

Good evening to all the Phantoms reading this tonight, as well as those who are simply along for the ride.

I would like to, if I may, take you on a strange journey. In the spirit of the source material—that's the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* and *Shock Treatment*—and as an added challenge to myself, I have included several audience participation keywords littered throughout.

For those of you that don't enjoy this sort of thing, you are free to ignore them! They shouldn't impede your ability to read these pieces whatsoever. But, if you're a fan of the Rocky Horror franchise and want to get in the spirit, then keep a lookout for these phrases, color-coordinated throughout the passages.

You are encouraged to shout these into your phone, laptop, or screen otherwise as you read this story, but you are allowed to simply exhale sharply through your nose as you follow along silently in the dark.

This is all in good fun, of course! You read my story how you most enjoy it. I'm not the boss of you. To keep it short and simple;

When you see...

- Master.....shout "bater"
- Brad.....shout "Asshole"
- Janet.....shout "Slut"
- Five consecutive F words ..... "oh fuck off!"
- A Rocky Horror Lyric/Reference .....call Bobo a hack, or otherwise insult his writing ability.

Various other callouts will be present throughout the story. Should you prefer, you are encouraged to come up with your own if those provided don't make the experience as fun for you reading this as it did for me while I was writing this.

This sheet will be included with every chapter, just in case you forget and don't want to dig the previous chapter out of your "homework" folder.

Xoxo,  
Bobo the Hobo.



"Meatloaf, again?"

Janet Weiss had not been so impossible to please for very long. *(Says you!)*

Up until she had arrived at the Castle, she had barely but tasted the sorts of pleasures that life could bring her. But once she sunk her teeth into the mindset purported by Riff Raff's corrupted Commander, she was now a prisoner to the very same Transylvanian ways as he was—complete with the strange, **Farley Flavored, fattening fast food** spin on that which constituted sins of the flesh.

Beyond any measure, she was far and away the largest resident of The Frankenstein Place. With a unique combination of the Medusa Ray's effects and the unbelievable zeal with which she had latched onto the Transylvanian customs of ruinous liberation, Janet had managed to surpass what should have been an attainable size for mere mortals many pounds ago...

"I didn't think there was a meat that you could get tired of."

*(Who the fuck are THESE assholes?!)*

The captive audience of Phantoms offered Riff Raff a rare bout of laughter as they tittered at Janet's experience. She had come to enjoy being witnessed in all of her hugeness—hardly mobile but for that of her jaw and the other all but vestigial appendages that dangled from the fatness that had consumed her neglected, womanly physique. The soft blonde curls that bounced jovially upon arrival had grown long and brown as her voice deepened into a thick contralto—the sheer vastness of her had practically changed her from one being to another.

"I see your usual crowd approves as always." *(Freaky Phantoms flip for fatties!)*

Riff Raff looked past the rolling hillside that was simply the left half of the New Arrival that sat in the vast pinkness of the only room that could contain her comfortably—the Doctor's bright pink lab, with throws and pillows decorating what used to be the slab.

"I'd imagine that the rest of these are for you?"

"Do I look like I'm eating anything less?" the more assertive, more enormous woman commanded from atop her mountainous body, "Hand them down to my adoring audience, would you?"

"Of course..." Riff Raff sniffed, "**Anything** for our guest of honor..." *(SLUT)*

Janet Weiss was so much bigger than anything that even a well-seasoned space traveler like Riff Raff could aspire to think of. She looked less like an Earthling and more like the Earth itself these days as she continued to balloon outwards; **feasting herself full and fat, further** forward into hugeness at the behest of her appetite. She couldn't even feed herself anymore; she had become completely reliant on the Phantoms that clung *(let me do it!)*

to their party-going days after failing to be weeded out by the sudden shift in indulgence. (COWARDS)

The more the crowd thinned as the parties quickly turned to feasts, the more fervent admirers were left to ooh and ahh over the sheer debauchery that some of these fat folks could get down to.

(Did he say fat fucks?!)

And these cats could clearly get down for Janet's weight climbing ever higher—among other pleasures...



"You seem *tired*."

Magenta's soothing, husky voice was undercut by her utter lack of visible concern as her brother slunk back into the kitchen. He was tired. Of all of this! Of this nonsensical Earthling hedonism that had overtaken the Master and their dreams of ever returning home to their beloved Transylvania. What's more, he was tired of being the only one that seemed to care!

"Oh I am, dear sister." Riff Raff sighed, genuinely happy to be off of his feet after he sat back down on a kitchen stool, "Of most things, I should say." (The feeling's mutual!)

"...too tired to grab me the ketchup from ze fridge?"

Looking at his fat sausage of a sister batting her eyelashes at him in hopes of swaying any ill will, Riff Raff could only lament that any bitching that he did in this kitchen would fall upon deaf ears.

"Of course, Dear Sister." He sighed, "Of course."

May as well give himself over to absolute pleasure, at this rate...