

If she could imagine a good time, it would be before The Light hit them. She could swim within the confines of her home within a pool of variable depths, drink a nice mocha along the beach, enjoy a small mug of coffee within her favorite spot to stop by; three spoonfuls of sugar, a cup of milk and a soft serving of some whipped cream to start her day off fresh and highly energized. Maybe she could head down to work if the day was yelling for her name, maybe she could take a visit to the local gym, not so much to work out, but to look around; get a gander at what she could become if she put in just a smidgen of work towards herself... Well, *more* of it anyways. She couldn't say she wasn't giving herself more of a break in-between duties a bit often, but it was well deserved! She did everything for everyone and everyone barely did much for her, so it was only right for a petite, yet muscular lady such as herself to delve into some activities to properly enjoy the life she was given, especially when she *deserved* it more than others.

And in so, found ways she could give herself all the wants she could possibly need. Massages, clothing, proper styling of her hair, a leather vest with a couple zippers at the middle of her shoulders, perhaps a cup for the morning to get her head in working shape. Perhaps a bit of sun to provide some of that vitamin D needed to keep her skin and every boney appendage poking out of her body from losing its glisten. Didn't have to be shiny. Anything that would jog that head and body of hers to further any particular matter was done, anything to make sure she was a step ahead, also done. It wasn't enough to *just* be, she had to *grow*, beyond the little mold she was sworn to, beyond what everyone thought she could become! All she had to do was think, use that head of hers for the betterment of *herself* to find conclusions to actions that would have otherwise been too difficult to perform, like something as simple as navigating the treacherous waters of the road or something so complicated as scheduling for the day. Luckily, she was plenty ready for any scenario, for her wealth matched her style: situationally *vague*.

Though now that she thinks of it, maybe she wasn't. She was traveling across Newark, going from store to store, apartment to apartment, avoiding the very sun that would provide her the energy to keep that brain awake; to stave away at the time that would be required of her to shred some excess off so she could make it back to safety. She still had a body to boast about, a body of which she plans to keep on the down low until she falls down deep underground where maggots would burrow into her skin, then the muscle, finishing their hearty meal at the thick bones just *filled* with calcium. "Looks like someone was unlucky." Taking a moment to breathe, she could look out a broken pane of glass to spot one of her kind, a lucario, who had tripped over a loose brick in front of one of those meaty eyeballs that keep *pulsating* with each snap of its lid. She could feel it. Their soul was aching, a perfect crystal blue just yelling out to whoever could listen to help them, get them away from the scene before they could be *turned*.

"Sorry."

"I'm not risking my skin for you."

Before she could even move her eyes away, the very thing she was *trying* to avoid hit the man and just as fast, began the quickening process of turning an able bodied man into an abstract vision of what *could've* been... had they eaten through a fat man's dinner plan. Twelve courses, running through the veins of a hunk that would've provided her a bit of time, forcing the

metabolism to nearly blink out of existence as lard piled on top of the muscles and transformed this man into a liquid; flab flowing down around on the ground. They wobbled around, meaty limbs flying in the wind, face barely visible thanks to the tube-like neck covering their mouth, thighs fluffed up like one of those chicken marshmallow candies she used to have; legs buckling and suddenly, *cracking* as tons upon tons of fat built beneath their very skin, before "The Light " hoisted their body up and sent them into the unknown. Another victim to the aliens. Grabbing the shredded red curtain, she pulled it over the shattered frame of a window, before grabbing her bag and jumping down onto a moldy cushion.

