Digimon Ghost Game

Jellymon vs The Hot Dog cooker.

It was a fairly normal day at Hazakura Academy, or at least as normal as the school can get what with all the Digimon causing trouble in town. Fortunately, there were Digimon and their friends willing to help protect people from the Digimon acting out as Hologram Ghosts. Jellymon was one such Digimon, who normally spent her days terrorizing her partner Kiyoshiro since she adored his terrified reactions to her and Digimon in general. Unfortunately for her though, he was currently on a school fieldtrip that he didn’t tell her about because he wanted some time away from her, and as a result, she was left all alone with little more to do than browse the internet or wander around town aimlessly. Needless to say, she was more than a little peeved at being left behind.  
  
“Damn that Kiyoshiro, I can’t believe he just left me behind while everyone else went to have fun!” She angrily complained as she used both her arms and her two large tentacles to browse the web quickly. “When he gets back, I’ll scare him so bad he’ll never want to leave me behind again!’ She giggled to herself as she imagined Kiyoshiro’s terrified face when she scared the ever-loving crap out of him. However, she had no idea how she would actually go about doing the deed. Oh well, there was still plenty of time between then and that current moment, so Jellymon was certain she’d come up with something before he got back. While she browsed through random videos on video sharing websites, she came across one that caught her attention. “New record for Hot Dog eating? Seriously? Humans are entertained by some of the weirdest things.” And yet, the Mollusk Digimon found herself too curious to simply move on. She clicked on the video and watched in amazement as a woman stuffed her face with fifty hot dogs. It was a display of hedonism and slovenly eating that Jellymon simply couldn’t avert her gaze from. And once that video finished, she finally had an answer to her boredom.

“Oh please? I could easily double that record.” Jellymon was already imagining herself stuffed and receiving awards for breaking all sorts of eating records, with others, including Kiyoshiro himself showering her with praise and tending to her every whim simply for how great her success was. It was such an enticing, if unrealistic, thought that Jellymon couldn’t help but giggle in anticipation. The only thing that stood in her way was how to do it. She not only needed hot dogs to cook, but a way to cook a bunch of them as quickly as possible. Fortunately, a quick google search was all she needed to answer her question. A new state of the art hot dog cooking machine was currently slated to hit shelves that day, and deliveries were already underway. So, after using her hacking skills to redirect the delivery of one of these cookers to the Academy, all that was left now was to get the hotdogs.

Jellymon’s plan was coming together quickly and efficiently, as to be expected from a Digimon who strived to be the best at anything that caught her fancy, and that included hacking and now overeating hot dogs. She donned a simple disguise and easily obtained the cooker without anyone seeing her, and after that, she set up the cooker and read the seemingly simple instructions on how to set it up. As for the hot dogs and rolls, another quick bout of hacking sent a nice big shipment of the stuff to the academy, which Jellymon promptly pilfered when no one was looking. Her goal was to eat a hundred hot dogs, which she felt would be child’s play thanks to her flexible body. She read over the instructions as her tentacles put the finishing touches on the cooker, but she soon threw the instruction booklet away with a smug grin on her face. “So, all I have to do is dump the hot dogs in on one side, and the rolls on the other? That’s so easy, a Botamon can do it.” Of course, had she not been so caught up in her own arrogance, she might have noticed a warning on the back of the instructions that said not to load too many hot dogs and/or rolls into the machine at any given time.

Once Jellymon tore open the last of the packages and loaded the last of the hot dogs and rolls into the spacious storage units, she eagerly rubbed her hands together and started up the cooker, which hummed to life and got to work on its job. “Now cooking, please wait for deliciousness.” The machine instructed while Jellymon watched on with intrigue. She was still new to the human world and the foods that they ate, so watching hot dogs actually cook was a new experience for her. It wasn’t long until the first hot dog was done, and Jellymon picked it up. She examined it for a bit by holding it with her tentacles while poking the hot dog with her finger, but after a while, she bit into it, and let out a moan of pure delight when she finally got a taste for the meaty cylinder on bread.

