

“FAT BUG SCHOOLGIRLS – Aka Ret’s Dating Bug, an Insect-Girl Weight Gain Story”



This story started as a goofy experiment on 4chan, but rapidly developed into a complex narrative with lots of branching choices and high character investment. It even has its own Discord channel!

<https://discord.gg/CmpHhHj>

Basically, I offered Anonymous a choice between several different Bug Girls to date and seduce, and they chose... Well, you'll see. Future chapters/parts will arrive when time permits, and I'm looking into starting similar adventures on my Patreon—this was a ton of fun to write.

Part 1

Which bug-girl do you ask out?

>Stick bug girl. She's notoriously slender and slow moving, the tall classmate. She's been getting a bit pudgy lately. Total nerd.

>Slug girl. Already pudgy. Very lazy and doesn't like to move, but affectionate. Fears salt. Secretly a demon in the sack. You don't even know what she's got going on downstairs, but local boys are terrified of it.

>Beetle girl! STRONGK like bull, but pretty dim witted. Lately has been gaining weight because Trapdoor Spidergirl told her to drink fifty protein shakes a day "for muscle."

>Trapdoor Spider girl. Very creepy, a stalker type, very curvy. Likes to grab poor bishounen-Anons and drag them off to her lair... and girls, when she's feeling frisky. However, her time in her burrow means her ass has been getting kind of wide and dumpy. Don't talk about it too much unless you want to get your organs sucked out, though.

>Moth girl-- super affectionate and doting and fuzzy and cute, but can't get wet and is hypnotized by bright lights. Fond of fuzzy sweaters and hot cocoa.

STICK-BUG SELECTED! BEGINNING ROMANCE SIMULATION...

>"Me? Y-you want to go out with... ME?" Vertica, the Stick Bug Girl of Invertebrate U., looks you up and down as if you're crazy. She's easily a foot taller than you, her bark-like skin a soft brown and her eyes small, black and beady behind her coke-bottle glasses.

>"You're kidding, right? This is a prank... Did Golia Beetle put you up to this? I've never h-had a boyfriend..."

>You assure her that no, it's for real. And you add, without spilling your spaghetti, that if she's never had a boyfriend, why not give it a shot? What does she have to lose? You ask if she's busy tonight...

>"Well I was supposed to go to chess club. But I would love to... I mean, it would be nice to go out. With you. Together." She coughs, adjusting her school uniform around her gangly long limbs--all six of them. You notice that oddly for her, there's a small muffin top pooching over her skirt, straining her exoskeleton and making it bulge out gently.

>You say yeah, tonight would be great, not moving your eyes from that beautifully out-of-place swell of bug-pudge.

>"O-okay!" she stammers, blushing under her wood-colored cheeks. "Where do you want to go?"

The town is pretty small. Options are:

>Barbecue joint, very cheap but they always serve HUGE portions

>That new sushi bar that opened on the fancier side of town--she's a total weaboo and owns several katanas, so she might like that.

>Mexican food. They're incredibly good cooks over there... but the food is legendary for giving customers gas. This one's risky.

>You pitch the barbecue joint. She's so crazy-excited to even HAVE a date that she accepts, without question.

>Of course, when you show up and a busty, overenthusiastic waitress in a cowgirl costume shepherds you to a table, she gets cold feet. "Wow... Those trays are REALLY loaded. I think I saw a trough back there... Is this place FDA-compliant?"

>You do your best to assuage her neuroses, and sit down across from her in a booth over a table shaped like a horseshoe. She grabs the menu in her claws before getting flustered and handing it to you.

>"I've never been here before... I'll be SO embarrassed if our waitress comes and I haven't decided." Her indecision and waffling is legendary at the school--she once spent an entire day trying to decide between chess club and computer club, and everyone got to hear about it. "You choose for me!"

>You smirk a little, thinking of that muffin top, and glance at the menu. There's a few specials that you really think might put some meat on this stick... but it might tip your hand to order something giant for her, right off the bat. She's a nervous thing, having evolved to camouflage for millennia, and learning you're a pervert might scare her off. So consider carefully...

Some possible options are:

>An entire rib-eye steak! Fuck it, let's go whole hog.

>Baked potatoes and a modest, if very greasy, Tex Mex burger.

>The coward's option: A salad. Safe, secure, and probably with a lot of bleu cheese dressing knowing this place. But! What if she thinks you're trying to get her to LOSE weight? That would be a bad message to send, on a first date.

>"S-steak?" For a moment you're worried she might be a vegetarian. "Only if you share it with me... That'll make it romantic." She giggles, pulling up her Hexxen sweatshirt a little to fan herself in embarrassment. You order steak.

>Before it arrives, you two chat, and it turns out you actually do have a good amount in common. You're both kinda dorks, spend a lot of time on the internet, even if you are a bit more social than she is. Which is saying a lot, because you're not very social.

>Eventually your steak arrives... Accompanied by a huge bowl of fries. Whoops. Maybe you missed that on the menu. The waitress smiles and says "Sorry folks. I have to leave early, so Trappy here is gonna be your server tonight." Her smile is a little... forced? As if by magic, a multi-limbed arachnid appears behind her in a waitress uniform.

>"Yeah, like... Enjoy your meal, or whatever."

>Trappy (no one's ever gotten close enough to know her real name without being eaten) is a mature, THICC-as-fuck predator whose tendency to creepily show up wherever you go is nothing short of uncanny. She licks her lips, eyeing the two of you. Her eight eyes glisten under the restaurant lights as she lights a cigarette (against policy, in here) and puffs on it. "Just... I dunno. Let me know when you need something. Not that I give a shit." She extends her fangs, leering at Vertica.

>The moment she leaves Vertica leans over the table, grasping your wrist with surprisingly strong claws. "She's so weird! When did she start working here? That's so creepy. I hope she didn't... you know. Bother you too much." She cleans her antennae. "I really want this to be... fun, for you. I'm not super great at dating."

