

Gay Lizard: You better open the fucking door

Gay Lizard: I swear to fucking god Carl

Gay Lizard: I brought you your fucking lunch

Gay Lizard: Have the fucking decency to open the door and take it you fucking fatass you always do this.

Gay Lizard: Stop being a fucking pussy

Gay Lizard: Just because TJ kicked your shit in now you're gonna get your panties in a twist?

Gay Lizard: fuck you

Carl kept staring at the messages from the last day. The events at the lake kept repeating in his mind at the time—hell, even now—and the discomfoting, nauseating feelings that it left him with drove him to the same corner of the world he always ran to; his room, filled with all the distractions he could want. If he doesn't think, then he can't be sad. Drugs, games, porn, or a set of all 5 seasons of Super Wolf: The Animated Series. Whatever it was, he was safe. Well, safer than outside. Away from panic attacks, away from the friends who abandoned him, and away from the friend he still had that was bound to be disappointed in him when he realized how truly worthless he was.

That Tupperware must be covered in ants by now. No point in trying to look for it.

Looking at the clock, it was eight PM. It was dark outside, and he had binged anything that he hadn't watched before. Playing a match of FighterZXS didn't appeal to him either. He'd just get mad and probably throw the controller at the TV, then cry about it like he did just a year ago.

Yeah. I need a bit.

Carl began anxiously rummaging through his sock drawer for a bag. He usually kept one underneath his Falcon Captain Volume #31, but lifting it, there was nothing underneath. He kept checking nearby if he had somehow moved it away and forgot. Underneath socks. On his nightstand. Next to his controller. It was nowhere to be found. "Oh, shiiiiit. Shitshitshit. Where is it?" He began to pace all around his room. He stepped over dirty shirts, jizz-pairs of underwear, and discarded takeout containers that squelched when the grease was pushed out when stepped on. "Where is it?! Where the fuck did I..."

He began to pace back and forth through the house. His indoor gym. No. His parents' room? He wasn't stupid to go there even when blazed out of his mind, but he still checked, and it wasn't there either. The living room. The kitchen. The empty guest rooms that his mom was *adamant* about turning into an Airbnb while his dad wanted to turn into libraries and studies for his job. No. NO. NO.

“Where the hell...?” His hooves brushed against his head, clumps of fur clutched between his fingers. The sound of his own erratic, panicked breathing overtook everything else around him, further worsening his anxiety. The feeling continued to spread like rot consuming a carcass. He could feel his insides twisting. It would be so easy to just *stop* himself from thinking, but his panacea was just *gone*—cruelly taken away from himself... by himself? There was no one else in his house, so who else...

The crawlspace.

He had sleepwalked there before. Maybe he dropped the bag there like a *fucking* idiot. God, what was he thinking? He just keeps messing up over and over again. It was *always* something with him. No wonder why Chase and TJ thought that he was the one behind those stupid lunch boxes. They expect the worst from him. After that truth-or-dare game, he can’t even fully blame them.

The last thing he wanted was to go down there. He *knew* that there was something wrong with that place. No one believed him—not his parents, not his friends, no one—but he was sure of it. Something rotten was underneath. Flynn always made jokes about a body being buried underneath the concrete, but it was probably more likely than the Gila thought it could be. What was humor to him, was a creeping, paralyzing fear that consumed him every time he allowed himself to think.

Yet still, his feet moved on their own. He slowly began walking down the stairs, his stomach twisting itself into knots. The walls felt grimy, the air felt stuffy and thick. It was like the smoke he had blown out of his mouth all his life had nested itself here—a holding place for all the times he drowned himself in vice. A *disgusting* place.

You’re such a fuckup. God.

He finally went in. The boxes of old newspapers and paperwork—those *accursed* memories—were still there. He could see bugs crawling out of some of the boxes. There were probably hives full of eggs inside. Just more motivation to keep them as they were. However, something was still off. He just had to look hard enough.

Squinting his eyes to see through the dark, he noticed a mountain of boxes that wasn’t originally there obstructing the very end of the crawlspace. Instead of memories of his family’s legacy—echoes of the past—it was... a pile of ice cream cake boxes. Brand new, too. They weren’t coated in layers upon layers of dust.

“What the fuck?” Carl turned his head around jerkily. “What the fuck?! Who is this?! Why did you do this?!” They were probably the one that planted that *fucking* note too. Why was he so *stupid*?! Why did he bring that note up?! Everything would’ve been fine if he just kept his fucking mouth shut, but now it was far too late.

He was alone. Alone. Carl Hendricks; the heir to nothing but nepotism money. He was going to die alone. Alone in the crawlspace. Alone. So alone...

I just...

One of the boxes dropped, and Carl let out a scream that echoed across the crawlspace. The lingering sound of his scream reverberated inside his head like a bullet bouncing away from metal. It sounded like death itself had used his mouth to speak.

