

Altered Calories (MtF, FtF, Nerd, Slob, WG)

"God, what a day..."

Emma groaned as she walked up the stairs in the apartment building, her head pounding from how exhausted she was. It had been a long shift at the clinic, and the young doctor wanted nothing more than to get back home and rest. The brunette yawned and forced herself up the last few steps, dark rings now formed under her pretty hazel as she rubbed them with the back of her hand. Emma fumbled with her keys and handbag when she arrived at the door, but she quickly realized it was unnecessary since Calvin was probably home by now.

"Jesus, I'm tired," she said, shaking her head and opening the unlocked door.

Emma knew the probability of a calm and relaxing evening was low when she heard Calvin's almost childish giggling echo through the apartment. She figured her boyfriend was probably on the computer playing games or assembling yet another Marvel figurine with juvenile enthusiasm. It didn't matter that he had lost a hundred pounds since his teens and managed to get ripped; the guy was still the same nerdy guy Emma had known and loved from back then. She kicked off her shoes from her sore feet as she glanced into his hobby room, and she was a bit surprised that he wasn't in there.

'God, he really needs to get rid of some of this stuff,' she thought, her eyes looking over the numerous shelves filled with figurines, collectibles, and other geeky shit he had collected over the years.

Emma heard yet another one of Calvin's dorky laughs echo through the apartment, and she was a bit surprised to see him sitting in the kitchen. The dark-haired guy sat hunched over some weird remote, one that looked a bit like a clunky Ipad, idly staring at the screen and pressing a few buttons. It looked like another one of his superhero props, and she wondered what he must've paid for his newest toy. Calvin didn't see her until she was inside the room, and he nearly jumped out of his chair when he did.

"Oh, Emma! You're back home," he said with a surprisingly enthusiastic smile as he stood up to greet her. "So, how did the shift go?"

"It went fine, though it was pretty hectic. It honestly feels like I've run a marathon today," Emma said with a smile as she felt Calvin kiss her on her cheek. "But it seems like someone's had a good day today."

"Oh, you have no idea," Calvin said, the smile widening on his face as he walked back to the table. "First, before I tell you what it is, do you notice anything different about me?"

Emma was busy grabbing a soda from the fridge when he asked her that, and she turned her attention to her boyfriend. She was exhausted after the tiring shift at the hospital, but she still did her best to see what he meant. Her gaze wandered over his six-foot-tall frame as the woman tried to notice anything different. She couldn't really see anything out of the ordinary, and Calvin looked like he always did to her. His short dark-brown hair looked the same, and he still had the same five-o'clock shadow on his face as he did yesterday. The Thor T-shirt stretched over his broad chest, and his jeans hugged his snug and toned backside nicely. The only thing that really stood out was his glowing purple eyes, the light shining out from his face and glowing with an eerie hue. They were weird, but it wasn't something Emma hadn't seen before. After all, hadn't he always had them?

Eventually, she shook her head and gave up.

"Sorry, can't see anything," she said, and she could see an almost childish grin spread over his face.

"Really? Nothing out of the ordinary?" he said, and Emma couldn't help but feel a bit annoyed. She usually didn't mind his little guessing games, but now she was far too exhausted for them.

"I told you, I can't see anything out of the ordinary," Emma said, popping open the can and taking a sip.

"Are you sure?" he said, and she could feel her patience wearing thin.

"Look, I'm too tired for this," Emma said, her tone making it abundantly clear she wasn't in the mood for this. "Just tell me."

"Alright, if you insist," he said as he took a seat at the table. "But first, sit down. I got to show you something."

Emma sighed as she shook her head and sat down, feeling relieved to rest her feet. She stared into her boyfriend's glowing eyes, wondering what he had planned here.

"Okay, now touch the remote," he said, grabbing and holding it out to her so she could reach it.

"Fine," she said with another sigh. "Just remember, I've had a long shift, and I'm not in the mood for any pranks."

"Oh, don't worry. It's not a prank," Calvin said as he watched her touch the remote. "But I can't promise you that you won't be surprised."

