

Case File B-351

"The Fat Friend Apparition."

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CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. J. ██████ Thompkins.

Site: Black Site M; ██████████

Status?: Contained. At Large. Unclear.



Upon its capture in ██████████, B-351 has fallen under our jurisdiction.

Its human characteristics make my crew uneasy and studying it uncomfortable. We are learning that it is in the creature's nature to feign personability and to mimic personality. As to be expected of its genus, B-351 has the ability to passively alter the memories of mundane minds to act as camouflage. In a spectacular diversion from what we have observed of the species in other instances, our newest acquisition specifically chooses to take the form of distant friends and loved ones.

This specimen of *Extra Mores* is of a, what we believe to be, previously undiscovered subspecies; or at the very least one that doesn't match any of the known recorded variations. Though similar in genetic makeup, our studies have shown that the pineal glands that allow for telepathy are divergent from the norm established with the more familiar *peregrinus cum multis facies*. Where *peregrinus* has evolved to shapeshift into forms more likely to elicit apathy from those around it in order to be overlooked, B-351 has an entirely different arsenal at its disposal.

Though we are unsure as to whether or not this divergence constitutes a quantifiable sub-breed or subspecies, we have dubbed the creature *amici multis facies* ("Friend with Many Faces") due to the unusual nature of its ability to assume the guise of mundane humans thought forgotten.

The most profound argument for species divergence and sub-breed classification lies in B-351's ability to not only alter memories of the mundane, but absorb them into itself in order to take on a more specified role. Whereas *peregrinus* merely assumes a new identity by scanning the collective memories of all humans within a 3-meter radius to blend in among the mundane (making large crowds a necessity for capture) *amici* has the peculiar ability to tie itself to one (1) mundane human by taking the name, face, and general persona^a of a friend (or in rare occasions, a distant family member) that the person in question has become estranged to.

Its shapeshifting abilities and extrasensory empathy make for many uneasy glances into its cell among the crew, who sometimes give contradictory claims about the physical characteristics of

^a Imperfections remain, no matter how skillful the mimicry. Subject B-351's ability to assume a mundane form are directly linked to whomever they are attempting to interface with and their ability to recall said form. Two lab techs (R. S. ██████ and T. B. ██████) were acquainted with B-351's "Beth Brown", but B. ██████ was able to discern differences between the actual Brown and the *amici's* performance due to later exposure and personal knowledge of said Brown contradicting information given by B-351 as Brown.

just what is contained within. But as long as something is in there, and our scanners are picking up its peculiar radiation signature, we know that we're doing something right.


Though we have come to understand much of our subject biologically, we are naturally driven by a need to understand what key factors (if any) tie into the creature's behavior. While it is capable of human speech and presumably of rational thought, B-351 is unable to be trusted in regards to exposition of its wants, needs and desires. Though it distinguishes itself among our other subjects as a (seemingly) functioning, sentient being, albeit one from outside of our reality, we are unable to be sure of its motivations outside of wishing to escape captivity.

Escaping into the isolation of the [REDACTED] would almost assuredly cause it to enter its natural quasi-corporeal form. While intriguing from a scientific standpoint, [REDACTED] as well as the sanity of any agents unfortunate enough to be tasked with bringing it in while in such a state. Allowing B-351 to leave on its own terms is simply not feasible and must be avoided at all costs. Eyes must be on it at all times.

As a precaution, through careful analysis of the creature's biology via MRI, we have been able to implant nanomachines capable of reaching temperatures hot enough to destroy the creature outright—at least in and of as far as removing it from our physical reality. B-351 has shown an understanding of our ability to destroy it at the earliest opportunity, and has attempted to dissuade us from the precaution's necessity. While we now have a means of termination should the need arise, I (and my team) feel that it would be a waste to simply destroy the creature without understanding the peculiarities of its behavior.

Analyzing interaction with mundane humans within the facility has proven impossible, as all agents and crew members a) are informed of the creature's nature and abilities, and b) not allowed within a certain proximity of the cell. Meanwhile, there exist many white zones across North America where our team would be able to observe B-351 in its natural habitat—interacting with mundane humans who are unaware of its abilities. Doing so would surely grant us a much greater understanding of what drives the creature and how we can better defend ourselves, and our great nation, against other extradimensional beings like it in the future.

With permission, I would implore that we release Subject B-351 into a controlled environment, or perhaps a series of controlled environments, so that we may observe the peculiarities of this evolutionary divergence of what has already been classified as a [REDACTED] threat.


Dr. J. [REDACTED] Thompson, XMD
Black Site M
[REDACTED]



Before all of this started, Lucy and I had never been the closest of friends.

We ran in different circles when we were in high school. I was popular, and she wasn't—you know, back when that kind of stuff mattered. When I was a snotty, mean Pretty Girl™ who wanted nothing more than to flex on everyone just how much better off I was than them.

Back when I actually *had* money. Before the car crash(es), before getting cut off, and...

And honestly before a whole bunch of other things that are probably really good for me and helped me grow out of my bratty phase; but that's really difficult to focus on when you meet up with somebody who you used to absolutely torment when you were kids while you're working behind a coffee counter to help make ends meet.

You know?

I almost didn't recognize her. But as soon as I heard her voice, I knew that there was no denying it; the large woman standing on the other end of the counter was none other than Lucy Laskowski^b.

“Oh my God, *Heather?*”

I couldn't exactly hide from her, but God knows that I wanted to. Even if she hadn't recognized my face, I was wearing my nametag. There was no way for me to get out of it.

“Hiiiiii Lucy...”

It had helped that I wasn't the only one who had gone through some changes in the past decade since we'd last seen each other. Where I had traded in expensive makeup and designer clothes for yesterday's elf eyeliner and a ratty green apron stained with crème base, Little Lucy Laskowski had clearly been treated much better in our time apart.

Gone was the pale, skinny nerd who used to try to hide behind those big coke-bottle glasses, and there in line was an excessively plump, busty woman with gorgeous blonde locks that flowed over her tanned shoulders. Lucy's face had rounded and her cheeks puffed out, pink behind her stylish frames, while her tummy had fattened out into a heavy gut tucked into the front of her summery white shorts. Beneath straining buttons, Lucy's birdy chest had blossomed into humongous, matronly breasts that fought for freedom from her sleeveless yellow blouse.^c

Despite the extra weight, I couldn't help but think that Lucy had undergone a definite glow-up—whereas I was serving coffee and eating microwave ramen until payday.

I thought that she would have rubbed her success in my face, but she was really kind to me. It was a slow day at the Bean Machine (Thursday mornings always were) so she hovered around the serving area and talked with me about my life. When I went on

^b According to ██████████, Lucy Laskowski was recorded as still living in her home town of Greenville, NC at the time of this incident. Laskowski had not left the surrounding county in two years. Outside of a trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, she has never been recorded leaving at all.

