

Immersion and Feedback

By Victor Waite

After a hard day of work, Agatha wants nothing more than to relax and adventure in a virtual reality. Unfortunately, her VR headset has other plans. A glitch and a crash eject her from her game, and not without side effects.

Content Warning: This story is intended for mature readers and contains a Solo Female Fox, Transformation, Breast Expansion, Hip and Butt Expansion, Weight Gain, Immobility, Destruction of Furniture, Mild Exhibitionism, and a Blobby Figure. If that sounds good to you, read on~

Agatha let her door close with a slam and unceremoniously dropped her bag to the floor. The tension in her shoulders drained in an apathetic slump, and she tossed her head back in a lengthy sigh. The vixen stood in entrance of her apartment and put a stressful work day behind her, then lumbered to her bedroom. A slight smile graced her muzzle for the first time that day when she laid eyes on her bed, and she she gracelessly flopped into it its soft embrace. Minutes passed before the she stirred again, only moving once she'd recovered the energy to do so. Her mattress softly creaked when she sat up at its foot, and pair of soft thuds followed as she kicked off her shoes. The vixen fell onto her back and wiggled out of her pants next, then pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it aside. She eventually rose to her feet and stretched the residual stress from her muscles, then gathered her discarded clothes and stowed them in her hamper.

She took a moment to appreciate the soft breeze of her air conditioner running through her mostly bare fur and sighed with the relief of being home. Her job was by no means the most stressful in the world, but dealing with the same repeated issues day in and day out wore on her nerves. The perks of her position made up for the slew of inconveniences, when she had time for them at least, and by the Maker she would find time for them now. Agatha lazily walked to her home office, where one such perk waited for her. Sitting on her desk and flanked by numerous monitors sat the pride and joy of her lab, the most advance virtual reality rig to date. At least, it would retain that title until next week, when her engineers would unveil its successor. The vixen beheld the bulky helmet with a mixture of frustration and reverence and sat down, and she pushed those thoughts aside as she lifted it from its stand.

The headpiece's weight made it unwieldy and difficult to put on, but she managed to strap it in pace within a few seconds. A pillow along its bottom rim expanded and squished around her shoulders as it booted up, distributing most of its mass away from her neck. She then slipped her paws into a set of gloves, which tightened to the contours of her fingers. A pulse of vibration ran across her palms when the gauntlets connected to the rest of the system, and she carefully found her way to her seat as a menu filled her field of vision. Agatha scrolled through numerous options until she reached her desired selection. A simple box reading "Ancient Chronicles 3: Yggdrasil" dimly flashed in the center of her focus, and she confirmed her choice by double tapping her fingers.

The soft blue haze of the menu melted into inky black void, and a tiny loading wheel emerged at the edge of her vision. The game's opening music broke in as thick forests materialized, and her head swam as the headset's sensory functions warmed up. It flooded the vixen's skull with an array of magnetic waves and calibrated to her perceptions, then dialed back as the connection stabilized. Agatha squeezed her eyes shut and centered herself. Despite numerous sessions, she still wasn't used to how the helmet messed with her head. The vixen couldn't argue with the results, however. The scents and sounds of an ancient forest swirled around her while the game's title screen rendered, whisking her far and away from her mundane office. She smiled to herself and picked up where her previous session left off, eager to return to a word of adventure. The surrounding trees blurred into an impressionistic spattering of colors, then sharpened up into the interior of a bedroom.

Sunlight filtered through the window small, rustic window, catching motes of dust as they aimlessly danced about. Agatha stretched and climbed from her thin mattress and donned a set of day clothes, but refrained from getting into her armor just yet. She reveled in the soft fabric's perfect fit for a moment before collecting her greatsword, which she packed with the rest of her gear. The vixen slung the heavy pack across her back and leisurely walked downstairs, drawn by the muted smells of a full breakfast. The mixed scents of fresh bread and seasoned meat welcomed her when she reached the tavern's main room, where she beelined for the bar. The tavernkeeper greeted her with a warm smile and brimming plate, filled with the spoils of Agatha's previous hunt.

