

BIOSHOCK INFINITE: CITY OF FAITH-FLAB

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[Disclaimer: Spoilers for Bioshock Infinite ahead! But not Burial At Sea. We... we don't talk about Burial at Sea. --ZoB]



Elizabeth Comstock's life, from her very first memories, had been filled with luxury. She was pampered every moment of her waking life, from the day she could walk to the day she could speak, and so on and on into adulthood. She could have anything she wanted—books, food, and the companionship of her best friend and confidante, the monstrous Songbird.

The one thing she could *not* do, the one thing she could **never** do... was to leave her tower.

Monument Island was a colossal statue, within which Elizabeth lived out her entire life—waking, eating, sleeping, reading and doing whatever exercises she could come up with. She learned to pick locks, learned to speak French, and dreamed of travelling the world... even though her only parent, overbearing Father Comstock, would never allow it.

The world beyond their city of Columbia, he claimed, was sinful. Sordid, insane, and full of cruel and awful people who would terrify and assault her. He was her only true friend—himself, and the Songbird he had constructed to help her.

She had one advantage in the endless solitude that she experienced, one bright light in the lost, wandering darkness of her youth. Elizabeth could open *Tears*.

A Tear, as she'd dubbed them, was a rift between her world and another. Never big enough to step through, but always big enough to glimpse strange realities, her Tears were a special power she kept all to herself. The one secret she had from Comstock... or so she thought.

One day, she figured out she could borrow small things from these Tears, the shimmering doors between dimensions. Just little things—like hairbrushes, lockpicks, the occasional super-powered Vigor drink. She didn't drink these often, as their high alcohol content made her giggly and stupid, and Father Comstock said drinking was a sin.

But sometimes other things could be pulled through... a fizzy soda drink, perhaps, or the occasional pastry. As Elizabeth became more skilled in the art of opening Tears, she began

pulling more and more things through. Eventually her tower was littered with odd artifacts... but she quickly grew bored with these. Books that only differed from hers by a few words were common, as were forks with five tines or spoons designed for differently shaped mouths. She discarded these quickly, and kept searching. Because Elizabeth, still a child at heart despite her age, had a sweet tooth.

And her Tears provided one novelty that never wore off: Food.

“Ooh, Songbird, look! This one's got pink frosting!” Elizabeth was in her library, surrounded by small decorative tables. She'd been “sampling” the food from other worlds all day. Her silky black hair, tied up in a bun with a blue ribbon, was coming out of place as she struggled to open the Tear wider.

“Come on... I just want a slice... Just a little slice...” She reached through and pulled out a flickering, other-worldly birthday cake just as the Tear closed. Shaking with exertion, since making these portals always left her tired and aching, Elizabeth sat down with the cake in her lap.

“Phew! That was a tough one. But now we've got a new treat! Want some?”

Songbird, a hulking leather-clad creature the size of a small building, looked down at her from his brass circular perch in the center of the library. He couldn't speak, but his goggles flashed a cautionary yellow color at Elizabeth: a warning. He didn't approve of what she was doing.

She stuck out her tongue at him. “Very well, Mr. Fancy-Pants, you don't get to have any. It's all for me... Every bite.” She licked her lips, lifting a five-tined fork from another world. “I mean, I'm not going to eat *all* of it. That would be ridiculous...”

Fifteen minutes later, though, 'ridiculous' had become reality. Elizabeth leaned back in her wicker chair, absolutely stuffed. She was a small, slight woman, with large brown eyes and a body that seemed more frail and waifish than was natural, for a girl her age. But in the past few months, she'd been catching up to the kind of proportions she would've had if Comstock hadn't kept her on strict diets all her life.

In fact, she was currently edging *past* those proportions. Her repressed appetite unleashed on an unsuspecting series of alternate-worlds, she had gobbled up bakery treats from around the globe: eclairs from Germany, *baguettes* from France, and even American fried foods, cotton candy and the occasional pot of steaming gumbo, for variety.

Innocent and naive, she hadn't realized that her constant snacking would have... *problematic* effects.

“Oof. Songbird, can you f-fetch me another dress? I dare say, this one is getting too small... **Urrppph...**” She hiccuped softly as Songbird reluctantly plucked a new dress from a closet, handing it over to her. “Thank you. You're so sweet.”

The monster hooted and growled, his eyes flashing again as Elizabeth undressed right in front of him. She had no qualms about being naked when her father wasn't around, and would often parade through her tower completely nude, enjoying the sneaky sinful pleasure of baring herself to the air while she scoffed down sweets or paged through another bawdy, steamy romance novel. But all this indulgence was wearing on her: as she struggled to fasten up her

garters and squeeze into her white blouse and blue skirt, the girl grunted and cursed under her breath.