^c Physical description of B-351's mimicry of Laskowski is not congruent with reality. Laskowski is slightly underweight and pale, whereas B-351 portrayed her here as obese and well-sunned. The facial structure and height, however, are exact. This seems to be a favored tactic of *Extra Mores amici multis facies*—presumably to help lure its target into expressing desired behaviors necessary to feed on.

break, she joined me in the dining area over coffee and a muffin while we caught up more. She even paid for it, *and* bought me a cookie.

That was how our friendship started—over food.

I guess, in hindsight, it's not that shocking.

Over the next couple of weeks, Lucy started coming in more. She told me that she worked some kind of job nearby, but I never thought to ask what she actually *did*. It sounds weird, given our past, but we became really close. I didn't have any friends in Fairview, and knowing that we somehow wound up in the same small town two states away really meant a lot to me. My guilt over how I'd treated her when we were younger never faded (if anything, it only became *more* intense since I kind of started relying on her to pay for our meals) but I was learning, slowly, to forgive myself for the way that I'd treated her. Eventually we started hanging out outside of my work, going out after my shifts at the Bean Machine and grabbing dinner. Sometimes we would head back to my apartment.

The more time that I spent with her though, the more that I came to understand just how she'd managed to put on so much weight. I had (still have, I guess) those old Rich Bitch tendencies to think about this kind of thing. I felt guilty about dwelling on her size when she was being so nice to me. But it was an understatement to say that Lucy could *eat*—and she was never shy about insisting that I join in on the fun.

And how could I refuse? I didn't have the money to eat half of the time, and Lucy always offered to pay for me whenever we went out, no matter how much we wound up ordering. I felt like some kind of charity case, but I literally couldn't afford to say no.

Over time, I guess I sort of picked up some bad habits.

There were comments made by employees and a few regulars, and even my boss about how tight my clothes were getting. They were probably meant as jokes, but honestly, I was happy to be putting on some weight. I had shrunk down to skin and bones by the time that I'd met Lucy, and it felt good to get some curves back. For a while, I really started to feel good about the person looking back at me from the mirror... that is, until I started to outgrow my bigger uniforms.

I had never had a weight problem before I got cut off. I was never a chubby girl, and I didn't have fat genes or anything. But it seemed like the more time that I spent with Lucy, the more weight that I started to put on.

It got to the point where, six months after Lucy and I became friends, I weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. I had gained fifty pounds in just over half a year. I had a belly, my thighs had started to rub together, and I had a little double chin. Initially, I just chalked it up to Winter Weight. But regardless of where it came from, I was miserable. Not only was I struggling just to pay rent, but now I was *fat* too. It felt like whatever I wasn't spending when we went out to eat, I was upsizing my wardrobe. Lucy paying for our meals was helping my financial situation, but not by much. It felt like all I ever did anymore was go to work and eat.

But even when I mentioned that my New Year's resolution was to lose weight, and asked if I could count on her support, she very openly wouldn't give me any^d.

"I hope you don't expect *me* to go on a diet too..."

"Why do you want to diet? Thick is in, Heather—nobody will like you if you get all skinny again..."

"Okay, but I'm not going to stop eating what I want when we go out..."

I really couldn't believe what I was hearing. And kept hearing. I had come to Lucy as a friend, maybe my *only* friend in town, and she acted snippy over the idea that I might shed a couple of pounds at pretty much every opportunity. At the time, I was upset, but eventually I relented. After all, just because I wasn't comfortable with my body, I couldn't have expected her to feel the same way about hers.

However, after getting to gorge myself on Lucy's dime for six months, my willpower was weak. Watching her suckle on wings at the bar, shovel forkfuls of rich creamy pasta down over a kindling of breadsticks, or eat entire pizzas with stuffed crust and greasy toppings was too much for me. And after just a month, I cracked. I was back to eating just like I had been before.

Worse than I had been before.

And knowing that I had let myself down, failing at yet another aspect of my life, I dived headfirst into the only thing that brought me comfort anymore; food.

I stopped ordering salads when Lucy and I went out. I ordered burgers. Chicken wings. Pasta. Everything that I had craved during the month that I had been denying myself, and Lucy took full advantage of it.

"Glad to have you back on the right side of the diet line!"

She still offered to pay for everything that I ever ordered, even as the bill continued to creep up. She frequently cited my money problems, but to be honest, I had stopped caring. My life was a wreck, and I was depressed. If Lucy wanted to throw down sixty dollars every time we went out after work and got wings, I wasn't going to stop her anymore.

My weight exploded from that point on. I felt so stupid for getting worried about weighing one hundred and eighty pounds by the time I put on another forty. And then another fifteen after that. I was snacking constantly between shifts at my job, at home, and even whenever I got behind the wheel. I had porked up so much that by the time I got an invite back to my parents' Thanksgiving, they didn't recognize me. Which only served to make me *more* depressed.

The more I ate, the sadder I got. And the sadder I got, the more I ate. ^e

^d Observing B-351 in captivity and in controlled environments, research shows that through usage of its pineal glands, *Extra Mores amici multis facies* can subtly encourage certain behaviors from its host—including ignoring socially inexcusable behavior, as well as brazen encouragement towards indulgence.

^e Samples taken from B-351's motus cubiculum over the course of observatory periods a, b, c, and d show that the hosts' differing emotions sustain biology uniquely, and stimulate different part of its brain during processing and digestion. Specific interactions with the host to produce these different chemicals is entirely intentional on B-351's part. Does it have gustatory senses?

And since my only friend was Lucy^f, someone who was also pretty adamant about food fixing everything, I didn't have *anybody* to help reign me in as I got bigger and bigger. I was getting to be a real hog back then, eating everything left and right. I was getting exhausted just doing my job. Walking from one end of the kitchen to the other was beginning to leave me out of breath. My coworkers hated being put on shifts with me, and my boss was starting to get onto me about my low productivity.

The worst part about it was that I had never felt so *ugly*. Sitting next to Lucy every other day or so was one thing. She carried her weight well, all in her chest. But me? I was just *round*. My belly was this big, jiggly roll that brushed against my thighs, with spare tire fit for a monster truck. My arms were gross and flabby, and my face was all fat... I really looked like I was swelling up like a berry. I was miserable. Nothing fit, I was always hungry, and I barely even felt like a person anymore.

Finally—*finally*—it all turned around for me.

I met a cute guy (my now-fiancée, Stephen) who helped me work through my emotional issues. He set me up with a therapist, his ex-girlfriend Laura and I became really close and we started going to the gym...

Considering that I was almost two hundred and eighty pounds at this point, I really needed a friend who *wasn't* basically encouraging me to stuff my face and not deal with my problems.

