

Of Two Appetites

By Desmond Fallout

<https://www.patreon.com/Vault72>

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/desmondfallout/>

People are a lot more adaptable than they give themselves credit. When the barrier between the surface and the underworld went down, everyone assumed it would end in complete pandemonium. Before then, no one even knew there was a world of monsters trapped down below. Wars and conflict that had driven the poor souls out of the sun had faded into children's stories. To suddenly have such people coming back into civilization in droves would take a lot of determination not to repeat ancient mistakes.

Then again, no one expected monsters to have such fantastic charisma and talents. Once the initial shock wore down, most people just generally accepted anyone seeking a surface life with open arms. Human society proved far from perfect but integrating and adapting was preferable to whatever underground they came from. Seemingly overnight there was suddenly humanoid dogs being police officers, skeletons serving hot dogs at taco bell, and classrooms becoming like a zoo of rich cultures.

Hearing such wonderful success stories really made Asibow wish she had not arrived late to the surface party. Her family had become a bit grounded, no pun intended, in their home underground. It was not a perfect life, but it was familiar and safe far as they were concerned. Human's could turn on monsters at the drop of a hat, and then everyone would be stuck right back in their snowy, lava, or whatever filled domains all over again.

Such complacency had worked on Asibow...for a while. An impressionable goat monster like her rarely questioned parents by nature. That could not help but change over time. One by one, every friend she ever made would eventually take off to the surface, leaving her alone in the dark caves. That was bad enough without them sending texts and selfies of all the awesome places they were visiting. Human's sounded so damn fun, with a few phobic exceptions she caught wind of. They even had weird events called 'furry conventions' seemingly in the worship of anthropomorphized monsters. Hell, many also dressed up as monsters themselves.

By the time Asibow reached twenty, she had had enough of their stubborn ways. Society had not crumbled or reverted back while she grew up in their care, yet they insisted any day now. Once she had earned enough from working part-time at Grillby's, the young goat girl found a duplex to share with several of her childhood friends. Naturally, her parents were furious, one disagreement fostered some tough love that night. Asibow arrived on the surface with a black eye and not a penny of support.

Something she would come to regret when it came to finding a job. Things had been hard enough with just humans trying to support themselves in society. A spontaneous monster population increase had brought plenty of labor to a disproportionate demand. Even with plenty of powerful monsters starting their own business, and significant help from roommates, all the goat could do for months was sit around her room and get fat. Within months the trim figure that used to win high school swimming competitions had bloated into a ripe pear shape. Gods only know how she was packing it on so thick by doing nothing.

In fact, Asibow had just wiggled her butt into formally well-fitting pants when her phone rang. Talk about a welcome distraction. She wanted to do anything but stare at the love handles bulging over a forty-inch waist. No way she could afford to upgrade jeans again. Giving off a defeated sigh, she swiped one clawed finger across the phone on her dresser.

"Hiya!" She called while turning to face the mirror once more. The struggle to get dressed had reached the phase where she had to wrestle on a bra. The round white cannonballs her breasts had inflated into were the subject of much hazing by her roommates. "This is Asibow Dreamrose."

"Oh, good, just the monster I was looking for!" A male speaker chimed through the small device. That gave Asibow pause for thought with bra straps barely on her shoulders. She had not sent out any applications recently, much less expecting anyone to make contact. "You are a monster, right?"

"...yes?" Asibow huffed more from resuming attempts to close the bra clasp than the random question. Why did humans have to invent fast food? Everything that tasted great was bad for her. "I mean, I'm staring at a mirror and see a fa...healthy young goat."

"Well, you could also be inhaling hallucinogens. You would not believe how often that happens to me without noticing. Once thought mall security was a herd of elk. You know....before those elk monsters unionized." Silence filled the room as Asibow found herself staring dumbfounded into her reflection. There was not much one could say to such anecdotes. "But anyway, you're probably wondering why I'm calling..."

"Among other things about you," Asibow grumbled trying and failing again to close the bra clasp.

Her comments went ignored as the voice continued, "Sorry, where are my manners? The name is Desmond Fallout; scientist and researcher. One of your roommates is friends with one of my roommates, and they happened to pass along that you're looking for a job. Would that still be true?"

"Y-yes!" Asibow's floppy ears perked along with her eyes, partially turning to address the phone directly. "I'll seriously take anything at this point. I'm getting so bi...bored around here."

"Just what I like to hear! Do you have any experience in physiology?"

"Um...no."