“Damnation and Perdition... Has Father been having the tailors shrink my clothes? They're so, **urtp**, *tight!*”

Songbird looked away, unwilling to bear the farce any longer. The truth was, Comstock hadn't downsized her clothes at all: Elizabeth was simply putting on weight. She was growing plump, and quickly—her sheer ignorance of nutrition had led her to eat like a hog whenever Comstock wasn't around. She was now sporting a chubby roll on her lower stomach, softer arms, and a rounder face. It wasn't a lot of weight... not yet. But she had shown no signs of stopping.

And that concerned certain people, outside of her little cage.

Little did she know that on the other side of her many mirrors, two-way glass allowed Comstock's scientists to watch her day and night, taking notes on her behavior and her powers. Currently her captor was watching from a hidden pinhole in the wall as his “daughter” stuffed her face with sweets, immediately forgetting all about the tight blouse as she gulped down mouthful after mouthful of rich chocolate cake. Pink frosting marred her lips and dropped into her increasingly large and bountiful cleavage as she ate.

Comstock pulled back from the peephole, tugging on his beard. “This cannot continue,” he growled, turning to Rosalind Lutece. The scientist was taking detailed notes, her crisp clothes and starched hair the picture of detached interest. “She's blowing up like a balloon. At this rate, our city's Lamb of God will turn into a *pig* of God!”

“And what do you suppose we do about it?” Lutece closed her notebook, spinning a tiny charm in her hand. On one side was a bird... on the other, a cage. She had the habit of flipping and tossing it every time she was thinking, a habit Comstock detested.

“Stop her, for God's sake. Control her behavior. Electric shocks, perhaps...” He watched with revulsion as Elizabeth stifled another dainty, lady-like belch. **Brhlp**. *God Almighty. Lady Comstock, I'm glad you didn't live to witness this...*

“She's too powerful for that sort of nonsense.” Lutece waved away the suggestion. “She can open big enough Tears to actually *walk through*, now—the only reason she hasn't is that she's been conditioned to fear the outside world. If you push her...”

Comstock rubbed his forehead. His guilty memories assaulted him—taking the child from another world, from his younger self. That self had not understood what was necessary—how this baby, once the neglected infant of a drunken private eye, would save the universe. *All* the universes. His grand, Godly vision would proceed...

But it could not go forward if his adopted daughter, the cosmically powerful savior of Columbia, was a bloated simpleton!

“Enough. I'll handle this myself.” He advanced to the dials and knobs next to the peephole. “We'll stop this gluttony soon enough. A little subconscious suggestion will put the fear of the Lord back into her... and teach her a lesson.”

That night, as Elizabeth slept in her too-small nightgown, she tossed and turned. Indigestion churned her stomach, its delicate structure not ready for the decadent food she'd

stuffed it with all evening. Burping and passing gas in her sleep, the young woman groaned and clutched at her stomach.

“Mmmf... So full...” She snored and drooled on her pillow, mouth slack. And then, from tiny gramophone speakers hidden in her bookshelves, a sinister voice whispered to her.

“Glutton...”

“Mmf?” Half-asleep, she blinked and yawned. The voice came again, a little louder, and Elizabeth shot upright.

“Piglet... Greedy sow...”

“Who's there?” But there was no one. Leaping out of bed, she hurried to Songbird's perch, where the massive creature was curled up and sleeping. “Songbird! Wake up!”

“Reeee?”

“It's terrible. I dreamed people were making fun of me... mocking me, calling me a pig...” She lifted her nightgown, exposing a pair of poofy house-panties and her own puffed-out, swollen stomach. “It's not true, is it? Am I really getting... fat?”

Songbird's simple moral compass had two settings: murder, and protecting Elizabeth. But even the dumb cyborg could see what was happening to his greedy charge. Slowly, he nodded, his eye blinking green.

Elizabeth burst into tears. “It's true! I *am* a sow! Oh Lord, save me from my own gluttony! Save me from...”

Then, suddenly, a tear opened in the middle of the room. Distant music played through the gap... Bright light washed through, even though it was midnight. Elizabeth approached it, confused.

Something inside smelled delicious... Absolutely delectable. Outside the chamber, Comstock and his men hurried to try and close the Tear.

“That's not hers—it's coming from outside our world!” Lutece took frantic notes. “Someone's opened it from the *other side!*”

“Shut it down!” Comstock was roaring, shouting, berating his scientists. But their efforts were useless. Even the giant Siphon in the bottom of Monument Island couldn't stop a Tear coming from *somewhere else*.

And with her curiosity beckoning her, face still wet with tears, Elizabeth crossed to the open portal... and walked through it.

Songbird shrieked and dove for the gap, but it had closed. Furious, the monster smashed a booshelf with one blow. Outside, Comstock did the same with a scientist's skull, bashing him with a heavy cane.

“Fools! *Idiots!* You've let her escape!”

