

A V A T A R: “The Way of Burgers”

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Weight gain, brainwashing, IQ drain, substance use, intoxication kink, immobility, burping and flatulence/eructophilia, forced orgasm, force feeding, themes of cultural subversion, coarse language, graphic sex, big blue alien butts.



The world of Pandora was home to many natural wonders--species that had co-evolved for millennia as part of one vast, living, breathing organism. Eywa, the bio-energy spirit of the moon, pulsed and flickered beneath the surface of Pandora, lighting up the trees with bioluminescence at night and filling the jungle hills and valleys with a kaleidoscope of color.

When the humans returned, they burned all that beauty away. Replaced it, paved it over, sent their construction robots scurrying all over the burned forest with concrete sprayers and welding tools. Within weeks of the human race returning to Pandora, an entire section of the coast had been replaced with a thriving human city. Pandora had been colonized, permanently this time--and this time, there was no Jake Sulley to give the Na'vi inside intel on how to defeat his former species. Sulley had banished himself to the distant reefs of the Na'vi water-tribes, afraid to send his family--his children--up against the murderous power of Earth's military.

And so, when the humans began their new strategy to dominate the Na'vi, there was no one to warn them of its dangers. The humans had learned since their last brush with the native population of Pandora--despite a gap in technology between their species,

the Na'vi were perfectly capable of defending their home. The sheer death-toll of the last battle between humans and Na'vi still stood out in the colonial military as a crushing defeat. So this time, the humans didn't come with violence, they didn't come with flamethrowers, and mechs, and guns.

Instead, they came with billboards.

The Na'vi had a simple, flowing script of symbols they used in tribal records and in special rituals. This language had been decoded by human xeno-anthropologists, and one day Jake Sully's former tribe woke to see their own language flickering at them from a fifty-foot billboard, just outside the human city.

The billboard simply read "**FREE FOOD HERE.**" Nothing else, no advanced pitch attempting to convince the Na'vi that human intentions had changed. And yet... the forest folk were curious. Surely the humans couldn't be giving away food for free? Food was something to be hunted and chased down, something to be earned. Giving it away, on a dog-eat-dog planet like Pandora, seemed absolute foolishness.

Two Na'vi, Sayli and Vinaya, stood crouched in the undergrowth outside of the humans' prefabricated city. As they watched, construction-bots scuttled up and down massive lengths of girder, welding and riveting. Humans in simple, yellow-painted exo-suits wandered to and fro, carrying construction materials. Most of the city's edge was crude, unfinished... but there was one building, directly under the billboard, that was completed and bore a fresh, shiny coat of paint.

The building was brightly colored, with a neon sign on its exterior, bearing the same Na'vi lettering from the billboard. "FREE FOOD OFFERED HERE," and then something a bit more inexplicable: "Welcome to McEywa's!" And below that, a slogan that was clearly meant to be an appeal to peace: "Bringing Na'vi and humans together."

It was clear that the humans wished this "McEywa's" to be neutral ground. What the two Na'vi couldn't decide was whether to approach it diplomatically... Or simply attack.

Vineye, the older of the two, was a proud warrior Na'vi from the Red Banshee Clan, who bore crimson streaks of war-paint on her face and a charm made of

strung-together human bullet casings. She scowled as she watched white smoke emerging from the building.

"What fresh trick is this? Do they think us so easy to lure into the open? Pah! We will summon a war party, and burn this idiotic 'peace offering' to the ground."

Behind the older Na'vi, Sayli's tail swished with curiosity as she sniffed the air, eyes widening. She understood Vinaya's anger--the woman's mate had been taken from her in the first human invasion, a decade ago. There wasn't a day when Vinaya didn't mention Rakari's name, or visit his memory by connecting to Eywa. And yet... Sayli didn't think violence was the right answer here. After all, if something could be gained for the tribes, why not try a gentler approach?

"Easy there, Vinaya. The place isn't even guarded--I don't see any GAR soldiers there, or any battle mechsuits. Maybe we can stand to gain from this... offering."

Vinaya hissed, her tail lashing with frustration as her supple muscles tensed. Every inch of her twelve-foot-tall body seemed ready to tear into the humans' creations.

"Bah! You speak of gaining something from these monsters? They slew my mate in cold blood. I will *never* parlay with them!"

Sayli sighed. As always, Vinaya was utterly committed to the destruction of the humans. And yet... The cooking-smoke from the building smelled so alluring. If the humans were generous with their peace offering... Why not give it a try?

"Look, I'm just saying, let's hear them out. Maybe this time is different--maybe they'll keep to their city. And if they turn out to be lying, if they try and ambush us? Then we can slay every single human we can get our hands on, and vanish into the jungle. But let's try the calm approach first."

Vinaya frowned... but she nodded slowly, lowering her spear.

"Very well. But the *moment* I see a human soldier, I am going to put an arrow through his heart..."

They crept forward, crossing the band of fallen trees and ruined forest that marked the border of the humans' territory. Sayli felt her stomach lurch as she saw the still-smoldering fires of the humans' flamethrowers--how could anyone do such a thing to Eywa, harm her in this way? The world-spirit was sacred. Maybe she was being a fool, risking trusting these creatures for even a moment.

But the cooking-smoke smelled so good... and humans were such slow, clumsy creatures. It was likely they would have to end up stealing the food, and slay the foolish humans guarding it.

As they approached, however, a figure emerged from the low, squat building--another Na'vi, wearing a red uniform and a white apron. Both Sayli and Vinaya paused, weapons raised, as they regarded the newcomer.

The number of fingers was a dead giveaway--the mysterious Na'vi woman had five fingers, rather than four. She was not a true Na'vi at all, but an "avatar," a human using dark science to pilot a vat-grown Na'vi body with their consciousness. Sayli saw Vinaya's lips curl with disgust, her sharp fangs on display, and held up a hand.

"Woah, woah. She's not carrying a weapon--and if you kill her, it doesn't harm the human whose spirit she carries. Let's see what she has to say."

The false Na'vi approached to the edge of the fallen trees... and produced a notepad from her apron, and a Na'vi-sized pen. Her hair and neural braid were tied up in a bun, and she smiled cheerily at the two warriors, seeming unconcerned by the weapons they carried.

And why *should* she be worried? The human controlling this tall, lithe body was safely stashed somewhere in the fortress of human military HQ, behind metal walls. She was in no true danger here, and she knew it.

"Hi there! My name's Betty Sue. You two gals look like you could use a hot meal--why not stop and have a bite at McEywa's?"

Sayli and Vinaya stared at each other, confused. The drawling accent of the avatar sounded familiar, much like the accent of the monster 'Quaritch' who had once invaded

their homes. But instead of machine-guns and knives, this creature carried only a disarming smile... Very suspicious.

Vinaya shook her spear at the avatar, her bullet-charms jangling.

"Stop these tricks, creature! We know who you serve. We will not touch your evil off-worldeer foods!!"

Sayli held up a hand, stopping her. She slid her spear into a sheath on her back, and stood, holding out her open hands. The universal gesture for "I come in peace."

"Does the sign speak truth? Do you really ask no payment, for this food?"

Vinaya hissed, tugging at her arm.

"Sayli! What are you doing?"

Sayli shoved her off, baring her fangs and whispering to her companion so the avatar couldn't hear.

"We have not had a successful hunt in *days*, Vinaya. The humans' logging has driven off all our game--even our supplies of dried meat are running low. Use your brain--trading might not be the worst option for us, right now."

Vinaya spat derisively on the scorched earth... but shrugged.

"Fine. It'll be your funeral, when you get lured into an ambush here and killed. I'll do my best to protect you when this all goes sideways."

The avatar, for her part, seemed unconcerned by all the conspiratorial whispering.

"Free? Why, yes it is! The RDA is extending an olive branch to the people of Pandora--we understand our methods in the past were, ah, shall we say, uncouth. McEywa's is part of the 'Pandoran Promise' initiative. We want to build bridges with the Na'vi this time, not burn them down. Our people can cooperate for mutual benefit--and most human cultures, in ancient times, began cooperating by sharing meals. We thought we'd offer to do the same here on Pandora!"

Sayli raised an eyebrow. This was... unexpected. It seemed like quite a long speech, as well, if the goal was merely to ambush a couple of scouting Na'vi. A lot of resources to capture mere foot-soldiers of the Na'vi tribes. Was it possible this peace offering might be... Genuine?

She nodded at the building with its flashing ,alluring colors.

"How do we know you're not going to poison us?"

The avatar beamed, motioning at Sayli with her pen.

"You're a bright one, aren't you? We thought you might be worried about that. All food we give you will be sampled by a Na'vi avatar first--so you can see we're genuine. We really do want to build a rapport with your people, miss. Our first foray into Pandora was such an... *Unfortunate* misunderstanding. We believe humans and Na'vi can live in peace this time, share ideas and culture, and learn from each other. Please... Give us a chance to show you."

Sayli looked at Vinaya... and shrugged.

"I don't see any humans with guns, and I haven't eaten anything in two days, beyond bugs and berries. I think... we should give this a try."

Vinaya shook her head, ears flattened in agitation.

"I don't like it. I'll come with you... But I'm not eating a bite of their food. I'm no fool."

Together, the Na'vi advanced, coming within striking range of the avatar. But no ambush emerged--no humans with automatic rifles, no sweeping backdraft from an RDA hovercraft. Instead the avatar bounced on her heels, seeming delighted.

"Lovely! Just lovely. Oh, I forgot to introduce myself--I'm Betty Sue, I'll be your server today. Are there any particular foods here on Pandora you'd enjoy? We've done our best to prepare local dishes in the same way your own people might make 'em..."

Sayli grunted, still unconvinced... but saw no reason not to tell the woman. Her favorite food was hardly guarded Na'vi intel, after all.

"Uh... I'm partial to a Thanator steak, grilled with herbs and spices. We can't get such a luxury often, but the rare times when we do, it's delicious..."

The woman took a note on her notepad, nodding.

"Oh, I don't think you'll find any scarcity here, miss. We've got Thanator flank for days."

Vinaya stepped forward, hissing.

"I knew it. They've been killing Eywa's creatures to pave the way for this supposed 'peace offering'! We must destroy this place!"

The woman held up a hand, a sympathetic expression on her false Na'vi face.

"Hey now, slow your roll, tough stuff! We don't harvest Pandoran animals for our food here at McEywa's. We use *lab-grown* meat, see? All protein is cultured from the ethically harvested cells of Pandoran animals--but no thanators or direhorses were harmed, in the making of our restaurant. That's our solemn promise. You can tour the meat-growth labs at any time, if you wish."

Sayli winced--such a 'tour' sounded rather disturbing. But... She had to give the humans credit, for such a clever solution. They had gone out of their way not to harm Pandoran animals, an unexpected token of goodwill.

"Vinaya... settle. They're making real efforts, here. Show us your food, then--we are ready."

She tried to convince herself it was her hunter's cunning, tricking the humans into giving her food... and not the desperation of her eager, grumbling stomach.

