

Project SLOTH Remake

Double checking the listing on her phone, Lina confirmed that the office building was where she was supposed to be. A second glance at the cracked windows and graffiti along the walls made her wish that she had somehow misread the directions. As much she wanted to turn back, there was the ever present issue of needing money to afford rent and what little food she could scrape together. Before her nerves could get the better of her, she managed to reinvigorate her conviction by looking at the ad once more.

"Test Subject Needed for Radical Lifestyle Experiment. We offer high compensation, as well as an opportunity to take part in revolutionary, cutting edge technology. All applicants are welcome, however there will be a very selective process to ensure we have the perfect candidate to collect the best results. More details will be provided as the experiment proceeds."

Being able to see the numerous violations of ethical experimentation practices did little to dissuade Lina from approaching the entrance. Walking up to an intercom, she cleared her throat and pressed the button. "Hello? My name is Lina Hudson. I'm here for the experiment?"

"One moment please."

A few seconds after Lana heard the bored, female voice the doors opened on their own. Heading inside, she entered a plain looking waiting room with grey walls, uncomfortable chairs, and magazines that were far past their prime. She figured out that the person who had let her in had to be the apathetic woman currently looking at her behind a set of thick rimmed glasses.

"Fill this out," the woman said, handing over a clipboard. "The doctor will be in to see you shortly."

Taking her seat and spending a moment trying and failing to get comfortable, Lina tackled the standard questions for a medical sheet. Hair: Long and blonde. Eyes: Brown. Height: 6'2". Bra Size: B-Cup. Favorite Food: Grilled Cheese. Favorite Milkshake Flavor: Chocolate.

Lina ran into a bit of a hurdle when it came down to her weight. Considering how often she had struggled with her poor self-image, it pained her to linger on the idea for too long. Quickly writing down her weight as 110, she skipped over the legal speak in favor of signing her name at the bottom.

"I'm all done," Lina announced, handing over the clipboard to the bored receptionist. "So when do we start?"

As if on cue, the nearby door opened up to reveal a man in a long, white lab coat. His height was only a few inches shorter than Lina, but he made up for it with the wild, grey strands of hair sticking from his head. Though his tie was straight, and his facial hair seemed well-trimmed, there was something about the look behind his bespectacled eyes that left her feeling a bit unnerved.

"This is the test subject?" the man asked, surveying Lina's body.

"Yes. Here you are Dr. Teld," the woman said, handing over the clipboard.

"Thank you, Donna," he replied, looking over the papers. As he read through every detail, he asked Lina follow up questions regarding her health, family, and overall lifestyle. Once they had finished, he gave her a slight smile as he scribbled down some observations in a little notepad.

"Ms. Hudson, I believe you are the perfect candidate," Dr. Teld proudly announced. "The only thing that remains is to start the experiment. Are you ready?" he asked with a single eyebrow raised.

“Y-yes,” Lina replied, unsure of her own conviction in the face of the doctor’s reaction.

“Excellent, then right this way,” Dr. Teld said, leading Lina down a long hallway until they reached room with the number 23 on it. “Inside you will find a set of clothes. Please change into them quickly so that we may begin the experiment as soon as possible.”

“You still haven’t told me what exactly we’re testing,” Lina spoke up.

“Telling you now would compromise our results,” he explained, pushing her through the door. “Good luck. I’ll see you on the other side.”

Left by herself, Lina explored the drab locker room she had been shoved into. Waiting for her on a long bench were the set of bundled up clothes the doctor had mentioned. Unfolding the outfit, she discovered that it appeared to be made for someone five times her size. Pulling the grey top over her head left the V-neck collar to show off the edges of her bosom. Even without being stretched out, the matching sweatpants were large enough where the only way to keep them on her was to devote a hand to grabbing the waistband. Struggling with her poorly fitted outfit, she placed her own clothes and belongings in a locker before proceeding into the next room.

