

The Sumo Showcase

By Plokishmok3

Leo pressed his back up against the wall, holding his katanas at the ready as he listened intently. The drip of water from rusty pipes echoed through the endless array of caverns that comprised the often forgotten sewer system beneath the bustling city above. Leo heard a faint splash around the corner, prompting the turtle to jump out only to find the tunnel before him as empty as the rest: was someone messing with him? Maybe one of his brothers pulling a prank on his way back from a quick patrol mission on the surface? Still, he just couldn't shake the feeling that someone was following him; watching him.

Leo scrunched his stubby toes, grinding the white straps around his blocky feet and ankles into the concrete as he held his battle stance, ready for anything and everything that could suddenly jump out at him... A loud squeak caused Leo to whip back around, eyes white with focused aggression, only to freeze upon seeing a small rat crawling along a cracked edge of concrete along the sidewall. Leo sighed and relaxed slightly, rubbing his temples. He needed to get more sleep.

Weeks of three-hour naps in the middle of the night between his meditations and war strategy books were leaving him more antsy, anxious, and paranoid than normal. Then again, while using the excuse that those practices were preparing him for his and his brothers' inevitable showdown with the Purple Dragons and Shredder, his marathon of the third season of Space Heroes last night had no such built-in justification. The turtle should be taking his "nights off" to catch up on some much-needed rest; rotting his brain with television was probably not the best course of action...

"Neither was letting your guard down, old friend..." a loud, bombastic voice echoed in Leo's ear.

"Hey, who are...?" Leo started to say as he spun but had to shield his eyes as an explosion of purple and pink smoke engulfed the turtle. Leo coughed and sputtered, trying to get his bearings as the smoke blotted out the dim light filtering down from above. A deep, maniacal cackled echoed about the turtle, seemingly arising from everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

"Show yourself, you fiend!" Leo shouted, raising his Kanatas and spinning in circles, trying to locate the source of the mocking laugh.

"Tsk, ts, tsk," the voice teased. "That's no way to treat your trans-dimensional host, especially one as fun-loving as ME!" Slowly, the smoke began to clear and Leo realized that he was no longer in the sewers. He was surrounded by a void of black that stretched further than his eyes could make on the horizon in all directions. The inky blackness was disorientating, causing the turtle to stumble about

aimlessly before a small blue light materialized before him. The ball of plasma warped and swirled, captivating Leo for a second before a set of eyes and mouth appeared and the ball began to... laugh. Leo collected himself and readied his katanas as the ball gyrated and morphed before exploding forth with a blaze of light. Leo shielded his eyes before lowering them to find a familiar creature standing before him.

“Long time no see, my little reptilian friend,” the disproportioned being said, its large, blue mouth curling into a broad grin that seemed to extend past the edges of its wrinkled wart-covered face: The Wyrms. The cosmic chaos entity stared at the turtle with its large purple eyes, almost condescendingly so while crossing its arms over its comparably undersized green suited torso and leaning on its blue and yellow tentacle tail; a mockingly casual stance.

“What have you done?!” Leo shouted, lunging towards the chaos genie but suddenly found himself frozen in place mid-stride, unable to move a muscle as the assailant just cackled.

“Oh that is rich,” the Wyrms chortled, wiping a comically large tear from its eye before flicking it away. “You think it’d be that easy to beat me after last time? I’ve spent more than my fair share of time in that Hypercube with nothing to do but plot out to stop you in your tracks and it turns out it’s really easy. Almost too easy...” The Wyrms said, tapping his foot impatiently as he held his chin, contemplating. “In fact, I’m bored by this whole affair, just as I had predicted. Luckily, I’ve got MUCH bigger plans for you!” The Wyrms snapped his fingers and suddenly the katanas in Leo’s hands disintegrated into dust and flitted away into the nothingness. Then, a large set of metallic bars arose from the apparent floor, forming a fortified cage around the turtle as the chaos demon’s grip on the reptile subsided. Leo fell forward, stumbling against the iron-clad bars, momentarily tugging on them only to realize they were impenetrable; likely made from some unnatural material only known to the Wyrms himself.

“Don’t worry, you won’t be alone,” the Wyrms grinned, snapping his fingers again as a second cage arose from the ground beside him.

“You better not doing anything to my brothers!” Leo cried.

“Oh don’t worry, your brothers are safe for now,” the Wyrms said. “Then again, if you were Leo from Dimension #1228IE, that’d be a different story.” The chaos genie snapped his fingers again and a puff of purple and pink smoke appeared in the other cage.

