

When I Started Gaining Weight

I can still remember the day I noticed the extra weight. Everything seemed normal enough at first as I went about my daily routine of maintaining my fit and attractive body. This consisted of stretching within the confines of my apartment before jogging around the block. The brief sprint brought me over to the local gym to continue my exercises. Greeted by the usual receptionist and her poorly hidden gaze at my flawless figure, I was provided with a complimentary protein shake and a compliment about my figure to properly motivate me to continue my routine.

The enjoyment I took from working out was a distant second to the feeling of superiority I experienced from seeing the way people ogled my body. Whenever I wanted to bring in people a little closer, I would flick around my ponytail of brown hair to further draw people in. Whether this was men gawking at my well-shaped curves or women being envious of my flat mid-section, it all fed into my desire to become like a goddess. Easily accomplishing this with the 100 or so pound body I was gifted with, I was more than happy to have a crowd watching me as I got on a treadmill and started to run.

Amidst my usual session of showing off for those not gifted with such exquisite physical prowess as myself, I felt something was off. For a while, I just assumed it was nothing more than some indigestion from my morning protein bar. Trying to shrug off the sensation, I kept pushing through my routine in the hopes of making it disappear. While the feeling itself was able to be ignored thanks to my determination, I couldn't block out the sight of people starting to drift away from me. Losing my main motivation for working out, I slowed down my movements until I came to a complete stop.

My momentary pause allowed me to focus my attention on where the feeling seemed to be the most concentrated. As I leaned forward, something that shouldn't have been there slipped out from beneath my top. I blinked a few times in the hopes that what I was seeing was just an illusion. A quick wave of my hand was supposed to bring me back to enjoying being idolized by others. However much I wanted to deny it, what I was staring at poking out from my formerly flawless mid-section.

I could feel the shudder going through my body disrupt the unsightly bit of chub. The shiver made me much more aware of my figure and any other modifications that had been made to it. Taking my hand away from my small belly bulge, I brought it up to my chest. Though I was never big chested, the addition of an extra layer of fat around my bosom was met with disdain rather than excitement.

Further exploration revealed pinches of fat that had somehow covered up the muscles of my formerly toned arms. Shifting my legs back and forth let the fabric of my gym shorts slide against the extra thickness that had been added to my legs and thighs. Making sure that my former audience was nowhere to be found, I hazarded to feel up my butt. Any enjoyment I could get out of the added curviness was undone as I sunk a finger into the fat that had slid its way across my once tight ass.

Desperate to try and figure out how I could have let myself go like this, my eyes randomly searched though the room. Amidst considering if I hadn't been pushing my exercises hard enough, my vision eventually centered on my half-finished protein shake. Seeing the leftover droplets clinging to the straw from my last sip, I thought back to the numerous complimentary drinks that had been provided to me. All this time, I never bothered to keep track of how many I had ingested or what was inside of them.

Confusion turned to anger as I glared at the shake. Tightly grasping the cup in my hands, I stomped back towards the front desk and slammed it down in front of the receptionist. “What the hell have you been putting into these things?”

“N-nothing out of the ordinary, Ms. Nora,” she replied, looking like she was about to sink into a puddle on the floor.

“Show me the ingredients,” I demanded, receiving a recipe list in response. As much as I wanted the easy answer that the drink had caused my weight gain, there weren’t any obvious culprits listed. “You’re clear for now,” I relented, making my back to the exercise machines. “From now on cut those shakes out of my visits AND my membership fee. Understood?”

“Y-yes, of course Ms. Nora,” the receptionist replied, taking the shake and tossing it away in the trash.

For the first time in a while, I felt a genuine desire to work out for the sole purpose of maintaining my figure. Getting back to the treadmill, I put it on a higher setting and began to run as fast as I could. Feeling my belly fat jiggle with my sprinting speed coerced me into increasing the speed even higher to try and banish it. Giving up on any sense of looking good, I allowed my hair to break free of its scrunchie to join the rest of my body in becoming a sweaty mess.

When the exhaustion finally got the better of me, I was forced to turn off the treadmill and take a break. Looking back down at the offending bit of chub around my gut, I could still see it quivering in the wake of my run. As if watching a creature cower in fear, I was certain that it wouldn’t take long for me to get rid of the extra weight. At least, that’s what I thought at the time.