The pair were led inside the building, which was a brightly-lit space with linoleum floors and spinning ceiling fans. Pandoran ferns and jungle fauna had been added here and there, to give the place an 'authentic' feel, and a few Unobtanium-levitated boulders

even spun in a circle over a central fountain. The overall energy of the place was relaxing--they were even playing soothing, soft Na'vi flute music over the speakers.

"Take a seat, girls, I'll be right back with your steak! Won't be but a minute."

The two Na'vi, still nervous, sat down in one of the many booths ringing the restaurant. As Sayli's loin-clothed rump touched the cool plastic of the booth seat, she relaxed a little, admiring the ambience.

"Well, this doesn't exactly seem like a vicious ambush, does it?"

Vinaya was unconvinced--arms crossed, she looked ready for action at any moment.

"Keep your guard up. They could attack us at any moment."

But instead, Betty Sue the avatar re-emerged with a steaming platter--it was indeed a Thanataur steak, ringed with garnish, the surface still bubbling slightly from its time in the instant McEywa ovens. A pile of seasoned potato wedges crowded the steak for room on the plate, the crispy-fried scent of them making Sayli's mouth water instinctively.

Betty Sue placed the dish in front of them, clasping her hands and bowing in a traditional Na'vi salute of respect. Her form and movement were way off--it was the sloppiest respect gesture Sayli had ever seen--but at least she seemed to be making the effort.

"Here you are, gals--enjoy! Oh, and of course, I'll sample it for ya..."

The two watched suspiciously as Betty Sue cut a chunk of steaming steak off the grease-dribbling flank before her, and popped it into her mouth.

"Mmm-mmm! Delicious..."

Vinaya watched carefully as Sayli piked up a fork and knife, and clumsily sliced off a piece herself... and as soon as it hit her tongue, her eyes widened with shock.

"By the Goddess... This is *amazing!*"

“Aww, thank ya kindly!”

Betty Sue beamed as Sayli tucked into the dish, Vinaya squinting suspiciously at the two of them. Sayli encouraged Vinaya to take a bite... and finally, she did, nibbling carefully at a piece of steak before nodding slowly.

“Alright, human... Perhaps not *everything* you make is foul and evil. But I’m watching you.”

The pair demolished the steak in short order, gobbling down the potato wedges as well. After finishing the decent-sized meal, Sayli felt moderately full... but with her appetite stirred, she returned to the menu options, gazing with curiosity on the available items.

“What’s a... Burger?”

“Oh, you’ll *love* that one, honey! Here, check out our menu—we’ve got all sorts of stuff on offer!”

She placed a small Human device on the table, and holograms of various foods began rotating in midair, Na’vi characters and phrases underneath them.

Vinaya hissed at it, but Sayli leaned forward, fascinated. She'd heard tell of such witchcraft in the clans--but she remembered hearing the humans used them to plan attacks, not offer "breakfast." Maybe things really were changing in the new Human administration...

In the end, the pair “sampled” almost everything from the menu, until finally there were plates scattered all over the table, empty wire-frame containers of French fries sitting with their wax paper crumpled and demolished, half-eaten burgers and partially eaten platters of *poutine* scattered here and there. The pair had also been introduced to soda for the first time, and while Vinaya found it too bitter and bubbly, Sayli happily guzzled down a large-sized coke and found it a lovely complement to the salty and savory foods on display.

By the end of their “sampling,” the pair were practically groaning with fullness, Sayli’s eyes bleary as she watched Betty Sue tally up her food.

“And your bill is... Free, for first-time customers! And here’s a couple of coupons for free meals if you ever wanna come back...”

Vinaya struggled to present as the tough warrior she was, but the sheer weight in her stomach dragged her down, slumping in the booth as she wagged a finger at Betty Sue.

“We shall never return to... **URRRP**, this den of trickery, human. Look what you’ve done to us! I can hardly... *huorrrp*, move...”

Sayli swayed in her seat, mouth smeared with grease, and grinned as she pinched Vinaya’s shoulder. She felt drunk with food, her body loaded with more calories than any Na’vi would normally have eaten in a month.

“Don’t mind her, Betty Sue. We thank you for your... **Urrrp**. Kind hospitality, and hope to see you again soon.”

The two of them rose with difficulty and staggered out of the restaurant, clearly blind-sided by the sensation of being almost painfully full. Betty Sue watched them go, her yellow avatar eyes full of malicious intent.

“See y’all soon... *Very* soon...”



Sayli and Vinaya returned to their dwelling in the mountains that day with full bellies, thoughts sluggish and slow, and with hearts full of confusion. Legend and the accounts of their elders told them the humans weren't to be trusted--and of course, Vinaya had her own reasons for hating them. But the food didn't appear to be poisoned... just very, very thick and heavy.

Sayli felt like a bloated-up pufferfish, the kind she sometimes saw in coastal markets, when she finally hung up her spear and collapsed into bed that night. Her dreams were filled with visions of the same food she'd spent the day eating. Mountains of it, rivers of that delicious bubbly beverage the waitress had called "Soda"...

When she awoke, she was ravenous. She met Vinaya outside of her hut as the sun rose over the floating mountains, and the two of them shared an uncomfortable, knowing look. Vinaya's stomach grumbled loudly and she blushed, tail lashing as she turned away.

"The elders have summoned us to a council," she said, refusing to meet Sayli's eyes. "They wish to hear of our *experience* with the humans. What fools we were to fall for their tricks! I feel like a Banshee swollen with eggs."

"Hush. We'll be fine. I'm sure they just want to debrief us..." Sayli swallowed nervously. "We haven't violated any tribal laws. Eating human food isn't a crime... I think."

The pair ascended the floating mountains to meet their tribe's elders, wizened and wise older woman who stared into crystalline pools at the heart of an Unobtanium crystal cluster. Around them, mystical light danced, reflected off the mineral deposits of the mountain.

Sayli and Vinaya bowed to their elders as they entered, and knelt in front of the pools, with the most senior shamaness squinting curiously at them.

"You have fraternized with the humans, young ones. And after they have killed members of the tribe, in the past! Normally this would call for punishment... but we have discussed among ourselves, and decided peace with the humans might be better than war. For now."

Another shamaness nodded, pointing with her gnarled staff towards the crystal pools.

"Our seers' eyes are clouded, on this aspect of the future... Eywa will not make this decision for us, nor advise us on how to proceed. She is testing us. Therefore, we will allow you to return to the humans' trading post, and continue making peace with them, if you wish. We pray to Eywa that this will stop the destruction of the forest..."

Surprised, Sayli nudged Vinaya, who was in full "warrior mode," her chest puffed out. She whispered in Vinaya's ear as the Shamaness dismissed them.

"See? I told you it wouldn't be so bad. Now let's get back to McEywa's, I want to see what this 'pizza' thing is all about..."

—

The following day, the pair returned to the restaurant, Sayli feeling much less nervous than she had the previous day. There was hope for her world—for her people. If they could simply trade with the humans, instead of warring with them... This place, silly as it was, could change everything. As they waited outside the door for the restaurant to open, Sayli licked her lips, realizing she was already salivating.

"My mouth is watering already. I can't wait!!"

Vinaya frowned, hand on the hilt of her knife. She was still distrustful... although the loud growling of her belly seemed to cause her to soften, looking pained.

"I have to admit... the humans are monsters, but they certainly make delicious food. I was hardly able to sleep last night, thinking about it. And I have hungered all day--not the usual hunger before a hunt. This feels... different."

She licked her lips, sharp white canines showing. Sayli nodded in agreement, shifting from foot to foot uncomfortably, her loincloth blowing in the wind.

"I feel like I could eat a whole Raptidon. Ugh. When are they opening?"

As if beckoned by her words, the neon OPEN sign lit up in the window, and a familiar figure opened the door, her tail swishing eagerly.

"Well howdy there, girls! Back for more? Come on in!"

The nervous pair shuffled inside, Sayli still balking at the gaudy colors and bright fluorescent lights. But then the smell of frying potatoes hit her nostrils, and suddenly it was all she could think about.

"Oooh, that smells *amazing!* What is that?"

"Oh, that's just breakfast cooking. You two are just in time for our breakfast menu--an all-new addition to McEywa's!"

Sayli blinked, her large yellow eyes narrowing.

"Break... fast?"

Betty Sue nodded, her beehive hairdo bobbing.

"That's right, darlin! We serve breakfast all the way till noon--after that, it's our combo lunch and dinner menu. Here, let me show you what we've got..."

Sayli leaned in to examine the modified menu, eyes dancing over the countless options on display.

"Oooh, this looks good... And this, and this, and this... Can we have one of those too? Ooh, and what is a 'mimosa'? Some kind of drink?"

Betty Sue winked at her, tapping the holograms as Sayli picked them out.

"Oh, a mimosa is a human invention. Delicious, intoxicating spirits combined with fresh orange juice... I promise you'll love it."

When she walked away from the table, Vinaya leaned over the booth to her fellow warrior, looking suspicious.

"Spirits? As in, intoxicants? We shouldn't drink that, Sayli--we need to keep our wits about us, in case they turn on us!"

"Relax. If they were going to attack us, they would have done so yesterday. Besides... Aren't you curious?"

Vinaya settled back in her seat, annoyed... but from the sound of her stomach, still very hungry. Luckily, she didn't have long to wait.

As it turned out, "breakfast" was just as heavenly as all the other meals this place served. Piles of fried eggs, a sugary disk of batter called "waffles," and similar things called "pancakes" all drenched in a sugary, sludgy coating of "syrup." And there were sausage patties, eggs benedict, breakfast grits covered with cheese... So many dizzying new things went past her lips that Sayli rapidly lost track of them all.

And the mimosas! Absolutely delicious. By the end of her first one, Sayli felt pleasantly warm and relaxed. By her fourth, she was giggling like a child, teasing Vinaya as the older Na'vi chowed down on a huge mouthful of bacon, her eyes wide and obsessed.

"Careful, sister, you don't want to choke! Stop being such a *pig!*"

Vinaya swallowed her bacon and gulped greedily from a mimosa, her blue throat bulging. She'd already pulled ahead of Sayli, downing six of the drinks, and her slurred words and clumsy movements spoke to how hard the liquor was hitting her.

She never drank spirits, not even at tribal gatherings, but it appeared she was willing to make an exception for this "special mission" from the elders.

"Me, a pig? Look who's **URrrRP**, talking... Your stomach makes you look like you're with child!"

She reached across the table and poked Sayli's middle with a fork, leaving bacon bits behind mixed with syrup. Sayli looked down and to her surprise, saw Vinaya was correct--they'd been eating so long her belly was noticeably distended, as if she were carrying a fresh litter of Na'vi.

"Damn, you're **URRP**, you're right... I wonder who the lucky father is? *Hahahah!*"

The two of them fell apart into tipsy laughter... and then dug back into their food. Sayli was full, absolutely stuffed, but for some reason she felt compelled to eat more. She had never had such rich fare, not even at the most resplendent marriage-feasts, and her body was howling at her to hoard these delectable calories for later--as many as possible.

