

“GAMER”: Avatar of Gluttony

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Alice came into a lot of debt very early in her life. College expenses, estranged relatives, and a brief obsession with gambling had landed her with massive funding problems. And the people she owed money to were not shy about going after it.

Lawsuits came, feeding off her funds, depleting her until there was nothing left. At last, only jail time would appease her ravenous debtors. So, with prison yawning open in front of her and few alternatives, she was forced to volunteer for one of the roughest jobs in the world: being controlled by a Gamer.

It was a new type of societal punishment based on advanced technology—very avant-garde, very popular. The impoverished blonde was quickly placed in a housing compound with excellent furnishings, hot water and fine architecture. . . but the nanobots in her brain made sure that she was no longer in charge of her life. Paying customers got to pilot her around her house-prison like a life-size Barbie doll, making her do all sorts of crazy things, part of the terms of her full-time “employment.” Fortunately for her, none of them had the money to do *really* dirty stuff with her. That is, until User #5 came along.

User #5 was her fifth user, a Gamer who didn’t have much to say and whose control of her seemed very innocent at first. For the most part, he (at least, Alice thought it was *probably* a he) just made her do a lot of cooking. She cooked brownies, cookies, cakes and pies, his control of her giving her an expert skill in the kitchen she had never had on her own. At first she thought he was a cooking simulator fanatic, like one of those guys who collected retro “Cooking Mama” games.

“At least force me to make something other than sugary crap,” she would grumble sometimes. But she didn’t mind that much; overall, it was much nicer than being dressed up in skimpy clothing and paraded around her prison.

Eventually, though, she began to get suspicious. It wasn’t just the cooking he made her do: he made her order takeout, delivered by other Gamer-enslaved “characters” just like her. And where sometimes he had made her throw out some of the food, now he was making her eat it.

All of it.

Quickly she began to understand there was something fishy going on. Night after night he had her stay up in her pajamas, scarfing cookies and teriyaki like some kind of comfort-eating housewife. By day he had her cooking up a storm again, firing up the ovens and turning up the thermostat to suspiciously high levels, making her sweat like a pig. Something wasn't right.

Eating so much all the time quickly began to take a toll on her figure. Gamer #5 didn't seem to understand that real people weren't *like* video game characters: they got fat, and when you ate as much as Alice did now, it happened quickly.

Snacking, nibbling, munching and feasting gave her a soft, pooching potbelly in just a few weeks. Unsettled, she tried to eat slower, but Gamer #5 wasn't having that, forcing the next bite into her mouth and even overriding the safety protocols to make her eat more. Clearly he was a man on a mission—even if that mission didn't really make sense.

“What's wrong with you?” she would shout up at the ceiling occasionally as he made her dip her spoon into yet another pint of Ben and Jerry's. “You can't—” She tried and failed to hold in a creamy belch. “You can't keep doing this to me, I'm going to pop! And I don't think you have the money to make me 'respawn'. . .” Nevertheless, he kept her eating, day in and day out.

It wasn't long before more strange gaming habits cropped up between them. For one thing, he refused to allow her to take baths. Normally she was free to do as she liked when he wasn't “logged in” to her brain, so she could bathe, or watch TV or do how she pleased. But Alice noticed one day that every time she went to take a bath or a shower, he logged in and stopped her, turning her away from the tub and back to the kitchen. This began to take a toll on her hygiene in just a few days.

“Eugh, I smell like *ass*,” she grumbled as the high thermostat and constant state of fullness made her perspire, leaving stains in her clothes. “What the hell is this about?” Maybe he was just an elaborate practical joker, she thought, committing cruelty on someone who could not possibly strike back.

She knew she should be counting herself lucky. Many “avatars” did not have the luxury of a home, instead forced into a quick and painfully short life in the free-roam control area called “Avatar Society.” Wrinkling her nose, Alice endured the stench of her own sweat in moist discomfort. At least her life wasn't in danger. . . Although her waistline certainly was.

The cooking and feasting went on and on, countless complex meals and ingredients delivered straight to her stomach with no pause to savor or enjoy the food. Deep dish lasagna, pineapple pizza, chocolate caramel fudge cake, grilled steak tips—the variety was endless, and not a bit of it was healthy. Unable to escape, her body a puppet, Alice was helpless in the face of this button-popping arsenal. Under the influence of these calorie bombs, she began to go from lazy-girl chubby, to a shut-in, *heavily* domesticated fat girl.