“Yum! No wonder humans will eat so many of these!” She happily exclaimed before she got to work on scarfing down what was left of it. In that time, to more hot dogs finished cooking and were prepared for consumption. She picked both up and started to alternate bites between the two hot dogs, even as more were already being made while she worked on those. Three hot dogs soon became six, then six became twelve, but that seemed to be around the time when her normally small, flat stomach started to grow rather bloated and full. Given she was much smaller than a human, it was impressive she even got as far as she did, but she was starting to see why people don’t eat as much as she just tried to do.

“Phew! Who knew hot dogs were so filling?” She complained before she let out a small belch and covered her mouth with one of her countless tentacles. Her swollen gut let out a small gurgle as the hot dogs she ate sat inside her belly uncomfortably, but not to the point she couldn’t handle it. “I guess it was reckless of me to try and go straight for a hundred huh? Oh well, I’ll just put the rest away and try and eat more later.” Of course, when she turned to the machine to shut it off, she was met with a pile of hot dogs as big as she was and growing bigger by the minute. “HUH?! Where did all these come from?!” That was when she remembered she never shut the hot dog cooker off, but when she floated over to it and pushed down on the off button, she found it wouldn’t stop! “Huh?! What gives?! Stop cooking damn it! My darling’s going to be mad at me if he comes back to a mountain of hot dogs!”

However, her efforts to shut down the machine were in vain, and when she turned around to check on that ever-growing pile of hot dogs, she practically screamed when she saw it now towering over her. “T-this can’t be happening! This is a nightmare, right?!” She quickly searched for the instruction booklet she threw away earlier in her haste, and when she found it, she noticed the last bit of instruction on the one page she never bothered to read. ‘Warning: This product cannot shut down while there are hot dogs and/or hot dog rolls still loaded within its storage units. Please only insert what is needed.’

“SERIOUSLY?! That kind of warning really should be put on the front of the package in bold letters!” Jellymon yelled in frustration before she looked back to the still growing pile of hot dogs. “What do I do?! Can I give them away?” She tried to think about how that would look, but soon realized that might not be a good idea. She couldn’t exactly pass herself off as an AI hologram without Kiyoshiro around after all, and if people knew she was a real, living creature, they might just freak out and run away. “No, that’s out. Can I just throw them away or put them in the fridge?” Of course, now that she thought about it, Kiyoshiro might get mad at her if he saw his garbage or the school’s fridge stuffed to the brim with hot dogs. Even worse, he might ask how she got her hands on all of them along with the hot dog cooker. Her methods of obtaining them weren’t exactly legal, and she didn’t want Kiyoshiro getting into trouble for her actions. Messing with him was one thing, but that was something different entirely! That only left one possible solution to the problem she had inadvertently gotten herself into.

“Guess I’m breaking that record after all.” She used her many tentacles to pick up hot dogs as fast as she could, and in doing so, she began eating them as swiftly as she possibly could, all while a free tentacle browsed the internet for ways to help make her predicament a little less strenuous. Her stomach ballooned outward with every bite she took, and while her tentacles focused on browsing the internet and stuffing hot dogs into her gullet, her hands were busy with giving her belly a much-needed rub. She could actually feel her stomach growing larger by the second to accommodate all those hot dogs, some of which she was shoving down without chewing up entirely simply because she was trying to dispose of them as quickly as she could.

“So, it takes a brain twenty whole minutes to register how full someone’s stomach is?” That would explain why her stomach didn’t hurt as much as she expected it to. She could tell there was a lot of science behind eating so much food in one sitting now, and as she scarfed down hot dog number thirty-one, she began thinking over how much time had passed since she started. “I’ve been eating for about ten minutes now. If I pick up the pace, I should be able to make it.” She knew once she hit that twenty-minute mark, that was it. There was no way she’d be able to force herself to eat more. Therefore, she had ten minutes to eat another sixty-nine hot dogs, otherwise she’d have to come up with some kind of excuse as to why there were so many hot dogs around.

