

Muggy days in the big city reminded you of how this life you've built has been stacked on disappointments and lies. The events of the day sped through your head while your gaze fixated on the ground below, pelted by precipitation. The bonus you were promised had been pulled out from under you, you had to battle to make sure your vehicle wasn't towed, and the cheap Chinese place you went to shuttered unexpectedly thanks to their unresolved financial situation. Things are getting more expensive. You can barely keep up with yourself, let alone your hobbies anymore. Was this why your father was so miserable? All work and no play definitely made him dull, but back then he could at least afford SOME play. You can't. You're stuck in a crummy studio apartment, all by your lonesome. You sigh. You can't help but feel as though you've been pushed to your breaking point a dozen times before, stumbling to the finish line in every sense of the word. The intrusion that breaks you out of your depressive thoughts are a droning chime near the doors of the tram, the vessel comes to a slow, cautious stop.

"Welcome to Montague Station. Next stop, Ambrosia Station."

How come the lady sounds so happy to call out Montague Station? It's bordering a crummy, boring part of this massive city. You mix your way into the crowd and flow with them, your feet practically your brains in this stage. Bumping through people, you silently cast judgement on those you make eye contact with. A mother pulling her kid along, a heavyset man out of breath at all points, another overworked grouch. Yup, same crowd, same people. You continue your stumble about, auto-pilot's taken over you. You nary look toward any of the struggling restaurants, nor the oodles of people, not even the cracked pavement you're shuffling upon. No, you just twist your way down a corridor and slip through a doorway. Up the beige splattered stairwell you go, you can hear the bickering of your neighbors two apartments down again. You pray they finally get a divorce and let the rest of the complex live in silence again, like the good old days. Your key jingles out of your pocket and into your door, you twist and slip inside. There it is, your home. It's not much. A love seat, a couch/futon combo, an old widescreen TV from fifteen years ago you haven't thrown out because it still carries an HDMI signal, your tiny kitchenette, and some shelves with games and two old handhelds. You've yet to get a console from a modern era, opting instead to fall back on your comfort game; Animal Crossing New Leaf.

You grasp at your console left on charge like a dying animal to water and flip it open. The creaky crack sent a little wave of relief into you. You thumb the power button and watch the screen come to life, Isabelle running forever in a loop greeting you. You turn on your TV to play some YouTube videos as background noise. Loading in, you're greeted to Paula roaming around the front of her house, watering the carnations you've placed nearby. Loading in, Isabelle greets you with the time as usual. It's five hours behind in the early afternoon. You did this because all the fun stuff to interact with would be closed by the time you got a chance to play again. You guide your avatar outside of your house, though you've never truly been satisfied with how your character looks. In the twelve-and-a-half years you've been playing this game, he's never really hit **your** mark. Though then again, appearances based on random choices may never hit the mark. You always had a hard time relating to silent vessels anyhow,

but you immersed yourself in the world so much, you hardly could care. If anything, you related to Isabelle more.

Overworked, always behind on sleep, but determined to make things better. You had that mentality once. Wanting to make things a better place, always getting projects done with a smile, never being a downer. Part of you wishes you could still cling on to that. It seemed so serene to be Isabelle, being a dutiful worker with no true pressure. That, however, would just be a dream. You're at least comforted by the villagers you can talk to. Their gossip that they spread, their brief tutorials that they give, their errands they love to send you on. Was it more busy work? Yes. Was it nice to feel included by them? Somberly, yes. At one point you set your 3DS down to begin your closing day routine. You open the fridge to see what was on the docket for dinner. Leftovers from a couple nights ago, a cabbage that would soon spoil, some eggs near their expiration date. Why is it that you're always low on food? You've always been a foodie, but you nary the budget to ever indulge yourself on the treats and feasts of the world. One day, just, one day to binge and not look back. Your morning and nightly commute would be enough to work off any excess pounds if you gained any, though you imagine life would be easier if you were just a constantly stuffed ball. You just yearn for the flavor of something better, something more rewarding...or anything but nearly-expired cabbage again. The feelings of exhaustion wash over you again. You figure a quick face wash would give you some time to mull over the decision. You could properly shower in the morning.

Your bathroom is cramped, you could stretch your hands out and touch the walls with a little sway if you so desired. The mirror greets you with your same tired face, same baggy eyes, same scowled mouth. You run the sink and scoop water into your palms, eyes closed so you can enjoy the rhythm of the faucet. Your ears perk up a bit when you notice something...missing. Your bathroom butts up against the neighbor's room, yet their arguing seemingly ceased. They don't usually stop unless they go to bed, and it's not like they have anywhere to be other than at home. On your few days off, you could still hear them from morning to night. You wonder how they even make rent sometimes...but their argument's died down. You felt a little snoopy, but you just let it go. Good on them for getting their shit settled. Finally, you press your hands upon your cheeks and scrub...immediately, something is off.

You shave regularly. Your hygiene routine typically consists of shaving every three days, since you want to always appear clean shaven and professional. You shaved this morning, so you shouldn't feel any sort of stubble between your fingers...let alone clumps of hair. You open your eyes instinctively and find blonde strands poked out between the webbing of your hand. You freeze. You're not sure where the blonde patches came from, but you lower your hands while you stare at yourself in the mirror. There's other blonde tufts that have popped up around your face, too, and are spritzing their way down your neck. You pull your collar to confirm, and sure enough, there's a line of fuzz that breaks off like an ancient brook down your body. The blonde has also slipped its way upward. It's invading your black and gray hair, your side part caked in hair gel loosens and frumps bright gold strands on your forehead.