By now, I would have hoped that the people that used to come into the gym to gawk at my body would have lessened. That's how things started off at first. Each added pound on my figure seemed to correlate with one less person willing to stop what they were doing to watch me exercise. Unfortunately, I hit a threshold where people were more than willing to stop their own routines if it meant getting to watch me struggle through tasks that used to be so easy for me.

I can distinctly remember one specific day where I had made the poor decision to try running on the treadmill at a higher setting. My logic had been sound in that it was a simple exercise that didn't require much effort. However, that was before my slender legs doubled in size and my bubble butt used every step as an excuse to suck up the fabric of my sweatpants.

Just a few minutes into my run, I could feel sweat beginning to bead across my forehead. Too busy trying to focus on my exasperated breathing, I was able to partially ignore how the droplets made their way down my chubby cheeks and fell from the tip of my fatty chin. The perspiration eventually made its way to the tank top holding my melon-sized breasts back. From the hushed whispers around me, I could figure out that the moisture wasn't helping the fabric with hiding away my plumper nipples. As embarrassing as it was to have people staring at my fat tits, I considered it a better alternative to what usually got the bulk of their attention.

I couldn't stop myself from shuddering as my top rose up high enough to reveal my belly button. With nothing in their way, the sweat droplets were free to cascade around my pudgy gut to leave the mound of fat with an unflattering sheen. Feeling the top continue to rise and let more of my mid-section plop out, I struggled to fight against the clothing. Unfortunately, this ended up over stretching my chubby arms and sending me crashing down.

Slamming against the treadmill, my 300-pound body was sent careening across the floor. Rolling into a nearby wall, the extra padding around me managed to protect me from any serious harm. The knowledge that I was unhurt was of little comfort as I tried to pick myself back up. Especially when my ears rang with the sound of rips forming across my clothes.

Slowly picking myself up off the ground, my eyes moved across my wardrobe to see the various pockets of fat sticking out of them. The unsightly bits of flesh were also noticed by the people that lingered behind in the wake of my crash. Any person that met my gaze was quick to turn away and pretend that they were busy with something else. This had begun to be a part of my usual routine of trying to figure out who was responsible for my body's degradation.

I was convinced that my weight gain was all because someone was trying to sabotage me. It was the only reason I could think for why my appetite had skyrocketed over the course of just a few weeks. Even when I was trying to stick to my strictest diet plans, there always seemed to be a push to fill my stomach more. The only explanation to me was that someone was going around spiking my meals when I wasn't looking. Looking at a few of the less physically impressive women in the gym, I could imagine any number of them being so jealous of my body that they would stoop to such drastic measures.

Before I could go around pointing a plump finger at my supposed tormentor, my attention came back to my current predicament as I felt a draft against my bare skin. Looking over my shoulder to see the massive rip in my pants, I tried in vain to cover up my bare bottom. Hearing my top tear in the middle to reveal more of my breasts, I began to slowly shuffle my way towards the locker room.

Disposing of my raggedy clothing, I grabbed a spare shirt and pants from my bag with the intention of getting home as soon as possible. Making my way into one of the showers, I managed to get rid of some of the weariness by washing off my layers of sweat. As I felt up my chubby form, my mind kept racing to think about what I would do when I found the person responsible. Pinching at my belly fat, I came up with the plan to force feed them until they were twice as big as I was then. Surely, that would be enough to make up for what they had done to my beautiful body. At the time, it was a nice motivator to keep up my routine with the thought that eventually things would go back to normal.

A single missed wave of my arm was enough to turn my already agonizing trip to the grocery store into utter humiliation. Though I had garnered attention from the moment I stepped through the doors, it was hard for people not to turn their head towards the sound of cans clanging against the ground. Even those that would typically not waste a second on a mess of spilled peas inevitably had to pay attention to the less than pleasant whispers that floated through the store as everyone took notice of my sorry state.

Some of my former instincts worked against me as I attempted to reach down and grab the fallen can. I was stopped by the seams of my sweatpants screaming out in agony from my fat attempting to burst through. Trying to remain as still as possible, I moved my pudgy hand away from the can and instead traced it along the fabric. Though my touch did graze over my chunky thighs and wide hips, the worst of the damage appeared to be a penny-sized hole in the seat of my pants.