As she began walking towards the location where the man had been taken, her mind wavered. Calypso could remember when the pools were fresh, water flowing in and out a filter with no pause in between, when she could sit herself on a foldable chair and bathe the middle of her bony protrusions in clean, uninterrupted sunlight; clouds pushed away to reveal a beautiful glistening baby blue sky. She could remember when she could sip on a cup of freshly squeezed apple juice, sunglasses on the eyes, enjoy what little life had to give her, relax amongst her own species; her own people. Now? All she could do was look, take a gander; a small peek at what was soon to degrade and fall beneath the dirt. Her eyes glimpse towers, tilted to the right or left, leaning so far down that most of the furniture had fallen through the panes which protected even the most clumsy from falling to their death. Stores that used to be filled with food and other accessories are now essentially robbed of everything it had to offer; leaving only the scraps for those daring to search out on the surface. Then the streets-

Cracked Asphalt, with the road littered in rubble and enough cracks to slide a credit card through. Hmm... Oh, how much she *wishes* she could have the electricity or some Pikachu to zap up the battery on her phone. Not like it could do much, especially since the lithium battery is essentially dead and most of it cracked and broke while she was tripping around to get herself to safety and- "Help me..." Something grabbed her bare ankle, soft in its texture, yet *hardy* in its grip. Her blue irises gazed upon the fellow who had spoken in such a *gravelly* tone. "Please.."

Ah, yes. Occasionally there would be a person, perhaps even two, that would get hit by the white ray, yet end up permanently stuck in a position they can't possibly get up from. Take example one: The person of note is a type of charizard, particularly one of the 'mega evolutionary' types that mysteriously don't turn back, sharp blue with large traces of black tracing over five- No, seven folds that make up the belly, four for the chin, five for both thighs and enough neck to envelope her entire upper body... and she was 5'8. "You can get me out right?" A rumbling burp escaped their throat. "J-just pull me away from the outside!"

"That's-"

"P-*urp*-lease!" The man was begging to a lady that already knew the odds. He had a bigger chest size than *her*, estrogen flowing through the man's bloodstream like a damn dam, with the only thing holding it back would be the testosterone; if there was any left. She looked at her arms, sizable, built up from the amount of moving she has done for the past couple of years, removing any and all woman hood out of her genes, as well as her thickened drumsticks that

barely wobbled and immediately saw one number: Zero. She swiped her leg back from that grip, watching it feebly reach back out to her as the ground began to crumble. Eyes grew to preposterous size, cheeks bouncing, wings flapping aimlessly. All she could do was stare and back up as the floor beneath the living bed fell to the hole beneath, screaming their little heart out, flame flickering.

Before it died out. "Your fault for getting caught out." Nothing she could do anyways. Some are lucky enough to not be kidnapped by the aliens, some are lucky to find a group willing to put their own bodies at risk to rescue and potentially add to their crew. Most aren't. There are two routes when it comes to this life, especially after getting exposed: Either the body is grabbed and tossed into the 'mothership' above, to be used in any manner she doesn't know of or are 'lucky' enough to be left alone, sitting down as a blob of flesh unable to move in any direction except *down*. The worst part? Some of these folks could be sitting around here for *months*, sometimes **years** before anyone actually notices their constant belching, for the skin of blue and black, as well as lighter reds and whites, can match up with the environment. "Even if they find him, even if they did manage to lift him up, what then? Can't exactly get a fatass in working shape if they can barely support themselves." He was likely to be bed bound for as long as they could possibly live. No amount of leg power is made to support this much, even if they were casually participating in Mr. Olympia

seeing as many of their citizens were never used to such *ample* amounts, some had their shins snapped and legs turned to mush as they tried standing up in the process, likely while they were running no less. It healed, for some reason- But it didn't change much. Calypso looks down, benching herself on the floor for a moment to run through the items they may have left behind.

"Hmm..."

Ripped shirt, could function as pseudo wraps for wounds if she managed to scrape herself up a bit. A watch that has most of its parts either crushed or shattered, likely thanks to that fatass, so no way of telling time. A single candle bar and a jug of... water, though there was a solid difference she could call this dirty musk of unfiltered darkness compared to what she would usually get from a camp a couple miles back where she just left. "Good enough, I'll take it." Not like she has room to complain. Any water that isn't salt infused is good liquids to have, especially since it's no longer a commodity. Though the attention from the smoke will be bad and warm water was always something she particularly hated, she can't say anything against having what is essentially free water... Just needs to be boiled first and properly sanitized for any *extra* bacteria. Can't afford to get sick, not by herself.