By the time they stumbled out of the restaurant, bloated to the gills, the pair were quite drunk and had swollen, heavy stomachs bulging out from their normally sleek waistlines. Sayli fumbled an old stolen human communicator out of her buckskin bag, speaking into it and signaling back to the village elders the results of their "investigation."

"This place is GREAT. Can we come back tomorrow? Oh, I should ask Finati to come too, she could use a nice filling meal after that painful fall during the flying races..."

Meanwhile, Vinaya waved at the slowly receding Betty Sue, grinning stupidly.

"Maybe **URRP**, humans aren't so bad after all. Ooof... Guess we don't need to hunt today, either..."

Back at the restaurant, Betty Sue watched them stumble into the jungle, supporting each other. She tapped a smart-watch on her wrist and spoke into it, watching the overfed pair of Na'vi vanish into the foliage.

"The locals are taking the bait, General. I think it's time to add a few more items to the menu... We've got two *very* satisfied customers today, and I wanna make sure they're even *more* satisfied tomorrow."

Her eyes gleamed as she watched the round, retreating buttocks of the two Na'vi, their loincloths now unable to hide the noticeable jiggle of their rears. The Na'vi would never know what hit them... because Humans had spent hundreds of years refining the arts of pleasure, and the head of the RDA had decided on a new tactic.

"Yes, come on back you two... 'Betty Sue' is gonna keep you *nice* and satisfied."

—



Several weeks later...

“Sayli...”

“**Urrrp...** yes?”

“I do not think we should continue coming to this place.”

Sayli paused, her fangs inches from sinking into a fresh burger—her third of the day, and loaded with every possible topping imaginable. Betty Sue had even drizzled melted cheese on the bun, at Sayli’s personal request.

“What do you mean?”

Vinaya shifted awkwardly in her seat, her eyes finally moving from the TVs on the ceiling... although she could only distract herself from them with difficulty, it seemed.

“I think this place is making us a bit... Soft.”

“Soft?”

Sayli looked down at herself. She was, in fact, quite full from her last two burgers... and it showed. Her stomach pooched out under her new **I ♥ MCEYWA’S** T-shirt, and her blue, iridescent thighs seemed... wider. Plumper.

“But the food, it’s so...”

“*Good*, yes, I know. That’s what concerns me...”

Vinaya leaned forward, her ample chest—a little more ample these days, now that Sayli noticed it—mashing up against the booth table and shoving aside a number of empty burger trays, fry containers and empty soda cups.

“Sayli... We’ve been eating this stuff for *weeks* now. Every day, instead of hunting. And we’ve been spending longer and longer here. I just think... maybe it might not be a good idea to eat so *much* of the human’s food. We both look like Ravage Bears, all fattened up for winter!”

Sayli blinked, glanced at the burger in her hand, and then down at herself again. It was true, she was getting a little... rounder, lately.

Her figure had filled out, and her stomach was now a permanent round bulge at her waist, rather than a temporary bloat that passed away quickly. Her leather loincloth and top were both overfilled with soft, plump azure flesh.

“I guess... *URRP*, we may want to take a break. Perhaps it’s not such a good idea to rely on the humans for all of our—”

“Who wants *sundaes*?”

Betty Sue arrived suddenly, as if from nowhere, carrying a platter with two huge glass goblets on it—each one filled to overflowing with ice-cream, a treat Sayli knew well by now and practically salivated for, every time she saw it.

“Ooh, yes, I *love* these!!”

Sayli snatched both of them from the platter before Vinaya could protest, and immediately dug a spoon into hers, ignoring her unfinished burger. Grease and cheese were delicious, but ice cream called to her like some kind of mythical siren—she was absolutely rabid for it.

“Enjoy, girls!”

And with a wink, Betty Sue vanished, her blue tail disappearing back into the kitchen. Vinaya scowled after her as she went.

“She keeps doing that... I don’t like it.”

“Don’t like what, now?”

Sayli, completely distracted, was taking huge bites out of her sundae.

“Sayli! Can’t you see? They are softening us up. Making us lazy and complacent!”

But Vinaya took a heaping bite of her sundae anyway, gobbling it down, ice cream dribbling out the corner of her mouth and down her soft-looking, almost *round*, new chin.

“I’m going to prove it. I’m going to catch them at their little game, somehow. I *know* that human is sinister, I just know it...”

“Oh, stop being such a worry-wart, Vinaya. Can’t you appreciate that we’re making *peace* with the humans, at last? Mmm. Delicious, delicious peace...”

Vinaya allowed her fears to subside... but she still felt a tremor of unease through her body as she watched Sayli glut herself on frozen dairy and sugar, ice-cream dribbling down the plump Na’vi’s chin and dripping into her blue-striped cleavage.

“Rrgh... Very well... But I’m going to go back to hunting *normally*, soon. As soon as we’re done exploring the new dessert menu...”

But in a day or so, she forgot about this goal. Vinaya couldn’t be bothered to go chasing Hexapedes through the woods, when there was so much *free* food available at the restaurant. And besides... her best friend was having so much fun, she couldn’t bear to tear Sayli away from her new joys.

And so they ate... and ate. And ate.

And inside their bodies, their stomachs expanded, bodies growing accustomed to the massive influx of calories. Eagerly, their Na’vi frames packed on more weight, their genetics assuming this was a time of plenty. And with every new pound, more and more hunger hormones were generated by the humans’ DNA-tailored food additives... the vicious cycle was picking up speed, and the human scheme had barely begun.

It wasn't long before Betty Sue debuted a new feature of the restaurant—what she called the “back room,” a cozy carpeted chamber with low lighting and a pair of luxurious reclining chairs, sized for Na’vi.

The lithe server guided Sayli and Vinaya into the room, the pair still licking sugar and salt from their fingertips. Hovering, unobtainium tables rotated beside each of the chairs in the chamber, Vinaya raising an eyebrow suspiciously at the low lighting and cramped confines.

“What is this?”

“This, honey, is one of our Streaming Rooms. A new feature we’re rolling out to entertain our Na’vi tribal friends...”

Betty Sue moved to one of the chairs and patted it. A holographic display sprung up, with a number of Na’vi letters on it.

“Humans have been making what we call ‘movies’ and ‘television shows’ for many hundreds of years. We’ve got entire libraries of entertainment, for the discerning Na’vi who shows an interest in it... Or who wants to relax in our beautiful *vibrating chairs*.”

She pressed a button and Vinaya flinched as the chair began to buzz and shiver.

“Don’t be scared, now! Go on—try one of ‘em!”

Sayli, as always, was the first to take the plunge. Her curiosity wouldn’t allow her to pass up such a strange opportunity to explore human technology, and she sat down, leaning back... and immediately groaned with almost sensual pleasure.

“Oh, Vinaya, this feels *lovely*. You have to try this!”

Vinaya squinted suspiciously at Betty Sue... but sat down anyway, suddenly relaxing as the vibrations eased through her.

“Oh, my... That *is* rather nice...”

Betty Sue tapped a menu option and a projector switched on, showing a holographic rendition of a sitcom on the wall. Sayli cooed with intrigue as the camera swept over a suburban human neighborhood... but Vinaya scoffed, unimpressed.

“Vapid, silly human garbage...”

But within a few minutes, the two were entranced by the saga of a bumbling human suburban dad, who served as a comedic foil to his wife, who Vinaya and Sayli both agreed was the wiser human of the pair. As more and more bizarre characters were introduced, a ghostly off-screen tittering began.

“Betty Sue, what is that sound?”

“Oh, that’s called a ‘laugh track,’ honey. Tells ya when to laugh. Oh, would you two like some refreshments? Nachos are done...”

And she rolled in two carts, bearing massive bowls of tortilla chips with cheese, ground meat, jalapeno slices and sour cream drizzled all over. The pair immediately began eating, trained by now that whenever the sound of the cart’s rolling wheels approached, that meant “time to eat.”

Vinaya scoffed, cheese bits spraying from her mouth as she waved a greasy hand dismissively at the TV.

“Humans need instructions to tell them when something is *funny*? Truly pathetic. No wonder we pushed off your invasion with ease...”

The slightest hint of a twitch appeared on the corner of Betty Sue’s mouth... and then vanished, as quickly as it had appeared.

The two Na’vi women, absorbed by the antics onscreen, didn’t even notice. Betty Sue’s trademark jolly, Southern smile returned to her face, the valley-girl accent lilting a little heavier than usual.

“Just one thing, girls... The Streaming Rooms have to be *rented*. Management says the overhead is too much money to maintain—we’ll have to ask for something in trade.”

“Aha!”

Vinaya sat up straight, her face triumphant. She pointed at Betty Sue accusingly.

“At last, human, you show your true colors! What do you want? Our land? Our children? Our *blood?!?*”

Betty Sue held up her hand, seeming affronted.

“What? No, why would we want that? We just ask for one single microgram of Unobtanium, to rent a room this size for a day. A chunk about *this* big, for reference.”

She held up a tiny nugget of Unobtanium, the silvery wad of ore barely wider across than Sayli’s fingernail. The anger and suspicion in the room faded, Sayli raising an eyebrow.

“That’s... It? We have so much more than that in the mountains, entire canyons’ worth, that’s nothing to us—*ow!*”

She yelped as Vinaya slapped her tail with a hand, the older Na’vi motioning for her to be silent.

“We will... Pay this toll, human, but just for today. We are valuable huntresses for our tribe—we can no longer afford in such distractions. After today, we will no longer be coming to your restaurant.”

Betty Sue nodded, her face sympathetic, understanding.

“Hey, I understand, you’re busy girls. Oh, speakin’ of which—we thought it might be a little more hospitable of us to send you home with somethin’ today. When ya leave, I’ll give you each a full carryout bag—in case y’all want a midnight snack later! Or in case your friends want a sample of our cuisine!”

Vinaya rolled her eyes.

“Our tribe will never give up their inherited dishes for this. No offense, human—your food is very good, but we do not eat such things in Na’vi villages. We live off the land, each catch harvested by hand. My people would have no interest in such fare.”

But, as it turned out, she was wrong.

The takeout bags were a major hit, the Na’vi eagerly scarfing down pizza and poutine, the whole tribe fascinated by the delicious new food. At first people were frightened of it... but after Sayli had a few mouthfuls, they became more trusting.

The next day, several more Na’vi women came to McEywa’s with the pair, and a few men. Each were delighted by the same wonders Sayli and Vinaya had enjoyed, and soon the restaurant was packed to the brim with scantily-clad blue frames, Na’vi tucking into the dishes of their choice with gusto. The place began to feel like a *real* restaurant, now that at last, it wasn’t just the original pair.

There was a buzz of excitement about the whole place, and Betty Sue was joined by a number of new avatar waitresses, all of them sweet and respectful and patient like Betty Sue... and very, very eager to serve the Na’vi as many fattening treats as they could eat.

Days passed, with the restaurant becoming more and more popular by the day. The streaming rooms were heavily used—a single gram of Unobtanium was a small price to pay, and while there was some grumbling about “thieving off-worlders,” soon a regular flow of the precious metal was coming into the building. Na’vi relaxed and watched their favorite TV shows, laughing with mocking glee or gasping in amazement. A special deep-fake option allowed those who chose to change the human characters to Na’vi, and the technology was quite precise—you could see every length of braid in high-def.