I tried to keep myself calm. I kept telling myself that the tear was too small for anyone to notice. Still, I kept my movements slow as I carefully placed the can back and tried to stand back up. Inch after agonizing inch, I prayed that I would be able to get through the rest of my shopping trip without making a complete fool of myself.

Any hope of leaving with my dignity intact was undone as the hoodie that used to engulf my form instead rose up to let my flabby belly plop out into an unflattering muffintop. The sensation of the weight lunging forward nearly sent me falling onto the ground. Straining the muscles hidden beneath my blubbery legs, I managed to raise my over 600-pound body back into a standing position. Though I had avoided the fall, it came at the cost of discovering another hole in the front of my hoodie that seemed eager to show off the unsightly girth of my tits.

Wiping a bead of sweat from my forehead from both the physical exertion and my own stress, I tried to dissuade the onlookers with an angry glare. By now, I was aware of how ineffective the look was becoming thanks to the layers of chub around my face. My three chins alone were enough to diminish any chance of any threats from me being taken seriously. Either out of pity or concern that I would ram into them with my weight, the other customers mercifully turned away and went about their business.

Tightly clutching onto my basket, I tried to rush through the rest of my list as fast as possible. Every time I added something to my cart, I could feel people silently judging whatever food I added. Even during the trips where I had been disciplined enough to stick with my planned-out diet, anything was greeted with a shake of a head at the imaginary thought of me being a complete glutton with even the healthiest of meals. Not that it mattered anyway. Whether I gorged myself on cake or plain crackers, it all got turned into more pounds to further weigh me down.

As I continued to waddle through the aisles, I thought back to the possible cause for the poor state of my metabolism. Sure my parents had been as fit as me, but I was certain that I'd seen one or two obese people hogging up the food table at family reunions. The working theory was that I had been the unfortunate child of three who had received the genes for being turned into a blob without warning. Though I had really nothing to back this idea up, the thought of going back through my family tree when I got home was enough to distract my mind until I reached the checkout line with a full cart.

"Find everything you needed today, miss?" the cashier asked, his plastered on smile a poor disguise for the way his eyes glanced over my disgustingly obese self.

"Yeah, jusht fwine," I mindlessly blurted out.

The cashier stopped mid-way through ringing up a bag of apples. "Excuse me?"

"I said I'm fine!" I shouted back, the outburst succeeding in getting him moving again in silence at the cost of further straining my clothes.

Grumbling to myself that even my speech was being affected by my unnatural weight gain, I watched as the price of my groceries grew at the same rate as my body fat. With an exasperated sigh, I thought about the hours of work I would need to suffer through in order to make up for this. At the very least, cancelling my gym membership had given me a decent amount of extra cash to use. Not like I was in any rush to go back there and show off how little progress I had made in getting back to my old self.

Just as I was about finished, my eyes wandered over to the candy section. Seemingly moving on their own, my pudgy fingers grasped a singular chocolate bar and tossed it on the counter. Any hesitation the cashier had about ringing up the sweet was undone with another

glare. Snatching it back out of his hands once I had paid, I tore it open and dug in. Thankfully enough, whatever was causing my weight gain had yet to diminish the ability for sugary treats to help dull the pain.

Tightly gripping the handles of my scooter, I tried to push the overworked engine to make it go just a little bit further. Though I was already sweating like a pig from the heat, the added stress of being unsure if I would make it back home left me covered in a sheen of perspiration. By now, the sight of me rolling down the sidewalk had no doubt gotten more than a few glances. At that point, I was starting to develop a resistance to people gawking at my form and the various daily indignities I had to suffer through just to complete mundane tasks.

Bringing up a blubbery limb, I wiped my face clear of perspiration at the cost of having to feel up my chubby cheeks and four rows of chins. Any lingering drops still managed to slide down my chest to further dampen the area between my H-cup breasts. The moisture clinging to my flesh made my nearly 1000-pound belly slip its way out of my well-worn, food-stained tank top. A similar situation meant I had to keep reaching back to pull up my skirt for fear of fully revealing my double-wide rear to the world. Unfortunately, my body's ever persistent sweat problem became the least of my worries as I finally heard my motorized scooter sputter to a stop.

