

# Corpulent Costume Curses

The little bells jingled, tapping against the glass pane of the door as it swung open. A silence hung in the air. The coyote that entered looked to be in her twenties, with dark, nearly black fur, thick-rimmed glasses, and short, scruffy headfur. Her blue hoodie and dark jeans would blend her into any crowd, the only thing bright about her being her lime-green canvas shoes.

Jaycee unzipped her hoodie as she looked around the costume shop, not finding its label to be very apt anymore. Not a single costume was hung up on the various shelves and racks throughout the empty room, the entire place seemed to be cleaned out. Jaycee sighed, getting ready to head back out. "Wait, are you here for a costume?" She turned back around to face the voice, finding a bewildered fox stepping out from the back room. "Yeah. Seems like it's a bust, though. Didn't expect to have much luck, anyways," she shrugged. "It *is* Halloween already, and pretty late at that. ...We do have a few costumes left, though. Technically." Jaycee's ears perked just slightly, one eyebrow raising. "Technically?" The fox nodded, leading her to a far corner of the store where a small bin sat, filled with various eclectic costume pieces.

"This is the entirety of our stock that's left. It's not much, and it's only here 'cause some person came in this morning and donated it all. We're not keeping 'em around til next year, and I doubt they'll all sell before tonight, so everything's five bucks." Jaycee rubbed her neck, looking over the various oddities. "Welp... I don't have much choice, I guess. Gotta have *something* to put on for the party tonight, and this is the last store open at this point." She grimaced, annoyed with herself for forgetting to buy one earlier this week. "I appreciate the help." The vulpine nodded again, leaving her to rummage through the bin.

After a few minutes, the jingling of the bells was heard again, catching the attention of both parties currently inside. They looked up to find a purple and orange-spotted salamander entering. She wore a dark green, mid-length skirt and a burgundy sweater, her look and demeanor denoting a fairly timid individual. The salamander stepped up to the counter shortly after looking around the store. "Excuse me, um..." she checked the fox's nametag. "Timothy? Are there any costumes left? I hate to come in so late like this, but I need one for a party later." Still confused, the fox pointed in Jaycee's direction. "No full costumes, that's all we've got in the bin." She turned, heading for the bin. "Alright, thank you."

As the salamander approached, nervously giving a friendly nod in the coyote's direction, Jaycee spoke up. "Sooo, you're headed to a party later, too, huh? Whereabout?" Taken aback, the 'mander adjusted herself as she kneeled down to rummage through the bin. "Oh, well uh... my friend Diane invited all of us at book club to this party someone named Terry is hosting, but I forgot the addr--" Jaycee cut her off. "1205 Elm Street, south side of town." She smiled, shaking her head at the odds. The salamander cocked her head. "Yeah that's... How'd you know?" The coyote looked up from the bin. "I know the place 'cause I go there every year. Terry always hosts a Halloween party at their house since they live on Elm Street; y'know, Nightmare on Elm Street and all that. I also just happened to forget a costume until last minute. Small world, huh?" She chuckled, standing up to stretch for a moment before offering the salamander her paw. "Name's Jaycee. You?" The salamander gave a quiet "Oh!" in surprise, quickly popping up on her feet to shake hands. "Violet. Nice to meet you! I don't really meet people outside of book club much, or really do parties much at all, either, but well... I'll definitely see you there tonight! ...Maybe we could go together?"

Before Jaycee could even answer, Violet grew nervous, feeling as if she'd come off too strong too quickly. "Er, I only ask because my friends were going to a different party before, and they're going straight from that party to this one, so they wouldn't have time to pick me up, and I didn't want to go to *that* party since it'd be two parties in one night and I wouldn't have time to get a costume, so--" Jaycee held up her paws, attempting to stop the onslaught of worried speech. "Woah, woah, that's alright! You don't need to explain yourself; we can go together, it's not a big deal." Violet took a breath and smiled. "Sorry, I get ahead of myself sometimes. But uh... good! That sounds good."

"It's fine. We both gotta find something for costumes first, though. Not sure we'll have much luck with all this... Jeez, *look* at some of this stuff. What are these even supposed to be? Like... here," Jaycee held up what appeared to be a cowboy hat with a badge and round, cloth dog ears sewn to the top. "What is this? Some kind of... dog sheriff costume? Is that some franchise I don't know about?" Violet laughed, playing along. "They must be costumes for experts. You have to be clever to even figure them out. See," she pulled out a pair of pajama pants with monster-like claw slippers attached to the bottom. "This is *clearly* a costume of Godzilla on vacation." Jaycee snorted, holding her snout to keep herself from bursting out laughing. "Right, of course. These *definitely* aren't a mishmash of random costume parts, they're just for experts only."

After a copious amount of goofing around, the two finally left the store with their 'costume' choices in tow. Violet had settled on a skunk mask with a string of fake pearls attached to the bottom; somehow an integral part of the mask. Jaycee, meanwhile, had chosen a pair of large blue overalls with a big, hollow alligator tail sewn onto the backside which her actual tail fit inside. Both had made their costume choices on the fact that they were easy to slip in and out of, not requiring much work to get them on or off. The pair donned their costumes right away, feeling a small tingle as they slipped them on, but nothing that really caught their attention. Realizing they had killed enough time that the party was starting soon, they got to work. Once suited up, the two made their way towards Elm Street, getting to know each other and sharing memorable Halloween stories along the way. Luckily for the both of them, the party was only a fifteen-minute walk away from the costume shop, and they arrived only a little while after it had started.

Immediately, they felt the small sting of regret as they entered the doors. Almost every other person there had some sort of elaborate costume. Whether it was a copyrighted character or just a joke costume, everyone had something that made sense and showed at least a little effort on their part, except for Jaycee and Violet. Several pairs of eyes turned their way as they came inside, all trying to figure out their costumes before giving up and going back to what they were previously occupied with. Swallowing awkwardly, Violet whispered to Jaycee through her mask. "A bunch of people keep staring... We really did get the short end of the stick with these things." She sighed as Jaycee rubbed her neck. "It's not a big deal. Nobody really cares as long as you show up with *something*. But I didn't think we'd be the *only* ones without a decent costume. You'd think we'd at least see a cut-up white sheet or two, jeez." The coyote shrugged, the movement making her fake tail sway. "Oh well, at least we got some fun out of it." Violet smiled back at Jaycee through her mask. "Yeah, we did. ...Oh! Uh, I should probably go find my friends, will you be...?" Jaycee waved a dismissive paw. "Yeah, no worries, I gotta catch up with mine, too. See you around, though?" The salamander nodded sheepishly. "Sure, hope to!" With that, the two parted ways.