"Know anything about physics?"

"Nope."

"Can you cook?"

"...I made Ramen that was only partly burnt once."

"Ah, just show up. It won't matter anyway. Got a pen?"

"Yeah...one sec." Such lines of questions did not leave Asibow as excited as she should have been. Oh well, landing a job meant finally paying patient roommates rent. One of her chubby hands opened the dresser while the other maintained a hold on the uncooperative bra straps. Ugh, she really needed to clean out her personal space. There were far more empty snack wrappers in the drawer than there were snacks.

Oh cool, she still had a York patty in here!

"Um, are you okay?" Desmond spoke up over all the plastic crinkling. "It sounds like you're dancing on bubble wrap."

"Yeah, let's go with that," Asibow mumbled with a fanged muzzle full of chocolate and mint. She had easily given up supporting her small bra in favor of unwrapping her treat. A job was a good reason for celebrating, after all. Eventually, she found some paper not...entirely stained by grease or peanut butter and a working pen. "Okay, hit me with the details please."

Desmond listed off an address and phone number in quick succession. There was only a brief exchange of further pleasantries before he hung up on her. Just as well, now Asibow was in such a great mood her bra fastened in one mighty tug of the straps.

Breathing promptly became a problem for the boss monster. The cups barely kept her guns in check, with half the furry mounds bulging over their rims. Looked like she had a good reason to get some new clothes after all.

It was not a good reason to buy new clothes. Asibow spent what little food money she had on a fresh business blouse and pants just to arrive feeling way overdressed for an interview. A junkyard had a way of instilling that kind of mood. The growing anger at possibly being pranked was tough to ignore. About the only thing that kept her from calling the uber driver back was a single building rising amid a sea of trash with its lights on.

At least she did not spring for new shoes, even if her big monster paws had to watch their step moving about the piles of discarded items. A lot of sharp rusty bits sprinkled the ground all the way up to the door. Seeing the name of 'Desmond Fallout' painted rather sloppily on the mailbox brought only minor relief. The goat girl just could not shake an off feeling about this.

Several clicks behind the door made her thick body jump back. The door itself flung open before she could realize those were the sound of locks. Staring back across the threshold was another surprise in the form of some kind of squirrel-fox monster. His dark blues and black fur markings practically hid him in the dank house lights. Even his eyes had black sclera that emphasized shining yellow iris slits. It would have almost been intimidating were he not half of Asibow's size at best. The fluffy blue tail twitching excitedly in the air looking bigger than the scrawny body it was attached to.

"Desmond?" Asibow recovered her nerve by remembering the trouble she went through just to get to this unsightly place.

"Yup! You must be Asibow!" The little guy shook her hand with both of his, rather vigorously. "Thanks for coming out! I must say you look great. No one told me you were a beautiful boss monster. All the better for what I need."

"T-thanks?" Well, that was a bit of an unexpected reaction. It brightened Asibow's gloomy mood a bit. Now if only he could let go of her hand. "So what's this job you were offering?"

"Testing, of course!" Desmond turned back into the building, trying to tug Asibow in by her hand. Keyword being 'try' as she did not feel enough force to even lean in his direction. Poor guy was a bit weaker than he looked. It certainly had nothing to do with the bathroom scale Asibow broke last week.

After the third tug, the big goat sighed and stepped inside. While Desmond hurried to close the door, she took in an impressive interior set up. Floppy goat ears were treated to a near constant background hum coming from some kind of giant generator from the center of the room. Spiraling out from there were dozens of desks and tables set up as stations for what she assumed were the blue fluffballs experiments. Some metal stairs led up to a partial second floor where she could make out the fixtures of a kitchen and bedroom.

Given the rundown look from outside, a rather disturbing question crossed Asibow's mind. "Are you living here, like, legally?"

"That is a great question! I will pay you extra not to make me answer that." Desmond maintained a cheery tone shooting past Asibow in a blue blur.

Uncertainty made Asibow follow at a slower pace. The tight spaces between stations made her maneuver sideways so her hips and butt could squish through. She eventually caught up to Desmond at a station with a lot of antenna devices and electric circuit machines. Whatever their purposes might have been were lost on a monster that still failed to understand how phones work.

"So...what sort of testing we doing here?"

"Just some odds and ends really." Desmond was systematically looking over small devices. The one with a giant drill was especially disturbing, but after giving Asibow a side glance, he tossed that machine into a garbage bin. "I've wanted to do some study on this power you monsters call Determination and SOULs. As a man of science and profit, I hope to refine it in ways that can improve both of us. Granted I would be hard pressed to make you prettier than this."

