

Annabelle froze in place as a chill ran through her. She'd bumped a bunch of her equipment with her ass *yet again* and it was only by the grace of whatever luck she'd manage to save up that she didn't hear a shattering moments later. Slowly and *very* carefully did the rotund geneticist turn around, collecting the samples she had nearly toppled over and bringing them around to the equipment she needed to complete her work.

It took a moment for the relief to really process that she hadn't broken anything.

“..I should just.. I should do this. Stop beating around the bush.. if I test the serum then I can't end up with something going wrong to stop me from trying right? Right..”

Hesitation still took the short, plump woman. Using a genetic infusion on herself because her project wasn't getting funded or expanded was.. insane? At least by most measures it certainly qualified as insane, and yet here she was. Out of other options-

“..if I looked like those stupid bimbo 'scientists' fresh out of Uni they'd have given me funding.. I'll show them all when this serum works.”

While she wished she had a better, simpler delivery method Annabelle had to sit through a four step process. An inhaler, an injection, a handful of gel caps, and two trans-dermal patches. That was something she'd have to work on, but when she had her samples loaded into the delivery mechanisms Annabelle just shut her eyes, bit her lip, and administered all four.

Then she waited. Or, at least, that was the expected result.

“Probably going to take a while to notice anything.. I wonder if I should advise not eating first on account of the gel capsules? I-”

Annabelle's own stomach interrupted her. It twisted and snarled, *immediately*. That was followed by a wave of heat that ran under her skin and a rush of weakness to go with it. Hunger. She was *ravenous*. The geneticist didn't think about it when she ran for her fridge, she just moved. Instinct took over. By the time she was on the floor of her kitchen in front of the open fridge bathing in its cooler air she was grabbing handfuls of lunch meat and cheese to eat and fumbling for bread from the counter top.

The feeding didn't seem to be making her any less hungry though. Some small, still rational part of Annabelle's mind tried to keep a scientific grasp on the situation – grabbing her tape recorded and turning it on.

“P-preliminary r-rp.. So hungry! G-gah.. Why am I so hungry?!”

Dropping the still running recorder, Annabelle snatched up the next things she could find and got to work eating those while her body started to twitch and squirm inside. Her clothing was getting tighter by the moment as well, but she didn't have the spare time or focus to deal with that. Not even when her shirt started to ride up and her pants began splitting at the seams as she grew. All she could think about was *eating*.

Annabelle *was* still a genius though. As long as it was related to getting this inferno of a hunger episode under control she could still concentrate. While she was stuffing frozen fish sticks into her mouth and chugging through iced tea and beer she was tapping out a delivery order with her free hand. She managed to get the order in just as she ran out of easily edible food in her fridge and freezer alike, even stuff that kind of skirted the definition of it, and yet she just did *not* feel full. There was a gnawing, furious churning in her but no satiation. Not while she felt the whole of her body quivering and changing.

It felt soft inside. All of her kind of just felt.. squishy. Which was more than just her rapidly getting *fat*. As Annabelle walked away from her lab equipment and her kitchen toward her front room she found herself wobbling to and fro more than just her own natural waddling gait would explain. By the time she was collapsing on the couch the scientist in her had started to kind of figure it out.. She could bend, twist, and swivel – she could look behind her and see herself. Her legs looked short and awkward – more so than usual – and *fat*. All of her looked fat, vaguely lumpy, and kind of... long. Squiggly too. As she got to wiggling herself for testing purposes Annabelle sorted out the actual scientific diagnosis of the weirdest part of this.

There weren't any bones in there anymore. Just soft, spongy bulk.. and flab. That thought was *fascinating* in a way that ought to have been terrifying too. It just.. wasn't, that part of her brain wasn't firing, it couldn't find any spare room to do so among all the hunger.

Finding herself tearing away chunks of her couch cushioning with teeth that were feeling an awful lot more like mandibles right now was another thing that she was pretty sure ought to have made her scream in horror. But the long-suffering vaguely sweat stained cotton fabric tasted.. good? And it was sitting heavier in her stomach too, taking a bit more time to process, making her less ravenous. Why bother stopping? It was -her- couch after all..