“No, *you* let her escape,” said Lutece, smirking. “Your constant moralizing has caused her to become curious... and hungry. Now some other place has taken her away from you... and it serves you right.”

Enraged, Comstock pulled a revolver from his preacher's coat... but the lights flickered,

and when they came back online, Rosalind Lutece was gone.

In her place was a simple phrase, written on the wall in lipstick.

YOU GET WHAT YOU GIVE, BOOKER...

“Nooooo!”



In another place, another time, Elizabeth arrived to another version of her tower. It was prettier, better-decorated, and smelled of roses and baking brownies. She followed the floating aroma to her kitchen, where wide windows let the sun inside.

This was her home... and yet, not her home. In the kitchen was another Elizabeth, humming “Grand Old Flag” as she tinkered away with a mixing-bowl.

“Good, you made it through,” she said, turning around. “Sit, sit! I’ve just made lunch.”

Elizabeth sat... and stared. Because this second Elizabeth was different from her... in one significant way.

She was fat.

In her own world, Elizabeth had barely grown chubby, her stomach bulging out of her clothes and her bottom filling out chairs with extra buttock to spare. But here... this new Elizabeth, Elizabeth #2, was *much* plumper.

Elizabeth #2 was a motherly sort of fat, a comfortable fat, rosy-cheeked and waddling. Her sizeable gut jiggled under her apron as she set a plate of brownies in front of her younger self, adding a tall glass of milk for refreshment. “Eat, eat! I’ve just finished this batch. Let me know how they taste.”

Confused, the younger Elizabeth chomped down on one... and her taste-buds nearly burst with delight. “They’re amazing! Mmm... So gooey and warm. But, um...” **Chomp, gulp. Brrp.** “Pardon me. What am I doing here?”

“I brought you through, of course. You and many other Elizabeths who that terrible man Comstock has victimized. Call me ‘Mother’ Elizabeth, if you need a name for me.” She smiled broadly when Elizabeth gaped at her. “In my world, he died of his brain cancer years before he expected to... and I’ve taken over the city. I make it my job to adopt as many Elizabeths as I can—it’s the Christian thing to do!”

The newcomer swallowed, and reached for another brownie. “There are... other versions of me?”

“Yes, quite a few. Although we all share... certain traits. Like a love of sugar, for instance.” She giggled, pinching Elizabeth’s shoulder. “You’re actually one of the skinnier ones I’ve pulled through. Eat up, dear! Eat, eat!”

Elizabeth did so, happily glutting on brownies until there were none left. “Oh my. I'm so sorry. That was very... **Buh-hurrrp**, improper of me.”

“Nonsense. Here in my Columbia, all my Elizabeths can do as they please, as long as they don't harm one another or destabilize the multi-verse.”

“What's a multi—”

“Don't worry about that. Here, have some treacle tarts. I made them just for you. I saw you liked them...”

The first Elizabeth continued eating, even though she was quite full already—almost painfully so. “Mmf... Gllmf... Why did you say Comstock was a terrible man?”

“He uses us for our powers, dear. Wants control of the earth, and all of God's creatures. And we are the dumb, innocent beasts of burden he uses for such purposes.” He beaming, matronly face grew dark for a moment. “But I won't have it. I've built an entire city of Elizabeths, all of us united in mutual love of freedom... and love of pastries, incidentally.”

“An entire city of... *me*?” It seemed insane, but then again, so did her powers... and she'd always known she was different. Half of her left pinky finger was missing, topped by a decorous thimble, and she had always wondered what terrible force brought the Tears to her. Now, she started to get an inkling of it. “We're *all* like this? All of us can open Tears?”

“Yes, my love. Every single one.” She saw Elizabeth struggling to understand, and lifted a tart to her mouth, filling her face with flaky goodness rather than let her other-self stew in confusion. “I'll take you on a tour... Just as soon as you finish your snack.”

Snack? This is a feast! She chewed and swallowed, burping into her blouse and wincing at the odor of it. “That would be... Wondrous. But what about my Songbird?”

“Oh, we don't allow Songbirds here. And no outsiders, either. This world is for just us Elizabeths... and our many pleasures.” Sinister glee flashed in her eyes. “An endless carnival of *us*, indulging in our happiness.” She watched as Elizabeth finished her food, and beckoned with a chubby hand. “Come along... I'll show you.”



The city outside her tower was as wonderful as she'd always dreamed. Majestic, warm and perpetually awash in sunlight, Columbia's floating towers and flying buildings took her breath away as she emerged onto the main concourse. In her world's maps, she knew it as New Eden Square... but the statue of Comstock had been removed. In its place, a statue of a dozen Elizabeths stood, all of them embracing and linking hands in perfect unity.