But when I started losing weight, Lucy started to get really aggressive with me. All of the sudden, she was bringing up the way that I used to be when we were teenagers; things that she had assured me were in the past, and that she had forgiven me for.

“Great, now you can go back to having that superior look on your face again.”

“Ever since you started dating Stephen, you've been ignoring me—what's going on?”

“Losing weight is just toxic body positivity, Heather. Grow up and accept that you're not a teenager anymore.”

We started getting in fights every time I mentioned going to the gym. Eventually, it got to the point where she would just shut down whenever I mentioned Stephen or Laura, or any of the new people that I was being introduced to through my relationship with my boyfriend. It was like she was the only one who could be my friend. Even though I hadn't so much as been to her apartment, or knew where she worked.

Maybe it was the confidence from having more people in my corner. Maybe it was me having dropped twenty pounds, and feeling myself. You know, a can-do attitude transferring out of the gym and into my normal life.

I was much clearer about my new boundaries, but Lucy kept insisting that I go out to eat with her. Just her. And that we go out to bars and toddle home drunk to my apartment. Always my apartment. We could never go out with *my* friends—just me and her. In fact,

^f In order to ensure proper emotional manipulation, it has been observed that *Extra Mores amici multis facies* will use predatory tactics to facilitate the host's isolation. This theory is supported in captivity as well; its shrewd nature and ability to affect mundane minds necessitated much care during designated feeding times and when escorted both to and from cell to labs.

she had never even seen my boyfriend outside of pictures that I showed to her on my phone.

It was around this time that I started to think a little harder about Lucy.

At first, I was convinced that she had just turned into a possessive bitch over the years. Or worse, had always been one, and I just let my guilt over picking on her when we were teenagers get in the way of me seeing that. But then I started thinking that this was some kind of sick punishment for being such a cunt to her in high school.

I mean, think about it—we only ever went out to eat. She knew I was depressed, and she paid for pretty much every time we ever went out and told me to go nuts. I honestly think that she was *trying* to get me addicted to food. Like she was trying to make me fat like her or something. And it worked—I'm still kind of chunky these days, but it's nice to be back under two hundred...

I wasn't really *afraid* of Lucy until the day that I told her that Stephen and I were getting engaged.

I said her that I was going on a hardcore diet so that I could fit into the wedding dress of my dreams, and that I needed her to be supportive. I honestly considered asking her to be one of my bridesmaids, even after everything that she had started putting me through. But then she flipped out on me, stormed out of the Bean Machine, and told me to go fuck myself.

I thought that would have been the end of it.

In a weird way, it felt kind of freeing to have the weight of mine and Lucy's friendship off of my shoulders. Like she pulled the trigger for me, and that it wasn't my responsibility to worry about saying the wrong thing anymore. I had gotten so used to walking on eggshells when it came to anything other than food, booze, and complaining about my problems that I didn't realize how negative of a person Lucy was turning me into.

For the next three weeks I was lighter than air. My complexion cleared up, I was losing weight faster than ever, and Stephen and I were talking about moving in together into a new apartment closer to the city. I was *full* of energy—but every now and then, I thought about Lucy.

I couldn't help but feel like I'd let her down again, even if I knew it wasn't my fault this time.

I hadn't seen her since our big fight, and I honestly thought that she was done with me, until the night that she showed up in my apartment.

“I just wanted to let you know that I'm really happy for you and Stephen.”

I had heard her before I had even turned on the lights. She was sitting on my couch, prim and proper. Her chubby little hands crossed over her lap, fat breasts fighting for space with her hammy arms. Her round face was tomato-red all the way down to her double chin. It looked like she had been crying, but I wasn't about to ask what was wrong.

I don't feel guilty about the things that I said to her that night. I told her off, I called her a creep, and I told her that she was still the same weird little girl from high school and that I wanted her out of my life for good.

I called the police and told them that someone had broken into my apartment, but by the time they arrived she was gone. She said what she felt that she needed to say, left calmly, and that was the last that I ever saw of her.⁸

The police report told me that there was no damage to the lock on my apartment door and asked if I had given her a key, which I hadn't. It was hard to imagine Lucy being able to crouch for that long and pick the lock, given how big she was. I still changed it.

Needless to say, this accelerated my plans to move. I broke my lease and moved out that weekend, and Stephen let me stay with him until we closed the deal on our new place.

I still think about what my life might have been like if I had never met my husband, and if Lucy had been my only friend in Fairview. I wouldn't have just been fat, I would have been miserable. She was so controlling, so *mean* to me towards the end, and I didn't even realize it. She totally whittled down my self-respect *and* my self-control with how toxic she was. I never would have lost the weight—hell, I'd probably be twice the size I was when I met Stephen if Lucy had her way—and I never would have learned how to forgive myself for what a shitty person I used to be.

I know that I definitely deserve a lot of the bad things that happen to me in life. I probably even deserved all of that weird shit with Lucy. But I don't deserve to be weighed down by my past, and I *for sure* don't deserve to be trapped in an abusive friendship.

I don't know if I deserve Stephen, our new life, or to be blessed with our little miracle Molly. But I know that I've worked hard for it all, and that I'd do it all again if it meant that I could come out the other side happy, and healthy...

But I will admit that I miss getting to pig out on someone else's dime.

⁸ While *Extra Mores amici multis facies* appears to be emovorous, it is by genetic makeup capable of simulating the necessary organs to digest prey physically. It is fortunate that B-351 was not provoked into offensive measures, or we may have lost this valuable testimony from Billings.

CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. E [redacted] Simmons.

Site: White Zone Σ; Warden’s Office.

Status?: X Contained. __ At Large. __ Unclear.



Upon seeing its capabilities in Fairview, we are intrigued by B-351’s seemingly natural proclivities to simulate overweight versions of otherwise existing acquaintances and relations. Thanks in part to due diligence from Dr. Thompkins and their associated research team, the crew dispatched to receive *Extra Mores amici multis facies* were able to set up a controlled experiment before being prepped and released into the White Zone.

Recruits were polled according to sociability beforehand, with those claiming to have 4 or fewer “close friends or associates” specifically chosen so as to maximize the pool that B-351 could choose to simulate. Observatory teams making use of bodycams on the transport crew and facial recognition software were able to conclude that of the five visages that B-351 assumed, none of them were randomly generated and all were related somehow to the group of ten assigned to deliver it onsite; including distanced relations, and alumni.

There is already a running joke among my team about how we should call it the “Fat Friend”.

This is an astounding discovery, and opens several possibilities as to the method of transformation. Somehow B-351 is not only capable of assuming some simulacrum of the original personality as it is recalled by the host, but also simultaneously parsing through the thousands of faces stored in the human subconscious *and* deciding which one is statistically least likely to make an appearance and disrupt camouflage.