Annabelle had eaten about two thirds of the thing's upholstery by the time the pizza guy came to the door, knocking and mumbling something while she worked on getting up to go meet

him there. It proved awkward, at best, and so did speaking. She managed to grunt out a few odd, guttural things as she flopped to the floor and got a loose idea of just how bulbous and wobbly her frame had become. She'd popped right out of her clothing while she ate the couch and had, apparently, eaten *that* too..

Not that it mattered. She was *hungry*. Squirring her way across the floor toward the door was mostly a question of bunching up her flabby, spongy body and then stretching out again until she got to the wall and was able to lean on it for support while she fiddled the door handle open.

It was convenient that the delivery boy just shrieked and ran – and dropped the stack of six larges for her. Annabelle wasn't feeling up to talking much at the moment, so just hauling the boxes in and starting to munch her way through was preferable. She wasn't even really *chewing* anymore, or maybe she couldn't chew with her mouth spreading into the strange tearing shape it was, just kind of.. getting big morsels and then swallowing. All that mattered was being *full* and somehow she just never was.

Not after eating every last slice. Not after eating the boxes too, and going back to the couch as well. Annabelle just.. could not seem to stay full. She felt her body swelling still, it was getting hard to move it even, but it just wasn't enough. She got her maw on the carpet next and that started leading her along the ground of her home. Anything that was *vaguely* consumable she felt compelled to stuff into her ace, not even bothering with her hands anymore.. They were getting odd and clumsy to use anyway.

Eating her way ate through her houseplants along the way, Annabelle eventually came to her bedroom. In her hunger addled state it just hadn't occurred to her that the bedroom was the best place to go with this, it had her laundry heap for starters – a nice pile of cottons and a few silks. That was just the appetizer though. As Annabelle's softened, undulating body nestled itself up against her next source of food she was dimly aware some of her was actually still out in the hallway – she had stretched a good bit.

Getting through her clothing was a good move. Annabelle was able to gnaw through most of that without any real trouble and take some of the edge off her hunger. Some of it. There was still something coming though.. she *needed* more. A little bit more. For.. something..? Her body was telling her there was one more step. Annabelle even felt some bits inside herself squelching and moving around, tightening gently, especially around her *butt*. Which was dangling out near her

bathroom at the moment and lazily crawling its way toward the rest of her. Annabelle felt little grippy nubs helping with that, poking out of the sides of her body and tugging her along.

When she had gotten through all of her clothing that wasn't either polyester or something with too much metal in it like her wire bras Annabelle turned to the last big ticket item on her menu. The mattress and pillows, the comforter, there was *so much* there to digest.

Enough of it, Annabelle's body decided, that it would satisfy her needs. Enough that she felt her ass creep up behind her and plant itself on the floor, touching something.. sticky..? No, *producing* something sticky. Some little part of Annabelle realized it was producing silk, like a spider, or.. a caterpillar? That made sense – in a completely insane sort of way. A caterpillar's whole squat, fat, pulsating existence was centered around eating everything it could until it had enough to start a cocoon.

That, she understood, was what her ass was doing. Annabelle worked faster to chew through all of her bedding as a result. There was something curiously pleasant about the situation, about having nothing to worry about but growing fatter by eating *everything* she could.

Annabelle had lost control of some of herself in this. Her ass was squirming and twisting and pushing all by itself, apparently knowing how to make the cocoon she was going to need. It was a slow, rhythmic process. Squirming in a spiral while she swallowed and made sure her wriggly, long body was as plump as she could get. The woman, the scientist, who had woken this morning would have been screaming right now if she could see this but Annabelle didn't feel a whole lot of that woman in her right now.

Just a very hungry, but almost sated, creature that was ready to become something else. Granted.. that meant disincorporating into a heap of goo inside her cocoon for a while, but.. well, something good would come of it. It had to, right? Annabelle certainly *hoped* it would as she swallowed the last bits of her bedding and collapsed in an exhausted heap.

Behind her, she felt her ass and her lower body still weaving and 'walking' her into the binding of sticky silk. She had no arms to speak of to even try to crawl out with, even if she had the energy. Or desire.