With the cuff of her pants dragging along the floor, Lina managed to shuffle her way into a room with a nearly blinding shade of white for its walls and ceiling. The barrage of bright pale was broken by the long mirror of an observation room that she suspected contained the doctor and any other scientists standing by for the experiment. Trying to ignore that people were watching her every move, she turned her attention to the massive, king-sized bed taking up the center of the chamber. Though it looked soft with its comfy, grey blankets, she couldn’t ignore the plethora of wires running between it and countless machines.

“Ah, good. I see that you’re ready to begin,” called out Dr. Teld’s voice from the intercom.

“Are you sure?” Lina asked, having to pause to keep her pants from falling down. “These clothes seem a little big on me.”

“That shall be remedied later. For now, please lay down on the bed. Once you’re in position, we can begin.”

Climbing atop the mattress, the softness that greeted Lina was helpful in soothing her nerves. However, her sense of calm was disturbed by the sound of various sensors activated around the bed. Swiveling her head back and forth, she found various readouts like her heart rate, blood pressure, and how hard she was breathing. Letting her eyes rest on the readout of her current weight being 115 pounds, she hoped that the supposed extra weight was just from her baggy clothes.

“Good, it looks like you’ve settled in,” Dr. Teld said, as Lina placed her head on the pillow. “Just relax while we send in the SLOTHs.”

Confused, Lina nearly jumped out of bed as a slot along one of the walls opened up. Lifting up her head to get a better look, she spotted three, green lights emerging from the dark corridor. With a light hum, a small robot flew out to hover above her. The spherical device was made up a glossy, silver metal, with a pair of arms outfitted with hand-like digits, and three orbs on its “face” acting as its eyes.

“What is this thing?” Lina asked, wincing as the robot flexed its fingers.

“Ms. Hudson, allow me to introduce you to the Sedentary Life Over Time Helper,” Dr. Teld proudly announced. “Also known as a SLOTH.”

“Like those things in the rainforest?” Lina questioned, unwilling to take her gaze off of the device’s “eyes”.

“They may share the same name, but I assure you that our SLOTHs work a lot harder.”

“What does it do?”

“The SLOTH was designed for people that have been confined to their beds for various reasons,” Dr. Teld explained. “They are capable of performing numerous tasks to assist in everyday life, such as feeding and cleaning. If our tests succeed, then we can begin mass production of them. Think of all the good they can accomplish.”

“They do sound pretty impressive,” Lina commented, breathing a bit easier when the SLOTH backed up. “What do you want me to do?”

“Nothing at all. These robots are designed to meet your every whim. Just lay back and let them take care of your every need.”

“Seems easy enough,” Lina said, even though she was at a loss of what to do with a butler, let alone a robot one. She found her answer in the form of a hungry growl from her stomach. Reminded that she had been forced to skip breakfast due to lack of funds and time, she forced herself to look towards the robot’s eyes. “SLOTH, bring me some food. Eggs and bacon if possible.”

“As you wish,” the SLOTH replied in a calm, monotone voice before floating back through the passage it came through.

With the robot gone to take on the task, Lina spent her time trying to get acquainted with her setup. A few buttons along the bed allowed her access to a computer that rested atop a table that could be easily adjusted. Tapping away at the controls, she ended up giving into her hunger

cravings and starting up a collection of food videos. It was in the midst of her drooling over the sight of a perfectly seasoned steak did she hear the robot's passage open up again.

Joined with three others of its kind, the SLOTH flew back with a platter held in each of their hands. There was of course Lina's order of eggs and bacon, albeit in portions made for a group of four that were stuffed with cheese and grease. In addition, the robots had brought forth freshly baked biscuits that were overstuffed with more bacon, along with sausage patties. It was upon seeing a stack of chocolate chip pancakes doused in syrup did she realize that something was off.

"It's not that I'm ungrateful or anything," Lina began as the SLOTHs set the food up on a table across her bed, "but I didn't ask for this much."

"We've been monitoring your health levels and have determined that you require more sustenance in order to meet the parameters of the test," Dr. Teld stated. "As such, we will be adjusting your nutritional intake as needed."

"I appreciate it," Lina said, watching the pools of grease and syrup shimmer under the fluorescent lights. "But I don't think I can finish this."