However, there was one small problem with her research that, in her panic, she hadn’t considered. The information she was reading was about the human stomach, and she was a Digimon. As Jellymon stuffed her face, she had yet to notice her ass and hips had begun to grow wider, while a small pair of breasts had begun to form on her chest while her limbs thickened, and her face rounded out ever so slightly. Her slim, short body was now getting progressively more rotund, with even her tentacles looking just a little bit thicker than they had moments ago. Forty hot dogs in, her breasts had grown to the size of apples. Fifty hot dogs in, her ass grew to the size of bowling balls. Sixty hot dogs in, her stomach was large enough to be used as a king-sized pillow, and her ever increasing weight was making it exceedingly difficult for her to remain floating, so she had to set herself down onto the ground to conserve energy. She was exhausted from eating so much, and her steadily rising weight only made that exhaustion worse. But at least once she sat herself down onto her fat ass, she began to feel less exhausted. She was starting to really feel how full she was getting, which to her was a warning that she was running out of time.

“Gotta… keep… eating…” She huffed as her tentacles scooped up more hot dogs while her stomach gurgled, churned, and glorbed while she rubbed that fat, stuffed dome of a belly she was sporting. It was bigger than she was at this point, not that it was hard to be bigger than her. “My stomach… it’s so tight.” She panted for a bit before she released a deep, loud belch, one that probably could be heard by other students, who were all freaked out by the sounds coming from their upper classman’s dorm room. She continued to push herself, but by ninety hot dogs in, she was struggling to continue. “I feel like… like I’m going to explode.”

Her pace had slowed down considerably, but still she pushed onward. By hot dog ninety-five, her stomach started to creak like an overfilled balloon, and hot dog ninety-six caused her to release a strained, deep, but small belch. Hot dog ninety-seven made her stomach throb, and in turn, she had to stop to catch her breath. As far as she could tell, if she wasn’t careful, she was going to either burst like a balloon, or hurl up all those hot dogs, neither of which sounded like a pleasant time to her. “Only… only three left. You can do it Jellymon-Sama. Just… just take it slow and you’ll be fine. That was what she told herself, but really, she was starting to regret ever coming up with this insane idea of hers.

Really, she should have just stopped and accepted her punishment. That would have been far less of a problem for her than actually trying to eat all one hundred hot dogs. She had gone from a skinny twig of a Digimon to an absolute behemoth. Her once flat chest had grown into a fat, but surprisingly round pair of D-cups that rested atop her fat, overstuffed yoga ball of a stomach. Her ass cheeks were each tie size of large pumpkins, and her hips had grown to be as thick as tree trunks. They were arguably just as heavy too since they prevented Jellymon from floating or even moving from her spot. She really should stop now before things got worse, but unfortunately for her, she was way too deep into this mess to stop now, and she was too stubborn to admit that this idea she cooked up was a terrible idea. But as she ate yet another hot dog, she could see she only had one hot dog left to eat. One final hot dog left to consume, and then she’ll have succeeded. She came this far, so she might as well go all the way, right? What was the worst that could happen? And so, against her better judgement, Jellymon picked that final hot dog up, and after fighting the urge to hurl just from looking at it, she slowly forced it passed her lips and down her throat with the rest. The final hot dog had been eaten.

Sometime later, Kiyoshiro, Hiro, and Gammamon had all returned from their fieldtrip, and were surprised when they saw the staff looking at an invoice they had gotten in complete confusion. “They got a delivery they hadn’t asked for?” Hiro asked one of the other students while the invisible Gammamon watched the exchange between the students.

“It was so strange. Hot dogs, rolls, and a state-of-the-art hot dog cooker all got delivered to the school when no one ordered them.” Their classmate told Hiro and Kiyoshiro to fill them in on what happened while their classes had been gone. “Before they had a chance to even argue the deliveries though, someone picked them up and brought them into the school, but no one knows where since the cameras mysteriously turned off. If you ask me, I think it’s a new Hologram Ghost.”

“A-another one?!” Kiyoshiro nervously asked, while Hiro seemed more confused than anything else. Gammamon, on the other hand, just seemed straight up disappointed.

“Aww… I guess that means we won’t get to have any.” He complained in disappointment while completely missing the point of what the classmate said. Hiro on the other hand, was still trying to figure out why a Hologram Ghost, or actually, a Digimon, would order all that stuff? The things Digimon did as Hologram ghosts were usually scarier than just running up a school’s bill. This seemed more like a childish prank gone too far. Of course, as the boys head back to their dorms, they both heard a loud, massive burp come from Kiyoshiro’s room, and a realization suddenly dawned on Hiro and Kiyoshiro.  
  
