

“Ugh.. Jack? You better appreciate this video. 'Eat a fifty year old fast food meal from the time capsule.' Worst bet I ever lost. Just got to finish the onion ring cheese poppers and- *ugh..*”

Janet shuddered violently as she finished the last morsel. The whole meal had been one giant mess of congealed grease and cheese and technically safely preserved meat. The brown bear was at her limits to deal with it, even with her usually iron stomach. Something that did not get better as she swallowed the last bite. It left her nauseous, and when she went to speak she just let out a *HWURPHHB*- and went limp, needing to rest before trying again.

At least, that was the intent. Seeing her fur start to turn a pale, greasy yellow instead of its usual brown hues left Janet freaking out a little – feeling her squirming stomach full of grease start to bloat on her made it worse. Especially when, as she reached down to touch it, she felt it swelling. Not that it was *just* her belly, but it started there.. and spread *everywhere*. Janet only managed to get up off the couch just in time for her whole core to violently burst out of her clothing and sag down into a vaguely ball shaped jiggly heap. One that was coated in a thin layer of grease, still fading to that yellow color, and still growing.

“Ohgod.. wh-what the hell did they have in food b- *BWURPHHB*- b-back then..?!”

The idea to get to her phone and call for help struck Janet a little late, but it did get there. She had her phone set up to record this from across the room though, and her first step toward it went poorly. Loaded like a sack of bacon grease as it was, her leg just.. sloshed forward a bit? And then took the rest of her with it. Janet's frame was turning into a slightly saggy, gumdrop shaped heap as she more rolled and poured forward onto her belly than fell onto it. The end result was still the same. She was feeling herself fill up like a grease trap, limbs ballooning out around her and squirming uselessly as she sweated oil into her fur, and now that she was toppled over she couldn't muster the leverage to get onto her feet again.

All she could do was wriggle and grow, taking up more space by the moment, limbs less able to move. Even her cheeks were swelling, looking more like bloated jowls while the rest of her got so full of partially liquid fat that she started to take on a more defined shape. Granted, that shape was 'round', but it was more than just being a sack of blubber in the middle of the floor. Janet tried one more time to wiggle her way over closer to the phone but she was good and rooted, helpless. All she managed to do was jostle around the volatile mess inside her. It left a messy sounding *Fwurrphh FWURUMPHHBBBT*- filling the air behind her, and painted the wall in aerosolized margarine.

While she squirmed and struggled, and ended up flooding the air around her with even more vaporized fat, Janet heard something. A jingling, a little tune.. then the sight of her phone saying 'Jack calling' with the answer slide bar on it. Of course, voice activation would do too..

“J- *Bwurpp- a- Urphh- a..* Ans- *BWURPPPHH- nss.. a- ugh..* Answ- *HWURPHHB-*”

Only for the little device to go to voice mail on her.. and start playing.

*Hey! You make good on your bet yet, Janet? I'm on my way to make sure. Better have recorded that at least if you weren't going to let me be there to see it.*

With more squelching, wriggling fat making its way through her Janet could only scowl at the phone as she continued to fart up a storm of grease behind her – and hope that, when Jack got here – she could catch him in one for doing this to her. And if she was really lucky? Maybe it would be contagious – and she could watch *him* turn into a useless ball of grease too.