Pete impatiently tapped his feet against the ‘WELCOME’ mat. He *knew* that the alchemist was there—that sudden turn off the light switch as soon as he rang the doorbell told Pete that someone was hiding in there. How dare someone try to hide from the *great* Pete? There was no time to waste, after all—the elixir of life had just been discovered, and there was no one more worthy to be the sole consumer of it than himself! He could just think about it—the immortal king that could make everyone love him!

"Come on, buddy! You better open it!" He waited, waited, and waited… no response. "That's fine! If you don't want to cooperate, then I'll just…"

He arched back, holding his arm away from the door. He took a deep breath—closed his eyes—and rushed to the door. He tackled the entrance—cracking the doors into splinters as he barreled inside like a bull. He crashed against the wall from the momentum, managing to make himself stumble into the ground.

“Ouch… mgh… Man, I should really learn how to control my strength.” He shook his head, dusting himself as he stood up. Half of the lounge was somewhat normal-looking—a dining table with some dirty plates and a few chairs—while the other side was filled with a variety of chemical equipment and both filled and empty vials. "Hellooooo? Mister Alchemist man? You better come down right now, buddy. If you don't, there's going to be consequeeeeences…" Still seeing no results, he slammed the wall as hard as he could—making the entire house shake. "Like *that*.”

“A-all right. I shall come down, just please don’t destroy my house…” A duck slowly descended the stairs—holding his arms up with a grimace. “The name is Ludwig von Drake. What can I do for you? I only plead that you don’t hurt me.”

“Oh, come on, pal. It’s not like I’m a huge brute. I can negotiaaaaaa…teh.”

“Do you mean negotiate?”

Pete snapped his fingers. “Yeah, that!”

“Well, w-what do you wish for? I don’t even know how you managed to find me… I put so many magical traps in the perimeter of my base of operations.”

“Too bad for you, bud! I’m completely invincible when it comes to any brain magic. I’ve had the queen try to use one of her… good guy-ening spells on me *manymanymany* times, but it’s never worked! I guess that my brain is too strong.”

Ludwig raised his eyebrow. *Those spells usually don’t work on those who have really small brains, but I’m not sure if I should tell him that…* “I suppose that you could say that… What did you come here for, then?”

“Pal, are you dense? I’m here for the elixir of life, of course! Everyone in the kingdom knows about it, and I need to get it before anyone else.” Pete explained, strutting around the alchemist’s lair. “A little birdie told me that you found the ingredients, and I want *you* to make me a hearty glass of that stuff!”

“W-well, the philosopher’s stone is such a unique object that I’m not sure if w-w-we should waste it on an elixir made for power. Think of the consequences! Think of the people that we could use it on. We could use it on kings—scientists—ware heroes—”

"Boooooring!" Pete rolled his eyes. "I'm sure that I'll make more use of that super-duper awesome elixir than any boring oldie. Plus, if you don’t do what I do…” Pete wrapped his meaty fingers around Ludwig, lifting him up into the air. The duck desperately kicked his gut—his weak hits barely doing anything. “Well, I’ll be obligated to do a very bad thing, and that’s just not Pete’s style, you know?”

“I get it, I get it!” The alchemist said through his asphyxiation.

“Awesom-o!” He released the alchemist, settling down on one of the chairs in the lounge that was clearly too small for his boisterous frame.” Now, bring it to me. There’s no time to waste! A second where I’m not immortal is a second being wasted!”

“Yes. I suppose that it is…” Walking over to the large set of vials and machines, Ludwig sighed in defeat. Lingering his hands on a wooden contraption that had a glowing object brimming from within—a red streak of light pouring through, he gave in. With a click of the buttons on the side, it whirred to life—the rock inside being made to glow and pulse to the point that both he and Pete had to look away from it.

“Woah! What’s it doing, pal!?”

“The philosopher’s stone is being condensed into a liquid!” The duck screamed, trying to overpower the sound of the machinery condensing all that power into a substance. “Just stay still and not interfere! It’ll all be fine!”