"That's fine, just eat as much as you can."

As the intercom turned off, Lina was left alone with the spread of food and the SLOTHs. Feeling like their green lights were looking at her with the same expectation a chef would observe someone enjoying their best dish, she hazarded picking up one of the biscuits and taking a bite. Her hesitancy was dismissed by the delicious flavor that graced her tongue. With her hunger taking over, she managed to work through the platter in record time. While it was satisfying, she found it odd that her stomach was still growling after she finished off the last biscuit.

Watching intently as Lina dug into the pancakes with her fork, Dr. Teld and the other scientists in the observation room took extensive notes. Of particular interest to the group was the additives they had laced her food with in order to mold her into the perfect test subject. Dr. Teld himself was eager to find out the results, but he new he had to hold back his curiosity if he wanted the experiment to progress as he wanted. He got his wish when he watched her finish off the last pancake and turn her fork towards the bacon and eggs.

With a loud, squishing noise that caused a few droplets of grease to spray onto her chest, Lina took hold of the last strip of bacon. Instead of merely bringing it to her mouth, she instead used the hunk of meat to sop up the leftover cheese from her eggs. Once the bacon was thoroughly slathered, she contently put it in her mouth to enjoy the indulgent morsel.

Putting her fork down, Lina slowly realized just what she had done. If the sight of the empty platters weren't enough, there was also the splatter of grease stains that had spread across her once clean outfit. Pushing aside the tray to see how bad the damage was, she was greeted with a sizable potbelly currently pressing out from her mid-section. Looking over to see she that she had gained 50 pounds, she glanced back at the unsightly protrusion to try and figure out how it was possible to gain so much in so little time.

“Did you enjoy your meal?” Dr. Teld asked.

“Um, yeah,” Lina replied, poking at her belly bulge. “Do you think we could take a break? I’m a little messy from the meal.”

“No need for that,” the doctor replied. “The SLOTHs should be able to take care of cleaning duty. Merely ask them.”

“Oh, right,” Lina said, reminded of the original purpose of the experiment. “Okay then, clean me up,” she commanded the robots.

The SLOTHs merely floated there, as if they were deaf to her voice.

“Excuse me,” Lina began, raising her hand. “I asked if you could clean me up.”

“Ah, terribly sorry, but I forgot to mention something,” Dr. Teld spoke up. “They won’t be able to handle your request because they are running low on battery power.”

“Then just plug them in.”

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

“And that is...?”

Right on cue, Lina’s belly bulge let out a series of groans. Considering that she had downed so much food in such a short amount of time, she wasn’t surprised by the fact that her stomach wasn’t in a stable condition. Rubbing at her gut to try and relieve the pressure, she accidentally let a bit of gas squeak out her butt. While her cheeks turned a bright red as the sound echoed through the room, the robots’ lights flashed for a moment.

“SLOTHs are powered by a revolutionary olfactory based power system,” the doctor explained. “In short, they are powered by human gas expulsions similar to the one you just let out.”

“Hold on,” Lina said, trying to avoid another slip up, “you’re telling me that these things are powered by...

“Yes,” Dr. Teld cheerfully replied. “Any unpleasant stench the human body can produce will fuel the SLOTHs. Things such as burps and farts.”

Lina raised an eyebrow. “Why are you using something like this on just the robots? Wouldn’t that revolutionize the way we use electricity?”

A defeated sigh emanated from the intercom. “The energy system is still in the prototype phase. The time and cost currently needed to create the engines are far beyond what this lab can produce. Not to mention, the output of the generator is very small. There’s also the issue of the robots needing to be in close proximity to the source of the odor in order to make full use of it. At this time, they require a constant stream of this energy to keep them going at peak proficiency.” Over the intercom, Lina could hear the doctor take a deep breath and chug down some water for his parched throat. “Is that a satisfactory set of answers for you?”

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

“Good. Then please resume testing,” he said, ending the conversation with an abrupt click and leaving Lina alone with the SLOTHs.