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Jaycee made her way into the crowded rooms of the small, ranch-style home, dodging around various drunk and loud partygoers as she searched for her friends. As she passed by a hard-plastic keg, her gut rumbled. Suddenly feeling parched, she

grabbed a red cup and filled it up with the cheap beer, downing most of it on the spot and refilling before heading onward. Somehow, she faintly heard her name being yelled from the back of the house and turned in that direction. There, she saw a familiar, red-costumed bear with his paws cupped over his muzzle. When their eyes met, he waved her over. She followed, finding both of her friends holed up in the laundry room of the house.

Don, the bear currently dressed up as The Flash, sat atop the washing machine, while a costumeless meerkat sat on a roomy windowsill, legs dangling. The bear greeted her. "Jaycee! You finally made it, slowpoke!" She smiled. "Finally? Were you two waiting?" "Yup, we were here when it started. Juuust sitting here in the back looking for ya!" Don's voice was friendly enough, but had just the tiniest hint of frustration. "Well, I made it. Party's arrived." Jaycee made her joke and quickly changed subjects. "So, The Flash, huh? I see your comic book nerd showing in full as usual." The bear hopped off the washer and struck a pose, looking quite proud of his costume. "Ya like it? I made it myself! I went as The Question last year and barely anybody recognized me, so I wanted something a little more mainstream this Halloween. I think it turned out nice!" Jaycee looked over the expensive-looking, custom-made costume, but was distracted by her belly rumbling, feeling just a little bit bloated from the beer. "It definitely did, you put a lotta work into this one." Jaycee turned to the meerkat. "Patten? You didn't bring a costume?" The meerkat heard Jaycee speak and lightly shrugged her shoulders. "Eh. I forgot." Jaycee hopped up atop the dryer with a grunt, taking another chug of beer, feeling her gut slosh about. Unbeknownst to her, it was swelling up slowly, imperceptibly, softness starting to pad it out into a proper belly. "So... you getting on my case to make *sure* I got a costume and that I'd embarrass you if I didn't--" The bear interrupted Jaycee. "She did a bunch of research for the restaurant all weekend, it tired her out a lot! Poor thing... Just too tuckered out to go pick something up." Don placed a paw on Patten's leg, giving her a comforting look as if she'd just been in a car crash. The meerkat nodded. "Yeah. Way too much to get done. Just not enough time. I'm *still* feeling kinda tired. Been so nervous about the restaurant I barely slept."

In expert fashion, she transitioned quickly to her main goal. "Oh, speaking of the restaurant," Jaycee felt a tinge of disbelief wash through her. "I'll need some more to get things off the ground. Turns out things are a little more expensive than I thought. I'm glad you agreed to help, though, couldn't do this without your contributions. I'll probably need another... two-fifty or so. Maybe three-hundred. You're okay with that, right?" Unable to process the question immediately, Jaycee

downed the rest of her beer gulp-by-gulp, not realizing as her overfull belly sloshed slightly into her thickening lap. When she finished it off, something came over her. "Well, I kinda doubt the restaurant's happening anytime soon. Or ever. Prob'ly not ever. I bet you just-uuUUURP," she cut herself off with an unbecoming belch. "...spent it on weed or somethin' again, like last time. Like those meetings are even r--" "Jaycee!" Don spoke firmly, almost yelling, snapping Jaycee back as her eyes went wide. Patten gave her an icy glare. The bear's lips were pursed and trembling, as if some alien being was trying to claw its way out and Don was doing everything he could to keep it bottled. Jaycee quickly waved a paw, dismissing her statements. Don spoke before she could. "You don't know *how* hard she's been working on this. And this is her dream! You *said* you would help and then you go and say something like... *like...* You owe her an apology, right now." Jaycee nodded frantically. "Yep, sorry. Sorry about that. I don't know what came over me, I've just..." The pair looked expectantly at her. "...I'll send you the money this Friday, when I get paid next."

Patten was silent for a bit, then let out an overly-dramatic sigh. "Alright, then." More silence ensued. Eventually, Jaycee couldn't take it. "Hey, I'm actually... kinda tired. I think I'm gonna go home. Are we uh... is everything cool?" Patten shrugged. Don gave a flat, "Yeah." She swallowed. "Okay, then. Sorry again." Feeling the room, she got up to leave. Her tummy lurched forward some, making her stumble for just a moment before she made her escape. On the way out, she was distracted again by the keg and downed several more servings, feeling that taut paunch of hers creak a little. She was too drunk at this point to pay it any mind. Soon, she was out the door.

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*Why did it have to be her?* That thought repeated over and over in Violet's mind. She hadn't spoken a word in nearly ten minutes, though she had been in conversation the entire time. Her head sometimes showed half-hearted expressions, acting them out like a marionette as the Snow White-costumed squirrel sitting in front of her droned on. Violet had only been able to explain her rich, movie star skunk costume before Stella had started and never stopped. Stella was the only person from book club to show up to the party besides Violet, everyone else having been sick, busy, or had some other excuse. This meant that Violet was subjected to the worst-case scenario: trapped in a 'conversation' with Stella like a snared animal, helpless to her ceaseless words and constantly looking for a pause so she could interject. *Anyone else could've been here but her, and it would've been fine. Why Stella?*

*What did I do to deserve this?* Despite Violet's internal complaints, the squirrel went on.

"I still cannot believe it took him a whole month to read that book! We had to postpone it for a whole week so he could catch up; you remember, right? And then he barely had anything to say about it! I mean, there's only five of us, it just seems inconsiderate! I don't really think the whole hospital thing was much of an excuse, either. What *else* do you do in a hospital besides read? It's not like you've really got big options there! And how do..." Violet tuned her out again, feeling strange.

The salamander completely ignored Stella as she squirmed in her seat. Violet's chest was getting hot and tight in her sweater. Having nothing else to focus on, she took note of it. It almost felt as though her breasts were larger than normal, though she couldn't really say for sure. It had definitely piqued her curiosity, though. There was also a scent she was picking up; it smelled like sweat, specifically hers. This room was fairly cramped, she rationed. Though, she had worn deodorant, how was her scent still-- "Violet?" Snapping squirrel fingers in her face broke her train of thought.