To say that my team and I are delighted by such a fascinating development and are deeply appreciative of being selected for this incredible opportunity would constitute something of an understatement.

We will keep you updated with any pertinent information.

Dr. E [redacted] Simmons
Warden, White Zone Σ
American Association of Cryptozoology



Things had been going so well between the two of them until this point.

It was so hard for her to meet anybody who really understood her. Not everybody really *got* the whole “body positivity” movement like Piper had, and Summer had been really happy to know that there was at least *someone* like her in this stupid, small-minded town. Someone else who realized that “Fat” didn’t have to be a bad word.

Of course, Piper had been her best friend in grade school. If Summer hadn’t moved away, they probably would have been best friends for all of the years in-between. It was only natural that they grew up to be so similar, right?

Since they’d both been fat kids then, it wasn’t surprising that they were both big, beautiful women now^h. As far as they were concerned, they were some of the biggest and more beautiful women around. Piper in particular seemed proud of the fact that she managed to crest “the big five double donut” just before moving to Chesterfield, and carried all of her hundreds of extra pounds with an inspiring amount of pride. She was a sloshing, lumbering dollop of olive-colored fat rolls so heavy and so wide that they couldn’t walk next to each other, but you never would have known it with the way that she presented herself as this ultra-sexy, completely irresistible bombshell.ⁱ

With her acres of jiggling titflesh and a soft, speedbag stomach that swung down over her knees, Piper Black was every inch the big fat dynamo that she believed herself to be. And now that they had reunited, she was helping Summer get there too.

In fact, that had been what they were doing before Piper convinced her to walk down into that alley. Hitting up guys (and gals—Piper was particularly adamant about helping Summer feel more comfortable with that side of herself) at the buffet between trips to the self-service station had left them both stuffed beyond all measure. If Summer hadn’t had an SUV with a seat that went far enough back to leave her belly enough room to breathe, they might have had to hail an Uber.

And things might have gone differently.

Summer had been groaning, both hands on her stomach as the two of them lumbered down the sidewalk. The redheaded heifer toddled along in the grass so that Piper’s bigness could have reign of the pavement, and in return she placed the palm of her chunky hand on top of the swell of Summer’s swollen gut for a light massage.

“You did great in there today, Summy.” Piper coaxed as she rubbed slow lazy circles on the surface of the pale freckled shelf, “All eyes on us tonight.”

“Because we’re both... HIC... total fatties.”

Summer was punch-drunk on portions of epic proportions, already struggling with the extra fifty pounds that had cropped up since Piper had come to town to say nothing of the *dozens* of courses that she and Piper had devoured that night. At her own stubborn insistence to show a little skin no matter how many

^h A Black, Piper that matches facial recognition and lived in Daven’s Port is currently employed by Yeng Industries, a subject with its own series of investigations and files. B-351’s mimicry should not be cross-referenced with these investigations, as Keegan, Summer had no way of knowing this information.

ⁱ Said Piper’s childhood weight problem has been corrected, though she reportedly still struggles with relapse despite the Yeng corporation’s support. It is likely that this previously existing dynamic influenced B-351 to assume her role while Summer hosted it. Further research must be conducted in order to test this hypothesis.

stretchmarks, she'd refused to buy anything bigger despite the fact that she desperately needed it. Her Hillary Heart shirt wasn't going to hold up any easier at 398 than it had at 352. Even with her gut untucked from her leggings, she felt like she was being squeezed tight by the unforgiving fabric.

"Damn right we are."

Piper crinkled her nose as they high-fived limply before giving an affectionate little squeeze to the top of Summer's tummy. It had become a sort of special thing that the two of them did together. After all, what was copping a feel between two old friends?

Plus, it... felt kind of nice.

"You're getting to be a real porker, Summer." Piper said with a proud pat of her porky protégé's prodigious paunch, "I must be rubbing off on you."

"Must be..." she puffed through a smile, "You always... were a... bad influence..."

Summer was breathless and exhausted. Lugging around almost four hundred pounds of fat-bottomed bigness, and on a full stomach to boot, could do that to a girl. But Piper didn't seem bothered at all, despite outweighing her doughy double by more than a hundred pounds. If anything, she was more energetic than she'd been when they waddled inside.

"You think so?"

Piper's voice lowered to a husky purr, a pique of her thick black eyebrow as she somehow managed to toddle ahead with a coy smile on her face. Despite the fact that Summer's car was within sight now, parked next to a downtown street lamp, Piper made a sudden and sharp veer to the right into a dark alley.

"Let's test that theory!"

For a woman of her size, she could really move when she wanted to. Watching all that blubber fly was oddly mesmerizing.

"Piper stooooop!" Summer whined as she struggled to pick up her pace, "I'm running on a full tank here..."

Summer's supple, bottom-heavy shape stood alone in the downtown alleyway, casting a big and tall shadow that cast itself into the darkness that lie in wait for her there where Piper ought to have been.

"Come on, I wanna go home..." Summer continued to moan, "I'm so full, P..."

Stepping into the shadows of the alley, Summer sloshed from side-to-side and butt to gut first. She hadn't gotten three steps into the shadow before she had to stop and catch her breath.

"Oh... come on... Piper..." Summer said to the familiar shape waiting for her further in, "It's... it's late and... and I..."

Piper's heavy footfalls scraped against the dirty ground, rumbling just underneath Summer's wheezing. By the time that she felt the push of Piper's stupendously heavy gut, she had gotten back to a semblance of her normal breathing. Only for Piper to push her against the wall.

"P-Piper—"

Their guts and chests smushed together in a thick, squishy impact. They were both too round to hug one another, but Piper had enough heft on Summer's size to press herself against the smaller woman and lock her into a wet-lipped, steamy kiss. Though she had certainly been handsy before, this was something that Summer never would have thought to expect.

"P-Piper!"

It had all happened so fast that Summer couldn't process it. Piper's lips on hers, her hand running up and down her fleshy folds on one side while the other fingered her fat rolls on the other. The pressure on Summer's stomach was incredible—but she was more afraid of throwing up on Piper than she was worried about the fact that her childhood best friend had just made a move on her.

"O-Oh Piper, I..."

Summer melted into Piper's lips, surrendering herself to the gentle touch of her palms and the softness of her skin. As wet pink tongue began to snake in and out of her mouth, Summer felt her disappointment at going home alone tonight melt away.

"L-Let's... let's go back to my place..." Summer found herself saying, "W-We can... can..."

"No Summer. Right here." Piper's voice darkened into a husky drawl, "I want you now."

"Hnn... o-okay..."

Summer had been so enthralled with this development that she had hardly noticed the central fold that separated Piper's spare tire and larger body of stomach splitting apart¹. As teeth bared in the space between, Summer could only remark on a slight pinch against her already oversensitive stomach.