"Y-yeah?" Asibow blushed despite several rising concerns. It had been years since someone used positive adjectives to describe her. "Our scientists have already done a lot of work on that ages ago. Most of it did not end well."

"Perhaps, but that was human determination!" Desmond pounded his chest, trying to make his stature look bigger. Not his most impressive act during this interview. "Anthro's like me have plenty of energy to spare."

"You're not a monster?"

"Depends on who you ask, but no, not in the nature that I came from the underground like you. My self-inflicted research has found my genetics much closer related to humans than monsters. Determination from people like me should be much more compatible, especially with a strong souled monster. I'm so happy you came."

That made one of them. Asibow found herself absently glancing back the door Desmond had no relocked. "I'm not thrilled with the idea of you pumping me full of determination. My hips are already full enough."

"Oh, we're not filling you with determination." Desmond waved dismissively. Such a response made Asibow whip around so fast she got slapped by her goat ears. "I've already gone over what I could find of Dr. Alphy's research, so I intended to do the opposite. Our tests are going to involve siphoning your SOUL energy into myself, or my own samples anyway, and see if any positive augmentation occurs in a subject of living determination."

"...and this won't involve killing me?"

"Hah!" Desmond might have thought the question a joke, except when Asibow refrained from laughing with him. He turned away, busying himself with what looked like some kind of machine with electric wiring. "No, I have no interest in murdering an amazing test component. In fact, the skeleton at taco bell says I have zero exp, whatever that means. He always gets my order wrong though, so I take it in stride.."

"Ooookay! How much does this job pay, exactly?" Desmond gave off a figure that had the goats jaw hitting the floor. Asibow quickly picked it up while straightening out her blouse. "O-oh! Okay, I don't mind a few tests then. When do you need me to come back?"

"Come back?" Desmond turned slowly towards Asibow having donned a pair of goggles. There came a soft click from the metal rod he held, which promptly split its rounded head open in a startling display of sparks. "Clench your butt! This might shake a few teeth loose."

"Wait, wha...?"

BZZZTTT!!

Electricity blasted in Asibow's face until everything became a bright white light. Energy tingled across the fatty mass of her body, giving it a strange feeling of lightness. Pretty soon, it was the only sensation she could recognize while everything went numb to the bright void.

She was lying sprawled on her back. That was the first thing Asibow could ascertain once feeling began returning to her body. Bright white light faded into the more yellowish bloom of thirty-watt bulbs decorating the ceiling. A dry tongue clicked her muzzle a few times trying to get saliva working. Fingers and toes still flexed, but everything else felt heavily weighted. Granted, she always felt heavy, but this was more sensitive like the last time she tried jogging three miles.

A soft groan in her ear alerted the goat to Desmond's continued existence. The dumb squirrel must have knocked himself senseless with that gizmo too. At least, Asibow hoped that was why he was laying so close next to her. They could practically touch cheeks together.

"God damn it, Desmond. Did you just shoot lightning in my face!?"

"Oh, hey, Asi, dear!" Desmond shot her a side grin, neck looking strained and unable to fully face her. "It was not lightning. That was one of my matter extractors for collecting a sample from living tissue. The energy field it generates was supposed to destabilize a small part of your cells to remove them without pain."

"...so you threw lighting in my face to split my hairs?"

"Yes! That does sum up the point of the experiment." Desmond sighed, letting his head rest on the floor.

Now that Asibow's vision was clearing she noticed some oddities. The blue had been bleached out of the squirrel's facial fur, leaving a pale grey that matched her own. Likewise, a pair of thick goat horns had grown out of his forehead to curve straight back over his scalp. Seeing that his theory had worked to acquire monster features almost made it worth being knocked on her fat ass. She was even ready to congratulate him, but the supposed scientist kept talking.

"It seems I crossed a wire with the batteries there. That power surge ramped up a minor cell extraction process with five-hundred percent force. Got to say the results are a little curious, if unexpected."

"I did not understand a single word you said, and still don't like any of it!" Asibow grunted trying to move her arms. They still felt oddly restrained before whatever force holding her down snapped away. With a mighty push of dense muscles hidden by jiggling fat, she managed to heft herself into a sitting position. "What did you end up doing to me-EEEEK!"

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

SHRRRTTTT!!

