

Well, suppose she wasn't expecting *these* results. "MMMRM!?" Her pen is quick to carve its ink into the lines of paper, recording the scene that was happening in front of her; pressing against the eight inches of reinforced glass. It wasn't long until this inmate had grown beyond his cage, poked and prodded from all angles, bits of pain following alongside *creaks*, before eventually-

All she saw was scraps. She sighs. "Another failure." she scribbles it down. She looks away from the clipboard, pen slid between the clip itself, just to glare at a smaller, yet scaly individual. "I thought you said he had the capacity?"

"Ma'am, all due respect, he *did*."

"Then why did he POP?"

"Because you stretched him *beyond* the given estimates and then some-"

"Because that is our *job*." She chuckled, bits of irritation lining her voice like gravel. "The fact that you didn't understand that despite having *quite* the resume says a *lot* that I didn't think was possible of you."

"..."

Yeah yeah, she's seen that glare before. Though their small legs quiver, it wasn't out of fear, given that *look* in their eyes and the twitching of their maw. Not the *first* time someone higher on the list of recruits found out how they *managed* the many secured creatures within this facility, nor was the last considering today's ventures. Yet, as all did before him, as all did as they dared themselves to say a word against her-

He dropped it, keeping his horns pointed towards the glass and his face towards the floor. She pats their head, watching as their defeated look quickly flared into utter rage. Cute. She reaches back into the clip and pulls out a pen, quickly writing down what had happened during this fine session of scrap making, dotting down that the subject wasn't *nearly* as stretchy as 'Mr. Tisten had previously stated', marking this venture into the unknown as an unsurprising failure everyone with functioning eyes or ears could pick up upon. Meaning... She clicked her tongue, sighing as her mouth opened and her lips began to provide a sound *no* one wanted to hear.

“Break time, two hours and thirty minutes.”

Groans, everywhere. Though they listened as they skirted past her, she could hear the tiny creatures grumble as they quickly made it through the doorway. She shrugged and looked back to the scrap filled gaseous room, now being ventilated through the ducts on the ceiling and the floor, ridding the room of anything blocking what her eyes *truly* wanted to see. This creature, this *thing*, standing on its hind legs and walking about within this enclosed cell they had made specifically for *it*, was barely much of anything to note on a physical standpoint. Kangaroo, bipedal, with a tail as thick as a log and chest so broad she thought it was some degenerate’s mousepad, with ears extending up and down depending on whatever noise they could listen into. Yet... On the inside, she could see something beyond its physical body.

Soon as they huffed out a single breath, the small alarms poked into her side as her phone began ringing, though Lyla didn’t need to look at it. Just from the loudening ventilating alone could she tell that the room was filling up, that the room had become a *hazard*. If she had the brain of a lizard and lacked basic equipment much like that death row inmate, she’d find herself on the broad end of a session unstoping, uncaring pump, until she eventually became either too much for the room to bare-

Or too tightly fitting. The Cyber-headed wolf decided against such actions, wanting nothing to prove too perturbed as for altering her already *plump* visage. “Time for lunch.” She taps a button in the corner, closing down the one sided glass with a twin pair of thick metal sheets, before taking a step to her right towards the door. As she opened it and revealed herself to her coworkers-

Her mind left the scene. Wasn't much to think about. The same steel tiles, rooms, benches and pottery never changed; never truly altering in any way that made her think ‘wow’... The main purpose of this facility was in containment and the simplicity of the decor showed it. “What to eat, what to eat...” She tapped her chin as security walked by her, speaking about some aforementioned anomalous piece of machinery that was causing their bodies to drag and tag along their suits. “Pizza?-

“No, absolutely not.”