And as a long, serpentine tongue began to trace up and down Summer's fat, freckled physique, she could have just sworn that it was Piper's hand.

¹ Due to the nature of those found belonging to the *Extra Mores* genus, shapeshifting to this degree is to be expected. In this instance, B-351 created a simulated mouth with simulated digestive organs, meant specifically for facilitating a meal. Though *peregrinus cum multis* has proven to be entirely emovorous, a diversion in diet could account for the predatory instincts found in *amicis multis facies* and the chance for consumption of its host.

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Site: White Zone Σ; [COMPROMISED]

Status?: Contained. At Large. Unclear.




Dr. Simmons, we would thank you to exercise more restraint in both your correspondences and of the subject B-351.

Due to a pitiful show of control over the subject on behalf of your department, we will be forced to remove Chesterfield from White Zone Σ for the foreseeable future, lest the local inhabitants grow suspicious of the mysterious disappearance of one Summer Keegan and become aware of any other activity that may be sanctioned there. Please relocate the creature to a suitably safe distance within six (6) hours, or the implants will detonate.

Please consult your direct supervisor immediately for a suitable habitat to relocate the *Extra Mores*, and cc me with the results of said conversation.

CONFIDENTIAL


Z [REDACTED] Morris,
Acting Director [REDACTED]



He wishes that the two of them could spend more time together.

After spending so much of their adult lives apart, he is afraid of drifting away again. He doesn't want to repeat the same mistakes as last time.

But there are no classes anymore. There are no nagging parents to get in the way. No other women to tempt him, and no dorm rooms for to sneak off with them to. He is finally without distraction in his life, gifted with that peculiar sort of focus that can only come with age.

Though while he has finally entered a place in his life where he wants more than the physical obligations of companionship, he is willing to settle for carnal expressions of their love for one another. And he craves them only from her.

She has changed over the years. Her trim waist fattened and her perfect figure gone to seed, she is still able to dance in his kitchen like she is as light as a feather. Though her stomach is round and her hips wide, she is the most graceful woman he has ever known. And while her breasts may have begun to slope in their swollen state, their milk has never tasted sweeter.

After long and difficult days, he comes home to occasionally eventful nights. The night is their time.

He fritters through the evenings, waits up through dusk, and occasionally he will hear the special chime that he assigned to her. His phone, an increasingly narrow window to the world outside of his window, will hum and his heart will dance.^k

Sometimes she will come over.

His friends, what few there are outside of work, are concerned for him. Since he began to speak of her again, since his second chance, he does not look himself. They believe that he is not well.

They are right.

His face is scruffy, and his skin is paling. Though he has not been an athlete since is college days, his figure is beginning to mature prematurely into softness. Where once he could meet records—though never break, or set his own—his respectable physique has softened considerably. Gone are the tight, form-fitting button-ups and stylish khakis. His hair has grown not to the point of unstylishness, but definitely a length that proves often difficult to manage.

How could he find the time to exercise? To get a haircut? She only came at night. And even then, only some.

^k Studies are unsure as to the extent of the ability for B-351 to influence behaviors that are not already present within the host's psychology. What is experienced here is likely an exaggeration of a tendency of self-isolation that is already within the host's personality. The working theory is that, however powerful the persuasive abilities of this creature are, they are not able to make anyone act too far out of their normal routines. At least, not all at once.

If he wasn't home, she wouldn't come. And if she doesn't come, he is never sure when or if he will ever see her again.

On nights when she doesn't come, he feels too crestfallen to tend to these baser trappings of vanity.

Occasionally, she will give him some warning of when he can expect her. Mostly on the nights before. She will ask if tomorrow works for him, and he will respond. He will try not to sound too eager, but she always knows how much he looks forward to her visits. To their time together. This gives him a chance to clean, to groom, and to get excited for the night to come.

Last night was one of those nights.

He suckles on her teat, warm mother's milk flowing into his mouth.¹

Their bodies press together. His hand palming her stomach, sinking into the pale apron of tum. She wraps her arm around him, pulling him close and nestling into her side. He wishes that she would never leave, and tries to ignore the shadow of her impending departure looming overhead.

She is soft. She is plush. She is pillowy and warm and inviting.

Soon, she jokes, so too will he be.^m

While he suckles, he tickles her sex. Slipping in and out in a practiced and ever-improving motion. Her soft moans fuel him. Though she so very seldom fills his palm with them warmth of her cum, she assures him that he does a wonderful job.

Eventually, the foreplay is done. He climbs atop her, the softness of their bellies touching, and he pumps her full of his manhood.

He descends, they cuddle, and occasionally they sleep.

But.

Tonight.

It is the first amount of discomfort that he has caused her since they have become acquainted once again. While they nestle lovingly against one another, and as he drifts off to sleep, she twitches. She is anxious. Unsure.

Unhappy.

For ten minutes, he attempts to tell himself that it is nothing. Minor discomfort that will pass in the night. That tomorrow morning, if he is lucky, she will still be there when he wakes up.

¹ Simulacrum is one thing, but to produce successfully lactating secondary sexual characteristics is another entirely. More studies will have to be done on this subject.

^m We are still unsure as to why the creature prefers to fatten the victim up physically. It would make much more sense for them to cause emotional trauma and feast on those feelings. Perhaps B-351 has a preference? We are still unsure if it is able to taste anything.

But unfortunately, it isn't passing.

She throws the comforter off of herself and wriggles out from underneath his arm. She throws one leg out, presses a dainty foot to the ground, and then the other follows suit.

She is leaving.

He does not want her to go.

Not so soon.

He asks what's bothering her. He wants to know so that he can fix it. So that their time together can continue. So that she doesn't have to go just yet. To prove that he's better than he used to be, before.

She isn't listening to him. She's getting dressed. Her thick legs make the floor squeak as the pads of her feet drag against the hardwood. She is in a hurry, and no longer graceful.

He wants to know what he did. He wants to know if she is angry with him.

She says that he doesn't understand.

She says that she likes him. That she wants him.

That it's been fun.

But that she has to leave.

Her language is clear. He understands her intention—how could he not? She wants to leave and intends to never come back. His mind is racing and his heart feels as if it isn't beating. Like it's been taken by the woman hurriedly putting on her clothes. Removing the only evidence of her ever having been there.

He is unable to hold back tears.

He follows her out of the bedroom, pleading with her. Beyond reason. Beyond focusing on anything but the wide woman making her way towards the small corridor that led out towards the door to the main hallway of his apartment complex.

He is sobbing now, uncontrollably. It is only now that he realizes how much he has given up for her. How all of what he has abdicated will become meaningless once she leaves him again. He begs, and he pleads, and he cries, but to no avail.

She says that it has to be this way—that there is no other option. That she has to leave.

That she wants him, but she has to leave.