In one simple motion, Asibow had reduced her two-hundred dollar suit to useless tatters clinging to the bulges of her thick frame. The thought they were even under pressure had not registered to her senses until buttons were already shooting off in high arcs. That should not have even been an issue, the goat had splurged extra so there should have been slack even for her...weight?

"What the holy hell? Desmond!?" Asibow groped at her gut as it pouring out in newfound freedom to apron her thighs. Past that she could see legs bulging rich fat through several tears formed in her pants.

Forget pear, her body had ballooned out into a blimp. The clasp of her bra creaked ominously between two breasts squeezed together and overflowing the ridiculously too-small cups.

TING! WHOMP!

It was a fight the bra could not win. The front clasp snapped sharply, and Aisbow grunted when her mounds smacked onto her stomach. And yet, looking like she had instantly gained eighty extra pounds was not the strangest change. Along the goats entire front, from double chin to her blanketed-by-belly crotch, the fur had changed to a soft black hue. She turned to scream Desmond, only to find he was still sitting within inches of her face.

That was because his head was on a black-furred neck attached next to her left shoulder.

"...the fuck did you do to us!?"

"I thought I just...ugh!" Desmond's brow furrowed as his head shook on its double-chin stump. Asibow got another shock when her left hand suddenly rose up to rub his temple between thumb and two fingers. A surreal sensation to still feel every contact with fur and hair without the control. "Basically when the machine overloaded it took my commands for just a hair and instead infused your entire being into mine. Apparently, your monster aspects have fed on my determination to make it the dominant force in our fusion."

"Fusion!? You can't be serious." Asibow's eyes grew wide, unable to deny the strange heat behind her thick breasts. Some monsters, Bosses especially, had an innate sixth sense. There was no denying she could feel a second heartbeat, a second SOUL, in her body.

"See for yourself," Desmond said while using her left arm to point at a sink with a mirror on the far wall.

Asibow frowned, having to try several times to move the same arm before Desmond seemed to relinquish control. Hopefully, that was not going to be a problem later. Trying not to panic too far ahead of events, she rolled up onto her thick paws. Their whole center of gravity had changed with so much sudden weight added on. Though it was surprisingly helpful that her stubby goat tail had blossomed into a giant grey squirrel's.

KKRRRTTT!!

Asibow ignored the sudden breeze drafting over her rear now that it had fallen out the back of her designer pants. It should have been expected those would not have lasted past the first step. "Too bad we couldn't have fused and lost mass, eh?"

"That does seem to be a disturbing side effect. We should be mindful of anything else that might have combined; like our senses or taste in music."

"Why would that...you know what, I'm sorting out enough weirdness right now."

Desmond just grinned as their combined body stomped over to the mirror. No surprise to see the dorks head firmly rooted next to Asibow's. She took some solace in the reflection still being mostly her, just with a lot fuzzier rolling dough. Hell, they could not fit in the glass box without standing way back.

"I got to admit you're taking this a bit better than me." Asibow gave a nervous chuckle, cupping her breasts. Trying to lift them would have been a chore without already having huge paw hands. Everything shifted and sloshed around her palms like bags of liquid. "A man being stuck to a girls body, I figure you'd be going crazy trying to feel me up."

"Eh, I've had way bigger boobs than this," Desmond scoffed while rolling his eyes. Although he did startle Asibow by forcing them to turn and view their profile in the mirror. "But I have to say you got an amazing ass, dear. I was worried saying it earlier would be creepy."

"It's creepy now! You made me a two-headed freak!"

"At least we don't have my dick...I don't think."

Panicked hands dove under the sagging girth of Asibow's stomach, under whose control was not certain. She let out a heavy sigh that made her fat jiggle. There was nothing too surprising down there except so much thigh meat they had to walk in wide strides.

With that out of her mind, the goat glared best she could at her shoulder neighbor. "Just what kind of experiments do you DO that result in frequent boob growth and dicks?"

"Science!" Desmond said, puffing their chest up with pride and harsh tit bouncing.

"Uh, yeah? What kind?"

Their chest promptly sagged as Desmond's expression became unsure. "...science kind?"

"Oh god, no paycheck was worth this." Asibow facepalmed in a low growl. "You can fix this, right?"

"Sure, sure! It'll...it'll just take a day or two." Desmond had to pause mid-sentence, his fox muzzle draping open in a long yawn.

"Wait, what?" Asibow whimpered, but Desmond had already started shuffling their body back towards the work table.