Inside the fashionable clothes her user bought for her, Alice's stomach went from pot-belly to beach-ball size, a victim of countless high-carb, low-nutrient dense meals that hit her waistline hard and her digestive system even harder.

There was hardly a minute when the girl's overfed insides weren't gurgling in complaint, and she had to struggle to hold in the severe gas his cooking gave her. She was a sweatymess, bulging bit by bit out of her bikinis, office wear, and fashionable kimonos--her favorite clothing, now impossible to wear due to the growing size of her body.

Her stomach, once obscenely round, began to spread downwards, hanging in a chunky overstuffed "bell" shape. Her rear, once the pride and joy of her assets, was growing dimpled under the influence of cellulite and her enforced sedentary lifestyle. Her once-toned arms became soft and wiggly, her face perpetually flushed and greasy. She began to smell like the kitchen of a greasy burger shack, her chin softening and doubling over in a plump second chin-shelf of squishy fat.

The lifestyle she was forced to lead was incredibly humiliating. Occasionally, as if to tease her, Gamer #5 would make her lie down in the living room and try to do sit-ups, an exhausting process that left her gasping and wheezing on the floor. Occasionally he would make her stand in front of the mirror and do jumping jacks, sweat flying off her in greasy droplets, as if to show her how fat she was getting. Deprived of exercise, forced to eat all day, she was incredibly out of shape and these tortures burned away at her dignity.

"Why are you doing this?" she screeched at the ceiling. "At least—" She belched, sauce-flavored gas gurgling up out of her crammed stomach. "At least leave me my figure! Please?"

But there was no mercy. Within a few months, she was beginning to lose sight of who she had been. She was stuck in a permanent haze of fullness and digestion, her double chin rounding out her face with a pair of sweaty chipmunk-cheeks. Her thighs rubbed together like warm hams slapping on each other and her body odor, made worse by constant overeating and lack of bathing, grew completely out of control. Her upper arms jiggled and wobbled whenever she reached for her next meal. Inch by gassy inch, Alice was turning into a heifer.

She fought back when she could, trying to keep Gamer #5 from ruining her figure forever. Whatever dark agenda he had planned, she didn't want to see how she'd look at the end of it. When he wasn't logged in, she tried to exercise, jogging around the kitchen and then snapping to attention when he returned. It wasn't enough: bombarded by calories from all angles, her body simply couldn't be exercised enough to shake it all off.

Her body odor grew worse, driven into rank musk territory by her new flesh. Her arms sagged and flopped, pancakes of fat dangling off her biceps. Alice's gut became a pendulous, lumpy gourd of puffy skin, distorted and obese from constantly being stuffed and then deflated by her gaseous emissions. To her horror, she was turning into a flatulent fat-ass, a house-bound lardball. It was excruciating, even though every delicious bite was better than the last.

Forced into a lifestyle of languid gorging, eventually Alice began to shut down emotionally, divesting herself from what was going on. The revolting sensation of her sweaty fat rolls rubbing together disgusted her; the stench of her flatulence repelled her. And so she tried as much as possible to disengage from her situation, zoning out as her hands were forced into the lasagna dish or made to reach for her tenth beer.

She focused on the sensations of eating: the squish of sauce over her tongue, the thrill of chocolate in between her teeth, the sensual fulfillment of guzzling and swallowing. Bit by bit, her rebellion eroded until she was limply going through the motions.

This surrender allowed Gamer #5 to *truly* ruin her body. Stuffing her beyond capacity, leaving her wheezing and farting in piles of empty ice cream cartons and candy bar wrappers, the hidden maestro sent a parade of food through her day and night. Gamer #5 stayed logged on more and more often, keeping Alice up past two in the morning limply shoveling handfuls of fudge past her increasingly chubby lips.

The waking nightmare dragged on for days, then weeks, then months as her sentence crawled towards its end--once her time was up, she would be released.

Occasionally, she would snap back to reality from her trauma-induced trance, finding her stomach aching and cellulite coating her rear. She was beginning to get *truly* fat now, fat in a way that felt both monstrous and yet sort of regal.

Pillows of flesh cushioned her all around; she'd outgrown ninety percent of the clothes in her home, simply waddling around nude most of the time.

Questions such as "why" faded into the never-ending zombie shuffle from the kitchen to the bathroom and back, her torturer occasionally allowing her to pass out on the couch or watch television to ease her stupefied misery. Perversely, she often caught herself enjoying the binges as time went on. Like Pavlov, her controller had manipulated her to look forward to her favorite foods, her saliva gushing at the sight of chocolate strawberries or stuffed crust pizza.