How do you fix this mess?

>Comfort her. Order her a beer!

>Suggest she try the food!

>Crap, maybe this was a mistake. You could always let her down easy... call it off.

>"Hey, hey, relax," you say, squeezing her arm. It's still skinny... Sort of. She's got a soft layer of extra flesh just under the exoskeleton. Her metabolism must be slowing down... or perhaps it's all that Xbox One gaming. "Why don't you get a drink? It's on me."

>"Okay... If you're sure." She ponders the drink menu for a LONG time before ordering a Raspberry-flavored concoction from a local brewery. When it arrives, she sips it nervously... and then a little faster. Trappy's arrival seems to have really scared her! The poor thing.

>It makes sense, though--she's not a predator. "So, um... What do you like to do?" She's reaching for conversational topics, obviously. Not exactly a social butterfly, is Vertica.

>As you respond, describing your life and maybe embellishing a little and avoiding mentioning porn of stick-girls on the internet, she sips her drink. And then slurps it. And then finally starts to guzzle it. Seems like your sweet, well-meaning stick girl is a bit of a closet alcoholic.

>"Gllk... Glurp... Gllrrp." She swallows, puts down her mostly empty beer... and then to her surprise, belches loudly. Flecks of beer spray across the table, and she squeaks in embarrassment. "Holy flyswatters! I'm so sorry... That was so rude of me!"

What do you say?"

>"Wow, that was pretty gross! Smells like twigs."

>"It's okay. That was kind of cute. I like a bug-girl who can handle her liquor."

>"Um... Have some steak! Maybe that'll settle your stomach?"

>You laugh as she hides in her sweatshirt, assuring her it's fine, you love a party girl who isn't afraid to cut loose. Emboldened, she giggles and digs into her steak, drinking freely the whole time.

>She only gets halfway through the colossal hunk of meat before leaning back in the booth with another soft belch. "Ohhh, Anon, I am STUFFED. Didn't anyone tell you stick-bugs can't handle much food? Our organs are very long and thin, you know." She prods her middle, which is distended under her shirt, and hiccups. "Not that I've been feeling very thin, lately..."

>She drains the last of her beer, swaying. She's bloated with food and beer, clearly intoxicated but having a good time. You can see Trappy lurking in the restaurant kitchens, sucking the meat out of a chicken-wing. She's watching you... almost knowingly.

It's getting a bit late now. What do you do?

>Escort your very full, very tipsy bug waifu home like a gentleman. She'll likely appreciate it in the morning... although her uniform skirt probably won't fit.

>Go see what the fuck Trappy's problem is! She followed you all the way here, and now she's just watching. What a creep. If she weren't so sexy, you'd be furious with her.

>Try and get lucky with Vertica! Who knows, maybe she'll teach you how stick-bug mating works. Of course, you'd be taking advantage of a drunk, steak-stuffed, innocent bug... but you are a massive deviant, aren't you? It wouldn't be very out of character for a greenish, question-mark-faced rake like you.

>You get up from the table, saying you need to see a man about a dog. Vertica hiccups again and waves you away drunkenly, picking at the pile of French Fries. She really is a lightweight... for now.

>You walk right up to Trappy. She's sucked the chicken bone dry and her fangs now pierce the bone itself, slurping at the marrow. She's not even waiting tables. Whatever favor she pulled to be here tonight clearly doesn't involve her doing work.

>"Hey. Eight-eyes," you say, choosing to act the tough guy so she doesn't smell weakness...or your growing boner.

>"Hey, two-eyes," she shoots back. "Having fun with your little girlfriend? Pity she's so skinny... You need to try a real bug-woman on for size. I promise you we've got a lot more... substance." She leans forward, the top four buttons of her dress shirt open, to reveal a red-lace bra barely holding in two impressive mammaries. A tiny tuft of spider-fur rests between the masses of girl-meat, just below her clavicle. Her chelicerae click.

>"See anything on the menu you like?..."

>You look away, red-faced. "Vertica has plenty of substance."

>"Sure she does... Or at least, she will. I see what you're up to, Anon. I do the same thing to my prey sometimes.." She licks her fangs with a long pink tongue. "The fat ones are so much easier to catch."

>You pull away as she closes in on you. You're not sure if she wants to fuck with you, actually fuck you, or just eat you, but you want none of it.

Or do you?

>Reject Trappy--tell her to fuck off, you've found a girl you really like for once, and you don't want her ruining things for you and Vertica.

>Succumb to her charms. Offer her a quickie in the bathroom... and pray she doesn't eat you after. Hopefully your date won't notice.

>Offer a truce: You'll BOTH fatten Vertica.

>Fuck this. She's cock-teased you all night; you know what she wants. "Cut the shit," you say. "You. Me. Bug bathroom."

>Her eight eyes light up. She never expected laying you to be this easy... but then she shrugs. "Fine. Whatever, Mr. Big Stud. It's not like I have better people to fuck tonight."

>Ouch.

>Well, you're locked in now. Leaving Vertica slumped and burping on the booth table, you both slip into the third bathroom with the insect symbol on it. Bugs have a variety of ways to use the can--spiders, for instance, excrete a dry solid substance. But the call of nature isn't on your mind... at least, not THAT call.

>The moment you get inside crushes you against the wall. Her four extra arms rise from under her loose-fitting shirt and pin you against the tile. "This is just because I'm bored," she pants, huge breasts heaving as she rubs up against you. "J-just because I'm in a mating mood. Don't make this personal..."

>You squeeze her tits before she grabs your wrists and hauls them over your head. Damn, spider sex is rough. Two of her hands are unzipping your pants while another two are pulling your face to hers. You get your first real bug kiss, and it's sloppy, clumsy and kind of horrifying in a sexy way. Her chelicerae and pedipalps rub all over your face, as if to taste you. Her hands whip out your cock and start pumping on it...

