

The first mistake the restaurant made was even having an “All You Can Eat” Friday special; the second mistake was advertising it. In their defense, they couldn’t possibly have known that their timing was as terrible as it could ever possibly be, nor could they have divined that their best customer would break all of their previous records in a single night; they weren’t inside Terry’s head, nor were they privy to the sort of thoughts that swam around behind his eyes whenever he was alone, at home, staring at his catalogue of specialty smut that he kept curated to the best of his ability. For the staff, and indeed management in general, the gator might be a rather... *large* person, certainly, but they were still a regular customer, albeit one that ate suitably enough for his girth compared to others’; nothing too crazy, but just enough for it to be made clear that Terry loved eating more than anything else. For many there, it was a mark of pride, especially as the gator was something of a gourmand, and while he may have a love for food, but he wouldn’t just shovel any old thing down his gullet; it took quality to get him hooked, and further refinement to make him keep coming, something that other establishments had to learn the hard way. Thus, while those working at the barbecue joint were originally reluctant to have someone like Terry show up on a regular basis, it rapidly became obvious that, rather than a gluttonous, ravenous beast with no concern for what was on their plate, only that *something* was, their gator friend was a connoisseur of the fine culinary arts, one that wouldn’t take second-rate food when he could get so much better elsewhere... at least, for the time being. For Terry himself, his complicated relationship with eating in general had been one of the most defining traits of his personality for the past several years, ever since he made the conscious decision to stop worrying about his weight and just enjoy himself with as much food as he wanted; while he didn’t initially think that things would ever get as excessive as they turned out to be, he also did absolutely nothing to stop himself when he began outgrowing his old clothes, and his belly turned into such a large, slung-out weight that he could *swear* he heard it sloshing every time he took a step and the mountainous pile of pudge jiggled for *far* too long. There was a certain beauty to it, a certain *allure* even, enough to leave the poor gator hot and bothered whenever he had some time for himself and he got his hands on his belly, rubbing and kneading himself for hours on end at times, until he came back to and found that he was in the middle of the living room floor, rolling around and drenched in sweat and... other fluids. He couldn’t help himself; it was the way his brain was wired and the way his mind found satisfaction, and as a result, he deliberately went out of his way to keep trying to get fatter and fatter still, even when it began affecting his everyday life. Surprisingly, most of these consequences weren’t necessarily of the life-threatening variety, as one might expect; his biology turned out to be surprisingly adaptable to the sort of food binges that he eventually became known for, what with his hyper heritage stretching the definition for what was “too much” whenever it came to his body bloating. While others might have stopped once their belts stopped fitting properly, Terry kept going, eating to his heart’s content at the best restaurants in town until he had to book entire tables for himself just so he’d have enough room to sit down; he considered it a mark of pride when he reached a point where he required two chairs, one for each cheek, doubly so when the tables he was served food on had to be custom-made so their top was elevated, lest they be constantly pushed away by