Dropping everything inside a ragged black and purple bookbag, she hoisted it over her back. Perhaps she could find some cans of meat or veggies in that corner store nearby- "YOU THERE!" Calypso's head swiveled like a wheel, quickly turning to meet the noise. Who would *dare* themselves to YELL so- Oh no. "I FOUND SOMEONE, SHE'S OVER HERE!"

Not again with these *lunatics*, not today! "GO AWAY!" Not *everyone* was against the guys and gals above our head. She jumps over the edge of a crashed vehicle, landing perfectly. "ALWAYS WITH YOU FUCKS, ALWAYS!"

They wore red gowns, stitched together by hand, with various pieces of roughed up red being sewn into their clothing. While it barely did much to cover up everything hidden *beneath* the waves, the tides were visible enough to the eyes; free flowing waters beginning at the start of their ankle and ending at the cheeks comparable to a lightbulb. The ONLY people to actively run out at night besides the 'Forerunners' and 'Night Watch', these bastards are the very reason nobody can move around so easily! "WHY CAN'T YOU EVER LEAVE ME ALONE!" The 'Lightbearers', as they so love to call themselves, are a group of individuals, made up of conspiracy theorists, people predicting the end and those *freaks* who think becoming The Blob is a *good* thing. They gladly offer up their bodies to those above in hopes of getting sent to 'heaven', speaking either scriptures or some ill-begotten language that clearly doesn't work when it comes to *steering* those damn bots away from ANYONE, including them!

But of course *they* don't care! They're climbing the car, barely able to pull themselves even an inch off the hood without someone even bigger to lift them up like a human ladder! "COME MY-  
*huff-* LADY, JOIN US IN OUR CORPULENT MASS AND COLLECT YOUR GOLD IN **WEIGHT!**" Wheezes and pants made up the disgusting sounds her awfully sensitive ears could pick up, plapping conjoining each other in tidal waves beckoning all eyes upon their 'glorious' bodies; wood cracking, metal bending at every stomp they made towards her location, leaving behind only puddles upon puddles of sweat and grime from an earlier meal. "ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU TO OUR GOD'S!"

"Your God is a damn MENACE to my hips!"

"OOOH, YOU'LL LOVE THE FEELING OF TWO HUNDRED POUNDS LAYERED UPON THY BODY! ALL YOU NEED IS TIME!"

"Says you fatass."

God awful people, allowing themselves to be *grazed* by that damn beam! She takes a glance behind and flexes her inner thigh muscles, swinging her arms in consecutive motion. Despite being two times her size, they were *energized*, stamina unmatched by even Olympic standards. Unreal. She couldn't believe under all that expired ice cream, moldy bread and *edible* cake was *power*. They were undeniably fat, but it was power nonetheless. "Still too slow compared to me." She remarked, laughing as her sharp red irises caught onto a metal limb. "You like being large? You like being the biggest thing on the market!"

"Then let's see if you like it when you're towering over the very buildings you HELPED to collapse!"

One chance. Her left leg squeezes, flexing the only *useful* muscle in the group, heel raising as the calves began to lower to the ground. She leans on the toes, pushing down as much as she could, before releasing herself into the air like a springboard. And just around the corner was exactly what she thought: One of those robotic floating camera's that function like a four way camera, able to catch whoever dared to try and run by it while it was doing its scan by. Her right arm reached out, shoulder extended; elbow about to bend *inwards*. Her fingertips graced the hardness of pseudo steel, claws digging into the soft metal, despite it looking like peach skinned *tissue* and with a vice grip, swung off of it and landed behind a wall of shattered brick where she could hide.

And watch the chaos as the light spotted the four chasing her. Its immediate effects were blinding to the viewers, the clicking noise alongside a gentle whirring before a sudden 'scream' of red painted their bodies in pure alarm. "Hope you like using your legs a little less than before."