"No rest for adventurers, hmm?" the boar chuckled.

"Maybe someday, but not today," the vixen grinned. "Seems tavern keepers don't get much vacation either."

"Touche," he replied. "But someone's gotta keep the town running, and gods know Lord Valium can't."

"I'll admit you do a fine job of it." Agatha plucked her fork from the bar and stuffed a slice of turkey into her muzzle. An explosion of savory spices danced across her tongue while she chewed, and she couldn't hold back a groan of approval. "And you're a damn fine cook too."

"I can only take so much credit. I couldn't keep this place open if it weren't for folks like you bringing me quality ingredients."

The vixen tipped her head in acknowledgment and took another bite. "So what's on the agenda today? Any jobs come in while I was out?"

"Just some lower tier stuff. Not anything that would be worth your time," he shrugged.

Agatha raised her brow and laid the charm on. "Surely you've got something in your back pocket." She'd heard rumors of an unruly tomb that'd been in his family for a few generations, but she didn't want to risk directly asking about it.

The boar rubbed his chin in thought. "I'm afraid not. You'll just hafta find something else to keep you occupied until something enticing comes this way. Unless you feel like getting back to your roots and taking care of some rats in my basement," he chuckled.

Agatha paused the game, rolled her head back, and let out an exasperated sigh. She'd hoped to unlock his hidden mission after buttering him up for two straight weeks, but it seemed she'd missed something. The vixen debated scouring forums to find out what she'd glossed over, but she lacked the patience for such a search. Instead, she opened the game's console menu. A brief warning about creating a backup save flashed across her vision and went unread as she dismissed it. A spreadsheet of her character's stats rolled out across her

perception shortly after, displaying every detail she could ever need or want to know about her digital counterpart. The impatient vixen zoomed across its contents to the section containing her base stats, and she briefly paused to consider her options. Unbalancing her character was the last thing she wanted, so she decided to only increase her charisma until she persuaded the boar to part with his secrets. Agatha highlighted the number and rolled it up an extra five points, then hopped back into her session.

The virtual world remained frozen while her stat change applied. A blush warmed her muzzle as her breasts swelled to a size fitting her now supernatural charisma, pulling her shirt tight against her curves. The bottom of the garment loosened as her waist pulled into an hourglass shape, and her pants seemed to shrink as her hips flared out. Her clothes tailored themselves to her new frame as her transformation became retroactive, as did the contents of her gear bag. Her armor tinked and clinked as it warped and fell silent seconds later. Agatha cupped her newly expanded chest and fluffed it up in her low-cut shirt before time resumed, hoping to maximize her odds of winning the barkeep's favor. Her head swam when everything lurched into motion, and she wasted no time recapturing the boar's attention.

The vixen leaned over the bar top and exposed a lecherous amount of cleavage. "Surely you have some unlisted job you've forgotten about in the back of your mind, just waiting for the right adventurer to come along~"

Ordinarily the boar's blush would have been lost in his bristly pelt, but the vixen succeeded in pushing his buttons well enough to render it visible. "Ok, you got me," he stammered. "There's a personal matter I've been looking for someone to take care of off the books. I'm not convinced it's something you can handle though," he sighed. "You wouldn't be the first to take it on, but I'm not interested in sending you or anyone else off to their death."

A message flashed into Agatha's UI: *Player fails to meet Constitution requirement.*

The vixen huffed with frustration and paused the game again, then rubbed her brow in thought. She knew she couldn't be too far off the requirement, which meant she'd only need to take on a few missions until she leveled up, or found something that boosted her stats just a little higher. Or, she could forgo grinding out dungeons and simply use the console again. A small part of her loathed the idea of cutting out gameplay, especially considering how much she genuinely enjoyed it, but her impatience overpowered it. She delved into the console menu once again. Agatha returned to her character's primary stats and highlighted her constitution value without hesitation. She only paused to ponder how much to bump it up. Against the game's advice, she had made it one of her lower stats, which had regretted on more than one occasion.

After a few seconds of weighing the pros and cons, she threw caution to the wind and increased it by fifteen points.