Curiously, you find your fingers tracing along your button up. You slip your business clothes off of your frame and let them plonk on the bathroom floor. Hell, you even let your pants and underwear flop down. All you were in were your socks at this point, but the mirror cut off everything beneath the sink. Still though, your hands trace your body for any more oddities and changes. You could've just been splattered with some moldy drink, though that hypothesis was thrown out the window when you had to account for the fact that the drink should've splattered your shirt. Maybe you were just in the middle of a weird rash? Well, rashes weren't fuzzy, yellow, or oddly comfortable now were they? Maybe this is all some weird hallucinogenic reaction from the food you ate today? That couldn't be either, you went to a pretty strict fast food chain. Plus, only an idiot would waste their drugs on pranking someone they'd never get to see the reaction of.

What seals the deal that you're changing before your eyes is looking right at your face. The blonde patches stop around your chin and nose, some of it at the halfway point of your cheeks. Paler, more white-toned fuzz patches cover the spots around your mouth and your nose. Your nose. In your hypothetical ramblings in your mind, you totally didn't notice the bridge of your nose ceased to exist. You fumbled your hands along where it used to be, but all you feel is a wet, black button that keeps your nostrils. From the orange patterns of blush under your now blackened eyes, you finally piece together what's happening to you. When your hands slink back to poke at your backside, you feel a nub has formed right at your tailbone. No doubt about it. You're becoming Isabelle.

This should shock you, horrify you, bring you to tears. What do you mean you're becoming Isabelle?! You couldn't be a fictional dog! That's so much paperwork to try and re-identify you! How would you explain this to your family, your boss, your fri-...coworkers?! The more the fur grew along your body, and the more changes cemented, however, the more you just...accepted it. You resign yourself so early into the process. You feel the tail pull out of your back like sliding a cheese stick out of its plastic wrap. You see your hair grow longer in the back, unrestrained by anything at all. Your ears, they've shifted and flopped into cute little furry cylinders... you put your paw to the mirror. Even though your hands are nubs, you feel the sensation of fingers even still. Guess you do have hands, but boy, are they hard to tell what they are. It's the same way with your feet, you look down your body and lift your foot up. It's a rounded cylinder at the end, yet the feeling of a foot is still there.

For the first time you could feel a smile come on. Maybe you're just practicing your grins now that you've become, quite literally, a much chipper person. Is it right to accept something so bizarre so early? You've swapped genders, species, heck, temperaments! Yet you don't care. In a way this feels more freeing. You ignore what that implies about you and kick yourself off of your old clothes. Well, the old you's old clothes. You get the feeling if you try to put on that dress shirt and pants, it'd be very tight. You got a little rounder in some areas...most areas. You're not plump per say, but you're definitely a little more plush. Your legs are thicker, your body lacks tone and feature, heck, your head's got chubby cheeks where a muzzle should've been. You, in all your nude glory, open up the door to your studio apartment...and your jaw drops.

Gone were the old, boring pieces of furniture. Vibrant yellow wallpaper marked off with white near the bottom greeted you, your small and plain kitchenette mixed in with newer appliances, hardwood flooring, everything felt so clean and pristine! The small windows that once gave you simply a peek into the outside world had morphed to large glass panes that outlook such a large view of town. You're gobsmacked at how gorgeous the city you live in could really be. Everything felt brighter in your home... you make your way back to the couch to find your 3DS, seemingly the only thing that hadn't changed. The TV that played YouTube videos had expanded and flattened into a more modern device, the stand it was on had become white and full of extra pockets, the couch might have lost its futon-ability, but it felt so much more comfortable. Heck, the little table you placed your 3DS on was a lot nicer. No more late bills, no more old soda bottles you've forgotten to throw out, just your 3DS atop of what you think is a doily. That poor, red handheld has seen so much in its lifetime, and now it's seen reality meld to such a potent degree! You're curious about what has changed in the game you were playing, if anything, but you were surprised to see it's gone back to Isabelle's typical greeting. She's not saying anything. She just smiles at you knowingly, reassuring you. You smile back, and hover over the power button. A dialogue bubble pops up on your screen, but the audio cue has you pause just for a moment.

You read the words aloud as they're being typed out to you. "Aren't you still hungry?"

It takes a moment for you to recover from hearing yourself. Your voice is a lot higher now, a lot more than your previous gravelly groan. It had a wave of positivity and kindness that you'd lost from your youngest years. It was going to take some getting used to, being the opposite gender and sex that you were comfortable with and born under respectively. You're more astonished you've been riding it well up to this point. You carry on and tap the 'A' button.

"You should really have a taste of the finer things!" you read to yourself, carrying Isabelle's intentions with each dialogue box. You tap along. "After all, that fridge is so full now, I bet you wanna clear it out!"

Clear it out? Curiously, you stippy-steppy your way over to the fridge to parse just what was inside. What you were met with was a cold, heavily illuminated food abyss that had everything you could ever want to eat stored away inside. Your mouth salivating wasn't something you could help in that moment, from sweets on one row, meats on another, vegetables in cubby holes...there wasn't any time to be proper. Your paws grasp the first thing they could reach, a box of donuts left in there daintily on the side. Yanking them out, you plop the box on the counter and fling the flap open. Around twenty-four of the discs greeted you, all with varying topped icings. Some were traditional hole-less shapes, some were filled in the middle and oozing with creams, custards or jellies. You briefly wonder the ramifications of eating chocolate as a dog, but then you remember Isabelle is able to handle coffee. After that microsecond of hesitation, you don't hold back any longer.