>"Anon?"

>The door is open. To your horror you see Vertica, wobbling and dizzy, and she sees you. And Trappy. And your dick in Trappy's fuzzy, clawed hands.

>"You... you..." And then she shrieks in misery and scuttles out of the room, bumping into walls in her drunken, furious escape. Crying the whole time.

>"Oh dear," says Trappy, letting go of your dick. "It appears my superiority has caused some concern."

>Dammit.

>This date is a wash--by the time you get outside Vertica has already called a ride-share car and left. Trappy has won; you played right into her claws.

>SURPRISE BONUS EPISODE

>The next day at Invertebrate U. is... awkward. No one has seen Vertica, and she isn't answering your texts. Rumor has it she's playing hooky for the first time in her life.

>Trappy is in school, though... and looking quite smug. You see her chatting up a potential victim before lunch, and after lunch walking out of the janitor's closet with a swollen belly and a smile on her face. God, what a bitch. You're starting to want to hate-fuck her, even after all she did to you.

>Meanwhile, life goes on as usual. Chubby caterpillar girls wriggle by, mosquito girls try to get a dose of your delicious human blood, and your job as a T.A. is made very difficult by silkworm students who won't come out of their cocoons. But all day you worry about Vertica. What happened to her? Did she finally use those katana for something other than LARPing? Did she... did she hara-kiri herself?

>At the end of the day, you're napping on your desk when a note flies through the window on a gossamer parachute of webbing.

>You pull the sticky silk off it. It reads: "Offer's still open. --Trappy."

Well, shit. What is your next adventure going to be, anons?

>Dude, fuck Trappy. Bitch is crazy. Best to just move on from this whole thing. (Life goes on, and potentially you try a new date with a new girl--though your reputation will be stained.)

>You feel just awful about Vertica! The poor thing is probably permanently camouflaged to her ceiling. Time to go to her house with some chocolates and wine and see if you can patch things up!

>Well... This is a mess alright. But maybe you can salvage it. Take Trappy's offer, and risk your soul while you both work to turn Vertica and maybe more bug girls into blubbery potential victims for the spider's burrow.

>You're tempted by Trappy's offer... but the guilt over what you did is consuming you. You can't stop thinking about it. You need to make things right.

>So you find yourself going to Vertica's dorm with a single flower and a note of apology. You're planning on leaving them there for her, but when you arrive, her roommate Alice the caterpillar ushers you inside.

>Alice is a real wide load--she's a total pot fiend and gets the munchies constantly. Rolls of green flesh pour out of her clothes as she jiggles into the dorm with you, for once she seems fairly sober. She's munching on fast food as she nudges you to Vertica's room.

>"Bro, like... You totally fucked up, bro. Go do something, bro."

>You nod. And you enter Vertica's room with a gentle knock that isn't answered.

>Inside is the lair of a total loser. Overwatch posters cover the wall and a huge gaming rig sits in the corner. It seems she's a very messy person because there are chip bags and clothes everywhere... but no Vertica.

>Wait, no, there she is. Camouflaged on the ceiling. She's clinging to the wall and slowly, methodically stuffing chips in her mouth. Her belly hangs out of her pajamas; it looks like she's spent the entire after-date trauma period eating. She blinks at you.

>"Sniff... what do YOU want? Urrrp."

Oof, here we go.

>"Look, I'm sorry. The spider seduced me. Can we make things right?" (Lie)

>"I fucked up. It's my fault. I'll understand if you don't want to hang out with me anymore... but for what it's worth, I had a good time until things went south." (Genuine apology.)

>"Damn, you really pig out when you're stressed, huh?" (Emotional manipulation: back her into a corner so she overeats even more.)

>You stumble over your words at first. It's hard to admit that you were wrong, and the sight of her gorging herself like a fly-girl at a schwarma truck is sort of distracting you. But eventually you get your point across.

>"Look, I... I don't want to talk about this right now," she sniffs, gobbling Funyuns from a crinkling bag. Crumbs shower her bed and her antennae twitch with nervous agitation. "You hurt me, Anon. I was stupid to ever think someone could... urp, like me. I'm just a washout. A distraction for you while you shacked up with that spider slut!"

>But her rant is interrupted by the plaster on the ceiling giving way. She's eaten so much her bulging stomach pulls her loose from her perch and she crashes to the bed with a muffled POMF.

>Tangled in bedsheets, her brown stomach poking out between the folds of fabric, she whimpers. "Look, I don't want you to see me like this. Who ever heard of a stick bug stress eating? M-maybe you should go..."

Well, that's rough. What do you do?

>Apologize again, and ask if you can maybe be friends. Game together sometime. Maybe she can give you a chance to make it up to her, somehow?

>Just leave. You've already reduced her to a shut-in wreck, bingeing on junk food.

>Sit down on the bed next to her... And kiss her right on the mandibles. (Risky option, but it might be worth a shot!)

>You agree to leave. But you need to say something first.

>You step forward assertively... and are nearly doused in a spray of bitter liquid from some glands on her legs. "Sorry! Sorry. Automatic defense mechanism," She says, wiping down her pajama pants. "It's a phasmid genus thing..."

>You assure her it's fine. And you pour your heart out a little... She's NOT an un-loveable loser. In fact, you really like her and you want to prove it. You feel like a total jerk for cheating with Trappy, and you don't know what got into you. If there's any way she can forgive you --

>She holds up a claw. "Stop, stop. I've heard enough. Anon... I like you too. And I'm willing to give you another chance. But if I even SEE you look at another bug's abdomen, we're done. Okay?" Nerd or not, she's not afraid to put her foot down over matters of the heart.