The environment bogged down as she dismissed the console, and nearly froze

completely when she tried to reload the inn. Her thoughts clouded over as it devoted more and more resources to placing her back into the bar, drawing power away from other systems in the process. The fuzzy environment wobbled and drifted before melting into a sea of blue, upon which an error message appeared. The vixen massaged the beginnings of a headache from her temples while she skimmed the details of render error and memory overflow. Rather than reset and revert to a previous save, Agatha decided to hang the helmet up for the day and find a different way to relax. She swept the wall of text aside with a gesture and began unmounting her helmet. She removed her gloves while it saved a copy of the crash report and powered down, reclaiming the dexterity to work its many straps. Her fingers slowed as she sensed something amiss, though she couldn't place what it was until she had gotten her gear off. A glance down to her chest confirmed one of her suspicions.

Her bra laid on the desk before her, clasps broken, and her breasts had gone up multiple cup sizes. Agatha's hopes they were some glitch-induced hallucination dissipated as she ran her fingers over her delicate nipples, and exploration gave way to indulgence as arousal simmered in her cheeks. She tore her paws away from herself before she lost control, however. The vixen took a calming breath, then ran through a mental list of the rig's known side effects. No similar cases of virtual-reality induced expansion came to mind, and concern for her well-being rose to meet scientific curiosity. Possible explanations played across her mind's eye until she dismissed them as meaningless speculation. She needed a better opinion of the situation, and the lead researcher would probably want to hear about it anyway.

She started to fetch her cell phone, but her chair had other ideas. Its heavy weight tugged on her hips, wedged in place by her now expansive rear. Agatha's wobbling cheeks and soft love handles dug into the armrests with surprising conviction, thwarting her immediate efforts to free herself. No amount of squishing or shoving loosened its hold, and she sat back down in temporary defeat. Lugging the clingy piece of furniture around her apartment was out of the question, but taking it apart was not. The vixen rummaged through her desk for a screwdriver or similar tool, but a new development interrupted her. A sharp plastic pop filled the room and signaled a small spurt of growth, cracking some unseen part of her seat. The fox froze with the realization her growth hadn't stopped, and a twinge of panic lanced through her enhanced chest. Was it the last of her charisma buff, or had her constitution buff gone through and just begun?

The vixen's body answered the question for her seconds later. The chair adorning her hips creaked and groaned as soft flab padded her rear, finally breaking and collapsing under her. The flattened cushion thankfully took the brunt of her fall, and her fattening ass bore the rest of it. Her chest wobbled unrestrained as the impact rippled up her body, drawing her attention downward. Agatha peeked through the canyon of her cleavage, and the color drained from her face as she watched pounds and pounds of flab coalesce on her belly. She fruitlessly grabbed and pinched her rolls in an effort to slow their growth, which only kindled an unexpected lust in her core. The vixen reached out to her desk for balance when her thighs followed suit, robbing her of her balance as her center of mass shifted. She

eventually found purchase on its wooden surface and hauled herself into her feet, then laid across it for support.

Agatha's thoughts raced as she tried to calculate how much fat she might acquire, but without a solid point of reference, she couldn't make more than speculate. All she knew for sure was she didn't want to wait and find out fist hand. Her knees trembled with exertion and forced more of her weight onto her desk, where she raced to remotely log into her lab account. She could only hope someone was still at their desk, and as luck would have it, the head researcher had yet to leave. The vixen typed out a message to explain her situation, but her anatomy sabotaged her before she could complete it. Her fingers ballooned to flabby sausages as fat swept down her arms, making it increasingly difficult to type with anything resembling precision. Impatience soon got the best of her, and she swallowed her pride and started a video call. She hated the idea of being seen in her state, but it was by far the most practical option.

The computer's ring nearly scared the raccoon out of his seat, but he promptly pieced himself back together when he saw who was calling. Confusion played across his face when he answered, which became outright shock when the vixen appeared on his monitor. It took him a lengthy moment to recognize her through her oddly sultry gaze, flabby cheeks, and multiple chins. Her voice dispelled any doubt about her identity, however.