Unwilling to immediately humiliate herself, Lina attempted to take care of the mess on her own. All she managed to do was make the mess worse as she spread syrup and grease along her hands. Left feeling sticky and gross, she slowly drifted her gaze over to the robots.

Without any other options, Lina relented in allowing a small belch to part her lips. While the tiny expulsion was enough to make her feel ashamed of her earlier display of gluttony, it only managed to give the robots a minor blip of energy. Distraught that she needed to further degrade herself, she attempted to produce a more powerful belch by rubbing along her stomach. Though she was prepared to burp, she was less ready for the rumbling BRRRAAAAAPPPPP that burst out of her rear.

While Lina was left to deal with the smell of the horrendous fart, the SLOTHs got to work cleaning her up. With the robots occupied with picking up loose crumbs and the emptied out plates, she merely laid back and let herself zone out to some internet videos. She was prevented from going into a completely relaxed state as every few minutes she was forced to let

out gas from either end to keep her servants moving. There was the lingering concern that the pressure inside was building at an odd rate, but that thought was put to the side as she just tried to focus on getting used to her noxious fumes.

Lina's routine hit a snag as she heard her belly begin to rumble again. With all of the high tech machinery connected to her bed, there wasn't a way to tell what time it was. Seeing the barest remnants of her breakfast still spread along her mid-section, she assumed that her feast wasn't too long ago. However, her bulbous belly didn't seem to listen to reason as it continued to demand more food.

"Alright, UUUUURRRPPPP alright," Lina said to her gut before turning her attention to the SLOTHs. "I think I'm ready for BWOOOORRPPP lunch."

Taking a moment to suck up the belch, the nearest robot responded. "What would you like to eat?"

Influenced by the various cooking shows she had watched during her leisure time, Lina went a little overboard with listing the many things her tongue was craving. Finished with her order, she sent off all but two of the SLOTHs with a wave of her hand. The lingering pair were asked to massage her gut in the hopes of keeping it settled until the food arrived. Though this did result in more gas leaking out of her rear, the surprisingly soft touch of the metallic fingers more than made up for it.

Lost in her relaxing massage, Lina didn't notice the return of the other robots until they surrounded her with platters of food. Drool began to involuntarily leak out of her mouth as she beheld the stacks of grilled cheese sandwiches that had been brought before her. Too busy staring at the chunks of meat the SLOTHs had managed to stuff into the greasy morsels, she

couldn't help letting a few farts squeak their way out. Ignoring the smell of her gas, she lunged forward to take care of her still rumbling belly.

Lina's decadent meal slowed down after the first few sandwiches made their way down her gullet. Though she was far from being full, she couldn't ignore the dryness clinging to her throat. Pausing mid-bite, she gave out the order for the robots to bring her something to drink. Watching them fly off to meet her demands, she didn't give it a second thought until she heard mechanical whirring from the ceiling.

Taking her attention away from the cheese stuck to her teeth, Lina watched as a long hose descended before her. While she was trying to figure out the tube's purpose, a SLOTH floated over to hold it up to her mouth. Her concerns were suppressed thanks to the heavenly aroma that drifted out of the nozzle to entice her. Even if she wasn't sure what was going on, her overactive appetite convinced her to latch her lips around the end of the tube.

To Lina's delight, she was greeted with a thick, chocolate slurry pouring down her throat. Once she had taken in enough of shake to quench her thirst, she pulled back the hose to help herself to another bite of sandwich. Back and forth she kept up the rhythm of eating and drinking; losing sight of how much she was ingesting in the process. Obsessed with her unbridled hedonism, she didn't notice the major changes her body was going through.

One last big gulp from the tube brought an end to Lina's meal. Gracious for her robotic servants, she attempted to properly reward them with a rumbling fart. As the BRRRRAAAAPPPPP burst out, she could feel the extra chub that had been layered around her backside to make her pants better fit her body. Glancing over at the monitor to see she had surpassed 250 pounds gave her a chance to mentally prepare for surveying the extra chub that had been spread across her figure.

