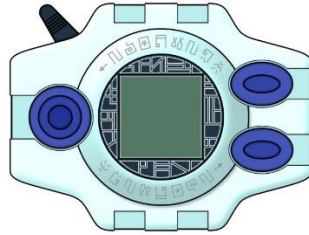


## Be Careful What you Wish For

### Z.O.B. Industries



Quiet humming emerged from Jack’s tiny Ohio apartment as he struggled to link together various servers and block-chain softwares. Scattered by his TV were copies of *Cyber Sleuth* and *Hacker’s Memory*. Behind him, on his wall, posters of every season of *Digimon* caught the fading sunlight. The smiling faces of Tai, Sora and the original gang shared space with Yolei, Hawkmon, Guilmon, Gatomon... and in the center of it all, Jake’s biggest crush of all time, Renamon.

The elaborate, laminated pin-up showed Renamon reclining on a bed of roses. On Jack’s bed, a Renamon body-pillow lay with the picture of her in a similar pose. He’d gone all the way to Japan for that one—it was signed by the character’s original Japanese voice actress. He had no idea how they’d gotten her anywhere near the thing, but he was glad to have it. Renamon was his muse, his queen, his fuzzy tuft-chested goddess. He was infatuated with her... and soon, very soon, she would be infatuated with him.

Because he was going to make her real.

The wall of servers crackled and buzzed, pulling power from miles around. Down the street, a new fusion restaurant lost power. In the wild world of the internet, data was collected and harvested, compiled... and compressed. It flowed into a helmet of his own design, something he’d cooked up from community college courses on sensory deprivation. In his pocket was an old toy Digivice, a Tamers merchandising spinoff. He’d gotten it years ago and it had never left his person. Even in the shower.

On his desk were dozens of books, all about *tulpas*. Jack had read about *tulpas* years ago and thought them ridiculous, absurd. How could you possibly make an “astral companion” from your own mind? But as he grew lonelier and lonelier, a social outcast with no friends due to his erratic brilliance with computers and obsession with anime, he started to rethink it.

Why shouldn’t he make a *tulpa*? In fact, why shouldn’t he use *technology* to do so? A tulpa was created through extreme concentration, after all, and subliminal tones were great for inducing that. So after months of work he’d created a helmet that projected focus tones through Bluetooth speakers... and pumped concentrated data-streams and images of Renamon onto tiny VR screens in front of the eyes.

“Tonight... Tonight we will finally be together, my love.”

He loaded Renamon.EXE and began running the application. His computer rig purred and vibrated, cooling fans venting heat. Shivering with anticipation, he settled his ample bulk into the couch and put the helmet on.

Passionate desire filled his every pore as countless images of the yellow fox-tailed Digimon flickered before his eyes. Her every dialogue line, her every animation cell, all of it flashed before him and he salivated with the need to have her, to covet every pixel of her lovingly rendered curvaceous body... Every fragment of his will was bent around bringing her to life. Bringing her to *him*.

With a sputtering buzz, his rig crashed. The lights on the servers went dark. Frustrated, he tore off the helmet—and was shocked to find Renamon sitting beside him.

Except, this wasn't the Renamon of his dreams. This Renamon was, in a word, *fat*. Instead of the lithe, svelte body of the TV show's Digimon, she was a lumpy out-of-shape parody of her normal form. This Renamon had a huge, fuzzy pot-belly that sagged onto her lap, flabby breasts made modest by her tuft of neck-fur, and plump round cheeks. The razor-sharp cunning in the illustrations on his wall was nowhere to be seen. Instead, she looked at him with a lazy, jaded disinterest as she spoke directly into his mind.

*So, you are to be my new master? Pathetic.*

"Re.... Rena..." He shook with excitement. Sure, she wasn't exactly what he had envisioned, but she would do nicely. They could train together, help her lose some of that extra weight... and maybe he could slim down, too. He didn't exactly have washboard abs.

The creature sighed, rolled her blue eyes. *Yeah, whatever. It's me, Renamon, from the Digital World. I heard you calling all the way across realities... and you don't even have a snack for me?*

"A... snack?"

*Yes, a snack.* Her tail flicked with irritation. *I'm hungry, 'Master.'* *The least you can do is get me something to eat.*

"Tulpas... don't eat." The moment the words were out of his lips, Renamon smacked him upside the head. As flabby as her arm was, it was quite a blow—his vision spun, and he reeled back, shocked.

"You... You hit me!"

She grinned, baring her sharp teeth. *I'll do worse than that, if you don't get me food. Do I look like I'm on a diet? Move your little ass!*

Panicked, he did exactly that. His house was mostly full of junk food—the salary of a software engineer didn't exactly provide for all-organic produce. But she didn't seem to mind. He brought her a tray of Vanilla Wafers and a glass of milk, and she immediately sent him back for the whole gallon.