The sound got louder and louder—both men covering their ears as the glow became all-consuming. Its intensity kept increasing, and then… a pleasant *ding*. The sound of something being poured followed—the wooden contraption opening to reveal a glass vial filled with a smoldering thick, red jelly-like substance.

“Whuzzat?”

“It’s… the elixir.” Ludwig snapped some gloves over his feathered fingers as he slowly approached the elixir. “The only thing that I request of you is that you leave me unharmed. Think of it as being in your favor by giving it to you in the first place.”

“No problem there. I’ll even promote you as my court magician if you’d like!”

“I’m no magician. I’m an alchemist. Those are two completely different things!”

"Eh, potato—potatoh. We can discuss your employment after I become immortal." Blowing on the elixir as if it were just hot chocolate, Pete brought it close to his lips. As soon as it made contact with his taste buds, he felt as if his entire body shriveled up in disgust. An ashy, almost skunky flavor enveloped his mouth—causing him to immediately set the vial down and spit vigorously. “Pleh! Bleh! What in the world is that?! Are you trying to poison me?!”

“Not at *all*! I’m a man of my word!” The duck said indignantly.

“Then why’s it taste so bad, *hmmm*? Don’t think you can pull a fast one on me, pal.”

“You didn’t expect a literal liquified stone to taste good, didn’t you? It’s a *stone*, for heaven’s sake!”

“Oh, so it’s just the natural taste? Why didn’t you warn me before? I would’ve fixed that right up…” Rummaging through his satchel, Pete took out a giant wooden bottle that was overflowing with beer—some of the fizzy liquid having spilled outward through small gaps in the woodwork. “Nothing that some brew can’t fix! It’ll make it all chilly too!”

“Wait, I’m not sure if you should do that! We have no idea how the elixir could react when mixed with alcohol! We must make sure that it remains completely pure when ingested—”

"You already made the elixir, pops! Don't want your advice no more." Pete said as he poured the beverage down with the elixir. Sloshing the glass' insides as if he were mixing a cocktail. "See, you gotta shake it real hard to make sure the alcohol mixes well! Family trick."

“I-I…” Ludwig held his finger up, ready to retort again, but at the last second, he recognized the futility of his protests. "Do what you will, then. I'll be on my study in the meantime to try and rest this migraine away…"

“Hmph! Well, you better rest, future court magician!”

“Whatever you want, Mister…” Sluggishly dragging himself along the stairs, he left Pete to savor his half-baked idea.

Pete didn’t mind it in the slightest. Now that he had something actually edible in his hands, he chugged it down happily. His throat bulged as he didn’t give himself any respite or breaks in guzzling the liquid down. He needed that immortality *now*—that way, he could finally deal with Mickey and his two rotten lackeys. The taste of the two concoctions mixed together was a bizarre yet interesting combination of bitter and fizzy.

As the elixir trickled down his throat, he felt a strange warmth spreading throughout his body, tingling with an energy he had never experienced before. The strange sensation slithered from within his stomach to the rest of his body. He continued chugging until he managed to scrape the last bit of droplets inside the vial. “Mmmh… Damn, wish that it didn’t need a whowazzit stone to be made. This is actually really tasty!” He instinctively rubbed his belly, immediately being greeted by an intense rumbling. “Woah… maybe I should’ve taken it slower—”

His speech was cut by a sudden rumbling. guttural sound that had erupted from his throat. Instinctively, he clutched at his chest and let out a deep belch. The entire room shook and trembled at his gassy roar. It lingered for a good few uninterrupted seconds—his mouth uncomfortably stretched as his body pushed out the entirety of the burp.