>"I'm free this weekend," she says. "You can pick the place. I need some time alone to think... And maybe lose a bit of weight." Her belly gurgles, sticking out from her long lanky body as if she's pregnant with a food-baby. "And no more steak! I was up all night with--hurrrp, indigestion." Stick bugs are originally herbivores, you recall, though they can digest other stuff.

Where would you like to go for date 2?

>A movie. That might be a good way to calm things down. There's a new documentary about the Great Bug Wars out, and you know she's a history buff.

>More food will fix her busted feelings maybe! Suggest you guys go out to eat--somewhere nice this time, romantic.

>Maybe just stay in with her and play Wasp of Duty? It seems like she's a bit battered and might benefit from staying in her comfort zone. Plus, the more she sits on her butt, the bigger it will get...

>Okay, this is it. This is your shot at redemption. This is, dare you say it... THE ANON-KUN REDEMPTION ARC.

>You successfully avoid Trappy for the rest of the week. She occasionally shoots a sultry glance your way, but for the most part acts like the aloof stand-offish bitch you're accustomed to. Good, fine. Awesome.

>You carefully collect some Vertica-friendly date supplies over the week. A few retro gaming consoles, multiple litres of soda, and enough junk food to sink a small lifeboat. It's not exactly a Shakespearian gesture of contrition, but hey, it'll work in a pinch.

>Oddly, no rumors about you and Trappy crop up either. You supposed Vertica didn't tell anyone... and strangely, neither did Trappy, though she loves spreading tales about the boys she's fucked, boys she's eaten, and the boys she's fucked and eaten. She likes everyone to know how little they meant to her. Which... Makes you wonder why she's not talking about YOU at all.

>Saturday arrives! You roll up in front of Vertica's dorm, your car loaded with the stuff you got. She answers the knock at her door wearing an Everquest T-shirt that's a few sizes too small. Clearly her promise to "lose weight" didn't pan out.

>"Oh hey, Anon..." She shuffles from one foot to the other, nervous. "G-good to see you. Come on in."

>You notice the dorm is free of pot smoke. "Where's Alice?"

>"Out." Vertica rubs her forelimbs together when she sees the games. "Ooh, is that a Cicada 64? That's so cool!"

>You set up the accessories and open a few bags of chips. You sit down on the couch together and...

Now what?

>Play her in a 2-player game. See if she has some competitive spirit under those glasses.

>Just sit back and let her geek out.

>Suggest takeout? Junk is nice, but it's not a meal.

>You pop in Dung Beetle Racers, and her subdued squee of excitement warms your cold, cold heart. You sit down together in the soft glow of the screen and begin racing. For a while, she's silent.

>Then she snorts. "Dungy Dungarees? Really? I dunno, his moveset is pretty crappy."

>You raise an eyebrow. That's the closest thing to a diss you've ever heard her say. "Look who's talking. You picked Excrementa the Dung Witch. All ranged, no cart-bashing moves."

>"Ranged is the objectively SUPERIOR choice! What if you're in last? You know, like you're about to be?"

>This banter continues as you zip around the track in your little carts, tossing pixellized poop at each other and generally having a good time. Eventually she gets so pumped she stands up, shouting at her character.

>"Come on Dungy, you little fucker! Go faster!"

>Damn. That's a lot of noise coming out of the normally shy bug. Then you notice her ample hips getting into your field of vision. Is... Is she deliberately screen-blocking you with her ass? Not that you're complaining. It's clad in plus-size yoga pants and the pleasing bobble of her abdomen coming off her lower back is complimented by the shift of her chitinous ass-cheeks in the yoga wear. That abdomen, by the way, is looking a lot thicker and heavier than usual. Damn, she's been putting on weight.

>"Hey! Move over, I can't see!"

>"Can't see what? Your objectively inferior character?" She giggles as you try to peer around her and each time she shimmies her hips to block you. She's cheating!

>But you just got a power-up: the Golden Turd. If you time it right you can race past her to the finish.

Do you:

>Let her win. She needs this triumph--especially after what you did.

>Try and beat her fair and square with the Turd.

>Reach out and poke her chubby thigh to startle her--and maybe even the odds of the race a bit.

>Oho, so she wants to play dirty, does she? You can play dirty too. You lean forward and nudge her hip with your shoulder, setting her off-balance.

>"H-hey!" She staggers, her antennae flailing. "You're distracting me."

>"Not as much as you're distracting me," you say, and this gets her REALLY flustered.

>"Ugh, you're the worst." But you can tell by her tone she doesn't really mean it. She does, however, Back Dat Ass Up to COMPLETELY obscure your view of the screen. "Uh oh. Your Dungy is looking a little wobbly there..."

>"You're doing that on purpose!"

>"All's fair in video games and war!"

>"Oh, yeah?" You reach out and pinch the fleshy underside of her abdomen. It's swollen with fat, from days of her sitting inside and eating away her romantic concerns, and it feels like a bag of lard under the brittle armored shell around it.

>Abdomens aren't the same level of taboo as human butts, but they're close. She shrieks and jumps, her vestigial wings fluttering... and then stumbles backwards onto your lap, mashing her ass into your stomach and knocking the wind out of you. Your face is full of musky bug abdomen and your lap is overflowing with bug butt. She smells like autumn leaves.

>Both your dung beetles crash and explode, on-screen.

>"Uhh." She's panting and sweating nervously. "M-maybe we should just watch a movie."

Well?

>"Yeah, that sounds like a good idea. What do you want to watch?" (Defuse the awkward tension a bit.)

>"Actually, I kind of like where we are right now. Rematch?" (Flirt, basically.)

>"I'm just going to, uh... get us some more soda." (Give her some space and pray she didn't notice your boner.)

>She makes to get up... and you gently, ever-so-delicately nudge her back down. "Hey, no need to freak out. I don't mind being close to you, you know."

>You can hear her undersized mandibles clicking in consternation. "Um... I... Wow! Okay. Wow... um..." She wriggles a bit, as if to get comfortable, and in the process notices the hard-on in your pants. "Anon, I..."

