

Merrily approaching the couple was a young, pink hedgehog girl. She had her usual energetic smile, her short bob hairstyle and her red headband. She wasn't wearing her usual dreamcasters dress however, no, there was no chance that was fitting her now. Amy too had now fattened up to the other side. Sonic's eye judged that she wasn't quite the size Sally was, but Ms. Rose wasn't far off. While at this point Sally was grazing, if not **in** the 180's Amy seemed like she could say the same for the 170's. While Sally had softened out into a plush hourglass despite her tummy, Amy had filled out to be more of a pear. The princess received compensation for her troubles in an f-cup rack that rivaled Rouge's own, while less fat had made its way into the hedgehogs 'girls'. They were maybe d-cups now. Instead the extra adipose had been distributed more to her hips, rear end and upper arms. Despite weighing less Amy's thighs and calves were wider than Sallys with less of a womanly curve to them. Her biceps and shoulders were comparatively massive on her. There seemed to be no curve really separating where her shoulders **became** her arms, they were just bloated beige sausages protruding from her body. Her shoulders even peaked up near her head a bit, looking quite pronounced. It made sense that Amy had filled out more in certain areas, fat followed muscle. Amy had trained her body more to be strong, optimized for head on assaults with a melee weapon bigger than she was, as opposed to how Sally's had been conditioned for flexibility, acrobatics and tight spaces. Sally quickly smacked her hand over her mouth. Her lower eyelids raised as did her cheeks.

"Gnsrhkk!"

The chipmunk immediately began struggling to contain a giggle fit as their friend continued jogging, or rather **jiggling** towards them. More so in shock rather than amusement (unlike his other half) Sonic managed to string along a coherent sentence to greet her.

"Heeeeyyy Ames..."

He awkwardly chimed.

"You going for a jog?"

He asked as she finished closing the distance between herself and the couple. Peculiarly enough despite Amy's apparent softness, she was actually clad in workout clothes: A sports dress in a similar style to her usual, although a bit less detailed and presumably more than a few sizes larger. Black spandex shorts covered her thunder thighs and seemed to help them prevent the jiggling... a little bit. Apparently she had been working up a bit of a sweat as well.

***Huff*... Yeah... *Huff*...**

She responded, almost sounding defeated. The young girl had been dreading this conversation a bit for a while now, however she wouldn't be showing it. While Sonic had seen Sally gradually transform into the chonker to his left side the last time he'd seen Amy she'd just been the same teeny little thing she'd always been, his eyes hadn't been given the time to adjust. It was bizarre seeing his friends mint green eyes behind what seemed like someone else's cheeks, hearing her voice come from this bigger girl he'd never met before.

...sorry Sonic, but apparently the princess won't be sharing you anytime soon and I'm not going to settle for just being eye candy."

She said just sternly enough without actually coming off aggressive, she fluttered her lashes.

Sally tilted her head away to obscure her increased giggling. Sonic cocked his brow. Pondering the strangeness of being surrounded by the two most prominent women in his life as they were both double their usual sizes would have to wait a moment.

"For now I've decided I'm just going to focus on being the best freedom fighter I can be. And all this just gets in the way you know..."

She sighed, jiggling her midriff whilst looking up at him, she then placed a hand on the blue blurs shoulder. Young Rose had long since struggled between her ideals of being a freedom fighter **like** Sonic and being **with** Sonic as unfortunately, the two didn't seem to be very compatible. After reaching maturity Amy had enjoyed stuffing herself with all the chocolates she could buy and desserts she could bake. Her culinary skills increased along with her BMI, but reality eventually set in as she began tipping out of the 160's. She was getting slower, her range of motion was slightly beginning to restrict and she was getting tired faster. While Sally too was a freedom fighter **Sonic** was the one she idolized the most of them all and she didn't have Sally's tactical mind to compensate for the lack of physical fitness anyway... Amy quickly discovered that she could swing her hammer pretty well, she wanted to take on the same role as the blue blur did **and was fit to**, but becoming less so with each pastry she slid down her throat in the name of love. Whether it was out of indecisiveness or just sheer belief in herself even Ms. Rose didn't know, but she just maintained the absolute highest amount of cuddle fluff she thought she could tow whilst still having a shot at being a great heroine... although that meant she'd never be **quite** as thick as Sally. Amy had hoped the pudge she had would be enough, but even though Sonic had eventually started sending some signals in the times when he and Sally were split up nothing ever actually came of it, and now the two of them were back together... **again...** and at this point had been for months now... **more** if you counted the time Sonic spent in the middle, waiting for her to be deroboticized.

...Don't be sad Sonikku, I'll pack it all back on the next time Sally slaps you."

She winked to the two. Amy had kept telling herself and others that eventually Sonic would be hers, but whether she would admit it or not she was clearly running out of time here. She'd decided that while Sally was making him happy for now that she would experience being the version of herself she had wanted to be ever since she was a little girl, unrestricted by anything else. Then next time... **if there was a next time** the two separated, Amy would go all out. She would unapologetically gorge herself to Sally's girth and maybe even **beyond** as it would likely be her last chance. Then after living the two extremes, maybe she'd finally be able to decide what she really wanted... Amy was relieved as Sally took the joke amazingly well, she burst out laughing even. Sonic didn't seem to take it so well though, the female hedgehog thought it odd but decided to focus back on her run.

"...Anyways, back to it!"

The pink one ran off, the princess was still struggling not to fall to the ground with her laughter. Sonic held his hand to his forehead, massaging his temples.

"She thinks I'm with you 'cause you're bigger..."

He groaned as he struggled to hold up his collapsing girlfriend.

"In this timeline you probably are!"

Sally practically screamed through her laugh attack, Sonic's brows furrowed and his pupils shrunk.

'That's... a weird coincidence'

Sonic thought.

The chipmunks' shaking knees struggled to bring her back up. As she got herself mostly upright using Sonic's arm she had to wipe a tear from her eye.

"What did you think was going to happen, Sonic?"

She asked, having an easier time getting her words out now. She sounded out of breath from her little episode, she definitely looked light headed to her boyfriend.

*"These rings make it so that I was always a whale, but they have to keep everything else the same. We still had to have gotten together **somehow!**"*

She continued.

"Woah, hey! I'm many things, **shallow** isn't one of them."

The hedgehog folded his lanky arms, brows furrowed.

Sally held her softened chin.

"Hm... maybe not.-"

-But we obviously wouldn't've had all the time we spent out on the field together, you would've had to be physically attracted to go out of your way to court me."

The tomboy deduced. Her detective skills showed, she'd experienced enough reality alterations, time travel and alternate zones by this point that applying them to these scenarios had become second nature.

"I... Yeah that makes sense..."

Sonic sighed, wiping his hand down his face.

"And it looks like everyone knowwwwss~"

The princess cooed, smugly. She spun around in front of her love to look into his eyes. She took his hands into her own.

"So, honey! Ready to go to Uncle Chuck's and face your family with your fat girlfriend? How do you think Bernadette will look at you now when she sees you forcing me to pig out? Hm? What about Jules?"

She asked threateningly, savouring having the advantage again. She fluttered her big eyes as she brought the tip of her nose up to his own. Sonic tried to stifle a gulp.

"Unless of course you want to just slim me down now and save yourself the embarrassment."
She placed a hand on her hip.

"Nuh-uh!"

Sonic shook his head violently, his long quills flopped about.

*"I did **not** wait three days, blow double my money on food and **take a headbutt to the nose** just to wuss out! If this timeline's me doesn't sweat what people think about it then neither will I!"*

Sally cocked her eyebrow but firmly kept her smile. She'd see about that.

After a quick pit stop at the castle to let the princess don an upsized vest and pair of boots, the couple strolled into the diner. Sally made sure to have her arms wrapped around Sonic's all lovey-dovey. The couple had most eyes on them as they entered, as was per usual when they went out in public. The princess also caught a few girls sizing up Sonic, another thing she'd had to grow used to long ago. **Before**, the two of them were **both** a catch, whether one based it on their status **or** on their looks, as the two were both in peak shape. Before Sally got an equal number, if not **more** of the same ogling her boyfriend did... **now** however all she was receiving were the semi-disgusted glares of the same girls staring at **him**. Apparently some people were still the same as they ever were in this new reality. Before they came in, Sally had thought about arching her back and pushing her stomach out to get even better responses at Sonic's expense, now however, she was doubting that little joke. The chipmunk subconsciously clung even tighter to her other half.

"Hey mom!"

Sonic called to his mother as he always did, signalling that he was heading for his reserved booth, however **this** time he was also probing. His voice didn't beget uncertainty though it wasn't full of his usual bombastic confidence. The hedgehog escorted his girlfriend to her side of the booth, both were trying to hide their insecurity, both engaging in this unorthodox little game they'd made for themselves. Sonic held Sally's hand as she plopped herself down, both displayed exaggerated date etiquette in an attempt to be coy. Despite the looks she was getting making her feel hyperconscious, Ms. Acorn was still a **rail** thin girl in a chubby ones body, kinesthetic memory had her drop onto the red leather cushion as one could afford to if their weight was barely in the triple digits. A loud thud was accompanied by the sounds of pained creaking, both parties winced and Sally avoided making eye contact with anyone else in the restaurant. The princess' entire torso swayed up and down in her lap. She could even feel the softness of the bottom of her chin jiggling, as it was pushed up and pulled down by the mass of her bouncing breasts just below.

She quickly hid her surprise, plastering a cocky expression over her face.

*"Oops.. was that **loud**?"*

Her smile quickly stopped being an act as she watched Sonic roll his emerald eyes, for a moment she felt as though she was already getting the hang of this.

"It's not too late to back out Sonic, pretend you just had to ask Bernie a question then leave?"

Sliding a little into the cover of the booth further helped to return Sally to her usual confidence. Enough to make that comment feel more like a deal than a plea.

"Nah, we're committed."

He laid one arm on the table and leaned in.

*"Feeling **hungry**?"*

"Not particularly, bu-

****grrROOoooOOAAANaaannn****

Her stomach moaned, instantly her eyes widened and her face flushed.

...Sonic thought it was adorable, really. All of his doubt and sense of self preservation went out the window at the sight, he was once again intent on getting the most out of this experience.

"You sure? I might'a had the ring on too long in the forest. You sound completely empty, darlin'."

He cooed.

*"If you had let me finish, I was going to say **but** I have no problem making a scene clearing the menu."*

Sally's thick, black brows furrowed as she forced a smile.

"Ahhhhh, tubby's finally getting confident in her big belly~"

Sonic had his lips puckered as he spoke in a mock tone.

"Eh-hem."

A feminine voice could be heard clearing its throat.

"Mom!"

The blue blur shouted in surprise as his quills stiffened. His head swivelled to the side and his torso straightened up at super speed.

Bernadette stood at the end of their table, notebook in tow.

"....Heeyyyyyyy...."

He nervously smiled, the upper half of his face cringed profusely.

*"...I'm going to pretend like I didn't hear whatever **that** was..."*

Sally had already started slipping downward in her seat like Sonic wanted to, she felt her heart fall down into her **stomach**... only for it to bounce back up into her throat.