As it slowly died down, Pete inhaled and exhaled loudly—holding his gloved hand against his throat. “W-what the…?” Pete's voice trailed off as he realized that something was *horribly* wrong. His stomach began to rumble and growl uncontrollably. “That’s weird. I never get this gassy from—***BWOOOOORP***.” The warmth that had initially spread through his body now turned into an intense heat, burning from within as more and more gas began to build up in his stomach. “What the?! What’s going—***BWOOOOOOOOOOORP***.” His lips rippled just as water would morph against a stone thrown onto the surface.

Panic set in as Pete stumbled backward, knocking over chairs and tables in his path. “Magician! Magician!” He called out with cadence to match a child throwing a tantrum. “What’s going on?! You hafta fix it!”

An annoyed, frustrated grumble emerged from upstairs—growing louder with each second of stress mounting in the duck's mind. "I told you that it was a bad idea! But you brute didn't even listen to me!" The aggressive words began to peel away at the demure veneer of the duck—his German accent breaking through more and more with each word. His angered stomps sounded heavy from above as he reached the stairs. "In fact! This is what you deserve for" —Ludwig’s words suddenly befell him as he finally stepped down the stairs and locked eyes with Pete. “Great Scott! What did you do to yourself?!”

“Huh? Whaddaya mean?”

“Look at your stomach, you bumbling oaf!”

"Huh?" Lifting the blue tunic to see, he saw that his gut had begun to swell outwards all of a sudden. His belt had already been getting tight for a while, but now that tightness had evolved into an intense, suffocating pressure. The small pits of flab that jutted outward both above and below the constricting belt were now overflowing like an out-of-control pastry rising out of its tray. “Whuwhuwha?! Make this stop! It’s an order from your future king!”

"Stop this?! This is an unprecedented incident! I'm not going to stick around and be collateral damage!" He scurried down the stairs, sidestepping around the lumbering Pete. "Toodeloo!”

“H-Hey, come back here! You can’t disobey the future—***BWOOOOORP***.” As his body belched out another roar, his body trembled again. “You can’t leave me here!” With fear pulsating through his veins like a corrosive virus to his heroic persona, he placed his hands over his belly to try and soothe it. His pitiful attempts were for naught, as he felt his belly surge with more and more meat appearing out of nowhere. He could feel his love handles spilling away and being pulled down by gravity. “A-ah, ah… Seriously! Come back!”

“Sorry, sorry. I have no idea what will happen!” Ludwig screamed from outside—already making a run for the valley.

“Don’t you dar—***BWOOOOOOOORP!”*** Pete doubled over, gasping for air as his stomach churned and expanded. He could feel the seams on his belt straining against the pressure of his growing waistline. With a loud crack, the belt finally gave in, snapping in two and releasing his bulging stomach with a loud thud onto the floor. Pete groaned in discomfort as he fell on his butt, defeated by his own uncontrollable growth after his legs weren’t able to support his blubbery weight. “Maaaaan… This… is not good.” He tried to mitigate the grueling pain of having his skin stretched after the sudden, bulbous surge of fat. “A-at least it seems to be over…”

Trying to assess the damage to his beautiful body, Pete began to feel it up to see what had changed. He certainly felt less restricted now that his belt had gone flying to the other end of the room, but that did little to comfort him. Going to try and touch what he could of his back, he sensed the presence of ample, sagging backfat. “W-why did I get so big? This elixir was supposed to make me the strongest! Not… this!”

Another loud belch was followed by another swell. He was halfway expecting for his belly to grow to the point that it would drag along the floor further, but instead, he felt that tingle emerging from his chest. “Wait, don’t tell me…” He gripped his chest as he felt his two pectorals began to emerge forward—stretching his shirt’s red cloth as it *spilled* between his fingers. His man boobs lost the little form they had—breasts which were growing larger than his own head pressing up against one another at the same time while swelling outwards to the point that they were on the verge of pressing against his arms. “G-guh! No! NO-***BWOOOOOORP!*** CRAP!”