"Fwuck!" I shouted, my own stress making me ignore how I accentuated my speech. "Come on, jusht a little *huff* mwore," I pleaded as I tried and failed to get the scooter moving again. No matter how much I yelled at it or pummeled it with my pudgy fists, the vehicle remained inactive.

With an annoyed groan, I forced my doughy body off of my main form of transportation. Putting my pudgy fists to good use, I gave the defunct machine a few smacks in a last-ditch effort to get it to obey. Stomping my thick legs on the ground at the continued rebellion of the device, I made my blubbery limbs useful by gathering up my food supplies. Looking down the block and seeing my apartment building, I kept telling myself that this was nothing. At least it was back when I was the size of a human and not a morbidly obese cow.

As I slowly waddled back to my home, I kept my mind off of the arduous challenge by working on my new theory as to why I kept gaining weight. I don't know if it was the frustration or the heat that fueled me that day, but I once more landed on blaming an unknown person who had been jealous of my physique. Rather than just spiking my food, I came up with the idea that a vengeful witch had cursed me. Over the sound of my wheezing breath, I thought up a string of maniacal cackles that my non-existent enemy was going through as she watched me struggle to do something as simple as get to my home.

Any relief I felt about finally reaching the apartment complex was undone by the sight of the "Out of Order" sign hanging on the elevator. Stomping my way up the stairs, I told myself that this amount of physical strain had more than earned me a bowl or two of ice cream. It was against my diet, but at this point I was willing to give up and realize that no matter what I ate it would fatten me up. Rationalizing adding some extra chocolate and whip cream to the bowl to make up for my lost energy helped me to reach my floor and bring me face to face with the pair of men standing at my door.

"Excuse me," one of the men said, his fine suit a stark contrast to my messy, sweat-slicked attire. "Are you Nora Gonnewitz?"

“Who’s *huff* ashking?” I wheezed out.

“We represent a special research team that has taken a particular interest in your condition,” the other man said, holding out a business card. “It might be just what you’re looking for to help pay the bills and possibly take care of your problem.”

“Ffffwine,” I said, using my heft to bully the strangers into carrying my grocery bags. “We’ll talk afffter we get inshide and I get shome fwood,” I said, at this point too tired to bother being affected by the humiliation of asking the strangers to help push my lard ass through the tight doorway.

Mid-way through my fourth meal of the day, I got the call. As much as I wanted to avoid the meeting as much as possible, I was held in place by a multitude of factors. Mainly, me being unable to move from my custom-sized bed without the help of a forklift. However, there was also my obligation to follow the terms of my contract if I wanted to keep the lights on in what was essentially a fancy barn constructed just to contain my girth. Unsure of how much longer until even this place would have to be swapped out for something bigger, I let out a heaving sigh.

“Fffffwine,” I said, trying to keep my frustration down by accepting another shovel full of food. “Swend them in.”

As the double-wide doors were pushed open, I saw the camera lenses before any of the crew’s faces. Just like so many times before, they spread out along my living area to get the best view of my body. Walking around the various containers of food that were kept on standby, they

were determined to keep their eyes and cameras glued to each fold of my multiple tons worth of fat. Though I had plenty of money to spend on getting clothes to cover myself up, I found it a waste of money when I knew that it would only be a matter of time before I grew out of them again.

The lack of clothing meant that each team that came in had nothing in their way to record every detail of my overly engorged breasts and buttocks. In the back of my mind, I always wondered how they could get away with showing such enormous curves on anything other than porn sites. I had been told about something like keeping me fully visible for “scientific research”, but I didn’t believe any of that crap. If it meant keeping my bank account from going into the red, I didn’t care if I was being gawked at by researchers, perverts, or, worst of all, reporters.

“Hello Ms. Nora,” the interviewer said, her bright smile and trim figure appealing for most, but an indirect insult in my presence. “Are you ready to begin the interview?”

“Yesh, let’s get thish shit *huff* over fwith,” I replied, having to speak up so that she could hear over my worsening speech impediment.