“... What the, what happened? Mikey did you touch something...?!” a voice echoed out from the smoke, one that sounded familiar in its gruff, aggressive tone yet seemed ever so slightly off. As the smoke cleared, Leo’s eyes went wide as another turtle appeared, one donning a familiar red mask over his face, though everything else appeared different.

“What the...? What is this?” the turtle said, spinning around as he noticed the metallic bars locking him in place.

“Raph?” Leo called as the turtle spun around towards him. The reptile stood a few inches taller than Leo and sported a large square jaw with a slight scar over his left eye. While Leo recognized the sais strapped to the other turtle’s belt, the leather straps along his elbows, wrists, and knees were more green and rounded as opposed to the serrated brown protective pads around Leo’s own joints.

“Yeah,” the turtle said. “How’d you know that. Wait a minute, are you...?”

“Raph #1228IE meet Leo #4456GN and vice versa,” the Wyrms said, momentarily disappearing and reappearing inside of Raph’s cage, wrapping a causal arm around his shoulder.

“What the hell, what are you?!” Raph grunted, tossing the chaos genie’s arm off him and whipping around to confront the beast. Raph lunged forward only for the Wyrms to phase shift through the bars as Raph stabbed forward. As the turtle’s hands jammed through the bars, the Wyrms maneuvered two of the tendrils growing out of his head to wrap around Raph’s wrists, immobilizing them as his sais disintegrated in his hands. “What the hell...?”

“Tsk tsk tsk, while those might have helped you out fighting with or for Batman or whatever you were doing, I think it’s time to put an end to your little playtime. Wouldn’t want someone’s eye getting poked out now would we, not when we have so much excitement to prepare for!”

“What are you planning, Wyrms?” Leo called.

“You know this creep?” Raph asked.

“Long story,” Leo said.

“Good, I don’t want to hear it,” Raph said, turning his attention back to chaos genie as the inky blackness around them began to shift. The floor rumbled before a large game show studio materialized around them. Their cages were centered at the bottom of a makeshift amphitheater that despite the bright flashing lights and yellow, red, and orange-colored paneling, was empty. The sound of a lively band echoed about them as the Wyrms popped back into existence holding a thin microphone in his hand as he sauntered along the front of the staging area where large monitors flashed with casino-style vibrancy.

“Let’s welcome our two contestants as they join us to play...” the Wyrms excitedly announced.

“Boomo Sumo,” the invisible studio audience cheered as the chaos genie gave an ingenuine game show host smile and chortle.

“What?” Raph snarled angrily.

“You don’t like the name? Should we make it a bit more enticing?” the Wyrms asked, snapping his fingers as the lettering about the studio set up shifted.

“Welcome,” the Wyrm repeated, “to our two contestants as they join us to play...”

“ULTRA MEGA SUPER SUMO CHALLENGE EXPLOSION BONANZA!” the studio audience cheered.

“I’ve got to hand it to you, my turtle friend, I think that pops more,” the Wyrm acknowledged.

“WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!” Raph barked.

“Well, since you turtles have been such a thorn in my side for so long, I thought it’d be fun, you know, to pass the time, to take you down a few pegs.”

“What do you mean?” Leo asked, trying to remain calm even as his heart pounded nervously in his chest.

“You turtles pride yourselves on your ninjutsu and martial arts skills, but that’s such a narrow metric in which to base your identities. So bland and stale.”

“Ew, gross,” the invisible studio audience groaned as the Wyrm made a fake gagging motion.

“So,” the chaos genie continued, “I figured what better way to test your coveted skills than to switch things up: let’s give sumo wrestling a chance.

“Sumo wrestling?” Raph asked incredulously.

“Yes, sumo wrestling. You two will fight for my and this wonderful audience’s amusement.” The Wyrm raised his arms and flicked his hands encouraging the cheers from the empty stands. “If I am sufficiently satisfied, the winner will be sent back to their home dimension with all the beneficial accommodations my limitless powers can afford, while the loser... well let’s just say the loser will be sent back home with a bit less of their dignity.” The Wyrm winked before snapping his fingers again.

