

Alpha Mikey: The New Blubbery Normal

By Plokishmok3

“This is as fast as you can go...?” Mikey teased with a smirk, giving Raph a quick bump from behind to prompt him to shuffle closer to the full-body mirror in the corner of Raph’s room. For years, Raph had always vainly indulged in admiring his reflection, tracking his gains as he put more and more time into the gym. That was all a distant memory now; so much had changed in just the last year.

“Come on now! Pick up the pace, BIG guy...” Mikey coaxed, giving Raph’s rump a hardy slap, strong enough to cause the turtle to lurch forward as the massive mound of lard that was his left butt cheek sloshed back and forth. In some ways, it was impressive that Mikey could move Raph’s newfound bulk in any meaningful capacity, as Raph himself, judging by his heavy-winded breaths and slow, waddling gait, was having difficulty doing that on his own. Then again, Raph might not have even been the biggest turtle in the room.

Mikey loomed over Raph from behind, easily standing two feet taller than his red-banded bro with wide, boulder-like shoulders that were far larger than Raph had ever developed when he had still been the dedicated gym rat not too long ago. Those striated deltoids were bigger than Raph’s head, including the pair of melon-sized cheeks that jutted out either side of his face. Mikey’s chest was even wider than Raph’s triple-wide hips, and even Mikey’s arms, comprised of rock-hard, vascular biceps and corded triceps, were bulkier than Raph’s pillowy bingo wings. Mikey had grown into the towering Adonis of bulk and muscle seemingly overnight all while Raph let himself go, accumulating more and more flabby, sweaty, gelatinous bulk: fat.

As Raph huffed as he came to a slow shuffling stop in front of the mirror where he could see the true extent of his body’s decline, well, expansion. He could see the weighty mass of pure adipose not just caked to his frame but hanging off it, with gravity doing its best job to pull down those layers upon layers of lard-incarnate to the floor, pulling the rest of Raph’s body with it. The 650 lbs of jostling weight felt even heavier by the day Raph’s underlying muscles continued to atrophy, melting like butter in the blanketing oven that was his personal stockpile of turtle blubber. Raph blushed as he stared at the chipmunk mounds bulging out of the side of his face. His cheeks drooped down and settled against the thick ring of pudge that now occupied his neck, said pudge having long since buried any signs of his defined sternocleidomastoid muscles swooping around in the front or the layers of his lats rising to the base of his

skull. His soft shoulders and bulbous chest too had joined forces in burying his once prominent clavicular line.

“Come on,” Mikey’s deep voice boomed with a hint of laughter. “Gives us a smile.” Raph hesitated before curling his lips up, the edges of which formed a pair of deep dimples before the overlying weight of his cheeks pushed them back down: his lips forcibly pursed together. A glutton’s smirk.

“Now, flex!” Mikey directed. Raph both knew and didn’t know what Mikey meant. He’d flexed hundreds if not thousands of times before in the mirror, having mastered all the standard and even novelty bodybuilder poses, but that was all when he had muscles to flex, muscles that were nowhere to be seen now.

“Go on,” Mikey encouraged, tapping the underside of Raph’s elbows, prompting him to lift them. “Let’s see your front double bicep form!” With a huff, Raph slowly raised his arms, initially with ease as his bones merely traveled through the sea of lard coating them, but as soon as he had to raise the lard itself, his muscles started to falter, to burn. His arms shook as he pulled the flabby bulk up, noting just how droopy his enormous bingo wings were and how especially closer to his shoulder, the flab never left his side, permanently wedged against his bulbous sides: he COULDN’T lift his arm high enough to keep the patches of weight independent. They had all begun to merge into a single amorphous mound of turtle fat.