Like her pants, Lina's shirt had become taut around her torso thanks to her bosom having easily doubled in size. Reaching out towards her bulged out stomach, she had to tug at the hem of her top in order to get it to cover up her belly button. Feeling up her extra chin with her plumper fingers brought forth a BWOOOOOORRRPPPP from her lips that helped to quell any worries about her rapid weight gain by letting her re-taste her decadent meal.

Still aware enough to recall how much she had eaten, Lina tried to satiate the lingering appetite in her stomach by ordering the SLOTHs to deliver her a steady stream of snacks. Only exerting herself to eat or latch onto the tube for more of the tasty slurry, she seemed content to veg out to a long marathon of staring at her computer screen. As the hours passed, so did her unwillingness to let her gas flow out. Content that her expulsions would continue to power the robots meeting her every whim, she could feel her eyes start to grow heavy. Passing out with crumbs still clinging to her chins, she left the SLOTHs to their own devices as she fell asleep.

Lina awoke sometime later from a series of ravenous growls emanating from her stomach. Unable to ignore the sounds anymore, she opened up her eyes to see that her computer screen was off, and the lights were dimmed. Swiveling her head back and forth, she located the SLOTHs resting on the floor in standby mode. Urged forward by another rumble from her belly, she woke up her robotic servants by leaning to the side to release a BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP made up of the gas that had built up during her nap.

"Good UUUUURRPPP morning," Lina said as she watched the SLOTHs rise back up to turn the lights back up. "Get me some BWOOOOORRRPPP food please."

While most of the robots floated off to fulfill her order, several stayed behind to keep Lina satisfied in the meantime. With the hose close to her mouth, she managed to keep her hunger satiated by taking a collection of large gulps. As she savored the slurry that had yet to lose its appeal, she could see the SLOTHs return in shifts to bring in her food. When she finally bothered to pull away from the tube, she witnessed the towering pile of nachos she had been given. Looking around the mountain of grease, beans, cheese, and meat, she saw platters of tacos and burritos to compliment the enormous feast.

Rather than question her ability to eat all of the food before her, Lina wasted little time shoving her hand into the greasy chips to take a bite. Reveling in delicious cheese and meat, she only stopped chewing to either take a swill from her tube or let out a belch to keep the SLOTHs moving. Too enamored with her own hedonism, she lost sight of the mess she was making of her clothing. Eventually she did take notice to the mess of splatters and grease stains that covered her top, but she figured that her servants could take care of it later. Making extra room with another rumbling fart, she rid herself of excess grease by rubbing her hands on the sides of her pants before moving on to the rest of her food.

Ending her meal by licking off the last few beans from her plate, Lina turned her attention back to the weight monitor. She was given a sense of clarity as she saw the read out of 325 pounds. While she was well aware of how much she was eating, she was starting to question how she had been able to put on so much extra fat in such a short amount of time.

“Ah, I see you’re awake,” Dr. Teld announced over the intercom. “Don’t worry. Our surveillance system monitors everything so there’s no chance of us missing any crucial observations.”

“Excuse BWOOOOOORRRPPP me,” Lina belched out. “But do you think you could tell me a little more about the UUUUURPPP experiment? Like, how was I able to grow so fast?”

“Hmm, it appears that your body is having an abnormal reaction to the food the robots have been preparing,” he answered, pausing to catch his thoughts and let another one of her farts blast out. “Regardless, it provides useful data for any tweaks we need to make to the SLOTHs’ behavior. The experiment will proceed.”

The intercom abruptly shut off, leaving many of Lina’s questions unanswered. Struggling to figure out exactly what was going on with her, things were made more difficult by the unruly rumblings coming from her stomach. Figuring that she couldn’t really figure things out with an empty stomach, she made the order for the SLOTHs to keep bringing her snacks.

Settling back into her flow of lethargy, Lina allowed her servants to continue feeding her as she mindlessly binged videos. The expulsion of gas became automatic during this time, aided by the SLOTHs she instructed to massage her gut. Too busy enjoying the strange comfort brought about by being enveloped by her own fumes, she didn’t notice one of her servants approach with cleaning supplies. Coming back to her senses just before the metallic hand could clean up the various stains with a rag, she used her pudgy hand to gently nudge it away.

