

Project S.L.O.T.H.

Lina stood before the imposing metal doors. She held up the newspaper and double checked the address. This was definitely the right place, although, she wished it wasn't. "Test Subject Needed for Radical Lifestyle Experiment," the ad said, not exactly inspiring confidence. However, it was hard to turn down the amount of money they were offering.

Lina gave a knock on the door. "Hello? I'm here to see Dr. Teld about the experiment."

With a buzz, the door opened and Lina walked inside. She was met by a vacant waiting room, with chairs and old magazines strewn about. Sitting at a desk was a lady in a black dress, typing away at her computer.

"Ms. Hudson?" the woman asked, looking up from her computer, giving Lina a fraction of her attention.

"Yes, that's me."

"Ah good, you're on time. Dr. Teld doesn't like postponing experiments." The receptionist reached under her desk and took out a clipboard. "Please fill out the information on the sheet provided. Dr. Teld should call you in shortly."

The receptionist turned her attention away from Lina and resumed typing on her computer. Put off by the receptionist's lukewarm welcome, Lina sat down and began filling out the information. Hair: long and blonde, height: 6 feet, 2 inches. Eyes: brown. Bra size: B. Favorite food: grilled cheese. What made her stop was her weight, she had always been self-conscious about. Not wanting to dwell too long, she quickly wrote down 105 pounds and signed the bottom of the page, neglecting to read the rest of the paper.

The receptionist took the clipboard and looked it over. “Yes, yes, very good. You’re the right person for this experiment. Dr. Teld will be happy to have you on the team.”

As if on cue, a door next to the reception desk opened and a man in a long, white lab coat stepped out. He was a very tall man, and his black hair and scruffy beard seemed to clash against the wide rimmed glasses on his nose. Adjusting his glasses, he walked up to Lina and began looking around her.

“Is this the test subject?,” the man in the lab coat inquired, studying her like a book.

“Yes Dr. Teld, here are her papers.”

The receptionist handed Dr. Teld the clipboard and he began looking it over. He flipped through the pages, nodding his head and scrutinizing every last detail. He began asking Lina more detailed questions about her health, her lifestyle, and her family. At the end he smiled, and scribbled out something on his notes.

“Well Ms. Hudson I do believe that you’re the perfect candidate for our experiment. The only thing that remains is to get started. Are you ready?” Dr. Teld asked, a single eyebrow raised.

“Y-yes,” Lina replied, nervously.

“Good, then right this way.” Dr. Teld led her into the back room, the receptionist eyeing Lina the entire time. The two walked down a long hallway, dotted with numbered doors. Dr. Teld stopped her in front of room 23.

Dr. Teld opened the door and pointed inside. “Please enter. You will find a set of clothes that we need you to wear for the test. It is vital to our experiment that you wear all of the necessary clothing. When you are finished, enter through the other door. Good luck!”

With that, Dr. Teld pushed Lina inside and closed the door behind her. It was a gray locker room, with a bench in the middle and a set of clothes folded neatly on it. Stripping down to her underwear, Lina examined the cloths on the bench. The outfit was very loose, like it had been made for someone five times her size. The top was a standard gray sweatshirt, except for a V-neck that went down a little low on Lina, showing the edges of her black bra. The sweatpants had an elastic waist that seemed to stretch to enormous proportions. Lina gently placed her old clothes in the nearby locker, and proceeded through the door, the bottom of her pants dragging the whole way.

Lina entered a small, square room, with a large window that she guessed was where the doctor would be observing her. In the center of the room was an enormous bed, with various wires and devices connected to it. The bed had a variety of buttons and switches lining the sides, with machines reading off seemingly random numbers.

“Ah, good. I see that you’re ready.” The voice came from the PA system. Looking up, Lina could see Dr. Teld and a few other scientists looking out of the window. “Hmm, I see that the clothing is a little big on you, but that shall be remedied later. Now then, please lie down on the bed and we shall begin.”

The bed was incredibly soft as Lina rested her slim figure on the cushion. Immediately the sensors began reading off more numbers, although this time they seemed to be a bit more exact. They were monitoring her blood pressure, her mood, and her weight, which now showed

110 pounds, disproving her previous assumption. Placing her head on the pillow, Dr. Teld came back on the intercom.

“I do hope you’re comfy. We will now send in the SLOTHs.”