God, why did she even consider it? Bland crust, basic cheese and a sauce that had her craving for some actual utensils to make her own slice of life she was *missing* as time went on in this damming place. "Spaghetti?" It wasn't nearly as horrid of an idea to try for today as to mix her lunch plans up, plus the mozzarella cheese they have here is *homegrown* rather than artificially processed by that damn machine they got in the back, so Lyla *could* get a decent meal out of that... Or she could try something a tad more *exotic*, something with a kick for her tongue, something to spice up her evening with more than *decadence*, something more than the quantity in which would SPILL out in front of her.

And then she thought she was stupid. If anything, Spaghetti was exactly what she *should* order. On this heavily armed ship they ran among the stars, where even their screams wouldn't reach the nearest civilization for at *least* five years thanks to the lacking internet between them and Earth, there wasn't anything worth her tongue on this ship that wasn't that gelatinous gray goop. It was some form of protein, something to fill them up and make sure they didn't outright starve out here, where they couldn't be reached within a reasonable amount of time. With it, they could make anything they *wanted*. Didn't matter what it was or what was actually needed to make it- Steak? Processed and dyed. Salad? Processed and dyed. Pizza?

Processed *and dyed*. In that, laid the issue: While they had essentially an unlimited amount of goop to scoop from and consume, even to the point of *some* flab being found on many of the crewmembers; even on the *prisoners* that were being housed here for testing and social purposes- It was like attempting to munch through edible cardboard for what seemed to be the better part of a decade since they've been out here surveying the planet below them. Didn't matter how many simple sugars, carbs, 'vegetables' or 'fruits' they sent over to be used alongside it-

All it did was act like ketchup to a piece of parchment paper. "Mrs. Lyla?" A daring whisper enters her ears, despite how small the sound was, though it certainly didn't *earn* her attention. "*Director* Lyla?"

Finally, "Yes?" Some respect. She looks down at her feet, taking a gander to whoever may be trying to garner some attention from the very being *running* this loaded environment. It was... She squinted her eyes, trying to get a closer look her head wouldn't allow her. She sighed. "Assistant Director Holiah?"

"Yes, it's me."

Great. Means work. She holds her hand down, allowing the badger to step on her furred hand and be raised to her eyes. "Why are you here? You know it's my break right?" She even put it in the schedule, the very same one this little pipsqueak was holding against the enormity that was his breast; if she could call those side winders anything less thanks to Holiachs... *particular* disorder. "You know well what happened to the last assistant that thought it was a good idea to take me away from my luncheon, right?"

"You sent her to the planet below, watching as she slowly grew in size until her suit, along with her, had become nothing more than the very fate suffered by no other than your most recent subject of current mind."

"Exactly. Why shouldn't I do *that* to *you*?"

"Because you'll be out of an assistant, A *good* one at that."

Debatable. *Very* debatable. "Talk." She said, continuing her walk towards the cafeteria. "Don't waste words or the next destination will be within the forest, where the snap vines will take care of your body."

"You've used half of our current inmates in some attempt to find who satisfies the 'Infinity' Program."

"... Half?"

"Yes Director Lylo, *half*. And it seems like the *board* of directors haven't taken well to your misdirection of resources, especially when we have a finite source to pool from."

She scoffed. Of course they're complaining when they don't do half the work she puts out. "Just a few sacrifices." So they could BREATHE on the planet without suddenly taking to looking like they just ingested three tanks worth of air. "Surely *you* understand what we must do in order to finalize our actual exploration of the planet right?"

"To make it safe enough to explore it for research and resources, right?"

The assistant doesn't answer right away. Of course he doesn't. No matter what *they* say, it wasn't like either of those baboons were willing to put in the effort to *find* the right person. It's always 'limit the amount of room you stretch' and 'Don't pop the death row inmates'. If it wasn't for her, they wouldn't have had the *thought* to find someone with the proper blood for the damn program, let alone any potential subjects for studying and then sending in. If it wasn't for her, they wouldn't even have come so *close* to finding the perfect specimen. For that and *more*, she should be receiving *more* freedom to do whatever she wants *whenever* she wants.