"Oh, sorry! I just uh... zoned out there for a second," Violet explained nervously. She knew she needed to think of a way out of this and bring it up quickly, before she lost her chance completely. "I uh... as fun as this has been, I might need to go soon, actually. Er... I just need to go... do... I-I have... um..." Her words floundered as she panicked, thoughts racing in her head as her even-tighter sweater distracted her. Stella heard her flow of words waver, and pounced. "Oh, come on! Stay! We're having so much, fun, right? You're the only one that'll listen to me when I talk about this stuff, so I really want you to stick around." Violet's heart sank, frustration and oddly, disgust welling up in her as Stella picked up her stride again. Her chance of escape faded out. "And we're the only two that showed up! Shouldn't we--" Violet interjected with a dramatic sigh. "Oh, please. I doubt any of the others showed up because they didn't want to be subjected to your nonsense, as usual. Honestly, that audacity of yours boggles the mind!" As the salamander spoke, she lifted her head haughtily, idly looking over her nails as if they had been freshly manicured. "I simply tried to express that I would like to leave, and you rudely interrupted me - as you always do - to continue speaking. Honestly, if you enjoy hearing your own voice so much, why not simply record an audio book, hm?"

Finishing her 'speech,' Violet daintily, snootily turned her head to the side to look back at Stella. What she saw broke her from the trance-like state she had been in. Stella looked ready to pop, her body shaking as she prepared an angry retort.

Violet quickly thought on her feet, knowing she *had* to speak before Stella could get the chance. “Kidding!” She gave a fake chuckle and a small grin. “Sorry about that! I hope you didn’t think I was being serious at all, I just wanted to get into character a little bit. I mean, it isn’t really a costume party if you don’t act your part at all, right? I uh... do actually need to leave, but I didn’t mean any of the other stuff! Just wanted to act a little. Acting’s fun! Maybe you could try it a little, huh?” She swallowed, her brain awash with worry that Stella wouldn’t buy the excuse.

Her conversation partner took much, *much* longer than normal to speak, leaving Violet in anxious agony before finally responding. “Not really funny, Violet. And by the way, your costume’s doesn’t make sense, either. What kind of character even is that? It’s not in anything I’ve seen. You barely tried. And that mask is ugly.” Violet felt the urge to make a comeback well up in her again. She suppressed it, but was still alarmed that it was coming up at all. She wasn’t the type of person to act that way. “Well... I guess you’re right. Sorry that it wasn’t that creative. And um... sorry about the little character outburst; should’ve warned you.” Violet made sure to pick back up with her getaway before Stella could continue. “I better go now! Babysitting tonight in thirty minutes. See you...” She lost her breath for just a moment, looking a little uncomfortable. Her breasts had swelled up at least a few inches by now, feeling more sensitive. It was still unnoticeable to any onlookers, though her sweater was a *lot* tighter. “... Er... at book club tomorrow!” She tied herself to the spot just long enough to hear Stella say goodbye before she sped off. As she headed out, she pulled at the collar of her sweater; she was unusually hot and sweaty, and she could still smell it, too. *Maybe that’s why this sweater feels so uncomfortable*, she thought. She kept worrying, though. The strange behavior that came up suddenly, the sweater; things were definitely odd. Just what had come over her tonight, she wondered.

Stepping out the door, Violet was distracted enough to bump right into Jaycee, who had been waiting outside for a while now, nearly toppling the both of them as they quickly held onto each other for balance. As she steadied herself, a slew of apologies came tumbling out of the salamander, but only a hearty belch was returned by the coyote, the motion having loosed it out of her gurgling tum. Jaycee chuckled when she realized who had run into her, and oddly she didn’t feel the need to apologize for her outburst of gas. “Heya skunk. You already on your way out, too? Guess the party was a bu-uuURP... bust for both of us.” Violet excused the burp, easily being able to tell that Jaycee was drunk. “Yeah, I got into an argument and just... generally didn’t have the best time. I sort of wish I hadn’t come, but um... oh,

it was really nice meeting you! You are *probably* the only good memory I'll have of tonight!" She smiled, as did Jaycee. "Aw, well glad I cou-HIC-could give ya soemthin' to remember! I got along with ya-uh... you, real well! I think uh... dang, wish there was a way we could talk... more... Right!" Jaycee pulled out of her phone, cursing under her breath at how tight her pocket was thanks to her stretched out jeans. Not thinking straight, she thrust her phone over to the 'mander. "Here, you c'n have my number or uh... just put um..." Wide-eyed at first, she simply giggled at the bleary coyote and finished her sentence. "I'll put my number in your phone. That okay?" Jaycee nodded, the fast motion of her head nearly upsetting her balance. A few quick keystrokes and it was done.

"There. Um... text me tomorrow, maybe? I'll have work, but I can usually use my phone on breaks." Believing it was a good idea at the time, the normally reserved Jaycee gave a thumbs up, a car pulling up at the curb a few feet away. "M' ride's here! Gimme a ring sometime, huh, skunky? We can get... food or somethin'... dang I'm hungry..." She stumbled to the cab as if forgetting about Violet entirely, and managed to flop herself in. Violet just barely overheard "...hey where's the nearest burg--" from the car before Jaycee rolled up her window. With nothing else to do, Violet headed home for the night.

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Eating sobered her up. Mostly. Though that only made the sting of the expensive double-destination Uber ride hurt worse, realizing how much she spent. The coyote lay groaning on her couch, as she had been for some time. She was sprawled out along it, reclining her shoulders against one armrest as she cradled her overstuffed, slightly pained tummy. There were numerous used napkins and empty fast food wrappers strewn about along her coffee table. She'd still been drunk when she ordered, and *boy* did she ever order. Jaycee couldn't really remember what she had picked out specifically - it was all a blurry mess of meat and sauce at this point - only that it had been a *lot* and that two whole bags had been needed to carry all of it out.

Every bite of that two-bag meal had now been stuffed into her belly, which was now seemingly stretching out her overalls as if a beach ball was inside with its impressive size. It had also become the loudest thing in the room currently. The churning and rumbling that emanated from inside as it tried to process the overload meal that had been forced inside beat out Jaycee's groaning and the TV with its



volume. She felt like she one of those tiny cars from cartoons, feeling as if a troupe of full-sized, upset clowns were currently crammed inside of her and trying desperately to fight their way out. Though, she was too tired and out of it to laugh at the thought, and the faux gator tail she was currently resting on had finally become uncomfortable enough for her to want to get up. "Alright... Come on, Jaycee..." She talked to herself in her sobered yet fatigued state, trying to encourage herself. "You gotta..." She rocked back. "...Get..." She readied herself, truly feeling the surprising weight of her middle against her. "...**UP**..." She heaved with all her might, managing to right her body to a standing position as another tired, pained groan seeped out of her. Rubbing sweat off her face, she trudged towards the bathroom. She wanted this costume off already. Then she could crawl into bed. Why had she even drank so much with work tomorrow? She chastised herself in her head.