“Now I know you’ve already told your story before about how you suddenly started his unnatural growth process, but I would like to know a few more details,” the woman said, trying to hide how her eyes kept lingering on my medicine-ball sized tits. “Was there anything in particular you think might have caused your initial growth?”

“I don’t’ fffwucking know,” I bluntly replied, my frustration born from having to answer the same question countless times. “Mwight ashe well be the work offfff *huff* aliensh or shomething.”

“I’m sorry, did you say aliens?” the reporter asked.

“Besht theorwy I’ve *huff* got,” I replied, getting winded from having to both speak and keep my annoyance at bay. “Either way, they can’t fwigure out how to shtop me ffrom grwowing.”

“That is quite unfortunate,” the interviewer commented with light nod of her head. “I’m so sorry that this happened to you.”

Though I couldn’t fully see it, I was certain that whatever expression of false empathy she showed was being played up for the cameras. For me and the hindered view brought about by the fat surrounding my face, I could tell that she was just like the others. They were only willing to come look at my gross, obese form because it would fill up a time slot on television. At the very least, I was assured that this would give me more money to put towards my various expenses.

“Are fwe *huff* done yet?” I bluntly asked, both to get her out of the room as fast as possible and appease the hunger building up in my stomach. “It’sh ffffweeding twime.”

“Oh, you don’t say,” the reporter replied, having to move to the side to allow a group of my support staff to come in with my next meal. “Would it be alright for us to record this? It’s always amazing to see how much you can put away. You put even the most competitive eaters to shame I hear.”

Lazily scratching at my belly, I pondered if it was a mistake to show up on that food eating show. The paychecks they kept sending were nice, but I never got over how engrossed people seemed to be about my less than polite eating habits. “Jusht kweep quiet,” I relented, beckoning the cameras in closer with a twitch of my fingers.

By now, the feeling of people clambering over my fat rolls to reach my face had become little more than a minor nuisance to me. As each of my helpers got comfortable on top of my enormous breasts, they held out a collection of different foods for me. At this point, the scientists were still trying to keep my hunger at bay with health-conscious meals meant to cut down on my calorie intake. They had yet to understand the lesson I had learned months ago that anything I ingested, regardless of nutritional value, would be just more fuel for my strange condition.

Pointing a plump finger at a plate of broccoli, the helper stretched out to bring it to my face. Despite the mediocre taste, I ate up the greens just as fast as I used to down full bags of greasy burgers. Moving on to chowing through a dozen carrots and following up with a few gallons of water eased at least some of my belly's hungry growls. However, there was little that the feast could do to keep me from noticing the way the reporter and her crew kept focusing in on how my jowls shook with each bite. Hoping that if I put on a good enough show they would leave before long, I reached out once more to pick out the next dish.

Just like every day, I didn't know what time it was when I woke up. My instructions to the staff taking care of my body had been to keep the warehouse's windows covered up to prevent the early morning light disturbing my sleep. As much as I wanted complete darkness, I had to compromise for the safety of the people who tended to my degraded form at all hours of the day and night. At the very least, I could afford soft, dim lighting scattered across the ceiling that only came on full brightness at my whim.

“WLIGHTSH *HUFF* ON!” I shouted out, sending tremors through my thousands upon thousands of pounds of fat.

Momentarily blinded by the shine, I made use of the shelf of fat hanging from my forehead to block out some of the light illuminating the grey warehouse. As my vision began to adjust, I still had to contend with my bulged out cheeks taking up most of my view. Leaning my girthy neck back in forth in an attempt to relieve some of my grogginess, I ended up jiggling about the rows of chins that most of the researchers had given up on keeping count of. They told me that someone would eventually be assigned to exclusively taking care of my face if it followed the same growth rate as the rest of my body.

By now, the most that my limited vision allowed me to see were the set of enormous, flesh spheres that were my breasts. Having long ago lost any semblance of perkiness, the massive, mammoth-sized mammaries were content to rest against my bulk. These days, my bosom’s only purpose seemed to be collecting any leftovers from my feedings or providing my various helpers with a place to walk on as they tended to the upper part of my torso. A few were daring enough sometimes to ask if I would find some relief in having my gigantic nipples stimulated to take the edge off. My answer usually depended on if my boredom was strong enough to override my sense of shame.