Sadly for her, they believed otherwise. As she pushes the doors into the cafeteria, just as she saw the food printer in the distance, she feels a gentle tickle by the end of her finger. As she looked down, she noticed a *tiny* droplet of her own blood flowing right out of it, with the badger as close as he could be to the wound. "Seriously?" Was all she muttered, before forcing them into the air with a gentle bounce, then grabbing by the scruff to set down on the floor. "Go and make sure to sign yourself up for the competition this evening. If you don't manage to get through all five eating competitions-

"You'll be demoted to F-Rank."

Fear. Oh the *wafering* goodness that was that emotion, the smell of *sweat* as it drips and falls upon the ground, the way the eyes DART as they realize the seriousness of their situation. Just watching the badger twitch and experiencing what *many* had before him made the itty bits of dopamine left to fill her brain flood it; filling up and providing a *joy* she hasn't gotten since this afternoon's experiments. The little marshmallow is quick to waddle away, ass tearing away at their pants as quickly as they could move and boy did she stare. There was a lot to look at. The thighs and the way that belly swang left and right as they attempted to balance their utter mass continuing forward was enough to *perhaps* forgive some of that disrespectful behavior and settle for three rather than five. Then again- Those punishments were the reason Holiah was the sole reason he was so plump, so well dragged when it came to the double feature of twin leg rubbing stomach action.

... Perhaps she'll increase it to seven once she sees him again. She goes to take a seat.

"HEY!"

Again, the disrespect sours her mood. "Lylo- Don't you fucking dare sit down." Then she recognized the voice. She took a look down as she went to sit, ass casting a shadow over the tiny co workers that was a green scaled crocodile and his robotic coworker. "Christ. Thought I was gonna be a pancake again."

"Danis! William! What are you two doing down there?"

"Eating a sandwich, until you decided it was good to try and sit in the corner again."

A very small one from what she could squint and see. "Attempting a diet again?" Danis Danis Danis.... Big boy should know better than to try and move himself off the radar when it comes to weight watching. She sits herself in the middle, making sure not to turn someone into a small flat surface, though barely doing much as metal creaks. "Isn't this your fifth time taking a run at shedding some pounds?"

"Third and it's working, slowly."

Clearly. From the way the bench was leaning earlier, she would have assumed an *anchor* was holding everyone on the right side from flipping the table. "Sure sure, yeah." But she'll let it go... for now. "Anything nice happening on your side?"

"Why, you have no luck on yours?"

"Cut it, you know well I am servicing our ship well in its progress towards our shared goal, just it takes more than it can give!"

"Clearly, why I'm missing half the Inmates I had planned for testing on Subject 920."

Touchy. Very touchy. "What, did you profess your love to them or something?" Because again, they shouldn't matter. They get a fresh stock in every couple of months anyways, thanks to the prisons and their ever so growing and 'willing' 'contestants' of this small environment they called home. "Why bother having a whole group of nobodies when you could simply use them for what they're worth?"

"Use them as they've used others?"

"Don't give me that talk, I know you just like watching them grow and explode into confetti- Plus I'm trying to finish my sandwich here!" Two hours and thirty minutes wasn't enough of a break for them? "You give me a morality talk and I'll end up going hungry before my break is over. Besides-

"I'm sure you're not here to talk about how we deal with psychopaths, murderers and rapists."

No, she isn't, nor is she here to tell them that it wasn't just the 'evil' ones that were popping up in cells. She pokes into the table and almost immediately, is presented with a projected menu, the size of which could easily fit her claws as it quickly cycled through the garbage. "Question." She tapped on pasta, chose Penne and picked out some soda to finish it off. "You don't happen to know where Inmate 298 went?"

"..."

"Hello?"

"No, not really." Nor did she care. "Went through about ten today and barely got much of any chance to read up on the current list of popped individuals who couldn't hold themselves together."

"Why do you ask?"