Once the long trek to her bathroom was completed, she went to work at getting the costume off of her. She unhooked the buckles, pulling the straps down as best she could. Her pits were revealed, still drenched in sweat and unleashing a familiar scent throughout her bathroom which she quickly ignored. The coyote found herself struggling to pull it down as it got closer to her midsection, attributing it to her tiredness as she grunted and tugged. Finally, she was able to get it down, getting a full view of her front as a smoky brown, full beer belly flopped out, jiggling and sloshing in front of her. Even in her exhausted condition, the sight was surprising. She poked at it experimentally, jumping as she felt an alien sensitivity she had never experienced from this location on her body. As her paws roamed over it, she could feel every inch of the sweat-coated, heavy sphere that was now a part of her. It was a full-on, jiggly gut at this point. Maybe not quite a pot-belly, but certainly getting there.

Swallowing, still in disbelief, she reached to its undersides with both paws and lifted it up a few inches before letting go, watching and *feeling* as it flopped weightily downwards, wobbling about for a bit before coming to a stop. She instantly regretted it as a loud, gassy expulsion rocketed from her muzzle. All-in-all, it was about a foot and a half in diameter of food and fat-stuffed belly. She found as she continued to poke and prod it, it had a lot more give than she was expecting, as well. There was definitely food still digesting inside, but it *felt* like there were still several inches of pliable flab to get through before reaching the taut food storage chamber inside. Even more concerning: the rest of her looked to be just a few inches fuller than usual as well. Her hips looked thicker, breasts feeling tight in her bra, arms chunkier, butt bigger; she just felt... heavy. "It's... the beer. I'm tired. I

just... need to sleep," she told herself. After all, she'd been *very* drunk not long before, and stuffing herself silly had only made her more out of it. That's all it was. Had to be.

The coyote bit her lip. She couldn't shake worries at the back of her mind, but for now her need for sleep was the most prominent concern she had. Holding the pants-section of the overalls, she ignored the fact that her belly pressed against her arm and stepped one leg out. Hurrying, she braced herself on the sink and kicked the overalls off, finally free. Now in just her undergarments, she made her way down the hall towards her bedroom. During the short walk, she could've *sworn* she was feeling herself... jiggle. Mostly from her paunch, but little tingles of it seemed to pop up all over; the foreign sensation of the fat along her body moving on its own beyond her control. *It's not really there*. She repeated this mantra to herself over and over as she sat on the bed. She cooked up a half-hearted excuse in her mind about this all just being a weird pins-and-needles feeling from the alcohol. Plunging herself under the covers, she turned off her bedside lamp and set her alarm. While she dreaded work tomorrow knowing she wouldn't be getting enough rest, she relished the feeling of waking up just like she had this morning; feeling completely normal in her body. *I know it'll be fine*, she thought to herself as she rolled her chubby, sweaty figure over in bed and passed out.

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Violet sighed as she stepped into her home, mask in paw. Today hadn't been a *complete* waste of time, but other than making a friend she didn't have much to show for her day off. It was the first time in quite a while she'd gone out to a social event that wasn't her book club, too, and had nothing to show for that, either.

Grumpy, the salamander made her way to her room, but she was stopped. "The party was that bad? You're home so early... What even happened?" Her stature shortened a little as her roommate caught her. The nosy-as-always hyena stood with their arms outstretched in the hallway, barring the way to her room. "Nothing, Blaine, just... I don't really want to talk about it. It um... just wasn't a fun time for me, alright?" She tried to scoot past, but Blaine scooted in the way. "I'll say! You were barely gone for an hour!" She started to grow impatient on top of being tired and fairly upset. "C'mon, I really just wanna get into bed--" They cut her off. "I wanna hear details! I bet you didn't even go. Right? I knew you going to a party was too good to be true."

That struck a nerve. “I *did* go, not that it’s any of your business at all. Keep that mangy mutt nose of yours where it belongs. Now, *step aside*.” The force of Violet’s voice surprised the hyena enough for them to scoot out of the way as the salamander passed them, nose turned up haughtily. “Jeez, fine! ...Y’know, if you’re gonna run off and get a boob job on Halloween you could just tell me, you didn’t have to go out of your way to get a costume to--” Violet spun around, her voice returning to normal. “W... Wait, what? Boob job; I would NEVER! Why would you--?” Her voice faltered as she stood outside of her door, blushing. “I went to a party! Mind your own business!” She went in her room and shut the door, bracing herself against the wall as her eyes went straight to her chest.

It was definitely bigger. Heading into her private bathroom, she pulled her sweater over her head and examined them. She remembered her breasts being about coconut-sized before, just average, but what currently hung from her chest was approaching the size of honeydew melons. Not believing her eyes, she poked the scaly side of one of them. It wobbled slightly, before becoming still; they were definitely all hers. To her dismay, her stomach had grown as well. No longer flat, she had the faintest inkling of a gut starting to form, a slim roll of flab just big enough to be grabbable now below her chest. She came to a conclusion: she’d put on weight, probably in the last few weeks without noticing.

Not wanting to dwell on it, she crawled into bed. She’d find some way to lose it, but for now it wasn’t exactly a concern of hers. Violet found herself tossing and turning for the bulk of the night. No matter where her blanket was on her, she found herself growing peculiarly sweaty, even with it being cold in her room.

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Jaycee idly munched on chips at her desk, wiping the barbeque dust flavoring off on her overalls as needed. She had gone to work in costume after two realizations that morning: none of her work shirts fit over her newly-expanded body - which was even *bigger* than when she’d went to bed - and it being the Monday after Halloween Sunday meant that work was allowing everyone to come in costume. It didn’t matter much to her. This was her cheat day, in a way. She was planning on heading to the gym tonight sometime post-work to power through shedding this extra poundage. A diet would be on the way, too, starting tomorrow. In the meantime, however, any snacking during work was free game as far as she was concerned.

After a few hours, the salamander had taken to trying to toss the chips directly in her muzzle, making sure not to nudge her headset out of place in the process. Calls were barely trickling in at all today. She guessed that not many people happened to need router assistance the day after Halloween.