Confused, Lina almost jumped out of the bed as she heard a slot in the side of the room open up. Lifting up her head, Lina saw three lights that seemed to be getting closer. With a light hum, a small robot flew out from the vent and began hovering over her. It was spherical in shape, with three lights to act as a sort of face for it, and two limbs that ended in metallic fingers.

“Ms. Hudson let me introduce you to the Sedentary Life Over Time Helper, a.k.a., the SLOTH.”

“Like the thing in the rainforest?”

“Yes, they do share the same name, but our SLOTHSs work a lot harder.”

Lina eyed the robot as it hovered around the bed. The SLOTH stopped as it neared her head. It stared at her, like it was waiting for something. “What does it do?,” Lina asked.

“The SLOTH was designed for people that have been confined to their beds for various reasons. They are capable of performing a number of tasks to help a person in their everyday life. If our tests succeed, then we can start mass producing them. Think of all the good they will do for those in wheelchairs or are permanently bed ridden.”

To Lina this sounded like a good cause and so with confidence, she responded. “So what do you want me to do?”

“Nothing at all. These robots are here to meet your every whim. Just lay back and let them do all the work. We’ll be watching to see how they perform.”

“Sounds easy enough.” Lina began to think of what to do next, she never had a servant before, let alone a robot. Her mind started to wander around the possibilities, but a growl from her stomach gave her an idea. In a rush to be at the lab on time, she had skipped breakfast. “Ok SLOTH, please bring me food, eggs and bacon preferably.”

“As you wish,” the SLOTH replied, in a robotic, monotone voice, before floating through the passage it came from. Lina laid back in the bed and relaxed, getting accustomed to the TV and computer controls. Just as she was able to find the food channel on television, the SLOTH returned, but it wasn’t alone. It was joined a four other SLOTHSs, each carrying a platter with breakfast food on it. There was of course Lina’s eggs and bacon, albeit with about a dozen eggs fried with cheese and about thirty strips of bacon. In addition, the SLOTHSs had gone to the trouble of cooking up a tray of twenty biscuits with butter and jam dripping off the sides and a stack of pancakes three feet tall, stuffed with chocolate chips, soaked with maple syrup, and covered with what looked like a whole stick of butter.

“Not them I’m ungrateful or anything,” Lina said as the SLOTHs set up a large tray and placed the food in front of Lina, “but, I didn’t ask for this much food.”

The intercom came on again. “We’ve been monitoring your health levels. According to our data, in order for our test to be as accurate as possible, we’re going to increase your nutritional input.”

“I think you’re wasting your time. There’s no way I’m going to eat all that.”

“Please, just eat as much as you can then.”

The intercom turned off, leaving Lina alone with the SLOTHs, and the platters of food. What she said before was true, Lina usually only took a few bites of food before she felt full. However, the smell of the bacon and the gaze of the SLOTHs urged her on.

Back in the watch room Dr. Teld was getting anxious. In order for the SLOTHs to be tested correctly, Lina had to eat their food. All he could do was wait, and let the additives in the food do their job.

The bacon squished when Lina stabbed it with her fork, releasing grease and other juices. Lina was a bit revolted as the bacon dripped across the plate, making her a bit hesitant. Lina took the smallest bite she could, but the little she ate was incredible. Whatever the SLOTHs had put in the food was delicious, and Lina began ravenously digging into the platter of bacon and eggs.

Lina picked up the final piece of bacon with her fingers and covered it in the remaining cheese and eggs, before eating it in one bite. Pushing the tray away, Lina was quite surprised that she had actually gone through the whole plate. Lina already regretted it, looking at the small bulge appearing on her stomach. She was about to order the SLOTHs to take the rest of the food away, when her stomach growled again.

Figuring that a few extra bites wouldn't hurt, Lina pulled the platters of biscuits and pancakes closer to her and began to eat. Lina took an enormous bite of a biscuit, letting the butter and jelly drip onto her top. She tried to clean it up, but with nothing to wipe it off with, she decided to just keep eating and have the SLOTHs clean it up later. The pancakes only made the mess worse, the sticky syrup dribbling down Lina's mouth and onto her chest.

With one last bite, Lina finished off the pancakes, rubbing her engorged stomach. Looking at the display near the bed, it showed that just from her breakfast feast, she had already

gone up to 125 pounds. Lina became a bit distressed at the added 15 pounds of weight, and thought it was about time to stop.

“Thank you very much for the food,” Lina spoke to the SLOTHs, moving aside her plate.
“Now, could you please clean me up a bit?”

The SLOTHs just floated there, not moving an inch.