The bars around Leo and Raph’s cages vanished as the staging area warped, forming a pair of competitive zones for the pair separated by a series of seemingly electrocuted pylons. Modified versions of their home lairs appeared around them complete with nods to the underground sewer décor they were used to as well as a kitchen, dining room, and small living room space. They both stood behind an island in the kitchen and both heard a soft clang behind them, whipping around to see large buffet carts lining the central edges of each competitive zone. Thick clouds of steam arose from the trays of food, tickling the turtles’ noses with the sweet aromas of sweet and sour chicken, mac and cheese, slow-cooked BBQ ribs, and more.

“What’s all this for?” Raph asked.

“Well, you can’t have a pair of skinny sumo wrestlers now can you?”

“What, you’re expecting us to just stuff our faces, fatten up, and wrestle for your amusement?” Raph asked, crossing his arms defiantly over his chest.

“Well, kind of yeah,” the Wyrms said frankly. “In fact, I’ll help you get started!” The Wyrms snapped his fingers again, and after a momentary pause, both Leo and Raph felt something.... strange. A sense of pressure welled up inside of the turtles, first in the pits of their stomachs but then the sensation spread and became more superficial like it was pressing up against the underside of their skin. The force steadily intensified before suddenly stagnating, replaced but a second strange sensation: the sensation of stretch.

Leo held up his hands, prompting his eyes to bug open. The change was subtle but he could see his fingers thickening, the creases of his knuckles growing more pronounced as the digits grew broader. The padding of his palm thickened while the edges of his fingers pressed closer and closer together with added flesh. A thick crease of pudge formed along the junction of his wrist and the back of his palm, as the straps around his wrists started to feel tight as indicated by the soft green glimpses of his skin poking through the wrappings; was that... fat? Leo watched aghast as his forearms broadened along with his upper arms, though instead of extra muscle to supplement the toned nature of his well-practiced biceps, triceps, and deltoids, that definition faded as a blanketing layer of pudge emerged.

Leo frantically examined his upper limbs, twisting and turning them as their softer exterior grew more erratic, jostling and sloshing despite the turtle’s best efforts to keep his muscles flexed and taut; he had no control over the soft adipose. Leo noticed a rising presence in the bottom of his vision, taking a moment to realize that he was starting to see the bottom of his cheeks as they expanded out the sides of his face, making his jaw feel heavy as the added pressure on his lips forced their corners together, forming a set of dimples and impose a pursed nature to his resting expression. Turning his attention lower, the blue-banded turtle could feel a soft pocket of fat compress beneath his chin as he saw his pectorals soften at the edges before bulging forth, the flesh pressing around the straps across his torso.

Leo felt the presence of subtle pinching along his sides as he saw his stomach begin to round out of his frame, the edges forming a set of love handles that stretched and compressed like an accordion as he twisted and turned to get a true sense of his broadening back, bulging sides, and protruding gut. A growing sense of weight pressed down on his lower joints as pudge from his thickening thighs drooped down to accompany his softer and softer calves to compress his knees and form a set of thick cankles that struggled to break free of his ankle straps. There was no denying the fact that he was rapidly packing on weight, as was his fellow prisoner.

Leo glanced over towards Raph and was shocked to see just how ruined the once beefy turtle had been only a few seconds ago. Sure, Raph still sported a burly physique, but those thick, ropey muscles had been blanketed in fat transforming in the blink of an eye into a set of pillowy arms that hugged his softer sides, forming compressions in the set of moobs that now jutted out of his chest. His softening chest

slopped down his figure joining the rapidly multiplying creases of folds of adipose along his sides. A large, beach ball-sized belly now jutted out of his middle, accompanied by a set of thunder thighs that pressed against each other. They added to the newfound curvaceous nature of his softer hips along with his current bouldered calves. His square jaw had rounded as a pair of jostling chins lined his neck and sloped up the sides of his pudgier face to form a subtle set of jowls, softening the gruff contours of his jawline. Leo noted that the belt around Raph's waist was starting to show signs of stretching, forming a divot in the pudge rounding out of the red-banded turtle's middle while small micro-tears were appearing along the worn regions of the struggling leather material.

Eventually, the sensation of stretch began to fade, leaving Leo and Raph, over just a few minutes, sporting an extra 200 to 250 pounds on their frames, soft blubbery weighing on their joints, stretching their straps, and pressing down on their chests, coaxing their resting breathes into a more laborious wheeze.

"Hmmm, looking much better," the Wyrms cackled.

"What have you done!?" Raph shouted, though his voice sounded slightly muddled, likely from the added pressure of his flabbier face on his maw and the soft pressure of pudge around his neck and vocal cords.

