

Otherworldly Obesity

The shelves were lined with powders. The fridge overflowed with fattening foods. The cabinets had never had more snacks. This was going to be Patrick's year. This would be the year that he actually achieved his goals—his fantasies. He did the math. He calculated the calories. He created the most fattening meal plan he thought his small body could handle, pushing himself even more as the weeks went on. Meal plans were posted on the fridge, surrounded by men that he idolized . . . gainers who had found and fantasized about becoming. Their round bellies. Their heavy tits. Their round, bubble butts. He wanted it all.

Ever since Patrick could remember, he felt drawn to these larger, more robust men. At first, he thought his feelings were akin to his brother's feelings about football players, worshipping their size and abilities. But as Patrick aged and puberty hit, he realized that it was not hero-worship that he felt throbbing within his corduroys but lust—desire to be with them and become them. When he found Grommr, he discovered that he was not alone in his desires. He couldn't believe that there were people in the world who didn't just love the idea of getting fat but of fattening others. Through the years, Patrick had attempted to put on size, pairing with some men online who were equally fascinated and drawn to the idea of fattening oneself.

Yet, those men came and went through Patrick's online life. Never staying with him long enough to gain more than a few pounds, weight that he quickly lost within the coming days.

But now, it was Patrick's year. He finally found himself in a position where he worked from home, had ample money to buy food, and had no life beyond the cyberworld.

"Nobody is gonna do it for you," Patrick said to himself as he started making the first shake of the day. Fifteen hundred calories of fattening dairy deliciousness. He chugged the canister within minutes. His stomach immediately bloated, ripening into a small sphere off his thin body. He wandered into his bedroom and stood on the scale. He knew it was silly to think that he could put on weight this quickly, but he was a little deranged when it came to his weight.

He sighed, "134." He stepped off and stepped back on if only to verify the rather lower and depressing number. "Yup." He stepped off and started at his reflection in the mirror. His hands roamed around his stomach, lifting his shirt to see his small bloated stomach. He hunched over, squishing his stomach down to see the stomach fold in on its itself. "This big ole' belly. This big gut." Patrick grinned, touching and squeezing the soft areas of his stomach and chest. His stomach practically flattened when he became erect, and his smile died. "Time for another snack," Patrick said. He looked at the scale.

Maybe just one more time, Patrick thought. He stepped on the scale one last time and saw a new number blink at him, "134.2" His smile could not be damped as he walked into the kitchen and tore open a box of Swiss cake rolls. He was gonna be big. It was gonna happen.

Unless of course . . . it didn't.

Three months, two emotional breakdowns and 8 pounds . . . lost Patrick stared at the scale so confused—so confused and angry.

“What the fuck!” He screamed at his reflection. His reflection looked even frailer than he did at the beginning of the year. Cheeks were sunken. His ribs were more visible than ever before. His stomach, his tiny bloated ball, had become so flat his abs could be seen, though he had never once touched a weight. There was no explanation for it. All he did was eat.

Well, not all the time.

But when he did, he ate a lot.

Most of the time.

But everything he ate was so fattening and high-calorie.

“God damn it!” Patrick slammed his foot into the side of the scale, kicking it across the room. Pain radiated shot through his leg. “FUCK!” He bounced on one foot while his hands grabbed his foot. He hopped into his room until he slammed himself face-first into the bed. He screamed into his mattress, choosing anger over sadness. He laid there for what seemed like hours, running through his carefully crafted plans. He sighed.

Maybe it's not meant to happen? Perhaps I'm meant to be this tiny beta bitch forever.

Patrick sighed again. He rolled onto his back. His stomach became concaved, exposing his bony protrusions even more. He pawed his sheets until he found his phone. Everyone online begged for an update. Patrick regretted the big goals he set for himself and the big game he talked. He logged in and scrolled through the messages, the comments, and the likes of his before images.

“Can’t wait for a Fatty Patty.”

“You’re gonna be huge!”

“300 pounds is gonna look so good on you!”

“Ughhh.” He threw his phone into his pillows. “What I wouldn’t give to be huge.”

DING. DING. DING.

Patrick’s head rolled to the side. His phone flashed, indicating a new message.

“Guess now is as good as any time to let people know that it’s not happening.” He stretched towards his phone and saw the most recent message.

KI_Bosh: How’s it going, big guy?