Your teeth sink into the beloved breakfast pastries with reckless abandon. Flavor felt so amplified, chocolate felt more potent, along with the lemon custard and cherry jelly, heck, the

fried pastry itself was a delight! You bite, you chomp, you slurp up whatever icing falls on your frame. You're ravenous, you're absolutely feral with how you eat. It's like you've been starved in a box all your life, only now able to experience the luxuries life has to offer. You don't even care that your stomach presses into your kitchen counter, now a slight stuffed dome of rotundness. You just clear the first donut box and swish your way back to the fridge. Already tired of looking away and pulling things out, you opt to eat from the fridge itself. Your face sinks into a sheet cake with green icing around the edges and vanilla frosting. You practically trill with delight as you shred through the dessert in one go. Stumbling back, you see the damage that's been done to you. A belly that puffed out past where you could see your legs, heck, a decent portion of the floor was obscured by your dome. Curious, you pat at your gut and watch it slosh in place. A blush creeps along your cheeks, a sly smile follows. You were definitely judgmental of people's sizes before, though now? You hardly care. A little bit of envy crept up in you when thinking about that complete lardball you saw at Montague Station today...you could outdo him.

Out from the freezer came tub after tub after tub of ice cream. You crack open each lid and set them aside. You're desperate enough to pull butter from the fridge and peel open the wrappers to let them sit out. After that, it's all downhill. You shovel more snacks into your gullet with ease and excitement, the sensation of your tail wagging in excitement only adds to the dopamine rush in your head. Sweets of varying flavors practically rocked your spine with how much you cringed with delight. You felt crumbs, frosting and icing bits, filling and cream plaster itself onto your cheeks from how fast you ate. Your tummy has become a heaving gut, its gurgling and groaning like music to your ears. You press your legs inward while that stuffed dome grew even more stuffed. This felt like a cartoon you've watched at some point, the one that developed all those weird fetishes in other people. Guess you didn't leave that era unscathed, huh?

Sub sandwiches lined another shelf in the fridge, stuff you could chomp down, or feel dirty enough to try and deep throat. A burp left your gullet when something wasn't crammed down it. In between heavier, harder to chew meals, you glug down whatever was convenient enough to drink. Milk, a bottle of bourbon stuffed furthest in the back, orange juice...nothing hit your tongue harder than whiskey. That smoky flavor clears up your nostrils and fogs up your head the more you drink it, but the familiarity of it to your taste buds was something extremely surprising. In all your years playing Animal Crossing, you never would've expected Isabelle to be a drinker. Guess that's what your more slightly affluent friends meant this whole time about Isabelle being a drunk, huh? That buzzed feeling washes over you while you chase down your drink with more food. You soon sway back to the kitchen island and press your belly into the drawers and cabinets. The tub of vanilla ice cream was first. You throw your head back and tip the half-melted concoction down. Your legs wobble, a combination of the weight of your gut and depravity of the situation finally seems to hit you. You ate like a pig, yet you wanted more! You keep going with each flavor you've set out. Chocolate, strawberry, mint chocolate, rocky road, sherbert...soon, all you were left with were the sticks of butter that you could just shove down your gullet.

You stumble back and take a brief moment to assess the damages again. This time, you feel much, much more playful. You bap your belly around and stifle a chortle. It groans at you, then makes you let loose a torrential belch that rattled your walls. That just made you laugh harder. A digit, wherever one may be, slid its way into your navel after some tendon-aching reaching. You groan and stomp your foot with how pleasant the sensation is, poking the inside of your belly button never turned you on like this before. You're dripping, absolutely drenched between the legs. You huff and pull your paw away just for a moment to set out more ice cream to snack on in a moment, something just came to your attention. When's the last time you charged your 3DS? Your feet find themselves back to the couch, where your belly practically pushed it aside. You have to swing yourself around a bit in order to grab your 3DS again. The Isabelle on screen seems so pleased with your practically depraved new personality. You squint at the words, as your vision's become just a tad bit blurred.

'Isn't this feeling nice?' You think is what she's saying. 'Just being able to let go?' You fumble your way to the A button. 'Wouldn't it be nice if everyone else felt this way?'

You were given a prompt, 'I totally agree' versus 'No, I want this to myself'. You just press the higher up option, not really thinking about it.

'I'm so glad you agree!' The screen Isabelle cooed. You pat the A button. 'This is going to become such an exciting journey, I can't wait for you to see it!'

The rest of the night grew hazy after that. All you know is that you eventually turned the game off, put the system on charge, and got to binging some more. You had fun with yourself, eating from your never-ending fridge. The logic of your world and the logic of the Animal Crossing one seemed to blur together, much like your vision partway through the night. Spotty fragments of hooting and hollering and pushing your way to the front door came to mind. You might have seen someone wearing blue telling you to keep it down? You might've apologized about your behavior, but after that point, you don't remember anything else. You probably went to sleep after that. No, you're positive you went to sleep after that. You know because you remember having the best dream you've ever had, which was more or less what you did during your waking hours.

The haze of your slumber was rudely interrupted by a buzz. While you're positive you got flat out plastered last night, the feelings of a hangover didn't quite hit you. You knew you weren't drunk still, but you were pleasantly warm. You were also buzzing. Literally. You sloppily dig around your body and soon find your phone under your body. This was a small upgrade from the old smartphone you had, the UI was much cleaner and more friendly...though you finally pieced together who was calling. Your boss. Reality sunk in a bit as you recognize that you'd slept through your alarm. Memories of your boss griping at you for your tardiness carry over in your mind. You recognize that you're one strike away from losing your job, and nervously, you answer.

“...Hello?” you timidly greet the other caller, doing your best to sound raspy and gravelly. It’s a pitiful attempt at your old voice, your mind and vocal chords just couldn’t do it.

“Is everything alright?” a different voice greeted you on the other end. Your boss sounded old, gruff, irritated with life. This voice sounded younger, fresher, maybe a bit full of himself.

You’re stunned into silence for a moment, before you shake your head. “Sorry, who is this?”