It wasn’t long before Betty Sue announced their intention to expand the restaurant.

“Ex... Expand?”

Sayli's face rose from the overloaded chili-dog she was currently gobbling down. She arose as if from a dream, her brain foggy, mental processes slowed by how much sheer mass of food was crammed into her body.

And what a body it had become: plump, curvaceous and round-bellied, with heavy, thick thighs and a soft, plump neck. Even their tails were growing thicker, chubbier as they scarfed down enormous mouthfuls of human food. Betty Sue's eyes lingered for long, eager moments on these new features as she delivered her spiel.

“That's right, honey! We're building an all-inclusive resort strip out here—we're going to have massage parlors, nail salons, a casino or two, a bar...”

“Massage... Parlor? What is that?”

Betty Sue laughed, as one might good-naturedly chuckle at the question of an uneducated child.

“Why, that's a place where you go to relax and get a rub-down, darlin'. A good *masseuse* will just squeeze and rub all the stress right out of you.”

As it turned out, the “Strip” came together with frightening speed. The auto-construction robot swarms employed by the humans did their job efficiently and skillfully. Soon, the skeletal frames of buildings were replaced by freshly painted, neon-lit facades: taverns like the TIPSY THANATAUR and the COCKED ARROW were opened, with avatar bartenders and servers welcoming the Na'vi into their lavish interiors.

Betty Sue had been right—the bars were soon followed by massage parlors, and hairdressing facilities, and large gambling-houses overseen by avatars.

The days passed slowly... and from the perspective of the Na'vi tribes, quite tensely. Every tribe within a hundred miles of the New Earth settlement knew the dangers of fraternizing with humans—many tribes refused to investigate the “Strip” at all, even though a small contingent of their number were now patronizing the restaurant. But slowly, Na'vi began to trickle in... and the desert sidewalk of the Strip soon hummed with activity, almost like a small city.

For a very small payment of unobtanium, the tribes of Pandora could now experience the most luxurious of human pleasures. And quickly, word spread of the wonders and delights of the Strip. Avatar stripper girls bounced and twerked for Na'vi men in a stripper bar; across the street, a male-stripper institution did the same for women with male avatars. Liquor flowed freely at both establishments, and soon drunken Na'vi were seen often stumbling out of the strip clubs, their bodies craving a big, carb-heavy meal.

The rates of hunting in the local forest began to drop. Even the Tul'kun riders of the coast, enticed by tales of human generosity, began leaving their whale-riding enclaves and exploring the Strip. And in time, the Strip began to *change* them. Instant pleasure and food, constantly available, for a negligible price... The temptation was too strong to resist. And Sayli and Vinaya were at the crest of that gluttonous wave, riding it through every new perverse delight the humans presented them with.

“What do you wanna do now?”

“Gosh, I dunno... *urRRrrp*, wanna hit the VR parlor again?”

Betty Sue had allowed them to take items from the restaurant “on the go,” as she called it, and so Sayli was slurping from a PANDORA GULP XXL Slushie, while Vinaya rummaged through a bowl of fried chicken.

After weeks of gorging at every single table and bartop on the Strip, the pair had flown past "chubby" and into a territory no Na'vi had occupied in history: Genuinely *fat*. Their buttocks were swollen and meaty, wobbling with cellulite; their stomachs swelled and bulged and dangled over the waistbands of the new "beach clothes" they had been given. A tropical-patterned beach skirt and pink tank top adorned Vinaya's bulging body, while Sayli's curvy frame was stuffed into booty-shorts and a fetching white blouse.

Once, the Na'vi had made their own clothes, from beast hide and sturdy plant fibers. Weaving and leatherworking were ancient Na'vi arts, honed to beauty in the jungle. But now, the easy availability of "fast fashion" allowed them to skip all that labor--all for the price of a little unobtanium.

As such, nearly every Na'vi on the Strip was clad in revealing, scanty "human fashion" clothing: tank tops that revealed soft cleavage, booty shorts that displayed the rump quite fetchingly, and tube-tops that left little to the imagination. Bikinis grew common, as Na'vi women spent more time lounging on the Strip's artificial beach or floating in its wave-pool.

A life of leisure with clothing, food and entertainment all pre-made was much easier and more appealing than a difficult life in the jungle. And with new, fully furnished apartments and condos opening on the Strip, the Na'vi were now able to get a taste of the good life long-term. And none of them suspected any of the dangers involved in such a trade-off...

There was an electronic *bling* from Sayli's waist, where a bejewelled phone-case hung, and Sayli's attention was immediately drawn to it.

As part of their new enjoyment of the Strip, the Na'vi had been provided smart-phones, since most of the businesses there used QR codes and required an ID. Within weeks, every visiting Na'vi was glued to an addictive screen, scrolling through the Na'vi-only social-media networks that the RDA had set up for them. Social media had long ago been banned or regulated on Earth to prevent over-use, but the Na'vi were not protected by any such laws... and so, inevitably the Na'vi were drawn into the digital sphere, absorbed and obsessed the same way the humans' ancestors had been, centuries ago.

"Mmm, the VR parlor can wait, a cute male just texted me..."

"Ooh, let me see!"

The two wrestled over Sayli's smart-phone for a moment, with the older Na'vi eventually wrestling it away. The pair were rendered out of breath by even this small exertion, and Vinaya paused to regain her composure before she peered at the tiny screen.

"Oooh, he's a *hunk!* Mmm, if you ever feel like sharing him, let me know..."

"Give that back!"

"I'm not going to message him back... He sent me a picture of his groin when he messaged me, ew."

Sayli fidgeted awkwardly, blushing, and then panicked as she saw Vinaya scroll through her photo gallery looking for the aforementioned member.

"Ooh, he's a BIG one! Send me his page, I want him if you're not having him..."

"S-stop it, give that back!"

Through a camera installed in a nearby trash can, Betty Sue watched the pair, watching in grim satisfaction as the two Na'vi jiggled around, struggling with the phone.

This shameful image was duplicated on grainy, flickering hologram screens inside a secret bunker, far below the Strip. Far from the glittering lights and pulsing club music, dozens of humans in an atmosphere-sealed chambered pored over images of bloated Na'vi, adjusting menu items, increasing calorie counts, monitoring security and keeping order on the Strip.

Over it all, the *real* Betty Sue stood, disconnected from her avatar. She was a wide-hipped and sturdy-shouldered RDA soldier, her cocoa-brown features split with a giddy and vicious smile below a frizz of dark hair. The screens lit her with a ghostly glow as she watched all her plans come together. It was working... her operation was really working. And they'd called her crazy in the RDA intelligence meetings.

"Look at those two. Biology department says the healthy weight for a Na'vi is three hundred, *maybe* four hundred pounds of solid alien muscle and bone... How much are these gals weighing in at?"

One of her RDA agents checked the databanks. Around the two of them, countless other RDA men and women worked around the clock, holo-screens flickering, to make sure no Na'vi went without the new "five star service" of the Strip...

"Hidden scales in the restaurant booths clock them in at... almost five hundred pounds each, now. Easily a hundred and fifty over the recommended 'healthy' weight for a member of their species..."

Betty Sue whistled, pulling out a lollipop from her uniform pocket and unwrapping it. She'd developed a bit of a sweet tooth, as had a number of the workers who staffed the Strip--suspicious Na'vi newcomers were constantly asking them to taste the food in order to make sure it wasn't poisoned.

Betty Sue, for her part, had grown a bit softer during her shifts, eating Strip food between "hospitality sessions" where she demonstrated Strip technology or oversaw operations in the Control Room of the operation. A newly rounded booty filled out her camo combat leggings now, and a soft potbelly bulged against the inside of her RDA uniform. But none of the other RDA members were going to criticize her on this. "Operation White Glove" had been her brainchild, after all, an idea so perverse and depraved that at first the RDA had refused to approve funding for it.

But Betty was one of their best intelligence officers, and as it turned out, she'd been right--the Na'vi were easily seduced by human pleasures, flocking to the Strip, abandoning their hunting practices and their forest enclaves bit by bit. The customers spent more and more time at the Strip and less and less in the jungle, the home of their ancestors.

Betty Sue smiled as she imagined the final result: all the Na'vi on Pandora crammed into cities like this one, all of them too distracted, entertained and obese to offer any meaningful resistance...

"What's the latest projection on cultural collapse, girls?"

"Computer estimates only four to six months. Faster, if we keep adding new menu items. These Na'vi crave novelty--they've never been swamped in opportunity like this before, they're clearly hungry for more..."

Betty Sue nodded, her brown eyes shrewd as she watched the various camera feeds of the Strip and "Little Pandora," as the city-sized chunk of surrounding condos had come to be called.

"Get the culinary design team on the horn. I want new recipes rolling out every day--the most fattening slop you can cram down their throats. Burgers with fried chicken for a bun, taco pizza, new types of beer. Complimentary beer hats, fountains of Blue Cheese dip. I want these greedy, fat blue fuckers stuffed full, twenty-four hours a day..."

Her assistant coughed awkwardly, others turning to her as she asked the question that was on all their minds.

"Commander, some of our covert agents in the Strip staff have been receiving... sexual advances, from Na'vi customers. Both the men *and* the women. How would you like us to proceed?"

Betty Sue peered at her, and there was an audible tension in the Control Room. You didn't question the Commander's "grand vision" lest you wanted to be assigned to the masseuse parlor, where fatter and fatter Na'vi were showing up every day, asking for deep tissue massage on their rolls and to be fed while getting rubbed down. In other words, it was a sweaty, oily purgatory that nobody wanted to be assigned to.

"Lietenant. I said to deny them *no* pleasures they might ask for. Is that correct?"

The Lieutenant swallowed, nodding as Betty Sue's cold eyes bored into her.

"Y-yes, Commander. I'll let the employees know to... respond positively, to the attention."

"Good. See that they do."

Betty Sue turned back to the screens, enraptured.

"Our agents may complain, Lieutenant... but please remind them, it's a direct choice between *this*, and battling these cat-faced assholes in the bush. I've seen the Na'vi in action, out there in the woods—they're killing machines. Lost my whole squad during the first invasion, and I'm not eager to lose any more. Understood?"

"Affirmative. I'm sorry, ma'am, I... didn't know that."

"Yes... Well. It's war, Lieutenant. These things happen."

The normally stony-faced commander of Operation White Glove bit her lip, holding back a tide of bitterness.

“My point is. I'm sure our agents would *much* prefer being playthings for horny Na'vi, over squatting in a jungle trench for ten or twenty years while we drive 'em all out.”

On the screens, Betty Sue watched her perverse paradise unfold, her bitterness fueled by the chaos and hedonism of the Strip.

Na'vi relaxed in massage chairs, lounged by the pool, and gorged at the buffet, loading their plates up with lab-grown meat and 3D-printed seafood and steak tips, all identical to the real thing. It had cost a fortune to produce the food tech and train all her agents in the culinary and hospitality arts--but it was paying off.