Fatty Patty: Not so good. :/

KI_Bosh: Why? Not liking the weight?

*Fatty Patty: No. It’s not that. It’s just . . . well, let me show you, I guess. *Insert Picture**

KI_Bosh: Ohhhh. Well, you know, there are other methods to gaining weight, more . . . supernatural means.

“Great, another fantasy buff.”

Patrick wasn't against roleplaying or fantasies. But after so many years of it, Patrick wanted reality.

Fatty Patty: Listen, I'm not really in the mood to roleplay right now.

*KI_Bosh: Oh, I'm not talking about roleplaying. I'm talking real life. Here. Look at me. *Insert Pictures* I used to be a shrimp-like you (no offense), but now I'm nearing 400 pounds.*

I waited for the images to load, and the first one, the young man, looked pretty much identical to me. Brown hair. Mousey face. Boney. So, freaking bony. And giving a slanted smile that said, “I'm fine. Not good. Just fine.” The moment the second image came through, he nearly choked on my tongue. He was huge. There was no other word to describe the man. He was like a balloon animal. Every inch of him was inflated. His arms were heavy and meaty, rubbing a belly that resembled a beach ball—an oversized, overblown, overgrown beachball. Multiple pictures arrived, each showing this stranger like some obscene balloon animal. Two swollen buttocks hung from his backside, like two hams pasted on his bottom. Patrick squinted at the page.

“This can't be real.”

KI_Bosh: It's real. Promise. And this can be you if you want. And not afraid of a little ghost.

Fatty Patty: Ghost?

Day turned into night as Patrick chatted with the online stranger for hours. Though Patrick did not believe in ghosts, he did believe in results. Whether or not the summoning actually worked or if it was all just the *power* of suggestive thinking, Patrick was willing to give it a shot.

He lit the candles. He did the chants. He called the spirits from beyond the grave.

“Spirits of Sloth. Being of Gluttony

See my person and take custody

Shape me with your voracious desire

Before the light of day forces you to retire.”

Patrick waited . . . and waited . . . and waited. He peaked, hoping to see some sort of ghostly apparition, some otherworldly smoke—hell, he would have been happy with a temperature change. He hoped, against his better judgment, that he would see this obese ghost as the man online instructed. He prayed that he finally found the means to become the fat pig he dreamed of becoming.

Instead, he saw nothing, just a dark room, and the candles spread around him in a circle. He sighed for the umpteenth time that day.

“What did you expect?” He chuckled at his idiocy. Magic was for kids. He stood from the center and blew out the candles. The late hour blinked on the clock across the room. His stomach growled in

hunger, but he didn't feel like eating. He just wanted to sleep. He curled up in his bed. "What did I expect," he repeated, not noticing the cold air that seemed to leak from the corners of the room as he fell to sleep.

Thick green slime oozed from beneath the carpet. It dropped from the walls. It oozed up from the furniture. The green goo brought with it the smell of food, sizzling meat, and spicy sauces. The rich odors quickly turned sugary. Baked goods. Syrups. Sickly sweetened flavors that seemed to grow more enticing as the temperature changed. The room had become an oven, and Patrick the delicious morsel within.

"Finalllllllllllllllllllll," a whispered called out. The voice vibrated and bubbled within the slime as it moved across the room to the center, forming into an immense glob of green. The slime grew in size and began to float, taking into the shape. First a head. Then a torso. Two meaty arms. The torso expanded and grew as the rest remained the same. It sprouted a heavy gut, growing more spherical as the slimes added towards its center. It bounced wildly as the ghost floated around the room. Its pimple-like head formed from two fatty shoulders, hiding any neck within the folds of his heavy body. No legs ever took form. Instead, a tail formed, which grew more translucent until it completely disappeared. "Soooo hungry!"

He floated at the end of Patrick's bed, sniffing the air like a pig searching for truffles.

"Must. Eat. Must. Feed." He hovered closer to Patrick, who slept blissfully unaware of the ghost. "Must grow. Must devour." The ghost floated over Patrick's face. Its partially visible tail swiped against his face, tickling Patrick's nose. Patrick moved slightly. His mouth parted slightly as he inhaled. The ghost's tail lifted around Patrick's lips before it plunged into his mouth, feeding itself into Patrick's stomach. Patrick's eye flashed open at the assault on his throat. He choked and coughed as the ghost weaseled itself down his throat, filling Patrick's thin body with its immense frame.