Alice felt intense guilt over these kinds of food-lusts, but she couldn't help herself. Food was her life now, her *raison d'être*, her happiness and her only friend in her prison. Filling her stomach was the only pleasure left to her, and so she grew addicted to the sensation of overeating. Consuming became her passion.

The weight piled onto her in leaps and bounds. Just standing up from the couch became a challenge as her belly pushed her legs apart when she sat. Her greasy, stained gut controlled her almost as much as Gamer #5 did: she would rub it when permitted, stroke it, massage it. The gas which churned out of it was abominable. Farts that rattled the silverware in the kitchen, belches that brought back instantly the taste of what she'd eaten hours ago. Without criticism to stop her, and often unable to control her own body, she let fly these gassy bombs with less and less concern.

Mirrors were rare in her house-shaped prison, but one day she caught sight of herself in the bathroom mirror after a particularly rough week of overeating. She was unrecognizable. A thick slab of double chin bulged from the bottom of her face; her perky breasts had bloated into jiggling udders. Her stomach, that sauce-streaked food magnet, had swollen so much it had folded into a triple bell of fat rolls, skin stretched to accommodate the half-digested feasts inside. She had already crested three hundred pounds months ago: now, she had no idea where she lay, but it had to be over found hundred. She was grotesque. Then Gamer #5 jerked her away from the mirror and marched her to the triple fudge cake waiting in the fridge. It was a welcome relief.

Depressed by the sight of herself, Alice threw herself into eating with even more energy. Like a creature possessed she scarfed, gorged and gobbled, no longer using her nervous system to fight Gamer #5's influence but instead embracing it, adding her own manic greed to the gamer's forced actions. She stuffed and slurped, guzzled and binged, a crazed shut-in on a runaway train to morbid obesity. This was her world now; she had forgotten what it was like to do anything but eat.

And then, one day, she'd served enough time to pay off her debts entirely.

An electronic voice rang from her phone, to announce the goal she had set for herself had been reached. Gamer #5 logged off, and did not log back on, Alice's limbs once again coming under her own control. Rising from a jelly donut hangover, spread-eagled on the living room floor in a pile of empty pizza and donut boxes, Alice blinked stupidly at the light from her phone. She was set free.

It took her a few minutes to understand what was happening. When she did, she almost cried in relief but instead sniveled with hunger; her stomach still hurt from the previous night's binge, and she was already salivating for breakfast. She cooked herself a small meal of nine pancakes and two stacks of bacon, took a shower for the first time in she couldn't remember how long, and left.

When she got back to her hometown, too-tight new clothes courtesy of her job creaking and ripping as she waddled off the bus, she found herself stranded, alone and friendless.

People she knew didn't even recognize her. Couples tittered and laughed at her, a huge flabby girl covered in cellulite with a loudly grumbling belly. Although she hadn't weighed herself in ages, she felt like she must be over six hundred pounds of fat; sweat rolled in rivers down her breasts and inside every crack and crevice in her enormous, overheated body. Even after the shower, her odor was still present, the stink of warm flesh and sweat mixing together and coming off her in waves. After making a half-hearted attempt at cleaning up her old apartment, and breaking down over how many groceries she needed to buy for her new body, she resigned herself to a life of obesity. Refusing to sit alone at home after she'd broken her kitchen chair, she set out for the local bar.

At the very least, Alice thought as she waddled out of her old place, she could drown her sorrows a

little. Get drunk enough to forget how *fat* she was.

Jiggling through the door, she tugged awkwardly at her mismatched clothes, her body poured into them like smelly gelatin. She'd had to stop by a plus-sized maternity ward just to find clothes that fit her; they hadn't had an 'evening wear' selection, but Alice wasn't going to the tavern to look for a one-night stand. She was going to drink, a lot, and probably eat. . . a lot.

She was on her fourth basket of onion rings and her fourth pint of beer, her dangling gut growing stuffed and gassy, when a woman approached her. Alice had avoided the other customers of the local dive, not wanting to run into another pervert like her Gamer controllers. For all she knew, he might even be here watching her!

But the girl who approached her looked kindly, even if she was almost half as fat as Alice herself. Freckles, glasses and a ponytail were the brunette's defining features—that, and the strapless dress which hugged her figure like a second skin, accentuating every wriggle.