When a call finally *did* come in, she jolted awake in her seat and quickly answered. "Apol-OUUURP--" The sudden movement earlier has jostled her stomach enough to unleash a particularly powerful belch. Strangely, she felt better afterwards, not really embarrassed in the slightest. "Uh, ApolloCast router help line. How can I help ya?" Completely nonplussed, she resumed snacking as the caller spoke. "Where's the wrestling channel?" the caller sounded as if they were underwater and not too happy about this. Jaycee made a face. "Wrestling... channel?" The customer groaned, badly re-explaining. "I got the new router, where's the wrestling channel? You said I could use it for that." She rubbed her face. "Gonna need a little more to go on than that. What do you mean by 'wrestling channel'? Did you get a cable hookup, too, or...?" The customer was clearly angry, and her usual patience for this sort of caller wasn't present at all today. "Look, *lady* why don't you stop stuffing your fat face and help me get thi--" "Buddy how 'bout ya try calling when ya got any idea what you're talkin' about, then maybe I can help ya sort this out. Or don't. Makes no difference t' me whether ya figure how that ya gotta plug in the power cord first or not. Bye." The customer quickly tried to interject, but she dropped the call.

The lazy salamander settled back into her seat, idly rubbing her beach ball-belly through her overalls as a quiet burst of gas propelled out of her rear. She tilted the bag back to her muzzle, dumping the last fourth of chips into her muzzle at once, crumbs falling onto her plump chest. Jaycee pulled at her collar, burping once more as she broke the quiet atmosphere of the call center. "Hey can someone turn the dang heat off in here? I'm sweatin' like a pig!" A few of her neighbors gave her confused glances, but she shrugged them off. She felt a wave of mindfulness over what she'd just done wash over her. Part of her was concerned, wondering about her increasingly odd, uncaring behavior, but she also couldn't deny that it felt good to speak her mind. *Really* good. She doubted anyone would say anything, but either way, she resolved not to do that again. ...For a while, at least.

Bored again, she pulled out her phone and texted Violet, asking if she'd want to go get coffee after work. That'd give her something interesting to do today.

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Violet belched, slumping back in her tall-backed chair. The mask strap and pearls were around her neck, but the mask hung lazily over her shoulder. An empty pizza box lay opened in front of her, barely fitting on her tiny desk. She'd ordered an extra large pizza for lunch with every topping she could think of, spending nearly \$30 on the meal. She'd intended to put most of it in the fridge when she got home, only eating a few slices while saving the rest, but somehow the entire 24-inch pie had all been crammed into her. The salamander wasn't full, either, her mouth watering as she thought about ordering a nice sub sandwich to wash this down with.

As she lay back, clutching her gurgling belly which was starting to pooch out of her shirt, she felt... royal. Glutting herself as she had made her feel like some sort of star, able to afford big meals and having the audacity to finish them all in one sitting. Grease stained her snout, some dabbled on her work shirt as well, but she paid no mind. It just added to the feeling. Losing herself somewhat, she hefted up her breasts through her straining button-up, feeling them wobble lethargically. She'd woken up with them bigger again, and had been concerned before, but now she just felt luxurious. To be growing bigger, voracious in appetite and fruitful in consumption, she could get used to--

A knock came on her office door, breaking her train of thought. Instinct told her to clean up. She could toss the pizza box, wipe her face, but that growing mindset presented itself again. Why clean up? That would mean she had something to be ashamed of, but she didn't. She had every right to eat so much; a big meal for a *big* personality, which she definitely had. If whoever was at the door had issue with it, they weren't worthy of *her* esteemed company. She merely got comfy in the seat, lazing back as she held her glass of lemon-lime soda like it was a fine wine. Donning her mask, she spoke proudly. "You may come in."

Nina, her supervisor, entered the room. "So, the Burman account has more paperwork to go up, you... can..." The suited feline stopped in her tracks, her discerning eyes trailing over the mask and the feast remnants. "Pizza?" Violet gave a gentle nod to the side, taking a sip from her bendy straw. "Yes, I do enjoy indulging in simple luxuries from time to time. Is there an issue?" Nina took a few steps forward and dropped the paperwork on her desk. "So, I..." The Siamese cat cleared her throat. "...Just came by to drop off this paperwork. I need it entered by the end of the week. Sound--" A tremendous expulsion of gas came from Violet's rear, cutting off the conversation. Having no shame in that moment, the salamander didn't even

consider apologizing for the 'outburst.' "Oh, please, don't insult me. I'll have it done in a few days. If I get around to it, that is." One of the buttons popped off the top of her shirt, her breasts easing out just a bit more, a generous amount of cleavage in full view. The cat couldn't turn her eyes away as they widened. "Thank you for bringing it my way, now run along! I'm sure you have more important things to do than stare, correct?" Visibly distressed, Nina cleared her throat again as the faintest hint of crimson shone on her cheeks. "Sure thing. ...Nice costume, by the way." Violet waved her off, the flustered feline biting her lip as she left Violet's office.

As she left, Violet straightened up in her desk. She had *never* spoken to a coworker, much less her *supervisor* with that sort of tone. She wanted to worry, worrying felt familiar to her, but it had turned out just fine. Maybe just this once she didn't need to worry. Though, she *definitely* couldn't act like that again! Her gut gurgled, another hunger pang rising up in her. She told herself she'd try and make it out to a walk-in clinic tomorrow, this sort of weight gain in such a short timespan wasn't normal. For now, though, she picked up her phone to order that foot-long sub. Actually, why not two? As she looked on her phone, she noticed the text from Jaycee and smiled, agreeing to meet with her after work. *Now, about those subs*, she thought.

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The salamander and coyote met for coffee, talking over how odd things had been lately and how they'd had such an appetite ever since the party. They hit it off incredibly well, as if some secret kinship had always been between them. The pair chatted over lots of things, but was easy to see to Violet that they'd each put on weight, so it quickly came up in conversation. However, Jaycee didn't seem too concerned.

"Prob'ly the beer or somethin'--URP," Jaycee burped as she downed her third lemon loaf slice, quickly moving on to the next. Scales had begun forming along her pooching belly, but it wasn't visible to her as it finally flopped into her lap under the table. The swelling salamander answered her, unaware that black and white fluff had started popping up around her torso. "Mmf, I'll thay," Violet swallowed and adjusted her overfull shirt, breasts stretching the fabric out tremendously as she tucked into another cherry scone. "Beer is such a primitive drink in the first place, it's no wonder we must have come down with something from it. I know I'm *certainly* not touching the stuff again." The coyote stretched and belched again, shirt

riding up completely over the swamp green-scaled gut. "Eh, haven't noticed it much," she shrugged. "I don't really care. I'll work it off later, y'know? Ain't-- isn't a big deal."