"Is it not obvious?" the chaos genie asked condescendingly. "Whoever heard of a skinny sumo wrestler? At least you two look closer to the part, but something still seems to be missing..." The Wyrms held up his fingers in a square and examined the two blubbery turtles before him. "I don't know folks," the Wyrms directed to the audience. "Do you think these two are ready yet?"

"No!" the collective shout from the ethereal audience echoed.

"I agree, if we are to have a monumentous sumo battle we need to have equally monumentous contestants!"

"What, you're going to fatten us up even more?" Leo shouted.

"No, that wouldn't be much fun now would it? If you keep doing the same thing over and over again you lose the audience's attention; the sense of spectacle. No, I've done my part, now it's time for you two to pull your weight around here; I can't do all the work!"

"You expect us to fatten ourselves up then?" Raph said, crossing his flabby arms over his chest, causing the appendages to splay and appear even larger and softer.

"Yes, that would be ideal," the Wyrms confirmed.

"Well, it ain't happening you snaggle-toothed freak!"

“Oooooooooo,” the audience murmured, prompting the Wyrm, not liking being the center of the ire from his own manifested peanut gallery turned angrily back to Raph.

“Oh, it’ll happen,” the Wyrm grinned manically. “You two just need some convincing. Now let’s see here...” The Wyrm snapped his fingers and suddenly a comically large textbook manifested in the air before him: *Anatomy and Neurobiology of the Earthian Mutant Turtle*. “The proscapular process... the cranial nerves... the foramen magnum... the hypothalamic and surrounding nuclei... ah yes here we go: the olfactory area. Let’s just do a little tweaking here...” The Wyrm snapped his fingers and Leo suddenly felt a small twinge in his brain. A moment later, his nose twitched as a sudden wave of aromas washed into his nostrils. It was as if the smells of the food wafting from the buffet station to his side had amplified: the sweet scents of powdered sugar on the éclair buns were even sweeter, the oily aromas of the fried chicken and pork strips even more enticing, the savoriness of the thick flank and sirloin steaks more heartwarming...

“Let’s boost those connections to your hunger control centers...” The Wyrm continued. Leo, seemingly instinctively, tilted his nose to the sky and turned his attention to the food as a pang of hunger rocked his stomach. He smacked his lips as he felt a sudden urge to rush over and... Leo shook his head. He needed to fight this! He had to fight the Wyrm’s manipulative, ethereal fingers on his mind. He needed to...

EAT, Leo suddenly thought, the word bursting forth through the chaotic haze in his mind. No, he had to resist and...

EAT...

Leo clutched his head while Raph anchored himself on the island by his station, panting loudly as he tried to muster up the will to resist the urge to...

CONSUME...

“Hmmm let’s ramp this up,” the Wyrm said, snapping his fingers again. “Oh oops did I just turn off those satiation centers? Hope that doesn’t prompt you two to...”

BINGE...

GORGE...

A wave of ravenous energy overcame Leo. He just felt so hungry, a visceral urge that rivaled his inherent compulsion to breathe and blink. Each rush of air through his nose added to the complexity of alluring smells. Each droplet of drool forming in the corners of his mouth reinforced the priming of his body to quit delaying and simply...

EAT!

Leo heard a rumble to his side and turned to see, to his dismay, Raph shuffling over to the buffet station, his belly slapping against the top of his jostling thighs as he reached forward for a plate with his chunky hands. Leo watched as his trans-dimensional brother began to load up his plate with a half dozen fried pork chops, slathering them in scrumptious gravy, before adding a heaping scoop of warm, buttery potatoes and... Leo's tongue lulled out the side of his mouth; the sight of the glorious morsels pushed him over the edge.

CONSUME...

EAT...

GORGE!

Leo lumbered towards his buffet station, not paying attention to the swaying of his hips as his chubbier legs naturally devolved to a shuffling waddle to accommodate the added mass and hindering volume of pudge caked to his frame. He ignored the compression of his multiple chins against his neck as he tossed a pair of loaded chimichangas onto a plate before scooping thick, bacon-infused baked beans over the top. He ripped off half a large pepperoni pizza and balanced it on the vacant edge of his plate before grabbing a second plate, loading it up with a smattering of juicy teriyaki chicken and beef, garlic bread, loaded nachos, sweat and sour chicken, and pulled pork sliders. Leo waddled back to the kitchen island, stuffing half a chimichanga into his maw, adding to the chorus of chewing smacks and slurps that were coming from the station beyond the pylon dividers as Raph found himself already wrist deep into his mashed potatoes, disregarding any utensils as he simply grabbed handfuls of food with his greasy hands.