“It’s your boss, Isabelle.” he answers plainly. “Raymond? Remember? You didn’t hit your head last night, did you?”

You’ve never known a person named Raymond in your life. You’ve never known a villager named Raymond in ANIMAL CROSSING no less. Maybe from that newer game? You stumble a bit. “Gosh, I might have. Last night was - HIC! - wild...”

“Sounds like you treated yourself.” Your boss chuckled over the phone. You were comforted by his professionalism mixed with sincerity. “Come in whenever you can. Your usual paperwork is on your desk.”

“You mean you’re...not gonna fire me?”

“No?” Raymond seemed perplexed by your assumption. “Why would I do that? You’re the best secretary in this whole city.”

“Aw, gee...thanks boss.” You couldn’t help but feel warm and fuzzy about that compliment. “I’ll see you soon, okay? Lemme get ready.”

“Take care, Isabelle.”

You both hang up, but the idea that everyone knows of your new identity sinks into you. After you reflexively thumb through your new phone’s lock pin, you quickly try to pull up your bank app only to find it vanished overnight. Seems it was replaced by a new one. You tap in and instinctively enter your log in details, despite them being vastly different from your old account credentials. Your account is under your new name, and is connected to a couple other bank accounts. A savings and a checking account in the high five-figure digits greeted you, though you were taken aback by seeing everything was in bells. You remember that your first loan in New Leaf was somewhere closer to one-hundred thousand belles, so honestly, five digits seemed not that bad. Especially considering you didn’t have to worry about food. Middle class, maybe? You blink and thumb through your contacts, wondering what else has changed. Digby shows up as one of your favorites, meaning now you have him as a sibling. You thumb through your conversations with him, he seems just as hardworking as you do.

A bit of you remains curious, however. You pull yourself with great force off of the couch, and stomp your way into the bathroom, where you're greeted by the full damage you've done to yourself. You're greeted by your plumper cheeks resting upon a pie-thick tire chin, spotted with foodstuffs and liquid stains from last night. Your breasts hang forward over your double roll belly, which hangs past the view of your mirror. You shuffle awkwardly backward to get a better look, your love-seat demolishing butt pressed into the wall, thighs incapable of separating with how thick they've become. A tacit pleasure washes over you when you examine yourself. You hoist up your chest and bounce those puppies around, the shimmy of your hips shows how in tune you've become with your new body. It felt like wearing your favorite shirt, you knew how to slip into it, and you know what it looks like, you're just happy it fits you. Being a doughy, squishy butterdog seemed to fit you a lot more than you expected. A bit of you wants to see just how far you can push it...

You skip your shower for now. You sling up your hair by the dingling bell band from your wardrobe and slip into some comfortably tight undergarments. They also seemed a little stained, though more by sweat and grease than anything concerning. While you slip your skirt past your momentous thighs and throw your dress shirt and vest around your bosom, you can't help but giggle at how instinctive this all feels to you. Not even twenty-four hours as Isabelle, and you're easily slipping into your new routine. Breakfast is on your mind, so you trot your way over to the fridge. Seems full up again, which is confirmation of your previous notion of food not being a problem. You pluck out another few dozens worth of donuts to chow down on, and mindlessly vacuum them away. Still taken aback by the flavor, you feel your foot thump rapidly with each bite. The empty boxes are pushed aside, and you stomp over to the door. Your paw hovers over the knob for a moment, then you look back over to your 3DS. Maybe just a little conversation with the other Isabelle wouldn't hurt, you still have some questions after all.

Crick, click, tap. In a few instinctive motions, you find your eyes back on the Animal Crossing: New Leaf title screen. You tap the A button rapidly, more focused on conversing with your alternate self than you are with who's on the title wandering around. Isabelle greets you with a smile. She politely waves to you.

'Good morning, Isabelle!' You read her dialogue in your head and press along. 'I bet it feels good to be called by name, huh?'

You blush a bit. Isabelle being your name now feels serene, like a lake splashing against rocks. You notice that there's no dialogue options to choose from, so instead, you nod toward your camera.

'Wonderful!' she chirps back at you. 'Say, why not take me along with you? You need a guiding paw to get used to your new life. Also, I imagine you'll want me around to help...persuade you, to be who you're really meant to be.'

Without thinking, you nod again and slip your old 3DS away into your vest pocket. With that, you push your way out the door and wobble closer to the stairs, only to be assaulted by the

voices of your neighbors again. They sound...different now, much like you did. You turn to see a doughy, belly heavy dog draped in bandages from head to toe, with only one gap between his wrappings for a glowing, yellow eye to peek out from the shadow. He's in the middle of an argument with a well stacked white wolf, her violet-blue eyes locked in on the dog's, and her heavy chest wobbling with each thrust of her paws in comical directions. Both of them were in messy clothes, the dog being in a stained fan jersey, the wolf being in a blue sundress that was splotted in frosting. You recognize them both as Lucky and Whitney, you had them in your town a long, long time ago, but they moved out. They never got along with each other in your town, so seeing them replace the couple next door is...fitting? Yeah, fitting's the right term.

You wobble closer to them to listen in, a wave comes over you. They're arguing about silly stuff, like who had eaten the last of the food they ordered last night. Such a blissful step up from previous battles. You find the words leave you before you can even register what you're saying; "Why not order something else to eat so you both can feel full?"

Both Lucky and Whitney jump when they hear your voice, they shuffle in your direction, each movement rippling their flesh. "O-Oh, Isabelle." Lucky's chirpy voice felt comforting at a lower volume. "We didn't see you there, we, um..."

"We were just talking about how Lucky finished off all the leftovers again..." Whitney grumbled.

"You two seem to order less than you actually need to feel full." you let your lips do all the work, and speak whatever immediately came to mind. "Why not double your order next time? That way you can feel full!"

