

“Guys, hey! Look, all of you sim-*phhsh!!~*”

Haiden couldn't actually spare a moment to look at the trio of drones following him around as he worked. The dragon was too busy working on repairing the charging station in front of him, a delicate process that was already made difficult by his near-900 pound frame having a hard time getting close enough to touch it without knocking the damn thing over. The dragon's dark hues, black and ruddy browns, kept quivering and jiggling about as he fiddled near blindly inside the station's wiring and. By now he was sweating, he'd been at this for a whole ten minutes, and it presented problems of another type if he didn't get this figured out *fast*.

Only now he had to manage it while one of the drones stuffed a compressed meal into his face. That wasn't *new* or anything, just poorly timed – kind of. It wasn't like the gargantuan dragon wasn't hungry, he was starving. Constantly. Watching his streamer donations skyrocket as he ate the vaguely 'dinner' flavored goo inside the thing had its own charms to it as well. But-

“*Mmmphg- g..* Guh, okay! Guys, come on! I need you slaving fat-simps to relax so I can fix this station and charge *my own* exo rig, okay? Come on, I know the sound def on those things can hear the motivators whining on this thing! N- *mmmpgh?!*”

Another drone delivery from the streamers, making him suck down a cheese and bread filled delivery. Haiden grunted in a mixture of annoyance and pleasure – his followers *were* paying good money for this, feeding him *and* paying him to watch him eat to boot – he had to temper his complaints. That clock he was racing was real though, he could feel the exo rig struggling to manage his weight, the thing had its limits after all. Power consumption was one of them. So Haiden tried to make progress on both things at the same time, eating a bit slower than he might otherwise do and shutting his eyes so he could feel his way through re-linking the new power relays he'd installed. It was a simple enough job after all, he ought to be able to do it blindfolded..

Right about as he heard the thing start to power itself up again and let out an exhale of relief Haiden finally reached the end of that last delivery. The motivators on his exo rig, the little movement assist and gravity dampening generators, were grinding and getting hot. He had to get himself in there *now* both to recharge the cooling system on the metal and carbon reinforcements to his musculature and bone structure and to just give them a chance to stop working. The problem was that he turned around and stood up, with some increasingly difficulty as he began feeling the weight of his body more by the second, and found himself staring at *three* more drones.

This time Haiden put an arm in front of his mouth to fend the things off, at least for a moment. Even *that* was difficult though, holding his limbs up took a lot of effort and left him overheating even faster than before. The dragon made sure he delayed long enough to waddle backward until his ass grazed the charging field of the station. From there everything did what it was supposed to do, the charger's anti-grav grabbers fired up and Haiden was relieved of his own weight. His body lifted upward, his gear got to power down and recharge itself, the cooled air of the device bathed his body and relief flowed from every conceivable place. Except his belly.. that was kind of snarling, and demanding, despite the constant snacking..

Haiden knew he wasn't going to get a word in when he first opened his mouth, but he tried anyway. Sure enough he made it to roughly 'now listen-' before he was being force-fed a family size heap of cheese and bacon fries with a small keg of soda for a drink. After that came burgers, pies, donuts, the streamers had gotten backlogged on him and a few of his oldest fans knew what being in the charger meant. It meant, short of an emergency, Haiden was *locked in* while his rig recharged and they had carte blanche to feed him anything they wanted for the next half hour at the very least. The dragon couldn't leave and he couldn't move his body properly either, there wasn't any *weight* to him but the magnetic fields inside the charger kept his rig from moving much.

They took full advantage, too. Enough to make sure that, by the time Haiden and his ailing movement assist rig were actually released, he still had to contend with two more deliveries and had crumbs, sauce, and grease smeared all down the chest of his uniform. They were caked between his moobs and his gut was sloshing wildly about as the newly charged rig started working *properly* at least for a short time.

The relief of that part was palpable. Haiden's massive, gelatinous bulk moved an awful lot like he was underwater with its influence in play. Fat would rise up and slosh about, bounce off itself, never really stop moving for any length of time. That got a few more donations in too – more than a few in fact.

“..G-guys.. you really kind o, *Ouuurrrphhhb*- overdid it.. Cripes. J- *BWURPHHB*- just.. lemme recover a little, will ya? I.. I mean, come on. This is my *job* so.. So like-”

A few of the watchers were already threatening to order more. Haiden raised a finger, putting chat to a halt and stopping all that. It wasn't something he liked doing, chat hated it and tended to retaliate with an enforced mukbang. Interruptions had to be done for good reasons.