"I'm trying to drink alone here," Alice said unhappily, wishing for some peace in her bloated, gassy state. Was this the only company she attracted now, fat girls like herself? As if to undercut her misery, a rancid **brrrrptff** of flatulence squirted from her rear, turning the other patrons' heads and making noses wrinkle with disgust.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bother you. You just looked like you could use another beer." The girl's smile was warm and polite as she extended another pint to Alice.

Refusing to turn down any calories, the unemployed girl snatched the pint and emptied it, feeling friendlier and friendlier with every swallow. Maybe she *should* open up a bit. The stranger was cute, and she seemed nice enough. Maybe she might even get lucky with this girl, she thought perversely. Alice certainly wasn't giving any men the satisfaction of her body, not after what the Gamers had put her through. And she was plenty hard-up, since Gamer #5 hadn't allowed her to masturbate. Or do *anything* sexual, for some reason. As a result, Alice had become a total horndog during her time "inside."

The two of them sat and talked, exchanging pleasantries until the girl, whose name was Galatea, admitted she was impressed with Alice's appetite.

Exhausted, randy and somewhat drunk, the run-down obese girl told her all about where she'd acquired it: all the details the food-filled house, the relentless eating, the cruelties of her Gamer.

"Oooh, that sucks. I've been through the system myself," said Galatea, wincing. "It wasn't very nice to me either. Want to come back to my place? I have a couple pints of ice cream, waiting to help us feel better.."

It was a cheesy pick-up line, but Alice's new greed knew no bounds. Two pints of ice cream later, she

and Galatea were getting a frisky on the couch.

Hands explored rolls, wandering over hills and valleys of plump, hot flesh. In the days that followed, they became friends and nervous lovers as the self-conscious Alice opened herself up the chubby girl. The geeky Galatea wooed her expertly: took her out to dinner, to the county fair, to nightclubs where they drank and gorged the evenings away. Their relationship was a good outlet for Alice's gluttony, a comfort zone where she could stuff herself to satisfaction and feel no guilt. With the savings and credit from her nightmarish "job" she lived quite comfortably on an avalanche of food from around town, with Galatea supplementing Alice's binges eagerly.

With this new lifestyle, of course, came new pounds. Alice's lack of willpower coupled with Galatea's enabling presence created a whirlwind of new poundage for the larger girl. Set free to indulge, she scarfed down chili, steaks, burgers, ice cream, spaghetti loaded with meatballs, thick creamy macaroni and cheese and every form of chocolate under the sun.

Almost oblivious to her ballooning size due to Galatea's erotic company, she finally realized she was going down a slippery slope when her enormous body became stuck in the elevator doorway outside Galatea's penthouse suite.

"Uh oh. . ." Her hips had wedged in the gap, her gut inching out to the front and sides to help entrap her. Her body odor, compounded by the effort of walking, was worse than ever as she struggled to free herself. Trying to heave her bulk out the tiny elevator doorway she only succeeded in shaking loose a tremendous fart which, filling the elevator with intestinal fumes. Galatea, who had gotten out before this gas bomb dropped, wrinkled her nose and giggled at the gastronomic disaster.

Alice sniffled in humiliation. "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! You must think I'm disgusting. . ."

"Not so much." Galatea stepped forward and, taking off her glasses, kissed Alice passionately. "I like all of you. Farts, and all." Pulling away, she traced her hands down the huge girl's hips. "You don't have to hold back around me. I'm pretty gross when I want to be, too."

"Whuh... Really?" It seemed too good to be true. Alice felt suspicion growing in the back of her mind... but she still needed to get free. "Wow. Um, I'm still stuck, though..."

"Right. Hold still, big girl." Galatea pressed herself against her partner and pulled, their combined weight finally yanking Alice through the doorway, massive ass jiggling and tiny farts quaking out as she waddled to freedom.

"You're sure you don't mind?" Alice asked again as they sat down over a lavish dinner of glazed ham, turkey and champagne. "I spent so much time as an avatar, it left me with lots of bad habits. The worst part is..."

I ended up *liking* them,” she confessed, ashamed, as she gulped down champagne.

True to her friend’s words, she hadn’t bothered with deodorant, Galatea insisting she no longer slave away “dolling herself up.” Her body odor was rank and heavy, hanging around her like a cloud.

“There’s no shame in doing what your body wants.” To illustrate, Galatea let loose with a little toot of her own, blushing under her freckles. “Life is short. Why not indulge in everything when you can? Pleasure is hard to find. Take every moment of it you can... Right?”