The couple blinked at one another, then look back at you. "Huh." Lucky mused, "That actually seems like a good idea. We can both be full..."

"Yeah..." Whitney rubbed the back of her head. "Simpler than I thought, huh?"

"You two are so good for each other," you pull their paws together with a smile, "I don't wanna see you two fight over silly stuff like this. Now, no more arguing, okay? Fill up those tummies."

You leave them a pinch confused, but mostly relieved that their conflict was over. While you wade your way down the steps, you revolve your paw into your vest pocket to pull out your 3DS again. Isabelle grins at you, her smirk makes you blush a bit.

'Already encouraging others to get bigger?' she teases you, 'Aw, you're such a flirt, you know that!'

"H-Hey now..." you mumble to your 3DS's microphone, then watch Isabelle laugh at your reaction.

'This is a big world with a lot of big people to love.' Isabelle cuddles you. 'I bet you like your new neighbors, huh? Or, well, they aren't necessarily new.'

A thought creeps into your head before you instinctively question your handheld. "How come I'm the only one who remembers my past life?"

'Because it was your save file.' that plain answer wasn't what you expected at all.

"So then...nobody else remembers at all?"

'Not a soul.'

"What happened to everyone else then? There's definitely not enough villagers to make up for how many humans there are."

'Every town has a diverse ecosystem, every city too. It's only when you go outside of towns do you start seeing double vision.' Your lack of a response was enough to clue Isabelle in on your confusion. 'There's multiples of everyone in this world. Copies and dupes that look the same, but function differently.'

"A-Ah..."

'I bet this is a lot of work to be doing on an empty stomach, huh?'

"B-But I just-"

Your belly gurgles just as you were about to defend yourself. You pop your way out of your apartment's doorframe and wobble about the outside, now shocked to see just what's changed. The layout of the city is much more colorful. The block you were in has many more successful businesses! Restaurants, furniture stores, clothing stores... You're in shock for a moment, before the dingle of Isabelle's bells over your 3DS speakers pulls you back in.

'Treat yourself.' Flowers radiated around her head, along with a positive aura.

"Haven't I already though?"

'Not enough, clearly. You're still pretty well kept, compared to what I have in mind for you.'

"I stink a little, Isabelle." You lift up your pit and take a small sniff, despite already knowing what would greet you. "Euf, even more now that I'm constantly sweating. Being fat's not easy y'know."

‘But everyone else is MUCH fatter than you.’ reasoned your dupe, ‘Plus, you can deal with being a bit more spoiled. The bigger you are, the more fun this is gonna be. Why restrain yourself, girl? You can be a hot, humid mess.’

Your cheeks flush red, such words coming from a sweet and innocent character practically sent you on edge. “S-Sheesh Isabelle, you’re...kinky, huh?”

‘Kinky isn’t the half of it.’ Isabelle’s emote quickly became that mischievous snicker some villagers did when they were being coy. ‘Compared to what you’ve saved on here back in the day? I think I’m being modest.’

...A vague memory of your times combing through old image boards on your 3DS hits you like a wave. The times you tried to find what was attractive to you and what wasn’t, you saved some images of plump, anthropomorphic characters. Back then, they didn’t do anything for you...now though, the idea of those images made your head swim.

‘I can see you blushing again~’ Isabelle continued to prod you. ‘I bet you’re imagining becoming a big, greasy whale of a woman now, huh? Why wait? Let that become your reality.’

A hearty gulp sounds out from your throat. “Shoot, okay, okay...I can fill up my belly a bit more.”

‘That’s the spirit! Now, get out there and splatter some food against your gob! I want to see your cheeks become a mosaic!’ the radiant flowers appeared again over the copy’s head.

You shut your 3DS once more and stow it safely into your vest pocket. The tram can wait, you’ve got food you need to eat. The frames of everyone else vary while you cut through the crowd easily. Streets were wide now, not a vehicle in sight. Gosh, they expect you to WADDLE everywhere? That’s gonna get tiring soon, but it’s nice not to be burdened by the prospect of getting caught for jaywalking. You slink your way into the first of many restaurants along this strip, though due to the events following, you won’t really remember what it is you ate. All you recognize is you just...ate. It might’ve been meaty, it could have been sweet, it may have been tart in some sections. You aren’t too positive. You know whatever it was, it tasted grand~ One decent order might have filled you up yesterday, but that was a different lifetime. This is your new life. You needed a LOT more to pack away into your stomach. Your occasional glances around the establishment led you to find nobody paid attention to your absolute mockery of manners, and had very little of their own in return. You were ecstatic, nobody’s going to judge you for just being a pig.

Utensils were a suggestion. You let gravity drop food down your gullet. Through your stops, you managed to let hashbrown bits, gravy splotches, bacon grease and more splatter your face. You might’ve gotten a donut lodged under your tire chin, you may have stored away some slices of pie for safe keeping under your sweaty, hammy arm flabs. All you recognized and cared about is that you were growing. Buttons on your dress shirt strained to contain your

growing mass. You were eating far too little to register as being full, it's almost like your body just took the calories you ingested and distributed them all over while you feasted. Restaurant after restaurant, your hips hung lower to the ground with your belly, your chest became much more of an obstacle, your cheeks puffed past your line of sight...and it all felt grand. You couldn't help but fondle your stomach with every inch it grew when you had to wait for more food, or when you had to pull yourself over to the next restaurant. At one point, you had to hide a moan of pleasure with a deep, bassy belch, that flung spittle past your face-fat and onto your breasts. Your buttons kept popping off, your skirt rode up further and further to become a second pair of panties. Your panting and tail wagging making it OBVIOUS you were in the lulls of pleasure.