"Because one of them had the 'Blood'." ... Her attention wavers from the menu as she closes out of the menu, turning to meet Danis as he smirks. "Yeah, that's right. Managed to find someone that had the potential we needed for, at the very least, a loud distraction as we extract some resources from down below. Dude had all the perks of sizing up and, as we could tell, could fit a room before reaching any sort of peak."

"And the best part?" The robotic fox was quick to chime in. "It wasn't *just* room size. Given some space and enough time- We figured he was proper for even the 'Infinity' Program we had discussed a couple days back."

She raised an eyebrow at that statement. "Sounds like crazy talk." She muttered, before a screen popped up in front of her. "Is that?-"

"Mhm."

"Are you *sure*? Looks more like a spherically carved asteroid to me."

“That’s just his fur. Trust me, we couldn’t believe it either. It was like we had been blessed by the gods with how patient we were with that idiot and his rambling about how he was ‘innocent’. Shut him up quick when his head was barely able to squeak in a breath or two when he was *oh* so close to enjoying the afterlife~”

“Got a little tempted to poke my claw into him at some point-”

“But luckily I stopped the dumbo before he could cause us to be deranked to collect scraps while in cheap suits for traveling down on Planet Neemar.”

Danis quickly added, nudging the fox with a shoulder. “I don’t do well with stretching and I know for certain this guy’s robotic parts won’t allow for any amount of fattening, let alone air in his processors should those creatures get ahold of em’.”

“Why are we asking testers and directors alike, including you.”

A buzzing sound made its way down her earlobe. “Hold that thought.” She raised a finger to their mouth, enveloping their head just by pointing a claw towards their general direction. The ginger whirring of a drone struggling to keep floating above the ground made its presence known, each time it dipped resulting in a *cauldron’s* worth of goodies to nearly slip. She’s quick to nab at the handle before her noodles would become dirtied by the lacking mop job of their floors. “Here we go~”

“Some good food.”

Spaghetti. This alone made staying here worth the struggle she had to deal with when it came to getting permission to test on any number of prisoners she could get her thickened sausage like fingers upon. And then in came the soda. “Christ-” Was the words that buzzing pieces of scrap metal could mutter, despite having not believed in any religious matters themselves. “You think she’d calm down on ordering so much in so little time-”

“But I suppose being surprised at the surplus she had provided herself shouldn’t be much of any surprise.”

Nope! And she was going to enjoy *every* bit of it. Digging into her lab coat, she fishes for something, attempting to search for some object to dig into her meal with. Nothing normal could provide her the service she required to scoop up balls of soft yellow and red, so of course when Lylo, this twenty

foot mechanical headed wolf needed a proper utensil-

She pulled out the big guns. A fork, the size of the average sized man, now held between her index and her thumb, ready to stab into the nearest noodle she could see. "Can we at least move away before you-" She began the process. With this man-sized silverware, she was a knight, donned in red and peach fur, thrusting with direction as each stab and *twist* landed true, the ball of which was only comparable to Danis's cranium, before digging it deep into her maw. As her nose picked up, the sauce was *real*, the nettles of leaf she found in this grandiose surplus true to what she could sniff. And then the soda. "Look at her belly-"

True carbonation, none of that shit the boys in the kitchen could come close to with their nitrogen infused cola's. She could feel a rise coming up, enclosing around the throat and expanding the stomach *outwards* into her coat, held back only by the slathering of Penne slithering down her throat. "Did you ever take to researching *her*?" Whatever those two were whispering about, she didn't care for it. Right now was eating time-

And she wouldn't allow for anything to disrupt her.

Just like she wouldn't allow something as simple as *clothing* to limit the amount she *could* down within the moment. The bubbles created from the mountainous blacken liquid inside the cup she held in her left hand were perfuse in its filling, taking most of the room regarding the slow untying of her coat as it throttled the buttons; threatening each one and the people surrounding as her expanding midsection sat itself on top of the table. "Did you get the message?-" So as to free some room, she belched, forcing the room to rumble and nearly taking some ears from the way they covered theirs. "And they said she was the perfect match? You're sure about that?"

