-band until it ,somewhat, hung loosely on his sides. He tied up the strap against itself, knotting up a great deal of the waist-band so that it would stay up against his sides. After making sure it was on alright, he walked in front of his refrigerator, which had a fine enough finish to act as a dull mirror.

The mawashi hung so loose on him that it looked like a long dress hanging by his waist. The red fabric of the sumo-belt hung all the way down to his legs. The mawashi raveled and folded in on-itself multiple times over, making it nearly impossible to tell what it was supposed to be,

“Heheheheh!” Twix fell into an unbroken series of giggles. Laughing so hard a few tears rolled down his face as he modeled into the reflection of his fridge. He moved around, sticking his butt out slightly. Just over-all getting a good feel for how big the mawashi was on him. He posed for a good few minutes. Eventually tiring of it, and sitting back down on the couch to finish the show. But he kept the overs-sized mawashi on, finding it too ridiculously funny to simply take off after a few minutes.

He sat back down on the couch, resuming his favorite show, laughing along to the same old jokes. The comically oversized mawashi tucked away in between his legs the whole way

through. Though, unbeknownst to Twix, as he watched, a subtle change started to take hold on his body.

His belly started to softly grow outwards, at a rate slower than a minute hand on a clock. His white belly softly started to inch outwards, gaining about a pound of weight with each passing ten minutes. After the course of the episode, Twix had a very respectable pot-belly hanging on top of his lap. Though the canine was none-the-wiser. Far too invested into his favorite show to notice his slight weight gain.

But his belly wasn't the only thing that was growing. His ass inched outwards as well. Slowly ballooning out further into the couches' cushion as the show went on. His lil booty quickly, and swiftly, turning into a respectable bubble butt. Both of his blue cheeks now roughly the size of a basket-ball each.

All the while, Twix was too self-absorbed into the show to notice his weight gain. His fattening was slow at first, but it quickly picked up the pace. His belly now grew outwards at a rate of an inch a minute. His tummy inflating with fat, softly gurgling as his belly gained even more weight. The strap of the mawashi slightly lifted up by his girth.

His ass only continued to fatten up, now definitely getting wider with each passing second. His rear-end grew to be at least three feet wide, his bubble butt only growing more and more with each moment. Giving Twix quite the lovely base for the rest of his body to sit on.

Twix had some vague idea that he was softly rising in the air, but he paid no mind to it. Not knowing at all that his slow rising was caused directly by his ballooning ass.

A few fat rolls started to form along the side of Twix's hips. His fatty, pudgy belly now affecting the rest of his torso. His back also growing lumpy with fat rolls, starting at the base of his shoulder, and leading all the way down to his growing booty. Just over all his body became doughier with each passing second, as more and more fat magically grew on his body.

His body must have been at least three times fatter now than it was before. His belly was now bigger than a fat snorlax. His ass was still getting bigger, now roughly the size of two car tires. Even his thighs had started to grow now, both much thicker now that they were just an hour ago. Twix now even had a nice, respectable set of moobs, growing on his chests like two water-balloons, sagging down to the top of his belly with how much they weighed.

And it was only now, that he was so much fatter, that Twix noticed his weight-gain. And even this, he only noticed when he went to scratch his chin, and his arm was blocked by his ballooning set of moobs. He looked down in surprise, and then jumped right out of the couch.

“W...W...WHAT!” He screamed, now standing back up. Paws to his head as he looked down to his fat. His belly sagged down to the top of the mawashi. Heck, even his hips were so fat at his point that they sagged down to the top-strap of the belt. He craned his neck back ,and gasped

when he saw the small mountain that his ass had grown into. He shuddered, watching as his butt only continued to balloon outwards, right before his very eyes. He panicked, pressing his paws into the side of his belly, wondering like Hell what was going on.

“Was it something I ate?” He asked, trying to remember what he had already that day. He knew he suffered some slight bloating whenever he consumed dairy, maybe he had accidentally eaten a bit of cheese earlier. He shook his head, immediately realizing that the idea was stupid. He reached down to his booty. Getting a good feel for just how massive his ass was now through the fabric of the mawashi. He then stopped on a dime, and looked down.

“The mawashi...is...no...it can't be?” He whined, looking down to the sumo-belt still tied up to his waist. Some of his original knots had come undone as his body grew, allowing for more of body to fill out the belt. “It is!” He cried out, now knowing it to be true. “The mawashi is making me fat, making it where I fill it out completely.” He groaned, noticing with a pit in his stomach that the mawashi was still much too big for him, he would still have to grow a good five times bigger than he was now to properly fit the belt.