And all around Elizabeth... was *herself*. Countless versions of her moved to and fro, greeting one another, shopping and going about their daily business. She saw versions of herself in corsets, versions wearing actual *trousers*—how shameful!—and versions who were taller, shorter, and even of different races and genders. A handsome male version of her passed by,

winking flirtatiously at her, and Elizabeth blushed.

“There are so many of them!” She paused as Mother Elizabeth took her hand, leading her into the crowd. “But why are they all so...”

“Substantive? Because, my dear, in this world we're not bound by Comstock's false religion. We can eat and drink as we please... and many of us turn it into a hobby. For instance, I've become quite adept at cooking. Every new Elizabeth gets a home-cooked meal to welcome her into the fold... ah, here's your tour guide. Elizabeth, meet Elizabetha. Or just Lizzie, to her friends.”

Elizabeth's mouth hung open. The version of her coming towards them, waving cheerily, was as opposite from her as she could imagine. 'Lizzie' was curvaceous, wide-hipped and frizzy-haired... and black, with freckled brown cheeks and full, gorgeous lips. To Elizabeth's embarrassment, she realized she'd never met anyone of another race before. Predictably, she dropped the ball as soon as she gave a curtsy in greeting.

“I'm Elizabeth, it's nice to beautiful you... I mean, it's a pleasure to butt you... Meet you. Sorry.” She couldn't stop staring at Lizzie's body, which was a hugely exaggerated hourglass stuffed into a corset and elegant purple skirt. In the reflection of a passing ice-cart, she saw that Lizzie's rump projected easy a foot and a half behind her—and it didn't look like the girl was using a bustle train or skirt cage, either. That booty was *authentic*.

“Aw, thanks, hun.” The woman winked at her, pulling her away from Mother Elizabeth. “I'll take it from here, Mama. You just keep bringin' these sweet lil' ladies through your Tears, alright?”

“It's my duty and my privilege.” Mother Elizabeth opened a Tear to travel back to the tower, and Elizabeth was left staring at her new guide.

She's so... Perfect. Everything about Lizzie, from her plump cheeks to her enormous hips, was the picture of exaggerated femininity. “So, uh... What do we do? What's my... uh, role here?”

“Role? Ain't you cute. Honey, this is New Columbia. You can be whatever you want. Flying Squad member, flavor scientist, ice-cream taste-tester... Speaking of which.” She nodded at a nearby ice-cream parlor. “Come on. I'll show ya.”

Minutes later they were up to their noses in decadent, delicious ice-cream. Elizabeth had no idea where they'd gotten all the cream from—Tears, probably. But it was amazing. Chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, pistachio nut, caramel—every flavor was represented. And the supremely chunky Elizabeth who served them seemed like she'd been eating them for years.

“There you go! One Newbie Cone for you, and one triple-fudge chocolate mousse sundae for you, Lizzie.”

“Thanks, hun!” Lizzie watched their server jiggle away, smiling mischievously. “Damn, she got even bigger, since my last visit. Girl packs it away, mm-hmm.”

“I've been... Meaning to ask about that.” Elizabeth licked fitfully at her cone, watching as Lizzie scarfed down huge spoonfuls of sundae, the sugary treat disappearing with the speed of a cadaver consumed by piranhas. “Almost every Elizabeth is quite... fulsome. Why is that?”

“A better question is, why *not*?” She plucked a cherry from the top of the sundae and

popped it in her mouth, tying the stem with her tongue and plucking it out to inspect. “We’re all Elizabeths here, honey. We know what we want. And what we want is a nice library, good friends, and *food*. Every food from every universe. And we ain’t gonna hold back for nobody, out here. We can eat like queens every night... And most of us do. Me included.” She patted her stomach, which was dangerously close to bursting the hooks of her corset.

“I... see.” Elizabeth smiled cautiously. “So, it’s common for us to get rather... Large, then?”

“Sweet child—you ain’t seen *nothin’* yet.” Sucking down a soda-pop through a long, curly straw, Lissie belched and waved for another. “I’ve seen Elizabeths so big they need Handymen robots to help them get around. I’ve seen Elizabeths eat their way through a mountain of chocolate and then ask for more. When you have infinite worlds to choose from, why not go all the way?” She took the next soda-pop and sucked it down as fast as the first. “Mmm, they put laudanum and cocaine back into these. Finally! I missed that buzz... **BrrrELCH.**”

Elizabeth frowned. Something about the place seemed odd to her. It was strange that, given infinite resources and infinite minds to help spawn new ideas, that her “sisters” seemed satisfied stuffing themselves silly and having picnics with each other in the park. Where was the intellectual challenge in gorging one’s belly to the bursting point? But when the huge server-girl handed her another cone, she ate it gladly. “I guess it’s nice...”

“Nice? Sweetie, it’s *heaven*. Why, I’ve had days when I don’t stop eating for nothin’ and just roll out of bed for a drink and a screw, in the evenings. **Urrrrp.**” She nodded as Elizabeth blushed. “Oh yeah, we don’t hold back our needs here, not one bit. If you’re lonely and need a good tumble, just ask. Law of Elizabeths: there’s always a Liz to serve your needs.”