his immense gut. It was a testament to his gigantic size that the world had to change around him rather than the other way around; if he were any smaller, if he were merely “conventionally” large, he would never get the sort of perks that he could just expect now that he’d plowed straight on through to “hyper”-level sizes, now that his form was so enormous that walking through doors became a legitimate issue for him. Despite this, he was the happiest he’d ever been; not only was it wonderful to give up caring about what societal expectations were thrown on him, but his aura of confidence seemed to attract people who were on the same wavelength as him, even if they didn’t go nearly as far. While he might’ve been afraid of judgement on the part of others, it felt as if the moment he *stopped* caring was also the one where it stopped coming his way... or perhaps he had simply learned to tune it out, because anyone who wasted time trying to tell him how to live his life was clearly not worth spending mental resources on. Nowadays, his body was unrecognizable compared to what it had once been, as while he’d always been chubby, he had since become a *colossus* of a gator: his ass alone was so wide that it could flatten cars if he sat down on one, and needed extra-reinforced, lengthened seating just to keep him up at the correct height, since for whatever reason no one ever allowed him to just sit on the floor. The amount of fat that had settled on his cheeks and thighs ensured that he was a good four feet taller than anyone else around him *at the very least*, leaving him to dominate whatever room he happened to be in at any given time; this, combined with a belly that packed enough size to hide a large family van and enough mass to snap a steel girder in half if the gator so much as leaned on it, made him an imposing presence, one that shook the very foundations of literally any building he walked in. By that point, he’d been banned from ever setting foot in anything but the ground floor of any commercial establishment, and even had to relocate to a different apartment entirely in order to avoid unnecessary structural damage; this much was entirely necessary, seeing as whenever he took a step on the sidewalk, he left a deep imprint with radial cracks coming out of it, and even solid concrete foundations were just *barely* enough to keep floors from collapsing. The barbecue joint that he’d been going to had to go as far as to serve him outside in a special balcony, one constructed from reinforced rebar that *would* have looked like an eyesore, were it not for the gator happily chowing down on some delicious food at either lunch or dinner; it had become something of a local attraction, hence why management decided to organize an “All You Can Eat” Friday special: they thought they had things under control. Unbeknownst to them, however, Terry wasn’t satisfied with the way he looked; in fact, it was perhaps accurate to say that, the bigger he got, the smaller he felt. His initial fears of putting on too much weight had given way to a newfound appreciation for plus sizes, and with the understanding that his body was perfectly suited for processing whatever he threw into it came the realization that he could do so much more than what he had; for Terry, his current form, titanic and over-bloated as it was, had been the result of him merely letting loose some of his pointless inhibitions rather than going all-out. He hadn’t so much thrown himself head-first into the world of high-class cuisine as much as he had simply given up trying to pretend he didn’t *love* eating... and the idea of what would happen if he *did* put some energy into it had been metastasizing inside of him for months by the time of that fateful day, so much so that the gator

had even devised a plan for how best to make use of his unique skillset. Or, rather, he had identified just the right type of supplements that he had to take in order to maximize his gains; while he may have once been averse to the use of medication, after he found *those* pills, Terry just *had* to change his mind. They were designed to help folks put on weight if they happened to have issues with it, and were expressly forbidden for sale to hypers, for obvious reasons; luckily for him, he happened to know a few people who he could rely on to buy the stuff for him, people who were not only sympathetic to his cause of fattening up even more, but were outright *giddy* at the prospect of seeing the gator become something even more mountainous. Thus, when Terry showed up for the Friday special, he was met with the usual smiles, perhaps even wider than normal, as he was directed to a very special table that had been set up in the back of the barbecue joint, *just* for him and *just* for that night; the establishment truly went out of its way, managing to rent out enough of the parking lot behind it that the gator could sit comfortably while still having plenty of space for a dozen or so tables that he could pick and choose from, a true banquet if there ever was one. Of course, this was done with the understanding that both sides would get their respective backs rubbed; Terry might receive the best meal of his life, but he would do so in plain view of everyone, serving as the best possible advertisement for the restaurant's services. He didn't mind; as far as the giant cared, it was the best possible trade-off that he could ask for, especially since he didn't have to pay for anything... plus, he'd get the additional treat of being able to watch as the staff serving him were shown what it *truly* meant to fatten up, and whatever looks of shock and terror were to be stamped on their faces would be better than any kind of monetary or physical recompense imaginable. To that end, Terry made sure to act the way he normally did, intent on making it seem as if this would just be any other night, albeit one with more food than usual; he greeted everyone in the same way, cracked the same jokes, waved at the kitchen staff, even went so far as to commend management for having such a "bright idea", all while slowly thundering his way over to his throne-to-be. Once he sat down, the frenzy of activity that erupted around him, as tables were set up properly and food was carried to him by several bright-faced young waiters, the gator surreptitiously dug into one of his pockets and retrieved a small plastic bottle, one containing a few dozen nondescript, white pills. According to the instructions on the label, even those who were *supposed* to take the supplements should only ever take one before each meal, *maybe* two if they were attempting to bulk up more than usual... so, predictably, the first thing Terry did was pop open the cap and immediately down the whole contents of the tiny container, throwing it behind him before anyone noticed that it had even been there to begin with. The consequences were immediate, with his stomach growling loudly enough to startle the mass of staff around him, who all looked up at him with a mixture of fear and apprehension stamped on their faces; none of them had ever heard the gator's body *sound* so angrily hungry before, which was entirely at odds with the serene, placid smile stamped on the giant's face. A few went so far as to take a couple of steps back once the gator licked their lips, having to be reassured by Terry himself that it was "nothing like that" right before he calmed everyone down by leaning forward and picking up an entire chicken; it was simply a factor of his own size that what constituted a bite-sized snack for the gator was fundamentally far larger than