"Mmmhmmhm!" Patrick screamed around the ghost's form as it fed itself deeper into Patrick's mouth. The ghost felt like a balloon, slowly working itself into Patrick's body, filling the space in his stomach and flowing out into the rest of his body. He struggled, but the ghost's heavy frame weighed Patrick down and kept him in place. "MHMHHMH!"

"Must grow. Must feed!" The ghost groaned as it squeezed itself into Patrick's human body. The ghost's frame condensed and forced itself further into Patrick. Patrick fought every inch of the ghost's structure as it overtook his body. The ghost's belly smashed itself into Patrick's face. It repeatedly bounced on his face as it squeezed itself inside him. If Patrick were not paralyzed with terror, he might have even enjoyed the sensation but only found fear. The ghost punched his gut, working it into Patrick's mouth and down his throat. The ghost's bright lime green eyes stared at Patrick as the last few inches of its ghostly visage disappeared into Patrick's body. When the last inch of it was swallowed. Patrick's mouth finally closed, and he fell back into a deep slumber.

"So hungry!" Patrick's voice dropped several octaves sounding identical to the deranged ghost that had just invaded his body. The recently possessed Patrick stumbled out of bed and unknowingly entered the bathroom. The apparition started at Patrick's thin reflection and spat in disgust. "TOO skinny! Fatso must be fat. Fatso must eat!" He left the bathroom and found his way into the kitchen, wobbling back and forth with every step

Human legs never seemed stable enough during the first possession, even more so when the ghost was used to counterbalance a massive gut and hefty backside.

The possessed Patrick moved awkwardly towards the fridge, flinging open the door with little care for the wall.

“FoOOOOOOod!”

The ghost grabbed whatever food was within his reach and shoveled it into his mouth. He groaned loudly, enjoying as the flavors flooded his mouth.

“Good god! I have missed taste!” He reached for a tray of cold cinnamon buns, filling his bony fingers with their gooey centers and cold icing. He engulfed the food without chewing. He could feel the food immediately assimilate with his human host’s body with every swallow. Patrick’s once flat stomach grew rounder and curved, expanding as if by an unseen hose. The ghost plopped the body onto the ground and feasted on the treats that surrounded him, gorging himself on all the heavy foods. Gallons of ice cream. Cheesecakes. Multiple jugs of milk. He found goodies buried within the back and freshly made desserts. His mouth leaked cream and was covered in chocolate. The human cock beneath his gut bulged, begging to be touched so that the body could enjoy its lustful feeding.

“MMMMMMMMMM.”

The ghost’s messy hand rotated around Patrick’s stomach, feeling more at home with the increased size and added weight. His legs were pushed to either side of his body as his belly sat over his lap. The ghost jiggled the weight, enjoying how it shook against the extremely tight skin. Stretch marks blossomed on either side of the stomach from the explosive growth. Each one threatened to grow larger as the sides of his body tightened the more the ghost ate.

“Why can’t this body eat more!” The ghost whined from within Patrick’s body. He slapped the belly. The shock jiggled across his body, moving his stomach and recently grown moobs. His body swelled in all directions, shaping into a much smaller version of the ghost’s original form but significantly smaller. The ghost shook his human body, enjoying the added heft but still wishing for it to be bigger. He did this for hours, enjoying the way the human body felt in his hands, snacking as much as he could.

Fatso’s enjoyment was cut short as light pierced through the blinds of the living room. Daytime had come, and with it, Fatso’s departure.

“I need more! More!!” He turned around and shoveled anything he could find into his mouth. Every bit added more fat, growing him to the point of pain. More hips. More tits. More ass. When the light entered the kitchen, Fatso ran towards the bedroom, which seemed more like a waddle than anything. His ample backside swayed rapidly, threatening to expand on the multiple different holes that formed in Patrick’s underwear from his explosive growth. Fatso hoped that the blinds in the bedroom were closed, but instead, he met the morning sun.

“NOOOOOOOO!” Patrick’s mouth opened, and Fatso was expelled. He vomited out the ghost, pushing him out with bits and pieces of food within his translucent body. Fatso’s form seemed shapeless as it fell onto the floor, melting into the ground like Jell-O. His desperate cries for more food could be heard as he disappeared from the mortal realm. Patrick’s body collapsed into a pile of lard,

unconscious and unaware of what transpired during his possession. His body deflated slightly, yet most remained as the ghost took some added fat with its forced exorcism.