Why, it’s a whole city of hedonists! Father would be so ashamed! But she had to admit, she kind of liked it. A place with no rules... where her every tiny whim could be answered by a Tear or an affectionate “sister” in her arms. It truly sounded like paradise...

But every coin had a second side to it... and every paradise had its dark side. Elizabeth would learn that soon enough.



“Oh, Lord have mercy upon me...” Elizabeth rolled around in bed, groaning and rubbing her stomach. “I have sinned, I have sinned so badly. I’m a very bad girl... **Urrptf.**”

Pfrrrrt.

Her greasy belches and farts, laden with the scent of weeks’ worth of hot-dogs and fried dough, made her feel sick. She had done almost nothing for day after day, but eat. Lizzie had encouraged her every step of the way, bringing her to Finktown for raunchy burlesque shows (the sight of *herself* dancing half-nude had been... unnerving) and down to Battleship Bay for some

sun and surf. They'd drunk together in the Blue Ribbon bar, lunched in the Emporia pleasure district, and sucked down so many sodas Elizabeth thought her blood might turn to sugar.

And every day, Lizzie pushed her to new heights of gluttony—feeding her strange Vigor drinks and souffles, peppermint-sticks, candied apples and endless other foods. Elizabeth spent so much time eating she hadn't had time to *think*, much less digest. And now the effects were taking hold.

“Blurrgh...” Struggling upright, she stared down at her bloated stomach, jutting obscenely from her silk nightshirt. It was a rotund, doughy ball of meat, constantly packed with food. And all that eating had given her *severe* gastric trouble.

Pfwrrrt! She winced as her overstuffed body vented gas into her fine four-poster bed. Elizabeth had to struggle to hold in her flatulence every day, which only made her bloating and discomfort worse. Lizzie, for her part, had been happy to pass gas freely—she claimed it was part of the New Columbia attitude. Just let your body do what it pleased—whether that meant eating, flatulence, or having carnal relations with other Elizabeths.

Elizabeth wasn't so sure about that last part... but she had to admit, all the girls here *did* seem more free than she herself had been, in her original world. She was happy to be here, and loved the city with its amazing arts and statuary—despite being mostly obese, the Elizabeths here had done well in furthering the knowledge of architecture, biology and mathematics. There was even an Elizabeth University... although most of the students seemed more interested in drinking themselves into a stupor, than studying.

“Ooof. I need a break... **BwuRRrrp**. I can hardly move.” She eased herself up onto her feet, grunting in a pig-like fashion as she rubbed her jutting belly. “I feel like one of Comstock's war zeppelins. Full of gas and the size of a house. Ugh...” **FrrRRrrrt**.

“Having a little tummy trouble, are we?”

The gravelly voice from the corner made her shriek. She turned to see a strange woman sitting in her armchair—an unkempt, lanky broad with a rumpled button-down shirt and a leather vest. Her pants were full of bullet-holes and her shoes covered in mud.

And somehow... she looked very familiar.

“How did you get in here?” Elizabeth covered her chest, trying to protect the dignity of her newly enlarged bosom. This was getting difficult, as her breast seemed to grow heavier and more udder-like every passing day. “Who *are* you?” **Frrumptft**.

“Name's Becky DeWitt. And I'm here to make good on a deal.” The woman lit a cigarette and crushed out the match on the back of her own hand, where the letters “A.D.” were etched in scar-tissue. “I need an Elizabeth to come back with me to New York. And you're gonna be the one.”

Elizabeth shook her head. “I'm not going anywhere, you... slattern! Get out of my room!”

“*Your* room? Another Liz had this room before you. And another before that.” She pulled a flask from her pocket and drank deeply. She might be tall and fine-boned, but Elizabeth could see the beginning of a beer-belly on her waist: the only logical result, from such wanton drinking. “Don't you wonder where they went? What happened to them?”

Elizabeth swallowed. This woman scared her: there was something about her that spoke of violence. “I... This is just a hotel, the Fellow Traveller. They went on to live in the city. To enjoy the pleasures of—”

“Utopia. Yeah. I've heard it all before.” Becky strapped a strange device to her arm: a skyhook, one of the same ones Lizzie used to get around the city. Of course, Lizzie was at least a hundred pounds heavier than this woman, so hers needed extra magnets to carry her immense body around. “Look, kid...”

“I'm not a *kid*, I'm twenty-one!”

Becky rolled her eyes. “Whatever. I'm offering to show you, one time, the secret behind this place. And if you still want to stay... sure. I'll let you go. But after what you see... I don't think you will.”

Elizabeth bit her lip as gas continued to build up in her stomach. “How do I know... nng...” **P'TOOOnt.** “How do I know you're not lying?”