The two finished their 'snacks', neither realizing they'd come in for coffee and just ended up binging on more junk food. Their talks revolved mostly around food, though they both mentioned how strangely all their friends were starting to annoy them... save for each other, of course. The pair bonded before getting ready to leave. "Ah, I've got to get going now. That paltry book club has another meeting again and they'd be just *devastated* were it not for my presence there." She rolled her eyes. Violet didn't seem to realize how oddly she was speaking, and Jaycee once again cared too little to notice. "That's th' one with that uh... uuuUUARP-Stella, right?" Jaycee scratched at her armpit. "Eh, don't bother. Seems like it ain't worth it if that li'l snot'll be there. But-URP-up t'you, I guess." With that, she stood and stretched, her belly still out for all to see. "Yes, she'll be there as usual. ...Though, I suppose it's just more of an obligation, than anything. You see, they *need* me." The changing skunk was leaned back in a regal pose, as if the faux leather seat she was in was some sort of throne; legs crossed, paw on her chin with a finger on her cheek. She sighed dramatically before standing up herself. "I'll see how things go, I suppose." Violet finally looked over to see Jaycee shrug, already on her way out. "Whatever works. Talk ya later." With that, she left, Violet soon heading out as well.

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Jaycee had a long drive home to drop off her costume and change out of her work clothes, then another trek to the gym; all this gave her plenty of time to think. It sunk in how she'd been acting at work and especially at the coffee shop. Not to mention, the obvious weight she'd put on. She didn't even want to *look* at how large her gut was now. Something definitely seemed wrong, but she didn't want to wait in a walk-in clinic for hours to find out. Besides, Violet already planned to do that. She'd just wait to hear back from her. In the meantime, she decided the best thing to do was work off the weight as quickly as she could.

She winced as her plump side brushed the door frame on her way out of the car, but again didn't *dare* glance down. The thought of working herself to the bone at the gym filled her with dread, but it was necessary. Jaycee told herself this. She couldn't just let herself balloon up like this ... that was surely out of the question. She had to do this.

Once she entered, the coyote got to work. She noticed how many stares she was getting, but chose to ignore all those onlookers. Jaycee thought for sure they were ogling her because of how fat she had gotten, but they were mostly concerned with why this coyote was sporting a thick, *scaly* paunch in the first place. Setting her bag down beside her, the blushing coyote-gator started with weightlifting, deciding for hand weights on the off-chance she'd be able to see her belly if she laid down. Though she worked quite hard at it, she grew tired much quicker than she had anticipated. Her arms had plumped up plenty, and it was difficult to bend them when there was such little room around the fluffy fat.

Frustrated, she made her way to the exercise bikes instead. *This'll be easier, I even get to sit down, just have to pedal. I can do this*, she thought. It proved to be much more imposing as she attempted to seat herself on the bike. Her thighs had thickened significantly since the party and squished against each other as she tried to lift one over the seat. She managed it, but they were still sandwiched together no matter how she tried to force them apart. Her wide belly and thick chest didn't give her much leeway to reach the handlebars, either, and only half of that double-wide butt fit on the seat. Still getting stares, her cheeks reddened. She was nearly too fat for the bike; it was all she could think about.

Resolving herself, she took a deep breath and started it up anyways. The bike frame creaked from all the weight it was being asked to keep up, but soon the machine was on and working. She pedalled as best she could, grunting from the great effort. Her thighs rubbed against each other with every pass. This restricted her movement and caused her to tire out after barely a fourth of a mile, according to the bike's screen. Jaycee panted and aired out her shirt with a thick claw, not noticing the green scales that covered her entire torso and were spreading down her limbs.

Hefting herself from the bike, it seemed to pop up an inch or so without the burden of her weight on it. Exhausted, Jaycee waddled to the treadmill for one last attempt at this. She stepped on and started it, leaning almost fully against the bars as she jogged. The coyote's fluffy tail changed as she did, fattening up and sagging as dark green scales coated it, a lighter green appearing on the softer underside. Many patrons glanced her way, some even beginning to whisper and point. She shook her head, still trying to ignore them as she toiled away, but eventually it was too much for her to bear. She shut off the treadmill and turned around to face the rest of the gym. "Y'all think I'm a SHOW or somethin'?! Mind yer own business! I'm not a dang circus side show, stop-buuAUUUARARP..." Following that earth-shattering belch, an



obnoxiously loud fart trumpeted out from her backside. Even those that hadn't noticed before now stared in the direction of the half-coyote, half-gator as she made a spectacle of herself. Panicking, she leaned down and retrieved her bag. "W-Whatever, y'all are jerks," she stuttered, the sweaty, heaving hybrid quickly waddling out of the door.

Outside, her mind raced. She was flustered, hungry, angry, hungry, scared and hungry all at once, but mostly hungry. *God*, was she hungry. Her gut erupted into a cacophony of growls, so much so that she clutched it in discomfort. Those coyote paws touching gatorflesh startled her, finally making her glance down. The scaled belly was in plain view as her shirt had ridden up into a crop-top thanks to its size. Speaking of size, it was several feet in diameter now, fully-packed with buttery, sweaty alligator lard. The indented segments along it made it look like a striped green bean bag in size and shape, though it seemed much squishier in texture. Jaycee was barely able to process any of what she was seeing, her hunger taking over.

As if controlled by primal instinct, her eyes glanced up and searched for a food source. She spied a buffet just a block down and waddled faster than she thought possible with her widened figure, quickly barging into the double-doors and issuing a "All-ya-can-eat for one!" to the bewildered cashier. Practically drooling, she unzipped her gym bag to retrieve her wallet since her pockets had no space anymore thanks to her fat thighs. She hesitated. Inside the bag was the gator tail and overalls she'd left at home. She was *sure* she'd left them there. Jaycee shook the distracting thoughts away and got out her wallet. Her fat coyote paw pulled out an assortment of bills, not being dextrous enough to just grab the five she'd reached for. "Keep th' change." She paid it no mind and made her way to the buffet. Plate at the ready, she began scooping out copious quantities of every food item she passed by, spiraling completely into a gluttonous frenzy.