* * *

Patrick awoke late in the morning, confused. He felt the hard floor beneath him, and he just felt . . . off. He touched his face. His fingers felt weird. Soft. Plush even. Something around his lips tightened and cracked as he opened his mouth to yawn. Pudgy fingers touched his cheeks. He stretched his arms, and they, too, felt different. Heavier. Larger. Almost as if weighed down by some invisible force. Patrick raised from the floor, feeling the same sensation pull him towards the floor like a weighted vest or invisible strings that attempted to topple him over. He stumbled into the dark bathroom, falling into the sink. His stomach pressed into the counter, squishing into the sink. He bounced back slightly. The foreign sensation pulled him further from unconsciousness and into reality.

His eyes opened, and he found his fantasy a reality.

“Holy fuck!” Patrick’s hands launched towards the heavy belly that hung from his torso. He squeezed the tight drum that bulged, lifting it and dropping it several times. His cock hardened at the feeling of it bouncing back and forth, jiggling like the softest of stomachs he fantasized about. He lifted it above the counter and let the stomach fall onto it. “I’m huge!”

SLAP

The loud noise sent a thrill through his body. His belly slid from the counter as he turned to the side. His gut wasn’t the only part that had exploded with growth, but his backside as well. His ass stretched his underwear to the limits. Two large butterballs of fat acted as a counterbalance to his belly, jutting out from his back into a perfectly rounded shelf. He moved his hips from side to side, and his ass moved with the motion, jiggling softly. He wrapped his arms around his sides, or at least attempted the movement, and pawed at his sides. His chubby fingers poked and probed his cheeks. Both sunk into them, finding not an ounce of muscle or firmness.

He watched himself in the mirror, examining his face, his face, his ever-straining erection. His cheeks had rounded like the rest of his body. His shoulders and upper body had swallowed much of his next, creating folds and a double chin—almost a triple chin. He waddled towards the toilet, pulled down his underwear, and sat down. His belly and his thighs fully enveloped his cock, giving him his personal fleshlight made of his fat. The added height and cushion from his cheeks lifted him so that he had a perfect view of his fattened form.

“So fat,” he groaned, bouncing his stomach atop his cock. The head of his cock pushed into the soft underside of his stomach. His legs squeezed the sides, rubbing his erect cock with his fatty inner thighs. “God, I’m huge. So heavy. So, fat.” His hand went to his moob and squeezed it. Fatty pockets filled the space between his fingers. He grabbed onto his stretched nipple. It grew harder and pointy, larger than he ever could have imagined. He humped his belly, growing breathier with every thrust. “So . . . out . . . of shape. So obese. So, fucking huge.” He stared into his new face, imaging what more weight would look like, how much bigger he could become. “How much do you weigh, piggy? 180? 250? 300? Fuck . . . 3 . . . 350? Oh, fuck!” Patrick bent over, pushing his belly into his cock, squeezing his thighs

His balls sank into his fat groin. His cock throbbed, surrounded by its fatty prison, unleashing several spurts into his stomach. He shook with each spirit. The action shook his whole body, giving him an entirely new layer of pleasure.

Clarity came to Patrick with the post-orgasm bliss. His eyes fluttered shut as he relaxed into the commode. His cum left stayed between his thighs, trapped within his fatty folds. When his eyes opened, he half expected to wake up—to see his bedroom ceiling and for his sexual fantasy to fade as his thin body returned. But when he opened his eyes, it was real.

“Oh my god,” Patrick gasped, standing from the toilet. His belly bounced as he walked towards the mirror. “This can’t be real.” He stood on the scale, having to peak over his stomach to see the scale.

240. The red number was bright and bold.

“But how?!” Before the question left his lips, the answer had already come to mind. “No. That’s not what happened. It’s an allergy.” He looked at his puffy round face. “Yeah. An allergic reaction. It’s not . . .” Patrick couldn’t even say the word. “It’s just not possible.” He looked at his spherical form. “Could it be?” He left the bathroom and went into the kitchen, finding the massacre from the eating session from the night before. The evidence piled up, and it all pointed in one. “Ghosts.”