“Um, excuse me, I said could you please clean this up?”

“I’m afraid that they won’t be able to move at the moment. They’re running low on battery,” Dr. Teld announced from the intercom.

“Ok, then plug them in.”

“It’s not that simple. You see these robots have a special power source. A renewable resource readily accessible.”

“And what is that?”

As if on cue, Lina’s bulging belly began to grumble. Whatever was put in that food, wasn’t sitting well in her stomach. She began rubbing her stomach to relieve the pressure, accidentally letting a bit of gas squeak out. Lina turned beet red as the sound echoed throughout the room, while the robots’ eyes turned green for a moment.

“Our robots are powered by a revolutionary olfactory based power system. In short, they are powered by human smells, like the one you just let out.”

“Wait,” Lina interjected, struggling to keep the building pressure at bay, “you’re telling me that these things are powered by...”

“Yes, and other unpleasant scents that come from the human body. Farts, burps, bad breath, sweat, etc.”

“Why are you using it on robots and something more useful?” Lina asked, doubting Dr. Teld’s intelligence.

“This energy system is still in the prototype phase. They are still quite time consuming to make, and not exactly cost efficient. We’ve also had a few problems with its performance. They can only generate a small amount of power, which is already at its limit when running these robots. Also, we have only been able to charge the robots in enclosed spaces and we need a constant source of foul odors to keep it going.” Dr. Teld paused to catch his breath. “Does that answer your question?”

“I guess,” Lina replied, still a bit confused.

“Good, then let the test resume.”

The intercom turned off, leaving Lina with the motionless SLOTHs. Lina tried fruitlessly to wipe off the jelly and syrup, only succeeding in making her hands sticky and the mess worse. With no other choice, Lina decided to let a bit of the pressure out with a tiny burp that she covered with her hand. The SLOTHs lifted up for a second before going motionless again. Her stomach grumbled, and the pressure built, until she couldn’t hold it anymore and released a loud, smelly fart.

Lina waved her hands and held her nose to cover the smell, and immediately, the robots came to life, waiting for Lina to give an order. The SLOTHs got to work cleaning Lina while she laid back and watched television. Lina shivered as a SLOTH began cleaning in-between her cleavage, causing her to involuntarily pass gas. For some reason, her digestive system was

creating an unusually large amount of gas. She still held it as long as she could, only belching or farting when the battery got low.

About an hour after Lina had finished her breakfast feast, her stomach began to have hunger pains again. For all of the advanced technology connected to the bed, the room was lacking in any way for Lina to know what time it was. Lina rubbed her still engorged belly, and figured it was about time for lunch.

“SLOTHs, it’s time for lu-URRRP-nch.” Lina belched out, for the first time without blushing or trying to cover her mouth. The SLOTHs listened intently as Lina began to list a number of meals she wanted brought to her, most of which came from cooking shows she had been watching. Her order complete, the SLOTHs once again floated through the metal door to go get her food. As they were leaving Lina commanded two of them to stay behind to give her a massage.

Lost in the relaxing pulsations of the robot fingers, Lina didn’t notice the other SLOTHs until they placed the food onto her tray. Her eyes lit up as the covers were lifted, revealing a platter of grilled cheese sandwiches dripping with twenty different kinds of cheese and stuffed with ham, bacon, and various other meats. Out of excitement, Lina let a small squeak out her backside, not realizing that it had started to look a bit chunkier.

In a matter of minutes, Lina had already gone through five of the sandwiches and despite the excessive grease, her mouth was getting dry. She commanded the SLOTHs to bring her a drink, and as with the food, they responded in a big way. The robot went over to a nearby control panel, and began typing in a series of commands. Lina stopped mid-bite, watching the ceiling open up and a long tube slide down from the ceiling. A SLOTH lifted up the tube and brought

the end up to her mouth, enticing her to put her lips around it. Before she could react, the robot forced the tube into her mouth and some kind of liquid began flowing through it and into her mouth. To her delight, the tube was feeding her a sort of chocolate shake slurry, which she happily slurped down. When she was satisfied, she pulled the tube out of her mouth and burped loudly, before reaching for another sandwich.