She grabs the door handle, twists the knob, and walks through the threshold.

And in that moment, the only sounds being his broken sobbing and the increasingly faint footsteps that follow her down the hall, he feels truly broken.

There is a moment of clarity where, for the first time, he takes stock of the changes that her influence has left him with. His disheveled appearance and thirty extra pounds all at once seem so inconsequential yet so large and unmistakable that he wondered how he could have ever gone without seeing what she was doing to him.

What he had done to himself.

Huddled on the ground in front of the door, knees and elbows red against the hardwood, he feels a strange sort of break in himself. He is unable to move on, and yet, knows that he must.

In the hours that pass from that moment, he feels nothing. The sobs that filled his apartment no longer echo in his chest, and his eyes have mostly dried. His face is still an unsightly red and his facial muscles still sore from crying.

There is a nothingness there that remains.

Until tomorrow.

When he will run into her again, vastly changed from how she was just yesterday.ⁿ

She will be slender, very much as slender as she was when they were younger. Virtually unchanged, except for shorter hair. She will claim to have just gotten back to town. And that she is looking to make amends with him. And she will be confused by his many claims as to the contrary.

ⁿ Results are inconclusive as to the nature of B-351's ability to track the presence of the mundane, though this boasts impressive capabilities. Working hypothesis from Doctors T [REDACTED] and B [REDACTED] suggest that this is directly linked to a predatory and territorial instinct.

CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. E [REDACTED] Simmons & Dr. T [REDACTED] Susman.

Site: White Zone Σ; [COMPROMISED]

Status?: Contained. At Large. Unclear.



I am uncomfortable with being assigned a partner in the handling of this matter.

With all due respect to Dr. Weissman, I am perfectly capable of handling B-351 without supervision.

While the Summer Keegan incident is an admitted black spot on my recent transcript, I have done nothing but serve this organization diligently and with extreme capability on my part. Dr. Susman was not only my junior in terms of seniority at our alma mater, but also academically—I have written transcripts to prove that I am far more capable of running White Zone Σ alone than I am with him consistently making small errors throughout the day that hinder our capabilities through sheer negligence.

At the very least, I request a partner that has taken better care of themselves in the past few years. Given the nature of our containing B-351 and its ability to transform into large, overweight versions of people from our past, it would do well to pair me with someone who was not so indistinguishable from those that we are attempting to detect.

I believe that it would be in your best interest to either remove Dr. Weissman, or attempt to find someone else as suitable for this position as I am.

I eagerly await your response.º

Dr. E [REDACTED] Simmons
Warden, White Zone Σ
American Association of Cryptozoology



º This draft was recovered from Dr. Simmons’s interoffice email account. Due to a network blackout that lasted from 19:42 to 19:47, it was never sent and later sent to the Recycle Bin. Her admin password was not used to delete the draft, suggesting that either she wanted to save this correspondence for later, or that she was not responsible for the deletion.

Erica, Tiffany, and Laura had all been part of the same sorority, once upon a time when waists were trim and diets were followed. Back when passing classes and trying to find time to go to said classes between hangovers were the most stressful parts of their lives, it had been so much easier for them to be friends. Which should have been obvious, because they were all in the same series of buildings within a finite, if large, area and all ran in pretty much the same circles because they all belonged to a group that sapped their individuality.

But never let it be said that dumb ladies like Tiffany weren't sentimental—she blamed herself for letting her friendships fall by the wayside when it came to more important things. Like landing a hot doctor and getting him pregnant so that she could retire to blissful housewifery in a gated community with just a year of actual work in the public sector of education under her belt.

A belt that, after popping out three of those little rug rats and having literally no incentive to watch her figure now that she was married and a suitable excuse that would explain away any side-effects of going ham while living the life of luxury, was taxed the fuck out.

After more than ten years getting whatever brains she built back in college boinked out by a man who made more in a year than the entire staff of a McDonalds franchise lumped together, Tiffany had felt like there was something missing in her life. And it certainly wasn't the joys of motherhood, because she'd done that shit three times now, and a bunch of walking, back-talking tots giving her lip and playing Ben 10 as loud as physically possible while she tried to watch her shows was *not* it.

Once all of those little shits were out and about for school and she had the house alone to herself, Tiffany knew right then that being alone with her thoughts was for sure not it either. The help was *horrible* at keeping her company while doing their jobs.

Which brings us back to the pertinent point of her 'friendship' with Erica and Laura.

If you could really have called it a friendship—they were mostly just kind of in the same place together during a majority of the same four to five years of college, depending on who was asking.

But at the same time, most of the people in their sorority were pretty much in the same boat—at least, any of the ones that Tiffany bothered to remember because they were always at the fun parties. It wasn't exactly correct to say that she had known back in college that she would have been hanging out with these particular sorority sisters, but Tiffany knew in her heart of hearts that she would always have her Kappa Kappa Kappa gals to fall back on when she needed them most!

"KAPPAAAAAAAAS!!"

Large birds of prey would have been impressed with the monumental amounts of territorial squawking that emerged from the three even larger women that had gathered in the parking lot.

Tiffany had not been the only one who had gotten fat after college. Because Tiffany had not been the only one to seek out a life of luxury that yielded the least work to reward ratio. Because for the most part, that's all that their subculture of Kappas talked about, despite being enrolled in a place of higher learning that would have afforded them the ability to reward themselves with things beyond bonbons and occasional millionaire (and pool boy) penis.

As their fat bodies trembled with their every belabored step, Erica and Laura did their best not to collide against one another with their pathetic attempts at walking. Hips bumping, plumps rubbing, and tummies bouncing beneath the biggest sundresses that money could buy without being categorically called muumuus as the three of them descended into this poor fucking Crepe Factory.

Thick flaps of double chin quivered as the ladies gushed (read: lied) about how well the years had been to the lot of them. Chairs squeaked and floor joists groaned as these three heifers lowered themselves into a booth that was somehow wide enough to let all three of them spread out liberally and somehow not nearly big enough for the sheer amounts of portions that they intended on ordering.

And did order.

Because a bunch of spoiled, overfed housewives going to town on stacks on stacks of sweet, fluffy breakfast cakes shouldn't have surprised any of the unfortunate people at this restaurant as much as it wound up doing.

With their fat bellies brushing against the sides of the table (and in Laura's case, straight-up beaching itself on it) and their squishy elbows propping up arms to feed hungry mouths, they cackled and gabbed about everything that had happened to them in the years that had passed. Mostly by lying about it to make themselves sound better, but there were some interesting tidbits of information there.

Laura's scientist husband was inches away from making a breakthrough on calorie-free ice cream. Something that his four-hundred-pound whale of a wife was exceptionally interested in!

Erica's man was a lawyer, and had made their money suing a fast-food chain for the shoddy construction of their booths. Something that Erica had no doubt helped with!