Or, more specifically, one fat-loving ghost. The dream of it invading him wasn’t just a dream but a memory of what happened the night before. He remembered the ghost possessing him. The feeling of warmth rubbed as it forced its way into his body, filling him until he could not move or think. He couldn’t believe that the summoning actually worked, but he did not want to worry his new body away. He wanted to enjoy it.

The rest of the day was a blur. Fantasy made real. He found the biggest clothes he owned, ones he wore when he pretended or imagined what it would be like to be huge. The shirt was large, tightly stretched across his stomach. The sheer fabric emphasized his shapeless chest and his permanently erect nipples. The lower part of his stomach peeked out from under the shirt. He paired it with a large pair of sweatpants, which sat awkwardly on his waist. Skintight around his ships and his ass. He stopped dressing to jiggle his ass cheeks and squat slightly. Two seams popped. Patrick quickly stopped. The sound made his cock harden, which could not be hidden by the cotton pants. By the time he was fully dressed, Patrick was out of breath and in desperate need of another jerk.

“This is going to be great!”

Patrick went out to breakfast, choosing to eat inside. He piled the food on his tray. Multiple combos. The largest soda. Cakes. Cookies. Any upgrade that was offered. Patrick accepted . . . and doubled it. He sat in the front, enjoying how people stared at him as he ate. Every sideways glance. Every open stare. Every finger or comment. Patrick relished the attention that his fat brought him. He devoured all the greasy, fatty foods without caring for cleanliness or order.

“Fatty.”

“Pig.”

“Fatso.”

Every comment furthered Patrick's desire to eat and made him feel like his hunger was not satiated. He bounced from one fast food place to another. By the end of the day, Patrick spent nearly two hundred dollars in food and went to 5 different fast-food joints, spending less and less money as the day went on. By the fifth, Patrick's shirt had risen above his belly button. His soft belly had become a swollen gut by nighttime. He rubbed it aimlessly as he enjoyed the feeling of being huge. He leaned back in his chair. The wooden legs groaned.

Wouldn't that be hot if it broke, he thought. He leaned back even more.

"God, he's so fat. Why would he ever do that to himself?"

The comment caught Patrick's attention.

"Fuck, he's like a pile of Jell-O. What do you think he's like three hundred pounds?"

The commenters did not attempt to hide their disgust as they degraded him—Patrick sunk into his chair, letting the comments weigh on him as he rubbed his gut.

"Look at all that food too. Piggy, like him, probably already ate an entire plate. Look at him stuffing his face."

The last comment gave Patrick pause. He wasn't eating. He lifted himself slightly from his chair and looked around the space. He saw the two men standing at the front counter. Two trim, relatively attractive men who were quite obviously filming someone on the other side of the restaurant.

"Jesus." Patrick had never seen a man that size in real life. Without even asking, Patrick knew the man was a gainer. He was large. He was proud. He was scarfing down the piles of food that filled two tables, barely pausing between bites. The two men at the front caught Patrick looking at the obese man in the corner.

"Such a pig, am I right?"

Patrick's mouth fell open. He couldn't form the words.

Patrick was supposed to be the pig. He was supposed to be the fatass. He was supposed to be the biggest guy anywhere he went. Patrick ran to the bathroom and looked at himself. He stared at the reflection that he worshipped and adored all day and found problems with it.

His belly wasn't actually *that* big.

His shirt wasn't actually *that* tight.

His ass wasn't actually *that* wide.

"Still too small," he whispered. "Still too thin."

Luckily for Patrick, he knew how to fix the problem.

An hour later, Patrick had a kitchen full of food, and the ritual to summon the ghost was once again set up within his bedroom. He felt even sillier doing it the second time, but the results were there, so was the belief. He chanted a second time calling on the gluttonous spirit a second time. The results were the same. Nothing.

Patrick thought he was crazy for believing that the supernatural made him gain weight for a moment. A more scientific reason was out there, and Patrick had just to figure it out, but his mind changed when he saw the green slime begin to pour down the walls.

“Jesus Christ!”

“**Not quite. Nice guy. Too small. Too bony.**” The voice sounded as if it came from underwater, bubbling from beneath the slime that flowed towards a singular space. Patrick rushed towards the door, moving slower than he wished with the added weight. He pawed at the slime-covered handle. The combination of the slime plus his chubby fingers made opening the door a difficult task. “But you,” the voice began. “**You fat. You chunky.**”

Patrick paused. The comment extinguished his fear, forcing pride into its place.