She nearly followed her instinct to bury her face in her hands.

'Stop.'

Her brows straightened and her lip stiffened.

'Suck it up Acorn, you're not getting a better chance than this.'

Sally forcefully fought against the muscles in her face as they tried to shut everything, she instead held an expression that belied mild annoyance.

"Seriously Sonic, the evening's just started. Try to keep it in your pants while we're still in public."

She scoffed in a snobbish tone.

Sonic was taken back. His eyes squinted at the chipmunk, his face clearly disgusted. Bernadette was as uncomfortable as any son's mother would be hearing this.

"Yes Maurice, please..."

The elder hedgehog concurred, jittering a little as she stood.

"I-! Ugh... sorry mom..."

The younger hedgehog laid his head in his hand. He realized trying to make up an excuse at this point would only be **more** embarrassing. His mother had given him **many** concerned and/or disapproving glares in her time, but Sonic had never seen one like the one she was currently giving. He clung to the understanding that once he set Sally back to normal his mother would likely just forget the past few seconds ever happened.

"...Anyways, what can I get you two?"

The clipboard kept bouncing in the indigo hedgehog's hands, displaying her continued discomfort.

"Uhhh... jumbo chilidog with a side of smoked meat poutine for me, mom..."

Sonic answered.

Bernie looked back to the princess.

"And for you, sweet pea?"

Sally paused, she actually had no idea what to order. Despite having eaten at Chuck's literal hundreds of times she had almost none of the menu memorized, **only the salad menu**. Not a single thing popped in her head, there had never been something the princess had seen and wanted but kept herself from ordering, because she actually **enjoyed** the salads. She never needed anything else.

"Um... Sorry Bernie, would I actually be able to see the menu?"

The princess asked.

The older woman chuckled. **She thought Sally was joking.**

"The four cheese penne would probably be a good starter Sal."

Sonic tried to assist, uncharacteristically without a hint of mockery. He was **so close** but this could've been the moment to make his beau sneak out through the ladies room, or just order another damn vegetable plate. He couldn't let this have all been for nothing, so he suggested

something non-greasy and with no meat. It wasn't one of the dishes he was hoping for the chipmunk to try that evening, but despite that it was still one of his favorites and was still packed with more than enough carbs to burn Sally's normally dainty hands.

Bernadette cocked a brow at her son referring to the pasta as a 'starter' but kept from commenting, she figured she must've embarrassed the poor princess enough.

"Uhh.."

Ms. Acorn surprised herself with how put off she was at the idea. She didn't get turned into a fatty and forced out in public just to eat glorified macaroni and cheese. She was going to find **something** appetizing.

"Maybe we should start with appetizers actually?"

She looked to Sonic, actually taking the issue seriously for a moment.

"Oh, sure!"

The blue one darted up, instantly catching the lifeline.

"Sorry mom, hold off on the 'dog and fries."

"Oookay, what appetizers then?"

Sonic looked to Sally, expecting an answer.

"..."

The princess froze up again. She didn't know the appetizer menu either.

It clicked in her head again.

*"Well...whatever **you** want me to eat, since you're so excited today."*

She brought back the snobby tone.

She was finding shelter in the act, actually using it to facilitate a dialogue that'd help her decide. She felt a tinge of guilt hit her as she noticed the **clear** discomfort the moment continued to put poor Bernie through.

Even if Sonic could think of a witty retort that would absolve him somewhat, he'd realized he apparently just needed to end this moment as quickly as possible, his gf was playing harder than he expected her to. Again, through gritted teeth he answered.

*"**Sure**, the macaroni balls, cauliflower bites, pickle spears, moon bread and some french onion soup."*

"Sure thing."

Bernie chimed, she jotted the order down as quickly as she possibly could and paced away even faster.

Sonic realized that his mother, in the awkwardness, had forgotten to ask them for drinks.

"Oh! And two Dr. Cherries ma!"

He called down the aisle before turning back to his plus one.

"Rrreaallllyyy?"

He tapped his finger on the table.

*"What? Isn't that what you wanted? For me to try what **you** want?"*

Sally cocked her defined brow, smirking.

"Well I was hoping mom would've given us some time before coming over, you couldn't've at least tried to wing it for the first round?"

Sally shrugged with a smile.

"Hey, you think I know what to order? I can't remember the last time I asked for anything other than a salad here."

*"You genuinely can't even **guess** what would be on the normal people menu and you're wondering why I felt the need to do this?"*

Despite still being tense he managed a smile.

"Normal people, really..?"

The chipmunk droned. She laid forward into the table, her upper belly consumed the lip of it.

The hedgehog leaned back in as well. Trying not to get too distracted by the sight of Sally's big boobs drooping down, they were even grazing the top of the table.

*"Yeah. The only other people who eat nothing but greens are people who are trying to **lose** weight."*

Sally had noticed where Sonic's eyes had been lingering for a moment but thought nothing of it.

*"Yeah, Sonic... and after just two days on your diet I **should** be. Shouldn't that tell you something? Is it not embarrassing?"*

She threw her hand up.

*"Woah, hey! No fair! I've been overeating even by my **own** standards."*

He deflected.

*"Uh-huh. Take a good look, Sonic. **This** is what you'd look like without your powers."*

Sally sat up and arched her back forward, intentionally pushing her tummy and her breasts out even further. Her chest obscured Sonic's view of the tip of her chin. She gripped her little rolls with both hands, causing the tortilla flesh to ooze out further. Sally had to force herself not to shiver when unexpectedly the peak of her tummy actually grazed the edge of the table with that posture, despite her now sitting as far back in the seat as possible.

Sonic smiled, realizing something.

"You're projecting."

The chipmunks' brows cocked, her own smile still holding.

"Oh, how so?"

She asked, genuinely intrigued by her boyfriend's use of such a word. She eagerly awaited the laughable attempt at psycho-analysis that was about to leave his mouth.

*"Because **you** make **yourself** think that you always have to feel guilty about being royalty and you compensate, so I have to do the same with my speed. That's what all those healthy restaurants have been for."*

The blue one held a type of grin that even Sally'd rarely seen him sport.

Her sky blue eyes widened in surprise for a moment before they furrowed in frustration.

*"I-ugh! Maybe I just wanted my boyfriend to be **healthy**!"*

She threw her chubby arms out, again Sonic was striking an odd nerve she didn't even know she had. The subtle beginnings of bingo wings on her triceps shook from the movement.

"Nuh-uh pwincess wants me to not take advantage of my cool powers, even though nobody cares but herrrr..."

Sonic mockingly pouted. Twisting his head about.

Bernadette returned with a large tray, it **barely** had enough surface to keep the five appetizers from sliding off the edges.

"...Okay... Macaroni balls, cauliflower bites, pickle spears, french onion soup and some moon bread."

The waitress announced as she slid it all onto the table one by one.

"...And two Dr.Cherries."

"Thanks ma."

The couple smiled before both of their grins fell at the sight of the indigo hedgehog rushing to go get another table's order. Clearly still scarred from a few minutes ago.

The two both tried to brush past it. Sally couldn't help but cock a brow while looking down upon the greasy assortment.

She looked to Sonic, clearly still annoyed.

"Okay, which of these do you want me to try first?"

She droned as if it would be a chore.

"Try the macaroni bites."

He breathed in an uncharacteristically soft tone. A genuine smile grew on the blue one's face, it was **easily** the least sinister one he'd sported in the past few days.

The redhead sighed and grabbed a little greasy ball between her index and thumb.

"No more rabbit food for the princess, she's finally getting some good dog food."

The hedgehog sang as the fruits of his labour were finally upon him.

She rolled her eyes.

"I'm telling Bunnie you said that."

The chipmunk opened her maw, Sonic leaned in with anticipation. He hung in excitement and suspense as she tossed it in. She swallowed it down as quickly as she could without choking, as if it were a pill. Confusion began to stir in the hedgehog's mind as he saw no visible reaction on his girlfriend's face.

"Soo..?"

He probed optimistically.

"This is what you had to stuff me like a pig over?"

She complained, unimpressed.

"You don't like 'em?"

Sonic frowned, betrayal and surprise were clear in his voice.

"I mean, it's just macaroni. Deep frying something doesn't make it better..."

Sally took a bit of sadistic pleasure in the momentary look of defeat on the speedsters face, however he quickly shook it off and pressed on.

"...Maybe because you're not eating it with the sauce."

He slid a small plastic cup over, its contents were a fire brick red substance.

The chipmunk chuckled at how desperate her boyfriend was coming off.

"Ketchup?"

She half-scoffed, half-laughed.

"Sriracha ketchup."

He corrected, pointing his finger up.

"And what does sriracha mean?"

She asked, still smiling at his expense.

"Really? Too tasty for the royal banquet apparently. Try it."

He gestured.

The princess maintained eye contact as she dunked her second ball and popped it in. Her brows raised a little and her pupils inched down a bit, Sonic could tell she was pleasantly surprised.

"Okay that's not bad."

She admitted.

"Thank youuu.."

He breathed out

"Happy now Sonic? All that for me to learn spicy ketchup is good with macaroni."

*"Ah... that is but the **first** thing you will learn today my dear princess."*

Sonic informed.

"Okay, explain to me why you ordered the french onion."

She pointed to the soup bowl.

"A good question my beautiful apprentice, you see the skinny one's meal is but the chubby one's dip."

He lectured, clearly enjoying himself.

"..."

The princess just stared, not totally following, but both amused and still mildly annoyed at her love's antics.

"It's for the breadsticks."

He explained flatly, disappointed by how **absurdly** alien this all seemed to her.

"Oh."

She exclaimed with minimal energy.

Sonic pulled the Macaroni bites to himself before passing Sally the soup and cheesy bread.

"So the running theme here is just saucing anything with bread and cheese on it?"

She droned.

"Are you gonna complain about every new thing?"

The hedgehog whined.

"Was thinking about it~"

Sally cooed. Oddly enough however, she realized before she had even reached for her first sample that she was already salivating. Her mouth didn't usually water at the sight of food like this.

She dunked a strip of cheesy garlic bread into the onion broth before taking a bite.

She smirked at Sonic, catching how intently he was watching her chew.

"What, do you want a review of every one?"

She asked while covering her mouth with her fingers.

"Yeah, actually."

Sally swallowed the soggy dough, admitting.

"I can see why you'd want to do that but it still feels like a waste of the soup."

"Eh, we'll still drink it."

He waved off.

"Okay which one now oh, connoisseur-

GrrooOOOAAaannnnNN.

Her belly cried again. The slowly paced, singular bites of taste testing were taunting her poor outstretched and empty gut.

The chipmunk looked down at her middle, Sonic did too.

"I don't know but apparently we'd better decide fast!"

He joked.

He slid over the breaded cauliflower.

"What's it sauced in?"

She asked, holding it just below her chin.

"Buffalo sauce."

Sally begrudgingly threw another appetizer down the hatch.

"Meh. Probably the weakest one so far."

She responded. She was actually a little shocked, this definitely seemed like something she'd totally be grossed out by, but it was at least edible to her.