“The same way I know your ass is going to start breaking chairs, soon. Instinct.” Becky took a drag off her cigarette, her thick eyebrows arched. “What do you say? Do you want to bury your face in food like the rest of these cows... or do you want to know the *truth*? I can promise you, if you stay in this room, you'll regret it.” Becky squinted. “Mostly because of the smell.”

“That's not my fault! I'm just...” She winced as yet another fart squeezed out of her. **BLATT!** “... Sensitive to heavy foods.” **FRT! P'fwrrpt.**

The older woman snorted. “Sensitive to getting stuffed like a Christmas turkey, is more like it. When was the last time you even saw your *feet*?”

Elizabeth had to put real thought into this one. “Uh... two weeks ago?”

“Exactly. You stay up here, they'll keep shoving food down your gullet until you're too big to waddle.” Becky rose and poked Elizabeth in her oversized gut. “You coming with me, or not?”

“Alright. I'll do it. Just...” She swallowed as she reached for her clothes. “Just promise me we don't have to *walk* too far, wherever we go.”

Pffrpppttt...



The two of them escaped the Fellow Traveller on skyhooks, Elizabeth clutching her inflated stomach the whole way. The sky-lines leading to their destination were wild and swaying in the wind: Elizabeth got nauseous several times, and had to stop for a breather and a “bolstering snack” before continuing. Much to her chagrin, the habit of constant eating was ingrained in her deeply by now. Like Pavlov's dog, she couldn't help but salivate at the sound of a dinner-bell.

After six or seven such stops, they arrived. In the depths of Finktown, where factories

loomed high over the clouds and slums hovered in the dark, Becky led Elizabeth through dark allies towards their destination.

“Where did you say you came from?” Elizabeth asked, struggling to keep up with her skinnier compatriot. As she hustled along, cheeks red and sweaty from the jogging, her rump bounced and her breasts slapped on her stomach. **Blorp, flop, slap-flop.** It was an unsettling feeling, like she was a ship that had taken on too much cargo. A frigate overloaded with foreign meat, she was starting to list and slow down. She could barely waddle fifteen feet at a time before stopping to breathe.

“New York. Nineteen-twelve... at least, it was when I left.” Becky turned down another alley, seeming to know every step. She'd been drinking Vigors all the way down, and her hands were crackling with energy. “I worked for the Pinkerton Agency. Bruisers and strike-breakers. I took a job to help get a mystery girl out of a flying city... except when I got there, she was gone.”

Elizabeth nodded, wiping sweat from her brow. “Because Mother Elizabeth took her.”

“Exactly. I called in a few favors, got a guy named Lutece to send me here, using a dimensional doohickey. And now...” She sighed as they approached the red-light district. “Now I have all the Elizabeths I could ever want. But Mother Liz ain't letting these sheep out of her sight—not for a minute.”

Elizabeth stopped, going pale. She leaned over, bracing her hands on her knees. “H-hold on. I think I'm about to—Oh, Lord, my *stomach*—”

BRRrrrRRUPPPTF...

The wet, rumbling fart brought unwanted attention down on them. Several obese Elizabeths wearing feather boas and scanty tops arrived from a stoop nearby. The foremost among them, so heavily endowed in the chest she had two other Elizabeths carrying her massive corset-clad breasts on a sling, laughed at her younger duplicate.

“City food ain't agreeing with you, toots? What's the matter... need some *relaxation*?” She shook her mammoth breasts around, grinning through caked-on makeup.

“We'll help you out,” said another, a Liz so fat her stomach nearly grazed the ground. Over her deep, exposed navel was written the phrase FUCK HOLE and OPEN MY TEAR FOR ME, LOVER! in crude body-paint.

“Oh, n-no, that's fine. We're just...” **FWRRRt.** “Passing through.” **Pwrrt.**

Becky, however, was eyeing up the prostitutes with a look between disgust and appreciation. “You girls certainly know your strengths. I've got some Vigors... but sadly, we ain't got time to lay down and 'relax.’”

She tossed a vial of Possession to the group, and watched them argue over it before the big-breasted Elizabeth simply grabbed it and chugged the entire thing. “I want info, not whoopee. Now tell me where they keep the burned-out Elizabeths—I know it's somewhere around here...”

Burn-outs? Elizabeth quailed behind Becky, trying to hold in the force of her overpowering flatulence as the prostitutes chatted.

Finally, the busty one nodded. “They're down in the Bull Yard. The Flying Squad keeps

'em out of sight, down there... feeds them all *sorts* of nasty things, indeed." Seeming bored with Becky, she turned and used Possession on her companions, entwining them in seductive clouds of pheromones that passingly resembled beautiful women. "These two are a dud. Let's go inside and break in that new mattress, girls..."

