

Whisper took a deep breath. She would sometimes think that she had become completely used to Tangle's shenanigans—years of partnerships *should've* meant that nothing would surprise her anymore—but the lemur always managed to come up with schemes that left her speechless

“Okay... *why* did you do that?”

“Because it was shiny!” Tangle showed off the precious pink gem to Whisper proudly, smiling ear to ear. She turned the gem in her hands, almost as if she wasn't sure if Whisper could see it. “I found it while I was coming back to base from my daily stretches. I didn't know the forest nearby had so many secrets!”

“Let me guess.” Whisper grumbled, gloved fingers pinching the bridge of her nose in frustration. “More abandoned ruins hidden in the jungle?”

“Yep! How'd ya guess?”

Looking over to the chest full of gifts Tangle had... ‘borrowed’ from a bunch of local ruins, Whisper couldn't help but fester in the strange, swirling mix of endearment and annoyance. She'd definitely need to return all the gems back to their resting places—the last thing they wanted to do is end up angering any ghosts or guardians leaving nearby. She already had enough trouble with Knuckles putting her under pressure to keep the Diamond Cutters away from Mystic Ruins.

“Just a gut feeling.” The wolf said in a whisper. “But you said that you brought something else, right?”

“Oh, right!” Tangle extended her tail to reach the large brown bag resting on the kitchen counter. Slamming the bag on top of the glass table between them, the bag made a wet squelching sound—the grease that had accumulated on the bottom of the bag splashing against the transparent surface. “I brought food!”

Whisper winced at the immediately overwhelming scent of fried food assaulting her nostrils. “F-food? But we already have the leftovers from lunch. What do we need that for?”

“Oh, did we? I... kinda forgot.” Tangle rubbed the back of her neck, the peppiness written all over her dwindling for a second. “I was just coming back to the base and then I saw a new hot dog stand! And it's like, a super cool new one that is selling the biggest hot dogs I've seen for ultra-cheap prices! I barely had to spend any of the rings in my wallet! It was a *steal!*”

Trying to push away the disgust from the bag's scent, Whisper contemplatively rubbed her chin. “I guess that we can save the potato salad for tomorrow. I don't think that we could freeze these, so...”

“Hooray!” Tangle jumped, cheering as she thrust her arms upwards. “Can't wait to see how these babies taste!”

The wolf sighed in relief. No matter how much stress the lemur dropped on her, every impulsive decision only made her all the more charming. She *couldn't* be mad. "Yeah, I think that we can have a cheat day. Can you bring the plates?"

"Will do!"

As the lemur scurried off to the kitchen, Whisper stared at the gem resting right beside the bag. Squinting at the stone, the gemstone had a subtle pink glow that reflected against the glass table. It ebbed and flowed between turning a dull, grayish pink and shifting to an almost eye-straining magenta. It definitely wasn't a Chaos Emerald, yet it still carried a strange kind of energy.

What have you brought home, Tangle?

A sudden, deep rumble echoed through the base. Tangle turned around sharply, tail frazzling jutting straight upwards, and it took a few seconds for Whisper to realize that the sound didn't come from a large beast outside. It sounded like the roar of a leviathan, but it was simply the sound of her own stomach loudly demanding food. As if she needed more confirmation, her midsection gurgled loudly again in a request for sustenance, leaving a strange feeling around her chest.

"Woaaaah! And I thought *I* was hungry!" Tangle chortled, pushing her tail past her face to hide her amusement—doing so *very poorly*, much to Whisper's chagrin. "I'll get the food soon, don't worry!"

"I-I just forgot to get a good lunch, is all." The wolf said while clutching her stomach. Being a mercenary, she never really suffered from hunger. Her years of training to conserve her energy and get the most out of every scrap of food she could get had always been in full force, despite living in more of a decade of peace. She never thought that her body could reach a state where she would eventually gain the same eating habits as everyone else. "Don't... think about it too hard."

The gem glowed once again, Whisper turning her eyes away from the blinding light. Five minutes with the gem, and she had already grown tired of its constant on-and-off shine. Without any further thought, she stuffed it in the chest alongside the other gems and statues. Even so, the gem still continued shoving its light into Whisper's face through the keyhole. Furthering her indignation, her stomach growled again even fiercer. "Ugh, stupid thing!" She turned around the chest so it would face the wall, then stomped her way over to the dining table without a word.