The Na'vi were eating their culture away, one bite at a time, and thanks to all her dizzying distractions and the introduction of alcohol and porn into their lifestyle... well. The Na'vi were losing the war, and not a single shot had been fired. The methods were unconventional--and, Betty Sue admitted to herself, even deviant and perverse--but they were getting results. RDA Command would be proud, if a little disgusted, at the outcome of her work.

And they were only getting started. The twisting of Na'vi identity was a work in progress... and Betty Sue would relish every bit of it.

This 'll teach you to kill my friends, you dumb, greedy savages...



As more and more Na'vi entered the Strip and partook of its pleasures, the RDA began sending ‘diplomats’ out to visit the forest and ocean tribes. Corporate sponsors

carrying propaganda, offers of peace, offers of prosperity. Olive branches, extended from a seemingly gentle hand.

Salyi and Vinaya's tribe, the Red Banshees, was the first to fall to the humans' seductive offer. The offer was simple: agree to a peace treaty, and all the costs of the services at the Strip and in Little Pandora would be steeply dropped. Elders concerned about the flow of Unobtanium out of the mountains were placated by this peace gesture, although some younger warriors dissented.

Yet, the treaty went forward... and soon, the village of the Banshees was nearly emptied, countless Na'vi moving into the Strip for a cushy new life far from the harshness and brutality of the jungle.

But not everyone was willing to go along with the slow surrender to the humans' technology.

A small group of Banshees, led by the scarred and deadly warrior Geshaka, departed quietly in the night with their weapons and a small amount of native food--determined to reach the other tribes and warn them how bad things had gotten. How many of their fellow warriors had grown soft and lazy in the custom-made Human city. The people needed to know the truth: that inside the humans' white glove of servitude, there was the same old iron fist.

Small, blue, fan-headed Hexapede deer fled in advance of the war party as they sprinted through the jungle. Unlike their more easily seduced counterparts, these Na'vi had not fallen to the temptations of the Strip--they remained muscular, strong and lithe, their nimble blue bodies speeding from branch to branch as they darted ahead.

These Na'vi still disdained the pre-made clothes of the Humans, wearing their loincloths and leather tunics, sacred beads and braid attachments jangling as they fled the village of their ancestors.

"Hold... I smell something."

Geshaka, the leader of the war band, held up a fist and the Na'vi all dropped into a crouch, keen yellow cat's eyes scanning the darkness for enemies. But the Na'vi had no

way of knowing that the humans had been waiting for an escape attempt... and that they'd come prepared.

Small chunks of sod and foliage popped up, revealing them to be trapdoors connected to Human bunker ladders. Dozens of ghillie-suit-clad humans leveled sniper rifles at the Na'vi... and a hail of metal darts whizzed through the jungle, peppering the unsuspecting warriors.

Geshaka was hit by several of them, and leapt back with a snarl, sweeping the hypodermic darts out of her arm. But it was too late--a curious numbness and sleepy sensation spread from her arm to the rest of her body.

"Retreat--back to the village! Back to the... to the..."

But she couldn't keep her eyes open. The ten-foot-tall warrior tumbled from the low-hanging branch she'd been standing on, flopping into the undergrowth. And as her vision faded, she saw Humans approaching with mobile stretchers... and restraints. The shiny visors of their gas-masks reflected the moonlight eerily as they moved Geshakk's motionless body onto a stretcher.

"N-no..."

When she finally awoke, stirring from her drugged slumber, Geshakk found herself suspended in midair, some kind of harness holding her limbs splayed out in a starfish pattern. She was nude--her breasts, small but ample, swayed back and forth as the Na'vi thrashed in her bonds. Her tail, the only part of her that hadn't been restrained, lashed furiously.

"Monsters! Where am I? Release me!"

Lights flickered on, and she saw she was in a Human lab, with a huge metal cage around her, securely anchoring her many restraints. An ominous silver tank with a hose attachment sat in front of her... and a small, dark-skinned human with frizzy hair and a menacing gleam to her eye was emerging from a door nearby, flanked by white-coated scientists.

"You're in paradise, my dear... Relax a little. This is your mandatory vacation, and I am the captain of your pleasure cruise."

"What nonsense--Release me! Human bitch!"

Geshakk redoubled her efforts, but the cage merely swayed back and forth on hydraulic joints, clearly built to withstand such treatment. Her limbs could kick and tug with a fair amount of loose movement, and the binds weren't so tight as to squeeze her circulation--in fact, they were padded, perhaps for comfort or resilience. That seemed... odd. Goosebumps ran up Geshakk's bare back as the human woman touched a switch on the tank, and it hummed to life.

"You just *had* to run, didn't you, honey? We could have made it easy on you. All the food and porn and entertainment you could ever want, all tailor-made just for you, with our advanced algorithms. But no... You had to try and get out of Dodge. Now we have to bring you along with this program *manually*, and I warn you, it's gonna be a little uncomfortable."

"What are you... What is that thing?!"

Betty Sue's eyes glimmered with cruelty as she picked up the hose attachment, which had several straps on it. A glutinous, thick blue liquid trickled from the end of it.

"This is called 'Agent Blue.' It's a special cocktail of calorie supplements, taste enhancers, and narcotics that I brewed up myself. It is chemically calculated to be the most delicious and addicting thing your Na'vi neurochemistry has *ever* tasted. Now... Are we gonna give you your medicine the easy way, Geshaka, or the hard way?"

Defiant and furious, the Na'vi warrior spat at Betty Sue, unable to do anything else. The saliva splattered into Betty Sue's hair and she touched it with a finger, snorting with annoyance.

"Hard way it is. Tech team--hook up the artificial braid to her cranial cord. Let's see how tough she is when we're inside her mind..."

The lab-suited, gas-masked team members moved around to Geshakk's side, where she couldn't see them. They were lifting her neural braid, sliding it into some kind of

tube... and then she felt warm, sticky threads of Pandoran neural-link tentacles questing their way up the tube, into the waiting tiny tendrils of her neural braid.

Those soft fronds embraced her own, and suddenly a wash of pleasurable sensations ran up Geshaka's neural braid and into her brain. It was unnatural, it was depraved, it felt...

Amazing. It was like a warm bath and a massage and getting her loins kissed and licked, all at once. It was overwhelming and shocking and humiliating and she was ashamed to admit, she *loved* it.

Struggling against the overpowering sensation, she growled at Betty Sue, still thrashing. Betty Sue raised an eyebrow, seeming impressed.

"That's more resistance than Project Mindfuck *usually* gets, damn. She's a strong one--turn up the intensity!"

"How many intervals?"

Betty Sue's vicious smile, like a Cheshire cat, filled up Geshakk's view as the intelligence agent craned her face up at her captive.

"Up to maximum."

"But... Commander, maximum power can cause severe side effects--she may not be useful for interrogation, once we--"

"I don't want *information* from her, you moron, I want *compliance*. Up to maximum!!!"

And the scientist obeyed, sliding a glowing hologram meter up to one hundred percent at a nearby console.

Geshaka was furious, fighting through the fog of pleasure, teeth gritted even as her pupils dilated larger and larger.

"I'll never surrender, human, I'll n-never... Oh, by the Goddess, *mmmfuuuuuck...*"

And she went limp as an absolute torrent of pleasure deluged her nervous system, the artificial neural link dumping dopamine and serotonin and erotic hormones into her system, her personality slowly drowning in pleasure. Geshakk felt herself going under, and her last thought was for her warriors, before she was utterly submerged in forced bliss.

"M-my... my war band... I have to... Need to find them... *Mmmmgoddess* ohhh, oh yes, oh yesss...."

"Don't worry, honey. They're having little 'vacations' of their own, sweetheart. And soon you'll all be together again. Once you've put on a little weight, of course... We've put quite a lot of subliminal messaging into the Na'vi's smartphones, to convince them bigger is more beautiful. And you *do* want to be beautiful, don't you?"

Geshakk, utterly deluged in the most delicious heroin-liked sensations her body had ever experienced, simply hung there and twitched and drooled, moaning as a long chain of orgasms slowly wracked her body.

"Mmm, I thought so. Now eat up, skinny... It's dinnertime."

The hose was eased into her mouth, the straps fitted around her head. And the hydraulics forced Agent Blue into Geshaka's mouth, the sweet and thick and cloying substance gushing down her throat.

She offered no further resistance, drinking mindlessly as Betty Sue beckoned more scientists forward, one of them lubricating an oversized dildo which crawled along on four robotic construction-mech legs.

"*Therrrrre* we go. That's my good kitty. Drink your milk for me. Alright folks, let's take things to the next level! I want continuous monitoring of her higher functions--if she even *thinks* a coherent thought, turn up the Agent Blue stream and force orgasms out of her until that thought goes away! Understood?"

She crossed her arms and watched with vicious glee as the scientists went to work, one raising an oversized vibrator on the end of a gripping-handle to buzz Geshakk's dripping loins. The pleasure-drunk Na'vi bucked and moaned, the tiny dots of

bio-luminescence along her body flickering as she was pulsed with raw delight over and over.

"By the time we're done with her, she'll be singing the Strip's praises... and then we can either release her into gen-pop, or keep her down here for the Final Phase. My vote is on the latter..."

Meanwhile, up above, the Na'vi continued their descent into depravity. At the head of the Strip, a massive casino had been erected, the LUCKY LEONOPTERYX, with a gigantic holographic Banshee dragon flapping above its glittering golden-domed pyramidal roof. The massive doors at the front, surrounded by bars and restaurants, were abuzz with Na'vi in varying states of obesity.

Like children set loose in a candy factory, the formerly dignified and noble Na'vi gravitated to the buffets and taverns, fat blue stomachs pressing up against the bar or oozing over the tops of restaurant tables. Slim, cheerful avatars serviced every single business, smiling reluctantly as drunken Na'vi men squeezed their asses or whistled at them.

Several businesses had leaned into the increasing libido and lack of decorum, dressing their avatar servers in scanty outfits specifically to attract the more licentious Na'vi crowd. Bloated, drunken Na'vi stumbled through alleyways and made out with each other in the corners of pulsing, colorful nightclubs. The Strip was becoming a den of vice and depravity... exactly as Betty Sue had designed it to be.

Inside the LUCKY LEONOPTERYX, Sayli was planted firmly in front of the slot-machines, her eyes glazed over and reflecting the flickering colors playing across the brightly lit screens. She had not exactly slimmed down these last few weeks: a constant diet of fattening Earth food and complete sedentary lifestyles, planted in front of her apartment TV and the special "screening rooms" of the Strip, had not exactly done wonders for her figure.

Of the two of them, Sayli had always been the more energetic one. But now she was sluggish, slow and lazy, rarely leaving her couch at home. The key had been moving

onto the Strip permanently: Sayli had a weakness for trashy television and finger-food, and with full-time access to both, she rarely left her apartment anymore, except to waddle out on drunken "girls' nights" like this one. But several weeks ago, Vinaya had stopped going out, preferring to “relax” in her condo.”