The chorus of the cheering crowd egged on their insatiable appetites, encouraging each audible swallow of oil-soaked breads and fried potato starches, each over-stuffed cheekful of greasy meats, and all guzzling slurps of errant sauce. The two turtles gorged, shuffling back and forth from the buffet station to the island to indulge in their caloric morsels, though steadily that shuffling shifted to more waddling. Those endless calories seemed to digest almost instantly in their bellies, leaving them empty and wanting while said excess nourishment quickly worked its way through their systems, suckled up by the awaiting swollen fat cells blanketing their entire frames.

Their plodding steps turned to stomps as dozens upon dozens of pounds added to their bulging bellies. Fat continued to sag over their knees and expanded the girth of their once lithe calves. Added pudge caused their former strong pecs to balloon into melon-sized moobs that weighed on their lungs, leaving them wheezing even between voracious bites. They barely noticed the added pressure on their straining protective gear, especially as their softening bulks became too much as one by one their elbow

and knee straps pinged off their frames. The torn straps ricocheted into the audience stands and towards the Wyrms at the front of the room, prompting the cackling chaos genie to duck and weave about the game show stage. The supportive bandages around their wrists and ankles tore and shredded in tune with the smacks of their greasy lips, falling in tatters along the floor, marking the path between the buffet station and kitchen island until simply accumulating around the buffet station as the two did away with the last remnants of decorum and simply reached into the food vats and stuffed their faces directly.

The sounds of wet snorts and swallows echoed even above the crowd's cheers as the audience wooed and shouted about each of Leo and Raph's drooping bellies that pressed up against the edge of the buffet station as they leaned for each scrap and morsel of food before the rounded mounds of pudges drooped down between their tree trunk-sized thighs. Eventually, the duo managed to lap up every scrap of teriyaki meat and each droplet of sauce contained in each vat along the row, the hundreds of thousands of calories once contained within which were now caked to their obese frames.

Raph and Leo were left wanting and panting as they attempted to catch their breaths as they steadily came back to their senses out of their feeding frenzy.

"What the... what happened...?" Raph blubbered, clutching his head and smearing gravy across the side of his forehead, matching the smear of sauces that coated the edges of his cheeks and lips.

"So... heavy..." Leo groaned as he tried to straighten up, the weight of his torso slapping against his thighs as he attempted to steady himself.

"Ah, you two look perfect!" the Wyrms said, floating over to the two with his hands clasped by the sides of his face in a proud sense of accomplishment.

"I'm gonna pummel you!" Raph blubbered, attempting to lunge towards the Wyrms, but his movements were slow and predictable. The chaos genie merely floated a few inches out of the way of the turtle's grabbing, bloated hands and laughed at the turtle's pathetic futile attempts.

"Uh uh ah..." The Wyrms wagged his finger. "I'm not the one you'll be fighting." The chaos genie snapped his fingers and suddenly the buffet stations and kitchen set up vanished. Both Leo and Raph held out their arms to steady themselves as the floor beneath them began to shift and move. The two turtles rotated away from each other, each sent to opposite sides of the ethereal room. The floor then brought them towards each other before stopping when they were about fifteen feet apart. A large white ring appeared on the floor as the audience stage warped around them, forming a makeshift amphitheater with the two near-immobile turtles in the center. The Wyrms appeared between them, now dressed in a black and white referee uniform.

“Now to just complete the look,” the Wyrms said, snapping his fingers. Leo saw a shimmer in the air around Raph as a large white belt-like garment appeared around the turtle’s waist: a mawashi. Leo tried to glance down to see if one appeared around him but he couldn’t see over the bulge of his chipmunk cheeks nor would it have mattered as his two-foot gut and bulging sides preventing any view of his lower half. Still, Leo noted the sudden cinching of fabric around his broad waist as a mawashi form-fitted beneath the thick, sweaty crease of his drooping belly and settled between a pair of thick fat folds along his sides and back.