Sonic stayed silent for a moment looking coyly back at her, the princess was confused about what he was suddenly so amused about.

"Then why are you eating another?"

The blue blur smirked.

Sally did a double take, shaking her head and sure and behold... there was another chunk of cauliflower in her mouth. She looked down in surprise. Her puffy hand had thrown another piece in and her jaw had begun chewing, **both without her consent.**

"I-

She tried to recover

*-because I'm hungry. My stomach's probably four times the size it's **supposed** to be right now."*

"Here then, take the pickle spears."

She sighed.

*"I didn't even **know** people deep-fried pickles."*

"Remember the dip!"

Sonic slid over the ranch, sounding like a parent trying his best to get their child to internalize a lesson.

*"Of course, gotta **double** the calorie count on every single thing!~"*

Sally sang sarcastically before swigging the pickle and taking a crunch.

The princess' eyes **really** widened on that one.

"Mmm!"

Ms. Acorn moaned in delight. And **finally** the feeling of satisfaction traveled up Sonic's chest at the sight.

"Ay, we found one!"

The young man smiled whole-heartedly.

"Oh well this one's cheating, it's pickles and ranch!"

Sally spat, **too** defensively.

"But the batter and grease make it better right?"

He pried.

"Not enough to justify making a vegetable unhealthy."

"Nah, you get it."

Sonic breathed smugly.

Sally rolled her eyes, finally smiling **with** him, at least for a moment.

Sonic let himself become preoccupied with the cauliflower. After finishing the last bite he scanned for the next thing to eat and decided he wanted some of the pickles too. He reached his hands to the basket and-

"Did you total the pickles already?"

He asked. Now surprised, himself.

"Yeah?"

Sally responded in a bratty tone, the last one was seemingly in her mouth as she spoke. She was apparently annoyed at the question.

"I wanted one, you know!"

Sonic's voice broke from a chuckle, he couldn't be angry about this if he wanted to be.

Sally grinned.

"Well... you wanted me to eat like a pig, there you go. Pass the macaroni bites back over, you don't get any of those either."

*"I **knew** you liked them!"*

He poked back as he met her request.

"Well my boyfriend turned me into a meat planet and that's what I like the most out of what's in front of me."

She protested.

"Uh-huh. I'm wearing you down."

Sonic declared before chowing on some of the breadsticks.

"I take it you're still hungry enough for the actual meal then?"

The blue one enquired, clearly excited. Even if she was full **now**, she wouldn't be in a moment. Sonic sneakily slipped the ring back on his finger under the table to help her break those starters down more quickly.

"Yes."

Sally huffed.

"I barely feel like I've eaten anything yet..."

She admitted while curiously staring down at her squishy middle, there was still some annoyance to be heard in her tone, although it was closer to neutral than in her previous similar observations. Surprise and even intrigue could be detected as well.

*"Ha! Normally you'd be **full** from just two appetizers!"*

"Yes Sonic, thank you for reminding me..."

The annoyance was now prominent again.

"Okay, I guess I should go sneak you a menu before you clear all the cheese balls too."

She squinted at him.

Sonic momentarily left the booth before returning with said menu.

"Uh, you already know what you're getting right?"

The chipmunk asked as she opened up the catalog.

*"Yup. You just worry about what **you** want."*

He cooed.

*"Today has had nothing to do with what **I** want..."*

She groaned to a frown from Sonic.

Sally stared at the salad menu for a moment, **longingly**, before begrudgingly skipping past it and the appetizer menu. Her sky blues began skimming through the main courses.

'Fish and chips, breaded shrimp, 6oz steak, 8oz steak...'

She read.

"I take it I'm not getting away with chicken alfredo or the eggplant parmesan...?"

"Nah. Good stuff's all on the next page."

The hedgehog leaned over the table enthusiastically, he was already smiling again.

The princess flipped the page.

'Roadhouse burger with sweet potato fries and chipotle mayo, cheesy beef burrito with a side of fries supreme, crispy chicken sandwich with a side of popcorn chicken...'

She had to suppress a gag. Her nose was already sneering unconsciously. Low quality meat aside, the grease alone on any of these could likely have the princess vomiting in the ladies room within the hour. .

Sally paused at that thought, a little uncomfortably.

'Is Sonic right? Am I really this snobbish?'

She thought to herself as she frowned, silently staring down at the pictures displayed on the paper.

Since she was just a little girl Sally had put as much effort as she possibly could into not coming off as elitist as the rest of her family, or as pampered as the princess' and queens before her. Her let-out hair, her faintly tomboyish demeanor, her history leading the freedom fighters... that original aim had gone on to completely shape the person she'd grown into. **Or so she thought.** So she **wanted**. Guilt began to well up in the princess.

For the first time Sally reminded herself that it was much cheaper for people besides herself to eat like this than to grab fresh veggies everyday, much less caviar and gourmet risotto.

"Find something?"

Sonic asked. Snapping the chipmunk back into reality.

"Oh. Uh, no, still looking."

"Can I make a suggestion?"

"You may."

The princess was going to make herself nauseous just from how much she'd been rolling her eyes.

"Try the pulled pork."

He pointed to a sandwich at the bottom of her page.

Her disgust returned, only slightly apologetically.

"You had to point at the nastiest thing they have?"

Sonic waved his hands.

*"Full transparency, pulled pork used to gross even **me** out before I tried it. But I swear it tastes **way** better than it looks."*

Sally just sat silently, staring pleadingly into her boyfriend's eyes.

Sonic laughed.

"You can pick something else on here, just seemed like you needed help deciding."

He shrugged

Sally huffed, for the first time in a **long** time having to **force** herself to be humble.

"I'm not really enthusiastic about anything on here, might as well."

The hedgehog smiled.

"You'll eat it if I don't right?"

The princess pleaded again.

"Only if you at least try a bite first."

Sonic stated paternally as he booped his scowling girlfriend's triangular black nose.

"We can get you a big side anyway in case you don't like it. Want a poutine?"

He asked whilst flipping their single menu to the 'sides' page.

"Sure. It's just cheesy fries with gravy, I'm surprised it meets tonight's criteria."

She joked.

"Oh well we're gonna get you one of the juicy kinds."

His voice rolled.

"Of course."

"How about the butter chicken?"

He cooed.

"Uh, sure."

She tried not to actually fight. While chicken was her favourite of the meats; the chicken in the corresponding photo didn't exactly look the most appealing. She could see Bernadette strolling back up to their table anyway.

Before his mother could even get a word out Sonic was on top of the situation.

"The twin pulled porks with a side of butterchicken poutine for Sal, ma."

"And you still wanted the chilidog with the smoked meat?"

She asked, receiving some unnecessarily fast nods.

"Okay, coming right up."

The indigo hedgehog responded as she gathered up the empty baskets of fallen appetizers.

"Oh, we're still working on the macaroni bites mom."

The young man tried to stop his mother's hand from taking the third basket away.

"It's empty Maurice."

Sonic let out a gasp of mock betrayal as he looked at Sally.

"Did you finish those off while I was grabbing the menu?!"

Sally opened her mouth as she was about to attempt to embarrass Sonic in front of an audience again, only to not even have a chance for the words to leave her mouth. Bernadette practically sprinted away from the table as Sonic's sentence ended.

Sonic flexed his neck and raised his shoulders in the awkwardness.

"We should get her a fruit basket when this is over..."

Sally smiled faintly with a cocked brow.

"And one for Amy."

She joked. The two laughed, Sonic nervously, Sally sincerely.

"I can't believe she fattened herself up just to have a better chance with me..."

Sonic lamented as his index and thumb rubbed just below his brows, obscuring his eyes.

"But it seems like it finally taught her a valuable lesson about moving on, maybe I should just lose the weight naturally, this seems like the better timeline!"

The redhead continued wisecracking, clearly still finding the humor in their encounter.

"Well, we did see a bunch of other girls in the city porked up too. I wonder if anyone else we know was hit?"

Sonic didn't ponder if that was a weird thing to say until the words had already left his mouth.

"Well Bunnie and Nicole looked the same when I saw them this morning, but that was about forty pounds ago now. I don't think things had really changed until we got back from the outskirts."

Sally held her chin, secretly wanting revenge for their prior comments. A feeling quickly rushed up inside Sonic at the idea too. Only to immediately be attacked by other, more negative emotions like white blood cells attacking a disease. The hedgehog didn't even have a chance to properly process the sensation before it mixed with the others to create a disorienting combo. In digging through his own confusion he suddenly realized-

"Thank god my mom is the same."

Sonic placed his hand back atop his forehead, he got **very** lucky. **That** would've been uncomfortable.

Sally cocked a brow at what Sonic had said, finding it a little odd. She could understand that being a **little** weird, but she wouldn't have thought it would warrant **that** strong a reaction.

"Well if 'ringworld' you likes 'em big. I wonder if Mina and Fiona were my size when you were with them?"

Sally taunted again, trying to picture it. Having no idea the effect such thoughts would have on the hedgehog. Sonic's heart beat really sped up at them, he felt a slight pressure at the top of his throat and a little heat flash across his cheek line. His cocktail of 'intrigue mixed with shame of said intrigue' was strengthened.

*"Okay, one: I don't think Fiona **can** get chubby, two: again, I never had anything with Mina!"*

Sonic pointed to Sally, chuckling. Subconsciously choosing to repress what he had just been, and still **was** feeling for a moment.

Bernie returned, towing the large order with two separate trays. To the sound of a-

"Thanks ma."

And

"Thank you Bernie."

Respectively.

Sally stared down at her dishes: one consisted of two sets of hamburger buns separated by piles of stringy flesh spilling out from between them, looking like they actually just straight-up

popped raw unprocessed intestines down on the buns. Though she knew it was more likely made out of lips and anuses.

She quickly opted to go for her side dish first. A type of poutine she didn't even know existed, she didn't know there were **any** other types beyond the traditional actually. Perfectly fine looking french fries were soiled, **buried** under fast food-quality chicken and slathered under an excrement-esque paste. Again, the princess liked her lean meat, but this chicken (if it was even actually chicken) was trying everything to fight off the 'lean' part. It looked pumped up and was again, covered in and oozing out a thick goo. She'd never seen meat so swamped in its extra contents, with so much heavy sauce. It may as well have been a particularly grotesque sou-

'Stop.'

Sally paused her runaway thoughts, she closed her eyes and scowled.

Before her mind could start acting on its own again she darted her fork out into the sauced fries and forcefully shoved it into her maw. Sonic then slipped the ring off as low-key as he'd put it on.

Her gag reflex activated the second her lips closed on the sloppy fries, another second later and her tongue actually processed the taste of the chicken curry.

Her big eyes opened back up.

"Mmm!"

She moaned, her voice held in a high pitch due to her surprise.

Sonic gave a wide open mouthed smile at her reaction, anticipating what she'd say.

She swallowed it quickly. Having to stop herself from darting her hand out for the next bite. She noticed Sonic's enthusiastic stare and awkwardly regained her composure, clearing her throat.

"Not bad."

"Not bad?"

He cocked a brow, smiling?

"Better than the cauliflower at least."

She postured, now going for that second munch. This time it was Sonic's turn to roll his eyes.