Still, despite only lifting half of his arm-lard, Raph’s elbows began to wobble with waning effort. He was struggling, a losing battle he watched through the mirror. He watched his gelatinous form jostle as cascading ripples of adipose from such a simple movement made his entire body look like the surface of a pond in the middle of a heavy spring rainstorm. Try as he might to flex what little musculature he had remaining underneath all the blubber, there was no stopping the chaotic display of his soft exterior: he COULDN’T stop it even if he wanted to! It was at that moment that Raph released that his body had grown far beyond his range of control: he had become a passenger in his own blubbery body. Raph wheezed and though try as he might to keep them aloft, he could feel his arms slowly dropping back down: too heavy to lift for a second longer.

Mikey grabbed his bro’s left hand, fully engulfing Raph’s sausage fingers in his oversized palms, letting one of Raph’s arms flop back down to rest against his bloated, love-handle-riddled sides, and helping the doughy turtle keep the other up in the air, a feat that used to be so simple for the former gym rat but had turned into an impossible feat as of late: his arms were just so heavy... Even the passive movement made Raph’s chest heave harder as he felt beads of sweat starting to form on his brow. Posing was proving to be exhausting.

Every heavy, encumbered moment Raph stood on his bloated, splaying feet, feeling the weight of months of unhindered gluttony and gorging weighing down on his frame, was yet another reminder of just how far he had let himself go and how there was no going back. He could barely raise his arms over his head on his own without getting winded yet every day he continued to stuff his face, satisfying his needy tastebuds, voracious appetite, and demanding gut. Giving in only added to the blanketing sheets of pudge, the thickness of those folds, the heft of those cascading layers of lard were only getting heavier: meatier.

There was no losing weight at this point; there was no going back to the way things were. These flabby changes were permanent and Mikey, on occasion, liked to explicitly remind his former bully of a brother of that fact. That Raph's muscles grew increasingly useless by the day and no shred of his fit physique remained: no one would ever confuse him for an athlete or even a FORMER athlete.

Raph was a tub of lard. A soft gluttonous eating machine and nothing more. There was no need to be anything more.

A deep rumble erupted from Raph's middle, adding to the chorus of grunts escaping his wheezing mouth and the tensile snap of the fraying straps he insisted on still wearing.

"Oh, my," Mikey chuckled, reaching around Raph and giving his ample gut a heft, the momentum of which nearly sent the turtle tumbling forward. Raph instinctively reached up and grabbed Mikey's thick forearms for support. Calmly Mikey steadied Raph as the red-banded turtled looked up at Mikey smiling down at him: he needed Mikey. He was reliant on Mikey to keep his bulk in check and, well, appeased...

"*Bruuuuuuuuphff!" Raph had no time to stifle the loud belch that escaped his lips. Nor could he suppress the deep rumble emanating from his gut.

"You read for a snack, Big Guy?" Mikey asked, almost rhetorically: Raph was dependent on Mikey for the food he and his body so desperately craved.

"Yes, please..." Raph muttered. The request was affirmed by yet another hunger-induced belch escaping his gullet.

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"\*Urp, three... two... one... LIFT, \*belch!" Donnie called, initially sending the hand signal to Mikey only to realize that his right hand was stuffed deep inside a bag of sour cream and onion chips, prompting him to raise his other hand. Even then, raising his arm to give a close-fisted crank motion, like a call for a chorus of honks from a tractor-trailer brigade, was hard to visually decipher as the bloated turtle could barely raise his arm more than a few inches above the domed curvature of his massive gut while laying in

his supine position. Luckily for Donnie, Mikey's recent growth spurt allowed a sufficient vantage point from his towering height even from across the room.

Mikey repositioned his legs slightly wider than shoulder-width apart and gripped the thick rope dangling before him, making the massive carbon-reinforced fibers look more like twine in his massive mitts for hands. With a grunt, he pulled the rope to the floor, causing the chaotic mass of gears and pulleys lining the ceiling to creak and squeak.

Donnie too grunted, though not from an exertional effort like his brother but merely from his body lurching off the floor. It had taken a while to direct Mikey to assemble the massive sling beneath Donnie's bloated body and attach the tips to the intricate pully system, but all that effort, and logistical headache on Donnie's typically impatient part, seemed to be paying off. As the sling rose and the corners coalesced to a point above his torso, he felt his splaying love handles and back flab start to curl up, sloshing back in towards the core mass of adipose: his mountain of a gut.