She chimed, happily watching as 'God's' very light coming down from the sky, bathing their bodies in its bountiful 'glory', adding to their already immense mass and stacking the cracks among the populace like they were attempting to 'break' a new record.... If there were any, that was. She could barely hear much of anything over their iridescent moans of joy as their limbs and appendages exploded outwards; the extreme abundance of which formed its own pile of scales, feathers, skin and some metal. They weren't struggling to get out of it, not like it would matter, but instead, attempting to get more of it by covering one another up by either pulling them down as they grew or by simply *covering* them in their own misbegotten landmass. "Why am I not surprised to see this?"

Of course this would happen... she groaned in utter disappointment in her own intelligence. Of course those damn fatasses would love it, WHY DIDN'T SHE THINK OF THAT?! She could only smack her head for her thoughtless actions. The bastards are- *were* a cult, playing the *literal* devil's advocate, it's right and left hand in the new world where survivors were as plentiful as a *dodo*, with these fat fucks at the forefront of nightmares and do-bads when it came to exposure to the fleshcams and it's superiors above! They even allowed themselves to be shined upon a bit to initiate all their followers! Suppose she should've thought of that *before* swinging on the damn thing like it was some sort of vine to swing off of... She might've just *helped* them to the early demise they were clearly asking for with all that damn groaning. "... It's a win nonetheless against you freaks." But of course she could see how she won it. Obviously she won, obviously she had done well! She managed to get rid of *four* of the aliens' pre-made super soldier's, with quotation marks around soldier's and managed to escape without getting nicked herself by those damn *things*. If anything, she should be regarded as a hero, a God amongst the few men and women still standing out there!

For she was the one who got rid of four nightmares, she was the one who finally rid the world of this demonic plague! For that, she should stand tall, for that, she should be praised by GOD himself! Where is her gift, where is her reward?

Right on top of her. The gleaming sunlight praised them, giving Calypso the bountiful reward she *deserved*. Without a second glance, she attempted to skid herself back away, falling

backwards as she quickly attempted to move back inside. "M-maybe I'm fine." It was only a second, on her fully covered arm no less! An eye wandered over her right arm and immediately she began trying to run. A constant tingling echoed within her body as she reached the door the building to the convenience store. "FUCK FUCK FUCK! LET ME- UGH!"

Hips, of which she never had, closing the distance between the double sided door and her newly acquired assets. "I was BARELY touched!" Barely, but definitely touched by the energizing white light. Apparently it didn't matter how much of the body was exposed! Even something as fragmented as the *tiniest* slimmer of techware grazing her coat was enough to enveloped and force a stop to her movements using her own people's building plan! But it was slow, significantly so! Maybe it'll stop! Squeezing her hips in, she manages to get inside. A breath of air leaves her, in and out, three times before she felt like she could actually move. Her heart and lungs were on fire, arms and legs quivering as each step was equally as laboring as the next, turning from a small ache to *pain*; cracks as soundful as the tearing of her worn leather and tightening pantaloons adorned to their thighs. It was too much. Everything. Moving was tiresome, breathing became almost impossible to do with heavy adornments attaching and *attacking* her in every possible way. From her vision becoming smaller and smaller, enveloped by two round orbs she didn't know where it was coming from, her neck unable to bend down thanks to three, four, *five* mountains cushioning her fall as her fluffy knees collapsed... Breast becoming meatballs, tearing through her leatherwear; covering the bone between, belly blimping over her own head as her blubbery backside hit the floor.

She didn't need to see a mirror to know what she had become. "Bull-*urrrp*- shit!" Not like she *could* see. Whatever good her eyes were became naughty, as she was narrowed down to the roof and the tip of a wobbling iceberg, hitting two shelves on the side with just one simple *touch* of a mighty bosom. A cold breeze left her bottom half feeling cold, but one even colder entered her mind as she attempted to shift her body in any direction that wasn't to the left or right: She was stuck.

And still growing. "Anyone?" She whimpered, finally understanding her situation in its entirety.  
"P-*urrrp*-lease?"

"S-somebody?"

Nothing. As the pits and folds of her erupting size conquered the shelves and moved to the still-warm freezers, she was left alone to her thoughts; the closing of curtains she was *certain* was coming.

Then a beam of white light hit her eyes.