“Really?” Patrick asked, turning to see the slime had combined into a human-like appearance. One he recognized from the night before. “You’re real. It wasn’t just a dream.”

“**No dream.**” The ghost slapped his bulbous stomach. The force shook his entire body and sent a thrill of attraction through Patrick’s pants. The ghost’s stomach grumbled loudly, sounding like a ghostly wail that traveled through the small apartment. “**Hungry,**” the ghost whined.

“**Do you wanna eat something?**” Patrick asked, still unsure of what to do.

“**Yes!**” the ghost said, lunging towards Patrick. His large ghostly form slammed Patrick into a wall.

“Wait! What are . . . MMMPH . . .MMMPHHH!” Patrick’s question was cut as the ghost forced his slimy, rubber-like arms into his mouth. Patrick’s stomach started to swell as it filled with the ghost’s form, swelling larger than ever before. The instantaneously growing subdued Patrick’s fight, instead enticing him to pull his hard cock from his sweatpants. He gripped his shaft as the fat surrounding it grew and swelled forward. Slowly, his growing pad ate away at his cock, hiding his shaft within layers of girth. His grip changed as his five inched shaft turned into four, then into four, and then into three. His fat fingers stopped stroking and instead acted as a fleshlight that he fucked. His hips thrust into the space between his fingers. His free hand searched his body, finding new areas that grew changing with the ghost. His hips grew wider. His ass rounder. His tits heavier. He squeezed everything and felt less blubbery and more—inflated. Every place he pinched felt taut, inflated, tense.

“**Bigger. Fatter. Bigger!**” The ghost chanted as he forced the last bits inside of Patrick. Patrick felt ready to burst as the ghost squeezed the last bits of himself. “Mmmmm.” The spirit let out a deep sigh.

Unlike the night before, Patrick remained awake as the ghost took control and went to the kitchen. His beachball stomach extended several feet in front of him, bouncing with every step. It met the fridge’s door before Patrick’s hand.

“**Belly big!**” the ghost laughed as he threw back the fridge. He drooled at the sight of the copious amounts of food that replaced the food that was devoured the night before. The ghost reached

out to the cake and grabbed a handful, smashing it into his mouth while his hand grabbed another handful.

Patrick watched from the theater that was his eyes, seeing the ghost force more food into his mouth. He felt his already monstrous stomach surge forward with every bite. Deep stretch marks grew on his sides as the growth outpaced his body's ability to grow. Each bite was like a brick sitting in his stomach, adding to his weight and his girth. Even as his body begged for him to stop, the ghost that possessed him did not obey, and Patrick was thankful for it.

Grow, Patrick thought. Get huge! Keep eating. Get massive!

"Must eat! So hungry! So good. So delicious!" The ghost fed until every fattening morsel was emptied from the fridge. He plopped onto the ground, circling his hand along his stomach. Patrick's shrunken member aggressively poked the underside of his gut. His balls ached from the heavyweight that sat atop them and with the need to cum. **"So full. So happy. So, fat."**

Patrick enjoyed the sight, seeing the body of his dreams sitting before him. Every inch of it was what he dreamed. The fatty folds. The ample chest. The meaty arms. The softness of his fat. It couldn't get better.

"FatsO happy." The ghost grinned. **"Fasto so fat!"** He rubbed Patrick's distended stomach, enjoying the feeling of the tight belly.

Agreed, Patrick gleefully screamed from the inside of his mind.

"Oh . . ." A deep, unknown voice asked. *"You think you're big?"*

Patrick felt something shiver inside the space where his mind sat, something that felt like fear.

"Yes. Fastso is big. FatsO . . . FatsO happy," the ghost stammered. Patrick felt his head turn towards the corner of a room where shadows seemed to shift and come alive. Gleaming white eyes appeared in the darkness. Fear erupted from Patrick's pores, giving Patrick control of his body for just a moment to jump from the floor. The white eyes turned into slits as if a smile grew on its shadowed form.

"Oh, FatsO, I think you can get much bigger." The cold voice slipped around the room, jumping from one shadowed corner to another. *"You don't want to let me down, do you, FatsO?"*

Patrick's body shook more and more as the voice grew closer—as its form became more monstrous.

"No, Kibosh. I listen, but the human. He is already so big. He cannot grow anymore."