“Much better, now let’s get ready to rumble!” The Wyrms said, grabbing an aerial microphone that descended from the ceiling. “Wait, that’s for normal wrestling, isn’t it? Well, it doesn’t matter, it’s showtime! Remember, the winner gets the luxury of being sent back to their home dimensions with the grace and glory they deserve while the loser will get sent home in a state of humiliation and indecency that they too will deserve.” The Wyrms smirked. “Without further ado, let the Ultra Mega Super Sumo Challenge Explosion Bonanza commence!” The sounds of the crowd cheering echoed about the two turtles as Leo turned towards Raph.

“I don’t want to fight you,” Leo said. “We don’t have to play by his rules, we can...” To Leo’s shock, Raph shuffled his feet and hunched over, getting into as much of a power stance as his obese frame would allow. “What are you doing?”

“I, *grunt,” Raph blubbered. “I need to get back home, back to my brothers, dude. I can’t leave them alone, they need me.” Leo started to get into position as well, matching Raph’s stance “Whatever this weirdo freak has done is messed up,” the red-banded turtle continued, realigning his hand on the ground and bending his knees into a spring-loaded position, “but I’ll take any chance I can get to get back home to the way things were before.

“You think I don’t want to get back too? There’s got to be a better way...” Leo said.

“Sorry, dude,” Raph said. “I’m not going to go easy.” Leo sighed.

“Neither will I.” Leo narrowed his eyes.

“Oooo, finally some drama between our contestants!” the Wyrms said, amping up the crowd. “Now, contestants, on my mark, fight for your family, honor, and...” The Wyrms snapped his fingers and a large golden throne appeared along the edge of the ringed course. “...MY amusement!” Leo clenched his hands into the dirt floor waiting with bated breath until he heard the...

**GONG*

Raph exploded forward before Leo had time to react, the lumbering mass of turtle pudge rapidly building up a momentum that Leo only had a split second to prepare for. Leo kept his body low and at the

last second launched himself up at an angle, pressing up against the underside of Raph's bulging belly and redirecting the momentous weight to the side. Raph, stumbled as he tried to slow himself, throwing his tree-trunk arms out to the side. Leo tried to take the opportunity to push Raph out of the ring, to end the nightmare, but the red-banded turtle quickly whipped around, swinging his gut and slamming the blubbery mass into Leo's side, causing the blue-banded turtle to falter from his slower reaction time. The impact caused Leo's entire torso to jostle and shake, giving Raph just enough time to reset his stance.

After a brief pause, the two turtles lunged at each other. Leo reached with his arms extended to push Raph back at the apex of his doughy shoulders but as Raph had a few inches on him, his larger arms were able to wrap around Leo's bulging shoulder blades, pulling him in for a bear hug, locking their motions in place. Raph tried to use his greater underlying strength to toss Leo to the side, but the hundreds of excess pounds draping off Leo's frame were still too much for Raph to handle; he wasn't about to perform the heaviest deadlift of his life in the middle of combat with his layers of pudge cascading off his own back and hips.

Leo jolted his torso back and forth, steadily wriggling free as Raph's grip slipped through the sweaty, malleable folds along Leo's back. Raph tried to grab onto one of Leo's thick love handles but the blue-banded turtle simply lowered his body and wrapped his arms around one of Raph's thick thighs. Though the turtle flesh smothered Leo's already pudge-smothered face, he focused his motion on pulling up on the supportive appendage, attempting to flip Raph onto his back. Raph, meanwhile, took the opportunity to simply fall forward, splaying his hefty gut across Leo's back and forcing the turtle to the ground. Raph, thinking he had his opponent pinned simply fell forward, to anchor Leo to the ground and secure his victory, but to his surprise, Leo rolled to the side, his body sloshing like a large partially deflated rubber tire.

Raph tried to catch himself, but his center of gravity was already too far forward. He didn't have time to slip his meaty leg beneath him and was sent tumbling forward onto the dirt. He felt his frame bounce slightly, causing him to ricochet to the side for a moment unexpectedly. He stuck an arm out to balance himself, but he was already too far gone, tilting up along his side before teetering backward onto his back. A wave of adipose sloshed back into his face, momentarily smothering himself with his own belly fat before the glare from the ethereal light above blinded him, that was until it was suddenly blacked out.

Raph's jaw dropped in horror as he stared up at Leo looming over him. Raph tried to squirm out of the way, but his shell was wedged in place by the drooping fat of his sides following the siren call of gravity. He let out a soft grunt that was immediately muffled as Leo dove on top of Raph, his cascading folds splaying across his frame with an additional near quadruple-digit pounds of extra weight. The mass

ripped the air from Raph's lungs and forcibly splayed his arms out to the side, furthering immobilizing him. He struggled against the flab but after a few seconds it was clear; he was pinned. He had lost.

