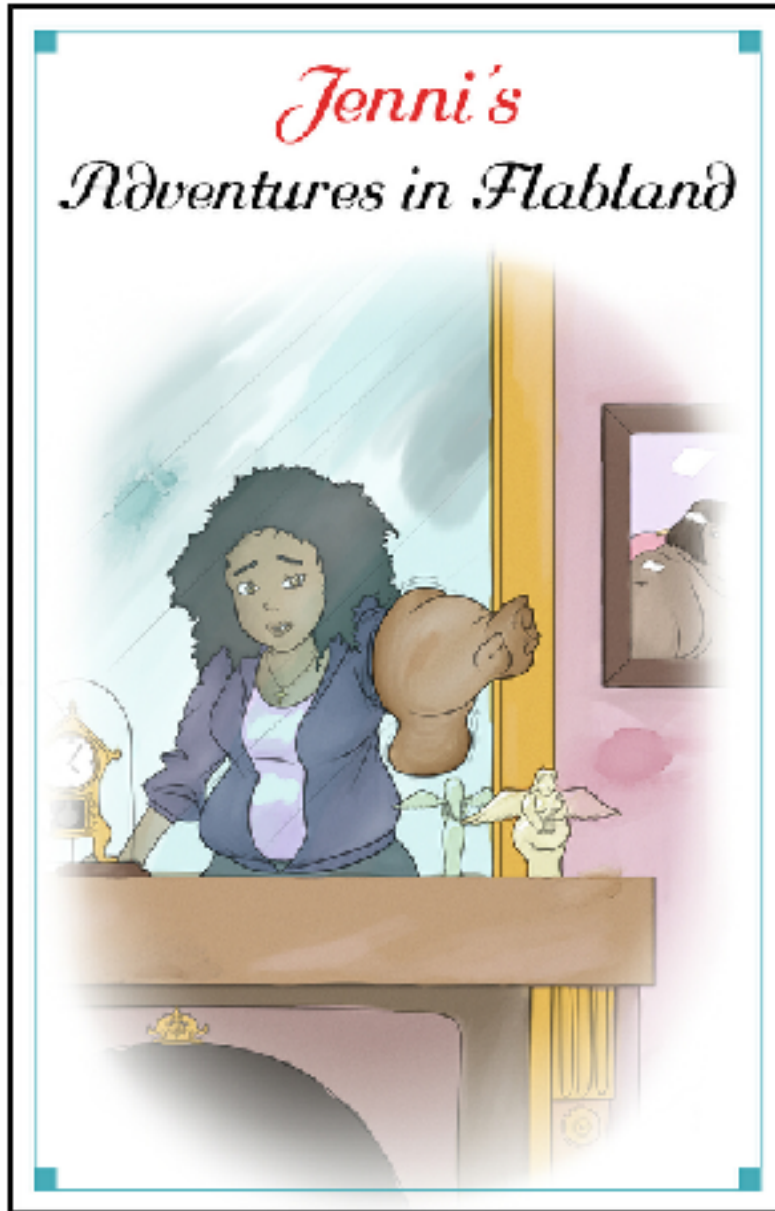


JENNI IN FLABLAND

"DONUTS OF DESTINY," PART 2: THE JOB OFFER

By Z.O.B. Industries / Zaftig Industries



Somewhere, in downtown Sow's Bend...

Jenni Zaftieg hurried away from the nondescript gray building containing her job, her boring cubicle and her *frighteningly* attractive co-workers. Sprinting to her car (well, more of a fast hustle, really;) with her chubby rump bouncing inside her denim skirt, Jennie slid into the driver's seat and gripped the wheel, hyperventilating.

"It's not real... It's not real... It's not. Real."

Fifteen minutes ago, she had been sitting in the bathroom, trying to get a little bit of quiet *relief* from the stress of her job. And then she'd... well, finished, and suddenly the world had... *changed*.

Jenni was a pervert, through and through. She had a collection of porn that spanned almost a dozen hard drives. She had an online persona, a fursona, an avatar in Second Life, for God's sake. But *nothing* she had seen online was half as weird as this.

Her deepest fantasies... her thoughts about fattening her coworkers, her boss, they all seemed to have come true in an instant. And suddenly she wasn't thinking about her own libido anymore. Suddenly, she was trying to ponder living in a world where *all* her fantasies were real... maybe permanently.