It took some bending, but they eventually managed to pick up the rod used for their unwitting merge. Or rather what was left of the device. As Desmond held it up with one meaty paw Asibow's nose wrinkled from the stench of burning plastic. They could both see the electric blowback had melted parts of it while charring most everything else.

"Yeah, I'll have to whip up another siphoner from scratch. This thing can't even be used for scrap." Desmond tossed the thing into a waste bin as he mused out loud. The hand came back up to rub some energy back into his eyes. Every blink was growing progressively heavier. "At least we're not a complete fusion. Separating the monster from anthro should still be an easy reverse if we don't wait too long."

"W-what's that supposed to mean?" Asibow felt a fluttering in her stomach, but it felt a little out of place. Wait, did she have two stomachs?

"First thing, don't panic." Desmond did not glance back at his head sibling while unfolding blueprints for the siphoner. "Second, we should probably get some clothes on and have lunch. I felt that rumble too, and it'll be hard to work between hunger pains and all this fat shifting."

"Hey, don't call me fat!" Asibow blushed, holding their ample belly with one hand as both stomachs inside gave a soft rumble. The thought of food alone made drool seep out her muzzle.

"Technically I'm calling myself fat. We're more or less one person right now."

"And you mentioned something that sounded like this might be permanent!?"

"In theory, it could be." Desmond tapped his chin with one monster claw, finally shooting Asibow a sympathetic look. Even she could not miss how uneven his eyelids hung. "Monsters and surface people are incredibly good at adapting to harsh circumstances. If our SOULs 'get used' to being like this, our physical forms could merge so seamlessly that trying to separate them could become as difficult as dividing play-dough."

"And by 'dough' you're implying...?"

"We have some amazingly deep love handles, yes." Asibow almost did not flinch when her body whirled on its big paws to head into the upstairs portions of the shack. Great, she was already getting used to sharing living space with this kook. They arrived at a bedroom scarcely decorated with any essentials. The bed especially looked too small for their wobbling rear, but it was the wardrobe Desmond was intent on. "So then, we should hurry while we can. I'll replicate us something a bit practical."

"Replicate? WHOA!" The wardrobe flung open with a loud clanking of gears. From inside fell out panels and chutes with more knobs and flashing lights she had ever seen outside a spy movie. Asibow might have fallen onto her butt if Desmond had not been in control. "Is this a doomsday device or something!?"

"Hell no, I keep that in the basement." Desmond glanced at the horrified goat's expression. "That was a joke. This is my clothing replicator. Think of it as a hypercharged recycling machine. Ugh! Just..uh...just hit this button and...oof!"

"Desmond?"

Asibow gasped watching her left arm fumble and miss a big blue button on the console. Desmond's eyes closed as his head sunk into the fat of its neck. That only lasted a moment before he jumped awake and alert again, this time managing to squish a finger onto the correct button. Another loud clunk and various parts of the machine sprung to life in loud whirring and grinding noises behind the flashing panels.

"Sorry, having hundreds of pounds of monster forced directly into my being is a bit exhausting."

"...are you being sarcastic?"

"How can I? That is literally what happened."

Asibow opened her fanged muzzle to object, which devolved into a complacent shrug. After another minute of watching her other head fight to keep both eyes open, the machine gave a soft ding before ceasing to function. From the shoot slide out a denim and cotton piece of fabric, each large enough to be folded camping tents. Quickly unfolding them revealed freshly made pants and a purple tank top.

"Oh, crap! This is amazing!" Asibow grinned while sliding the pants on her expansive hips. They fit snug to each contour with the perfect amount of breathing room and no pinch around the chunk of her waist. The tank top slid on just as perfect, with the hem even having some slack to overlap the pants waistband. "How the heck did you manage a machine like this!?"

"Mmph!" Desmond blinked slightly out of sync, realizing he was being addressed. Their squishy goat shoulder was becoming a much-welcomed pillow for his cheeks. "It's why I'm in a junkyard. The thing teleports in materials to break down and reused for almost any purpose. I...I used it very often with how much body modifications I...go through..."

"Uh...Desmond?"

"S-sorry, I think...mmph...I think the conversion stress exhausted my mental state. I'm just gonna nap for a minute, kay?"

No amount of calling or nudging seemed to help after that. Desmond's eyes fluttered twice, and he finally slumped against Asibow's cheek lost in a deep sleep.

WHUMP!