*You think this will satisfy me? A queen of the Digital World? I am royalty, you will treat me as such! Bring more!*

He nodded, numb. By the time he had returned with the gallon of milk and an additional box of cookies—Oreos this time—Renamon had nearly finished her platter.

She was not a clean eater. Crumbs sprayed, milk slopped and her majestic chest-tuft was rapidly stained and matted by the combo of splattering debris. Her belly, already prodigious, was now spotted with stains and shifted awkwardly as she scratched at her crotch.

*This? This is nothing. Bring me more. MORE!*

Mesmerized, he did as he was told. He had no idea how he'd been able to create this *tulpa*—the whole point of *tulpas* was that they were your companions, your *friends*. Maybe he'd made a mistake in the creation process, or maybe involving technology had been a bad idea. There was no way to be sure.

But then again, maybe it wasn't his fault. He had read about *tulpas* that had gone sour, or run wild on their creators, tormenting him. Once you'd made one of these things, it was *very* hard to get rid of them... and Renamon didn't seem in a hurry to leave.

He was also concerned about where the hell all his food was going. Because *tulpas* were supposed to be a *mental* construct, sort of like a minor poltergeist or sentient imaginary friend. Sure, it was sad in concept, but in practice you then had a friend who could go anywhere with you and enjoy everything you did. But the only thing this Renamon seemed interested in doing was eating. And if she was a mental construct... where was all the food going?

*Mm... Gllmf... **GLORRP**...* Renamon's muffled voice sounded around the neck of the milk-jug as she guzzled and belched. *Ahhh, that's good. Got any beer?*

"Beer? Why do you want beer?"

*Do you ever do anything but repeat yourself?* She wiped her lips with a paw, staining one of her purple finger-glove gauntlets white with milk. *I'm your Digimon. You need to keep me well-fed, to keep my attack powers up. Obviously. So keep it coming! **Urrrp**.*

Jack smelled something suspicious in this "Oookay. But... I made you. With my mind. Why are you ordering me around?"

Renamon stood up, which appeared... difficult, for her. Belly wobbling, chest heaving, she huffed slightly and shook a pudgy fist at him. *I do... gasp, what I want. Human. Besides, what are you going to do about it?*

"I'll send you back to... Wherever you come from. This isn't right." He summoned his will, trying to get rid of her, but nothing happened. "You're not even the real Renamon. My Renamon isn't... isn't a fat jerk!"

The Digimon paused, her face scrunched up. Then she farted, the deep rumble of it shaking the floor. *Phew, that one was really bloating me up!* The smell was like the backdraft from an overclocked computer. *Look at yourself, Jack. Twentysomething, overweight, obsessed with hedonistic crap...* She tossed his body-pillow at him. *Your tulpa is an extension of yourself. A collective projection. And your mental collective is that you're a lazy, fat... **burrp**, self-serving little twerp.*

She jiggled up to him, pushing him into a corner with her stomach. It felt kind of nice... warm, fuzzy and squishy. Then her breasts mashed over his mouth, nearly suffocating him in fur and fat.

*You're going to bring me whatever I want. I run your life—not this skinny little Rookie-level bitch you've been worshipping.* She nodded at the Renamon portraits on his wall. *Order me some takeout. Now! I'm—**BWULLCH.** Hungry.*

"Y-yes, ma'am..."

Living with Renamon wasn't easy. She was a constant, snarling source of stress, and she inhaled food with such speed that both impressed and disgusted Jack. She snored like a foghorn, preferring to sleep beside him and smother him in her body-heat and musk. Occasionally she demanded sexual favors, acting like he was her personal gigolo. She was gassy, cruel, bossy and aggressive—and worse, she seemed to be getting more "real" every day, gaining the power of speech and even Renamon's powers, which she often threatened him with. He needed to get rid of her.

But how? He couldn't seem to replicate the conditions he'd used to create her—Renamon had sat on his tulpa-summoning helmet, possibly on purpose, and ruined his equipment by accidentally spilling soda on it and knocking it over with her colossal rear. And she wasn't giving him time to figure out how to fix the situation.

He needed help, and he needed it now. He didn't want to do this... but he had to. The nuclear option.

"Hello? Nancy?"

"Jack? Is that you?" Nancy was his cosplay partner, the only person within a hundred miles that took Digimon as seriously as he did. "You haven't called in ages! Did you ever finish that Gabomon fursuit? It looked adorable!"

"Uh... I've been working on something else, actually." He glanced at the kitchen, where a noticeably larger Renamon was bent over in front of the fridge, her enormous yellow ass-cheeks spread. Her belly swayed back and forth as she gobbled random ingredients and substances, even sucking down a quart of heavy cream in her gluttony.

