

Janet squirmed a little.. at least, she tried to. The bear couldn't really make much headway into that anymore, not at her size. She sloshed to and fro, that almost never stopped really, but that was just a fact of life when you were in the top five fattest people *ever*. Last she checked Janet had managed to binge her way into second place, but she was always just.. a little behind.

“Alright dear! Flex your fingers for me, will you?”

A bit of grunting and wriggling followed that. Janet had to put her all into this, with Myles asking that meant this was for Science as much as anything else. Not that it wasn't *also* for her husband's amusement and probably for him to get off to later, those were just implied. Janet, bit by bit, felt her fingers curling a bit in the deep recessed cavities of blubber her arms had swollen into at her sides. It wasn't *much* in the way of movement, but other than her face it was basically the only thing left Janet could get to flex even a little.

Which is why she was in *second* place.

“T-there.. *damn*. They moved.. I- I'll try harder then! When's lunch..?”

At no point could Janet actually *see* her husband during this. She heard him around her, she felt him pawing at her vast layers of fat rolls, but otherwise she could only see what was right in front of and above her.. Which was why Myles tended to climb her if they needed to talk directly. She enjoyed that part too, feeling him working his way up the pillowy mass of her body a little at a time until he crept over her tits and slid down to the nest of chins she'd grown.

“Actually.. I had a different idea. I've got something new for you to try! Here-”

It wasn't like Janet had any control left when it came to her husband feeding her things. The mouse slid up to her and stuffed something in her face, she swallowed. Half the time she didn't even chew if it wasn't strictly necessary. It tended to make it easy for her husband to get her to experiment with things.. The question was what it was this time around.

“Now, try flexing again for me~”

Janet took a couple breaths, building up some energy before she started. The attempts took a lot out of her and tended to leave her a bit achey.. except this time. As soon as she had that mouthful of whatever the compound her hubby had made was inside of her it started leaving her.. warm? Glowing a little inside? And then she started squeezing and-

“O-oooh! Oh.. oh that's.. n-nice.. I.. w-what.. hooo boy~”

Myles curled his lips at his wife, adjusted his glasses, and sat back to watch-

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Janet curled slowly and deliberately, crunching muscle against itself as she burned through calories like a furnace and felt her nerves explode into a delicious onslaught of pleasure. All of her was left shuddering and creaking gently, either quivering from effort or pleasure or both.

It was a curious problem she was having.. muscle memory was there, it told her precisely how to move and how it should feel when she did it. Which is to say it had the instructions.. and remembered the pleasure. But that came with a cost, a trigger, it wasn't really that she'd ever slowed down in terms of consumption..

“D-dear.. I need-”

You could *hear* the clenching of muscle in the room. Janet wasn't listening for the sound of her vast swathe of steel-cord strength though, she wanted the quiet whirl of the machines feeding her more drug laced protein and carbs. Needed, even – it wasn't just a craving anymore. It was an outright addiction.. but that had been part of the point.

A *mountain* of a bear.. and just as immobile as last time. Janet's body could tighten itself and tense with ease and every time she did so it flooded her pleasure right up to the edge of a climax. Not quite over, not without her husband's help, but close. She was riding that edge *right now* in fact, held up by the steady influx of Myles' food additive and feeling steam roll off her colossal muscles as the observation chamber's sensors started the mist dispensers to make sure she didn't overheat.

Myles was nearby of course, he always was. The mouse was on a catwalk on the second floor, which kept him near to Janet's face. He leaned over the railing to grasp her by the cheeks as she fed and rub at her – they were just about the only body part left of Janet's that was soft.

“This really has been an absolutely fantastic result.. amazing change and growth in -such- a short amount of time! I..”

Janet looked down, much as she could. Myles had that satisfied, delighted look on him that a fresh project coming to fruition always gave to the mouse.. but there was a sense of hesitation in him somewhere too. One that left Janet concerned while he patted at her face gently.

“Hmm. That's an awkward thing to find myself experiencing.”

A bit more of that gentle squeezing followed. Janet blinked down at him as she worked through the feeding as fast s she could, desperately needing to sate the addiction she'd let her husband lead her into. Not that she minded – *so much* was bliss now..

“I.. hope you don't get angry at me for this, darling. I know you did this for me. I just.. find myself missing the old you. All science aside I just.. I -liked- you soft. You're not angry, are you?”