"Aah!" The control he apparently had over the left leg went with him, causing the big goat to fall one side. Not even that could wake the sleepy head. It did not stop Asibow from trying a few slaps and pokes. Granted, she had to stop that upon realizing even their heads shared sensory input like pain.

Besides, she was too hungry for this crap. Regaining body control was easy with half the consciousness asleep anyway. Asibow hefted back onto her paws to make for the neighboring kitchen. Surely a guy crazy enough to have dozens of life-changing, revolutionary, devices just laying around to casually abuse also spoiled himself on delectable food items.

"EMPTY!?" Asibow roared after opening the third cupboard. She flung open one wooden door after another with rising ire. The last ones were snapped off their hinges to be thrown across the room. There was not so much as trash in the bins up here. What the hell did he function on?

It was only when Asibow decided to check out the fridge that she found something. To her gross disappointment, it was not food, but yet another device with knobs, dials, and a chute that pushed out towards her invitingly. The big goat could only guess it was another replicator with its striking similarity to the money maker in Desmond's wardrobe. That would not have been a problem if she had any idea how to operate the dang thing. For all she knew, a few random switches could get her a sandwich or a nuclear detonation.

Oh, hey, something was beeping.

"Scanning!" a digital voice declared from an overhead speaker. Asibow barely made out some kind of laser light as it swept over her face and breasts. "Recognition error! Adjusting to

within thirty percent auto-correction. Welcome, Desmond, and guest! What would you like to eat today?"

"O-oh?" Asibow blushed despite being addressed by a machine. There was a minor apprehension about trying to reply without Desmond being awake, but then her tummy's were rumbling. "How about some tacos?"

DING!

There was barely any motion inside the refrigerator, unlike the tornado that was the wardrobe. Within seconds of making her request lights flashed and six beautifully wrapped tacos slid out of the chute before Asibow. Their smell permeated the room with seasoned beef and sour cream, almost making the goat forget unwrapping her acquire nourishment before scarfing them down. Chewing also became somewhat of an option. Globes of ground beef and lettuce rained down her cheeks onto the tank top. Fingers worked diligently to retrieve what they could until only stains remained.

"BURP! So good!" Asibow sighed, rubbing her gut after all tacos were consumed. Wide goat tongue licked along the edges of her muzzle for the taste of fresh seasoning. Hard to believe a machine would be one of the best cooks she ever found.

"Compliment acknowledged! Thank you!" The machine beeped a few times. "Do you require anything else?"

"N-no, I couldn't...couldn't possibly....BWARP! Oh gosh," Asibow whined looking down at her quivering breasts and belly. A large excess of gas surged up under the fat of her neck, leaving powerful cramping upon its release. "How can I be even more hungry? Argh! G-give me ten cheeseburgers...oof...and two milkshakes. And make sure they're filling!"

"Confirmed! Increasing calories per serving by three-hundred percent."

For the first time since arriving, Asibow was very glad for Desmond's eccentric attitude. Lord only knew how ingesting food could lead to even worse hunger pains. All the goat could care about at that moment was how she had two stomachs that filled her with the urge to eat anything that came in sight. So it was convenient Desmond happened to have a magic 'science' box that seemed capable of giving anything she asked for.

Cheeseburgers slid out one at a time, with Asibow consuming them just as fast. Mighty fangs ripped hunks of each serving that she either chewed sparingly or outright swallowed whole. Boss monsters proved to have amazingly stretchable throats. Each consumed bite slid into one of the waiting stomachs, where it's amplified calories digested at record speeds from the excess determination in her system.

Had one been observing Asibow's binge, they could have actually seen the seat of her pants lifting with each swallow. The slack in her denim rapidly decreased until the seams creaked around her growing rump.

A similar spectacle happened when two tall glasses of frothing milkshake came out. They failed to reach the end of the chute before Asibow snatched one into each paw-hand. Cold, icy lactose poured down her gullet, with excess drooling along with the fur of her neck folds. It left a mess of stains across her tank top, which fluttered about from the wobbling breasts beneath them.

"O-oh!?" Both empty milkshake glasses thunked to the floor so the goat could cup her ample chest with her palms. Soft, gentle kneading did nothing to alleviate their mounting pressure. "Oh...uuugh...BHHUURRPPP!!"

Nature had a strange way of working in contradictions. While Asibow's face vibrated with her biggest expulsion of gas so far the goat's tits expanded like inflating balloons. Her gut was not far behind, working with the breast growth to raise the hem of her shirt. A deep black belly button fell out surrounded by rolls of fat that quickly popped both zipper and pants button. The waistband was unable to cope with such expanding girth, sliding off her bulging hips down to her tree trunk thighs.

