

Jaxie went back and forth between her notes on paper and her laptop, cross referencing a half dozen things while she lost track of time. This wasn't a problem - the period was open, so it wasn't as if she had any obligations to be anywhere at the moment. It did create its own difficulties however, like the vicious snarling of her stomach as the Jolteon was reminded she hadn't eaten yet today.

The fact that she was researching an odd variant of candy really didn't help that.

“..Fine, alright. I hear you.. I'll just finish this bit and then lunch.”

Leaning back in her seat, Jaxie started to absent pack away her study supplies after typing out a last couple of lines about her test results with the augmented candy types. The Jolteon put a hand to her belly in the process, as if she had to test once more if she really wanted to eat or not. Mostly that had to do with thinking about her brother back at home, or more particularly about the massive mound of flesh glued to the couch and the stench it radiated. Getting some time away from Jix was *necessary* to getting her appetite back.

Even remembering the 'bouquet' her brother emanated risked putting her off food again. Jaxie banished the thought as best she could and started ambling toward the food court. From there, Jaxie sat down to a distracted meal.. a fast one. The better to get back to work with. She took as long as she could on campus, but eventually they were going to lock everything up for the night.

Jaxie had to head home. A short walk but a sluggish one. Jaxie could just about smell him already, even a good long way before she arrived. The acrid, clinging funk of her unwashed fatass brother. All of a mile and a half walk, and.. Jaxie came to a stop a block away, setting herself down on a bench, breathing hard. She felt *off*, bad even, bloated.

“..Great. Ate something bad too. Just what I needed.. Cripes. I.. w-wait. Where are..”

The Jolteon felt a cold chill run through her body, all over her skin.. of which she felt like there was a bit more than there should be. She had stuck her hand in her bag and found a problem. Or rather she'd found an empty spot. Where the candy should be.

“..That's not good. That.. no. *Lunch*. Oh no, I- *bwurphhb*- I ate.. **oh no.**”

Standing up as quick as she could manage, Jaxie shouldered her bag and then near doubled over as a wild burst of pressure worked through her. That first step alone let a *Vwururmphhbt*- out of her. One that repeated itself a few times as she got back to walking, already feeling more bloated with every step.

“No no, come on..I can.. I can *fix this*. I am not going to end up like-”

By the time she was entering the apartment Jaxie's eyes were watering and she had another sobering realization. Ordinarily the waft of humid reek from her brother hit her in the face like a wall. This time? This time it just.. well, it didn't smell *good*. But having it wafting up off her own body made it register less and freak her out orders of magnitude more.

“H-*HWURPHHBB*- hey! You're a bit late. S'up? I- uh, something wrong, sis?”

Jaxie didn't answer, she was feeling herself slip. They'd gone and made the things stronger since her brother got dosed and the Jolteon couldn't help herself. With a whimper she ran straight for the fridge.

Coming back from anywhere was becoming a harrowing thing for Jaxie. She shuffled along, slower than she had ever been before, body stuffed into yoga pants and one of Jix's old t-shirts from before the weight really crept in and left him in the state he was now. A bulbous heap of stinking fat that lazed around the apartment all day and took up space and ate *constantly*.

But now she had a bit of empathy for Jix. It was impossible not to. Maybe, just maybe, she even felt a little bad for not trying all that hard to find a cure for the side effects.

“Heya! Everything g- *Hwurphhb*- go alright today? Like.. you know, with the whole-”

Jaxie watched her brother slowly pour himself to the side of the couch while his massive belly draped over its edge and the readjustment of how he sat released a curtain-billowing *Ffrfrrrphhbt* into the room. She'd have yelled at him over it not long ago, she'd have also fled the room gagging. Now? She scrunched her face up, but she was clenching back her own farts and they were no better smelling while she went for the fridge and snatched the first container of leftovers she saw.

“It went *awful*. Okay? L- *BWURPHHB*- like it always.. d-”

She could feel it coming on. Jaxie winced, trying to fight herself, but it just wasn't working. Part of her was starting to question why she was bothering when her best efforts still resulted in no progress reversing the effects and walking around to a parade of *Bwwwurrphhvvt- Ffwururmphb-* all day long, every day. Her clothes were sticky with sweat, she stank of it, and had since barely an hour out of leaving home in the morning.

..And now she was raiding the fridge. Bending over to reach inside it, blasting farts out behind her, feeling disgusting.. but too ravenous not to do this.

“Always does.. Jix, I don't.. I- *Bwurphhb*- don't.. know if I'm going to manage to-”

A twinge in her gut left Jaxie whimpering. The hunger was *constant*. It eroded everything else around her and that had started to include her focus, her discipline, *maybe* even her intelligence. Jaxie wasn't sure about that last one but the mere idea kept her up at night.