>"So who are you gonna play as this time?" You reach your arms around her, cuddling her from behind as she sits in your lap. She's heavier than she looks, but you don't care--you'd happy get squashed by a butt like hers all day. "I'm going with Dungkey Kong."

>She wriggles more... and then settles back, clearly come to terms with the erection she's sitting on. "O-okay. I choose... Princess Hanging Chode." She goes to clean her glasses, which are steamy, and drops them. "Whoops!"

>And... she bends over, her abdomen waggling in you face. Oh my god, her ovipositor is exposed. And it looks... Really wet.

>But you don't say a word, because she's wiggling it back and forth a little, and she's taking a LONG time to get her glasses. Is... Is she actually teasing you? So she does have a flirty side after all! Then she sits down with a heavy THUMP and the wind is driven out of you again.

>"Oh my god, I'm sorry. I... I forget I'm not as stick-shaped as I used to be."

>You tell her it's no problem. Really.

>Your eyes meet. You gaze into her compound eyes. You lean in... her lips part, mandibles open up, trembling just a little bit....

>KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

>Oh, for FUCK's sake!! Someone's at the door.

>The spell is broken. Vertica wriggles off of you. "Uh... Alice doesn't knock."

What do, /trash/?

>Open the door and talk to the arrival, maybe tell them to stop cockblocking you as politely as you can.

>"Oh, fuck whoever it is. Let's game."

>Smooch the bug! SMOOCH!

>Shit, balls, dicks.... You sigh and get up. Your dick, confused as to why it is not getting closer to the hot big-assed stickbug, softens slightly. You open the door, ready to unleash a can of whoop-ass if that goddamn slut Trappy is--

>But no, it's a praying mantis. You recognize this girl: it's Augusta, Vertica's R.A. You know her because every time the cave-grub down the hall tries to catch people in a silk drool snare to eat, Augusta has to push her down with a broom and remind her that consumption requires consent in your world, and she never filed the paperwork.

>Augusta is slender, severe, and a devout Catholic. Nothing about her is fun--not even her impressively sized chest, which she keeps her claws folded over at all times.

>"Who are you?" She frowns. "This isn't a co-ed dorm..." She sniffs the air. "Do I smell pot? Please, mystery interloper, advise me I do not smell pot. That would be very... bad for you." She licks her lips. Maybe her lips are just dry... or maybe there's some clause in the university's enrollment papers about R.A.'s getting to eat people who break the rules. That would be fitting,

Shit, it's a man-eater in a plaid skirt with a crucifix. What do now, /trash/?

>Try and get rid of her. You're a pretty inventive liar--you pretended not to be attracted to Trappy for months until your willpower broke, after all.

>Invite her in. The pot stash isn't yours, it's Alice's, but maybe you can find your way around punishment somehow by cooperating.

>Summon Vertica for help! Maybe she can stall Augusta while you ditch whatever herbs Alice left behind.

>You frown. This is bad news. Taking Augusta to go find the real smoker--if there is one--will completely wreck your night of romance. However, closing the door on her will make Vertica's life very difficult.

>So instead, you stand straight, unafraid of the male-munching Bible-thumper, and look her in the eye. Well, eyes. Many eyes. Like Vertica she has compound ones: big googly things composed of thousands of individual perceptor organs. Except Augusta's eyes have a creepy dot in the middle of them. And she never blinks.

>"Miss R.A., I was just helping Vertica with some... human-bug cultural exchange."

>"Is that so." She peers over your shoulder at the quailing Vertica. A little drool drops on your shoulder. "The horizontal kind, I suspect."

>"No, we're playing a game. Want to watch?"

>She eyes you suspiciously. "It's my duty as an R.A. to root out un-Godly--"

>You smile. "And it's mine as a TA, to help students. Right?"

>You face off, undersexed bug vs undersexed pervert, sizing each other up. Then she sighs. "I will observe your... game."

>Smooth. You let her in. Vertica greets her and blinks curiously. She doesn't seem to mind a third party here, but is confused.

>Augusta looks at the TV. "What manner of the Devil's temptation is this? It's so... Violent and excremental!"

>"No," you say, "it's art." And you put your hands in your pockets... where several nips of vodka sit, from a party you went to last week.

What do you do?

>Try and get Augusta drunk, on the sly.

>Surround the mantis with junk food and wait for her to overindulge.

>Wait for her to get bored and leave.

>You three sit down on the couch together. No lies, it's super awkward, but you don't mind, because you know what will get her out of here: bombing her digestive system with a motherlode of calories.

>"Here, have some soda." You hand your controller to Augusta and she takes it.

>"Th-this contraption is too small for my claws..."

>"Then just mash the buttons," Vertica chirps helpfully. "It's what I do." You give her a covert look of thanks. The mantis is nervous--you don't think she's EVER spent a night just chilling with friends.

>"I... Okay..."

>"And have some cheese balls," you say, offering her the bowl of them. "They're great."

>"And some M&M's," adds Vertica, offering a smaller bowl. She seems to be catching on to what you're doing... and she likes it. She does love fooling predators; it's in her nature.

>"I simply can't--This is too much," protests the mantis, juggling bowls with her many limbs. But she eats anyway, slowly at first, then faster as she crashes over and over. "Blast this dung beetle! Why can't he steer?"

>Eventually, the impossible happens: You three have fun together. But it's quickly cut short as Augusta eats her way through two candy bowls, three bags of chips and some cheeseballs.

>"Oogh..." Augusta reclines, stomach distended under her modest shirt and long plaid skirt. "I... I am feeling indisposed. I must leave you two to your toilet game."

>You thank her for checking on you, and she staggers out the door, belching and groaning with indigestion. "So... much... sugar. BRLCH."

>"Well," says Vertica, grinning as she shuts the door, "that went better than I expected."