When Emma's fingers touched the remote and Calvin pressed the right button, she finally saw the world for what it was. The brunette stared at her boyfriend, and she nearly fell backward as she saw through the reality-warping effects of the remote. His previously warm brown eyes were gone, replaced with a set of swirling and glowing purple orbs that looked like tiny suns. For a moment, she thought she imagined things. Had she gone insane? Was she so tired that she

was hallucinating? Yet, there was no doubt that what she was seeing was the truth. The panic and shock had snapped her out of her exhaustion, and she was at least not tired anymore.

"Holy fuck!" she said, pulling her hand away and leaning back in shock in her chair. "Y-Your eyes! What the hell happened?"

"Pretty cool, huh?" Calvin said with a chuckle and a childish smile as he blinked and gestured at his face. "Although, I don't think purple is really my color. Don't you agree?"

"H-How?" Emma said, only mustering enough to say a single word as she stared at the inhuman eyes her boyfriend now had.

"Here, I'll show you," he said, grabbing the remote and holding it out so she could touch it again. "Come on, grab it, and I'll show you."

Emma nervously stared at Calvin and then at the remote, her mind scrambling to make sense of what was happening. She did what he said, and she reached out and touched the remote as he pressed a few buttons on the thing. Then, almost instantly, his eyes returned to the same warm brown hue they had always been, and the glowing purple light disappeared.

"See? Back to normal again," he said as if nothing weird had even happened.

Emma stared at him, unable to believe her eyes. "H-How did you do that? What's going on?"

"I'm not sure how it works, but it's all thanks to this," he said, moving over to sit next to Emma as he showed off the device. "All you need to do is to load the person you want to alter into the remote and then write what you want to happen."

The brunette stared as she watched her boyfriend use the remote with ease. She watched as he loaded her info into the device, created a profile, and then showed her the input view where they could alter her. Emma was still in shock from earlier, and nothing about this felt real. It felt more like she was in some weird dream, and she wondered if she hadn't fallen asleep at the hospital after her long shift. She only snapped out of her thoughts when Calvin tapped one last time on the screen with a triumphant smile.

"There! Now, all we have to do is write here what we want to happen, and the device will take care of the rest," he explained, bringing up a text prompt with a push of a button. "Make sure you're touching it, though. Otherwise, you won't even be aware of the change."

"I still can't believe it..." she muttered, wondering if this wasn't just a prank.

"I know, but it's all real. Here, let me show you," Calvin said, soon writing something into the remote. "How about we change your hair color from brown to something a bit more exotic, like pink."

Emma watched him write it into the remote, and she could feel a gentle tingling in her scalp as the device began to alter reality around them. She pulled up a lock of her hair to her face as she touched the remote with her other hand, her eyes wide with shock as she watched the natural brown locks turn a bright bubble-gum pink within moments. She quickly pulled up a small makeup mirror from her handbag and stared into it, marveling at her now long, naturally pink mane.

"Holy fuck!" Emma said, idly staring at her reflection.

"Yeah, isn't it cool? Now, all you got to do to reset the changes from the last checkpoint is to press this button," he said, tapping another button. Emma soon saw her hair return to its natural brown hue, astonishing her again. "See?"

"T-This is amazing! But, wait, where did you get this thing?" she said, finally asking the most important thing.

"That's the weird thing. It got delivered to our door earlier today," Calvin explained, showing Emma the package. "There was no sender or anything on it."

"Wait, so you're telling me that someone dropped a device that can alter the appearance of people without any explanation?" Emma said, feeling a creeping chill down her spine. "Don't you think that's **really** fucking weird?"

"I mean, yeah?" Calvin said, shrugging his shoulders. "They probably shipped it to the wrong address or something. But there's not much we can do about it now, right? I mean, we might as well enjoy it."

"Jesus Christ," she muttered when she heard Calvin's carefree attitude towards accidentally getting a device with near-god-like powers. He had always been laid-back and took everything in strides, but she never thought he'd act **this** causal to something so incredible. "Look, Calvin, we got to be careful with this. I mean, this remote is dangerous. We barely know how it's doing this, and I'm worried about what it might be capable of doing if it gets out of control."