It was a frightening. And concerning. How had this happened? And... How far had it spread? Beyond this parking lot with its shady trees and obnoxious corporate sign looming over everything... was the whole town of Sow's Bend affected, by whatever she'd done? The whole *world*, maybe?

One thing was for sure: Jenni needed a damn snack.

She hadn't eaten since breakfast, and while she was not exactly good at keeping to a meal schedule, her body was informing her it needed fuel. Her plump belly growling, she reluctantly sent a message to her boss' email saying she'd gotten sick, and needed to go home. And then Jenny peeled out of the parking lot like a bat out of hell, desperate to find relief from this strange, waking erotic dream.

There was no relief to be had. She piloted her dad's old refurbished 1978 Gremlin through town, peering out the window with mixed arousal and horror. Sow's Bend had not been a skinny town to begin with, but now... now, it was positively *decadent*.

Obese women waddled on every street corner. She saw women gobbling donuts gleefully outside Dita's Donuts in the downtown district. Some were actually *feeding* one another, their laughs and grins proving this was 'acceptable' behavior here, in... whatever world she'd landed in. Had she died and gone to heaven? Was she having a stroke? Either way, Jenni wasn't sure whether to masturbate or go into catatonic shock. It was a complete toss-up.

Finally, she arrived at the local Cheezy Sue's, a nationwide chain of fast food restaurants specializing in--wait for it--cheese-slathered menu items. Grilled cheese, Nachos (which were surprisingly good), chili dogs with cheese, you name it, Sue's had a lactose-covered food type for every occasion.

Exhausted and confused, Jenni ordered the grilled cheese, just to have something to put in her face while she considered what to do next. She pulled up to the drive-thru window, and stared.

"Here's your... **Urrrrp**, order..." The girl behind the window was barely twenty, a freckled lass with dirty-blonde hair and a cute row of piercings up her left ear. Jenni had come by here last week and she'd been svelte, rather bored-looking but clearly athletic--maybe a local college athlete working in fast food as a side gig.

But now... Now, she was enormous. Clearly too fat to fit inside the cashier's booth, she struggled to turn her enormous body towards Jenni, grunting and huffing as she lifted her belly and heaved it over the cash register, which had been blocking her movements. Her chins wobbled as she moved, and her freckled cheeks were saggy with additional flesh, and flushed with exertion.

"Here ya go! Sorry about... *huff*, about that... Might be missing a few fries, no idea what happened to them..." The girl handed her food, took her payment, and then began tucking into a large BLT sandwich and a bag of chips she'd somehow squeezed into the booth with her. "Mmmf, glp, **gromff**... Have a nice day! **URP!**"

Jenni's jaw dropped. She silently pulled away from the window, and tucked her ancient car into a parking spot... and nibbled at her grilled cheese, staring into space.

Across this parking lot, there was a billboard. On the billboard there was an advertisement for something called the *Food Printer 5000*, and on the billboard was an enormously fat woman gesturing happily at a bizarre, Apple-style white mass of technology in the vague shape of a cube.

It was dispensing a hamburger on a small conveyer belt.

"What... In... The flying fuck?"

Swallowing chunks of grilled cheese, Jenni stared at herself in the rear-view mirror. She herself looked the same as always: there was the familiar explosion of kinky black hair, soft nutmeg-colored skin with a dusting of acne here and there (she'd always been kind of a pizza-face in high school, and the curse had never entirely left her skin) and large, coke-bottle glasses, fringed by freckles. Her blouse was modest, her skirt a little too tight.

Jenni appeared, to all observation, still entirely normal. Her mom's old Catholic crucifix hung around her neck, where she'd hastily replaced it after orgasming in the bathroom. She was a good Christian--she wasn't going to leave Jesus hanging in the shitter, especially not today.

But somehow, she didn't think prayers would get her through this mess.

As she sat staring at herself in the car, puzzling over the weirdness around her, a strange figure approached. An enormously fat blonde woman with a pixie-cut and dark glasses, she appeared to be wearing suspenders to hold up her huge suit-pants, and had a walkie-talkie in one hand. Jenni watched with amazement as the be-suited woman waddled up to her car and knocked on the window.

Jenni rolled the window down. "Uh... Yes?"