As soon as Donnie's blubberty form left the floor, he felt the sling started to sway back and forth, the jerking rhythm of Mikey's pulling of the rope amplifying the sloshing rhythm of his flabby exterior, slowly amplifying into a lurching rock back and forth.

"Careful!" Donnie blubbered; his words muddled by the pursed nature of his lips against his watermelon-sized cheeks.

"Sorry!" Mikey called. Donnie tried to throw his arms out to grab something to steady his swaying but to no avail, both because he wasn't within reach of anything solid to grip and if there were something, his bloated fingers were nearly incapable of grabbing anything with fine-tuned control anymore; that and they were slick with grease, salt, and junk food crumbs. With his increasingly hefty diet, and corresponding lack of exercise, Donnie's once tall lanky frame had turned into a tall, bloated one, his joints overcome with blubber and his legs no longer able to support the bulbous mass that was the rest of his frame. While many would have simply accepted their apparent immobility lying down, Donnie had other plans: a return to mobility, in a way. The science way.

"Stop... stop... stop...!" Donnie shouted. The bag of chips balanced on his moobs flew off onto the lab floor with a loud crunch. "I'm elevated enough, just swing me over!" Mikey anchored the rope on the wall and took two long bounding strides over to Donnie, his heavy footsteps causing the delicate equipment scattered on the bench about the lab to jostle and clang. He grunted as he absorbed a massive swing of Donnie's half-ton bulk with his hulking arms and steadied the sling before twisting Donnie to the side and pushing the sling across the operational expanse, or whatever Donnie had called the area that he had made Mikey clear out: Mikey liked to think of it as the landing zone.

Yellow strips marked the journey as Mikey positioned Donnie over a large, cushioned seat resting on the ground. The purple plush lining looked almost like a futuristic lounge chair save for the fact it was nearly as wide as a California king-sized mattress with raised, reinforced sides making it look more like a bucket: a bucket to contain turtle flab.

“Okay, easy now,” Donnie cautioned as Mikey positioned Donnie over the reclined bed-chair before rushing to the rope again and slowly letting it loose, lowering his brother down. Donnie grunted as his boulder-sized butt cheeks touched down first before his broad back and broad doughy shoulders, the weight of his bulk returning as his flab began to splay and spill to the sides, at least until they reached the walls and sloshing up, forming a meniscus of adipose. The bed creaked loudly as Donnie’s flab settled into place, but once it became clear that it would hold, at least for now, a chubby-cheek grin emerged on his face.

“Okay, now to power this baby on!” Donnie positioned his arm onto the wide armrests which ran flush with the plush head support and tapped the large red button perfectly situated by his bloated index finger. An electric hum reverberated about the bed, accompanied by an array of neon lights highlighting the futuristic construction of the apparent blubber basket.

“SYSTEM ONLINE,” a digitized voice echoed.

“Oh yeah!” Donnie cackled, his joyous exuberance causing his body to shake and quake. “Activate Thrusters!”

“ACTIVATING THRUSTER PROPULSION SYSTEM ALPHA-23,” the voice chimed again. A moment later, a deep, ethereal hum echoed about the lab. One moment, Donnie was sprawled across the floor on a fancy bedspread and the next moment said bedspread sprang up and was hovering two feet above the cement floor.

“The magic of science,” Mikey muttered with a smirk.

“And that’s not all!” Donnie said, excited to show off his creation. “Pepsi!” Suddenly, a mechanical hand emerged from the depths of the bed holding a 2L bottle of Pepsi. The hand brought the bottle directly to Donnie’s lips. The purple-banded turtle immediately guzzled the entirety of the sloshing liquid, letting loose a loud belch as the machine vaporized the empty bottle into a cloud of mist that settled around Donnie, cooling his sweaty face.