The bell echoed again, signifying the round had officially ended. Though Raph's vision was obscured by turtle blubber, he could feel the subtle vibration of approaching footsteps, a characteristic cackle emanating through the fat folds, and then the sharp crack of snapping fingers.

Suddenly, the world went dark around Raph as Leo, the Wyrms, and the ethereal studio disappeared. Though there was no wind against his back he could feel the rushing passage of space and time about his being, a sense of cosmic travel before he saw a bright light approaching in the distant blackness. The light grew brighter and brighter before enveloping his entire vision, forcing the turtle to shield his eyes as the white glow consumed him. Then... there was silence.

Raph slowly lowered his arms and as his eyes adjusted he saw the familiar sight of concrete, old subway turnstiles, and outdated television flickering along the sidewall: the lair! He was back home! He let out a sigh of relief. He was back home, safe and sound as if nothing had happened, like some sort of bad dream and... Raph went to stand up but felt something holding him back. He glanced down and in horror saw the large apron of a gut still jutting out of his middle. It splayed over his lounging frame on the old, ragged couch, warping over his thunderous thighs and even dangling down the edge of the couch towards the floor.

Wait... no... NO! Raph tried to wedge himself up but felt his back almost suctioning to the couch with sweat and grease. Large piles of empty pizza boxes and soda bottles littered the floor around the turtle. A rumbling belch echoed up from his throat where the lingering taste of pepperoni and Mountain Dew re-invigorating his taste buds, prompting his belly to audibly rumble. Wait, when had he eaten pizza and drank soda. This couldn't be happening... *This wasn't real, this wasn't him!*

"I know, I know, Raphael. I'll order you more pizza once I'm finished consulting your brothers on the cellular phone device... Now how do I turn the volume up on this thing..." a voice called from the other room: Splinter. Wait, why was Splinter calling his brothers? Were they not here...? Raph clutched his head a sharp pang in his brain rippled down his spine. Suddenly, new memories seemed to emerge in his mind. The memory of his brothers heading off to the track down Splinter as he moved his operation to the city of Gotham. But why would they leave him behind...?

Of course, they would, a sudden rationalization emerged in Raph's head. Wait that didn't make sense, did it?

Of course, it did. Why would he go out on missions in his current state? He was too fat to move, but maybe if he trained and lost weight he could join them on their exciting adventure instead of being left at home, alone to wallow in his own blubbery and filth... again.

But that would never happen, besides, it wasn't like he'd be of any use if he did lose weight. He wasn't a trained ninja. Yes, he was, wasn't he? He was a master of the sa... S.... What were they called again? Sais? Why was he struggling to remember what his weapon of choice was...?

Because he had always been the fat lard ball of the group. He had always gorged himself on all the scraps and morsels of food he could even way back when he and his brothers were just small turtle tots. Raph clutched his head again. No, that couldn't be right, he remembered long training sessions where he had *GAMED ALL DAY WHILE HIS BROTHERS PRACTICE THEIR AGILITY AND HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.* He had always been so out of shape, so lazy, and uncoordinated. Donnie had said there was something off about his mutation that left him physically incompetent compared to his brothers and Splinter had long since abandoned trying to train him in the art of ninjitsu. It was far easier to let Raph laze on the couch than put up with that impossible challenge.

Memories of his brothers always going topside on cool ninja missions while he was left home to watch old ninjitsu movies to try and relate to his brother's real-life adventures flood his mind. Sure, they always brought him back extra pizza and goodies, but he still felt left out; inadequate. It didn't help as his brothers grew stronger and more agile, his body continued to soften up, requiring his brother's help to move about the lair until he ended up in his near-permanent spot on the couch, relying on his brothers, and now just Splinter, to take care of him; the burden, the afterthought, the big, both literally and figuratively, disappointment. Sponge baths and food deliveries were his days, humiliation and indignities that had defined his entire life now and would in the future... forever...

As a sense of newfound clarity regarding his life settled in his mind, Raph focused back on the movie marathon blaring on the television, looking forward to the new pepperoni pies that Splinter would bring him soon, all while a soft, nearly imperceptible cackle echoed in the ethereal space behind him...

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...Leo glanced up as the bell rung and the Wyrms slowly approached him, a malevolent grin on his face.