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Meanwhile, Violet was not, in fact, at her book club. She had gone briefly but things hadn't gone swimmingly. She was there not ten minutes before arguments erupted. Oddly, after the ensuing chaos, Stella was the one who had been removed from the group after a particularly fierce tongue-lashing from Violet. With her gone, Violet declared herself 'leader' and promptly declared she was starving, leaving to get food. No one spoke up against her.

The skunk-salamander hybrid was currently in an expensive candy shop, having a conversation with the cashier as she shoved countless chocolates and mints into a paper bag. "...Well, I just don't see *why* there isn't a hundred-piece discount. Surely that's a package you offer?" The bewildered donkey cleared his throat. "Er, no we don't have--" "And why not? What sort of two-bit place doesn't have such a deal? People would be eating it up." She chuckled at her joke, letting out a belch as she finished clearing out all the shelves. Violet adjusted her shirt, her breasts and gut stretching the fabric audibly at this point. "Do... you have enough to pay for all of this?" She rolled her eyes and tossed a debit card on the counter, barely managing to fish it out of her bag. "Oh, please, darling. Don't be silly."

A few minutes later and she was waddling her way down the sidewalk, headed for home. The candy shop was between her house and the book club, about a fifteen minute walk. Usually it was no problem, but her pace was slowing quickly. Sweat drenched her shirt. Her fat chest and rolling hips rippled with every step, that belly now pooching out as well. Eventually she stopped on her way through a park, resting at a nearby bench. Heaving, she leaned back not hearing it creak under her weight. "Must... be the heat... just need something... to get my energy back." Not thinking, she grabbed a chocolate from her giant bag and downed it. The second the decadent flavor touched her tongue, she had to have more.

In just a few scant minutes, the bag was empty. Trailings of melted chocolate stained her muzzle, even dripping down to her chest which had finally burst through her button-up completely. Those mounds of flab which had been little more than bumps on her frame before now had transformed into twin hills of rolling pudge which squished into each other, creating a shelf of fat which had started to creep into her vision even when standing. The watermelon-sized, fat-plumped orbs had just enough perk to them to keep them from sagging too far against her now-prominent midsection, but they still had enough sag and size to push past far where they should have. Violet groaned in fullness, an extravagant belch rocketing from her snout as she lay in her corpulence. Her bench seat was starting to creak and splinter underneath her weight, but she was simply too overburdened by the sudden influx of weight to manage getting up right this moment. Still, worry had finally set in completely. Finally, she noticed what appeared to be thick, monochrome fur covering her swollen breasts. It all clicked in a moment. *The mask.*

Somehow, that mask was changing her. She grunted and blushed as a ground-shaking blast of gas exploded from her heavy rump. She was turning into a corpulent, hungry, lazy slob of a skunk. Her behavior seemed to be affected, too.

Gone was her gentle, careful nature; she had been acting... *high-maintenance*, to say the least. It was all because of that mask...

Violet's eyes widened as she hefted her thickened arms up and searched around her neck. She was distressed to find fur was growing there, too. *Just how far has this progressed? How did I not notice all this?!* Panic set in as she finally felt the stringy mask strap in her claws. She pulled it off over her head, looking at the object she once found silly in a much darker light. The salamander-turning-skunk heaved herself up off the bench and tossed it as far as she could, watching it disappear into the thick treeline of the park. Giving herself a quick glance, she had grown quite tremendously: her bra was barely hanging on, only the sides of her shirt still clinging to her bloated form, a fat skunk's torso on display in the space where all her buttons had once been. Looking behind her, she found her pants were still staying together, though they were much tighter. A fluffy skunk tail greeted her as well. Violet had almost changed completely, but she took solace in the fact that her handpaws and head still seemed to be alright upon inspection.

Not wanting to waste another second, she sent for a car to pick her up and quickly called Jaycee, now realizing she was also being affected.

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Passersby who would see Jaycee would only notice a struggling, massive alligator whose medicine ball-belly was spilling out of the open door in her car. The air conditioning was roaring as she panted, drying the food stains over her undershirt-turned-crop top but doing nothing to stop her sweat production. She had been like this for nearly an hour, only now finally regaining the strength to move somewhat, her belly churning and groaning loudly enough to out-volume the AC on its max setting. She cradled it in her pastry-puffed, newly-scaled handpaws, the plump limbs not having much movement to them anymore. She had realized what was happening earlier; that stupid costume was plumping her up like this, slowly changing her into a sea of blubber and scales. Jaycee caught her breath at long last, resolving to the fact that her tail and head were still unchanged. There was still time left.

As her mind raced for solutions, her phone rang. She thumbed at the pocket of her overstretched pants, trying desperately to grasp it past the tide of belly. In the end, she had to resort to stretching her flab-filled thighs in order to rip her phone

out of the pocket. Humiliated, she answered the call right before it went to her voicemail.

“Hell-ouUUUUURP--” Jaycee shook her head in annoyed embarrassment before recovering. “Hey, Violet? Listen I was just about to call you to warn you--” “The costumes, I know! We need to do something. I’m... not sure what, but we can’t just let this happen.” The partial coyote breathed a sigh of relief, glad they were both on the same page. “I know. ...I think I have a plan. I’m gonna head to the costume shop where we got these. I uh... I’m not too sure what you could do.” Violet thought for a moment. “I doubt it’ll be all that helpful, but... I think I could try going to a clinic. I don’t have a clue what all this is but maybe... maybe it’s just some weird disease or-or... something like that. I don’t know of anything else I could do, really. But hopefully out of the two, we can find a solution.” Jaycee nodded, picking up the worry in Violet’s voice. “Hey, I’m sure we’ll figure this out. We have to. We’ll beat this, even if it feels kinda n...” She cut herself off and was about to correct herself when Violet spoke up. “...Nice. It does feel rather good. I... think that’s the scariest part. But we can fight it! I know we can. Just... don’t give in to this, okay?” “Right. Yeah... good luck.” “You too.” With that, Jaycee hung up. Unzipping her gym bag, she pulled out the overalls. She wanted to stop this, but part of her was ready and willing to accept it. It *did* feel good. It wasn’t okay, though. Jaycee tossed the overalls and tail into the parking lot, squeezing her gut into the cramped space of the driver’s seat as she shut the door.

This wasn’t okay. She told herself that, and she had to try and fight it.