“So beautiful,” Donnie said, his voice wavering as he wiped away a tear in the corner of his eye and basked in the awe of his own creation. Mikey just chuckled, starting to clean up as Donnie continued to talk to seemingly no one in particular as he began to hover about the lab. “Now I can get to my main

workstation, and the computer mainframe and the.... Oh, isn't this wonderful?! I think I deserve a second victory drink!"

"Pepsi!"

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Leo pressed his palm against the front of his lips, making sure that every grain of rice and fold of tortilla of the chicken burrito made its way into his maw: he was not a turtle that was keen on wasting a single precious morsel when everything tasted so good. Leo loved Taco Town too much to disrespect its impeccable, delicious glory like that! Mikey hadn't even finished pulling out all the bags of tacos, quesadillas, tortas, and chip and guac party platters before Leo had dug in, downing the first burrito in only two bites.

"Someone's hungry," Mikey chuckled. Though he knew that Leo had the biggest appetite of all the bros, Mikey was still impressed by just how much, and how fast, the blue-banded turtle could put away food, almost like he was built for it, or at least trained for it: conditioned.

"Hugghh...!" Leo grunted as struggled to reach for the pile of burritos Mikey had stacked in a pyramid five layers high by his feet as the large bottles of Mountain Dew and overflowing bags of tortilla chips had already been nuzzled into the ever-shrinking spaces between Leo's splaying rump and the armrests of the couch.

Mikey hesitated, pretending like he hadn't heard his bro as he let Leo attempt to push his gut to the side, pinching the two-inch thick love handles lining his washboard sides, to reach with bloated, stubby fingers towards the floor. Still, the other burritos remained just beyond his greedy hands. Mikey could see a determination in Leo's eyes, a stubbornness, a will to best any challenge that presented itself to him that he had cultivated over the years: he WAS going to get that burrito no matter what! The problem was, however, that the blubbery turtle simply couldn't reach. He was physically incapable of the motion with thighs larger than his whole body had been in the not-so-distant past and a gut that splayed his blubbery legs wide and dangled mere inches above the floor. His body was too bloated for such a "nimble" maneuver. The flab wasn't just heavy, it wasn't just bulbous, it wasn't just soft and jiggly: it was a hindrance. It was encumbering. It was immobilizing, or so Mikey predicted.

Sure, Leo hadn't gotten up from the couch in nearly two months, at first a choice born out of pure, cultivated laziness, though now that option seemed less than available, serving as a conundrum in it of itself. Had Leo not stood up because he had slowly trained his body into a perpetually sedentary state? Had Leo's muscles atrophied far below what was necessary to simply harbor its flabby exterior? Had Leo's ever-expanding bulk simply grown too large, restricting the movement of his joints and keeping him couch

bound? Was the answer a combination of all the above? Mikey didn't know, but what he did know was that once the sweat started to form on Leo's brow and he began to pant just from the act of holding his arm out, Mikey knew what was coming next:

"Mikey...!" Leo whined. "I can't reach...!" Mikey chuckled as he handed his bro a pair of burritos, one in each chubby hand, an exchange that was becoming more and more common: that of a feeder enabling their blubbery counterpart. Mikey understood the irony of the moment and he figured that Leo to some degree must have too; he was the one who had chastised Mikey for being a couch potato for years after all.

Well, look who's the lazy glutton now... Mikey smirked as Leo stuffed another burrito into his maw before ripping two-thirds off and chewing, his jaws snapping open and shut with meaty wet smacks. There was no glamor or finesse to how Leo ate, only eating as an action, a function, with a designated output, that of a delicious bolus filling his needy gut: productive consumption.

Leo only chewed a few times before swallowing the mass of burrito and tossing the last third into his maw to begin its masticatory journey. He skillfully unwrapped the next burrito with one hand as he held out his now empty hand with a grunt. Mikey, taking the cue, handed Leo another pork burrito, then a chicken one, followed by one stuffed with barbacoa: a seemingly never-ending stream of tortilla tubes disappearing down his gullet like a pneumatic vacuum on one of the many ships on one of the many sci-fi shows that Leo was constantly binging. While the grease of the melted cheese and flakes of corn kernel husks and tomato chunks stuck to the corners of Leo's lips, he always made sure to lick those morsels back into his maw: no waste.