"Really? What is it?"

"Actually... I might need your help with it."

A few hours later Nancy showed up at his door. Like him, she was a NEET without a job or education prospects... but unlike him, her weight wasn't even remotely under control. Where Jack was merely tubby, Nancy was huge, a swollen adult woman-child who dressed in bright colors and decorated herself with anime pins and wore a woolen cat's-ears hat. The blonde, freckled *otaku* girl jiggled into his home, curious.

"Jack, you look like hell! What's going on?"

Jack, sleepless after several nights of being kept awake by Renamon's thunderous farts, rubbed his eyes. "I... I made a *tulpa*."

She gasped. "We *talked* about this! You promised you wouldn't!" She peered around him into the kitchen, where Renamon was still eating. "Oh wow, I can actually see it. That's a *really* strong one. Why did you do that?"

He sighed. "I... I just wanted to be with her so badly."

Nancy snorted. "I told you to just go on F-List or something, do some roleplay. Now look what happened." She gestured at the mess in his hallway, a pit of cracker boxes, Styrofoam containers and chip crumbs. "I guess she's got your appetite too, huh?"

"Hey, you're one to talk..."

"Oh, shush." She blushed, and snapped her fingers. "Lucky for you, I have the solution! *Ufufu!*" Once she had completed her anime-laugh she stepped outside and waved. "You can come in now..."

To Jack's astonishment, another Digimon stepped through his door. He recognized this one—it was Sistermon Noir, from *Cyber Sleuth*, with... a few differences. For one, this Sistermon Noir had an *enormous* rack. She had to be at least DDD, if not larger, and every step made her impressive bosom wobble under her form-fitting habit. She flashed the peace sign at him and grinned, pink hearts bursting into existence around her.

"Now *this* is how you make a *tulpa*." Nancy leaned up and to Jack's great envy, kissed Sistermon Noir on the cheek. "Noir, would you be a dear, and take care of that Renamon in the kitchen for us?"

"That smelly thing? With pleasure!" Sistermon Noir reached under her habit, flashing a length of pale white thigh, and withdrew a pair of enormous pistols. *The Anthony Guns!* Jack took a step back. This was all escalating rather quickly.

"Wait, wait! Don't hurt her!"

"Really? Looks like she's been hurting you." Nancy nodded at the bruises on his face. "You've been cuckolded by your imaginary friend. It doesn't get much worse than that. Let me help."

Jack sighed. He did love Renamon... even the ugly version of her that had manifested in his life. He still believed, somewhere inside that blubbery mass, was the aloof and noble Digimon he cared for. Unfortunately, that Digimon was buried under abusive attitudes and about four hundred pounds of fat. Maybe it was time for Renamon to go.

Sistermon Noir skipped towards the kitchen... and then recoiled, holding her nose. "Pee-yew! That is unholy! What is that stench?"

**Thoom. Thoom.** Renamon's thundering footsteps shook the floor as she jiggled into the kitchen doorway, chomping on a package of cold hotdogs. She was sucking them down one after another, gobbling them down whole. Seeming to get fatter every day, she was heaving and quivering with flesh, her belly segmented into multiple folds now and her chins flopping heavily underneath her neck-tuft.

"Jackie... Lover-boy." She belched, chunks of hot-dog spraying over all three of them. "You trying to kick me out? After all I've done for you... Who else is going to let you motorboat their tits, hmm?"

Nancy recoiled. "You *what?*"

He quailed. "She made me! I didn't want to..." He paused, remembering their awkward, reeking sexual encounters. "Well. Maybe a little. Under the smell she's actually pretty talented—"

"Jack! She's a *tulpa!* Focusing sexual energy on her just makes her stronger!"

“That’s right... **HURRRrrp.**” Renamon farted once more, the kitchen now nearly uninhabitable from her stench. “And he and I are gonna fuck so hard after... **bruhlpp,** after I kick your Sistermon’s ass.”

Nancy scowled. “Sistermon Noir... Attack!”

The gun-wielding Digimon didn’t waste time, leaping forward with her chest bouncing and flying in an unrealistic, ecchi-esque fashion. “*Bless Fire!*”

**DAKKA-DAKKA-DAKKA.** Digital bullets blasted Renamon, but they simply glanced off her enormous belly, the fat rippling as the attacks ricocheted into the fridge and the ceiling. Jack dove for cover as Renamon yawned, shoveling a handful of M&Ms into her sharp-fanged mouth.

“Mmmm... You’re gonna have to **BURRRLP** try harder than that, skinny.” She lifted a paw, and it was wreathed instantly in flames. “Power—**HIC**—Paw!”