"Dale, I've uhh, I think I found a bug in the headset."

"Alright," he stammered. "I'm guessing it's got something to do with your... new look?"

"As best as I can tell." Agatha bounced and shifted as more flab piled on her figure, spreading her stomach across the desk and raising her out of the webcam's frame. The raccoon blushed fiercely when her breasts wobbled into view, but he maintained his professionalism.

"So what happened?"

"I have no idea. I was playing that modded copy of Yggdrasil, I decided to save some time with the console menu, it glitches out, and the next thing I know, my chair is stuck to my ass."

"That's... really weird. Nothing close to that's ever happened in our trials."

"That's what I thought too. Any suggestions?"

Dale stroked his chin in thought, consciously moving his gaze away from the vixen's deep cleavage as it filled the bottom of her video window. "Just try to stay calm for now and don't put the headset back on yet. I'll get a med team to you and we can figure out what to do from there."

“Sounds good. I’ll try to hold tight, but tell them to hurry.” Agatha’s figure rolled and wobbled as she leaned forward, bringing herself back into the video frame. “I think I’m still growing, and I have no idea how far it’ll go.”

The raccoon answered with a short nod, but allowed himself a second to admire her plush figure before hanging up.

Agatha reached for her keyboard to do the same, but unbalanced herself in the process. The weight hanging from her chest pitched her forward over the softening dome of her stomach, rolling nearly all of her weight onto the unfortunate piece of furniture. A sharp crack announced her fall when the desk splintered, and she closed her eyes and covered her face as she fell. Her warm rolls spilled across the cool floor with a dull plop, and her figure rippled for minutes before finally coming to rest. Her efforts to get up only resulted in a few minutes of embarrassingly ineffective rocking and sloshing, and she slumped into her rolls with a defeated huff. The vixen let her arms and feet fall to the ground while she caught her breath, giving her a moment to consider her situation. She quickly concluded getting up was her first step on any path, and she devoted all of her energy to doing so.

Agatha mustered her strength and pushed off the ground with her hands, hoping to rock herself onto her feet. Unfortunately, her doughy rolls absorbed her momentum and left her bobbing on an expanding sea of flab. Her assessment of her belly became more accurate as she continued to grow. Her middle swelled into an apron of lard that engulfed her legs and lifted her feet from the ground, and her breasts avalanched in front of her. Agatha dug her claws into the carpet to keep the caloric flood from washing her hands away, but the pressure of her expansion quickly overcame her grip. A frustrated yell leapt from her muzzle as she became stranded atop her own body, but she eventually calmed to necessary, begrudging acceptance. With nothing more to do, she fluffed her chest up like a pillow and laid down on herself. The obese vulpine managed found a small degree of comfort in being her own mattress, though the thoughts of how much larger she’d grow kept her from drifting off to sleep.

An ominous creak further spoiled any chance of rest. She wiped the exhaustion from her eyes, a task made exceptionally difficult by weight of her arm, and looked for its source. Agatha found it when the noise surfaced again, and an experimental jiggle confirmed her fears. The wall at her side groaned at the pressure of her advancing flab, already bowing against her pliant lard. She gathered as much of herself as could in her arms and tried to bounce away from the cracking drywall, but she grew against it faster than she could wiggle away. Panic welled in her chest when a hidden stud splintered with a distinct crack, and the wall sagged with her plush landslide. Primal fear rushed through her and she fought desperately to roll onto her side, but the physics simply weren’t in her favor. A strangled yip burst from her muzzle when the architecture gave way, and she flooded into the next room with a thick cloud of dust and debris.

Agatha coughed and covered her mouth while the haze of pulverized sheet-rock to settled, which gathered on her rolling pelt in a fine layer of grey. She wiped the gritty powder from her eyes with irritation, then surveyed the damage. The ceiling appeared stable despite the abrupt renovation, and she did her best to find solace in that. Unfortunately, the sight of the neighboring room made that impossible. Chunks of cracked drywall and splintered studs laid scattered across the wreckage of her bedroom, leaving it mostly unrecognizable. She wobbled uselessly atop her body and tried to get a better look, but remained exactly as immobile as before. The vixen thrashed against her flab in frustration and growled empty threats at her innumerable rolls to little effect. It didn't take long for her energy to wane, and once did, she simply sank into her lard and tried to ignore the lingering sensation of growth. The vulpine couldn't imagine herself getting much bigger, but in any case, she couldn't see herself doing more damage than she already had.