"Relax, there's nothing to be worried about," he said with a wave of his hand.

Emma grabbed the remote in her hand as Calvin stood up to grab something to drink, her tired eyes staring at the remarkable device capable of altering things beyond her imagination. She wondered if it could make someone rich or produce money, but it only seemed capable of changing people.

Then, as Emma played around with her profile and looked through the settings, she wondered about something else. She pulled up an old picture of herself on her phone from a year ago before she turned her attention to the remote again. Emma altered her hair color again, this time to a vibrant blonde hue, and her heart skipped a beat as the woman watched her hair change both in real life and in the photo. She stared in shock at the picture and scrolled through a few more in her social media profile, eyes wide as she had naturally blonde hair in

every single one. It was altering reality, not just the person, so the changes had always been that way. That realization scared Emma, and she quickly realized something else. She pulled up another picture of her and her mother, and she was astonished to see that her mother was now naturally blonde as well.

Thankfully, the remote didn't seem capable of changing anything aside from the biological properties of someone. It couldn't change any other object and didn't seem capable of changing someone's mind or memories. However, a shiver did pass down Emma's spine as she saw several options regarding intelligence and things like that.

"Holy fuck..." she muttered, staring with unblinking eyes at the device in her hands before undoing her hair color again. Once again, she and her mother, along with every relative she had ever had, was now brunette again.

A million questions swirled inside her head. Who made it? Why was it here? Why did it arrive at their door? She had no answers. All she could do was stare at the device as more questions popped up in her head. Emma was so preoccupied with her thoughts that she didn't hear someone knock on their door or that Calvin had left the room. She finally snapped out of her thoughts when the slightly sour and tangy smell of sweat reached her nostrils, and she quickly realized she wasn't in the room.

Emma looked up and saw a pair of familiar faces walk into the room with Calvin, and her heart skipped a beat when she saw it was their neighbors. She watched as Daniel walked into the room, his hefty figure shaking with every lumbering step he took. His greasy and acne-covered face always made her shudder, and the sight of his unkempt dark hair didn't make her feel any better. The man was a whale of a man, his clothes stretching over his massive gut and rotund figure, and the figure behind him wasn't any smaller. Henrietta waddled after her husband and into the kitchen, her blonde locks matted and equally unwashed as her husband's. The dress hugged her fat frame tightly, and it did little to hide the size of her belly. It would be easy to think she was pregnant if her gut wasn't so soft and jiggly. They were a pair of slobs, perfect for each other, and Emma wasn't exactly a big fan of having them as neighbors. However, Calvin had a heart of gold and always treated the fat couple with nothing but kindness. They abused this by asking him favors and stuff, which was why they were here. From the sound of it, they had run out of sodas back at their apartment, and they decided to raid their fridge instead of walking two blocks to the nearest grocery store.

"Here you go," Calvin said as he opened the fridge and handed the rest of the sodas to the fat man. "You can have the rest. We're going to go shopping tomorrow anyway."

"Thanks," Dan said, grabbing the sodas with his greasy paws before handing one to his wife.

"Ugh, I prefer the other brand," Henrietta said, complaining about the free stuff Calvin had given them before popping the can open and taking a sip anyway. The fat couple took a few gulps together, and a soft burp escaped their lips in unison a few moments later. "Hey, what's that?"

Everyone's attention turned to the device in Emma's hands when Henrietta pointed her sausage-like finger at it. Calvin smiled and yanked it from his girlfriend's hands before she could react, and the brunette could only watch in horror as her gullible and kind-hearted boyfriend showed them how it worked.

"This thing is incredible!" he said, and Emma shook her head when she realized what he was going to do. "It can change the appearance of anyone. Here, touch the device and look over at Emma."

Neither Daniel nor Henrietta seemed to believe him, but they still did what he said. After all, he had just given them some free sodas, so the idiotic couple could pretend to care about what he said. They placed their dirty hands on the edge of the remote, leaving greasy stains on the screen, before taking another sip from the cans in unison.

"Um, Calvin? Do you-" Emma said, but Calvin was so worked-up and excited to show them the device that he didn't hear her.