After another hour, and one more big gulp from the tube, Lina had finished her lunch, deciding to reward the SLOTHs by letting her bowels loose and a massive fart escape between her ass cheeks. As the robots were cleaning her up, Lina looked over at the monitor and almost fell out of her bed when she saw that her weight was now 150 pounds. Feeling a bit more tickle on her body, Lina took a minute to look at herself to see that the belly fat had begun to even out throughout her body. Her breasts had grown out a bit, her shirt no longer being so loose around her chest. Her newly gaseous backside had expanded to fit her sweat pants and actually began to feel a bit snug on her. Looking at her stomach she could see her rounded stomach poking out from underneath her shirt, letting everyone get a good look at her belly button.

Rubbing her belly, Lina lazily pressed the buttons on the TV screen and changed the channel. She ordered the SLOTHs to constantly bring her snacks to satisfy her gluttonous appetite, all the while becoming less and less, self-conscious about her eating habits and flatulence. Eventually, Lina let her eyes close and she fell asleep, food crumbs still clinging to her face. Unbeknownst to her, the SLOTHs took this opportunity to inject her with a syringe, before powering down for the night.

Lina awoke hours later, with the lights and TV off, and a roaring belly to satisfy. Turning her head, and swinging her newly formed second chin, Lina saw the SLOTHs in their sleep mode, with the power off. Leaning to one side, she produced a loud PPPFFFFRRRT to wake

them up and turn on the power. “Get me some food!” was the first thing to come out of her mouth, followed by a loud burp.

Stomach growls echoed throughout the room as Lina restlessly waited for the food, sucking on milkshake in an attempt to sate her hunger. With a ding, the door slid open and the robots came in, holding a plate of nachos that barely fit through the door. The plate was almost falling over with the combined weight of the beans, cheese, meat, sour cream, and jalapenos. Momentarily, Lina stopped suckling her tube to fill her mouth with a handful of cheese and meat. Her eating habits had changed quite a bit in one day, no longer taking the time to stop the food from dripping all over herself, soaking her top in grease and letting bits of food fall between her cleavage without a care. The SLOTHs would take care of it later, as soon as they finished bringing her more food of course.

Still licking the remaining grease off of the platter, Lina took a glance over at the monitor to see that she weighed in at a massive 220 pounds. Even in her gluttonous stupor, she knew this didn’t make any sense. There’s no way she could gain that much in such a short time. Letting the SLOTHs take away the platter and washing it down with more of the thick, milkshake concoction, Lina pressed a button on the side of the bed in hopes of getting an answer.

“Ex-URRRRRRRRRP-cuse me, but I think there might be a few things you should tell me.” Lina said, anxious to get an answer.

The PA system buzzed on with Dr. Teld’s voice. “Our tests show that your body does have an unusual reaction to the treatment we have been giving you. However, this is all part of the experiment. Please continue so that we can see how it progresses.” The intercom buzzed off, leaving Lina with many questions and a buildup of gas in her stomach.

Lina ordered the SLOTHs to massage her belly, making two of them start to rub and knead her flabby stomach peeking through her shirt. Another pair came close to Lina, holding various cleaning supplies, when she stopped them with a raised hand. “Not now, just get me some more food!” Lina ordered, punctuating with a fart. Moving a thickened arm, Lina turned on the TV and zoned out as she constantly snacked on junk food and sucked on her tube, belching and farting to keep the robots constantly in motion.

An added effect of the food additives was that Lina’s digestive system had slowed down, taking food a much longer time to go through her body. Lina stopped half-way through eating a XXL, supreme pizza, when she felt a grumble in her lower stomach. She tried to get rid of it pressure by farting, but nature still called. “SLOTH, I need to use the bathroom.” Lina said meekly, for the first time in a while blushing at her own words. A SLOTH floated over to the bed and pressed a combination of buttons on the panel, while simultaneously another two pulled down Lina’s pants. Lina felt a woosh underneath her butt cheeks as a whole opened underneath her. She knew what it was, but it didn’t make it any less uncomfortable doing it. When she was done, the robot pressed the button on the panel, releasing a blast of water to clean her butt crack. The SLOTHs pulled up her pants and the bed closed up, leaving only the terrible smell lingering in the air.

Lina continued her binging without much disruption, besides the occasional burp. Her shirt began to fit snugly around her breasts, as more and more food sank down into her cleavage. The SLOTHs didn’t get a chance to clean there, but Lina made a point to dig out whatever bits of food she could find whenever she had to wait on an order. She had the SLOTHs undo her bra a while ago, estimating that her boobs had grown to around a double J cup in the span of a day. Her enormous belly could no longer be contained by her shirt, and when she looked down she

could no longer see her feet. Using a mirror held by a SLOTH, she saw her thunder thighs were close to the size of tree trunks, which was needed to support her enormous, flabby ass that was constantly spewing out gas. Lina accidentally pressed the wrong button on the remote and brought up her measurements on the screen. Her current weight was 285 pounds.