The already present fat in his face jiggled as more and more began to mount itself around it. His cheeks sagged downwards even further—his second chin was joined by a third—the edges of his face turning rounder. “Mnoooo!” Desperate, Pete tried to stagger to his feet, but his massive bulk made moving almost impossible. He huffed and puffed, struggling to find balance on his swollen legs. Each step sent ripples through his body, emphasizing the jiggling mass of fat that had overtaken him. It was as if gravity itself had doubled with how hard it was trying to take him down, pulling and tugging at every ounce of weight he had gained. “Mgh… So… heaa… hah…” He panted. “Heaaaa***BWOOOOOORP!***” *Oh. Oh no.*

He cringed as he felt the sagging cellulite hanging off his butt ripple and shake. Before he knew it, the blubbery sea of black feline lard spilled through his clothes like water breaking through a shoddily constructed dam. His pants split asunder—tatters flying into the air with a forceful, harsh ripping sound—with his heart-patterned underwear barely holding on. The thick ass cheeks had grown so wide—so soft and pliable that they were twice as big as his own head each—that they were practically swallowing up his undergarments.

His gut rumbled, doing with the button that held his trousers together just as it did without his belt. The giant ball of pudding that was his stomach grumbled and roared, the giant adipose mass gurgling never ceasing. His stomach—a giant monument of excess gluttony with a layer of his foolishness—rose and fell like a mountain of dough with each breath. The black-furred, sweaty skin stretched tightly over the immense mass, adorned with rolls of fat that cascaded over his waistband. His belly button was almost buried in the soft, jiggling expanse—his shirt stretched to its limit to the point that it looked like a bra that held his swollen tits while his tunic resembled a bib draped over that said tight shirt. Finally, he collapsed on the ground again—probably to never get up again. “My uniform…” He whined.

His mouth curved into a nervous frown as he expected the next burp. It could come at any second—any minute—any particular moment. He couldn’t let his guard down. How would he even explain this to the beagle boys? His kingdom? Could he even still be a king now that he was still so big? How would he fit in his royal throne?! He didn’t even know *how* big he was. With his limited mobility, seeing his body completely was almost impossible.

Assessing the situation, he began to rub his stomach to sense every curve of swollen lard. He never knew that it was possible to be so... big. His plump fingers tenderly traced the mountain of stacked-together rolls that adorned his belly. His touch lingered over the soft, yielding flesh, feeling the weight of his excessive indulgence and error.

Continuing to prod his fat he realized that it was somehow starting to feel… *relaxing*.

The weight of his immense body pressing against the ground seemed to mold him into the floor, like a cat-shaped cushion. The pressure on his flesh was oddly comforting, a sensation he had never experienced before. The constant jiggling and swaying of his bloated form created a rhythmic motion that soothed his troubled mind—like waves crashing against a shore. Pete found a strange sense of peace in the vast expanse of his own body as if he had become one with his own indulgence.

As he lay there, surrendering to the softness and warmth of his ever-expanding figure, Pete couldn't help but marvel at the sheer magnitude of his swelling.

Maybe… maybe it wasn’t *that* bad.

Well, that was what he thought until he felt a rumbling in his throat. “Wait, but I thought this was over!” As he rubbed his stomach again—wondering how much would it grow—he couldn’t help but wonder what size he would reach. “Here… we go, I guess—”

“I’M COMING!” Ludwig kicked the door open, climbing the cat-flesh mountain that was Pete with a purple potion in hand. “OPEN WIDE, BOY!”

“What are you—MPMH!” Pete was made to chug a sweet nectar—the bulging of his neck invisible underneath the rings of fat that had formed around his neck. “What was that for?!”

“You incompetent buffoon, I saved you! You were going to burp again because of that horrid concoction you made!” The duck angrily explained. “I’ve managed to stabilize your molecules. You are still immortal, but no more random spurts of growth.”

“Ooooh, I see!” Pete said excitedly before looking around him. “…And *how* am I getting out of here, exactly? I have a kingdom to rule!”

Ludwig sighed. “That’s an *excellent* question.”