The ram felt sick.

Against his better judgment, he turned around. The box for a banana chocolate ice cream cake lay on the floor, leaving a gap in the box mountain. There was something... white behind it. It looked completely illuminated, bright as a light, yet it didn't cast any light of its own. It almost seemed like a poorly Photoshopped image onto the canvas of the world.

Like a moth drawn to a blinding flame, Carl stepped forward. He pushed the rest of the boxes to the ground to get near the strange white object. With a *wet* splash, the boxes landed on the ground, melted ice cream pouring out of it. It completely engulfed his feet, covering them with thick, surgery sludge that he knew he shouldn't have ever eaten but is now basically addicted to it. *Fucking fatass*. The sickness across his gut worsened. He had never felt hungrier yet so repulsed by food at the same time.

Now unobscured by the tower of boxes, the white object revealed to see a fridge. It had the proportions of a mini-fridge sized up to be the size of a normal one. A wonderful scent was emanating from inside, completely overpowering the usual odor of age and dust in the crawlspace. It was overpowering... almost like nostalgia concentrated into pure scent form; sour bear gummies that got phased out for the gummy worms he liked just a little less—the pistachio ice cream flavor his parents phased out of the brand for being too unpopular—pink grapefruit soda that was discontinued the same day he broke his nose for running down the stairs.

Carl's hands trembled. Everything could've been so simple. If he was just *normal* instead of being a weird fat fuck maybe then things could be as fine as they used to be. People like him didn't deserve fine things, however. He was the rotten heir to a rotten legacy. A shameful stain across a blood-stained tapestry.

I just wish things were fine.

The overwhelming weight of despair grew stronger across his shoulders. Chase came back to his life and he was too much of a disgusting fuck up that he didn't even try to rekindle the only possible friend he could have. The only thing he had left was food and drugs; the comforts that would never

leave him. And maybe when he finally wakes up from the trip he's *definitely* having at the moment, he'll find out that whatever he's going to put in his stomach would just end up being old paper and infected water that leaked from a faulty pipe, but for *just this moment*, he wants nothing more than to get a taste of a world that no longer existed.

Fuck it.

He opened the fridge and immediately reached for the pink grapefruit soda. Carl opened the can. The carbonated fizzy liquid bubbled as it was allowed to breathe, bubbles popping; a wonderful orchestra. He chugged down, trying to take it all in one continuous stream of gulps. He felt his Adam's apple bob as the fizzy liquid traveled down his throat. The pressure of a belch immediately built up inside his neck, but he persevered.

I love this stuff.

"Yo, big guy! You're gonna choke yourself at this rate."

Carl's eyes snapped open. He almost choked on the soda from the shock. Wrapping his hand around his neck, he coughed loudly. Spit flew into the air and onto the ground below. His throat began to turn dry, and as the burning feeling began to spread around it, the swab of soda finally launched out of his throat.

"W-what?"

He turned around. Behind him was a large, dark-furred otter. His eyes were obscured by the shadow cast by his cap. The tacky skull t-shirt actually fit his burly, large physique. For a drug addict, he was surprisingly built. Maybe it was the steroids.

"Are you seriously going to take all the pink grapefruit crush? Come on, leave me some."

Sydney.

"Hello? Earth to Carl?" The otter cocked his head, chuckling at his befuddled reaction. "Or did the weed finally fry your brain after so long? Your funeral's gonna suck if it did."

"Yeah, yeah... sorry. I just was thinking about stuff."

"The fuck are you wasting time thinking about stuff for? Raven and Chase are waiting for us in your room. We're gonna be doing some ROF Fifteen matches to decide who pays for the pizza. Did you think so hard that you forgot?"

Carl couldn't help but smile. "Yeah, sorry."

“Yadda yadda. Let’s go already!”

“I’m coming!” Carl stood up, following behind Sydney’s trail. He was in his house. He was with his friends. He wasn’t alone, and that was fine.

He followed the otter like an overexcited child. He hadn’t smiled this intensely in years. He had always chickened out of asking Raven to actually hang out with him, too scared of rejection. Now, he had him as a friend without the prospect of rejection. Chase was back too, deciding to make a full documentary about the Hendricks, and he even let him and Sydney be parts of it!

He opened the door. Chase and Raven cheered for his arrival.

Chase sighed, pausing the game. “We were beginning to think that you were taking a piss.”

“Or that you were having *fun* with Sydney.” Raven teased. “You know what they say about— “

“You always make the same fucking joke, Raven.” Sydney said. “Now, Carl! Sit your ass down. We’re gonna tussle!”