"Aw, hell!" Asibow gawked down at her distended front. Palms kneaded the flab of her belly watching it all flop about to gravity's whims. Attempts to pull her pants back up only got them about halfway. Large amounts of ass crack continued to bulge eagerly over the hem while her belly refused to let the button clasp again. "What is this madness? Hey, machine. What did you do to me, er, us!?"

It was hard to believe Desmond was sleeping through all this. Well, it was hard to believe any of this, but Asibow was not overly thrilled to have ballooned out in every sense of the word. Worse still was that her stomachs had digested the fatty foods in seconds and were rumbling for more. Maybe Desmond was handling their combined body's fatigue while she had to sort out the appetite. Of course, the goat girl was far from a scientist, just insanely hungry.

"Alert! Detecting a very high metabolism in master Desmond and guest." The machine beeped and whirled while Asibow starred on perplexed by it's warning. "Current condensed calorie portion in food deemed insufficient for sustenance. Recommend upping setting to eight-hundred percent regular portion ratios."

"Yeah, that's great. I don't care." Asibow's stomachs rumbling almost drowned out her voice. Both her meaty paws rested at the end of the shoot desperately grasping at air. "Can you just give me more food, please?"

"Warning; current lab power division insufficient for high-density food replication. Would you like to shift power from other lab functions to food replicators?"

Hunger pains grew so bad the crunch of Asibow's stomachs sent vibrations across her love handles. Any longer like this, she might start trying to eat the machine.

"Yes! Yes! Damn it! Put all power into stuffing my face!"

"Confirmed, unfamiliar Desmond voice, replicators now running at maximum power. What would you like to eat?"

As questionable as the lack of a security system was, Asibow could not have cared less.

"Gimmie pizzas! Super Bowl Large sized! Let's start with six pepperoni, eight meat lovers, two veggies, thirty pounds of breadsticks..."

Boy, that was a great nap. It was probably one of the best Desmond had taken in such a long time. Shame he could not fuse with random people all the time. A few more rejuvenating blackouts might turn out good for his heart rates.

Oh right, he was still fused with that adorably thick goat lady. Not the best mental reminder to wake up with, even when feeling like a million bucks. The constant grinding of a squishy sponge right next to his ear also did not help. Desmond was a person that liked to wake up slowly with a bit of peace and warmth to enjoy. Blaring repetitive noise was far from relaxing.

"Mph!? O-oh. Burp! Welcome back, Desmond."

The squishy grinding stopped long enough for Asibow's voice to cheerfully tickle Desmond's ear tips, only to promptly resume. A side glance through crusty eyes saw the goat was chewing away on enough food that her jaw was forced slightly ajar. In one hand hovered one hell of a half-eaten burrito waiting for her mouth to make room.

"Ugh! Asi? W-what?" Desmond twitched their other hand, being allowed to rub his eyes clear with it. Even with the clearer vision, it was hard to see the spicy beef spilling out of Asibow's mouth onto their sagging boobs. The entire lab was in near-total darkness with only light from a few windows to help. "How long was I out?"

"All day and night, really. I kind of lost track once I finally got full."

"Wha? Seriously? Crap, I need to hurry to get us separated and...are you eating a burrito for breakfast?"

Asibow used her shoulder to shrug. "I like burritos and your machine kind of died hours ago anyway. These suckers are getting cold."

"...say what!?" Desmond looked past his conjoined head to find a large pile of burritos had been set next to where they sat on the kitchen floor.

And beyond that was an even bigger pile of submarine sandwiches.

"T-that can't be possible," Desmond squealed wiping sweat from his brow with the back of the goat's big paw hand. "Are you telling me you spent the last twenty-four hours doing nothing but ordering food!?"

"...well, we had to use the bathroom a few times. By the way, you're out of toilet paper."

"Crapcrapcrap!" Desmond wretched control from Asibow in his panic to stand back up. "There's no way you could have run out the pow-WHOOP!"

THWOOMP!

Standing was an act that proved amazingly difficult for the first try. After managing to get one foot-paw under them the sloshing of heavy weight from back to front sent him plopping their massive rear back onto the kitchen tile. It was only then he noticed the rolling folds of goat fat highlighted in the breaking sunlight. The once loose tank top now barely resembled a bra stretched up high above a blimping belly and two black medicine ball breasts. While their pants may not have ripped the waistband looked ridiculous squished under their ass with both cheeks sagging over it. He could not even close their already enormous thighs due to the belly that sagged onto the floor between them.