The massively obese Alice considered this, digging into her ham. “I guesh,” she belched around a mouthful of meat. “But don’t you worry—” she swallowed and winced as she farted again “—about what other people will think of me?”

Galatea shrugged. “At the end of the day, who’s done a better job of pleasing themselves, you or them? That’s the *only* thing in life that matters: You know what you want, and how to get it.” Her eyes glittered lustfully behind her glasses. “And I find that very, very sexy. You shouldn’t make excuses to anyone for how you look, Alice. Or how you sound. Or even smell.”

Seduced by this carefree ideal, the fatter girl ate a little faster. “But what if the people you like—” she paused for a particularly smelly belch, “can’t stand to be around you? What if. . . What if you drive everyone away?”

Her time in the “game” had left her massively insecure, on levels even she didn’t know yet. The sudden departure of Gamer #5, despite his cruelty and perversion, had felt like being abandoned. She craved that attention, despite her bitterness: she wanted someone to care for her, to feed her—no, to stuff her beyond capacity. Alice wanted to be filled up in every way possible, to know that nauseous, stinking nirvana again. She couldn’t help herself. She was a victim of Stockholm-stuffing-syndrome.

Coming around the table, the busty Galatea stroked Alice’s second and third chins. “Listen to me. No matter how big you are, no matter what you smell like. . . I will never abandon you.” When she leaned in for a kiss, Alice couldn’t hold it in any longer—she let out a long, deep fart just as their lips met.

From there it was a short step to moving in together: Alice fell hard for her nerdy temptress, and Galatea caught her on the way down, supporting the countless unhealthy eating habits she continued to exhibit long after leaving the “simulation.” With one hand in her wallet and one hand on Alice’s increasingly fat rear, Galatea was a mistress of munchies, a proprietress of pork rinds, a queen of quaffing for her vulnerable, greedy girlfriend.

It wasn’t long before Alice started lounging around her lover’s penthouse in various stages of undress: going out less and less, she preferred chocolate eaten from Galatea’s palms, or bag after bag of takeout to

satisfy her cravings. Occasionally she still worried about her out-of-control appetite, but it usually took a backseat to the intimate, taboo sensuality of filling herself up like a tanker truck full of calories.

Sometimes the effects of what she was doing to herself were unavoidable, as when her quarter-ton-plus body actually broke the elevator in Galatea's building, trapping her inside until a fire crew could remove her. After hours of nervous farting, binge-eating on the fast food she'd brought with her, and breathing in her own belches and body odor, Alice bawled her eyes out in Galatea's lap.

"It was awful," she moaned, shoveling corn chips into her lips with ample slathering helpings of sour cream and salsa. "I could barely breathe! And I had no idea I smelled so *bad*! I've got to get this under control. . ."

"It wasn't your fault," smiled Galatea, herself looking plumper than usual as she snacked on chocolate strawberries. "That mean ol' elevator was just badly constructed, is all. You were the victim of bad engineering, nothing more."

Alice looked up from the feast laid over her lap: burritos with chunks of beef scattered over her massive thighs, sauce stains on her quadruple-XL panties, and greasy wrappers ringing her chubby toes like a fairy-circle of junk food leavings.

"I don't know. . . I think I'm g-getting too big," she confessed with an anxious **FRRUMPTFFF** of a fart that rippled her side rolls. "WAY too big. Urrgh, my stomach." Indigestion hit her again and she belched so deeply it vibrated her fat.

Biting her lip, Galatea sized up her jumbo-portion woman: thighs bigger around than tree trunks, belly like fifty bowls full of jelly, and an ass so packed with cellulite it looked like twin piles of cottage cheese. "Trust me, I've seen much bigger. And you smell pretty good to me." She breathed in the smell of Alice's sweat and stench. "Heavenly, actually. . ."

She traced a hand up the girl's enormous leg, thighs oozing with lumpy masses of flesh. She cupped one of Alice's breasts, stuffed into a massive sports bra stained almost entirely brown with sebaceous oil and barbecue sauce. "I like a girl who I can *smell* coming," she confessed, her breath running over Alice's thick apron of neck-fat and making the girl squirm with forbidden delights. By the time Galatea's tongue flicked out to tease her girlfriend's flabby shoulder, Alice had forgotten all about her size and was panting with need like a cow in heat.