"Yeah, she is."

"... And you're sure she's the one who took Inmate 298?"

"Yeah."

There was only so much she could ignore before she had to say something in the midst of her little session. Rolling her eyes as she sat the drink and fork down, she turned her head to meet theirs. "You're not doing me any favors by talking so much behind my back-" The two looked at her and for

once, she flinched. There was some amount of frustration, no, anger in both of these ants' eyes. "Why are you two staring at me like that?"

"No. Reason."

She felt a jab in her right side. "The hell?!" She swiped at the spot and found her hand filled to the brim with a strange looking *dart* shaped object with a feather on the bottom. Her head swivels to them, seeing their anger turn to pride as a smirk slid across their darkening gazes. "You- You- You..."

But she couldn't quite figure out what it was exactly before her vision blurred and her mind faded away.

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There were two things she wasn't expecting. For one, tranqs. She had a bigger body, the enormity of which could only be matched by three elephants. Darts like those that would affect such a creature wouldn't have anything on her thanks to the combination of her height and the genocidal crushing weight. It'd take more resources from the pool than she could ever delete from the arsenal and the fact that they were *able* and *willing* to use said resources on her is enough information on its own to discern from-

The second was the *betrayal*. "FUCKFUCKFUCK!" She was a *director*, part of the *board* of directors that led that damn facility to a new world to research, understand and then make a home out of. She was important, she was a *star* among those idiots, someone who could lead them on the path of glory, the path of conquest of a new potential home for their people to not only live, but THRIVE upon-

Yet here she was, heaving as weight began to collapse upon her lungs. "This can't be happening! This just *can't*." A few sacrifices for their goals, a few meager souls for the pot that was the journey- Even her mind had to suffer as each test brought worse and worse results that even she thought wouldn't end, despite how much she *enjoyed* the process of turning some prisoner of war into either an orb or a pillow for her usage. "God damn BASTUUUURPards!"

She had done everything for those misbegotten fools! She had sacrificed everything she had in her arsenal, every part of her body, every part of her

life! Ten decades out of five hundred she could have! She even went as far as to force social interactions and keep her mind from screaming at every idiot that kept telling her to stop using those damn ingrates like they were individual grains of sand! Do they know how much she gave for what they had returned? Do they know how much her mind beckons for attention, yet never received it?

Do they even know whether or not she's *alive*? Because she certainly couldn't! Her ass had already climbed on top of her like she was some mountain to conquer, her limbs done inwards, literally, as her body quickly adjusted to the *pressures* she was dealing with from all sides. The planet's air was dense, literally and *calorically*, putting a certain heftiness to her lungs as it tried to quickly adjust to every given problem being forced into her back and frontside by a dozen of those wild animals she had begun studying not even a couple days ago. It was the reason she had even been caught.

Too many factors resulted in her getting stuck by a cave entrance, doubling organic circular structures stuck out for some animal to come by and smack around, another one resulting in her vision slowly collecting around the forestry she had been dragged out to, which leads to her here. She doesn't know where she is. She doesn't know how she got here. All she knows is the time and given that the sun has already moved from left to right in the time it took her to go above the treeline?