Acres of ass spread across the six chairs dedicated to holding these hogs up; that's two to each pair of wide wobbly cheeks. As they became increasingly engrossed in gorging themselves and less interested in keeping up with the jumbo Joneses, those six chairs began to creak and groan ominously. The dangerous amounts of enormous piled into each seat only became more pronounced with every bite. And the fuller that these ladies got, the more that they felt that they needed to scoot back.

Because they *needed* to make some room.

"Oof..."

"Hnnn..."

"Guhh..."

Chunky hands rubbed along the surface of turgid, stuffed stomachs. Thigh-thick arm wings bulged against side boob bulges as these cows tried their best to both remain presentable, find some more room for maybe another crepe, and also not barf.

"We must be real bad for each other—I *never* cheated on my diet until I got back together with you two!"

An obvious lie from Laura's end that was none the less eaten up like it came served up from the waitress by the other two super-sized sorority sisters. Not so much because they wanted to give her the benefit of the doubt, but because it somehow made their own lies more believable.

“Maybe we should hold off until the next Kappa Kappa Kappa reunion!”

Tiffany slapped the surface of her stomach as it stretched the fabric on her dress. Her gut absorbed the impact like a speedbag, sending a thick ripple throughout her insulated-for-impact body. Something that happened to the pool boy whenever he decided to test his mettle against that big round thing like Indiana Jones.

“Ooor maybe we could go get ice cream to top it all off!”

The three of them squealed so loudly, so annoyingly, that it counted as causing a scene. As if literally any of the things that they had been doing, up to and including lugging around enough ass to bend suspension, didn’t count as a scene.

After a round of “Oh No Let Me Get It” on a professional level, Laura won out in their bid to use their husbands’ collective fortunes to pay off the enormous amounts of food that they had eaten before leaving just as slowly and loudly as they lumbered in. Despite the thickness of their cankles and the firmness of their foundation, these three were officially heavier than they had been when they arrived.

After a lot of huffing, puffing, and a little cussing after Erica got her dress caught on a closing doorway that brushed against her milkshake-thick thighs, the three of them were officially back outside and staring down the business end of a Cold Stone Creamery—and despite literally feeling so full of breakfast turned brunch turned “I’m sorry, but it’s 2pm and we’re closing up for the day, please leave” it was all that any of them could do to find a reason not to go get that creamy cold queen feed.

Breathless as they were blimpy, the three of them decided to trek across the parking lot instead of getting into their three vehicles and pattering long the several feet that would instead leave them gross and sweaty.

Between huffing and puffing, it felt like the only thing that the three of them could talk about were how much they deserve a little treat, and how being a mom is literally the hardest job in the world despite the fact that none of them actually had much say in child-rearing, and how they were going to enjoy popping into that place like a trio of Pillsbury Dough Dames.

Lingering behind her two flabulous friends, who were almost so wide that Tiffany had to let herself fall back in order to get a good look at both of them, it was a little difficult to determine just whom the bad influence was here.

Her expression calmed slightly as her fat lady face went from horny for Haagen-Dazs melted into confusion and concern over the *sheer amount* of denial that was necessary for these fat ladies to get through the day.

Getting into character was so vital for the role, and memorizing a backstory and committing it to memory was easily the most difficult part of this job. And even though Erica and Laura were certainly going to be excellent marks, Tiffany couldn’t help but feel like she was plucking the low-hanging fruit. It wasn’t like she was going to be able to make any lasting changes to their attitude that would make a difference at the end.

After all—how much bigger could these two women even *get*?

“Hfff... Tiffy! Come on, girl!”

“It’s ice cream time! Move that blubber butt!”

But, casting aside her need for challenging roles and sense of pride as an actor, “Tiffany” shrugged her^p plump shoulders and resumed huffing and puffing like any of this extra weight bothered her. Maybe she couldn’t fatten these two up any further (though she somehow how doubted that) but she could at least get a neat little ice cream date out of it.

Everybody loved ice cream—even “Tiffany”.

“I’m coming!” she put on her best spoiled white lady voice, “I just... I’m a little slower than I used to be!”

The two of them laughed unassumingly, in no way aware of the fact that their big fat third was not what she appeared to be, and toddled along ahead gut-sloshingly first so that they could eventually get wedged in the doorway to the ice cream place.

Tiffany almost had to break character to get the two of them to stop fighting and just get into the fucking door.

Sometimes, especially lately, she felt that her job was too easy.

But everyone needed a cheap meal every now and again—and these two would almost certainly count as a cheap meal. A splurge for sure, she certainly wouldn’t be hungry for a while after this, but very much a little treat for all of her hard work...

^p We are still unsure as to whether or not B-351 has a determined, or definable, gender or sex. The most likely explanation is that it is entirely asexual, and merely assumes the gender of whomever it is mimicking. This, as well as its predatory nature would explain the limited numbers of its species.

CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. E [REDACTED] Simmons & Dr. T [REDACTED] Susman.

Site: White Zone Σ; [COMPROMISED]

Status?: Contained. At Large. Unclear.



With respect to the opinions of our team’s supervisory board, I disagree with Dr. Simmons’s assessment of my capabilities in the workplace. I am just as dedicated to the containment and study of B-351 as anyone else on our staff.

However, I understand that I am something of an odd man out, transferring into this division in order to compensate for the lacking wardenship. Our working relationship did not start off on the best foot, and there was no way that wouldn’t have happened, given the circumstances.

I believe that I am making progress in furthering our working relationship, and await the day when we can work to fully understand this mesmerizing, wonderful creature from beyond our dimension—to the best of our limited understanding, of course.

But we’ll only be able to do it together.

Which is why I’ve requested additional funding for our department, so that we may institute some morale boosting changes to our regular employee schedule in order to make sure that we’re all getting along better. If the government can afford [REDACTED], we might as well put some of that towards a new coffee machine, some comfortable office chairs, and donuts every Friday in the employee lounge.

Again, with respect to the opinions of our team’s supervisory board.

Dr. Timothy Susman
Warden, White Zone Σ
American Association of Cryptozoology



CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. E ██████ Simmons & Dr. T ██████ Susman.

Site: White Zone Σ; [COMPROMISED]

Status?: Contained. **X** At Large. Unclear.



I am proud to report that, according to our supervisors, Dr. Simmons and I have been taken off of our respective improvement plans, and hostilities between us have been kept to a respectable minimum. We are now capable to running this team as the well-oiled machine required to study^q B-351.

With my work ethic and her expertise, we are able to divide our talents accordingly. Now that I am directly managing the crew via correspondence and she is able to get the correct amount of rest required to do this job right.

Honestly, with how big White Zone Σ is (though it has become smaller since its restructuring, it's still the second-largest of our White Zones) I'm surprised that we haven't instituted a two-warden policy sooner. It would definitely go a long way towards ensuring that we don't have slipups like the Summer Keegan incident again.