..Which she didn't. It took a bit of thought to be sure of that, but Annabelle decided as she was watching the last folds and rings of the cocoon weave around her. This was something to study scientifically and experience as an adventure all at once. This? *Was exciting.*

Annabelle felt as if she had been asleep for *ages*. Dreaming strange dreams, things about swimming in a milky lake of light and being weightless. It was a strange thing, but a blissful and peaceful one. One that she didn't mind just.. existing in, for a while. How long, though? She hadn't the faintest clue. Light didn't make it to her eyes outside of her dreams, there was no sense of order or rhythm to any of it..

It was only when she started to grow hungry that the trance she had sunk into began to break. That much was familiar, Annabelle had been *ravenous* and then she'd.. she'd eaten. A simple memory, sure, but it was all she could scrounge together in this unstable and ephemeral state.

Gradually she *did* bring herself together though, Annabelle rediscovered her extremities one at a time. Little things she could flex and probe around herself with, she had fingers to grip and tug with, and she could kick at things.. but she still -felt- soft. That hadn't changed. Soft and *hungry*. Annabelle let the hunger loose, there really wasn't any clear need not to after all. But what to eat?

As she reached out around herself Annabelle found she was wrapped up in something. It was firm, but flexible. A little sticky but not too bad. When she gave it a good tugging on she could make it move and it.. Well, the impulse to start gnawing on it came kind of out of nowhere, but she didn't question it terribly hard. The act of starting to eat it felt a little.. off? Unfamiliar at any rate. Not so much so that it troubled her but enough that she was *aware* of her mouth not quite feeling right while she wrapped it around the walls of the cocoon and started gathering it together.. It was a bit like swallowing a bed sheet made of spaghetti a couple inches at a time. Even with her throat full of the stuff she didn't feel like she had any difficulties breathing.. something in her was still sucking in air and exhaling. It just happened to allow her to eat at the same time.

Which was *fabulous* really. Annabelle rode that for everything it was worth. Her cheeks stretched out to make room while she swallowed the huge, unending thing.. until it started getting taut around her body. That left her with a fresh problem, but not one that lasted long. She just had to rip a hole in the thing around herself. A quick dig at the silky coating and she was able to find purchase, then pull, and then?

Fresh air. Cold and shocking against her body, but welcome just the same. It left her free to move, and free to finish her meal. Annabelle did have a little spark of relief go through her that she *could* do this, part of her dreaming had been quite caught up in the notion of not having arms to do

anything for herself with. Just eating and lazing and being nothing but a cauldron to process food through. There was something intoxicating about that, but she didn't want to wallow in such dreams for too long. Not when she had things to do, to be, people to talk to about funding her research for starters. *That* memory was getting clearer by the minute.

Annabelle still had her first priority to finish. Feeding. She kept at that until she had the whole of her cocoon inside her belly, sliding its way down into the chasm of her gut and churning away to take the edge off this hunger she was possessed of. Once she had that seen to Annabelle could worry about other things, like standing up and taking stock of herself.

That came with a bit of a shock however. Annabelle had endured quite a strange rest, with many curious dreams, but she'd kind of expected to snap out of things once she was on her feet and had coffee. Instead, she was looking at the haggard remains of her mostly eaten bedding and wardrobe, and at her own completely unrecognizable body.

“Ohgod.. *Oh hell* what.. what did I..”

She was *huge*. Annabelle's body sprawled out all around her, fluffy and soft. Very fluffy, actually. When she reached down to pat at her body, at her tits first and foremost, everything sank in through a layer of soft, downy fuzz.. and *then* there was the pillowy fat under it. She felt it all, it was *her* flesh under her hands, even if *those* were changed too. They were darker, kind of leathery, with grippy ridges all along the underside of them. If it weren't so frantic a thing that she keep pawing at herself as she moved toward the bathroom she'd have been afraid to touch anything with them. Annabelle *needed* to touch herself though, to bury her hands in the hundreds of pounds worth of soft, gelatinous blubber covered in fur while she rushed to the mirror.

As she moved things kept bombarding her senses. Annabelle felt the air around her, felt it moving and curling. There was the bouncing too, all that flab shook and jiggled freely with every step she took. There was a bit of odd resistance behind her as well, something pulling on the air when she moved. Something that went *blinding* when she passed the frame of the bathroom door and bumped.. things..? It *hurt* though, at least.. some of it did. Annabelle got a brief spike of a headache and then stumbled through, trying not to freak out, blinking *rapidly* and then finally seeing something staring back at her in the glass.

Something that wasn't familiar.

