

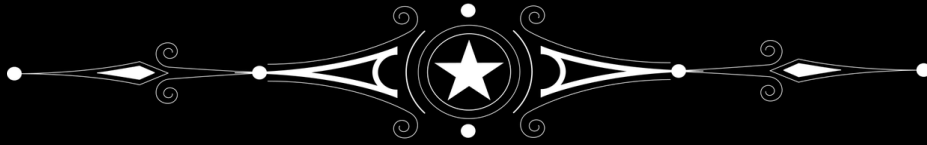
Fitness Failure

By

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The following contains: Rapid weight gain

Read at your own discretion.



The stupid delivery driver left a package at the wrong door again. This wouldn't be such a damn annoyance if Albion's apartment wasn't on the third damn floor. Being this high elevation made it ideal for a griffon to take flight from their own balcony. Having to climb back up the stairs, however, was such a pain in the ass. He understood these poor people got overworked by big box companies as is, but it was also not part of their job to leave the wrong package on their neighbors' doorstep. There were lock boxes at the mail station if that was a necessity.

Albion thumped his bare, white furred, lion paws up each step trying to silver line this as getting extra cardio in for the day. He'd always been a physically fit stud on the public scene, but even his denial couldn't ignore the small layer of softness his usually flat abdomen had gained over the winter. The epic muscles that hardened his chest and arms also didn't feel as bulgy as they should be when he flexed. It was necessary to own up that he'd been slacking, which required some steps to correct his path before all this awesome bird-cat turned to flab.

Stepping into his cozy one-bedroom unit, Albion had to pause and catch his breath, being annoyed at such a small trek leaving him winded. The envelope he'd been forced to fly down to collect was ridiculously small in his red scaled bird hands. Sharpened talons tore the thing apart like butter so he could get at the prize within.

An exercise watch is a very underrated tool when it comes to managing one's health. At the very least ones first step should be measuring out a starting point. Not that Albion was about to blow two-hundred bucks on some Bluetooth, AI, smartphone piece of junk intentionally designed to make itself obsolete in a year. The little strapped device he balanced in one palm had been advertised to be nearly as good. Besides, backwater websites claiming to work magic into technology sounded better than dumb programs pretending to be intelligent.

Strapping it on, the bird-cat used the painstakingly long first boot-up time to change into some workout clothes. By the time he'd managed to find a tank top and spandex shorts that didn't look too dirtied there came a few soft chimes from his wrist.

"Huh." Looking at the screen and fiddling with some buttons, he couldn't help being impressed at the interface for such a cheap priced watch. After being worn for maybe ten minutes the watch managed to figure out his heart rate, species, sex, favorite foods, which streaming services he subscribed to, and his height. Big score for magic-infused tech. Google can only wish they had that much accuracy.

Except one reading that made his crimson beak curl into a sneer.

"I do not weight three-forty-seven! You stupid mis casted junk." There was no way in hell he'd gained twenty-one pounds in just two months. Albion was certain he hadn't snacked on...that much Taco Bell. His fingers pressed random buttons trying to sort through settings. A though of actually reading the manual this device came with never crossed his bird brain. "Ugh! How do I set this to the right weight? Ah!"

Finally, the damn numbers next to the weight reading began flashing. With a bit more fidgeting Albion could even figure out how to adjust the values. Just not before accidentally jumping the thing up to a ridiculous one thousand-two hundred pounds. What kind of person could even manage rivaling a whale? That thought gave him a chuckle.

BANG!

"BAWK!? The fuck!?" A sharp cracking from outside shattered through the still apartment silence so abruptly that it sent Albion jumping two feet into the air. The griffon was just glad to have been in the center of the hall where his wings reflexively jutting out for panic flight didn't knock anything valuable over. There was still a mild pain when they collided with the walls three feet on either side of him. He didn't need to check the window to know some jerkoff outside was popping their muffler trying to speed full throttle. "Stupid crazy drivers going to get themselves killed."

Catching his breath, the griffon looked back to his watch and cursed. That little jump had caused him to accidentally mash the buttons for confirming the new numbers on his physical stats. He tried to remember the sequence that brought him back to the settings only for the whole screen to fade into a black void before flashing 'recalibrating' in slow intervals.

"I do not weigh over a ton!" he barked at the small device on his wrist, taking great exception to the notion. "What on earth do you have to reclib...baaaooooohh!"

Albion's anger was swiped aside for a hard lurching in his stomach. He hunched forward hugging his waist like someone had just sucker punched him, beak hanging open trying to gulp back the air that'd been knocked from him. Not a second later there was an insane pressure coming from inside him that the pushback sent him reeling upright again.

"What the squawk!?"

He could only stare dumbstruck at his midsection as the pressure mounted upon itself with each passing second. The subtle layer of fat he'd been fretting over increased, no, exploded to drastic effect. The flat washboard of his stomach was gone, buried under a bulge of soft fur and feathers. He cupped it with both hands, lion tail thrashing in a frenzy when they were still being pushed back and further apart. The pouch quickly inflated into a full-on gut, rolling fat over the waistband of his shorts with an ever-increasing hang.

"Oh no! No! Stop!"

Albion's own body ignored his begging. The griffon's waist had joined in on the swelling, despite his best effort to push it back. His straight silhouette was pushing into a more rounded shape that helped push his shorts down with rich muffin handles. Even his chest was starting to push out. The hardened pecs he'd earned from many reps at the gym vanished under rolling mounds of flabby moobs. On clawed finger poked at them, eliciting a whimper at how much give the fatty flesh had.

A flashing light brought his attention back to the watch. The snarl of a lion escaped his clenched beak as if that could intimidate the device.