"What's this sauce anyways?"

Sally asked with a full forkload of food in her mouth. After a second Sonic realized it was probably the first time he'd ever seen her talk with her mouth open.

"It's the same as butter chicken you'd eat solo."

He answered, still holding his cocky grin.

"What's the sauce for that?"

She asked sheepishly, between bites. For some reason despite having felt at least a little satiated a few moments ago, her gut already felt completely vacuous again.

"It's a curry I think, spiced tomatoes and butter sauce."

He answered calmly, watching his girlfriend struggle to keep a straight face and fail to contain the speed at which she was **hammering** the poutine.

Sally cocked her brow, smiling between her full cheeks.

"Wow, surprisingly worldly for you."

She poked, again with a stuffed mouth.

"A lot of junk food is actually-

Sonic said in a jokingly snobbish tone.

-sriracha's from yurashia."

He continued.

"Wooow."

She mocked.

"Yeah, maybe we should consider this a cultural lesson for the princess."

He coyly rested his head in his hands.

"Yeah, because Northamer is the only place where healthy food comes from."

The red head replied sarcastically, reaching her utensil back down to grab another portion without looking, only to be caught off guard when the prongs of her fork met only the plate.

"But not the only place tasty food comes from, huh? You totaled that."

Sonic's smile never dropped.

"Uh-I..."

She reformed her scowl, but she couldn't hide her blush, before the chipmunk could come up with another excuse Sonic spoke first.

"I love you..."

He said longily.

Sally was halted by confusion at his adoring eyes.

"You're so stubborn."

He cooed.

Sally was again caught off guard.

"I'm stubborn?"

She asked, flabbergasted.

*"You **clearly** liked that but you can't just admit it. You liked most of the appetizers too."*

He pointed.

"I'm stubborn..."

She deflected

*...You wasted **three days** and a massive chunk of your own money to make me two hundred pounds. **Just so you could get me to try some junk food.**"*

She reminded.

"I don't think you're two hundred pounds princess, though maybe after the pulled pork..."

He joked

...And hey-

He shrugged.

*-was there **any** other way I could've gotten you here?"*

Sally crossed her arms. She had to heave her inflated mammaries up to do it, and they were squishing up against her jaw, which pressed the fat in her face up and made her cheeks look even chubbier than they already now were... but she did it.

"No."

She admitted in a scoff.

"I rest my case."

He bowed.

"Yeah, no, you're right. Toootally justified."

She responded facetiously.

*"You know it's crazy that I even **had** to do this."*

Sonic defended.

*"You didn't **have** to do anything."*

She groaned.

*"**Shouldn't've** had to, any other woman, heck, any other **person** would've lunged at the opportunity to be able to let go and eat whatever they want without having to worry about gaining weight."*

He explained.

"I told you Sonic, it's not just about the weight. You could keep me thin but running doesn't get rid of every other unhealthy thing eating like this would do to me."

Her arms remained crossed.

"I'm actually pretty sure these rings do."

His voice rolled with a small laugh.

"I made you chubby with the rings and now time's been rewritten so that you've always been a big eater. When I shrink you back down I'm sure it'll be as if you've never touched anything other than kale again."

Sally's eyes rolled back in her skull as she sighed.

"And even now, your stomach can hold quadruple what it usually could right now. You've got a once in a lifetime opportunity to experience the best part of being tubby and be a size two again tomorrow."

He continued his pitch.

"Lucky me."

They both looked down at the twin pulled pork sandwiches sitting in front of her.

"Full yet?"

He inquired.

"...Well... I'm not actually hungry anymore but I'm still not even close to full."

She breathed.

Sonic opened his mouth to again try to talk her into trying more. But before he could think of another line Sally lifted the first sandwich up in her hand.

"Okay, this one I'm genuinely still grossed out by."

She cringed as the massive patties' soggy buns morphed around her thickened fingers. She needed both hands to cradle the massive pork burger, both due to the sheer size of them and because they would otherwise fall apart. It did kind of smell good though...

"Hey, you've liked pretty much everything else I picked. Trust me."

He smugly reassured.

Sally sighed before biting in, as her teeth first sunk into the pork burger she noticed she never had to struggle to suppress a gag.

"Huh."

She said in surprise looking back down at the sandwich. Taking another bite.

"Doesn't taste anything like you think it would, does it?"

Sonic asked, finally returning to an innocent tone.

"No, the textures' different too."

She said half-paying attention to his words, half-chewing.

“So, good..? Bad..?”

The hedgehog inquired, leaning over the table.

Sally’s pupils rolled up higher as she focused solely on the taste. It somehow tasted a lot better than it smelled, and especially to how it smelled when Bernie first laid the trays down. It felt like the meat’s odor improved after her mind realized the smell was actually associated with a great taste, right? Although thinking about it the pork already smelled a little less revolting even when she first lifted it, right **before** she took her first bite.

She hovered her hand over to the next pattie before taking another big chomp, realizing that there was also a subtle improvement to the taste, or at least her **perception** of the taste. Her last bite of **that** patty was also more pleasant than her first. The sandwiches were inexplicably becoming more delectable to her as she ate through them, transitioning from surprisingly decent to what was now beginning to border on genuinely delicious.

Sally took a moment to ponder if this had been happening at all throughout the course of their entire meal and she had just failed to notice.

By the time she was taking her final bites, she was sampling more so to confirm her own suspicions rather than for Sonic’s sake. Sonic himself had been left in suspense throughout this process and was at this point now visibly confused.

“Sonic...?”

The princess finally responded.

“Uhh... yeah??”

His brow cocked.

*“Do you think these rings could affect **me** too..? Beyond the obvious?”*

She gestured to her new spare tire.

**Urp*... uff....”*

The chipmunk stifled a burp, having finally found the point where said spare tire would start to feel full.

“Uh... what do you mean?”

He asked.

Sally had already finished all of her own food, her brows furrowed and her eyes squinted in contemplation as she stared at the jumbo chilidog in Sonic’s hand, not yet bitten into. She quickly swiped it out of the hedgehog’s hand. While the hedgehog had a hyper fast reaction time

even before consciously speeding up his own perception, he never in a million years thought he'd have to be on guard and protective of his chilidogs around **Sally**.

"Hey!"

Sonic cried.

She then stuffed the first few inches of the dog into her maw. Sonic's mouth dropped and his eyes widened in pure bafflement. Sally's eyes widened too, her pupils became dilated.

"Mmmm-

The chipmunk's mouth moaned without her own permission. She was shocked and terrified at what was happening.

-mmmMMMRK?!"

What was usually a mess of heavy spices which somehow failed to be at all flavourful, that awkwardly mixed with bitter beans had suddenly become the most delectable thing Sally had ever put in her mouth. The sloppy liquid beef she used to struggle not to vomit at the mere **sight** of now gave a hot dog an appreciated extra juiciness and softness. It slid down her throat with ease.

...Sally just ate and **enjoyed** a chilidog. And a jumbo sized one at that.

"...Sal..."

Sonic paused, in pure shock.

"...You just ate a chilidog..."

He stared. The awkward silence hung for a moment, before the expression on Sonic's face slowly started to shift to excitement.

"I wasn't even going to make you try one, I never thought you'd actually-"

"That's what I'm trying to say!"

On top of the panic Sally's voice was now slightly laboured from being overstuffed.

*"Because we both know I would've barfed the second it got in my mouth! But I... **liked that...***

The princess said with an overdramatic amount of horror evident in her voice.

"Sonic, the rings are changing me to fit this timeline!"

She swung her arms out.

Sonic paused. If the rings magically changed Sally's palette from that of a fitness freak to a proper couch potato, and this new world's Sonic apparently liked big chicks... Was that why he was so attracted to Sally as a chubby girl? Why he was thinking he actually preferred her with the spare tire over her usual lean self? Why he couldn't stop wondering if any of the other girls had plumped up too..?

'Yeah that tracks.'

He had to stop himself from smacking his forehead in front of Sally, hoping not to give her any clues that this was happening to him on the flipside. She'd have a field day with it. He felt like an idiot for not immediately realizing that was what was happening to him, although maybe he shouldn't, maybe the rings were making it harder for his mind to piece that together?

Regardless, after his frustration with himself subsided he let himself properly feel relieved for a moment. He just had to play it cool for another few minutes in the restaurant then Sonic could shrink Sally back down and fix his brain.

"Eh, no biggie."

He replied nonchalantly.

"Yes, 'biggie'!"

Sally protested.

"It just changed what food you like, and probably how badly you want to do some planks, as long as your memory's still fine. We can just switch it back, same as your waist."

He smiled again, posturing.

"Oh yeah it's fine we can just switch it back..."

She mimed sarcastically

*-I'm getting **brainwashed!**"*

"Cool, maybe I should just wait it out. I'd love to have a Sally that wants to go for poutine every night."

He mused, making kissy faces.

Sally stared daggers at her boyfriend, her patience having truly come to an end with this shenaniganry.

*"Like you want to live in the timeline where Bernie remembers today. The **second** we step out of here you're sprinting around Mobius."*

She demanded.

"Alright alright... I got what I wanted. I just have to finish this off before mom comes back again."

He gestured to his remaining jumbo dog.

"Ugh, I should've just ripped a piece off your last one off. That was too much."

The princess slumped back in her seat, cradling her belly. Feeling less soft than it first had when she walked in, as her fat was being condensed between her skin and her packed stomach.

"Well yeah, you ate most of the appetizers, your butter chicken and both your pulled porks, then yeah my chili dog. You did great, proud of you darling."

He reached over to pinch her cheek, her **chubby** cheek.

She merely looked at him, tired.

"You want this last one?"

He cocked a brow as he stood over the table, doing a better job posing that he was still completely in control of the situation than he was expecting to. Maybe **too** much better.

The tip of the 'dog bobbed in front of her face, taunting her pretty lips.

"What? N-no... I..."

Sonic shoved the chilidog into her unsuspecting mouth once she opened it to speak.

"Mm-mm!?"

Sonic let go of the back end and sat back down, letting Sally catch it in her own hands. She bit off the section Sonic had fed her. It's taste dancing on her tongue as she stared anxiously at the remainder sitting in her palms. Already knowing she couldn't fight it, she swallowed that first bite before pressing another massive portion all the way to the back of her throat.

"Sonic!?"

She shrieked through a stuffed maw. Her body automatically scarfing the weiner down.

"What? If you don't want it I'll take it back."

He laughed, reaching his hand out to take the last bit left in Sally's hands back only to, as he expected, get his hand swatted.

*"Nnnnngh... *urp*-hugnnhhh..."*

Sally was practically laying on the bottom cushion of the booth now, having wolfed the whole thing down.

"I can't believe you did that!"

She yelled, blushing.

"I had to take full advantage while this lasted."

The grinning hedgehog shrugged shrugged.

*"I swear I'm **force feeding** you spinach for the next **year**."*

She threatened, her breath noticeably shaky from the strain. Her eyes looked **deranged**.

"Worth it."

He mused, booping her nose. He got up from his seat to sit next to his beau on her side, cradling her.

