

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 backside. 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 through his eye and hoped, against his better judgment, that he would see this obese ghost as the man online instructed. 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 I expect?” He stood from the center and blew out the candles. The late hour blinked on the kitchen microwave. 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.