Eight. Eight straight hours of huffing gas, eight straight hours of her protesting to nothing, eight straight hours of pressurized torture and yet- She didn't pop. To the dismay of these kangaroo-like puffers and the planet's abundance of gaseous inflation, she did not blow. They stood upon her forest smashing breast and found that, even with all five of these tail wagging idiots puff kissing her belly into a red strain, the belly would not suffer a tear nor a creak fitting of someone of her current size. Despite the donut shaping of the double, triple, *quadrupling* stack of neck foldage looking as ticklishly explosive, it was like nothing short of a strong gust of wind entering her at all sides would do much of any strain to her and her alone-

This process was largely the reason why she was now reaching the clouds, her ass acting as support for her spine as she reached heights she deemed impossible for any average citizen. The reason? Genes. Due to a recessive part inside her given by her mother or father or a grandparent

she might not know at all, all that would've caused her to bump upwards, closer to the very same ending as her last testing dummy, was transferred over through the lungs, then through the liver, to be filtered into calories she would end up absorbing in an fashion comparable to getting drunk off of alcohol. Rather than getting woozy, rather than getting into some drunken stupor, she instead got fatter, wider, enough that the tree's that once stood even above her usual height were now dwarfed; flattened into splinters thanks to the slow envelopment. The worst part?

It wasn't stopping. The roo's knew their idiocy, having approximately 80 billion neurons inside their brain from what she had studied about them. They knew how dumb they were to continue going with their antics, despite having quickly learned how little it did to prevent the destruction of this once beautiful planet. They did this out of panic, they did this with the hope that perhaps her body would falter, that perhaps the softened flesh rubbing against and throttling off the ocean that had grown from years of continuous growth would somehow blow away, that this was all some elaborate lie that the shrooms they huffed and occasionally blew up because of was causing some sort of hallucinogenic effect on their mind.

Sadly, those thighs do not lie. She could feel stone crumble beneath her mass as it encircled the land, hearing the screams of those who would dare to try and follow in the fives folly; muffled beneath all that she was, stifled by weight unforeseen, yet all too noticeable as their lives were at the fate of how much she could possibly continue forth with... Well, how much Lylas body was able to deal with it?

Considering her head was now *above* the clouds, with the ocean below her barely acting as anything more than the average sized pool, it was safe to say she could.

Mentally however- She couldn't speak. Belches were the most that were coming out, echoing across what little sky she could see through the angle she was given thanks to her cheeks and perpetually taunting ass enclosing her vision, able only to see what ample flesh she had adorn thanks to environmental softening; head sinking into the cave that was now her neck. Muffled whimpers was the most she could make as the four turned to eight, eight soon turning into eighteen individual folds as her eyes were forced to gaze upon the stars above. Barely missing the ship as it blended among the darkened surroundings. The funniest part? She could still breathe-

She could still think, she could still see. The last part was likely the reason she had quickly collected her consciousness as the color red entered her peripheral vision. Though she couldn't tell what was happening on the inside, thanks to having relatively normal vision when it came to far away objects, an idea popped up in her mind.

And it made her smile ever so slightly.

They had betrayed her, they had left her to the feral beings upon this planet in some likely hope that her growth would allow for the quick convenience of collecting some resources while the plentiful of creatures tried their hand at forcing a firework show out of her. Considering the amount of red she was seeing despite her *ninety* degrees of freedom soon turning to *forty five*, she was guessing that this turn of events was sudden, even for them, as though she wasn't meant to had have gotten to such a place in so short of a time; as though her existence was now becoming enough of an annoyance that even the directors were having a hard time holding their men and women back from such a panicky state.

And thanks to this planet, she was able to breathe, even while she had been pushed out enough that she's beyond the exosphere- With each huff, she breathed out the same particles, with each wobble, the planet found itself closer to collapsing. What if and this was merely hypothetical-

She took away the one thing everyone had been working so hard to colonize? Wasn't like she had much of a choice in that matter, considering how intimate her thighs were with her moon sized wobbling bell ringing the very alarms that she could barely see- But considering the circumstances and how much stress she was put through all because they couldn't bother as to recruit more death row inmates?

This would do, because even despite the waves of flab encroaching her, even despite everything becoming darker and darker as ass, breast and beyond came to take her to space and likely beyond, even *despite* knowing her reputation as a scientist was ruined-

At least she could build a new one as the next planetary body of this solar system she would soon call home.