what it did for anyone else, but lacking any extra-large poultry to cook, the establishment had to resort to quantity in order to makeup the difference, all while sacrificing quality in the process, a delicate balance that the supernaturally competent kitchen staff somehow managed to maintain. Thus, it was perfectly normal for a single sitting to consist of multiple full meals, all of which had to perfectly crafted to Terry's exacting standards, and while one might expect an "All You Can Eat" special to lower those somewhat, if only for the sake of expediency, the chicken that vanished into the gator's maw was just as delicious as it had always been. In fact, were it not for what happened immediately afterwards, one might've mistaken the complete consumption of an entire dish with a single bite for just "the usual", but typically Terry's gut didn't bloat outwards several inches just with a single snack; granted, it *did* end up noticeably larger by the end of his meals, but that usually took more than just *a* plate, more than just *a* serving... and yet, despite this, the gator didn't look any worse for wear; in fact, if anything, he looked hungrier than ever!

How little did the staff know that this was exactly what was happening inside of his head. Being so fixated on getting those fattening pills in his possession, Terry had only really read the warning label up to the part where it said the product wasn't meant for consumption for hypers; he missed the *other* warnings, where it was clearly stated the chemicals might serve as an appetite enhancer, that they may have a negative impact on hormonal balance, and that an excessive dose might have unforeseen consequences on digestive capability. While normally this meant a complete breakdown of whatever organism was saddled with dozens of the supplements at once, Terry's body wasn't going to sit down and take that punishment without fighting back and subverting it for its own purposes; it shouldn't have come as a surprise, then, that his stomach turned into a veritable black hole, one where food went into and instantly vanished never to be seen again, transformed almost immediately into additional fat at an efficiency rate that bordered on the downright physically impossible. Single mouthfuls resulted in his clothes groaning as they were torn apart, servings which once would be considered nothing but entrées left him visibly rounder to such a high degree that the staff feared he might actually explode if he ate anything else... but the gator kept eating, even when he became so stuffed that he couldn't so much as *think* about bending down, much less doing it at all; not that this was any obstacle to him, as he had no compunctions about politely asking people around him to bring the plates up, even offering to lift them up if they so needed. It may have been entirely against corporate policy to physically interact with their customers on such a direct basis, but really, what else was the staff supposed to do? In the course of a couple of minutes, the gator had gone from merely behemothian enough to require his own outdoor area, to so *immense* that he looked more like a giant ball of lard with hands and feet sticking out of what once might have been arms and legs, their head quickly vanishing underneath mountains of neck fat stacked on top of one another. *And yet*, in spite of all this, that stomach of his still rumbled louder than ever before, demanding levels of nourishment that were most likely impossible to achieve for any single establishment, especially once that was supposed to serve other customers; all management could do was phone up whoever was on their day off and *beg* them to come over for extra pay, all while they phoned their regional coordinators and asked if they could charge the gator for the frankly obscene

amount of food they were packing away, when the original intent had been purely to have him act as an attraction for *other* people to fill their coffers. One by one, entire crates' worth of meat supplies were thrown into a mouth that became both increasingly inaccessible, given the sheer amount of fat that had to be navigated to get to it, and *dangerously* insatiable, at least given how loudly the gator was demanding more and more food, even as the amount shovelled into him approached a literal ton. Stock was running low, cooking supplies were vanishing at a terrifying rate, and customers were outright abandoning the barbecue joint when they realized they'd never be served... but plenty more had eschewed their dinner for the night, just so they could *watch* as Terry dominated the space behind the establishment proper, just so they could walk outside and stand there, looking at a living mountain of pudge making itself even bigger through sheer, unfettered, raw gluttony, the sort that laughed in the face of sustainability, and cared only for immediate satisfaction. Did the gator care that he was going to bring his favourite restaurant to the brink of financial ruin? Did he even consider the fact that other people existed, and would've loved some of the food he wasn't even bothering with savouring? Was he even *aware* that the many staff members had to climb over their colossal gut, before making the trek over to where his face had sunken into a valley born of his own neck? Probably not... but then again, why should he?

It was an all-you-can-eat special.

And he was going to eat all he could.