The woman checked a pad of paper in her pudgy hand. "Jenni? Jenni Zafteig?"

"Yeah, uh... that's me."

"Could you get out of the car, please?"

Jenni squinted at her. "Who are you, exactly?"

The woman sighed. "My name is Brenda Reubens. And we need to talk. Now."

"About what?"

The woman lowered her sunglasses. Behind them, steely blue eyes seemed to impale Jenni. The mystery lardo was beautiful, in a severe and cruel, Swedish sort of way... although her tall cheekbones were buried under layers of blubber.

"Have you noticed anything... odd about your surroundings today, Miss Zafteig? People looking... not the way they should be? Maybe a little bit..." She coughed, glancing down at herself. "*Heftier?*"

Jenni raised one bushy eyebrow. "Uhhh..."

"Yeah. I thought so." The woman wiped sweat off her forehead; even the act of standing in this parking lot, Jenni realized, was exhausting her.

God, that's hot, Jenni thought, and actually had to force herself to keep her hand from creeping down towards her skirt. *Not now... I have bigger problems to deal with than a Niagara Falls in my pants.*

"Come with me, please. Everything will be explained... oof, stupid wedgie." The woman turned and began waddling towards the restaurant, her vast ass-cheeks wiggling inside her pants as she struggled to tug her underwear out of her vast buttock.

Jenni watched her go, practically salivating. "W-wait... You're not going to kill me or anything, are you?"

The woman turned, frowning. "Do I *look* like I have the energy to kill anyone, right now? I'm so covered in sweat I couldn't even hold a knife. Now, are you going to stare at my ass all day, or are we going inside?"

"Er..." She didn't know how to answer that. So Jenni bowed to her own curiosity, slipped out of the car, and followed Brenda into the fast-food joint.

Inside the restaurant, Brenda ordered a massive meal--three triple-decker cheeseburgers with extra cheese, some nachos and a bowl of cheese dip. Jenni watched in amazement, confused as to how any human could consume so much cholesterol without dropping dead.

Brenda saw her watching, and gave her a sideways look. "I don't eat like this *all* the time," she said, blushing a little. "Just when I'm... on the job. Okay? So quit staring."

"And what exactly *is* your job?"

The woman shushed her, and waited until the cashier had waddled into the back to shout her order to the cooks. "Look... You're a nerd, right? My people hacked your hard drive, found all that weird fanfiction stuff. You understand the concept of a *multiverse*, right?"

"You hacked my computer?" Jenni turned pale. She'd installed special encryption software just to prevent such a thing--if word of her perversion ever got out, her family and friends would disown her. "I mean... Yes... What do you mean your 'people'? Who are you?"

"I'm... A contractor, you might say." The woman took the massive platter of food when it arrived, and led Jenni to a small booth by the windows.

Jenni was then treated to the *very* arousing sight of the woman struggling to squeeze herself into the booth, buttons on her shirt straining and creaking, sweat staining the armpits of the woman's huge suit-jacket.

"Rrrgh... Jenni... Little help here? Just give me a push..."

"You still haven't told me who you are..." But she helped anyway. On what other day would she have the chance to shove a four-hundred-pound, extremely attractive fat girl into a restaurant booth?

Her hands sunk into the woman's flabby shoulder as she pushed, and Jenni bit her lip, her thighs clenching. Brenda was so soft... so droopy... big 'bingo wings' of fat squeezed into the suit jacket... *fuck*, she was huffing and puffing too... Her overtaxed heart was probably going a mile a minute...

Fuuuck...

Brenda saw her eyes glazing over, and snapped her fingers. "Jenni! Jenni, focus. Sit down."

"Right! Right. Sorry." Breathing heavily, Jenni sat, watching in wordless fascination as the woman inhaled her food... and dumped a little exposition in the process.

"Look, kid. I'm not going to **gulp, slrrp**, sugarcoat this--you come from one of many dimensions, blah blah blah. The usual multi-verse stuff. The thing is... Most of those dimensions *fucking suck*. Okay?"

"O-okay..."

"Don't worry, I'm going somewhere with this." Brenda slurped down a handful of fries, grunting in pig-like delight. "Mmm. These are good. Anyway--you know how your world has lots of bad shit in it? Civil wars, human trafficking, random violence, idiots getting elected to high office and threatening to start nuclear war? That kind of thing?"