Bernadette returned, cleaning up the large assembly of emptied out plates. She tried to glance at the bloated Sally as little as possible, but when she did, the sympathy was evident on her frowning face.

"You're going to let us pay for that, right?"

Sally pleaded, in her hunched position. Her voice was slightly muffled as her breasts were squished up against her face.

"Uhhh... yeah?"

Bernadette replied softly, but clearly confused.

"Oh, uh... okay?"

Sally responded, dumbfounded.

Everytime she and Sonic had ever eaten at Chuck's she had to fight the older Hedgehog tooth and nail to get her to take some of her money... and usually failed. *'Royalty and freedom fighters eat free here'* she'd always say. Sonic too looked surprised.

The redhead looked over to him expectantly and smugly. He sighed, pulling out his wallet.

He forked over half a week's salary to his mother.

**Hic* "Still think having a fat girlfriend is better Sonic?"*

Sally taunted after Bernie walked off.

The blue one shrugged.

"Meh, that's usually how much I spend on myself anyway."

"Ready to get back to being a gym rat, tubby?"

Sonic tried to hurry, sliding off the booth as he poked his loves' stomach. She groaned at the quick influx of pressure. Her softened middle had been stuffed to a tight and rounded shape, the protruding food baby making her chubby body look **even bigger**.

She looked at Sonic pleadingly, her hair frayed and dangling in her face.

"...I don't think I can move Sonic..."

She attempted to shift herself out.

"Mmm!"

She yelped, the slight movement having triggered an acid reflux.

"Ah, right.."

He noted.

"Okay, I'll just head out real quick and you just feel the magic lipo from here."

He let his hand graze her before aiming for the door.

"W-wait!"

Sally's eyes widened, Sonic had already started to powerwalk to the door. She'd realized something just in time.

"What?"

He stopped in his tracks.

"When you make me thin again we're assuming it's going to shrink my stomach down...!..."

She yelled in a hush, she sounded worried yet was still trying to keep anyone else in the restaurant from hearing their strange conversation.

...I can barely hold all of this at this size! My stomach will burst if you make me any smaller."

She cringed.

"Oh, wow... You're right..."

He said in a similarly worried tone.

"So should I..?"

"Just put the ring on so I can digest this."

Her eyes squeezed shut and her entire face scrunched as the words left her mouth, burning her tongue on the way out.

"Right..."

He answered, slight disappointment and frustration evident in his tone. He brought out his ring and slid it back on his pinky finger.

"Oh, you're in a rush to end this now?"

Sally asked facetiously, having noted how quickly he was trying to change things back now that their meal was done, rather than his suspected behavior of reveling in his victory and stalling to keep her chunky for as long as possible.

"I mean yeah, it's a little awkward to just keep taking the booth up after we've paid. And rude."

He said that last bit jovially, trying to save face.

He continued.

"Here, I'll go get you something to help things along."

He ran off back to the kitchen.

He came back with a bowl topped with three large scoops of icecream and a large glass of ginger ale.

"Oh, dessert? Yay..!"

Sally hissed.

"It's just to soothe your stomach.."

Her boyfriend responded, sitting back down next to her.

...look, you don't even have to eat it yourself."

He started inhaling the ice cream, the ring's magic sending it into her.

"Slower, slower!"

She cried, her belly creaking. Her cracked voice was the highest there that Sonic had ever heard it.

"Sorry..."

Sonic groaned.

Sonic slowly chipped away, small spoonful after small spoonful of the large desert and sip after sip of the even larger ginger soda while the princess' gut broke down the tens of thousands of calories it was forced to endure. His impatience was evident, this was literally the slowest he had ever consumed anything.

The princess cringed.

*"I can actually **feel** it now, I can feel myself getting bigger..."*

Sonic focused his eyes at the peak of the chipmunk's belly, furthest from the rest of her body and after a few moments... he could swear it did seem to be reaching the teensiest bit farther away.

*"I think I can **see** it."*

He responded, kind of amazed.

Sally looked up from her slump to see her boyfriend mesmerized by her growth, looking intently at her tummy. Mouth open.

"I think you were right about your digestion still getting faster."

Sonic noted.

"You think that's just because the rings are getting a stronger hold of things?"

He pondered, perhaps before Sally had only been digesting with a fraction of his super speed while the ring's magic was still weak.

"Maybe, at least partially. Could also be that two days ago I had a runner's metabolism and could handle a couple extra calories... and now I don't and my body's clinging to every single one. I have a fat girl's thyroid running at super speed."

She groaned.

Sonic had to adjust himself in his seat at her words. Sally cocked her brow, having noticed this.

Her eyes then shot open in realization.

Sally already knew her own mind was being altered to fit this fake timeline.. and its Sonic.. was a chubby chaser...

The princess felt the overwhelming urge to start laughing hysterically again begin to well up within her, however, she thought back to how enchanted he seemed to be at her growth a moment ago. She then grew a wicked smirk upon the realization that, after having broken eye contact and turning his head away from the princess, he seemed to be observing a booth filled with some other girls about their age. Sally recognized all of them from around the kingdom, they were of the group of women she and Sonic realized had retroactively let themselves go due to her own altered history. The two girls out of the group who'd been affected even seemed a little larger than they were when the couple first arrived in the restaurant, the chipmunk realized the fatter she was getting the looser standards continued to be with the youth. Sonic watched helplessly as those girls seemed to be subtly inflating at the same rate Sally was, until he felt her own gaze on him and swiveled his head elsewhere, whistling.

"Oh, I can work with this..."

The princess' mischievous grin deepened even further.

"How's your stomach now?"

Sonic asked, hoping he finally had the green light.

"Well..."

The princess began her planning.

...I feel like I can move now, at least."

She finished, sitting back up.

"Great, so I should-"

He tried to take off again only for Sally to softly grab his wrist.

*"I'm not seconds to bursting like **this** now, but I still might not have digested enough for it to not kill skinny-me."*

She slid across the seat, standing up beside him.

"It might be safest to just wait a few hours..."

Her voiced feigned disappointment.

The blue one began cursing internally.

...Besides, I didn't want to be stuck with any of the leftover calories anyways."

"Fair."

Sonic tried and failed to mask the disappointment in his own voice.
He let her wrap her thickened arms around his own.

"Your memories are still fine though right?"

The hedgehog asked, searching for an excuse.

"Yup, I still remember my life as a size two."

Sally feigned a little attitude.

"Cool, mine are fine too. But if either of us start to forget I might just have to juice."

"Well if I start to think all of this..."

She grabbed her underbelly and shook it violently, sending her entire torso wobbling, priming to see if it'd get a reaction out of him.

...is normal it doesn't really matter, you're the one who can undo this. And the rings haven't had any affect on you... right?"

She asked, with a smile and an angled brow.

Sonic cleared his throat. Then scolded himself, he just had to keep it together for another hour or two, then he was home free.

"Nope, I remember my anorexic gf."

He answered, hoping she hadn't already deduced the obvious. His jovial shield returned. He held the door for her on the way out of the restaurant. She made sure to graze her softened breasts and belly against his own chest and abdomen. Looking back she could see Sonic swallowing his own saliva. Again, she had to suppress a giggle.

'I can work with this just fine...'

Her boyfriend quickly caught back up, taking her back into his arm.

"So.. What do you wanna do now then?"

He asked.

*"What? All of this was **your** idea, shouldn't **you** have the backup plan?"*

She poked him.

"Touché, I dunno, just ride it out with a movie at your place or my place?"

"Ugh, my place. I need to change out of these boots..."

She whined, just then another idea came to her.

The sky blue combat boots she was wearing had already been upsized, but only to fit the 'barely above average' body she had hours ago, they had already been uncomfortably tight before they entered Chuck's and now, as Sonic again sported the ring, she was in the middle of undergoing another 'growth spurt'. Her puffy calves were now oozing out the tops of the boots, the light brown flesh now molding a bit above and around the collars. They felt fit to rip any second, so the princess subtly added a squat to her walk, compressing the meat **already** compacted in her footwear. She then flexed her calves.

****Shhrrrrpppkkkk!****

Vertical tears formed down the sides of her calves, starting from just below the top lining of each boot.

The princess let out a deep sigh, acting as if she were frustrated.

The couple stopped in their tracks. Initiating the next faze of her little stunt Sally bent over in front of the hedgehog as she tended to her boots. Her massive rear stretched and wobbled on display before his eyes. Sally arched her back downward and pushed her butt as far up and out as possible. She also made sure to make as many little grunts and wiggle her body as much as she could throughout the process. Sonic watched as her poor little chipmunk tail was propelled to and fro between two overgrown tawny coloured butt cheeks, getting bounced back and forth like a volleyball. The young man tried to casually turn his head away, were it not for his inability to swim he would've dove into the pond they were passing over to cool himself off. He was snapped back to the situation at hand by the Princess tossing the torn garments at him, the overstretched boots wrapped around his dome. Sally had opted to just remove them, now barefoot. Since her jacket had already been discarded, the pudgy chipmunk now stood completely naked.

*"Those were actually **upsized** you know, and you still burst me out of them."*

The girl continued to lay it on.

"I think it's actually a good thing I wasn't wearing a dress or anything, I would've popped out of those even sooner.."

"I'll buy you new ones."

Sonic tried to hide the shake in his breath.

"Don't bother. I have tons just like it, I'm sure they'll all be xxl's by the time we get back too."
She 'complained'.

"Carry me."

The princess smiled, opening her arms expectantly.

"What? Again?"

The hedgehog asked.

*"Well normally I'd be fine walking barefoot on gravel, but I've got almost an extra hundred pounds pressing down on the rocks now and oh, hey! The calluses on my feet have magically been softened! **Carry me.**"*

The princess closed her eyes but continued to smirk.

Sonic sighed.

He grunted as she hopped into his arms, which began shaking the moment they had to support her weight again, making it difficult for him to secure a comfortable carrying position. Her hunched up, squished belly and breasts jiggled madly as he shuffled her in his arms. While he had mostly regained his energy back from the prior ride, Sally was now even bigger than she had been before. Maybe another ten pounds heavier. Her impossibly soft, cloudy thighs engulfed his left arm and hand, while some back fat was starting to press against his right. As his arms were already fatigued the hedgehog opted to try to get back to the castle as quickly as possible, rather than pacing himself.

As the couple zipped through the city's trails. Sonic was momentarily distracted from his own fatigue by how he could now physically **feel** Sally getting fatter in his arms, noting how the pillowy lard of her thighs drooped millimeter after millimeter downward between his fingers. The same could be said for the meat on her tricep being cupped by his right hand. The blue blur was continuously tossing the princess up into a better position as his arms began to give up for good, he was sucking back air like his life depended on it but his girlfriend's home was now within eyeshot. Unfortunately for him the rest of his body was feeling the burn as well, muscles in his back he'd never **felt** before were suddenly making themselves known and even his legs were starting to wobble.

Just before the finish line Sonic's knee buckled unexpectedly.

"Woah!"

Sonic's lower body crumbled as he was running at super speed. He struggled to keep the princess in his arms, resulting in her falling mass pulling him face forward.

"Ah-hah!"