"I've also been very hungry all night too," Asibow explained when Desmond turned his horrified expression towards her. "Did you know your machine can't replicate soy-based products? That's kind of weird."

Something must have short-circuited in her other half because Desmond stayed frozen gazing at Asibow for a long time.

"BURP!"

Nevermind, an unexpected impulse snapped him right back to reality. Granted Asibow did not care for the now furious expression the foxy squirrel switched to before hoisting carefully onto their sagging legs. In slowly adjusting steps, Desmond managed to wobble their tail enough to face the doorway and waddle into his bedroom. One hand absently reached back trying fruitlessly to tug the jeans waistband into place. The other Asibow was still busy using to maneuver her burrito in range for another big chomp.

"Computer! Status!" Desmond shouted into the darkness, which did not feel inclined to answer back. Ears folded back against his head with another scowling glance at his goat companion. "This is an absolute disaster! Asi, I don't-ACK!"

The pants were stubborn in material but far from elastic. No matter how hard he tried, Desmond could not get the thing to go over their squishy backside. His final tug pulled them off balance to plop bent over his bed. Just looking over the twin sized mattress they could both tell an upgrade might be in order later. Hell, a queen size might not even be sufficient for this butt.

"What's the big deal?" Asibow mumbled spraying ground beef over the sheets. "You're just going to separate us soon, right?"

"First of all, stop eating!" Desmond fumed as he tried one more time to get their pants back up. At least he managed to get them partway before abandoning the notion. "And no, I can't just separate us now. The siphoner is toast, and you've somehow managed to order enough food to completely drain my reactor of all its fusion battery power. This lab is dead in the water."

"Oh..." Asibow blinked, and then took another bite of burrito despite Desmond's look. "Well, that sucks. You doing okay?"

"Yeah...just a bit overwhelmed." Desmond face planted back into his dirty sheets, trying to ignore the excess of boobs squishing into his chin. "Sorry, I'm usually more composed when things don't go completely out of my control like this."

"Right," Asibow said before swallowing both her food and a pang of guilt. "So, what now? Want a burrito?"

"...maybe later." Desmond shuffled them over to a recliner, not really caring when their butt overflowed and broke its armrests. It was comfortable enough for the moment. "I'll have to shop around and do some dealings to get more nuclear materials. That's going to take weeks, maybe months, to get. Our souls might be too interconnected to risk separating by then. You seem to be taking this well."

"Might be the food talking, but this could have gone a lot worse." Asibow giggled while licking her fingers of excess sour cream and beef sauce. The same messy hand followed with a smack that sent their boobs jiggling. "Plus you know how to make some good food. I just can't seem to get enough."

"It's literally recycled garbage." Desmond could not help chuckling with her. "At least our metabolism seems to be stabilizing if you didn't eat everything you replicated already. Maybe with a little exercise and willpower, you can help me burn the excess fat, so we can...is that a fresh burrito!?"

"Mmhmm!" The goat head nodded while happily eating her next meal.

"Where were you keeping it?"

"Armpit," Asibow murmured between swallowing and taking another bite.

"...in any case, welcome to my employment, Ms. Dreamrose. We'll probably be stuck like this for a long time, but at least you get to learn a bunch of flashy science stuff."

"That's great!" Asibow would have loved to hug the man, but could only settle for their shared bosom. "You mind if I get paid now? We did kind of perform an experiment, and my roommates want rent money soon."

"Yeah, why not?" Desmond took a deep breath before rolling them out of the crushed recliner.

SHHHRRRTTT!!

"Wow, these were very sturdy pants," Asibow commented.

"Were..." Desmond parroted as they both turned to observe the split exposing their wobbling backside. Their giant squirrel tail dropped only to snap back up seconds later. Another fun thought had Desmond turning to his goat head with renewed glee. "Okay, got a great idea for your first project with me. Let's grab up all that leftover food we can carry and meet your, well, our new roommates."

"Um, okay?" Asibow raised an eyebrow but did not protest when Desmond waddled them back into the kitchen. "What do we need all this for?"

There was that unnerving twinkle in Desmond's eye again. "Because we got hundreds of hyper fattening foods, and I could use some test subjects to help us design ultra-elastic underwear."

* * *

Thank you for reading. I hope you liked it and would love to hear your thoughts.

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