"Looks like someone gets grumpy when she's hungry."

Whisper was about to fire back with a response, but the sight of the meal served in front of her overpowered her mind. She had seen Sonic put copious amounts of toppings on his hot dogs, but if she was to put the hedgehog's meal next to the ones in front of her, it would look *modest*. The sausage and the buns holding them up were large enough to need both hands to grab them. Atop it was a mountain of chili that had bacon, grilled onions, cheese, and fries swimming inside it. Most striking of all was that the plate clearly didn't have *all* of the hot dogs

served. Some more—at least three—were bulging against the cramped bag back on the counter.

“...How much did these cost again?” Whisper gawked at the giant hot dogs with a mix of awe and horror at the sheer exuberance of them. “Tangle, don’t tell me that you spent almost all of our rings on this.”

“Not at all! It was only ten rings per dog!”

“Ten rings? That’s barely anything...” A typical hot dog was twenty rings on a good day. The thought of Tangle scamming someone was ludicrous—she didn’t have the smarts to haggle her way towards such a good deal—so it was probably just the salesman’s bad financial decision. She couldn’t control what everyone else did, so it didn’t weigh on her mind. “I just can’t believe it.”

“Neither can I! It was so good that I had to taste some before going here.”

Whisper looked down at the lemur’s orange vest. Only now did she finally notice the faint splatters of chili and ketchup—the result of a very poor attempt to hide her slobbish eating habits. Looking closer in a strange sort of morbid curiosity, she noticed that Tangle’s vest was slightly strained. Creases that weren’t there before now littered the garment. Against her better judgment, her eyes traveled downwards to the small bit of her midsection peeking underneath the tight vest.

“Do I have something on my face?”

“On your face, no...” The wolf said, clawed fingers covering her muzzle. “How... many did you eat before coming here?”

“Uh, I dunno, really. Why do you ask?”

Whisper bit down on her finger. Straining in thought, no matter how far back she remembered, Tangle always had a slim, athletic build. Now she showed up—all bloated up to the point that her clothes looked like they were two sizes too small. Maybe something to do with an Eggman machine? Or maybe it was Starline doing another scheme of his. Hell, it could even be that the shady salesman that she’d bought the hot dogs from had put something in them. “I—”

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Whisper shook her head. A strange, almost otherworldly buzz pulsed through her temple. *What* was she doing? Her train of thought had been completely derailed, to the point that she was left in the dark about her own thoughts. It was something regarding Tangle and the hot dogs she had brought, but besides that, everything else was smeared with a thick mental fog.

“Whisper? Everything okay?”

The wolf heard a loud, droning hum pass through her ears. It was like the sound of a speaker putting out white noise at full volume. It was perplexing yet... relaxing—like her brain was being massaged by the sound. “Did you hear that?”

“Huh? Is something wrong?”

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“Nah, I just... thought I heard something.”

Her stomach rumbled again, and instead of delivering yet another embarrassed apology, the wolf felt compelled to grab the hot dog and take a massive bite out of it. She shared her friend’s intense bewilderment—widened eyes as she felt her jaw wrap around the colossal meal. She bit down, chili splattering all across her uniform. It was no wonder how Tangle got so dirty with how hard it was to eat the giant sausage without splattering the toppings all over oneself.

W-what am I—

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She took another ferocious bite. The chili now smeared her muzzle too, but an intense—almost primal—hunger overpowered any kind of self-control. The flavor of the hot dog itself wasn’t even the main draw. Anything would’ve done it—all that mattered was the concept of quelling her sudden craving. Her fangs tore through the meat, bread, and chili like they were nothing. The sheer size almost beckoned her to keep going, calling to her and further stoking the intense hunger that she had suddenly been afflicted with.

“Oh, that’s more like it! I love a good eating contest!”

Tangle scooped up a hot dog for herself with her tail. She couldn’t put as much in her mouth as Whisper because of her lack of fangs, but she tried swallowing faster to make up for it. She barely chewed her food before gulping down, her neck prominently bulging at the large chunks of food traveling down her throat.