Also, my requisition for sturdier office equipment has been denied. Attached^r are photos of what happens when we rely too much on the goodwill of outdated equipment—though government spending is at an all-time high, I believe that making sure our crew (and wardens) shouldn't have to fear about snapping office equipment and causing potential damage to themselves.

I know that Dr. Simmons would be especially grateful.

Dr. Timothy Susman
Warden, White Zone Σ
American Association of Cryptozoology



^q Dr. Susman's auto-drafts show that wording was revised before it was sent to the supervisory board. Originally, it read "required to catch B-351".
^r The originally attached files have been removed from this document for the sake of readability and government confidentiality. However, they depicted an office chair that had snapped at the neck with the arms bowed out. There is no confirmation as to whether or not it belonged to Dr. E ██████ Simmons before her reported death, but it seems likely.

She knows that she has put on a few.

She knows that she has gotten slow.

But she didn't much care for the notion that she had gotten lazy.

The last thing that she needed was for her supervisors to think that the unwanted co-warden that she had done nothing but object to since he had arrived was doing her job better than she could. Because then, her very valid complaints about him would only ring hollow in the face of him upstaging her in the office.

It wouldn't matter that he wasn't as capable as her. It wouldn't matter that he was screwing up simple operations left and right. It wouldn't matter that despite an alleged fifteen years of cryptozoological studies, he had been screwing up what seemed like left and right.

All that would matter was that he was doing her job better than her.

Well, *appearing* to do her job better.

And then she would be history.

And that was why she was so stressed. And unfortunately, when she was stressed, she ate.

Not that it had become exactly easy to indulge in the Warden's Office, or any of the other sanctioned areas in the White Zone. Thanks to him undermining her authority, going behind her back and over her head, it was like all of the hard work that she'd done to whip this place into shape had never existed.

Nobody was answering her emails.

None of her superiors seemed to get her reports anymore.

As far as the higher-ups were concerned, he was the only one who was showing any initiative at the office. And the longer that it went on, the more that she realized there wasn't much to be done about it.

And so she sat.

And she stewed.

And she spent as much time as possible thinking of ways to show up this upstart. To put things back to normal, and prove that not only did she not need a partner, but that she *for sure* didn't need someone who was going to take all of the hard work that she had done over the past fifteen years for putting a "creative spin" on management and wardenship.

The creatures that they watch are dangerous, most are downright insidious, and—

The chair squeaks as she leans backward. For a new chair, it sure is noisy.

Add that to the list of things that her so called "co-warden" couldn't do right.

At least the food that he had stocked the office full of tasted alright. Her favorites, even. Maybe he was trying to suck up? Get rid of some of that ill will that she barely even tried to hide anymore. It hadn't worked, but at least she can *enjoy* sitting in this office and indulging herself a little.

A lot.

Her middle-aged spread had spread out by a lot. She is no stranger to weight issues. She has dealt with them for years, and likely would still for many years to come. But there are more important things to concern herself with than matters of simple vanity.

Than the chairs squeaking beneath her.

Than tight khakis and busted belts.

Than ripped sleeves and popped buttons.

She cannot afford to lose her position. Transferring out would mean that her life's work would be forfeit, subsumed by some upstart.

So she will sit in this office. She will do her job. She will watch and take dutiful notes. She will find other means of getting her findings read and her work noticed.

She will not lose.

But as she leans forward with a tired grunt, her stomach settling awkwardly on the seat of the chair beneath her, she is forced to face the facts—she really *is* getting out of shape.

Her face is red with exertion. Her cheeks and double chin bunch as she pulls herself closer to the desk. Her stomach rolls over the edge of the table slightly, settling so that its just comfortable enough when she leans back.

Her chubby fingers come to rest on the keys, typing up this latest correspondence. She isn't sure why they go unanswered, but that hasn't stopped her from filing her reports. This way, she can still prove that she has been working.

That she still contributes, despite (what she suspects to be) her purported partner's interventions.

However, it is her ability to bury herself in her work that will prove to be her undoing.

The office door opens behind her, creaking open no louder than the groans of her office chair. Her keystrokes are loud and heavy, and the occasional munch of potato chips deafens her to the approaching footsteps.

She is so consumed with handling one threat that she does not realize the approach of another—and it is too late when she realizes that they are one in the same.

CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. T [REDACTED] Susman.

Site: White Zone Σ; [COMPROMISED]

Status?: Contained. At Large. Unclear.



Though we are all saddened by the loss of Dr. Simmons, I am in the firm belief that White Zone Σ will persevere; much like the way that it had for years until her untimely passing.

Though we are still investigating the cause, I will assure any and all those involved that whichever creature was involved in the passing of my partner will face the full and unbridled wrath that my position allows for.

Should we be able to find such a creature, of course.

In the meantime, I will be assuming sole wardenship of White Zone Σ so as to cut down on potential casualties. From this point onward, I will be assuming all responsibility of any future mistakes, should they occur, and ensuring the safety of my team through various improvements upon the structure and safety protocols that Dr. Simmons has left for me.

B-351 is still within the White Zone, and has appeared to be dormant for a while. I believe that we can safely say that it had absolutely nothing to do with Dr. Simmons's untimely passing—adding only that its unique biology goes far beyond our understanding, and that keeping it alive should be our top priority.

We, as humans, have too much to learn from such a fascinating creature and should avoid lethal means by any costs necessary. Its survival is key to understanding xenodimensional beings.

Please see the attached list for my revised budget and proposed spending cuts. Though it may pain certain members of the board to do away with the proximity meter keeping certain subjects within the White Zone, I believe that through an extension of kindness and goodwill, we can win our more volatile subjects over.

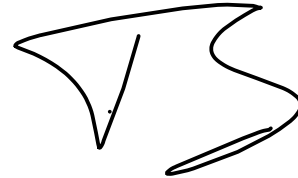
B-351 *is* intelligent. It *can* reason. And I believe that a good start to earning its good will is appealing to its magnanimousness.

It has outsmarted us a number of times before, as evidenced in Dr. Simmons's failure. Allow me to succeed where she dropped the ball by trying a different approach with a so-called "dangerous" creature from beyond our dimension. A show of good faith would certainly not be lost upon such a strange and intelligent creature—monitoring it outside of the White Zone would still be possible.

But since I am unable to remove the proximity meter without higher authority, we would be unable to test this hypothesis without your involvement.

Without you showing that you're willing to take a chance on a creature that you just don't understand. Imagine having something as powerful as B-351 on our side—the possibilities are endless.

And all I need for you to do is to lower the proximity meter.



Dr. Timothy Susman
Warden, White Zone Σ
American Association of Cryptozoology