"Well," the chaos genie cackled, "it looks like we have our winner!" Before Leo could open his mouth in response the Wyrms snapped his fingers and suddenly everything vanished, leaving Leo in utter blackness. He could feel himself rushing forward though at the same time not moving at all, traveling

through a dimensional plane his brain and senses hadn't evolved to comprehend before a flash of light blinded his gaze.

Steadily, his eyes readjusted and he found himself sat on a familiar couch. He twitched his arms which were splayed out on the concrete floor that the couch was inset into, staring at the television and the Space Heroes episode that was flashing on the screen. He was home. He was back in the lair. Was everything back to normal...?

"Yo, Leo, we got the grub!" an upbeat voice called from behind Leo. He craned his neck to see Mikey, Raphael, and Donnie sauntering through the once abandoned subway turnstiles each carrying several large boxes of pizza in their hands and large smiles on their faces.

"Oh?" Leo muttered as his brothers took up refuge around the living room area. Mikey hopped down on the couch next to Leo and placed a stack of four pizza boxes between them.

"Yeah, remember the Liquidation Sale that Territinos on 7<sup>th</sup> Street was having because they're going out of business?"

"RIP," Raph muttered.

"And today a legend dies..." Donnie said dramatically, pulling out a slice and holding it up like a Shakespearean skull. "Whelp, guess we'll just have to go to the Territinos on 9<sup>th</sup> Street now."

"Their sauce isn't as good as the 7<sup>th</sup> Street one though," Mikey said through a half mouthful of pizza, pointing the half-bitten of a slice of which towards Donnie for emphasis before turning his head back to Leo. "Hey, what's wrong? Not going to eat, Big Guy?"

"Big Guy?" Leo muttered.

"Yeah, Big Guy," Mikey chortled, reaching over and giving Leo's stomach a poke. Wait, stomach? Leo glanced down and his eyes bugged open as he saw a massive gut jutting out of his torso and resting in his lap. Wait, he had won, weren't things supposed to go back to normal?

"Leo, not hungry? That's a first," Raph teased, though his tone contained no malice. "You okay there?"

"Uh, yeah," Leo said, still confused though a bubbling in the back of his mind began to shed some clarity on the situation. It felt like memories were being unearthed from the deep recesses of his brain.

He'd always been a hungry turtle... Memories of sneaking out of bed and stealing extra chips and pizza slices in the fridge. Sure, those extra calories had led to him being the chubby brother growing up, but that had somehow been to his benefit because his brothers always envied his...

"Dude, you've got to eat if you're going to maintain your figure," Mikey said, pressing a slice of pizza to Leo's face.

A memory of Donnie, even as a tot, informing Splinter and the rest of them that extra weight and thus warmth was actually a good thing for turtles. They were cold-blooded after all and it was critical to have that extra warmth to survive in the cold sewers even during the summer. Due to his specific mutation, Leo had always had a larger appetite and metabolism than his brothers, prompting him to pack on more weight. He had better tolerate the various harsh winters they had experienced as tots, his brothers snuggling up against his soft belly for warmth, or being the one to make, granted slow, trips to the surface to grab food while they huddled in blankets. He had taken care of them because of his softness and they had admired that, even wanted to emulate it, but they just never could quite catch up to his impressive bulk...

“You might end up catching up with him one of these days,” Donnie joked. Leo suddenly noticed a second chin beneath his purple-banded brother’s chin; had Donnie’s face always looked that soft? Had Raph always had that subtle droop over the edge of his elbow. Had Mikey always had those pairs of love handles along his sides to compliment the soft paunch growing out of his own middle? In one second, part of Leo felt like they hadn’t, but the next second it just seemed normal; a new normal.

They had always been on the softer side growing up as a means of survival. Ample appetites appeased with junk food to promote calories and adipose with Leo being their pudgy leader; a figure to emulate and admire. His girth was his greatest attribute and it was almost his duty to maintain it, to maintain the hope and admiration his brothers had for him; to keep the family happy and cohesive.

Leo opened one of the pizza boxes, grabbed a pair of bacon and red pepper slices, folded them on top of each other, and stuffed them into his maw, feeling a sense of greed and appetitive hunger wash over him.

“Ha, that’s more like it,” Mikey said, giving Leo’s doughy shoulder a hardy pat before the brothers turned their attention back to the Space Heroes episode, the blare of the television masking the soft cackle of a disembodied voice as it faded into the cosmic void, plotting his next ploy for blubbery entertainment.