“Wait… The stuff was ordered from the school.” Hiro thought aloud while Kiyoshiro quickly picked up on the same thought.  
  
“And someone unrecognizable picked them up…?” He finished as the two of them, thanks to the loud belch and a familiar voice moaning in pain, slowly gave them the missing pieces to finish the puzzle. “…It can’t be.” The three enter the dorm room, and gasp in shock when they see Jellymon, fat, tired, and in gastral distress, sprawled out on the floor massaging her belly with her fat tentacles and arms.

“I never want to eat another hot dog for as long as I live.” The overweight mollusk girl moaned as Kiyoshiro just looked at her in disbelief.

“Jellymon?! Did you seriously eat all those hot dogs by yourself?!” He asked his Digimon partner before she let out a loud belch. “How?! And more importantly, why did you even order that many?!”

“Because I want to be the best at everything that interests me!” She whined in defeat while Gammamon cheered. Hiro made Gammamon solid so he could interact with Jellymon, and the first thing he did? He jumped off Kiyoshiro’s bed and right onto Jellymon’s fat belly. “H-hey! Stop that!” She yelled to Gammamon as each bounce forced more gas out of her stomach. It was humiliating, and not to mention painful having her fat stomach bounced on, but at least it was helping, if only slightly.  
  
“Well… I guess you can let this be a lesson about why you should never overeat.” Kiyoshiro told Jellymon in an effort to be the responsible one of the group. He had to admit, seeing Jellymon in such a state made him feel more relaxed. Maybe it was because he felt like Jellymon couldn’t terrify him anymore? “Make sure you never do something like this again, ok Jellymon?” Jellymon glared to Kiyoshiro, who watched as two of her fat tentacles wrap around him before they pulled him close enough that he was mere inches away from Jellymon’s fat face. The sudden grab and pull caused him to let out a small scream as Jellymon glared him right in the eyes.

“Sama!” She reminded him before, for emphasis, she belched right in his face. He was grossed out, but firmly reminded that, even in a fattened, helpless state, Jellymon was the one in charge out of the duo.  
  
“R-right. Sorry Jellymon-Sama.”

Jellymon felt that final hot dog splash down in her stomach, where it joined the other ninety-nine hot dogs inside of her overtaxed gut. Unfortunately for Jellymon though, this was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Her stomach churned, groaned, and throbbed as the mollusk girl let out a loud moan and clutched her stomach. A sharp pain had started to grow in her stomach, and it was only growing by the second. “Oh no… I think that was one hot dog too many.” She moaned as her stomach began to surge outwards. She wrapped her tentacles around her stomach as hard as she could, but it was just no use. There was no stopping what was coming, and Jellymon had no one to blame but herself for it. All she could do was let out one final, pained moan as her stomach gave in… and she exploded then and there.

“Jellymon? Hey! Jellymon! Wake up!” Came Gammamon’s voice as the frightened Digimon tossed and turned in her sleep, still the same skinny, unexploded girl she was when the day had started. Except… it hadn’t yet. Everything that had transpired that day had just been a bad dream caused by too many cookies before bed. What could Jellymon say? She liked sweets. She slowly started to wake up from her sugar induced Nightmare to see Gammamon, Hiro, and Kiyoshiro looking down at her, all sporting worried expressions for the Mollusk girl as she quickly sat up and put her hands to her stomach.

“…It was just a dream.” She quickly concluded before she let out a sigh of relief. “Thank goodness! It really was just a nightmare.”

“Yeah, that’ll happen when you eat a lot of junk food before bed.” Hiro explained to Jellymon, who picked up one of the empty boxes of cookies she cleaned out before she shrugged her shoulders and tossed it away.

“Well, lesson learned then. No more cookies before bed. But wait, I thought you guys had a fieldtrip today?”

“We do. We were just waiting for you to wake up.” Gammamon explained to Jellymon, who was actually surprised, and happy, to hear that they hadn’t excluded her after all.

“But you need to get ready fast, otherwise we’ll be late, alright Jellymon?” Kiyosiro told Jellymon, who angrily glared at him, got up from the bed, and floated right up to his face just to intimidate him.

“Sama!” She sternly reminded him, and it certainly got the job done.

“R-right. Jellymon-Sama.”