“Don’t worry about BWOOOOOORRRPPP that,” Lina said. “Just focus on UUUUURPPP feeding me,” she commanded, hurrying the robot along with another BRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP.

It was while Lina was engrossed with devouring a pizza that the full extent of her weight reached the limits of her clothing. Having fully surpassed a J-cup, her once modest bosom had become a pair of meaty mammaries that created a deep valley of cleavage for any lingering drops of grease to slip into. Too busy straining to hold in her tits, her shirt was forced to let the full

girth of her belly hang out and provide ample access for the SLOTHs' comforting touch. Though her pants had begun to rip asunder under the duress of her thickening thighs and the gas constantly blasting out of her chunky rear, she didn't care as long as her face was being stuffed.

Moments after Lina finished off the last slice of her collection of extra large pizzas, her clothing finally burst apart. The sudden removal of the fabric sent her pudgy form into a jiggling fit. Settling down with a series of horrific gas expulsions, she managed to work through the leftover jiggles to get comfortable once more. A lingering feeling told her that she should be embarrassed by her over 400 pounds of fat being put on display, however that didn't matter. Overtaken by post-meal euphoria, she managed to give out one last, delirious order for the SLOTHs to prepare more food before her eyes forced themselves closed.

Stretching out her pudgy limbs and letting out a yawn that transitioned into a belch, Lina greeted what she assumed was the third day of the experiment. Rubbing her eyes with her sausage-like fingers, the powerful PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT that rippled from her butt cheeks couldn't fully cover up the wonderful smells that surrounded her. Her grogginess fully dissipated as she looked around to see that she was surrounded by a feast of various dishes large enough to feed a group of 50 people.

"Good morning," Dr. Teld spoke up over the intercom. "Although I suppose it's more fitting to say good afternoon."

"How did I get all of this BWOOOOOOOORRRPPP food?" Lina asked.

"The same place all of your meals originate from," he answered, getting her to turn towards the SLOTHs still bringing in more meals. "You see, you were quite active in your sleep.

The gas you managed to put out was enough to overcharge their batteries. With no direct orders, the SLOTHs went on autopilot to take care of your needs. In this case, by creating a feast that would fully satiate your increased appetite.”

“All for UUUUUURRRPPP me?” Lina asked, not to the doctor, but to her legion of servants. Putting a smile on her pudgy face, she showed her gratitude in the form of a billowing BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP to keep them energized. “Well, what are you BOOOUUUURRRPPP waiting for? FEED ME!”

Heeding their master’s orders, the SLOTHs started her off with a turkey leg dripping with gravy. Sinking her teeth into the meat, she managed to work through her chewing and belching to give out a command to clean off what remained of her clothes. Taking a gulp from her ever present tube, she moved on to plunging her head into a bowl of mashed potatoes drenched in butter. While she was busy sucking up every bit, the robots did their best to pick out the scraps of her outfit and jostle loose a few extra gas bubbles along the way. Barely acknowledging the remnants of the once oversized clothes being carried away, she sped up the rest of the SLOTHs to bring her one of many foot-long sandwiches.

Her face a mess of condiments and grease from her meal, Lina took a moment to catch her breathe. Taking generous helpings from her hose, she let her eyes lazily glance across her hefty form. Drifting a pudgy hand outward, she began to poke and prod at her multiple flab rolls. Groping her melon-sized tits led to them bouncing against her gut to create a powerful BWOOOOOOOOOORRRRPPP that momentarily pushed the tube away. Wrapping her lips around the nozzle, she once more reached out to pinch at the ample amount of fat surrounding her backside. Though she wasn’t able to reach even half of the meaty rear, it was enough to push

out a rumbling PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT that ensured that the SLOTHS would be prepared to handle the rest of her orders.

Before Lina could make her next request for food, a buzz from the intercom managed to be heard over her bouts of gas. “How are you feeling Lina?”