The attack, with Renamon’s enormous weight behind it, sent Sistermon Noir crashing through the living-room wall. Panicked, Jack found Renamon looming over him. She wheezed with exertion, squatting with her paws on her knees.

“Oof... Fighting always gives me gas...”

**FRRRRROOOOMPTTF.**

The cloud of stinking air that roared from her rear made his eyes sting and forced his bile up his throat. The corrupted Digimon waddled up to him and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. Nancy was flat on her ass, scooting away from him.

“Her hold on the real world is too strong!” She coughed as the stink hit her. “God, that is *so* out of character. How did you let her get like this?”

*Out of character...* Jack flinched as Renamon licked her lips. Belching in his face, she kissed him passionately before pressing him against the fridge. “I think he *likes* me that way. Don’t you?” Her breath reeked of processed meat and cheap cheese.

“N-no...” He wanted *his* Renamon, the creature he’d lusted after for most of his sexually mature life. And yet... he could feel himself getting hard, underneath his sweatpants. Her hot, fleshy, fuzzy body pressed against him, rolled over him in a cascade. Her musk clogged his senses, her colossal breasts flowing over his mouth... He was literally drowning in fat.

Could a *tulpa* kill its creator? He’d always assumed it was impossible... but what if she put him in a coma? With him still alive, would this bloated parody of his crush be free to roam the world, eating whatever she wanted? Maybe *whoever* she wanted?

He couldn’t let that happen.

Gritting his teeth, he wormed his arm along her bellyfat until it reached her breast... and viciously tweaked one fat nipple. Renamon hissed with mingled surprise and pleasure and pulled away.

“Ooh, kinky...”

From his pocket he pulled the old Digivice he'd had for years, ever since he was a kid. Renamon was right there on the screen, in tiny 16-bit form, looking just as fat as she was now. Over her head the word **DIGIVOLVE?** in solid black letters.

*Yes... Of course.* When your Digimon was ready to evolve, you had choices. He scrolled through them frantically, as Renamon turned towards Nancy, spooning peanut butter from a jar with her claws.

"Hmm, I don't usually eat humans. But you're so **HUORRRP** plump and juicy, I might just make an exception..."

Jack squinted at the options on the Digivice. *Kyubimon... Sorceromon...* He knew every part of the Digimon universe, every rule and law. And part of the lore of the Digital World was that if you trained your Digimon poorly, or let it become slow and lazy, it might turn into a...

"Yes!" He punched the confirmation button. The cheap plastic toy began to vibrate.

"Hrrmf?" Renamon turned again, even slower this time, her extra pounds making even the smallest movement a gradual flesh-quake. She had emptied the peanut butter jar, her muzzle smeared with it, and her eyes glittered as she reached for Jack with her claws. "Hey... What are you **urrrpp** doing with th—"

Bright light lit up the room, and the *tulpa* was surrounded by spinning blue binary numbers. Lifted into the air, she belched in surprise as she began Digivolving.

Nancy crawled towards him. "Jack, what the fuck did you *do!*"

"Just trust me!" *Every tulpa has to abide by the rules of its creation...* And Renamon was a Digimon. Once she hit a certain point, she could Digivolve. Every game treated this mechanic differently, but Digivolving had been a part of things since the original show. Moving to Champion was like a rite of passage for every Digimon, in every universe.

Except, some Champions were more equal than others.

"Renamon... **Bwurrrp** Digivolve to..." The light grew brighter, Renamon's tubby fur-coated cancles lifting off the kitchen floor. With food debris swirling around her, she gave off one last burst of flatulence... and then an enormous, female Numemon crashed to the floor, its filthy slug-like body scattering soda cans and beer bottles.

"Numemon! Rrgh... Need more food..." Suddenly disinterested in battle, the stalk-eyed creature slithered over to the trash can, and began eating out of it. Disgusted but relieved, Jack staggered over to Nancy, who was being helped up by Sistermon Noir.

"Well... That takes care of that." She looked around at the debris around them. "You, uh, want some help cleaning this up?"

Jack checked the Digivice. It would be a long, long time before the Numemon was ready to Digivolve to Ultimate, if it ever did at all. Sure, he could de-Digivolve it back into Renamon any time... but he would rather take a break for now. Gather his thoughts. Maybe make a few more *tulpas*, to keep him warm at night. Angewomon would be a great one to try, or maybe Devilwomon... he'd acquired a

taste for mean girls, in the past few days. Maybe not a *fat* Devilwomon, but a nice thick one, able to push him around just a little bit... Smother him in pale, gothic breast-flesh...

“Yeah,” he said, slipping the Digivice into his pocket. “Yeah, that would be great. Thanks.”

**-END-**