In a matter of seconds, the sound of loud slurping and chewing enveloped the room. Never had they before engaged in something so crass, but there was something deep within them urging them to go faster—deeper—*hungrier*. They moved from chowing down one hot dog to two at the same time—one in each hand, alternating between them. The constant movement had made the stains grow larger and larger, to the point that almost their entire torsos had become smeared with the chili. For a few seconds, they would try to stop eating to wipe it away, but as soon as they did—

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Amidst her food-driven haze, Whisper could see Tangle’s stomach further pushing out. Her vest went from just *barely* letting the very bottom peek out to show the entire area around her belly button. Her flat stomach had now rounded out, with flab beginning to spill above her stretched pants. Beneath the gray-furred blubber were her thick, overfilled legs; no longer slender, thin, and athletic but instead chunky hunks of meat that ground against each other.

Were we... always this big?

Looking down at herself, she realized that her body had gone through a similar transformation. The white shirt underneath her jacket was likewise stretched across her new frame. Half of her stomach was tucked behind her jeans, forming a curvature around the top of her pants. The prominent outline of her stomach and belly button pushed against the cloth, and her once slender arms expanded within her jacket. The leather hugged her limbs, further restricting her movements as she inched the hot dogs closer to her face.

I'm... big? But I'm supposed to...

One more bite was all that it took. Her stomach *flew* forward with all the momentum that it had built up behind the trousers. Her shirt rode up from the sudden movement, leaving her midsection exposed just like Tangle's.

The lemur stopped her feasting, mouth hanging open with half-eaten food still inside as she gawked at Whisper's tan stomach. Her gluttony-ridden euphoria dwindled as the reality of the situation slowly dawned on them. Switching her gaze between her own stomach and Whisper's, it confounded the marsupial into sheer silence.

"H-how did we get...?" The lemur dropped her hot dog on the couch, matting the couch's white linen coating with deep brown and crimson. "I wasn't this big!"

"M-Me neither!" Whisper grimaced at the hotdog. The sheer adrenaline flowing through her veins was strong enough to snap her back into lucidity once again. She was fully reminded of the absurd amount of fat and grease that the meal hosted and threw it on the floor in fear and disgust. "What is going on, I—I—"

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The ceiling slowly came into view as Whisper groggily opened her eyes. Her mind still felt consumed by a strange fog—almost half of the last day eluding her reminiscing. The last thing she remembers was sitting with Tangle and having a meal, but everything after that was just a strange blur of intense emotions. Her entire fur was matted with sweat, with the bed covers underneath equally as soaked in sudor.

Stepping from the bed, the springs underneath made a haunting creak—as if they were expressing relief from being freed of her weight. The mirror near their bedside table only further cemented the strange truth in her mind. She thought that perhaps the damage to her body wouldn't be that bad, but the reflection that greeted her shattered that hope. In nothing but her panties and bra, fat spilled all across her body. Whisper's chest had gone from a flat surface to sporting a pair of two soft, doughy mounds that pushed her bra upwards. Her belly had expanded to the point of pushing down to her upper thighs, beginning to cover her panties. The only way she could get a clear view of them was by grabbing her growing gut and lifting it up.

The sight brought back memories; sprawled on all fours, pushing her face against the discarded hot dog while Tangle pushed her own hot dogs into her mouth with her tail, scarfing

them down with the grace of a feral animal eating away madly. They didn't even share words at the time, or at least they did it so sparsely that Whisper found herself unable to recall any moment of it. They tore through the bag of hot dogs without mercy, putting the remaining five on the table before devouring them.

This is crazy... And I think that Tangle was maybe calling someone? I remember the sound of a

Looking at Tangle—asleep, sprawled out on the bed with drool leaking out of her mouth and staining the pillow underneath—Whisper saw that she was in a similar state. The lemur was definitely bottom heavier compared to her; her chunky, meaty legs were stuck together with clear lard hanging off the side, jiggling every time she turned and tossed in her sleep. It was like seeing a giant, bloated water balloon be rolled around. The sight was as mesmerizing as it was awe-striking.

Without thinking, she rushed to the lemur's side. With each step, Whisper felt the ground underneath shaking. She felt like a giant lumbering through a world too big for her, every inch of her flabby frame bouncing at the sudden movement. The impact of each step made ripples travel across her blubber like massive stones dropping into an otherwise tranquil lake.