"The hell are you doing? They never said this stupid thing had reality warping settings!!"

A hard shift down below back Albion squawk in renewed panic. Both hands flew to his backside finding them just as unable to stop its rapid growth any more than his stomachs. One second, he could feel every definition of glutes fit for jogging miles. The next he was squeezing the plush mass of a furry marshmallow. He looked over one wing cursing up a storm at how his ass billowed further and further away from his hips. Hips that were also gaining several inches in rapid spurts.

TRRPH! TRRPH! TRRPH!

The combined mass was too much for the elastic of his shorts. Spandex creaked a harsh protest with tears splitting open several places across a butt that could overflow a recliner chair. Chunks of white furry flesh bulged through the new openings, coaxing them wider with the hunger for more space. The waistband got pushed down through the combined efforts of his still filling stomach and waist, exposing a deep white crack squished tight to resemble the top of a bread loaf. The ropy lions tail looked comically flimsy wagging atop such bloating cheeks.

"Urp! N-nooooo!"

Looking at the ground was getting a lot harder with so much Griffon fat puffing out in all directions. Albion tried again to hit buttons on the watch, but couldn't find any combination that took it off recalibration. The red scaled of his forearms began to bubble and he held them up with break slack jawed. Fingers plumped into wide sausages that had to rub together when he moved them. The biceps he'd taken so much pride in showing off smoothed and sagged before bloating with the excess mass of round holiday hams. It only barely registered when the watch broke off his widening wrist with a soft snap.

Albion pivoted for a run to the bathroom, only to fall flat on his beak. The overabundance of soft flab gorging across his body landed with a hard slap that rang through the silent apartment. So much massing weight, with so much more bubbling into existence beneath his skin, made it impossible to find his center of gravity. Not that it stopped him from trying.

Recollecting his senses, he pushed up onto his elbow, whimpering at how his chest still pushed into the floor when propped up. Slowly he brought swelling legs under him and raised his boulder of an ass in preparation to stand.

SHHRRRRPPPP!!!

The griffon would have almost been confused by the roaring tear if it hadn't followed the sensation of tightness leaving his behind. Twisting the best he could, Albion looked around his girth to find his workout shorts lawing between pudgy paw feet in two pieces. Having his own rear explode naked from its own weight at least gave the consolation that it happened in the privacy of his home.

Which, really, wasn't that much of a consolation given he was still getting fatter. Albion fumbled paws on the carpet, staggering forward several steps with chunky arms and wings both outstretched to balance his wobbling folds. The walk to his bathroom was more of a waddle thanks to the absolute tree trunk thickness of his thighs forcing him into a wide stance. He fumbled over the sink gawking at the enormous hybrid body that couldn't even fit the square mirror anymore. His stomach had developed actual layers resting on top of each other and his shoulders puffed up so much his arms rested naturally in a raised position.

SNAP!

Albion yelped gave out a yelp as his top began to succumb to all the griffon fat. It had lost its practical function ages ago with his apron of a belly shoving the hem up to his chest. Granted the griffon's breasts had inflated to the point some women might have been jealous of the cleavage bulging over the neckline.

KRRT! KRRT! SHHRRRRIIIIIPPP!!

He instinctively grasped at the front to hold it up, but once the back completely rent apart the act was fairly pointless. Albion let pulled the useless spandex off his bloated chest and let it fall forgotten to the floor. Now naked before the mirror he felt even less thrilled at how every excess pound of him could hang freely. 'Pear' didn't even begin to describe the new shape of his once physically fit physique.

"BWORP!"

Albion blushed as what seemed like a burp rose into his throat. His beak clamped shut, eye going wide watching his reflections neck puff from the internal pressure. His handsome birdy face, the last vestiges of his awesome muscular self puffed in several hard pulses. With each rush of tension, he could see his cheeks swelling fuller and softer. Skin sagged in a deepening double chin until the thickening neck became almost nonexistence over the pudge of his face. Within seconds his long elegant beak looked almost short and stumpy. Just trying to open it was a new problem with all the fat squishing into the sides.

"Well, great!" Albion sighed, feeling his whole mass softly jiggle from the shifting in muscles.

Turning, he could only several more times at finding he'd now become too big to walk back out the door in the span of a couple minutes. The effort to get back out into his living took a lot of squeezing, sideways shuffling, and nearly breaking a wing squishing it through the doorframe. Walking through some open space only made his temper rise again as everything shifted and jiggled with his clumsy, wide gait.

"When I get that damn watch set back to normal, I am going to write that manufacturer such a nasty...review?"

Spotting his fallen watch on the floor brought Albion's angry tirade to a halt. With a lot of fumbling and kneeling, he managed to stoop enough on his hefty tum to pluck a strap. Only a shattered piece of metal and glass remained attached to the end. The other strap remained on the floor with an even smaller chunk of the device hooked to it. The rest was scattered in a small area of broken circuitry and glass in between. No doubt the doomed accessory had to have fallen at the exact spot his megaton stomach would happen to land upon his clumsy trip from earlier.

"Well...crap!" he snorted once his mind had processed the thing that'd cursed him to the size of a thanksgiving turkey was beyond saving.

Letting the strap drop from his claws, the griffon hoisted back up onto two elephant sized legs with a loud huff. One hand absently scratched at an itch across his couch-filling butt while the other squeezed a handful of plush fur on his stomach. Getting out of this building was not going to be fun. No way in hell his wings had the strength to let him fly, much less float down to ground level. Just the thought of taking the stairs in this state made the red marks around his eyes widen into dinner plates.

"That damn magic-tech store better do overnight deliveries!"

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Afterward

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