Glancing over at the weight read out, Lina turned back towards the observation room. “Pretty good for being over five hundred BWOOOOOOOOORRRRPPP pounds,” she belched out.

“Are you...enjoying yourself?”

“Hell yeah I UUUUURRPP am,” she replied, showing no hesitation to slap her palm against her barrel-like belly. “Never though the life of a complete BWOOOOOOORRRPPP slob would be so-“

Scrunching up her face, Lina let loose with a powerful BRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPP from her rear.

“-satisfying,” she finished, taking a moment to lick her lips clean of any lingering crumbs of food.

“That’s good to hear,” the doctor commented. “I suppose while you’re in such a good mood, it might be an excellent time I told you the truth.”

A moment of clarity broke Lina out of her hedonism-fueled stupor. “What do you BOOOUUUURRRRPP mean?”

“I lied about the SLOTHs. Specifically, what their main directive is. Their true designation is Slobby Laze Obese Transformation Helpers,” Dr. Teld admitted. “There were some experimental additives to your food to speed up the process, but we have gotten more than

enough data to prove that the robots are a success at aiding in the transition process from a productive member of society to a lazy ball of adipose and gas.”

“Wait,” Lina began, straining the muscles buried beneath her flab to sit up. “Are you telling me the entire purpose of this was to make me into a BWOOOOOOOOOORRRRPPPPP!”

“A slob? Yes,” Dr. Teld answered without a hint of remorse. “We’re planning to advertise it as a new way for people to live a life of complete luxury.”

Dumbfounded by the purpose of what she assumed was revolutionary science, Lina didn’t know how to react. “What are you going to do with me UUUUUUURRRRPP now?”

“That’s entirely up to you,” Dr. Teld explained. “Should you wish to return to your former self, we have all that we need to grant your wish. It will take some time, but eventually you will be brought down to your original weight and your digestion will settle down. Alternatively....”

“Alternatively?” Lina asked, her curiosity peeking through another one of her body’s rancid farts.

A slight chuckle sounded over the intercom. “If you so choose, you can remain in this state to continue the experiment. Should you agree to these terms the SLOTHs will be yours to keep. On top of that, our lab will be more than willing to provide enough funds and supplies to continue your life of pure indulgence. So Ms. Hudson, what is your decision?”

Put on the spot, Lina dragged a finger across her row of chins as she tried to think. Considering that she had entered the lab bemoaning her daily struggle and fretting if she could meet ends meet, the answer came to her fairly quickly. “Yeah, I think I’ll BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPPP keep going,” she finally answered. “A life with no stress, responsibilities, and all of the UUUUUUURRRRPPPP food I can eat sounds like paradise.”

“Marvelous,” Dr. Teld commented, his eager mood unwavering in the wake of another one of his test subject’s farts. “Absolutely marvelous.”

One week after the experiment had begun, Lina was being moved to another part of the lab with the help of her ever faithful servants and a specially made mobility chair. Her new living area was equipped with a series of monitors along the wall to provide up to date info on her body, as well as provide endless entertainment. The most crucial component was the pair of king-sized mattresses that had been pushed together in order to form a bed suited for her current form.

Giving the order via a powerful BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP, Lina allowed her over 1000 pounds of flab to be held aloft by her legion of SLOTHs. As she was settled onto the bed, her bean bag chair-sized breasts constantly beat against the massive gut that was sunken between her thick thighs. Wobbling her elephantine rear back and forth helped her to settle into the cushions and ensure that the sheets were enveloped in the odor she had grown to adore.

In the coming months, Lina would be able to spend her every waking moment enjoying her new lifestyle. The only exception would be during the visits where Dr. Teld would show her off to prospective investors. During that time, they would be able to gaze at the wonderfully fat and gassy body that had been created by the amazing SLOTHs.

Leaning back to let her pudgy mitts lazily caress her slobby form, Lina turned her attention towards her servants. “Bring me some BWWWWWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRPPPP food!” she ordered, latching on to one of the many feeding tubes hanging from the ceiling to truly enjoy the life of a slob.