Anytime you stopped to look at your 3DS, Isabelle practically drooled over you. The constant egging you on to get fatter and fuller probably drove you mad with lust faster. Gluttony tied to pleasure, it isn't something you were used to, but boy were you deep in it now. The next restaurants went by so fast, you practically shoved food down your face by sweeping it all in. You were reminded of that rabbit from that one movie, the sequel to that animated movie people liked, but didn't like the sequel? It's slipping your mind on what it was...in fact, a few things were slipping your mind on what they were. On your way to your next restaurant, you stumbled to reach for your vest pocket to pull your 3DS out. Its familiar crick like an ear scratch for you.

'Look at how plump you are~' teases your double. 'If only I could jump out of this screen and motorboat that belly...'

"Heh...hey." You huff out. It's hard to walk and talk at the same time, especially when you're progressively getting out of shape. "You remember that one movie...about the guy...in the video games?"

'Sounds like you're forgetting your old life already.' Isabelle remarked. 'Don't worry about that. You'll find a movie just like it soon enough.'

"Forgetting...my old life?"

'Yeah. It was going to happen eventually. Didn't want to be burdened by it all, did you? I bet you forgot your old name already.'

It was true, you did. Rather than be upsetted by the rapidly dwindling old you, you just giggle at the accusation. "Guilty...as charged."

PLLRBRRBBBBTTTTTT!!!

You stop for a moment to feel a rush of hot wind escape your ass crack. A slow turn around and a whiff made you realize that the smell came from you. A casual ass rip into public, and you barely had any recognition it was yours until you took notice of it. There's so much

changing about you. Your eyes shift back to the other Isabelle, who had a devilish grin on her face.

‘Such a slob~ I bet you could pack so much more in that tummy though. I bet you could make a lot of people happy if they were subjected to you. I bet you’d make so many people happy if you just couldn’t move!’

“Y...Yeah, I would...” You agree, already picturing yourself in your mind as a giant, rotund ball of food.

‘Keep it up, tubbo.’ Isabelle encouraged. ‘Soak yourself in pleasure.’

Restaurant after restaurant, you glut and dine with reckless abandon. By the time you can properly register your surroundings again, you’ve most certainly bulked up and changed. Your cheeks puffed further into the left and right corners of your vision, your belly scraped along the ground, your fat butt cheeks thoomed and plapped against the pavement below you, your cankles covered your feet nubs, and your chins have stacked up onto each other. You blow out another rumbling belch so effortlessly, you see it become a hot steam cloud and mingle about into the air around you. Pedestrians paid you no mind, they were plastered and gaseous too. Your heart beat faster and faster, this was a pleasure coaster you never wanted to get off of. After you push your heavy frame through the cramped tram doors, you PLOP down into a row of seats. Your vest has become nothing more than scrap, your titties free for everyone to see now. You thumb in the direction of your vest’s pocket, but it’s no use. Maybe you put your 3DS somewhere else? You dig your paws into your cleavage, an ocean of precipitation greeted you. You grumbled and huffed, then pulled it out with a wet and meaty pop. Crick went the sound of the old thing opening back up.

‘Look. At. You.’ Isabelle pressed her paws together. ‘You’re getting closer and closer to perfection. I dare say you’re plappable now.’

“Plah...huh?”

‘Don’t worry about it.’ Isabelle assures you. ‘You’re gorgeous. Just so you know.’

A rumble from your guts indicated another gaseous onslaught had readied itself. You gripped onto the nearby pole for standing patrons, lifted up your meaty leg, and didn’t hold back at all.

FFFFRRRRBRBBRLLLRBBBBBTBTBTTPPTTTTT!!!!

An ocean of green stank slithers its way around the cart you were in. Sure, you had a couple coughers, but active movement toward windows was slim to none. You recognize some of the degenerates in the crowd that adored your stench. Bluebear, the pear-shaped shortstack that she was, had gotten the most of the stench. She practically glued herself to your side while

you continued to rip along. Lobo fans himself, his heavy moobage drizzled with sweat, no doubt worsened now that you turned this tram into a sauna. You bite your tongue, all those people who just didn't care about your flatulence made the situation twenty times better.

'See how nobody shies away at you?' Isabelle gleamed up to you. 'How people just seem to be ENCOURAGED by your fetidness? Now you have a cute blubbery simp glued to your cheek. Revel in it. Revel in the nastiness.'

You nod proudly, then slliiide your 3DS back in its safe pocket. You let Bluebear just cuddle up to you throughout the duration of the ride, assaulting her with more of your flatulence at varying points just to daze her some more. She's so cute when she's gasping for breath amidst your stench... You hear the ding for your stop and eagerly peel yourself off the massive bench. A sickly pop pushes your belly out, though your hips are stuck for just a moment longer. Long enough to leave the occupants with a parting gift.

FFFFRRBRBRBLLLLTTTTT!!!

Your sweaty cheeks slorp out and PLAP together loudly. You proudly wobble along the station, before your gut collides with something equally as soft. The streak of greasy blue fur catches you first, then you trace your eyes along the curves. Boy, what curves they were. An ass much larger than yours greets you, one that could squash the cars that used to dominate the streets below. Cankles larger than yours drape over feet, thighs large enough to smush your head hold up impossibly large buttocks, yet on top of all that back fat was a double belly roll streaked with white, some small moobs, and plush arms, let alone a gracefully cute face. Rover. Rover bumped into you. Your heart practically flutters at the sight of him, a deep connection to this NPC you've only seen once suddenly blossoms. Was it because he was matching you in weight, or was there something else there? You can't help yourself, you do your best not to look at his cock...it's, available for everyone to see, thicker than a telephone pole.