Sally yelled before the two were sent tumbling up the brick road.

She landed on her back, her upscaled glutes partially cushioning her fall. Sonic fell face first into her. His face getting shoved straight into her belly, his mug getting completely enveloped by her memory foam-esque middle. Apparently **and thankfully** enough food had been broken down now that her gut was no longer taught. The hedgehog had been completely sheltered from any scuffage by his airbag of a girlfriend.

With no real injuries, Sally quickly recovered and smirked, she could feel Sonic's breath on her belly as she violently jiggled underneath him.

He weakly crawled up along her body, his head poking up in between her breasts.

"You okay?"

He asked between pants.

"Fine, you need to start lifting weights."

She smiled at him cockily, her bright blues managing to see him through her frayed bangs now hanging in her face.

"Uh-huh.."

He groaned, letting his head drop into her. Causing her water bed of a body to wobble again.

"Can I just like... lie here for a couple minutes?"

He pleaded.

"Sure, you earned it slugger."

She mocked.

Sonic's eyes widened as he remembered his big predicament. He realized he could still feel Sally growing underneath him. Her boobs slowly closed in on his chin and he could feel himself getting raised slightly higher into the air by her expanding belly. He quickly threw himself off of her. Struggling back up to his feet.

"Nevermind, didn't need it. Second wind."

He postured.

Sally just kept smiling.

The two finally stumbled into the princess' quarters. Sally let Mr.Hedgehog in before herself, locking the door behind her.

"What do you want to watch?"

Sonic asked as he fell into her sofa, with the remote in his hand. He fully expected her to intentionally pick some historical drama that'd bore the pants off of him.

"Your pick."

She answered, throwing her shredded clothes somewhere she'd remember to later repair them, if she even had to.

"Really?"

He asked in surprise, he fully expected to not be hearing the words 'your pick' at all for the foreseeable future.

"Yeah."

She answered casually, meeting him on the couch. She let her heavy thighs rest atop his lap, her head cuddling up against the top of his shoulder.

Sonic cleared his throat again.

"Actually Sal, do you want me to just go run it off now?"

He asked.

"Doesn't seem like you're too full anymore."

He bargained.

"Oh? You're not too tuckered out?"

She teased.

"Told you, second wind."

"Well, actually..."

Sally held her chin, smirking.

"Do you want to order some delivery?"

The blue blur needed to do a double take, he couldn't have just heard her right.

"Huh?!"

"Well... you were right, my hang ups with junk food were out of control..."

The princess acted

*... I **was** using freedom fighting as an excuse for my erm, **classist** palette...*

She chuckled.

and these rings exposed that... There's no reason for me to fight you on this anymore with these, but since things are already like this...

She poked her own squishy tummy.

doesn't it make sense to run the 'culinary tour' all in one go? I'm not sure how much of what we had at Chuck's I would've actually liked if I was normal or which were because of the rings... but I guess it doesn't matter right..? If I still get the positive experience?"

She cooed.

She could actually **see** the beads of sweat trickle down Sonic's face. Again her ability to contain her own laughter was being tested.

"YaaAAaaaAAaaaAayYyy...."

He 'cheered'.

"I knew you'd turn to the dark side if I just got you in the booth."

The chipmunk rolled her eyes.

"Well then..."

She leaned over, placed one hand on Sonic's thigh and allowed her full weight to press on it. She reached with her other arm to grab the ring on Sonic's hand and slide it off. Her belly grazed his leg.

"We don't need this right now, the spare tire is needed for a bit longer."

"So uhhh..."

Sonic continued, looking uncharacteristically uncomfortable while being so close to Sally.

"...What do you wanna get?"

"What do you wanna show me?"

The tip of her nose met his own.

"Well... you've never had shawarma before. There's a really good, greasy place that does delivery..."

"Mhm..."

Her eyes gestured to him to continue listing off potential candidates.

"There's also that super greasy pizza place you'd never try..."

"Right... The one you always say is the best."

She happily responded, making sure to sound genuinely interested.

"And uhh... That place with all the weird types of corndogs..."

He droned on.

"That taco place, the place with the really good chicken... the place that's all normal fast food stuff but it's actually all vegetarian..."

He began counting on his fingers.

"Cool, sounds good."

Sally's eyelids dropped.

"Which one?"

Sonic asked, perplexed.

"All of them."

She answered nonchalantly.

"You're joking."

He swiveled his head to look her in the eyes.

*"I told you, **you won**. I'm trying everything."*

She replied casually.

"Yeah but... all of that at once?"

"What? Super speed digestion."

She pointed to the ring now on the coffee table.

"And we've still got the entire night. We've got time."

She stated, her tone belying confusion that he'd even ask such silly things.

"It's going to make you bigger."

He reminded her of the rules.

*"It's not like I'm in great shape as is. I've already had an extremely embarrassing day of my friends, our family and the general public seeing me **tubby**. Being **fat** just in front of you isn't a big deal at this point."*

Sonic's nerves really started to run. Realizing that if Sally got even larger his own preferences would be warped to match.

"Oookayy..."

He concurred, getting up to grab the phone.

Sure enough after half an hour multiple orders (which combined together could feed a small army) arrived at the palace. Sonic came back into the room after tipping all the delivery boys, struggling to balance it all.

Sally went for the pizza first, just as he had and she was trying to ensure he got as little of the food as possible. After the xl thick crust pizza with four toppings had been **eradicated** the princess moved on to the shawarma, she got about halfway through it before slumping back into a familiar position.

"Ooouurgh, getting too full again."

She whined.

"Ring time?"

The hedgehog inquired.

"Ring time."

The princess confirmed in her lethargy.

She got up, cradling her underbelly in her hands.

"I'm gonna go take a shower while I digest."

She walked off.

"Don't touch any of my pile!"

She warned, as she hung out from the entrance into her attached bathroom.

Once he heard the water running Sonic began assessing what he could and couldn't get away with. He wanted this to be over as quickly as possible now. Sally would obviously notice if her digestion slowed back down to its usual speed, so he opted to keep the ring on. He realized he had to pace himself quickly enough for Sally to not notice it from the shower. He first took a few forkfuls of the shawarma, hopefully not enough for his love to notice it wasn't the same amount she'd left. Next, he chipped away at the popcorn chicken they'd ordered, just enough for it to seem like they were just a little stingy with the portion sizes. He then did the same thing with the fries supreme they'd gotten her from the taco place. And finally he ate one of the three corn dogs in each box, knowing she wouldn't know how many were supposed to be there.

Subtly stuffing her also seemed to be buying himself some extra time without Sally driving him wild, she didn't usually take half-hour long showers. She might have just been waiting for her tank to feel **completely** empty before stepping out.

After the blue blur had taken everything he could, he finally heard the water stop running. Shortly after his pointed ear perked up at the sound of louder footsteps than he was accustomed to approaching the bathroom door. Sally stepped out... and she stepped out a whole new woman.

Her BMI from the time of their stint in the outskirts to their leaving Chuck's diner would presumably have been in the 'overweight' category, **now** however, she had certainly tipped over to the **highest** category... The fifth and final: **obese**.

And **obese** she looked. The princess was no longer 'thick', she wasn't 'chubby'... she wasn't even 'tubby'. Sally Acorn was **fat**, there was now no other word that could describe her while remaining honest, well, no other word that'd be **less** blunt.

She was finally getting chunky enough now that her hourglass frame was starting to over inflate and lose its voluptuous shape. The red head's body was beginning to look more **round** than anything now. As a tubby girl her bell-shaped belly still seemed somewhat sculpted around her abdomen underneath. **Now** however, Sally's adipose had multiplied so much that its sheer amount meant it could no longer outline the true shape of her muscular and skeletal systems underneath. Space that **could** be filled now **had** to be filled, there was simply too much excess flesh for unused room. And the sheer **mass**, the sheer **weight** of her lard ensured her body wouldn't be filling out into any kind of proper shape. Her bell-belly had loosened and spilled out into an ovular **blob**, an amorphous orb now flowed out from the princess' middle. A significant underbelly existed regardless of how she posed now, even with her standing straight there was enough of an under roll to fill one's hand. The hourglass form of her belly's tortilla countershading had, too, been completely destroyed. Below her tortilla coloured breasts was a

stretched and disfigured shape that almost resembled an oval, however it was more compressed on the upper half, and very stretched looking on the lower. The sag of her belly pulled her skin and fur downwards, tugging it down around her underbelly and tucking it into the squished space between it and her fupa. Her underbelly acting like a roller on a converter belt. Already before, the end point of her (formerly) little tortilla shape had been made invisible by her under belly, now however the same could be said for about a **quarter** of the entire pattern. Making its shape look extremely bottom heavy, as the bottom half left visibility long before reaching its peak.

The chipmunks ridiculously wide thighs were starting to seem squished up against each other even whilst standing. No longer did they part just up above the knees, her tawny coloured legs now continued rubbing against each other until being halfway down her **knees**. As fat pads had emerged to sag over and swallow her knee caps, they bulged out in every direction including into one another.

And it would only take angling one of her legs by basically a single degree for the widest points of her calves to graze. Freed from the confines of her combat boots, Sonic could now see a prominent pair of cankles. The fat on her lowers legs falling onto and spilling over the tops of her feet. Her feet, which had already been flattened but now, looked as if they'd been pumped up with air. Her feet looked round and puffy. They inflated even to their tips, with small amounts of fat spilling in-between and overtop her toes, making them look far stubbier than they had before. This was not helped by the fact that even **they** were round now, thick tubes of soft meat now surrounded and enveloped each digit.

As Sally first stepped out she was brushing her amber bangs out of her face, for a moment her wide biceps and more specifically, her new **bingo wings** drooping off of them obscured her face. Her wrist and hands had gone through a similar transformation to her ankles and feet, in that she no longer **had** wrists. The rounded tubes of fat that were now her forearms hardly seemed to end when they reached her hands. Instead of a boney line segmenting the two, the meat on both sides of her forearm merely pinched in slightly, as if someone were squeezing a balloon noodle. On the top of each 'wrist' was a small crease to still allow for some articulation. In an identical state to her feet Sally's hands now looked like they had never seen a moment of hard labour in their lives, they were now pampered, **greedy** looking paws. There was no longer a crease on her hand for each knuckle, they had been pumped with too much fat for even **that**. Sally's hands and fingers resembled a latex glove that someone had blown as much air into as possible, the chub had completely buried and plowed over each knuckle, the soft flesh rolling over onto the base of each sausage-like finger.

As she dropped them down however, her visage could be seen. Before Sally's face had only filled out moderately, enough that if someone looked at it they'd realize something was different, yet may take a second to be able to place what it was. The edges had merely been softened to give her a slightly rounder face. Now Ms. Acorn's mug was noticeably chubby. Her cheeks had puffed out to become quite cherubic and pinchable, their form had now risen up past her cheek bones, inching closer and closer to her eyes as the fat struggled to find space on her face. No

longer just looking a little rounder, Sally's face was now widening significantly past her brow line. It drooped lower down as well, as enough lard had been battered over her petite face that her jaw line had been obscured with a soft fat roll packed under her jaw **bone**, acting as a new chin, but not acting well as it blent fairly well into her puffed up neck.