"Tangle, Tangle!" She dug her thick digits into the lemur's excess flab, desperately pushing her to make her wake up. The folds that had accumulated on her arm—saggy sacks of meat dragging on top of each other—jiggled as she shook Tangle desperately. Moving the lemur felt like she was pushing a boulder, yet the desperation pushed her to keep going even through the quickly arriving exhaustion. "Come on, wake up!"

Tangle shifted in her sleep, trying to push away Whisper's hand from her doughy arms. She was sleeping like a log, her large breasts rising up and down as she tried to continue in her slumber. The sports bra hat she always wore was now painfully overstretched across her large chest, and Whisper had to try her best to not let her eyes wander towards it for long.

"Mmgh..." Tangle slowly sat up, rubbing her eyes. "...I feel so heavy... what happened?" Her eyes slowly traveled downwards, the shock of the sight snapping her awake. "Oh."

"Y-yeah, I know. It's strange, but we first have to get out of here and ask for help."

"Shouldn't we get... y'know..." Tangle gestured at herself, then at Whisper. She was struggling to keep her eyes away from her companion's curvy body, eyes darting all across the room in a desperate attempt to preserve whatever little dignity she could afford. "...Get dressed, yeah. We should probably do that."

"We first need to find our clothes..." Whisper scanned the room, almost immediately noticing the pieces of tattered cloth spread around the room like confetti. There was a mix of blacks, greys, and oranges. The sight brought a retaliation to Whisper so intense like a sledgehammer to the face. "Dammit."

"Don't we have anything else?"

Whisper tugged on her panties, barely able to stretch them past a few inches. “I don’t think that we’ll be able to fit into anything else. We’re lucky that our underwear is made out of elastic material.”

“So we’ll need to go like this...?” Her cheeks turned a deep crimson, burying her head into her hands to muffle a scream. She let out a deep shrill that her hands *barely* manage to mute, maintaining the shriek for a few seconds. “AAAAAAGH!”

Straining her throat—voice quivering as she reached her limit—she *sloooooo* piped down until she didn’t have anything to give. Pulling her hands away from her face, Tangle took a deep breath. “Yeah, we can go outside.” She said calmly, reaching her hand out towards Whisper. “Can you help me get up? My back’s killing me.” Said back was composed of multiple folds of fat stacked on top of each other, sagging downwards, and the sweat trapped between them lubricating the excess fat.

“Uh. Yeah...” Still transfixed by the sweat of her friend’s gargantuan frame, Whisper hesitated for a second before grasping Tangle’s hand. She tried pulling back, flexing the muscles on her equally flabby back. Simply shaking the lemur’s body was already a war of attrition, but trying to pull her out of the bed was straight up Sisyphean. She pulled and pulled, fangs intensely clenched as even more sweat traveled down her overweight frame. She put all of her body strength—whatever was left of it and not buried underneath blubber and rendered useless—into one intense push. “Comeeeee OOOON!”

Dragging her feet backward, Whisper tried her best to haul all four hundred pounds worth of lemur, yet her strength was futile against the gargantuan pile of gray-furred blubber. The sweat reached her soles, and against the slippery surface, she slipped. Without a steady posture, Tangle’s counterweight dragged her down to the bed. “W-waugh!” Her gut smashed against the lemur’s, their faces mere inches away from each other—Whisper able to feel the pungent, strong chili odor on her breath. “Crap, Tangle! I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I—”

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“No need to apologize.” The world had gone pink for just a second. Tangle could feel something that had bloomed within her. Something strong that was entangling all her thoughts into an obsessive, perverse desire. The slight shame of having her body devolved into a pile of excess fat morphed into a bizarre sense of pride that swelled within her. She had never felt more powerful and respect-worthy in her life. Her previous petite frame was no longer a pinnacle of athleticism, but a pitiful state of being that she never wanted to return to.

Looking back at Whisper, Tangle knew that the wolf was sharing those same blissful thoughts. Her usual azure eyes were now coated with that intense rosy hue that the rest of the world had been marred in for a few seconds.

“Are you hungry?” The wolf asked, breathless from just rubbing against Tangle. “Because I am.”