"R, Rover!" You soon slip the words out of your mouth. "Hi! Uh-"

He smiles at you, grinning ear to ear. "I recognized that fart from anywhere." he playfully jabs your belly fat. "Isabelle! I'm sure you've left the last tram a biohazard."

"Ye...yea" you squeak out, face all red from how earnest he was.

"It's been too long since we last saw each other," he continues on, "why don't we spend some time together tonight? I'm sure your couch is begging to be put out of its misery already."

Steam plumed out your floppy ears, and bounced off your chunky cheeks. "A-Actually, um, uh, I, eh, hehe, I can, be your seat tonight???"

"I thought you'd never ask!" Rover hugs you after such an instinctually depraved comment. "Besides, I love seeing you stench-drunk. You get so bubbly..."

“H-heh, heh, i-is it any different from being NORMALLY drunk...?”

“Not a bit. Just cuter~” he pats you on the stomach again. “See you at our usual time.”

You watch him wobble away and cram himself into a different tram, he practically had to thrust his ass cheeks into the vessel just to push himself inside. You have a side fling? You can't think about it in any other way other than the fact that you have a SIDE fling. One who's on top, if your ill-thought words are any clarification. Before you turn around to leave again, you hear the muffled sounds of a fumigating eruption, and the rattles of metal as the tram car shakes. Various moans from within indicate that Rover's doing the very same thing you've done to Bluebear...but to a couple others. You hyperventilate excitedly about the idea of being used as a seat by a man possibly gassier than you are.

The usual path you take greets you to a large skyscraper that overlooks every other building around this section of the city. A chipper smile crosses your lips while you push your way inside, greeted by the smells and sights of your coworkers. All of them are friendly animals with similar levels of hygiene issues and weight problems as you have. Your struggles to move have been offset by the fact that Pipi can't climb the stairs without getting winded, or that it takes Tangy ten minutes just to get comfortable in her chair before starting at her cubicle. Your spot, however, is special. You remember the walk from downstairs to the top floor being such a dread, but even while you wheeze, pant, and sip from the bottle of whiskey you smuggled in your folds...hey wait, when did that get there? Whatever. Even while you quench your thirst, you couldn't help but feel excited for what your boss looks like. You aren't familiar with Raymond, so he must be a treat to behold. You stomp your way past your desk to get a good look at him yourself, and as you open his door, you're **hit** by it.

The casual rankness implies that Raymond's lived here for a long time, being brought food to dump down his gullet. Your fur stands up straight when you see just how much space he takes up. He's practically immobile, a giant mound of blue-gray flesh that pressed in on each wall. His windows were smogged up from the constant farting they've had to endure, his body oozing with thick, brown grease and sweat. He looks like a bed, his moobs resting at the top similar to pillows. You sharply inhale his musk through both your nostrils and your mouth, then practically fling your body into his frame.

“Phew...afternoon to you too, Isabelle.” Raymond chuckled.

Eventually, you peel yourself off and pull your body up his mass. “Sorry boss.” you chortle, “I get carried away when I see you again.”

He had messy blonde tufts of hair at the top of his head, glasses half-slumped down to show his left green eye and right gold-brown eye, his black ears flicked playfully when you brush your paws along them. He purrs adorably, comfortable with your touch. “You can get as carried

away as you like.” he encourages. “Reminder of the papers on your desk. Just some food budgeting internally.”

“Ehe, I budget my food internally too...” you fumble a pickup line, but it makes Raymond laugh anyhow.

“That was corny, Issy.” he snickers at you some more. “You got over that head cold pretty fast.”

“Well, work’s worth coming to.” you answer honestly. It’s definitely worth it to see this giant bed of a man.

You hear the sound of heaving footsteps slowly approach. Not fully used to your world yet, you crane your head over and find an awfully familiar face. Ankha. The one villager you’ve never had in your village, yet one you can’t escape. She was an internet meme a while back, wasn’t she? You’re starting to see what it is others saw in her now, though. Tits that loomed off her ginormous plow belly, a tushy just barely able to fit through the double doors, arms plump enough to knock someone out cold with one wrong turn... You stop admiring her golden sheen when she stuffs her whole hand deep into your crack. Your yelp is enough of a window for her to push her lips onto yours. You let her take over for a bit, then get frazzled when she rumbles a belch down your throat. You return the favor, as trails of smog escape both hers and your sides of lips.

“I was worried my bloated brat hit the snooze button again.” Ankha huffed. “Do I have to drag you out of bed myself?”

“...If you do that to me more often, I think I’ll be crawling out of bed to get to you...” your head spun around. You felt a little inebriated despite not having drunk that much. Is this stench-drunk? It feels...delightful.

“You should be focused on what really matters.” Ankha glared daggers at you, then pecked your nose again. “Get your work done so we can get to work in here.”

“Yez mamb...~” you pull yourself off of Raymond and out of Ankha’s grasp.

When you make it back to your desk, you shimmy right behind it and breathe a sigh of relief. That heavy body of yours crushed the stool they put out for you, so you opt to work as your own seat. You thumb through and sign off on a few papers, doing some off hand math while you overhear Ankha and Raymond’s conversation. You seem a lot more focused than usual, maybe the motivation of whatever was in store for you after this has you giddy. It also wasn’t much paperwork, it could have been done at home. If you DIDN’T do the work here, though, you wouldn’t have been blessed by two heart stopping cats. Shuffling your finished work nearly to the side of your desk, you pull your way back to Raymond’s ‘office’. He’s cackling with

Ankha about what's about to come next, meanwhile you stand in the doorway with your tail wagging in your crack, ready for whatever.

"Good, you're done already." Raymond gleams. "Hungry, Isabelle?"

"Always." Your answer was snappy and immediate. You pull yourself up on top of Raymond with a huff. "Let's get this started..."