"Y-yes..." Jenni's eyes widened as the woman took a *huge* bite of her burger, cheese oozing out and splattering down her shirt. "I mean... I always knew the world sucked. That's why I stay inside most of the time. I kind of... can't handle everything. People are so loud, and annoying, and... I dunno. I always just liked my computer better."

"Yep. We're aware." The woman belched, pounding her chest. "**BURHAARRP!** 'Scuze me. Yeah, so, most of that shit comes from the scarcity problem. Resources are scarce on all

Earths... And very, very few have found a way to **urrrp**, re-distribute wealth and prosperity, in a way that serves the greater good. Right?"

"Okay. I'm following." Jenni frowned as the woman shrugged off her jacket and dabbed at her flabby bosom with a napkin. "But... What the hell does that have to do with this *dimension of fat people* that I'm currently in? Somehow?"

"I was **BURRRP**, getting to that." Brenda wagged a finger at her. "Slow down. Now look, some dimensions have invented post-scarcity technology--food replicators, things like that. Sometimes people use them to make infinite bullets, yes, but most of the time, it actually *helps* the world. Famine disappears. Strife and **urph**, conflict start to fade. And eventually... well, those worlds don't reach 'utopia' because utopia is a bullshit platonic concept some British guy in a funny hat made up. But... they *do* reach a certain level of peace. Less resources to fight over, less **urrrp**, reasons to fight, right?"

"Okay..." Jenni nodded along, trying to follow the logic. "Sure."

"So, in one of these worlds, our planet discovered the multi-verse. And unlike a lot of dimensions--like yours--we had already invented **urraph**, post-scarcity tech."

Brenda wheezed heavily as she tried to reach under her belly, to unbutton her pants. The audible *whumph* of her belly slapping the table made Jenni quiver with arousal. "Phew! That's a load off. Anyway... in my world, we combined these two discoveries, and started the Alice Project."

"The..." Jenni blinked. "The what now?"

"It's a mission of mercy, to other dimensions. Kinda like the Red Cross, if the Red Cross in most dimensions wasn't a corrupt bunch of idiots." Brenda burped, covering her mouth with a napkin. "The job of the Alice Project is to quietly, sneakily bring post-scarcity technology to other worlds. To ease the suffering of other Earths. To give *everyone* the kind of plenty, prosperity and global kindness we saw in our own world, once we finally got our shit together."

Jenni leaned back in her seat. "I... Wow. That's a lot to process."

"Yep. And I haven't even gotten to the best part." Brenda leaned across the table, and one of her buttons burst off, hitting the wall behind Jenni with a loud *ping*. Pale whitish flesh bulged out from the gap, and Jenni saw a hint of a red, lacy brassiere there.

"Some people... they're uniquely sensitive to inter-dimensional waves. Ripples in space-time, tachyons going sideways. Those people are... special. You are one of those people."

The smaller girl snorted. "If you're about to tell me I'm a wizard..."

"Don't worry, I'm not." Brenda leaned back, groaning. "Wow, that's good food. Anyway, you're not a wizard, you're just... *slippery*. You pass between dimensions easier than most. Which might be why you're so easily overwhelmed by your *own* world--you get the shadows of ours, and countless others, in your sensory feedback sometimes. You're caught between realities."

"Huh!" Jenni hesitantly took a nacho out of the basket of them, where Brenda had begun tucking in with gusto. "So... Now that you've told me this, are you going to wipe my memory with a Men in Black stick, or...?"

"Hell, no. Do you know how *rare* you are? You're a valuable asset! And you're going to help us. We'd like to offer you a job."

Jenni's jaw dropped. "I'm gonna be a *space-time cop*?"

"Not a cop. More like... a spy. Your **urrrph**, interdimensional slipperiness will be useful in sending you between dimensions--notice how you haven't changed much, in your journey to this version of Sow's Bend. Me, on the other hand..."

Brenda sighed, stuffing a handful of nachos into her cheeks, cheese dribbling down her chin. "In *my* world, I'm one hundred and twenty pounds of muscle and badass. But when I travel to post-scarcity worlds like this... my body, and my appetite, adjusts to match." She scowled. "It makes my job... Very difficult."

Jenni licked her lips. "You look pretty good to *me*. J-just saying."