“Cripes.. Jaxie, calm down okay? Just.. come over here – actually b- *BWURPHHB*- bring a Coke and *then* come over.. please?”

Two weeks ago Jaxie would've, at best, hurled the can of soda at her brother. Right now, today? She grabbed two of them from the fridge. Each. Then started waddling her plump ass over toward the couch and trying not to break down into a shaking mess. There wasn't a whole lot of couch available when she got there, and the stink of Jix was worse over here, but it had started to get to her less than it used to. Which was *also* concerning. Jaxie handed two of the cans over, then slid into what little space was left in the couch and opened one of her own.

“Alright.. I'm here. What d- *Buwrphhb*- do you.. what.. am I even *doing*, Jix..? What's..”

Jix chugged the first can in one gulp, then let out a ferocious belch and opened the second.

“You're.. freaking out? Which isn't helping, so like.. You- *Uwprhbb*- you're all.. trying to not eat, ever, and fighting your body? But trying to like.. get your brain to solve this, you know? At- *Uwurphhbbt*- at the same- *Fwurrphhbb*- same **time**. That..”

While her brother descended into a maelstrom of flatulence Jaxie stopped to consider what he was saying. It sounded.. nice, and like it had – maybe- a bit of logical merit.

“..So.. order the six pizzas I so de- *Uwphhr*- desperately want.. and *then* research.”

Six pizzas, then research.. Maybe. Jaxie leaned back on the couch in her apartment and let out a rumbling *VvvvwurruummmphhRRRRBBBBPHFRRRPHHBBTT*- that left her so light-headed she nearly passed out. The Jolteon had to pause, shivering, catching her breath after that.. and the instant she had enough of it back she crammed a slice into her face. Six pizzas was still a pretty good dinner.. for each of her and her brother.

“Uuegh.. t-that h- *HWURPHHBB*- hit the spo- *hic- t*.”

There were *two* couches in the apartment now, there had to be. Jix still ate up the majority of one with his belly hanging so far down between his knees that it nearly touched the floor now. Jaxie didn't quite have his sheer mass in the middle, but where there was *some* room beside her brother to stuff wrappers and bottles and boxes between his massive ass and the couch arms Jaxie didn't have

that luxury. At some point along the way her ass had eclipsed her brother's in size, slipping over the edges of the arms even, riding up her back – *most* of her body kept rippling for seconds after each wild fart she let rip.

Which happened every few seconds.

“F-fuuugck.. yeah, it d- *Hwurphhb*- did, sis. Thanks for that~”

The simple courtesy was satisfying. Jaxie had put the order in, working her fat fingers over her greasy phone cover. She'd been the one who struggled her way up off the couch to waddle messily through the layers of trash all over their floor up to the door to collect the delivery.

“H-heh.. No p- *BWURRRPHHBB* problem. Gotta keep this.. *thing* h- *HWURPHHB*- happy, right? Like.. no point resisting.”

Jix's expression went a bit distant at that, harder to read. Jaxie wasn't really *trying* to read it though, she was trying to get her stomach to stop howling for more food and maybe somewhere under it all she was working on the notion of making observations, at least?

“Yeaah.. But, like.. okay. Tha- *Hwurphhbb*- that.. we hit like, a plateau? Uh, except maybe for the smell. I swear I'm getting n- *Ouuurprhbb*- oseblind to yours, but mine? I.. like..?”

Getting a good sniff of herself, Jaxie definitely understood it *stank*. Acrid and sharp, like burnt onions and sweat, and yet it tickled something in her brain instead of triggering revulsion. However, when her brother leaned over to grab a slice and- *Vwwwurrrphhbb*- *vvvFWRRPHHBT*- she winced, tucking her face into the shirt she'd been wearing all week.

“Is that weird? I just.. this isn't m- *Mywuprrrhbb*- my thing, Jaxie.”

A sigh, followed by a slow and constant fart that bubbled up from inside of Jaxie and just refused to stop. Even when she began her answer, it just kept pouring out into the room behind her, was the first response from Jaxie. Something to help get her centered while she chewed and let a heavy, greasy slice hit her stomach to take the edge off for a bit.

“..Means it's probably stored in fat cells, go figure right? Which means the b- *BWURPHHBBT*- brain cells are candidates. So like..”

Jix winced, both from the news and the wafting cloud of ass gases.

“..This isn't getting fixed, is it?”

Jaxie reached for two more slices, folding them into a kind of sandwich.

“..Nope. Pretty damn sure, this is- *FwurrphHFRRPHHBBT*- life, from here on.”