Most of the floor space of the warehouse was taken up by my cellulite-riddled ass fat. Every slight shift of the behemoth butt cheeks left my body to shudder at the feeling of the cold ground against my skin. Since my legs had long ago grown too large to move more than a few inches side to side, I couldn’t simply move myself to a warmer spot even if I could lift up my immense weight. There were talks about getting the ground heated to keep me more comfortable,

but there was the fear that the necessary equipment might interfere with the various cleaning units required to clean the massive ass along with the rest of my body.

Though I could no longer see or even touch my belly due to my blubbery arms being too heavy to move on their own, I was told every day how much it was growing. Even after months of observing the mass of flesh, the researchers didn't seem to get tired of poking and prodding at every flab roll they could get their hands on. As for me, I had developed an appreciation that at least someone still found my gigantic gut interesting enough to keep pumping in research money to keep my immobile body well taken care of.

A droning whir from up above signaled my first feeding session for the day. Rather than attempt to have a cooking staff on hand to keep up with my hunger, they had resorted to a slurry of liquid that they assured me gave me everything my body needed to prosper. The taste itself wasn't great, even after they attempted multiple recipes to enhance the flavor. Regardless of if the fluid tasted like strawberries, fine steak, or even raw sewage, my fat face was all too eager to suck up the liquid feast.

Straining my ears I could barely pick up a group of scientists intently discussing something. What few words I was able to hear echoing through the warehouse made it obvious that they were talking about me. Even if they were self-proclaimed professionals, all of their conversations typically revolved around the same question that I had asked myself since that first day: Why did I start gaining weight?

Was it someone spiking my food with weight enhancers? Or maybe it was a hidden gene amongst my family. Images of witches casting curses on my form came to mind. As well as extraterrestrial creatures finding sick joy in getting to watch me become as big as building. Then

there was also that lingering thought that this entire thing was just because I couldn't stop myself from eating and drinking a little too much.

The notion that this accursed, flabby body was my own doing was disrupted as I felt someone climbing up my heft. Though they did slip between my flab rolls a few times, others were around them to free them and help them back on their way. Feeling them ascend the peak of my cavernous belly button and slip between my tits, it wasn't long before they reached the obstacle of making their way up my multiple chins. They managed to finally meet my face moments after I chugged down the last of my liquid feast and the tube was pulled back for the machine to refuel for my next session.

"Good morning, Ms. Nora," the man in a lab coat said, his clothes stained from the food and sweats droplets he had gained from his ascension. "How are you feeling?"

"THE FFFFWUCKING SHAME ASH *HUFF* ALWAYS," I forced out, uncaring of the sight of him nearly falling back down my expanse.

"We just performed your daily weigh in," he said, intently looking at his clipboard. "And we discovered something."

"FFFFWHAT? THAT WE NEED MWORE *HUFF* SHPACE FFFFOR MY FFFWAT?"

"N-no. You're lighter than you were yesterday. You lost weight."

A shudder ran from the top of my head all the way down the expanse of my back flab.

"FWHAT?"

“It is very minor in comparison to the full mass of your body,” the scientist remarked, looking between my intense gaze and his clipboard. “However, you are 100 pounds lighter than yesterday.”

“HOW ISH *HUFF* THISH *HUFF* PWOSSHIBLE?”

“We... aren’t entirely sure,” he admitted. “In any case, this is good news. This might be the breakthrough we need to start bringing you back down to a reasonable size. We’ll monitor you for details and see if we can follow up with further adjustments to your routine. This is a momentous day, Ms. Nora. I’m sure you’re very happy.”

Even after the scientists began the long descent down my form, I wasn’t sure how to handle this information. Swiveling my head back and forth to take in what I could of my bulk, I still couldn’t fully believe what I had been told. For over a year I had been dealing with how to stop my growth. Now given a path to get back to my old life, I didn’t know what to do with myself.

I only came back to my senses once another feeding tube was presented to me. Rather than let my mind go wild with theories as to how I started to lose weight, I merely clamped my lips around the nozzle and started to drink. Sucking up the gallons of liquid like it was nothing, I allowed myself to fully enjoy the taste for the first time in a long while.