“You bet!” Tangle cheered. “How about we get some breakfast to celebrate? I think we deserve a reward for working so hard.”

“Y-yeah...” The wolf giggled, clearly not used to feeling such an intense rush of emotions. Her hands wandered toward her breasts and gut, feeling them up now that she had gained a new appreciation for them. “I think that we do.”

They helped each other up, taking an excruciating amount of time as they dragged themselves out of bed. The bed could barely hold the two together, but the mattress’ high-pitched shriek only served to grow their swelling ego further.

“We need to get a bigger bed. I think we’re too big for it...” Whisper mumbled.

“Let’s make sure that we run it down first.” Tangle smugly said, winking at the wolf. “No need to buy a new one until it’s broken.”

Whisper’s mouth quivered into a wavering, shaky smile. “Y-yeah, I suppose that you’re right...”

Entering their living room, they were met with a mess of chaos and disarray. The entire floor was covered in food scraps and stains. Empty, food-stained plates filled up the living room desk, dinner table, and kitchen table. The crumpled hot dog bag was crumpled underneath the Tupperware container where their potato salad used to be.

“Oh... I guess that we ate a lot more than the hot dogs.” Whisper said in a defeated voice. Her stomach gurgled as the lack of food left her body to despair. The strange pink hue that coated her thoughts and the world made her stomach all the more desperate. Despite having just woken up from an intense food coma, she felt like she was *starving*. The sensation was almost like her stomach was devouring itself from sheer desperation, her hands gripping her bellowing gut in pain. “Ughhhh! Man, we should’ve saved some food for today... I feel like I’m going to pass out...”

“Don’t worry! I think that I might’ve done something yesterday just in case something happened.” Grabbing her phone off the counter—grease stains smeared all across the screen that Tangle licked off almost immediately—the lemur checked to see if the call that she made last night in the middle of her gluttony-ridden stupor went through. A massive grin painted itself across her face as she looked at her order in the food app. “Yep! Ordered something for today. This app allows you to order stuff ahead of time...”

“Oh, how useful! How much did you order?”

In tow, a knock on the door was heard. Tangle used her tail to brush aside all the plates, food scraps, and silverware from her path as she waddled towards the entrance. The shame of being seen in her ill-fitting underwear had completely banished, the intense desire for food now overtaking any possible humiliation in terms of priority. Decency be damned, she *would* get her food even if she had to get the door almost naked.

That resolve didn’t waver as she opened the door. “Heya! Do you have the food?” She said cheerily even before checking if the person behind the entrance was even the delivery man. She was correct, and noticing the massive package that contained many tiny bags of grease-filled food, Tangle snatched them from his arms. “Thanks a bunch, man!”

“Ah, um, eh...” The delivery boy—a short stout completely dwarfed by Tangle’s massive body—stammered as he struggled to properly convey the rush of adrenaline from seeing a woman so gigantic. Her protruding midsection just *barely* brushed against his arms, smearing her sweat against his uniform. “Y-you areuh... welcome...” He felt his entire face burning up, and before he uttered a half-hearted compliment, the lemur turned around—giving him a full view of her plump rump—and smashed the door shut. “Woah...”

The lemur unloaded the food onto the diner table, Whisper already having shoved as many plates as she could into the dishwasher while putting the rest around the kitchen counter. The very same large hot dogs Tangle dragged in yesterday were part of the giant food package, but they were accompanied by a large array of junk food; burgers with three meat patties—large fried donuts larger than their hands—family-sized pizzas with almost every topic one could think of—soggy cardboard boxes filled with fries and onion rings—and other pieces of food that had been deep fried. They were accompanied by five three liters bottles of cola—ice cold to go along with the mountain of savory food.

Whisper drooled at the sight, her stomach letting out a leviathan-esque roar. “Do you think that’s enough for the both of us?”

“I can always order more!”

She giggled at the lemur’s enthusiasm. “Good point!”

Just like yesterday, the pair began wolfing down the massive buffet in front of them. Unlike the last day, they weren’t in a strange sort of haze that clouded their thoughts. This time, they knew *perfectly* what they wanted. They were going to consume everything down to the last crumb. That was the only way that they could possibly ever be satisfied. Their stomachs churned loudly as the food was digested at lightning speed. Each bite transformed into yet more fat to adorn their already obese bodies.