Janet's expression softened, at least as much as it could with a hose in her mouth and bulging neck muscles flexing all the time. The musclebound bear shook her head, or tried to at least. The expression was doing as much work as it could at the moment and that seemed to be enough. Lucky for her Myles was pretty good at picking up on her moods.

“That.. is *such* a relief. I.. Well, I -should- be up front about a few things though. What with you being out and out addicted to the food additive I made we'll have to keep using it, just.. ah, we'll have to decouple it from the steroidal effects it currently has.”

Managing a raised eyebrow and a little inquisitive grunt, Janet.. well, she couldn't tilt her head, but she tried to just the same and that mattered in its own way. Myles just smiled and dug into the pockets of his lab coat for something.

“And well.. we've had you riding such a high for so long – there's really only one way to reverse course. You see..”

Pulling his arm out of the lab coat, Myles produced a vibrator the size of his arm and promptly turned it on. The mouse then wasted no time descending from the catwalks to ease himself between the muscle-encrusted rolling hills of Janet's thighs.. and stuff it right between them. As he did she noted a sudden change in the flavor of her meal, albeit a subtle one. It was richer, a little thicker, though the texture was smoother..

She only really got to think about that for a few seconds before that toy was stuffed deep into her cunt, pushing her well past the constant edging she'd been experiencing so far.

“Since we used pleasure as a lure last time we have to use -more- this time.. Stronger formula, actual stimulation. It's -going- to have an effect.. Fast. Not must physical – I mean it will do that too, in fact I think it already is.. but-”

It was. Janet's whole frame shuddered and tried to clench.. and for just a moment it felt like maybe, finally, it could? The more she swallowed the more she started to feel curiously sluggish inside, a bit like things were.. melting? Janet could scarce imagine a metabolic shift -that- fast but she'd packed on an awful lot of muscle quickly and body builders did usually crash fast.. But that focus crumbled as soon as she had it. Myles was *quite good* at pleasing her, so the bear couldn't really think about much except *cumming*.

“We can't get that old record because we're using chemical assistance but you are -going- to be the fattest living thing on earth rather quickly my dear.. and cripplingly conditioned to associated being fat and getting fatter with the most exquisite delight you've ever felt. This is *very much* one way, my darling~”

Janet closed her eyes slowly. It wasn't as if she could answer verbally.. her mouth was full, already working on getting thicker all around. On being soft again. Her 'answer' was clear as it could be, even if he hadn't waited for it. The bear felt herself being eased backward, onto some fresh cushioning that told her Myles had *probably* been planning this for quite some time.

As she was tilted back Janet felt the feeding system start to reach the end of its first cycle, the one that had the most potent batch and was meant to take the edge off for her. It left her, after a few more swallows, with her mouth free to speak again finally. It did this right as she felt Myles climbing her again. It wasn't *quite* the same as before, but it was pretty close. Every little touch from his slender hands and feet she could feel across her body, alongside the vibrator he left wedged in her pussy. Myles' hands, wet slavering delight between her legs, her hard-grown muscle withering into flab all around her..?

It was hard not to cum just from the thought. But when Myles got up closer to her face and she realized what else he'd brought along? That *did* push her over the edge.. And when the first of those greasy, salty burgers from the sack of them he was carrying hit her tongue she came all over again. Cheese and pickles and sauces and bacon, three layers of meat to go with it. The feeding tubes were more efficient but that only mattered when efficiency was the point.

Right now? The point was getting her to be a mountain of lard again, and to enjoy every second of it as much as possible. Myles got to cramming the second sandwich into Janet's muzzle and she shivered inside, breathing hard not from her body's state but from sheer excitement.

Something that Myles shared if she guessed right at what was poking into her pecs.

“I am.. *so happy* about this, really. I know I get caught up in the science sometimes but just.. I suppose one can't lose sight of the things that make the day worth getting through, yes? Climbing over your sloshing cauldron of a belly was part of that – seeing you helplessly *whine* for release was part of it. So, we're going to get you there again. I promise.”

Janet couldn't help squirming at the thought.. at least, as much as she could. Part of her did wonder if there'd be a brief window in there where she could move again.

“We're going to speed run you getting beached again – and that cow who kept edging you out based on udder weight and technicalities is going to get left in your thick, jiggling *dust*.”

..But with that to look forward to? Janet cared *far more* about indulging herself, fast and soft.