"Anything you want," cooed the belly-heavy Elizabeth, shaking her midsection's blubber at her friend in a mind-controlled imitation of a belly-dance. "We don't need a mattress, y'know... We could just do it right here... Free advertising, right?"

As the Elizabeths began to French-kiss one another, the innocent one turned away in horror. There was something disturbing about the prevalent practice of self-cest in New Columbia... and yet, she found it profoundly alluring.

What must it be like to lie with a lover who knows your every curve... your every surface, better than you do? It must be...

Quite thrilling...

But she had to shake off these impure thoughts. Becky was on the move again, heading for the heart of Finkton—the work-clock and the Good Time Club, as well as the police station and the impound cells. Poor, tubby, waddling Elizabeth could only follow her, sparing frightened but darkly curious glances back at her whorish "sisters."

I don't want to be like them. I don't. Pffrrppt. But a stirring deep below her swollen gas-bag of a stomach had begun to make her reconsider.

I don't... Do I?

They made short work of the Elizabeths at the police station. Even the most disciplined of the city's Elizabeths were very susceptible to indulgence—all it took was a bottle of whiskey left in the foyer by Becky, and soon the crisp, buttoned-up Elizabeths were giggling and slurring, playing strip poker with each other. Elizabeth felt ashamed as she passed them, watching one flash her fellow Elizabeths and drunkenly shake her fat little bosom around.

If this is really what we all want... if this is really who we are... how can I pretend to be better than them? We're all the same person, after all.

If I stay here long enough... will I, too, become a stupid, gluttonous little hedonist?

She spared a bashful glance at her belly, wiggling and wobbling as it slowly stained her blouse with sweat. *Or maybe I already am...*

God, I could use a snack.

BLLRppt.

She found one below the police station, where multiple Tears hung open leading to larders, pantries and abandoned kitchens. The Elizabeths here seemed to leave them for public use—and she was happy to oblige, stealing a cinnamon roll from another dimension even as Becky scowled at her.

"You're not going to want a full stomach, for this next part."

"I *always* want a full stomach." She hated admitting it, but it was true. She needed to stuff herself to feel secure, now—to feel safe. Hunger was unacceptable. Only a painfully full stomach

could make her feel any measure of happiness.

Becky stared at her. “You really are your mother’s daughter..”

Elizabeth blinked. “What do you know about my mother?”

“Nothing. Come on.” And down they went, into the depths of the jail. Below the shining veneer of the city, the area smelled awful—rats scuttled in the dark, and strange brass tanks stood in the corners.

“Compost. Leftovers from all around the city get funneled here.” Becky waited as Elizabeth picked the lock on the cell block door... and led her into the shadows, raising a lantern to light the way.

“Why? What’s it all for?”

“It’s for... *them*.” Becky shone a light on the cells beyond. Elizabeth gasped and recoiled, her stomach roiling. Becky was right—she wished she hadn’t eaten so much. Because what she saw made her feel like throwing up.

Over a dozen Elizabeths lay in the cells, chained to opulent beds. With no space to move, they were all listless and dull-eyed, dressed in simple sackcloth gowns.

And every one of them was *hideously* fat.

Not the gleeful, rosy-faced fat of the Elizabeths above. No, this was an unwholesome, almost sickly kind of fat: these Elizabeths were *immense*, strapped to restraint chairs or tied to bedposts. Their bodies hung with lily-white, dangling slabs of flesh, their faces distorted by jowls and sagging triple-chins. Their upper arms were awash with fat, and they smelled awful: even from afar she could catch the scent of their flatulence, the sheer **reek** of their unwashed bodies.

Then a fresh horror arrived: the brass tanks behind her churned, and unknown substances moved through tubes on the ceiling. As if trained, the morbidly fleshy Elizabeth’s all opened their mouths, and mechanized feeding-tubes slid down to wedge open their throats.

The stinking substance that they were fed was more sludge than food: old apple cores, discarded chunks of hot-dog, and even a few actual food wrappers were blasted out of the tubes and into their mouths. To Elizabeth’s disgust, many of them fed eagerly, even greedily, sucking on the tubes like the foul, fattening compost was mothers’ milk.

And the sounds... the sounds that accompanied the gluttony were gastric, wet and ugly. Thick farts and muffled, pig-like snorts and burps sounded from the cells. Each Liz had a different haircut, but they were all sweaty, disheveled, massively overfed and clearly broken of spirit.

BWRRRURP! Frrrt. BRALLP!

Fwarrp! PURRT. B’helch...

“This... This is awful!” Elizabeth fled into Becky’s arms. “Why would anyone do this to them?”

“Because they grew too powerful. Started to threaten the city’s stability, with the size of the Tears they could open.” Becky held her tight, stroking her hair. “Mother Elizabeth has them locked down here to prevent them causing harm. And she... feeds them like this, to keep them

stupid and content. She's been doing it for years.”