It was strange seeing Sally's dark red hair and bright blue eyes resting on what seemed like a different girl's face. A girl he thought was gorgeous.

The moment she had stepped out into view Sonic's heart dropped, for **several** reasons.

One reason, being each time he saw Sally at a new size now, history was being re-written so that he'd always loved her looking like that, the longing one feels for a long time lover was combined with the surprise of essentially seeing a person you're immediately attracted to for the very first time in the young man's mind. It created an **overpowering excitement**. Now it really was like each time Sonic saw Sally at a new size, he was seeing her for the first time.

The other was **dread** of this fact. Sonic could immediately feel the stress piling up into the back of his neck. If each time Sally got bigger his own preferences in women changed to compensate... then said preferences were **truly** cracked now, as his skipping heartbeat was confirming for him. He could almost **feel** the brain damage. Sally was definitely already chubby back at his uncle's, but within the realm of reason, any unshallow mobian gazing at her could have described her as a 'bbw'. It wouldn't be too difficult to find people who would also have been attracted to that Sally, there were enough folks into such body types that plus-size models of similar statures could be found on magazine covers and at least one dancer at every nightspot. Attraction to sizes like the one Sally had now grown into however, could likely only be described as **fetishist**. Niche would be one of the nicer words to describe it, other options could be taboo, weird, or gross.

Sonic was **gross** now.

It was already a shot to the old ego when stuff like this happened, outside influences altering his personality in some way without his consent, but he'd never gone through one like **this** before.

"What? No jabs this time?"

Sally smirked, **knowing**. She'd watched him stare for longer than he'd realized.

The hedghog cleared his throat, struggling to regain composure.

"Was trying to think of one but I think I used all the good one's up already, 'sides, nothing I'd say would even be an exaggeration at this point." He cocked his brow, thinking he'd saved face.

The princess rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, I put on even more than I was expecting... Felt like I was digesting in the shower forever. Did you forget you had the ring on and kept eating?"

She tried to hide her grin.

Sonic was caught off guard.

"Ah, yeah I did for a sec. Sorry Sal."

He tried to say casually as she walked towards the couch.

Or, **mostly** walked, the princess' stride had hints of a **waddle** forming in it.

Sonic's pupils bobbed up and down watching his girlfriend jiggle. **And jiggle she did.** Back during their fight in the outskirts Sally's soft flesh moved near the normal amount on most parts of her body, even her stomach. In terms of a horizontal sway, chubby Sal's didn't really have one, it could bounce up and down with a quick enough vertical movement or intentional shaking like Sonic had given her. Her thighs would sway to the sides with enough movement but that was about it for any swaying, aside from her breasts, of course, which moved every which way with the most ease. The only part of her body which actually jiggled properly then were her softened brown butt cheeks. Now however, it seemed like most of her body was moving in some way, at least a little bit. With just a normal step her boobs, thighs, biceps, butt and lower belly all swayed to and fro. Her upper belly, her cheeks and again, her boobs bounced vertically. Quaking, minor jiggling could be seen almost everywhere else, the spots with looser fat: her calves, the fat pads on her knees, the backs of her thighs, the bottom center of her underbelly, etc...

"This is so weird."

Sonic restated the obvious as Sally passed the arm of the couch.

"It was your idea."

Sally cooed.

*"Yeah, but it felt more natural before when I was just doing it to bug you. Now that we're **both** doing it on purpose.. it feels... **off**."*

The chipmunk laughed through her nose. She stopped herself from sitting down. Her boyfriend's reaction had reminded her of something. She turned back around, pacing over to her dresser.

At that point Sonic got a good look at Sally's backside. Her rear had gotten so fat that her butt cheeks were starting to look crammed up against each other, even as she stood. They too, were finally starting to lose their form. Before her butt, for the most part, kept its shape and was just getting larger, but now her cheeks were loosening. Her bulbous, spherical glutes were starting to look a little more squared, or more like rectangles with softened edges as her formerly lean derriere had warped from taller than it was wider, to far wider than it was tall. Sally looked wide no matter which angle you looked at her from, now, but it was especially the case looking straight at her from behind. Her big flabby hips and butt at this point, had barely any distance separating them from her broadened, fat shoulders. They were only separated by some new back rolls, the princess had finally acquired enough back fat that her love handles now simply kept going past her sides and wrapped around her back. The extremely squeezable looking rolls

of dough rested atop her glutes, thanks to the fact that her rear was now beginning the process of turning into a 'shelf'. Her back rolls expanded and shrunk in size non-stop, being squished out with any twisting of her spine as they were sandwiched between her massive bottom and shoulder blade fat. The poor rolls sat at the smallest part and point of most articulation on her densely packed back, they crushed back into her body only as they neared each other directly in front of the princess's spine. Loose fat washing down from her upper back enveloped her shoulder blades, however they wrapped underneath the bottoms of them. The extra fat created new creases in her back, above the crease was this wrapping upper back fat and below it were her previously mentioned lower rolls. They adequately substituted the lost definition of her shoulder blades, however they were lower down, as the soft flesh had to bunch up below her scapulas. The two diagonal creases forming in her mid-back traveled down to the middle of both her sides, forming into the tops of her love handles; they even wrapped further forward to the very sides of her belly, since something now needed to help segment its upper and lower sections. If Sally were to bend all the way to one side, that side's crease would crack all the way out to the center of her belly.

But that was not all. In addition deep, vertical creases formed just above the previously mentioned scapula lines as the fat on her upper back squished into the fat on her triceps, or rather, her bingo wings. The two creases worked in tandem to outline exactly where her shoulder blades were **supposed** to be underneath the blubber. The two creases even squished the fat in between them outward, creating bulging fat pads which further helped to substitute the shape of her shoulder blades. If one were to look from a side profile they would receive further confirmation that her glutes weren't as rounded as they had been. The peak of each cheek was no longer reaching much farther out than either the top or bottom starting point of either of them. And the peaks were now lower down than they had been as her butt began to sag slightly. Each glute curved diagonally down out to the outside sides of her hips/thighs as the fat on the bottom outside corners were simply too far away from the actual muscle of her glutes that their heavy mass was not supported well enough and thus slid down. The bottoms of her cheeks and the fat on the backs of her thighs created **deep** folds, one could fit almost their entire fingers in them. The deep crevice bulged out around the tops of her thighs. The tops of her thighs also squeeze out to the sides where they met her hips. **Dimples** could be seen just beginning to form on the bottom halves of her butt cheeks, and even more slightly up their outside indents as well.

There were signs of cellulite in other sections of her broad body, for example, all down the center of the backs of her thighs. Very faint dimples formed atop the points where the actual muscle and bone of her arms ended and her bingo wings began, as the thicker, bulging fat wrapping around her arms transformed into the loose dangling fluff. The point on her breasts where her pectoral muscles met her biceps were starting to see some dimpling as well.

Sally came back with her inflated arms filled with picture frames. Her biceps pooling over the tops of her forearms as the limbs bent to hold them.

"What're you doing?"

"I was just curious."

She said, again smiling.

The red head knew **now** that she had to lower her wide butt down on the couch more slowly. She placed one hand down on the cushion to slow her fall onto it.

There was now far less space between the two on the couch than usual, but there was still enough wiggle room for the princess to dump the horde of photos into.

Sonic picked one up. It was that old original photo from knotholes underground. He remembered this photo, though it looked quite different at **this** point. As he'd already expected, Sally's younger self had her (accidentally) bleached pink fur, jet black hair and.. now the new spare tire.

More peculiarly however, were the changes to everyone else. Sally was still leaning into Bunnie, her metal hand was now being swallowed by pink flab. Antoine was no longer to Sal's left side. The hedgehog remembered he'd wanted to be in the center of the photo.. and more importantly, next to Sally, but Antoine had quickly inserted **himself** into that spot. Back then he'd still had his crush on the princess too, or at least, he was **supposed** to have had it. Now Antoine had been standing on the other side, next to Ms. Rabbot, he seemed to be gazing at her the same way he did with the princess originally. Now, Sonic was finally standing in the spot he'd wanted back then: at Sally's side, Tails was right next to him, with Rotor, or 'Boomer' still, standing in the back.

"Apparently the rings didn't give Antoine the same treatment they did me."

The blue blur scoffed, tilting the photo to show beau, only realizing **after** it'd left his mouth that his choice of words was a little too telling.

"Oh wow-

Sally leaned over, needing to exert more effort in doing so to fight against the resistance of her belly.

-Yeah, I was wondering about that..."

She responded, not even bothering to hide her disappointment. She'd hoped they kept her and Antoine's history the same by making him a chubby chaser too, thinking it would have resulted in Bunnie being retconned into a big girl too.

"And by 'same treatment as you' you just mean the history right? Your heads okay?"

The red head asked, she grinned mischievously.

"Oh, yeah, no I'm fine."

Sonic broke eye contact.

She wanted to dig into him a little more but she didn't want to show her hand **just** yet.

"It's changing things in new ways now."

The princess observed flatly.

"What do you mean?"

The hedgehog asked.

"Before, when I'd only but a few dozen pounds on, I was looking at these old photos and I was the same size throughout.. the size I was at that point."

"Yeah..?"

The hedgehog's inflection signaled for her to keep going.

"But now in these older pics I'm actually smaller than I am today. Look.-

Sally pointed to her pink, teenage self.

I must be over forty pounds lighter there than I am now."

The princess dumped a bunch of the photos she'd been looking at in Sonic's lap.

*"I actually did **gain** the weight now, or at least **some** of it."*

She observed.

The next photo in chronological order wasn't much older, they took it in celebration of the creation of Knothole village. There, Sally did in fact look a little heavier than in the previous pic, maybe a few pounds shy of an extra ten. The next one was after 'knothole village' had become 'knothole kingdom', it was during the day Nigel had knighted Sonic. The shot contained just Sonic and Sally together, his arm was wrapped around her, but instead of placing his hand on her hip, it seemed he was trying to get it closer to her belly without being **too** conspicuous, and there Sally's belly again seemed bigger than in the last one. Again it seemed to be around ten pounds.

The next picture was shortly before they first announced to the King and Queen that they were courting for marriage. Sonic was kissing Sally, **again** she seemed bigger.

In each new picture the chipmunk was about an equal distance larger than she was in the last, you could literally **perfectly** track her growth over the years before reaching the more recent pictures, where she appeared as she did now, though even in those she looked ever so slightly... slighter than she was now.

*"I wonder if that was just from me getting older, or if **you** did that..."*

She poked, Sonic cringed at the thought.

He'd already finished skimming through the timeline and had returned to a specific picture: It was of his 16th birthday. Sally was in the middle of finishing off what looked to be a huge chunk of birthday cake, while he was already handing her another plateful with a smirk. Behind the two of them Sonic could see his parents, Bernie was clearly trying and **failing** to suppress a look of concern when the flash hit, and while it was harder to notice, Jules was doing the same.

His blue brows crammed more and more intensely into each other as his cringe deepened.

The princess savoured it for a moment... Sonic feeling a similar embarrassment to what **she'd** been through the past few days...