>You're standing very close, again.

Wat do?

>It's late. You can give her a goodnight kiss, and quit while you're ahead. (Chivalrous option)

>The prude is gone! Time to get steamy. (Make a move.)

>Stay up late gaming and eating and trash-talking. Not everything has to be about sex. (Friendship improves)

Whew! The mantis is gone. What a relief. Time to settle in for some comfy-ass snuggling.

>You two finish your racing tournament, and switch off the Cicada. After an animated discussion about what sci-fi franchise is superior, you pop in Firefly. You curl up on the couch together, Vertica's impressively large ass in your lap, and watch Cap'n Mal the rakish nocturnal insect-man have adventures in space. "Mal" is a cross-dressing actress, of course--there aren't any male bug-people in your world, not since the Bug Wars.

>But politics and warfare are far from your mind as your chubby, lanky princess grows sleepy in your arms. She nods off, and you kiss her cheek--and suddenly her lips are on yours, her tongue tasting of tree bark and grass, her mandibles gently scratching at your cheeks. You don't say anything after that, but your hands do get a little busy under the blanket Vertica made you fetch from her bedroom.

>It has Buzz Lightyear on it.

>The pair of you intertwine on the couch, not quite ready to take the next step... but definitely ready to be there for each other. Companions.

>Meanwhile, outside in the cold, eight jealous eyes watch you unseen from the window.

>You return to work Monday jazzed to be alive. You have a cute bug girlfriend, everything is going great! Until...

>You sit down at your desk to find an email from the director of student housing. Seems like there was a little fuck-up in the vast, complex bureaucracy of the school... And once again, as the TA with the best track record of helping bug-girl "trouble students" improve their grades, you've been dragged in to help.

>"It comes to our attention that bla bla bla... Excess enrollment has spilled over into our surplus dorms... We have exceeded bla bla bla... And we require you to host an insect-person student for the remainder of the year."

>Wait, what?

>You scroll through the email. There's no choice NOT to do this, you see. THEY've used clever legalese to fuck you over and basically imply you have to have a roommate.

This... Is going to be weird. Vertica's not gonna like this. You don't need this shit right now. But fighting with administration will just bring scrutiny on your department. Fortunately you do have a choice of who they're going to be housing you with:

>Rhino-beetle girl, Golia: You actually know this girl. She's very enthusiastic and outgoing, if a little exercise-obsessed.

>Jumping-spider girl, Accelera: A quick spin through social media reveals she's a freshman, and a former track star. Emphasis on former. Her recent photos show her as a bit pudgy these days.

>A honey-ant-girl, Myrmida. This girl looks as square as they come. Bland Bugbook posts, not a member of any clubs. Clean but unremarkable academic record. She's not smiling in any of her photos.

>You tell the housing people that you would like Golia. Unsurprisingly, given the administration's offices are all run by hyper efficient ant-girls, they respond and say she'll be arriving at 6pm exactly.

>As you're moving stuff out of your spare room, you get a text from Vertica. Aww, it's got little hearts in it! And it says "Thanks for all the food btw. I still haven't finished it. I probably shouldn't lol." And a picture of her doing the peace sign at you... and holding a pint of the ice cream you brought for Game Night. Is it your imagination, or does she look even thicker than you last saw her?

>It's... Probably your imagination. You send her back "Go ahead and finish it. Got some work stuff to do tonight." You pause and then add "XOXO" with a small flutter in your chest.

>You hear a knock on the door. Not just a knock, but a furious pounding. Shakes the dust from the ceiling.

>Uh... Guess that's Golia!

>You go to the door and open it. She's standing there carrying all of her luggage on her back... all ten huge duffel bags of it. She's all black-and-white, even her face, and is smiling widely under her horns. She drops the bags.

>"New roommate! I am Golia!" She grabs you and pulls you up in a bear hug. She's heavily armored and under the armor is pure muscle. She nearly breaks your ribs, and speaks with a thick South African accent. "It nice to meet you, yeah!"

>You drop to the ground. "Oof! H-hey there."

>She grins. "You show me around, eh?"

Do you:

>Offer her a snack! She's probably come a long way.

>Give her a tour! Your I.U. provided house is small, but cozy.

>Offer to help bring her comically big bags in!

>You offer her a snack, and show her the house... She seems very pleased. "Yes! Very big! Big is good."

>"You think this is... big?"

>"Yes!" She poses in the living room, her horns scratching divots in the ceiling. "I was in small cell of sand for a long time before now, yes? Was a grub all last year. Good to be out!"

>Okay, then. No wonder she's so bouncy. She literally spent a year in a hole in the ground.

>"Food! Yes, food is also good." She pulls open the fridge, the hinges squealing as she yanks on it just a little too hard. "Protein! You have a lot of protein, ya?" She takes your lunch meats and starts eating them out of the bag: baloney, turkey, ham, salami. "Mmm!"

>"Do you want a... sandwich?"

>"Nope! Just protein." She gobbles it down and returns to the door. You go with, wondering what Vertica will think of a titanic, curvy beetle with bad English. Hopefully they'll get along.

>"I take weights," she says, heaving two bags onto her shoulders. "You take dog-food, yeah?"

>"Dog... food?"

>"For protein! Gotta eat good!" She marches into the house. You check a bag and t's packed with kibble.

>Seems like she eats a LOT. Which, again, makes sense. Those muscles are BIG.

>When you get inside, she's already pushed your couch aside and assembled what looks like a deadlift rack where it was. "Roommate! You like music?"

>"Sure--" She blasts thrash metal on her phone.

>You get another text from Vertica. "Hey, I know you said you were busy... but I miss you. Wanna hang out tonight?"

Hmm. You should probably help Golia get adjusted... and you wanted to do something about Trappy. She's been following you lately.

>"Sure. Your place or mine?"

>"Sorry, I have to do TA stuff..." Stick around and chill with Golia.