As such, Sayli was alone on her gambling journey tonight, her massive body overflowing the stool in front of the slot machine. Sayli had blimped up to a porcine nine hundred pounds, the hourglass Na'vi shape now buried under rolls and rolls of blubber. At ten feet tall, she was still quite mobile, even with all the extra fat... but her confident stride had turned into a slow waddle, and she rarely went anywhere these days without a drink in her hand.

Her bright pink booty shorts, with the word JUICY printed on the ass, were stretched to the limits by an absolute dump-truck ass that overflowed the tightly stretched fabric, saddlebag flaps of blue fat jiggling every time Sayli shifted her weight in her seat.

The rest of her hadn't fared much better. A massive apron gut dangled between her legs, and her thunderous tree-trunk thighs jiggled as she reached for her sixth margarita of the morning. Her plump lips wrapped around the spiral-shaped pink straw, and she guzzled down the intoxicating, salty-sweet beverage, her already overloaded stomach groaning with protest as she gulped even more alcohol on top of her five heaping McEywa breakfasts and several hot-bar meals.

Belching wetly, she set the drink on top of the slot machine and reached for the handle again, inserting a small nugget of unobtanium into the PAYMENT slot near the base of the machine.

"Come on, honey... Mama needs a new pair of **EURRRRP**, designer sunglasses... **HURLLP...**"

Her flabby biceps wobbled as she pulled the lever again... and again... and again, her pink sequined tube-top barely holding in the mass of her fattened cleavage as she leaned forward, eyes desperate, licking her lips.

The dopamine loop of the slot machines had completely enchanted her, and it had never occurred to her in her drunken, overfed state that the RDA might have rigged the

machines to only give a bare minimum payout of unobtanium once the machine had been fed a sufficient amount.

The "random" nature of the machines was like catnip to the stimulus-greedy Na'vi, desperate for more nuggets to spend at the bar or at the club--and the machines always paid out less than was inserted into them. But eventually, if you sat there long enough...

DING DING DING. Three cartoon Dire-Horses lined up on the spinning white wheels, and the machine flashed brightly, spitting out a small payout of Unobtanium coins, the new currency of the Strip.

"Fuck yes! I knew I was gonna **URRRP**, get lucky today!"

Sayli eagerly fumbled the coins into her designer purse, swaying a little from the influence of her morning binge. Then she noticed one of the Blackjack dealers, eyeing her with interest from across the casino.

This handsome avatar was dressed in a form-fitting white shirt, black vest, bowtie and pinstripe slacks, and he was putting up a sign that said TABLE CLOSED as several Na'vi poker players staggered drunkenly away. He winked at her, and Sayli's body warmed with a flood of aphrodisiacs that were injected into every alcoholic drink on the Strip.

Oooh, thought Sayli to herself, biting her lip as she ran her eyes up and down his muscular form. *Hey there, handsome...*

She wanted this man, *needed* him, and she would not be denied. Heaving herself up unsteadily from her seated position, she waddled--well, stumbled--towards the blackjack table, skirting a small herd of obese Na'vi women on mobility scooters. Plenty of Na'vi had adopted their use on the Strip, far too lazy even to walk now. But Sayli would never sink to such depths. She was still a proud Na'vi warrior, even if she was... well, a little *softer* than she'd once been.

But her half-buried insecurity about her size fell away as she leaned against the blackjack table, belched heavily, and jiggled her bust at the avatar with absolutely zero subtlety.

"Hey, there, *HIC*, hot stuff... Come here often?"

Minutes later, the two of them were in a cramped bathroom stall, having the sloppiest and most trashy sex possible. Sayli was bent over the toilet, her chubby hands planted against the wall, getting an eyeful of the local graffiti as the avatar pounded her from behind, her booty shorts around her plump cankles.

"F-fuck yes, fuck me harder, HARDER! *Rnngh!*"

Their neural braids were linked together, tendrils twining around each other. She could taste his lust through their connection--and, below that, his scorn.

She was just an afternoon fling to him, another bloated Na'vi cumdump he would plow and then abandon like he'd done to every other fat cow he'd fucked this week. The old Sayli would have found this insulting, infuriating... but the new Sayli, fed a steady diet of the most depraved Earth porn imaginable, found it kind of hot.

She liked being a "fast and loose" woman, coupling with as many men as possible, using them just like they used her. No deep emotional attachment here, no marriage ceremonies performed with tribal paint in the eyes of Ey'wa, the goddess of Pandora. Just lust, passion, and the slapping of his toned body against the broad, fat expanse of her ass.

Contraception was free in the Strip, and STDs were a long-gone relic of the past thanks to the RDA's medicine--so she wasn't concerned when he dumped a hot, fresh load of cum inside her, both of them growling and moaning and twitching as he filled her fat-buried womb with spunk until her FUPA dripped and oozed his seed.

Slowly pulling out, he squeezed and jiggled her ass, relishing the hefty wobble of those tiger-striped blue cheeks.

"If you want more," he said, panting in her ear, "I'm off shift in a few hours. Meet me under the loading dock out back. Mmmm... And feel free to bring some friends, if you want. The more, the merrier..."

Sayli nodded eagerly, breathing heavily, her pupils dilated with the sheer amount of sex-hormones coursing through her system. Exhausted from even this simple act of

coitus, she slumped against the graffiti-covered wall, and didn't speak as he squeezed her ass again and departed, bathroom-stall door banging shut behind him.

By the Goddess, I fucking love the Strip...

Sayli drunkenly staggered out of the stall, noting with amusement the sound of sex coming from several other stalls.

Nearby, a potbellied Na'vi woman was slumped on the floor, drinking alternately from a bottle of Jack Daniels and a bottle of Jose Cuervo, her RDA-branded bikini top slipped down to reveal one flabby breast, her skirt ridden up to expose her lacy pink panties.

Sayli genuinely considered sliding to the floor and asking to share the bottle--she had learned to love whiskey during her time on the Strip. Maybe her drunken friend down there might appreciate some sloppy seconds? But something stopped her as she wobbled towards the woman: the sight of herself, caught in the bathroom mirror.

Makeup smeared, braids disheveled, her clothing askew... And by the Goddess, had she gotten even *fatter* these past few days? Her dangling belly was getting dangerously close to her knees, her thighs rubbed constantly and her breasts looked more like udders than anything else these days. And her face...

She slumped against the sink, staring at that fat, round, pampered face with its smeared mascara and dark purple lipstick.

Her face looked... wrong, to her, and for a moment she couldn't place why. And then she remembered the day she and Vinaya had sat by the waterfall, and braided each other's hair over the crystalline pools there, in the light of the stars.

They'd been sisters back then, in everything but name, fresh from the hunt, two muscled and powerful Na'vi women in their prime, laughing and checking their reflections in the pool to see their new braid arrangements...

The woman who stared back at her from the mirror now bore no resemblance to that hunter. Where the Sayli of the forest had been lean and feral, this woman was puffy,

bleary-eyed from alcohol, her enormous double chin framing a face that had done nothing but eat, drink and suck cock for months.

Her flabby, jowly cheeks made her lips pooch out in an artificial pucker due to their sheer size. By the Goddess, even her *forehead* was getting fat...

For the first time in many weeks, the ghost of shame rose from Sayli's soul, making her shrink in shock from the bloated mess in the mirror. What had happened to her? She'd been so focused on enjoying herself, relaxing at the Strip's countless pleasure dens... She'd rarely stopped to consider the damage she was doing to herself. It had all been so fun, so delicious, so enticing... And Vinaya had been with her every step of the way, buying into it right alongside her.

And where the hell *was* Vinaya, anyway? Once upon a time, the two had been inseparable, battle sisters and hunters, rarely seen outside each other's company. But ever since Vinaya had put a down payment on a condo in Little Pandora, Sayli had seen her less and less... and when she *had* seen the woman, she'd been steadily more enormous, dull-eyed and gluttonous. Not much fun to hang out with.

In Eywa's name... What has happened to us?



The Strip had happened, of course. For the first time Sayli began to view the dangling rolls bulging off her body with suspicion... even fear.

Sure, the Na'vi men seemed to enjoy her body well enough--after millennia with nothing but skin and bones, a sudden feast of full figures drove the menfolk of her former tribe wild. But with this body... How could she ever hunt again? How could she stalk prey, live off the land? The heritage of the Na'vi, the heritage of Pandora, had been stripped from her, one pound at a time...

She pulled a handful of Unobtanium coins from her purse and stared at them, sobering rapidly. The outsiders had always wanted this precious metal... and now, in exchange for sinful delights, the Na'vi were happily handing it over. Just like the RDA had always wanted.

They hadn't killed anyone to get it... but the bloated, spoiled Na'vi waddling up and down the Strip would never return to the forest. They were too seduced by the pleasures here, too distracted by porn and liquor and food to ever want to carry on the ways of the Goddess. With dawning horror, she realized... her species was being *domesticated*.

"I... I have to do something..."

The drunken Na'vi woman on the floor stumbled upright, took a slug from her bottle and offered it to Sayli.

"Do shumthing? You look like you, *HIC*, need to do some shots, sister! Here you go..."

Sayli recoiled. Five minutes ago, she would have happily complied—but now, things were different. The warrior inside her, dulled by liquor and pleasure, was stirring awake again.

"N-no... I'm good, thanks..."

Shoving the unobtanium back into her purse, Sayli waddled out to the floor of the casino. She was no longer aimless, jiggling along from bar to bar... now she was walking with purpose. With intent.

The potbellied Na'vi watched her go, and then tapped the communicator in her ear, opening a channel to Betty Sue's Control Center.

"Agent Jack Daniels here... I think we've got a runner. Requesting a capture team. No, don't dispatch them yet... I'm not sure if she's worth the effort."

The avatar's eyes narrowed as she watched the door swing shut after Sayli's massive, jiggling buttocks.

"But we'll need to keep an eye on her. Activate facial-recognition cameras and make tracking her priority-one for this district. Over and out...."



Sayli called Vinaya almost a dozen times, but the hunter Na'vi's phone rang to voicemail every time. She sent frantic messages, but they all remained unread.

"Curse you, Vinaya, pick up..."

Arriving at Vinaya's apartment complex, Sayli was met by the sight of several drunken Na'vi women sagging out the building's double doors, their swollen bellies jiggling over too-tight miniskirts and booty shorts. The human tradition of "pregaming" before going out had hit the Na'vi particularly hard--it was rare to see a Na'vi leave their home these days without being under the influence of *some* intoxicating substance or other.

In her gathering horror, Sayli realized this had probably helped to accelerate the "prosperous" waistlines of her people. She herself had drunkenly staggered into a number of barbecue joints and emerged swollen and groaning, too tipsy to stop herself from gorging like a wild Direhog...

"They're turning us into *pigs*. I have to get Vinaya out of here..."

For thousands of years the Na'vi had lived in harmony with their their planet. For thousands of years they had weathered asteroid strikes, natural disasters, brokered peace between warring tribes... and now, in a few short months, it had all fallen apart. And all it had taken was a white-gloved hand, extending a burger on a platter.