What she could not forget about, of course, was food. Alice had become so fixated on food, so obsessed, so utterly in love with it that she was uncomfortable these days without something in her mouth every moment. She dreamed of thick juicy hamburgers while she slept; she woke up drooling, struggling to haul her body out of bed for a midnight snack. Somewhat reserved while Galatea was around, the minute her lover

was out of sight Alice tore into whatever she was eating like a wild animal, demolishing it with her bare hands and reaching for something else.

Her weight continued to climb. . . and climb. Buried in a sea of desires and in her own flesh, Alice lived in a world of denial, where every pound was met with a kiss and every fart with an amorous grope. This cycle of conditioning continued to warp her needs until she couldn't stand not being stuffed and oversexed. She cleared seven hundred pounds without even noticing; breached eight hundred with her umpteenth bucket of fried chicken, crushing Galatea's mattress mid-coitus.

When Alice began to inch towards half a ton, fighting to stand up or even waddle to the bathroom, Galatea saw it was time. Her sweet piggy was almost seven hundred pounds--a monstrous amount of flesh, and deserving of a reward.

Time to let her girlfriend in on a little secret. If Alice didn't like what she was about to find out, Galatea reasoned, it wouldn't be a problem. The girl could barely get out of bed without help—who was she going to tell?

“Want to go for a ride?” she said one day, inviting the huge girl into a new car, specially modified for “voluminous” passengers. Even with the extra space, Alice stepping into the vehicle brought the chassis down by nearly six inches, straining the shocks.

Continuously eating as they left the city, Alice asked between lazy farts and belches where they were going. The glazed look on her face told Galatea that the fattened sex queen didn't really care. She had stopped bothering about manners, decorum and politeness, ripping ass like a bean-bag stuffed with whoopee-cushions.

“Somewhere special,” was all Galatea would say, her plump fingers tightening around the steering wheel as they drove deep into the woods.

Around a hidden corner lay a lavish country house, with tinted windows and a large security fence. Amazed and a little nervous, Alice accidentally dropped fried chicken into her cleavage as she stared. The place was enormous—and the front door was custom-made, triple the size of a normal person.

“What is this?” she wheezed, getting out of the car with lots of help from her paramour. Alice was massive, her enormous sweatpants barely containing the swing of her hanging gut, and her stained tank top overflowing with the weight of her warm, musky, damp breasts. She farted again as they approached the door, the sound echoing through the trees around the house.

“Your new home. . . If you like what you see.” When Galatea opened the door, Alice blinked at the stench coming from inside. Rank, greasy flatulence and the smell of unwashed fat rolled out to greet her.

The whole place was one giant room, with lavish mattresses and pillows scattered on the floor. Huge

tanks with labels like LARD and CHOCOLATE SAUCE were fixed to the rafters, their contents draining in long tubes down into the inhabitants. Dozens of men and women, all fatter than she'd ever seen in her life, lounged lazily around the room, guzzling from the tubes or openly fucking on the silken pillows. Their flesh jiggled as they swallowed and thrust, heaving and moaning. They looked in a permanent state of bliss, several of them simply masturbating with gluttonous, lazy expressions, stopping only to fart or belch, before continuing to pleasure themselves.

"These are my avatars," said Galatea, slipping a hand around her friend's waist. "They did this to themselves, with *my* help. Aren't they beautiful?" Seeing Alice cough at the stink, she laughed. "They stimulate your every sense, don't they? I feed them. Care for them. And I bring them pleasure beyond their wildest dreams. If you want. . . I can do this for you, too. I have enough money to feed you like a prize pig for the rest of your life..."

A flood of emotions gushed through Alice as she stared through the room: shock, arousal, hunger, and a small sting of betrayal, as she realized Galatea had been lying to her all this time. Deceiving her--and before that, tormenting her! Torturing her, in the gamer-world!

But then her stomach grumbled. Refusing to deny it, and far too fat to try and escape, she submitted to the inevitable. Jiggling over to a hanging tube, she stuck the end in her mouth: if she was going to eat like a pig, she thought, she might as well live like one. Rich, chocolate goop flooded into her obese belly, making her sleepy and gassy. Discarding her fears as she gulped, she flopped down on a lavender-scented mattress, intending never to stand up again.

"Pleasure beyond my wildest dreams, huh?" she said, opening her immense thighs and belching in her mistress' direction. "I hope you *mean* that. . . Because I'm dreaming very, VERY big, right now." Her farts rattled the windows, and as her belly grew, Alice tugged off her clothes preparing to join the orgies around her.

Finally, she'd found satisfaction. A home...

And she never wanted to leave.