>"I have to take care of something first." Begin your master plan to deal with Trappy.

>You call Vertica and invite her over for a casual dinner with your new friend! Golia is pleased to hear about Vertica, though she's surprised your gal-pal is a stick insect.

>"Stick? But how do you..." She makes a boob-grabbing motion, then a hip-thrusting motion. "You know?"

>You blush a bit. "We... It works out." It hasn't, not yet anyway, but she doesn't need to know that.

>You're preparing the house for Vertica, making baked potatoes and sour cream (you've learned she has a preference for veggies) when you notice something white drifting past your window.

>Is it... Yep, it's silk.

>You rush outside, but if Trappy was there she's long gone now. Instead of a tsundere spider you find an "angry" emoji, drawn in silk, ten feet high, on your wall.

>Ooooookay then.

>You go back inside like everything is normal. Golia is trying to eat the freshly baked potatoes and keeps burning her claws, then trying it again. You tell her not to do that, and dinner will be ready when it's ready.

>She nods. "Sorry, roommate," she says in her deep voice, and trundles off to her room to continue putting up "DYEL BRO" posters.

>Okay... so Trappy's out there. Still stalking you. Doesn't mean you can't plan a fun activity for your bug friends tonight, keep things light and social. Maybe leave all the lights on, in every room, so no arachnids can ambush you. Or ambush-rape you. God, you hope she's not planning to ambush-rape you. That would be very awkward, after last time.

So, what's the plan for tonight, /fatbug/?

>Dinner and a movie! Something action heavy, to keep Golia entertained.

>Board games! You know for a fact that Vertica loves charades. Though she always portrays a stick.

>Take the girls out on the town! There's bound to be a teacher's bar somewhere nearby... and moving around might throw Trappy off your trail.

>You're sure you've got a Twister mat...

>But the only version you have is the bug version with like, 45 super small circles and 9 different colors. Well, you'll just count your knees as a fifth and sixth limb.

>Vertica shows up and you two share a kiss at the door before Golia greets your girlfriend with the same bone-crushing hug you got. She's very friendly!

>Unfortunately, this triggers Vertica's stick-insect defense, and she topples onto her back and waggles her legs at Golia until you're able to calm her down. Life with bugs can be confusing.

>Once apologies are made, you all sit down with beer and some (quieter) music, and get to it!

>Golia needs the game explained. Five times. She's very sweet and incredibly strong, but not very bright.

>Once you get into it, though, she's good. She's almost as tall as Vertica and has amazing muscle tone. It's very noticeable when she looms over you to put second-right-hand on red, her abs rippling under her stomach stripes, firm well-toned breasts bobbing inside her Tap Out tank-top. And, of course she wore her exercise shorts, because this is where your life is now: with two tall bug-girls, putting their butts in your faces during Twister.

>You're OK with this..

>Vertica loses when her shaky, atrophied limbs give out on her. "Crap! I used to be able to hold that position for like... days," she wheezes. She is getting seriously out of shape--Golia hasn't said anything, but your stick-bug is more of a pear-bug these days.

>Golia grunts. "More room for me! Sorry, leaf-eater."

>Vertica spins the doohickey for you. It lands... Thorax on green? You don't have a thorax. But wait, green is directly under Golia. You'll basically have to 69 with her to get on green--oh, and your phone is ringing.

Do you:

>Go for it! Vertica will forgive you--she knows how competition gets.

>Throw the game. Putting your face in Golia's crotch sounds awkward.

>Answer the phone while Twistering.

>You lean over and grab your phone... and just manage to flop back onto green with your chest. Your head is hovering between Golia's mammoth armored thighs, but it's okay, because you're on the phone. Because you're so professional and focused, the situation doesn't even feel awkward. Really, you're amazed you managed that grab at all.

>Fully expecting a certain spider-stalker, you answer, "Yo."

>"Anon! You have some explaining to do." It's not Trappy--it's the stinkbug girl next door, Flatula. She got an entire student housing unit to herself because of... well, you know.

>"Oh hey, Flatula. Explaining about what?" You sweat bullets as Golia shifts to put left second hand on red, her crotch descending towards your face. Off the mat, you see Vertica cross her arms, looking a little peeved.

>"Explaining about this giant hole in my basement wall!"

>"The... what?"

>Flatula is really ticked off. You can hear her stink glands pooting out stench in the background. "There's a tunnel going from MY basement to underneath your T.A. unit. Are you telling me you didn't know?"

>Slowly, dread overtakes you. "Flatula... Is there silk in it?"

>"Yeah. Lots of it. Why? Is this some kind of prank? Just because I smell funny and get stuck in doors a lot doesn't mean you humans get to play tricks on--"

>"FLATULA! IS THE WEBBING FRESH!" Both bug girls have stopped to look at you.

>"I--"

>There is a shriek from the couch! You and Golia look up and Vertica is gone. Just vanished, as if she'd stepped into the kitchen and out of sight.

>"Shit!" You abandon your game, pull up the cushion... and find a webbing-filled tunnel leading to the earth under your housing unit. The yandere has kidnapped your girlfriend!

>Golia blinks. "Where'd she go?"

WAT DO!

>No way can you take a fully grown spider. Call campus security!

>The hole is too small to bring Golia, but maybe she can dig her way down. Request her help!

>Fuck waiting. Jump down alone.

>Telling Flatula to call IU's security goons, you hang up and lower your legs into the hole. Golia looks very concerned. "Be careful, in dat place." She knows how tricky predators can be.

>As you slide down the slippery tube of webbing, a word about life and death in Bugworld.

>Humanity is a very individualistic species. They treat death with a sense of tragedy and sorrow. Bugs, not so much: the survival of the species, especially with ants and termites, takes priority over the rights of the individual. And as such, murder isn't really a super big deal. This is one of the reasons the Bug Wars started when your timelines intersected, back in the day.