Sayli felt her stomach churn and wasn't sure if it was disgust at what her people had done to themselves, or possibly, the five lunches she'd gobbled down, still settling in her guts.

She waddled into the condo complex, thighs chafing from the sheer amount of walking she'd had to do today. Usually she took a mobility scooter between buildings on the Strip, but now she understood this was just another tool to strip away Na'vi independence--if her people grew too fat to walk, they'd be much too fat to do *any* real resistance when the humans seized Pandora for their own.

Inside the sleek, stainless-steel building with its artfully placed Pandoran plants and glowing plasma-screen TV ads, Sayli discovered she had a problem.

Both the building's elevators were blocked--one by a stalled mobility scooter whose owner refused to dismount, the other crammed by a Na'vi woman so incredibly fat that her massive bulk had jammed her in the too-small gap of the elevator doorway.

A number of smaller, plump Na'vi struggled to extract her, with a human avatar Na'vi looking on in what seemed like amusement. Sayli noticed the avatar wasn't lifting a finger to help--the woman seemed to be relishing the obese Na'vi's predicament. Gloating in it.

The elevators weren't an option, and Sayli realized with a jolt of terror that she would have to take... *the stairs*.

Once upon a time, climbing an entire mountain would have been merely a morning's diversion for her. But this Sayli was not the old Sayli, and she had had put on a few pounds since then. The prospect of exertion terrified her--she was too big to climb anymore, maybe too big to even try without collapsing.

But... Her friend needed to hear the truth. And maybe together, they could escape this terrible place...

"Okay... The stairs it is."

With much trepidation, Sayli found her way to the stairwell, which looked dusty and disused. Placing one plump hand on the railing for support, she took a deep breath, steeled herself... and began to climb.

Vinaya's apartment, she knew, was on the fifth floor. After a single flight of stairs, Sayli was huffing and puffing, sweat rolling down her flabby sides, panting and gasping. After the second flight, she was wheezing heavily, leaning on the wall, her legs shaking.

She hadn't done this much exercise in... Well, nearly a year, if she was honest with herself. She'd been so content to lie back, let the humans serve her every need and indulge in every pleasure imaginable. What a fool she'd been.

The whole time, they had *wanted* the Na'vi fat and complacent. This whole time, the humans had been waiting for the Na'vi to simply eat their way into a self-imposed defeat. And by being one of the first customers of McEywa's, Sayli had helped make that happen.

She herself had sung the praises of human food, assured her people it wasn't poisonous, invited hunters and gatherers alike to share in the greasy bounty offered by the humans. She hadn't done it intentionally, but she had betrayed her people. She'd practically shoved burgers into their mouths, herself.

By the third flight of stairs, she needed to pause, struggling to stand, struggling for breath. Her massive, flabby frame quivered as she clung to the railing for dear life. At that moment she smelled a familiar skunky scent and saw a shadow in the stairway...

"Hey there, big girl. Care for a toke?"

It was one of the human avatars, clearly on break from hospitality work, her too-tight maid outfit showcasing an ample pair of hips and an overflowing bust. She had her hair tied back in a simple bun, and was puffing on a smoldering joint.

Sleepy-eyed and smiling, she proffered the joint to Sayli... who thought she saw something flicker behind those eyes, some trace of malign intelligence under the stoned exterior.

Sayli's blood ran cold. Sure, marijuana was a common sight on the Strip, a vice she and her people had embraced wholesale... but it seemed too much of a coincidence that an avatar would just happen to be here, in her path. No, someone had sent this human to sabotage her.

Sayli thought back to how many times a human avatar had conveniently showed up when she or Vinaya were *just* coming out of a drunken bender... offering more beer, more decadent fast-food or simply a bump of cocaine. Sayli had taken them up on this offer so many times, too greedy or perhaps too naive to realize how odd it was that the humans were *so* helpful, *so* kind. Naturally, their help had come with a price...

She glanced up and saw a security camera in the corner, its black iris telescoping as it zoomed in on the two of them. Pretending she hadn't noticed it, she turned back to the avatar, extending her hand.

"Uhh... Sure. Thanks, sister..."

She puffed deep, not wanting the human to get suspicious. They passed the joint back and forth several times, until the human seemed satisfied and leaned against the wall, grinning.

"That'll do you good, huh? Great stuff."

"Yeah... It feels... Great, wow."

This part, at least, was true. A warm and fuzzy feeling of well-being spread through her entire body.

What had she been so worried about, again? Something about a human conspiracy to fatten up her species? It all seemed so vague now, so silly. Maybe she should stay a while, and hang out with this human, share some more delicious drugs with her... The avatar was *pretty*, too, and it had been almost a full hour since Sayli had gotten laid.

Her body, spoiled on constant pleasures, was already whispering how tired she was, how badly she just needed a stranger's mouth on her pussy...

"N-no," she muttered, dizzy and confused. "G-gotta focus..."

"Focus on what, babe?"

But Sayli was already moving, hefting her massive body up the stairs, fighting Pandora's gravity with every step.

Her heart slammed against her ribs, breath wheezing out in short spurts as she struggled onward. The weed did have one beneficial effect--it allowed her to ignore the discomfort of being covered in sweat, monstrously out of shape, and relentlessly, distractedly horny.

"Gotta get... to Vinaya... *Huff, WHEEZE, huff...*"

Down below, the human avatar blinked and spoke into her smart-watch, eyes tracking Sayli's enormous jiggling ass as it slowly wobbled upwards.

"Agent Reefer to base, the sedative didn't work. Deploy the capture team."



By the time she reached Vinaya's floor, Sayli had nearly passed out from exhaustion, shaking and whimpering with effort. She felt ready to collapse, vision swimming, heart thudding... and gas brewing inside her body as it was stressed beyond any recent efforts. She took a moment to steady herself... and then waddled to Vinaya's condo door, leaning heavily on the wall with one fat, sweaty hand.

The hydraulic door hissed open, and a wall of unpleasant scents hit Sayli's nostrils. The stench of body odor, sweat, stale food... and a disturbing undercurrent of flatulence.

"Vinaya? Hello?"

The place was a mess; beer cans lay everywhere, scattered in corners like oversized shell casings. Tank tops, tube tops and other discarded "fast fashion" clothing,

all splattered with foodstains, lay everywhere. Selfie sticks and “grabber sticks” hung on the wall next to the door, beside a disused mobility scooter.

A curious shadow on the dark wall drew Sayli’s eye, and her breath drew in with a gasp: it was Vinaya’s old hunting equipment. Mounted up on the wall, covered in dust, were her old spear, bow and quiver.

Her shield wasn’t there... but when Sayli turned a corner, she found it in the center of a ruined kitchenette, on a large stainless-steel kitchen island. The shield had been used as a pizza plate, slices of pepperoni all over its ancient tribal crest.

Sayli’s stomach turned; the worst part was, there was a part of her that respected the practicality of this. Her new “domesticated” personality thought this was a great idea, while the old Sayli was nauseated by it.

Past the ruined kitchenette, in the poorly-lit living room with blinds down and automated roomba-style robots picking up filth, Sayli found her old friend.

Vinaya lay there wheezing, in the dark, surrounded by the glow of screens. She was like a massive blue pyramid of lard, her rolls and folds cascading in a mound-like structure of stacked-up flab. Sayli could barely make out where her flabby torso ended and her flabby limbs began; all she could see of Vinaya’s legs were a pair of fat blue feet and cankles, sticking out from under an impossibly colossal and gelatinous blue gut.

That gut dominated Vinaya’s entire shape: addicted to human pleasures, she had gorged her stomach on them until it dwarfed the rest of her with its size. Ominous gurgles and wet splorches from inside the heaving dome of flesh told Sayli that Vinaya was digesting perhaps a dozen meals in there. The odorous warm funk of the room was further fouled by thick, wet belches emerging from Vinaya’s drooling mouth and the occasional rumble of flatulence from between her titanic, beanbag-sized ass-cheeks.

There was a VR helmet on her head, the straps digging into the fat flesh of her upper face, her braids messy and disheveled. Her neural link was attached to a strange, box-like device resting on her gut. Occasionally the box would hum and glow, and Vinaya’s bioluminescent skin would flicker and pulse, the monstrously obese Na’vi moaning erotically around mouthfuls of the chili-dogs she was cramming into her face as fast as she could.

“Mmmf, grmmff YESH, mmmfuck, more more more... Computer, URRRP, turn up the vibrationsh, please... **URRRP**, yesshhh that’sh good... And more men in the orgy simulation... **HUORRRP**, hello there boysh... Mmm**UORRRP**...”

Frrrt... FRUMPTTF... FRRAPPTF.

Disgusted, Sayli circled what was left of Vinaya’s recliner, most of it crushed and smashed under her bulk. From the buzzing sound underneath Vinaya’s belly, it sounded as if the “special relaxation mode” was still working, though a high-pitched whining sound suggested Vinaya’s flabby body might crush this mechanism soon as well.

Like a fat housepet, Vinaya had gorged herself lazily inside the cage that had been built for her... and now she was far too fat to walk. Or hunt. Or do *anything* to meaningfully resist the humans...

Sayli wanted to rip the VR helmet off Vinaya’s head, berate her, curse her for helping consign their species to oblivion. But... What was the point?

Her friend was so far gone, so seduced by the humans’ addictive pleasures, that there was little chance of bringing her back now. Besides, *how* was she planning to get Vinaya out of here? It was patently obvious her friend’s engorged, immobilized frame wouldn’t fit out the front door.

And on top of that... it would be hypocrisy for Sayli to berate her friend, when *she herself* had fallen for the exact same trap. Sayli looked down at herself, feeling a tremor of horror as she realized: *This could have been her*. Another few months of human indulgences, and she would have ended up just like Vinaya. A mindless blob, gorging on pornography and junk food and all the pleasures her massive body could hold...

And again, the “new” Sayli whispered from inside her, traitorous and lazy: *It doesn’t look so bad, does it? Kind of relaxing...*

“N-no. Never...”

She backed away, and turned to run back out Vinaya’s door. *Ugh*, she thought to herself, *running. I’m not sure if I even can, anymore...*

But when she made for the exit, there was an avatar standing there, ample hips and bust framed in the light from the hallway.

Betty Sue.

The human mastermind smirked, her Na’vi fangs showing as she looked the sweaty, bloated Sayli up and down. Behind her, mercenaries with heavy rifles squinted through dark sunglasses at Sayli. Unlike her, the avatars were all fit and well-toned... more than a match for a fat, out-of-shape glutton.

“Well, well... Lookie here, fellas,” said Betty Sue, her southern drawl intensifying as she relished the moment. “We’ve got ourselves a little *fitness junkie*. Walked *allll* the way up those stairs, didn’t you? So inspiring. I’m sure your people will take your example and start walking again...”

She checked a data-pad at her waist, chuckling.

“Nah, who am I kidding... Walking is going to be a thing of the past, soon, for all the Na’vi. Thanks to you and Vinaya...”

“Monster!”