Once the stack of fifteen burritos had been conquered, Leo guzzled a bottle of Mountain Dew in less than ten seconds, practically squirting the sugar water down his open throat despite the carbonation. Leo had built up a tolerance to the searing bubbles long ago as had he built a tolerance to the accumulation of grease that drained from the meat that was falling out of each of the loaded tortas and tacos: meat sweats were a thing of the past for Leo. While that was normally a corresponding indicator, along with a straining gut, to signify that the meal, the consumptive period, was over, Leo had no such corporeal warnings anymore. Whether he had simply learned how to ignore them or that his gut was so expansive it never truly got full anymore, Mikey didn't know. All he did know was that pounds upon pounds of food were disappearing down Leo's gullet by the minute.

Mikey swore he could see Leo's gut starting to swell from the accumulating mass in his stomach, but that may have just been an illusion as the wobbling mass of lard was hardly stationary with the

voracious swinging of Leo's arms bringing his next enormous bite to his open maw and the rapid chewing of his strong jaws.

Soon too another bottle of Mountain Dew disappeared, each gulp interspersed with a handful of chips until the family-sized bag was emptied and he simply guzzled the guacamole like a milkshake: just more sustenance to fuel his blubberty form, an attempt to satisfy the insatiable.

Mikey walked around and stood behind Leo as he ate, occasionally reshuffling the containers and wrappers to keep as much food as close to Leo's reach as possible, a logistical nightmare that had simply become routine for Mikey: the burden and joy as the caretaker to one of the most ravenous anthropomorphic turtles on the planet.

Mikey could hear his bro starting to wheeze, tired from the sheer effort of eating. Not wanting to see his bro struggle, Mikey began giving a little extra support to Leo's arms, helping to push the next bite of food to his lips. Acting moving Leo's arms for him may have seemed like the height of laziness, but the assistance was crucial: Leo was still hungry, and Mikey wanted Leo to keep eating. To keep gorging. To keep getting fatter. To keep getting bigger. To one day break that couch with his immense bulk and then some. Mikey wanted Leo to be impossibly huge. Unbelievably huge. Impractically huge. Mikey wanted to continue to turn his once agile, disciplined brother into nothing more than a soft, bloated eating machine, safe from harm and in his care.

After nearly an hour, Mikey stood back and smirked as he assessed the sea of empty wrappers, inferno sauce packets, and cheese-crusting tinfoil balls scattered about the room: a sign of a feast well enjoyed except for the fact that...

"*Uuuurrrpppp!" Leo belched, momentarily drowning out the sound of the television and the passing subway train in the near distance: the feast wasn't over yet. Leo still had room in that bottomless storage tank of his. Mikey figured he'd better order something else quick because every second that passed would only increase the size of the bill that Leo would inevitably tear through. Fortunately, Paul's Pizza Parlor was close by.

"Maybe a dozen large meat-lover pies," Mikey figured before another raucous belch escaped Leo's lips.

"Maybe two dozen... no... three dozen..." Mikey chuckled to himself, knowing full well that Raph would be a ravenous monster after he awoke from his later afternoon nap, his body needing time to recover after exerting all that *effort* just standing and posing in the mirror.

"Scratch that," Mikey said, hearing the distant snore coming from Donnie's lab. "Let's make it four dozen, that should get us through at least tonight..." The orange-banded turtle knew that despite the

culinary materializing technology built into Donnie's chair, the food never compared to the real deal: the real grease, meat, and cheese of an overloaded pizza from Paul's.

Mikey figured he should place the order now, knowing in an hour, he'd have to wrangle up the crew, shepherding them like lard-filled sheep back to the living room for family dinner, or rather, family feast. Yet, despite being the de facto caretaker now, after years of being the coddled younger sibling, Mikey wouldn't have things any other way.