>So while Trappy is psychotic, she's bug psychotic: if she eats your girlfriend, she'll rationalize it by assuming you can just find a new one. It's less of a genuine rage, and more of a jilted ex slashing your tires, kind of thing.

>Of course, that doesn't change how you feel about BEST GIRL Vertica. You are going to walk softly and carry your Big Stick to safety, dammit!!

>Or you would if you didn't fall directly into a sticky web at the end of the tunnel.

>Trappy is there, sitting in the light of glowsticks. Damn, she's gotten chubby. All that bishie-munching has gone straight to her thighs and gut, under her uniform.

>"Look who decided to drop in." She's got Vertica tied up on the tunnel wall. "Guess this is what it takes to make you pay attention to *me*, instead of this tubby loser."

Hmm, not ideal.

>Try and wriggle out of the web. Silk is strong, but LOVE IS STRONGER.

>Try to reason with her. Bugs don't see life and death in the same way humans do, but Vertica dindu nothing to her. Maybe you can talk her out of... whatever this is.

>Be brutally honest and tell her you were never really interested, and that the one-time fling was just that, and Vertica's your One True Bug. Maybe you can shatter her yandere facade.

>You look your tormenter in the eye. Well, in the eight eyes. All of them are crazy.

>"Well... You've got my attention now," you say, dangling from one of her webs. The threads are quite strong. "What do you want from me?"

>She scuttles over to you, her bob-cut dishevelled. As she gets closer you see that she's even bigger lately than you thought: her stomach is bulging out of her button-up uniform shirt, hairy spider-belly bulging in folds from between the buttons. Her cheeks are chubbier, too. Seems she's been channeling her frustration with your escaping her into eating.

>"I want to know," she says, running a claw down your cheek, "why you're so interested in THAT." She points at Vertica, whose mouth has been webbed shut. Good thing she can breathe through her legs.

>"What?"

>"That. That overweight, shut-in, dorky, flabby excuse for a PREY insect." She's actually shaking with fury. You had no idea your weird little lust-triangle was so important to her. "She's a disgrace to her species! Always stuffing her face, couldn't camouflage herself without a mountain in the way! What do you SEE in her?"

>You look at Vertica's panicked, pleading eyes. "I think I love her," you say.

>Trappy flinches. "What?"

>"I mean, it's a little early to tell. We've only been dating a little while, and I don't want to rush into things." You're surprising yourself as well as the both of them. "But I care about her, more than I care about any human--or bug. And love doesn't care about weight. Or species." You pause. "Also, the weight looks great on her."

>Trappy blows her lid. "You--She's--She's a FAT STICK INSECT!!!"

>"Yeah," you say. "But she's *my* fat stick insect."

>Tears brim in Trappy's eyes. "So that's it, huh? I'll never be good enough for you. Well, let's see how much you like her when she's missing some legs..."

>You lose your mind. As Trappy scuttles towards Vertica, who thrashes and squeaks in terror, you actually pull skin off your wrist reaching for your pocketknife. Silk is strong, but it's not indestructible. You frantically begin sawing through the silk... But not fast enough.

>Your bug-lover is just inches away from getting dismembered, when a cloud of greenish gas fills the tunnel from the far end. It reeks and makes your eyes water, and Trappy recoils from it, hissing. She clutches at her throat and tumbles over as you pull free of the webs.

>You rush to Vertica, cutting at her bonds. Her eyes bore into yours. She trusts you completely, and stops wriggling as you pull her out of the webs.

>A familiar form lumbers out of the stinking gas, chunky and clad in plus-size jeans and a plumber's vest. It's Flatula. She offers you and Vertica a gas mask, and waves you out of the tunnel.

>You glance behind her at Trappy. She got the worst of the gas blast, and is lying on the ground, her uniform a mess--trembling and twitching. It looks like she's having a bad reaction to the gas. Either that, or she's too upset or heartbroken to save herself from suffocating down here.

>You don't owe her anything. But she is a student, and you work for the university. Leaving her behind could be... controversial.

Do you...

>Say fuck it. Leave the bitch behind. She's tough, she'll be fine--and after all she's put you through, she kind of deserves it.

>Take her with you. Bugs die all the time, sure... but they don't always have to. Maybe she'll change her tune once this is all over.

>Grab a gas-mask from Flatula's tool belt (she's facilities management for the school's sewers) and toss one at Trappy. May the odds ever be in her favor, et cetera.

>You hurry down the tunnel into Flatula's house, hauling Trappy by her schoolgirl's tie the whole way. She's curled up in the "dead bug" position but what you learned in bug CPR class tells you she's still breathing. Just shallowly.

>Flatula takes off her own gas mask--ironically she's not immune to her own fumes--and shoves her washer and dryer in front of the tunnel, to cut off the worst of the stench. She's quite strong. "I thought you guys might need some help," she says in her nasal voice. "Campus security's almost here. I told them to use Maple and not Oak Ave, but they disregarded my counsel and bla bla bla..."

>As she prattles on about school employee power rankings, you turn to Vertica, helping her pull the webbing off her mouth. The moment she does, she kisses you passionately, her mandibles grabbing your face and her tongue running over yours. She's pressed against you in a warm, soft pillar of gently yielding bug-fat.

>"You came after me," she says. "No other human would have done that. I'm just a bug."

>"You're not just any bug. You're--"

>"Your big, fat stick bug. Yeah, I heard." She tweaks your nose, smiling. "Did you really mean everything you said back there? About my weight?"

>You sigh. You two barely escaped a life-and-death situation, and she's asking you how you feel about the size of her ass.

>And this is normally the moment where you'd make some sort of big choice. Instead, as campus security arrives to take the unconscious Trappy into custody, you reach around and cup one plump stick-bug asscheek in the palm of your hand.

>"Oh, I meant it. Just you wait and see."

>End of Part 1