"Now look at her as I type this in," Calvin said, and Emma blushed as the sweaty couple stared at her with dimwitted and unimpressive gazes.

The brunette felt a chill pass down her spine as if something horrible had happened. It was then quickly followed by an intense tingling sensation running up and down her spine. Emma assumed that Calvin would change something about her to show the fat couple what the remote could do, but she didn't notice anything. The brunette was unaware of her breasts expanding on her chest, growing several cup sizes until her modest B-cups had exploded in size and swelled into a pair of hefty melons. They hung heavily from her chest, cradled in a bra that had grown with them, and strained the blouse quite a bit. Emma adjusted herself in her seat, unaware of the recent growth, and gazed at the astonished couple staring at her. She knew she had changed somehow but had no idea what it was since she wasn't touching the remote.

"Wow," Daniel said, his eyes wide with surprise and excitement at the spectacle.

"That's incredible!" Henrietta said, staring at the device with an almost manic look. "Could we try it out?"

"No!" Emma said as she stood up, the woman's breasts shaking and wobbling on her chest from the sudden motion. She snatched the remote from Calvin's hand, away from the fat couple, and held it tightly to her chest.

When she touched the remote, something clicked in her brain. Suddenly, she was aware that her bountiful bosom hadn't been this big a few moments ago. She groaned as she felt the device pressing against her generous chest, annoyed at how much her back already ached from carrying around the melons. She could see the weird look that Calvin gave her and the spiteful look on Henrietta's face, and she realized she probably needed to explain herself.

"Look, it's getting late, and I've had a long shift today," Emma said, forcing a smile. "Maybe we can play around with this some other time?"

"Yeah, that's probably a good idea," Calvin chirped in and smiled at the fat and sweaty couple. "Anyway, I hope you'll enjoy the soda, and we'll talk to you later."

"Uh, oh, yeah. Thanks again for it," Daniel said as he drank the last of the can before placing it on the kitchen counter. He burped and turned, carrying the rest of the fizzy beverage with him.

"Mmhm," Henrietta merely muttered, giving the device another curious glance before leaving, her gut and backside shaking with every step she took.

The sour stench of their sweaty bodies lingered in the kitchen after they left, causing Emma to shudder and almost gag at their lack of hygiene. She sighed as she reverted her breasts to their previous size as Calvin escorted their neighbors out of their apartment, and she erased the greasy smudges on the screen. She gave her boyfriend an annoyed look when he returned to the kitchen.

"God, you're such an idiot," she said, shaking her head.

"What? What did I do now?" he asked, as oblivious as always. Calvin was dangerously clueless at times despite being an intelligent guy, but Emma found it endearing most of the time. However, right now, she couldn't hide her irritation.

"I told you, this thing is dangerous," Emma said, gesturing at the device. "We can't just go around and show it to everyone! Look, we need to be careful with this, okay?"

"Alright, alright," he said, finally realizing his mistake. "I'm sorry."

"Look, it's okay," she said with a smile as she approached him. He wrapped his arms around her as they embraced, the device still in Emma's hands as she kissed her boyfriend. "Promise me that you won't go around telling anyone about this, okay? At least until we know a bit more."

"Okay, I promise," he said, kissing her back.

"Good," Emma said, stifling a yawn.

"It's getting late. Maybe we should head to bed before you pass out here in the kitchen," Calvin said jokingly.

"Yeah, probably. Then again, I'm still curious to see what this can do," Emma whispered, a smile spreading across her thin, feminine lips.

"Oh? What did you have in mind?"

"Well, I might have an idea or two," she said, one hand holding the remote and the other rubbing Calvin's crotch enticingly. "How about we head to the bedroom and find out together?"

Calvin didn't need any more encouragement than that, and they would soon find out together what the device could do to spice up their already steamy love life as they headed to the bedroom together. In the end, Emma didn't get as much sleep as she probably needed that night.

"Fuck, fuck, **FUCK!**"

Emma's distressed cursing echoed through the apartment as Calvin walked through the front door, making it more than clear that something was wrong. The tall, geeky man dropped off the groceries in the kitchen before he walked into the living room, and he stared wide-eyed at the sight of Emma turning the living room upside down. The brunette stood on all fours, her perky bottom in the air as she looked underneath the sofa.