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Both of them tried. Jaycee returned to the costume shop to find it permanently closed. Through some digging, she found the company that had owned the store and tracked down their headquarters, but the address given only turned out to be an empty barn an hour out of town. There she met a sister whose sibling was in the same predicament. They’d been transformed into a giant orca and fattened past immobility, currently rooted in their sister’s truck bed. Despite their situation, they only spoke of wanting more food. Jaycee saw a vision of her future in them. With no more leads and a gnawing, irresistible hunger, she started the long drive home. Her only hope now was Violet.

She fared no better. The doctor could find nothing medically wrong with her, but recommended a diet and prescription-strength deodorant. This had set her off,

spiraling into her insulting the doctor and getting her thrown out. Despaired and frustrated, she returned home.

As she stepped in the front door, she found the skunk mask she had tossed into the woods on her kitchen counter, as if beckoning her. Tired of fighting the overwhelming urges, and entranced by the pleasure of eating and growing, Violet picked it up, her handpaws changing in almost an instant into chubby skunk paws. The only thing left was her face, where she slipped it on for the final time. As it came to rest around her salamander visage, it seemed to stick for a moment. She instinctively closed her eyes. After a moment, it dropped to the floor on its own, her vision becoming clear. Not an ounce of salamander was left in her. All that remained was a busty, fat, slob of a skunk, who was *quite* hungry. With no reservations, she loosed a stately, booming burp and waddled to her fridge. "Hmm, nothing quite fancy enough for my tastes, but these meager helpings will just have to do." Violet lost herself.

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Jaycee eventually made it home. An agonizing hunger fought at her. As if it had a mind of its own, the lurching sphere which burdened her movement protested and groaned thunderously. She felt it reverberate through all of the fat swaddling her frame, every fiber of her being screaming at her to *eat*. Reluctant to give up, she fought through it to make it inside. She pulled her phone from her bag, intending to call Violet. As if it was fighting against her, a cacophonous burst trumpeted from her rear, causing her to drop her phone. It slid across the wood floor of her apartment and under her couch. Jaycee huffed in exasperation and stepped over to retrieve it, but stopped. On her couch laid the cursed overalls, tail strapped on.

She stared for a few moments, the last of her willpower fading as she pulled them over. Jaycee couldn't slip into them fast enough. All resistance was gone, replaced only by the lust for more gluttony. She wanted to grow. She loved reveling in this newfound greed. She'd loved every second of it. As they slipped into place, seeming stretchier than they should be, she felt complete. "W-Why'd I--urp... fight this f'r so long? Feels sooo goood..." She flopped back onto the couch, the fake tail falling off to the floor as a fat and heavy gator tail took its rightful place against her bountiful, jiggling backside. The gleeful slob of an alligator watched scales spread over her snout as it reformed, the change completing. Wanting to test herself, she opened her muzzle, forcing a wall-rumbling burp out. Jaycee slapped at her belly

proudly. "Oof, that was a good'un..." Her belly rumbled, the hunger returning. "Time t' refill th' tank. S'been nearly an hour without more food! Jeez, gotta keep up better with this or I'll waste away!" She cackled, retrieving her phone with some difficulty as she ordered take-out, resolving herself to finish off the entire contents of her fridge in the meantime.

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A knock came to Jaycee's apartment door, at first answered by a belch. "C'min! Door's not locked." In stepped a curvaceous skunk in nothing but a massive, yet overstretched bra and a miniskirt. Immediately as she entered, a musky stench filled the room, radiating from her. It wasn't difficult to see why: stains ran down her cheeks and neck and across her bountiful front, while sweat matted her fur all over her body. She didn't seem to mind in the least, and neither did Jaycee. In addition, she'd packed on a couple hundred pounds of weight since the last time the two had seen each other in person. Her breasts were by far the largest thing on her, her beach ball-bust having grown to obscure a third of her vision now. They swayed and wobbled with every breath she took, in constant fluid motion as they rested atop her flabby belly. The rest of her had thickened up as well; she sported thunder thighs, a blubbery butt, a tire of neck fat; the whole package.

The skunk shut the door behind her and sauntered in, her ever-moving chest giving Jaycee quite the show. "I must say, this place should be *much* nicer for what you pay for it, you know." She glanced at the incredible amount of fast food bags and pizza boxes. "At least you're keeping it well-stocked! It seems to have done *wonders* for your figure..." She gazed upon the mountain that was Jaycee. Her body had blimped up tremendously, enough to burst the couch to ruin. She sported a monster truck tire of flab around her neck, two melon cheeks up above it. Her arms now wrought with hearty sections of fat which bunched together, hardly mobile anymore. The same could be said of Jaycee herself. If she *could* get those dresser-sized, sweaty and puffy thighs apart enough to move those gigantic legs at all, she would never be able to lift her monstrous girth again. Yet, that blubbery tube of a tail shifted side-to-side lethargically, sending her blimped backside wobbling as it attempting to wag to express her contentment. She pushed past her fat breasts to squeeze and knead at the object of her pride, the gigantic plateau of pure, sweat-coated flab that was her gut. Jaycee huffed as she affectionately groped over it, jiggling it in waves down every thick, sectioned roll. It almost outsized her bed at

this point, and indeed seemed like it would make quite the substitute at its current size. This was especially possible considering its texture; squishy and malleable beyond belief across its slick surface. She grinned up at Violet, showing off a bit.

“Why thank ya! I’ve been workin’ at it, gladja like m’ pride n’ joy. Y’know yer not so bad y’rself! Even *smell* like a skunk now; yer probably brewin’ up a bigger stench than me, and I’m bigger n’ you,” she teased, sending her vibrations throughout the doughy fat which permeated every inch of her new body. Violet looked away and smiled, not seeming bothered by this fact. “Well, the smell simply announces my presence! How could anyone *possibly* ignore me like this? Not that they would want to.” She sat in the armchair across from Jaycee, struggling a bit to fit. “At any rate, I’ve come to stay here. My sad excuse for an ex-roommate had some issue with me eating so much, so I need a new place that can handle my bountiful appetite. I’ll be sending for my things later. I’m sure you don’t mind,” Jaycee shrugged. “Nah, not a problem f’r me. Do whatcha want. Yer my kinda company, anywho. Always like someone that c’n keep up with my appetite” She snickered. Violet smiled, teasing back. “Well, until my furniture arrives, I’ll be needing a place to sleep. Seems as though you double as a bed yourself, now, however, so that shouldn’t be a problem.” The gator chuckled heartily, slapping her gut. “Fine by me. Speakin’ of my gut, though... ya hungry?” Violet scoffed. “Oh please, as if you needed to ask.”