Elizabeth wept, humiliated to find her own body rumbling with flatulence in sync with the pigs in their cages. “It's awful. We have to release them!”

“No, I don't think you do.”

The pair turned to find Lizzie and Mother Elizabeth approaching, Lizzie's enormous hips covered with guns and the older woman's hair pulled back in a tight bun.

Lizzie sighed, crossing her arms. “I told you she was too smart. We have to feed 'em *way* more than what you gave her, when they arrive.”

“Another Becky. How sweet.” Mother Elizabeth grinned at DeWitt. “Have you come to save me again, Mother? You should know by now, we *want* to be here. We all want this.” She gestured at the caged Elizabeths. “They wanted this, too... well, after I drained their minds with Possession over and over, they did. They *begged* for it.”

Elizabeth blinked. *Mother? That means Becky is...*

Becky stepped forward. “Enough, Anna. You have to stop this. You can't just keep hoarding your other selves—they need to be free!”

“They *are* free.” Mother Elizabeth stamped her foot, her body jiggling all over. “Free to eat, and screw, and drink themselves into happy oblivion. Why would you take that from them?”

Becky's fists curled. “Because it's not a choice. It's depraved! You've forced it on them—fattened them up until they're lazy and dumb, dependant on you. Until they're too bloated and spoiled, to survive on their own!”

“A lecture on parenting, from *you*?” Mother Elizabeth clucked her tongue. “That's rich. Lizzie dear, use those custom Vigor of yours. Show them what *depraved* really means.”

“With pleasure, ma'am.” Lizzie raised her plump hands... and Elizabeth saw a bottle of something called PIGLET'S FEAST on her belt.

Oh, no...

Pink tendrils of energy leapt from Lizzie's fingers, shooting into Becky's stomach. The tall, muscular woman doubled over.

“Elizabeth, run—**URRRP**, get out of here! Ah, Christ, not again—”

FWOOMPTF.

The Vigor expanded Becky's body, transforming her in an instant from a grizzled mercenary to a five-hundred-pound disaster of hanging flab, wheezing breath and sweaty skin. Lizzie marched forward, pinching Becky's cheek.

“Mmm, another DeWitt for my harem. I'm gettin' close to a full collection... tell me honey, do you prefer tight chains, or loose?” She slapped Becky's stomach, the huge girl belching helplessly as she wiggled her bloated limbs. “Mmm, I think *tight* will be nice. Let's loosen you up first...” And she began pulling off DeWitt's shredded trousers, intent on conquering her new “pet” right away.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth fled into the darkness, passing many more cells—all filled with helplessly fat duplicates of herself, force-fed garbage to keep them pacified. She tried to hide, but

she'd grown too fat to fit into any closet or locker, and her weight caused her to stagger and gasp, her body rebelling as she forced its fat shape into movement.

“Elizabeth, my dear... Please, don't hide. It's what's best for you... Best for all of us.” Her overweight surrogate Mother turned the corner, and pulled out a bottle of Possession, sucking it down. “Just open wide and relax. I promise, this is much better than going back to your tower... At least here, you'll be *cared* for. Loved, attended to. Pleased in every way imaginable.”

No... Seizing on a sudden idea, Elizabeth opened a Tear, focusing on the Vigor that Lizzie had used.

I need just a little bit... Just one bottle...

Mother Elizabeth raised her hand. “I said, open wide...”

“You first.” Elizabeth grabbed what she had been looking for—a bottle of *Piglet's Feast* from another world—and guzzled it. Instantly a sense of greedy joy suffused her. Her hands turned to pig's trotter's for a moment... then the hallucination disappeared.

Throwing out her hands, she used the power on Mother Elizabeth, who shrieked in surprise as she was transformed into a huge, spherical mass of fat. Her corset exploded off of her, and she whimpered as she jiggled in place, gas leaking from both ends of her newly huge body.

“You little... **urrrp**, brat... You don't appreciate what we've—**BELCH!**—done for you!”

“Maybe not. But if I'm going get fat... I'm going to do it on my own terms.” Waddling up to her erstwhile savior, Elizabeth planted a wet kiss on her lips, drunk on the Vigor and on the power of her own coup. “Mmm, tastes like brownies... Now for Lizzie's turn.” As she walked away, she lifted her skirts, allowing a demure **pfrrRRrt** to linger in the air behind her.

“No! Nooo**urrrrp**...”

That night, the Elizabeths of New Columbia found out they had a new queen. And while her methods were just as questionable... at least she was more honest, about her purpose.

Together, all Elizabeths would all grow fat, and revel in pleasure with her... whether they liked it or not.



***“Will the feasting be unbroken,
With pies on pies, pies on pies...
Does a better size await us,
If we try... if we try?”***

--Inscription on the baptismal soda-fountains of the New Eden Cathedral, 1913