"Uh, what are you doing?" Calvin asked, admiring the view of his girlfriend's ass and how the sweatpants hugged it.

"It's fucking gone!" she said, not even looking over at him as she talked. "I can't find it!"

"Find what?" Calvin asked, but he figured he already knew what she meant.

"The remote!" Emma said as she stood up, finally looking over at him with panic written all over her face. "Fuck, it's gone!"

"Look, relax," Calvin said, walking over to reassure and calm his girlfriend. "Okay, where did you last see it?"

"It was right here! I sat right here, on the couch, playing around with it. I then got sleepy and took a quick nap, and it was gone when I woke up!"

"Okay, firstly, deep breaths," Calvin said, causing the brunette to realize that she was almost hyperventilating. She did what he said, and Emma could feel herself calming down after a few meditative breaths. "Now, it's probably somewhere around here. We need to calm down and look for it, okay?"

"But what if someone broke in and stole it?" Emma said, her mind wandering over to the greasy neighbors that had been here yesterday.

"Well, the only ones that know about the remote are us two and our neighbors. So, if someone stole it, it has to be those two. But do you **really** think Dan and Henrietta could sneak in and steal the device without you noticing it?" Calvin said, and she nodded. It was a good point, and Emma figured she'd woken up by either the floor creaking under their feet or their smell.

"Yeah, I guess so," she said, but she couldn't help but shake the weird tingling sensation that swept over her head. Calvin felt the same strange feeling, but both ignored it.

They were blissfully unaware of how a pair of greasy fingers were moving over the screen of the remote, gently nudging a few sliders on their profiles. Neither Calvin nor Emma noticed their attentiveness dropping or their reasoning ability weakening slightly. It meant that the theory that the remote was misplaced and not stolen was growing in their brains, and the thought that Dan and Henrietta had stolen it slowly vanished from their minds. The fat, sweaty couple chuckled in their apartment as they played with the device, slowly unraveling the lives of their neighbors and upgrading their own.

"Alright, let's look through the apartment and see if we can find it," Calvin said, rubbing the back of his head as he tried to get rid of the weird tingling in his skull. "It's probably somewhere around here."

"Okay," Emma said, but she couldn't get rid of the feeling that something was horribly wrong. It was this sensation of dread that coursed down her spine, pulsating through her body. Yet, she pushed it aside as the two decided to find the remote. "I'll go look through the bedroom, and you can look in here to see if I missed something."

They kissed and split up, Calvin soon going through the mess Emma had made in the living room during her earlier search, and the brunette headed off to the bedroom. They remained unaware of the chuckling dumbos sitting in the other apartment, idly messing with the remote and upheaving all their lives.

Calvin was putting back the couch cushions that Emma had thrown all over the room during her search when an intense tingling sensation spread across his body. He couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong, but it disappeared a few moments later. However, Calvin might not notice anything, but that didn't mean he wasn't being affected by the remote. The man was idly going through the room when his body began to ache and tingle slightly as Dan moved a slider on the remote, slowly but surely decreasing the endorphins he got from being physically active. At first, nothing really happened. The only noticeable difference, for now, was that Calvin soon remembered his visits to the gym as far more tedious than before, and his enthusiasm to exercise dropped. However, as the slider moved more and more, it began to affect his body. Calvin's muscular and athletic physique started to deteriorate, with muscles atrophying and his body fat increasing. He had always been geeky, and back in his youth, he had been a bit chubby thanks to his interest. But, during his teens, he started to exercise and build on the athletic body he now had. Now that his interest in exercising decreased, reality altered to the point where he never developed a habit of going to the gym or exercising.

"Not here either..." Calvin muttered, unaware that his arms got thinner and his strength decreased.