“Oh. Oh that.. uh, I.. W-well.. that.. is one kind of 'successful' test.”

For a few moments all Annabelle could do was look at herself, moving her body a little at a time and watching the creamy white thing in the mirror do the same. Even a little bit of movement, a shake of the hips or a sway of her body, would make the figure in the mirror do the same. It would jiggle and bounce like a field of fluffy silk.

With *wings*. Huge things, as soft as the rest of her, fluttering behind her as much as the limited space allowed for. Annabelle wondered briefly if that meant she could fly but one look at the sheer size of her ass put that notion to bed.

Annabelle figured out what had hurt so much when she entered the room as well, branching off the top of her head was a pair of long, fluffy antennae. Even *almost* touching them she could feel things. The air currents coming off her movement were clear as day, she could kind of hear with them and feel everything, and..

A loud snarl in Annabelle's stomach followed. The altered geneticist put her hands to her belly and sank them into her flabby frame, then looked back out into her home wondering what she could do about the matter.

“Oh heck. I didn't leave much.. did I?”

Talking left Annabelle aware of one more difference she had missed the first time. Her mouth was *a little* odd, it moved in more ways than just up and down and looked to be made just as much to chew as to cut or rip or.. Well, whatever was needed for whatever she was eating. She had nothing left to do it with, though. But..

The sound of her neighbor's car starting left Annabelle with a fresh idea. She perked up, smiling back at her reflection, and started an awkward waddle toward the front door. It still took a little effort to manage, her body was *heavy* but she felt stronger than usual to make up for it, but that didn't help with getting her oddly changed center of gravity worked out. That, and how she kept sloshing and jiggling with every step.

It didn't even occur to her that she was naked when she stepped outside. Why would that matter? Her fuzzy, soft body didn't show anything off and she had no clothing left in the first place let alone anything that would *fit* her right now. So waddling her way out and looking around the sidewalk just seemed like the thing to do. From there she just had to spot a neighbor.. and as luck would have it her neighbor's wife was hanging laundry up to dry in the back yard.

“Heck yes! That'll do I think.. HEY! Marge!”

Some part of Annabelle expected to see her neighbor freak out and run, scream, something. That didn't happen. Instead, the frizzy-haired neighbor of hers just stood blinking, mouth hanging open, staring. That Annabelle could work with. She shuffled up, body swaying and sloshing side to side. She felt a little hypnotic as she approached, and then something else crept into her thoughts. An instinct, a feeling, something that was buried deep and tickled its way out through her antennae. It told her just what to do, walk right up to the woman and let her fluffy feather duster antennae touch Marge on the brow. Then? She just had to speak.

*“Marge, I'm **starving**. I need you to feed me your clothes.. These ought to be okay to start with, I think, but-”*

It didn't even take until the end of the sentence. The woman's eyes went slack and her pupils dilated, her tense stance relaxed, and then she just started nodding and plucked one of her husband's shirts off the line to hold it up to Annabelle. That was *precisely* what she wanted, a nice bit of clean fibrous cloth to chew on and digest. It left Annabelle fluttering her wings and chittering happily.

The fact that she *wanted* to eat the clothing felt.. odd? And yet it didn't seem to be causing problems, except for the polyester stuff – that she had to pass on. Annabelle did still have other things on her mind food-wise though.. Enough to, the next time her neighbor came to her with an armful of garments and a very glazed, absent look on her eyes the newly born giant moth pulled her neighbor against her soft, bulky frame and held her there gently.

“Mmmf, very good.. but, Marge. I think- ooh, wait-”

The instinct in the back of her mind bubbled up once more. Annabelle leaned in closer and touched Marge's brow with her antennae, letting some of the dust brush across her neighbor's skin, watching Marge shiver and smile as she nodded and waited for the moth matriarch to finish.

*“I need you to bring me **food** I think.. Make something, or order something, and..”*

The impulse that was driving Annabelle was, as moments passed and words fell from her lips, growing. But then.. she had been growing too, and she wanted to *keep* growing. To that end, she stroked her neighbor's hair and felt out the thing her new being was telling her to do. It felt.. strange, a little scary maybe for the scope of it, but Marge looked so happy and she was being so very helpful right now-

“..Call the other ladies over too. I think we should expand on this party a little~”