He reached down, frantically trying to take the belt off, but it was impossible. The strap of the mawashi was now completely buried underneath all of his sagging fat. It was impossible for him to move aside enough of his rolls to reach the mawashi. The sumo-belt being so effectively buried underneath all of his lard, he couldn't take it back off.

He grew even more frantic, scratching at his growing love-handles, slapping the front of his bulbous belly. The sides of his arms smacking back and forth across his gigantic moobs. It was humiliating. He blushed out of pure embarrassment. All the while, scared to his core, knowing that he still didn't come close to filling the mawashi out.

Almost as if to tease him, his growth quickened from then out. His belly exploded outwards, rapidly rushing to be the size of a woman pregnant with sextuplets. His ass got even bigger and heavier than that though, now roughly wider than a monster-truck tire. All of the fat rushing into his body from nowhere, fattening up Twix at a downright horrifying rate.

Sweat started to pour from his brow, he moaned, now really starting to feel the pressure from having to stand-up to so much fat. He waddled back to his refrigerator, in a vague hope to see what he looked like all over again, but he lost his footing. His titanic ass fell to the ground with a lard thud, completely rocking the rest of his house on its own foundation. And, making the rest of his fat jiggle and shake for a good few minutes afterward.

He knew getting back up would be hopeless, so he just remained sitting. He tried to grab at the mawashi some more, with some stupid hope he'd still be able to take it off. But even the simple act of reaching for something was leaving him. His blue arms now grew wider too. Amazing amounts of lard fattened up his biceps and triceps, making his arms look like two great flabby

balloons. Twix was soon unable to move them in the slightest. Allowing his fat arms to fall to his expanding hips, now really out of hope for ever getting out of the mawashi.

His growth was happening at such a fast rate now it was down right unreal. His ass stuck out a grand five feet from his rear-end, and then in the next second it stuck out a total of seven feet. His bubble bubble only continued to fill out the mawashi as it expanded all across his living-room. Quickly and swiftly crushing the coffee table underneath his lardy girth.

His belly was now absurdly gigantic. Standing out in front of him like a large, soft boulder. It must have been bigger than an airplane engine now. And his moobs only continued to grow out on top of it. Slightly crushing his tummy with their impressive girth as well.

His fattening was happening so fast now Twix's mind went weak. He went numb all over, barely feeling his rapid weight gain, but being conscious of it regardless. He panted, His face getting terribly fat now too. His two cheeks ballooned to the size of overinflated basketballs on the side of his face. His chin now led down to a second, third, and forth chin, with more on the way undoubtedly.

His belly, ass, thighs, hips, and moobs grew to be so fat and massive that they quickly filled out all of his living room. The front of his belly pressing right against his refrigerator. His hips swallowing up his couch wholesale, and his front door being absolutely pinned shut by his weighty love handles. His ass took up more of the room and anything else on him. His two, bulbous cheeks expanded out to be bigger than a third of the room altogether.

The mawashi was now definitely being filled out. All of the original knots he had tied into the waistband had all been undone as his body started to pull against the mawashi more and more. Then, after a few more strained moments of growth, the sumo-belt finally fit him perfectly. His growth stopped on a dime.

“Uggghhh...I'm ruined.” He moaned, only barely to push the words out through his fat face. His blobby cheeks were now so big and massive that it was nearly impossible for him to open his mouth enough to speak.

His fat fingers wiggled pathetically on the end of his fat paws. His little finger wiggles being the only amount of mobility he had left. His arms were a good three feet wide at his biceps, multiple fat folds rolling down their sides.

His hips ballooned out on his sides, both at least five times bigger than Twix was not thirty minutes ago. The sides of the mawashi were completely engulfed by his fat, being buried in between one of his many fat folds.

Twix moaned again, feeling his body softly gurgle and churn. His fat face sitting on top of his sea of a fat body. He whined, wondering what would happen to him, how would he get out of

this. He blushed out of fear and embarrassment, feeling parts of his living room and kitchen being buried underneath all of his blubber.

He groaned and whined some more, but it made no difference. He was trapped, trapped by his own blubber. And even if some of his friends did find him later, it wouldn't be like they could reverse what happened. No, Twix was now permanently a blob of a canine, only barely resembling his former slender self. And like it or not, he was just gonna have to get used to it.