Sayli was no longer the swift hunter she’d once been—but the blood of ancient Na’vi warriors still pounded in her veins, even if it was laden with cholesterol and artificial bovine hormones.

She grabbed one of Vinaya’s old spears from the wall and hurled it at Betty Sue, whose eyes widened in surprise as the spear caught her in the shoulder with a heavy **thunk**. Blood jetted from the wound, splattering the wall.

“Gah! This one still bites, fuck! Bring her in, boys!”

The mercenaries advanced on Sayli, who dropped instinctually into a fighting stance. But her body, so heavily laden with fat that even waddling was exertion for her, would not obey her commands swift enough to even hint at a chance of victory.

She swung desperately at the men, viciously, and even managed to bite one on the arm, her chubby cheeks jiggling as she sank her teeth in with all the ferocity of her ancestors. But they overpowered her with ease, her muscles weak and limbs flabby from disuse, and pinned her to the wall.

Then one of them took out a familiar-looking white box... and slid Sayli's neural braid into it. She felt the telltale tickling sensation of another braid linking with hers, and a strange warmth spreading up her braid and into her spine....

“Fuckers, g-get off, me, get off–*Uhhhh!!*”

A wave of pleasure like nothing she'd experienced in her life washed over her, every pleasant neural feedback in her entire body going off all at once. A tsunami of bliss rushed into her brain and she went limp, her eyes wide, pupils dilated. With their blubbery enemy overcome, the mercenaries quickly dragged her into the hallway and strapped her to a stretcher.

Betty Sue watched the whole affair as a mercenary avatar applied first-aid to her wound, the Na'vi spear clattering to the ground for the last time. It would, Betty Sue suspected, never be raised in war again—kept in a museum, maybe, for future generations of humans to goggle at, wondering how the mighty Na'vi had become the bloated domesticated consumers they were today.

“Damn, they've still got some fight in them, even after hundreds of pounds... If she'd tried that the first day she walked into McEywa's, she probably would have killed my Avvy and shut down the whole project...”

“Don't worry, ma'am,” said one of the mercs, leaning over Sayli's prone form. “Her vitals indicate she's calming down. Neural overload really does a number on these savages...”

Betty Sue rose with a wince and peered down at Sayli, the Na'vi's huge dangling belly rising and falling with her breath. Their captive was utterly zonked out, captured in a pleasure-world of her mind's own making, the artificial neural braid hijacking her higher functions and keeping her in an orgasmic bubble of imaginary delights that would have made even the most ambitious pornographer blush.

“Funny... We spent so much money, so much ammo, fighting to dominate the Na’vi’s bodies, when we should have always gone after their *minds*. A neural uplink evolved for millions of years to join with the planet’s biosphere... Such an easy hacking point, such an obvious weakness...”

Betty Sue grinned, squeezing Sayli’s belly, jiggling it. The blue fat undulated and Sayli squirmed in her bonds, an aroused whimper squeaking out of her drooling mouth.

“And all it took was a little R&D to calculate the most pleasure you can possibly shoot into it, and *bam*. No more noble rebellions for you, missy. You’re *mine* now, all mine.”

She straightened, watching Sayli’s vitals pulse as visions of impossible, Elysian bliss danced through her brain and kept her mindless, dull and placid.

One of the mercs, a woman with a Marines baseball cap and black tank-top, prodded Sayli’s bloated thigh with her dart rifle.

“Should we take her down to the sub-levels and add her to the farm? I hear stock shares are soaring on Na’vi milk, now that production has stepped up...”

Betty Sue shook her head... and a vicious expression crossed her face.

“No. This one gave me a scar, Corporal. She deserves a place of honor... and I’ve got just the place in mind.”



Eating. Orgasm. Eating more. Orgasming again.

Life was so simple. Life was... By the Goddess, life was *amazing*. Sayli loved her life so much. The buzzy sensation on her loins at all hours, the endless, delicious food shoved into her mouth by helpful human hands. Chew, swallow, chew, swallow. Cum so hard her eyes rolled back. Chew, swallow, chew, swallow. Cum again.

Life was bliss.

But then the fog in her mind began to dissipate. Sayli found her faculties coming back, although she immediately longed for the mindless bliss she'd just felt...

“Where... **URRRP**... where am I...”

She felt... heavy. So very, very heavy. Straps and pulleys covered her—she could feel them digging into her. But they were digging into... new parts of her, parts she didn't remember having.

A surreal sense of being displaced went through her as she registered how *huge* her body was. She could see two flabby, useless arms to either side of her face, strapped in by restraints. She was dangling horizontally, her stomach facing down, and she could feel its immensity brushing the cold steel of the floor.

Around her was a white room, humans in lab coats with gas masks checking meters, avatars filling canisters and tubes with strange fluids. One was labeled DAQUIRIS, another MIMOSAS, a third CHILI WITH EXTRA BEANS. A foul smell surrounded her... and Sayli realized with muted disgust that it was coming from *her*.

FRRRRUMPTFFF.

“*Dirty* little girl, aren't ya? Pee-yew...”

Betty Sue stood before her, in the “flesh,” without the aid of an avatar, her small hand on the dial of the white box where Sayli's braid was inserted.

The brown-skinned, wide-hipped human seemed so small and frail in her yellow mech suit... But when Sayli struggled to reach for her, those useless strapped-up arms barely jiggled.

“Oooh, still fighting deep down in there, huh? I like it... So cute.”

Betty Sue walked her mech up to Sayli’s face, took off her mask... and kissed Sayli on the mouth, her small lips meeting the Na’vi’s flabby face with mixed passion and vitriol. Even in her obese state, Sayli could have bitten her, could have attacked—but she was too surprised, shocked by the glee with which the human trailed a tongue over her chubby lips and double-chin.

Betty Sue put her gas-mask back on, wrinkling her nose.

“Oof! What a stink, though. I’m surprised your customers don’t complain...”

Sayli’s voice, when she tried to use it, felt raspy from disuse. How long had she been out? How long had she been “under,” subjected to a tide of constant mind-crushing pleasure?

“My... customers? Urrgh, so f-full... **URRRP...**”

FRAPPPTFF.

Betty Sue winked at her, patting one doughy jowl.

“Yes, sweetie. Turns out your men get a little bit excited when we keep them constantly fed and liquored up. And we gotta make sure the customers on the Strip are satisfied, don’t we? You’ve been *so* helpful with that, these past few months.”

Sayli frowned. Those words seemed so familiar... Strip. Customers. Why did she only half-remember all of this?

“You... What did you... Do to me...”

“Do to you? Only what you *begged* us to do, sweetie, once we got your braid linked up. We *fed* you. We’ve been feeding you and fucking you for weeks, and my my, you *are* a greedy one! Even worse than your friend, Vinaya. You’re draining a hundred tanks of slop a day and half that in booze, and we’ve only just started genetically modifying you for a bigger intake...”

These words hit Sayli like physical blows. She did feel full, *terribly* full, bloated and swollen and heavy with food, her mind sluggish and sleepy. But surely she wouldn't have gluttoned herself so recklessly... Surely she would have fought back...

A scientist waved Betty Sue over to a computer monitor, and on the monitor Sayli could see a plump Na'vi man, stumbling into some kind of pink-lit pleasure den with hanging velvet curtains. He had a beer bottle in one hand and was fumbling with his loincloth with the other... unfastening it. He tapped at a holographic display, scrolling through names in Na'vi script.

One of them was Sayli's.

"Ah, speaking of which. Here comes your next customer now. Let's get your mating-pheromone mix going, I want you to be ready..."

Before Sayli could ask any questions, Betty Sue tapped a button and a fine pink mist descended from overhead.

Sayli coughed, feeling the vapor tickle the inside of her nose and throat... and suddenly she was *very* much in the mood to mate. Her loins burned with need, her body was filled end to end with ravenous desire. She didn't just want to mate, she wanted to *fuck*, she wanted it more than anything.

She struggled to maintain control over her desires... but they broke free, running rampant, and she whimpered and struggled against her suspension harness as her whole flabby frame quivered with desire.

Betty Sue saw her jiggling and gasping, and squeezed one of Sayli's dangling breasts, the mass of swollen mammary-fat soft and velvety in her tiny hand. When she flicked Sayli's exposed nipple, the Na'vi actually *squeaked*, obese legs kicking and fat-laden tail flopping. Betty Sue nodded, seeming satisfied.

"She's ready. Open the glory hole."

The suspension harness creaked as it moved along the ceiling to a nearby wall. A hole in the wall contained a metal iris... which opened, letting pink light leak through from beyond.

“Team... Give us some mood lighting and music, would you? I would hate for her not to be *comfortable*, during her first sober session in weeks...”

The science team obeyed, lowering the lighting and putting on some erotic R&B over the speakers.

Through her drugged haze, Sayli saw a male Na’vi member, dangling from a plump FUPA, on the other side of the glory hole.

No, she thought distantly, this isn't right, this isn't how courtship is done. There must be ceremonies... There must be rites, it's the way of the ancients...

And then her newer self, the self that had been growing in power since her first bite of Betty Sue’s food, came roaring to the fore and pushed her better angels out of the way.

Fuck the ceremonies!! I want cock, I want to FUCK, I want to suck and eat and cum and fart and be nothing but a horny gasbag slut for all the men in the world!!

Astounded by her own lusts, Sayli struggled to keep these depraved desires contained... but then Betty Sue inserted her braid into a pleasure-box, and all her resistance crumbled.

She became nothing but an animal again, an obese sex-machine writhing in her restraints, her massive body bouncing and wobbling as she opened her mouth for what she knew was coming.

The drunk Na’vi man shoved his cock through the hole, and Sayli pounced on it like a starving Thanataur on a vulnerable Hexapede. She inhaled the cock all the way to the back of her throat and then further, ignoring the gag reflex, gagging on it, deep-throating the man and bobbing her fat face on his phallus as fast as she could.

Schlorp, schlorp, schlllp...

“Mmmmf, *mmfffyesh*, mgg1fff...”

PFRRT, FRRT. FRMPTFFF...

In her throes of ecstasy she lost control of her flatulence as well, and the room filled with a heady mix of mating pheromones and digestive gases as the immobile Na’vi gorged herself on cock until the male finally came down her throat.

She was almost disappointed when he left... but to her bliss, another male immediately showed up. And then another. And another.

Sayli sucked them all off without a single word, without prelude and without romance, a slobbering horny mass of fat with twin purposes in life: to eat and to fuck. And right now, she was *killing* at doing the latter.

Betty Sue watched the massive slut debase herself, guzzling semen until her belly groaned with it, until it dribbled down Sayli’s multiple chins in a grotesque sloppy pearl necklace.

The human intelligence agent was seeing the fruits of her labors at last... just a short year ago, this Na’vi had been strong, and lithe, and powerful. And now she was nothing. Just a fat gasbag sucking cock, keeping the Strip’s terrible appetites satiated.

One Na’vi at a time, one greasy fattening feast at a time... they would do this to the whole damn moon. Subjugate and devolve each and every Na’vi, until nothing was left of the old Pandora.

All it would take, was time... and a whole lot of burgers.



~END~