Brenda chuckled. "I thought you might say that. I've read your file--you've been collecting pictures of fat girls since you were a kid, haven't you?"

Jenni blushed. "Th-they're *tasteful collections of art*, I'm n-not weird, I just appreciate the large female form, it's a body-positive thing, there are a lot of people who have my fetish, it's not freakish, i-if you look at history actually fat was very desirable in many--"

"Woah, *woah!* Calm down." Brenda waved away her excuses. "I'm not here to judge you. You're a bona fide pervert, and that's not an insult--we *need* you. We need someone who's not disgusted by big bodies, to go into other dimensions and spread this technology. Because... well, a side effect of post-scarcity technology is a lot of obesity. Not much heart disease, we found a cure for that too, but people do tend to get *really* fucking fat wherever we spread world peace. So, what do you say, kid? Wanna help us **URRRRP**, make the multiverse a better place?"

"Huh." Jenni turned the thought over in her head. The idea of going to other worlds... worlds like her own, spreading this technology... It was certainly intoxicating. And to think *she* of all people would be responsible for waves of completely healthy obesity across countless Earths...

Well. It was a lot of responsibility. And a lot of *fat*. It was almost beyond her comprehension... but the offer was too good to refuse. How could she say no? How could she just... go *back* to normal life, knowing what she knew now?

"Oh yeah, and for compensation..." Brenda fished in her suit-coat pocket and tugged out a slightly grease-smearred check. "Here's an advance on your first mission. To show we're serious. We know this work is dangerous--you could end up stranded in one of these post-scarcity worlds, or even run into alternate versions of yourself, which is very traumatic." She sighed. "My alternate selves are always *very fat*, which is kinda depressing for me, but hey--at least they're happy, right?" She snorted, rolling her eyes. "Lazy slobs."

Jenni's eyes lit up as she saw the number on the check. The money was more than she earned in a year at her job--hell, more than she could earn in *three* years.

"And all I have to do is sneak this technology into these worlds?"

"There's more to it, but... yes. You'll be our secret weapon--someone who can fit into any reality, who doesn't care about getting thin or fat as she travels, someone who can be relied on to actually *enjoy* her job instead of finding it... well, kinda disgusting. Like I do." Brenda wiped cheese off her lips, wincing at her own reflection in the restaurant's bay windows. "Yikes. I look like John Candy right before the heart attack. I can't wait to get back to **urrrp**, base..."

Jenni's heart fluttered. "I'll... I'll do it. On one condition."

"And what is that?"

A sinister smile floated across Jenni's face as she thought of her co-workers, back in her home dimension. Innocent... Unsuspecting of the wave of flabbiness she might bring to them.

"I want you to give *me* some of these post-scarcity machines. I have a feeling I know where to start, in my own world..."

"Hmm, that's not usually our process... but we're short on **URPpph** staff, so... Agreed." Brenda stuck a grease-spattered hand across the table. "Deal, then?"

"It's a deal." Jenni shook, her fingers quivering with nerves and excitement.

Brenda nodded, sat back... and her nose wrinkled with distaste as she passed gas, the thousands of calories she'd just eaten hitting her insides like a tidal wave. "Oof. Sorry about that. Uhhh, welcome to the team, I guess. You'll get your first assignment next week. And you have to tell *nobody*--not even your best friends--about this. Got it?"

"Sure."

Back in Jenni's home dimension, in a quiet therapist's office in Sow's Bend...

"Wait a moment." Greta Dirigibel put down her pen, peering curiously at Jenni, who sat across from her on the therapist's couch, grinning. "If this... *Supposed* incident happened, and you really did visit some sort of 'Flabland,' and plan on visiting more... Why tell me? I thought this Brenda person said not to inform anyone of your... secret mission."

Jenni smirked. Pulling a business card out of her pocket, she slid it across the table. On the card was a note from 'Alice Project Recruiting'... and a small smudge of ketchup.

"Because she wants to recruit *you*, too. Every spy agency needs a honeypot... And you're the honeiest of pots." She coughed. "Sorry. That sounded cooler in my head."

Dr. Dirigibel examined the card. It certainly *seemed* normal enough... although Jenni's name was embossed on it, with the title "Interdimensional Prosperity Specialist" in large block lettering.

"Jenni," she said slowly, "if you're pulling a prank on me, you're wasting my time *and* yours."