“L..Look. You all have gotten me so disastrously fat that even this rig, and this is our high end one, is losing it. I get like *ten minutes* of it working right and maybe an hour at best between charges. We know what that means, right? So-”

Haiden released chat. To his relief, they seemed to be listening rather than waiting to pounce.

“..So if this is gonna keep going I'm gonna need a chair, and you lot are *probably* going to have to pay my rent. And I get it – that means I have to make it worth it, right? So ah..”

Stepping back, the dragon gave his enormous gelatinous body a shake and let all that flab fly around. That set off a few donations all by itself, but what mattered was it primed all those watching simps for more.

Exhaling as he tried to get himself prepared for the notion of this, Haiden called for a transport to get him back home. He didn't feel like walking. Ever. In the meantime he looked up at the cameras his viewers were watching from.

“I guess we better start talking about donation incentives, right?”

The delivery notification came as a profound relief. Haiden let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding and looked to the delivery bay in his apartment. It was already cycling in the crate, which was flashing a panel on the side awaiting confirmation of receipt. Inside the apartment the cameras moved, tracking Haiden as he laboriously worked his way up to his feet and started moving. He'd ballooned another hundred pounds and now the movement assist exo rig only helped a little, and only for minutes at a time, but that was all he needed. Haiden's naked body sloshed madly to and fro, fat rolls bouncing and clapping against each other, as he approached the crate and half collapsed on the thing. One of his hands landed where it needed to though, and the crate started to open itself while the chair inside began assembling on its own.

Just standing there was leaving Haiden panting and growing a sheen of sweat on his dark patterned body. After a minute or so he was already debating going back to the charging station while the huge bowl-shaped support chair finished configuring.. at least to its default state. Much to his relief, the thing lifted up from the ground before he made that call. It then swept around behind him and folded itself over his ass and back, quite literally scooping him off the ground in a nested fiend of anti-gravity that Haiden knew he was probably never going to willingly leave again.

“Oh.. Oh that's nice.. That- that's really nice. Chat, you guys have *no idea*~”

Quite a few dings and jingles answered, and a countdown appeared in the stream application that simply said 'time until chat integration features go live'. Haiden could see the chair syncing up to that, reading the agreed upon options and altering itself a little in a few key places while it lifted Haiden up and gave him control of a couple of manipulator arms among other things.

Probably the most obvious ones were the feeding nozzles that the chair had configuring themselves from the top of the chair, things that was *going* to use to make him grow even further in.. about three minutes, maybe less. Less obvious were the intrusions currently burrowing their way into Haiden's enormous ass and between the dense, humid cavern of his thighs and undergut to find his long-buried cock. With delicate, vibrating hoses attached on both ends Haiden was as close to 'part of' the chair as it was possible to be.

"I cannot believe I let you simps beach me.. Fuck. Release the integration already, so just-"

As soon as the words were out of his mouth Haiden saw the chat readout go stark raving mad. His donation tracker broke after the third second, by then Haiden was already squirming and squeaking as the chair overwhelmed him. His flabby cheeks started wobbling about while a feeding hose planted itself in his mouth and locked in place, after that the manipulator arms on the chair reached back around and grabbed at his landslide of a belly to start kneading and rubbing at it while a steady stream of liquefied pastry flooded Haiden's senses.

The fact that the chair was buzzing and rubbing around his dick just made the whole thing that much better. Haiden came near instantly but he could tell the mechanics that kept this integration going had just been backlogged for *hours.. at the very least*.

Groaning and squirming weakly were all he could do now that he was trapped by the thing that let him stay mobile.. kind of. Haiden kept swallowing, knowing it was going to take forever to end up full but knowing just as well that his blubber-simps were going to make it happen. They probably weren't going to let him stop cumming either.

Somewhere in the chat feed he swore he saw something, just for a split second, about 'do you think we can condition him to cum when he eats if we keep doing this long enough?' and Haiden wanted to invite it – but he was much too far gone to manage to actually reply to anything at this point. The only question left now was how long it would be before the perverse, adoring masses following him and his perverse, expanding mass managed to make him outgrow the chair, too.

Haiden couldn't wait to find out~