Within seconds of accepting this apparent fact, an urgent knock tapped at her door. Agatha didn't even try to answer it herself, and instead directed her guest to the key under her mat. A soft creak confirmed they had found it, and she directed them into the ruins of her office. The vixen couldn't see the looks on her saviors' faces, but heard the shock in their footsteps. Her titanic ass and lard-swaddled thighs hid most of her from their perspective, save for the sprawling mattress of flab her belly had become. Her back was an expansive range of soft peaks and deep valleys, which her shoulders flawlessly blended in with. The medical team carefully circled around to her front once they found it, tip-toeing over her sprawling folds. The vixen's bloated cheeks jiggled with a sigh of relief, and a multitude of chins bunched up in the shadow of her muzzle as she turned to face them. The lead doctor briefly wondered if she could still speak, but she quickly dispelled that concern.

"Does it look like I've stopped yet? I can't feel myself getting bigger anymore."

The team closely watched the pile of rolls for minutes until they concluded she'd stopped. "It appears so," the rat finally murmured. "You seem to have stabilized for now."

Agatha visibly relaxed, sending tiny, persistent ripples through her figure. "First bit of good news I've gotten all day."

Her good spirit relieved the rodent, but there was still too much he didn't know. "Dale told me a little about what's happened, but I'd like to hear the full details of it from you, before we move from here. Hank, see if you can find the gloves and headset in the meantime. I get the feeling we're going to need it eventually."

Agatha got comfortable and told the doctor everything about her digital excursion, though the ferret digging under her folds made staying focused difficult. Gasps and grunts of surprise interrupted her monologue each time he reached into a new crevice, and occasionally derailed her train of thought entirely. The doctor jotted down her tale and omitted her frequent outbursts, filling multiple pages in his notebook in the process. The vixen finished long before the nurse found the helmet, and awkwardness seeped into the room while they tried to ignore her increasingly pleased undertones as his search moved

lower. They quietly thanked their respective gods when the ferret finally found his target, but their victory was painfully short-lived. An intense blush warmed Agatha's cheeks when he showed the remains of the headpiece to the rodent, which had been crushed flat under her colossal weight. It didn't take an electrical engineer to tell it was hopelessly beyond repair, but the doctor insisted he do so anyway.

"This thing is hopelessly beyond repair," he muttered. The doctor held it where the vixen could see it, gripping it as one would a dinner plate. "I think the activity logs should still be available back at the lab, or maybe here on your computer, if it survived, but I doubt we'll be getting you back to normal without a headset."

"I think my computer survived," Agatha trailed off. She shook her foot in an effort to point to it, but her rolls obscured the gesture. "What do we do in the meantime though? I don't think I want to stay here."

"That's good, because you can't. We need to get you back to the labs so we can monitor you. And you'll probably can't stay here anyway while they fix that wall." The room fell silent as the rat considered the logistics of the tasks ahead. "Someone get a hold of a contractor and see if they can widen these doors today or tomorrow. I don't think we're getting her out of here until that happens."

The vixen's muzzle blazed with that, but she couldn't deny the statement's accuracy. She fell into introspection as the center of attention drifted away from her, and the med team scattered and left her alone. Her blush cooled for a moment while she opened her arms and attempted to wrap them around her chest, and it rose to its prior intensity when she couldn't get her fingertips halfway around them. Sure, being rendered immobile was wildly inconvenient and intensely destructive, but it wasn't all bad. Her rump and chest weren't this big in her most ambitious dreams, and she found perverse delight in her colleagues' reactions. The vulpine rose and fell on the mattress of her body as she made herself comfortable again. Perhaps she could get used to her new figure once she found its finer points.

Hell, she might not want to go back by the time they figured out how to reverse it.