Jenni sighed. "I knew you wouldn't believe me..."

"It's just a lot to process." Greta wrote *Delusions of grandeur* on her notepad, careful to keep Jenni from seeing it. "Is it alright if I... consider your offer? Maybe we should do another session--and you can let me know how this new 'job' of yours is going. Alright?"

Jenni grumbled. "Okay, fine... But the Project isn't going to be happy. They *really* wanted you. They said your 'sheer sexual repression' was legendary, and that you could be an amazing agent."

Greta nodded slowly. "I'm sure they did. Now... About your copay..."

She expected the usual haggling over whether Jenni would pay the copay *this* week, or next week, or so on. But to her surprise, Jenni paid immediately... and with a check, no less. Greta hadn't even been aware that Jenni had the credit to *start* a savings account. Her poor college career and agoraphobia had supposedly prevented her from getting "real" employment beyond her stint at the local Decadent Donuts corporate office... unless her story was true. But it couldn't be. It was *ridiculous*.

Staring at the check as Jenni left her office, shouldering her bag covered in Comic-Con buttons and obscure nerd-reference patches, Greta shook her head slowly. It was clear to her, even though she'd just gotten her doctorate, that Jenni was quite insane. It would take many sessions to unravel her delusions... teach her that the *real* world was what she should prioritize, not this ridiculous fantasy-realm she'd populated with characters like 'Brenda.'

"Just... Think about it, okay?" Jenni stood up, winking at Dr. Dirigibel in a very un-Jenni-like fashion. "The job's a lot of fun... even if it's a little weird. Call me if you're interested."

Outside the modest, squat healthcare building the Doctor's office sat in, Jenni emerged with her hands in her pockets, sighing and muttering. A huge, dark shape emerged from a nearby alley, walking alongside her.

"So, how did it go?" asked Brenda, her belly jutting out ahead of her as she struggled to keep up with the skinnier girl's pace.

"Not well. She thinks I'm delusional--that you and the whole Project are just hallucinations."

"Oh yeah?" Brenda frowned. "If it weren't for Project guidelines, I'd go up there and sit on her till she complied... but I get it. It's a lot to process. Hell, it took *you* over a week just to stop freaking out and finally call me back."

"Yeah."

Jenni got into her car, Brenda joining her in the passenger's seat, her massive body sending the tiny car rocking on its shock absorbers, tires bulging where they touched the ground. Jenni just hoped Brenda wouldn't cause another flat--she'd already had to replace the wheels a few times, since she started working for the Project.

"Well, we can't delay our work just because our honeypot is dragging her feet." Brenda pulled up an assignment on her phone, pudgy fingers playing over the screen. "We've got a dimension that's on the brink of nuclear armageddon--I need someone to sneak the designs for a vertical-farming complex into the United Nations, over there."

"Ooh, is it a *fat* United Nations?"

"No, just a normal one." Jenni groaned, and Brenda nudged her. "Though I think the representative from France is pretty pudgy, over there..."

Jenni's expression brightened. "Hmm, I speak a little French. I can work with that..."

Brenda smiled as the tiny Gremlin pulled out into downtown Sow's Bend, the fender nearly scraping the asphalt due its passenger's weight. Jenni's confidence had skyrocketed since she'd taken the job... her former shyness disappearing, as if she was *made* for this work. And her missions had been quite successful so far.

But there was much more Brenda hadn't told her. For there were many dimensions which *hadn't* accepted the replicator tech... and those dimensions had gone sour. Some had even discovered the Project. A few had even sworn revenge on Brenda's division, for trying to "corrupt" the waistlines of their worlds. There was much work to do...

Brenda dialled up home base, a modified cell tower outside of town beaming tachyons into an adjacent dimension. "Hello, Dispatch? This is Agent White Rabbit and Agent Doormouse. We're on our way to the next assignment... Over and out."

Jenni scowled. "Why do you get a cooler code name than me?"

"Seniority, kid." Brenda fished a soda from the backseat and guzzled it down, her skin already slick with the summer's heat. "Get... **URRAP**, get used to it."

From the window of the healthcare building, Greta watched them go... and her eyes lingered on the bulky form of Brenda in the passenger seat.

She wasn't sure what was going on here, or who that woman was... but she was sure as hell going to find out.

TO BE CONTINUED...