Whisper couldn’t get enough out of the *crunch* that her fangs made whenever she tore into a deep-fried meal. Pizzas—boneless chicken wings—chocolate bananas; they were all torn to shreds by her ravenous fangs. The texture of the rough, fried bits let their greasy flavor drip onto her tongue. She was more than happy to eat food like this for the rest of her life, perfectly fine to leave her healthy war rations behind forever. Alternating between the mountain of fried food, she grabbed one of the massive cola bottles and popped the cap off. Not bothering to serve herself a cup, she began chugging down joyfully.

Tangle equally gorged on the giant buffet. She used her tails to grab giant clumps of fries, onion rings, and donuts to shove them all into her mouth. Her cheeks swelled up like a squirrel’s as she very slowly turned the food inside into mush. As soon as she gulped down, her tail—like it had a life of its own—pushed more food to replace the already consumed pieces of fried junk.

“Mgmh, this is so great!” Tangle moaned.

“I need more...” The wolf gasped between bites, each gulp sending her down further into the spiral of gluttony and depravity. “Tangle, order more...”

“Hah, we’re not even done and you already want more?”

“I-it’s just that I’m hungry! We need to make sure that we wear the bed down like you said, right?” The wolf nervously explained, clearly trying to match the lemur’s excited pace.

“That we do!” Reaching for the phone with her tail, she began opening up the app with her grease-coated fingers, once again staining the phone. “We’ll eat like queens!”

As she began opening up the phone to make the call, light began to pour out of the chest through the keyhole. It turned itself around as if puppeteered by a poltergeist, undoing the lock and *bursting* open to let the entire room be engulfed in the pink light. The pair didn’t even flinch, letting the mysterious glow seep into their minds. Their gluttony held them put on their seats, perfectly willing to drown in the pink euphoric bliss.

“EAT AWAY...”

“YOU WILL FOREVER BE IN THE DEBT TO THE SPIRITS OF VITALITY.”

“KEEP CONSUMING TO FUEL US. IT’S YOUR DUTY. THE MORE YOU EAT, THE MORE WONDERFUL YOU’LL FEEL.”

“SO YOU WILL NEVER STOP.”

“NEVER STOP.”

“NEVER.”

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The gem continued to float around the room. It had wrapped the entire house around its powers. It continuously cleaned up after the pair’s sloppy habits. It initially didn’t want to do it—more than happy to let the two surround themselves with reminders of their debaucherous lifestyle—but eventually the piles and food piled up so much that it was slowly becoming inhospitable. The gem certainly wanted to keep its hosts *stable*, so it reluctantly cleaned up every once in a while.

Scooping up Tangle’s phone, the gem began to glow as the food app started up—seemingly on its own. **“Heya! Ordering some more. Yeah, just leave it on the door since I’ll pay with my ring card!”** It mimicked her voice perfectly, putting up the third order of the day. The gem already was acquainted with their eating habits. If it needed a reminder, the ear-piercing gurgling that came from their stomachs.

Looking down at them, the gem couldn’t help but feel prideful. Not even beds meant for elephants could hold them, so it simply moved them to the living room and dealt with the furniture to make space for the two growing mammals. Each one of them could probably take up enough space for one bed and a half—a *great* achievement. Walking was just a thing of the past now. Even if the gem hadn’t erased the desire to move out of their minds, the futility would’ve settled in eventually. It was just speeding up the process along.

“Mgghooagh...” Whisper breathed in through her mouth, struggling to catch her breath through the piles of blubber resting atop her chest, pressing down on her ribs. “Thaaanghle...”

“Y-yeah, Whisper?” She weakly answered, *slowly* turning her head, dragging her neck and all the rings of fat attached to it. “What’s...” She had to stop to take a breath, huffing in exhaustion from simply gazing at the wolf. “...Up?”

“Just wanted to... Mgh...” The wolf shamelessly let a surge of pressure erupt through her mouth, pushing out a belch that even made the gem wince. “Ugh... Tell you that you’re beautiful...”

“Hah...” She coughed loudly, wriggling her hands. “You too...”