A box of fresh was nested between them, while a tower of discarded, empty boxes dripping with grease was tucked in the corner. Not just that, but bottles of soda and tubs of ice cream filled the room. It was almost hard to walk with so much there, but the ram made his way through eventually.

Sitting down, he glared at Sydney. “You’re on.”

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"THE FUCK ARE YOU WASTING TIME THINKING ABOUT STUFF FOR? RAVEN AND CHASE ARE WAITING FOR US IN YOUR ROOM. WE'RE GONNA BE DOING SOME ROF FIFTEEN MATCHES TO DECIDE WHO PAYS FOR THE PIZZA. DID YOU THINK SO HARD THAT YOU FORGOT?"

Carl could barely respond. His chest kept rising up and down, his body struggling for air as the adipose tissue pushed down against his ribs. Buckets of sweat formed over his forehead.

“Hahaha....” His voice trailed off. “Aaaghh... haahh... Maybe...” His blue hoodie had become a makeshift bra for his ample man boobs. They had grown to be the size of his head. They jiggled even against the simplest of movements like nodding. Their heft only made breathing even harder, exhaustion driving across his morbidly obese body.

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MATCHES TO DECIDE WHO PAYS FOR THE PIZZA. DID YOU THINK SO HARD THAT YOU FORGOT?"

"No, no. I just... have to get up." Sweat *poured* out of his rolls as he slowly rose up from the couch. The sweat imprint of his ass marked the orange leather, earning a chuckle out of Sydney—he always did call him 'swamp ass' ever since this started happening to him in high school. "Shit, give me a minute." His protruding gut hung just above the floor. While he used one hand to propel himself out of the couch, he had to use the other to hold up the dangling flab so its weight wouldn't send him tumbling to the ground. "Mgh..."

"THE FUCK ARE YOU WASTING TIME THINKING ABOUT STUFF FOR? RAVEN AND CHASE ARE WAITING FOR US IN YOUR ROOM. WE'RE GONNA BE DOING SOME ROF FIFTEEN MATCHES TO DECIDE WHO PAYS FOR THE PIZZA. DID YOU THINK SO HARD THAT YOU FORGOT?"

The line repeated again like a record being scratched, giving Carl more time to continue lifting himself up. Each time that it repeated, it sounded just slightly more off than before. Fortunately, Carl had just learned to accept it. It was just one of his friend's quirks. They accepted his', why shouldn't he accept theirs?

His belly had grown ever since he started hanging out with Chase, Sydney, and Raven. They encouraged his eating habits, unlike his parents. They were all more than happy to assist Carl the second he showed any kind of anxiety or distress. The result was the spilling pile of lard he had for a stomach. It spread out from his torso like dough that raised slowly but unstoppably. It completely covered his groin, obscuring his Superwolf boxers completely. He at least no longer had to worry about his shorts with how they tore in the middle of him striking a combo. The memories would've been bittersweet if not for the fact that he ended up getting the win over Chase and making the otter buy the Pizza for the 53rd time in a row.

With a bellowing roar, the ram finally managed to push himself out of the couch completely. His meaty, chunky legs shivered nonstop as they struggled to hold up the mountain of blubber of his upper half. The layers upon layers of fat around them didn't help either. They resembled the outline of a roasted feral pig hung vertically, and the hanging bits of lard *flopped* against the base of the limbs with wet smacking sounds as he shook.

"I-I'm heeere..." He panted, cheeks so filled up that it impeded his speech,

"YADDA YADDA. LET'S GO ALREADY!"

Raven and Chase were there as always. Chase paused the game on the exact frame that he consistently did.

Chase sighed, pausing the game. **"WE WERE BEGINNING TO THINK THAT YOU WERE TAKING A PISS."**

"OR THAT YOU WERE HAVING FUN WITH SYDNEY." Raven teased. **"YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT— "**

"YOU ALWAYS MAKE THE SAME FUCKING JOKE, RAVEN," Sydney said. **"NOW, CARL! SIT YOUR ASS DOWN. WE'RE GONNA TUSSE!"**

Carl sat down. The bed creaked out in agony as it struggled to hold up his titanic weight. He was sure that he once dreamt that the springs broke under his weight, and everyone cheered on him for finally breaking the milestone of destroying his own bed with his fat ass. He was sure that it would eventually happen in real life too, and he wished that they would congratulate him all the same.

Turning around, the rings of fat around his neck squishing against each other, the ram let out a weak, deep laugh. "You're... on..."

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Flynn can only sigh. He knows it's useless, but it's the only thing he can do. With melancholy, he nails the poster onto the lighting pole before he goes on to put even more up in the hopes that someday everything could be fixed.



Have you seen this man?

Carl Hendricks disappeared on Sunday, July 15th. He was last seen in his home in the Hendricks Mansion. His parents offer a reward of \$1,000 for any information about his whereabouts.