Ankha nodded, then opened a small mini fridge underneath Raymond's blubber mounds. One could see her pull out a whole load of platters, ready to be consumed without a second thought. She stepped up into her boss's flesh, then stared you and him down in equal intervals. "Hold still." she demanded.

You let Ankha have her way with you easily, while she takes turns stuffing Raymond full of grub. Your eyes instinctually close from the pleasure, yet your head cringes with delight. Every single pleasure receptor was going off at rapid fire speeds, your neurons burning constantly to register every solitary microsecond. At points, you lap at Ankha's paws, which eventually earns you a snoot boop. At one point, you hear the familiar 'pop' of a whiskey bottle, and its cold glassy embrace is pushed past your lips. You glug, glug, glug, a normal bottle should've definitely been empty at some point. Your head becomes a haze, you think you hear Ankha giggling at some point. Maybe you hear the two of them encouraging you to chug? It didn't feel like one of those small bottles, by the time the tip left your lips, you could parse it was one of those enormous jug-type bottles. Raymond's own moans were interrupted and covered up by his constant gassy outbursts. Being stuffed in between the corner of a wall and a floor, Raymond's gas should have been more muffled, yet it seemed to only grow louder and louder with each blast. It's getting so humid in here, you can hardly stand it. You can hardly stand not being closer to the epicenter of it all, and lucky for you, that was on the menu, too. A short plumpening wasn't the main course, no no. It's an appetizer.

You're pulled off your mound of a boss with a little eep. Your face gets shoved down into his underside, where you're immediately soaked in sweat and food smears of the past. You look upon it with what limited light there was; Raymond's fupa. You push it back with all your might, and are greeted by his pre-leaked, fat swaddled pecker. Instinct takes over. You push your lips onto it and begin to slurp without hesitation. You rock yourself around and whimper adorably, his pre salty on your tongue. You think things couldn't get any better, that this was the peak of enjoyment. That is, until Ankha practically stabs her rod in between your cheeks. You realize right away you're being spit roasted, and resign yourself to this fate. With Ankha doing the work at your back end, and pitiful thrusts from Raymond jiggling your front, you trill and coo, pleasure-plastered and inebriated in more ways than one. The closer you've gotten to that fupa stank, the heavier your head feels. You rock yourself back and forth to stimulate both massive cats.

Being double teamed like this isn't something you ever thought was going to happen to you, but man, was it something you were so glad to go through. Your nethers practically gushed

with cum long before the other two even released their full loads. The backdraft of Raymond's gas has you wobbling and whining for more, undeterred by the work it's taking to get these mounds to let loose. Soon enough, both of them released into you at the same time. Your belly practically drowned in spunk, their hot, warm loads filling you up and adding to the food you've eaten. The folds on your belly become less detailed, until your gut is shaped round like a ball. You're pounded into more, but when Raymond ran dry, Ankha yinked you out. Your stomach surges you two out into the hallway, while you gurgle up a mix of cat cum. You breathe through your nose, Ankha says something sweet about how much you can hold...you don't register it. In fact, the rest of work becomes a fine mist after that point. You become a creature of habit.

When you can recognize things again, you find yourself pulling your massive mound of belly up the stairs. It's such a pain, but the sloshing in your stomach makes it so worthwhile. It's like a massive water balloon, the way fluids glunk in your bloated gut. You smash your way through your front door and flop onto the floor, eagerly, your paws dig from your sweaty boobs to click open your 3DS.

'Such a bloated blubber-hound~' her dialogue sent shivers of joy down your spine. 'Ever gonna stop eating like this, or are you shooting to be the biggest, bloated fatass to ever live?'

"The...the latter..." you promise weakly.

'Good!' Isabelle gets closer to the screen. 'Because one day, I'm gonna slip my way out of this screen and get a hold of you myself.'

"H...Huh~?"

'Ohhh-hoho, you thought I was done with turning you into this? I've got big plans for my big dog. You're being such a good girl, eating like a trash compactor, getting railed by your body bound boss and his side hustle, you've got yourself a boy who'll toy with you, and so much more. I'm gonna put some work in myself one of these days...because I can't help but dream about you and your grossness~'

"Hohf, but...I've done...so much..." you lazily lift your leg and proceed to blast a mushroom-cloud gas blast outside, smog pluming out the door and into the halls.

'It's only Day One, puppy girl~!' Isabelle promises you, 'You haven't even let Rover into your home yet. Oh, sweetie sweet Rover...you don't know what's about to happen to you. You're gonna forget everything about yesterday and before here shortly. Now, be a good girl and close the screen for now~?'

You do as you're commanded of without hesitation, the idea of Isabelle stuffing you senseless sends shivers down your spine. Whimpers of desire escape you as you hump your sex into your underbelly, rocking and sloshing the contents once again. You don't think it, but you're actively working your digestive system to process that cum into soft, squishy lard for your

body. Each hump, huff, puff, and thrust, all worked to soften you up once more. Your blubber squashes down on one side of the room, your belly touches another. Wheezes escape your lips before hot belches boom past. You aren't sure what's what anymore. You can't even lift your legs up anymore. You're immobile, just like your boss. Love drunk, lard drunk, cum drunk, stench drunk, and drunk drunk. It's all a slurry of orgasmic bliss...then you hear his steps behind you. His stomps, rather, but they COULD be considered steps.

"Looks like your boss got to you before I could." he chuckled, then rested his paws between your rolls. "You're a LOT softer than earlier."

Words try to form from your lips, but you're tongue tied. You couldn't manage a thing. Rover straddles himself on top of you and giggles.

"Maybe put that tongue to better use." he suggests. "I've got a hole with your name on it, and enough fumes to make you forget that name."

You knew that wasn't needed. You've already forgotten it by this point. Welcome home, Isabelle~