Shrugging off her weight being more than double what she started at, Lina simply ordered more food. Another day was spent eating and sleeping, as Dr. Teld recorded his test results. Lina tossed and turned in her sleep that night, farting all night long, giving the SLOTHs plenty of spare power. Without her giving direct orders, they went on autopilot.

Lina yawned and stretched out her flabby arms, greeting the morning with a roaring blast from her butt cheeks. She looked around and had her rub her eyes with her sausage like fingers to make sure she was actually awake. With their extra energy, the SLOTHs had taken it upon themselves to create a feast fit for a party of fifty people. Lina began to drool as the robots began piling up the food on her tray, moistening her already filthy shirt. Making the effort to raise her arms, she instructed the SLOTHs to remove her shirt, it was just becoming a hindrance to her ever growing tits. The shirt was pulled off, letting her breasts jiggle free and bits of food to fall loose. Preferring to have unrestrained flesh, Lina also let the robots take off her sweatpants, revealing her very thin and very dirty panties, wedged in her ass. With one little movement, the panties snapped apart, causing a ripple effect to spread through her ass fat.

Unburdened by clothes, Lina started her feast with a turkey overflowing with stuffing. She didn't bother with any utensils, grabbing chunks of meat and shoving it into her mouth. Finished with the turkey, she moved on to a bowl of mashed potatoes, shoving her face in the bowl and eating like a dog. Licking the gravy off her face, Lina washed down her food with more of shake concoction, which seemed thicker than ever. Taking the tube out her mouth for a

second to burp, Lina grabbed the next serving of food, a five foot long sandwich that her wide mouth could barely fit around. Lina just kept eating and eating, drinking from her tube to help things go down, and constantly belching and farting to keep her belly from becoming too full.

With the last of the plates licked clean, Lina chugged down one more mouthful from her tube, before taking a break. Her enormous stomach was finally satiated, and she began rubbing it with her fingers, wanting to feel every fold of fat for herself. The stomach massage, caused a loud PFFFRRRTT to escape from her wide ass, making the room smell worse than it already did. All the while, the SLOTHs were in the other room already preparing Lina's next feast.

With a buzz the intercom came on, pulling Lina's attention away from her own girth. "Lina this is Dr. Teld. I think it's time we told you the truth about our experiment. The SLOTHs weren't designed to help people who have become sedentary. Their actual purpose was to MAKE people sedentary."

"What do you mean?" Lina asked.

"In reality, SLOTH stand for Slobby Lazy Obese Transformation Helpers. We created them so that people can become like what you are now. I must admit, we also have been giving you a dose of a serum to help speed up the process, but we consider this experiment to be a success."

Dumbfounded, Lina didn't quite know how to react. "What are you going to do with me?" Lina asked, fear in her voice.

"That's entirely up to you my girl. If you wish, we can start you on a treatment plan that will bring you back to your old self and you'll be given the promised amount of money. Or..."

“Or what?”

“Well, if you so choose, you can stay like this and continue the experiment. If you agree to this, these SLOTHs will be yours to keep and take care of you for as long as you want. We will also pay you for your continued participation in the study. It would be very sizable, able to cover the expenses of this lifestyle and more. So Ms. Hudson, what is your decision?”

Lina brought a thick finger to her multiple chins and started to think. Considering what her old life was like and what this new lifestyle was like for her, it didn’t take too long for her to make a decision. “Dr. Teld, I want to continue the experiment,” Lina said proudly. “I think I would like living like this. No responsibilities, no stress, and I wouldn’t have to do anything all day besides eat and sleep.”

“I am so glad to hear that,” Dr. Teld replied, joy in his voice.

Lina stayed at the lab for another week while they got everything ready for her. During that time she became a smelly blob of fat and gas, which drove away anyone that tried to get close to her. By the time she left the lab, they estimated her to be over 500 pounds, with breasts the size of bean bags, and an ass that filled up two king sized beds.

Lina was wheeled into her new apartment with another bed specifically made for her body. Her apartment had been fitted with many of the accommodations of the testing lab, plus more like a larger TV screen and her choice of three feeding tubes hanging around her head level. Settling into her new bed and initiating it with a loud and smelly fart, Lina gave a command to her SLOTHs, “Bring me some food.”