She didn't let it hang for too long however.

*"And look at **these**."*

Sally held up all of the photos that had **Amy** in them.

As Sonic looked at the first picture the chipmunk had of Amy after she'd aged.. everything was in order, same Amy. Her pink bob, her dreamcasters dress, and most importantly her petite, little body.

But in each pic it grew less and less petite. Each photograph with Ms. Rose showed a more drastic gain than Sally's, going through a more extreme metamorphosis as she'd **started** from her **actual** size... and from the looks of it gained over a much quicker period.

Unlike Sally however, the hedgehog's size seemed to fluctuate rather than slowly but consistently increasing. From what seemed to be around the time just before the Xorda attacked, Amy appeared to be nearing the size she was when they saw her today, maybe a few pounds lighter, only to then seem to start shrinking throughout the year Sonic was off-world, when everyone thought him to be dead.

By the time the blue blue starting seeing himself in the group photos again Amy only seemed a little less than ten pounds heavier than her original weight.. and floating around there until a little later, when she suddenly started **ballooning** again. Sonic rolled his eyes, he could tell she started putting weight back on again as soon as he and Sally first broke up.

The princess was already chuckling (unlike Knuckles) before showing him, her laugh gradually rose as she watched his reaction.

"Alright, that's enough of that."

Sonic scoffed, now smiling, himself.

'Right, back to the gluttony.'

Sally cooed, carrying all of the photos back.

The blue one resumed the romcom he'd chosen out of pity.

The red head walked back. Sizing up the buffet on her coffee table.

"Sooooo..."

She reached down to restock her plate, finding allies for her half-eaten shawarma. She made sure to angle herself so that Sonic had the perfect view and bent over **way** more than she needed to. Her belly and breasts drooped straight down as she'd bent into a ninety degree angle. The hedgehog got the perfect view of Sally's full-moon. Her blobby butt cheeks were squeezed and pulled into a completely different shape, a tighter one as all of the dimples had been filled in with compressed lard. A lot of that mass had been squished over into the sides of her thighs and hips, making **them** look even wider. With her thickened legs not parting the entire way down her thighs there was now a welcoming crevice which started as early as her knees and didn't end until the top of her butt crack.

Sonic's quills stiffened up at the sight, he **wanted** to look away, **but he didn't want to**.

"I'm clearly bigger, I wonder how much my stomach's stretched. Do you think I could eat the rest of this in one go now?"

"Uhh..."

The hedgehog scanned what remained of Sally's portion. One and a half shawarmas, three rice dogs, a chicken burger with popcorn chicken poutine and a fries supreme left from the burrito place.

"Well you did eat a lot at Chuck's... but I dunno Sal..."

He said, actually slightly concerned for her well being.

The princess stood back up, towing a packed plate. As if on cue, it gurgle, demanding the food her nostrils could smell.

They both stared in shock for a second, still neither of them were used to how **bratty** her gut had gotten.

"I think I can do it."

She smacked her globular belly to Sonic's surprise, sending violent ripples throughout it.

Sally smiled as he again had to clear his throat.

As the movie resumed the red head only finished off her one half eaten shawarma, before leaning back into the couch's back pillows and slipping into Sonic's side. He felt **way** more weight resting against his left side than he was used to from his gf. She noticed his little squirming as she nuzzled into him.

She craned her neck, her nose almost bopping his chin. From the intimate angle her big blue eyes looked up at him, she cocked her brow and asked-

"I thought you said you weren't shallow?"

-facetiously, grinning at him cockily.

The blue blur scoffed, putting up a smile of his own.

"Is that why you're suddenly in a rush to shrink me down, I finally got fat enough that it's a turn-off for you?"

She continued, obviously still having fun.

Sonic was caught off-guard by that, quickly hit with a mix of different feelings. On the one hand, Sally had realized he was trying to speed this along now, but on the other, at least she was completely off the mark as to **why**.

"It's not that, you're just crushing me."

He kept up his smirk.

"Uh-huh. Again, this is what I would look like if I'd actually been going along with your diet all this time. Not just a little soft. 'This a better argument for you Sonic?'"

The chipmunk pushed, rubbing her tummy as she spoke.

The hedgehog rolled his eyes.

"Oh, for..."

He placed his thumb on Sally's softened chin and leaned down to kiss her. He placed his hand on her pillowy hip, though it took a moment to get there, with him being unused to his girlfriend's current anatomy his hand got stuck in the fold of her side for a moment. Sonic's hand was raised so much higher off the couch cushion than he'd expected, how high up the peak of Sally's hip was compared to her head accidentally helped Sonic really sell the kiss.

He pulled away, looking at her, unamused.

"Satisfied?"

He asked expectedly.

The princess jovially scratched her chin in thought.

"Hm, a little."

Her grin still hadn't ended.

She sat up a little bit, her eyes coming closer to being level with his own.

"Would you still love me though..? If this were real?"

She primed him further, **playing with her food**.

"Wow, I never thought I'd have to worry about these with you."

Sonic teased, dodging the question.

"These what?"

She chuckled.

"The 'would you still love me if I were a worm?' questions."

He asked in a mock-feminine voice.

"Well, would you?"

She brought it right back.

"I was still chasing you when you were a robot and you think I'd bail on you for being tubby?"

It was too difficult for him to discreetly adjust himself with her on top of him like this.

"Ooo..."

Sally mockingly cringed.

"The second non-direct answer and a false equivalence."

"Well.. It's a stupid question."

He reaffirmed, trying to keep his tone light, but secretly he was a little stirred by how seriously his partner actually was about this all of the sudden. He realized he may have been digging himself a completely **different** hole.

"Is it..?"

She cooed. She realized her opportunity to really lay it in. She slid even further up him, bringing even more of her body oozing into his lap.

*"You know, no one's going to remember this... Maybe I should stay like this for a while as a little test. Keep getting **bigger**."*

She had to start restraining her evil grin.

Sonic had had no chance to squirm discreetly. Sally was right over top of his lap.

Underneath her belly and left thigh, the chipmunk could feel **his** thighs shimmying to more comfortably position himself, while desperately trying and **failing** to do it low-key.

...

Sally feigned shock. Intentionally widening her eyes and opening her mouth in phony innocent confusion.

The hedgehog slammed his eyelids shut and cringed in defeat.

"Sonic..?"

She asked mousily, holding her surprised expression. Sonic said nothing, still hiding under scrunched eyes.

"...Sonic..."

The princess feigned a more empathetic tone.

"Do you **like** this..?"

She sounded dumbfounded.

"...Uhhh...."

He tried to search for an excuse better than *'it's just been too long since our last tlc'*, but couldn't find one under the pressure of his predicament.

"Sonic... I get it... But you shouldn't've lied..."

"What..? **What?!**"

His mind was spinning.

*"I mean, yeah, I **never** would have agreed to put any weight on if you'd asked **before**... But with these rings, I would have if you'd just explained how important this is to y-*

"Woah! No!"

For the moment, Sonic once again had innocence he could sincerely defend. He threw his arms up defensively, in what little space he had to do so.

"What?"

Sally still hadn't given it up, seeming perplexed.

"It..."

He stopped before he finished, struggling to belch up the words that were burning his throat.

He let out a frustrated sigh.

"... It's the ring Sal..."

"It's the ring that are what..?"

She asked, wanting to hear him say it.

She received nothing but an annoyed scowl in response... Sonic had by this point realized she was toying with him.

***Shrnnk*- haahahaaaaaaaaa!"**

She 'ugly laughed' right in his face.

"Alright, **alright**..."

Sonic responded, bitterly. Piecing together that she must have known since they were leaving Chuck's.

"...It's out."

He admittedly, flatly talking overtop of Sally's continued giggle fit.

*"Now get off of me please, so I can go fix us **both**..."*

The blue blur put his hand against her squishy side and gave a faint push, gesturing for her to move.

Sally abruptly cut her laughing off to say-
"Nuh-uh."

"Huh?"

Despite his confusion the frustration was still very apparent in Sonic's voice.

To answer his puzzlement the princess leaned back for a second to swipe her last shawarma off the tv tray, along with her plate. Looking back at him she shoved the whole wrap in her mouth and pushed it all the way down her throat.

"Can't shrink me down on a full stomach, remember?"

She said smugly.

Sonic squinted his eyes.

"Why..?"

He asked, completely bewildered.

She leaned her face right into his, with their noses kissing.

"I went through a little transformation I wanted no part of, it's your turn Sonic."

She told.

He was struggling to find the will to resist.

"How do you like your new quirk?"

She asked, smiling at him menacingly.

"Mmf!"

Before Sonic could say anything in protest Sally put her mouth to his. In the middle of the spontaneous make-out session, she grabbed his hands and guided them to where they needed to go. She sunk his one hand in the milk-chocolate ocean that was her plump rear, while bringing the other to grip her girthy underbelly.

Breaking off the kiss she could see the blue blur was already struggling. Her analytic mind serving her even now. She could see how flush his face was, hear his quickened and irregular breathing, his quills had stiffened and started to fray like she knew they only did when he was getting way too much adrenaline and with her belly was spilling into his chest she could feel his fast and intense heartbeat.

Through his eyes she could practically **see** Sonic battling these new intrusive thoughts

Sonic was bombarded with a sea of overwhelming feelings a young person would get the first time their intimate hyper specific desires were finally being fulfilled, he was having such a hard time fighting himself... he felt like a **teenager** again.

Sally looked down at her gut, or rather his hand squeezing her gut, before her own eyes looked back to him expectantly.

"What are you waiting for Sonic? Don't you want to see me jiggle..?"

Without his consent his own hand began tugging the chipmunk's spare tire up and down, shaking her entire body in the process. It was as if a massive mobian sized plate of jello had been placed atop his lap. Her breasts bounced up and down off her belly into her extra chin, her thighs shook below her on his lap and her rear quaked in and out of his other hand behind her.

The princess laughed again.

"You're going to regret this so much when you do get back to normal."
She reminded, **smugly**.

Sonic said nothing in response, **he couldn't**.

"Maybe next time you'll think twice before pulling a stunt like this."
She reminded.

His silence remained...

"So Sonic..."

Sally continued.

"... Now that it's all out there..."

His heart immediately sank, **he knew what she was going to ask**.

"Do you want me..."

She made sure she stretched her words out.

...Even..?"

She leaned into the side of his face, whispering sultrily in his blue ear. The young man almost sounded like he was asphyxiating.

*...**Bigger?**"*

A moment hung as Sonic struggled to find **any** kind of coherent sentence, before, as if on schedule, the back leg on the side of the couch snapped. Sending Sonic falling backwards onto the floor and Sally splashing on top of him.

The two of them both stared at each other surprised for a moment, now fully intertwined with one another as she laid on top of him. The princess' amber hair fell into his face. She recovered faster, smiling as if she'd somehow planned that. Finally Sonic too, responded. He grabbed the back of Sally's hair, snapping her head back, he forced his mouth back onto hers... Eventually they broke off.

Sonic cringed as the word left his mouth.

"Yes."

Sally laughed, triumphant.

"I win Sonic."

She sang.