Slowly but surely, Calvin's got a much more sedentary lifestyle. He became lazier and more lethargic, and it started to show on his body. The man's thick arms and lean abs got replaced with soft padding that gave him back some thickness but without the strength. He was becoming chubby, never leaving that stage in his earlier life, and his clothes stretched as the tall man increased in weight. Even his clothes started to change to match his pudgier frame, and it

wasn't long before his medium-sized T-shirts all grew to XLs. He stopped growing when he was clearly overweight but not obese. He had a chubby tummy, a noticeable double cheek forming, a nice set of love handles, a tiny pair of man-boobs, and padded behind that replaced his previously toned buttocks.

In the bedroom, Emma groaned as she checked the nightstand and wardrobes for the remote. She had no idea how it would have managed to get in there, but she wasn't going to leave a single stone unturned. The brunette didn't notice that Calvin's clothes grew in her hands as she searched the room, and she barely registered the tingling sensation that ran through her body as a greasy hand began to move the slider on the device. Emma could feel her brain tingling as the slider for her intelligence started to move and decrease, causing the bright-minded doctor's brain to devolve. Memories of acing every exam and making it through school with ease disappeared, and she soon recalled redoing exams and getting less than perfect grades. Her intellect had taken a hit and steadily decreased as Henrietta continued to mess with the woman. It soon caused the diploma on the wall to change, and she soon wasn't a doctor.

Emma glanced at the diploma and felt like something was wrong. For a moment, she thought it said she was a doctor and not a nurse, but she realized that was nothing but wishful thinking. She didn't have the grades to make it into medical school, so getting into nursing school was the next best thing.

"Oh well," she said with a wistful sigh, idly wondering for a few moments what it would feel like to be a doctor like she had always dreamed of becoming. Emma then shook her head and continued to search for the remote.

Henrietta then moved her finger to another slider on the remote that controlled something Emma was quite proud of; her metabolism. The brunette had never exercised much in her life and relied heavily on her genetics to deal with that. She never really gained that much fat no matter what she ate, and all she needed to do was to jog a little a few times to maintain her slim figure. That changed as her metabolism decreased, leaving her with a body that was nowhere near as efficient at burning calories. Emma didn't seem to notice that her body was swelling a little in size as her body fattened up, the lost pounds she had previously burned away now returning to her. It was causing her slim waist to expand and swell, causing a padded gut to form. The woman's breasts swelled a bit larger as she grew heavier, her bosom expanding to a pair of Cs as her clothes all shifted to match her larger frame. Her face rounded out, her sweatpants stretched as her backside grew, and her thighs and hips grew fatter. It wasn't long before she was undeniably chubby but without being fat, matching her lovingly padded boyfriend better.

Yet, as Emma moved her heavier body through the room and rummaged through the wardrobe with her chubbier hands and thicker arms, she didn't notice anything.

"Dang it," she muttered when she found no signs of the remote, adjusting her sweatpants over her rounded and somewhat flabby backside.

"Found anything?" Calvin shouted from the other room.

"No, not yet!" Emma shouted back, feeling annoyed. She had hoped she could play around with the remote more today before her shift tonight, but it didn't seem that likely to happen.

Calvin let out a huff as he ran a hand over his chubby gut, and he couldn't help but groan at how unfamiliar it felt. Hadn't he always been a bit overweight? The thought gnawed at his brain, but the reality-altering properties of the remote prevented him from seeing the truth.

They continued to search the apartment without realizing what was happening, and they remained oblivious as the most significant change yet cascaded through reality. Calvin was going through the bookshelf when his body started to pop and snap as tiny little shifts ravaged his frame. His back and legs ached as he got a bit shorter, and the man paused when it felt like he had some trouble reaching things he usually didn't struggle to get. Calvin didn't realize that his body was getting slightly shorter and a bit chubbier as his genetic code got rewritten, replacing his past and causing him to remember being raised by different parents. Even his face shifted, and his nose took a slightly different shape along with his brow, jaw, and cheeks. Tiny shifts happened all over his body, soon reaching the point where he barely resembled himself. Calvin was still a handsome yet chubby guy, but he now didn't look like his former parent's son. He scratched his now brown hair, feeling like something was off, as he searched through the room.

'I wonder if Emma's really lost it or if someone broke into our apartment as she slept and took it?' he thought, the man unaware of his changed body. He didn't even notice how his love for Emma shifted from romantic to more familial affection.

The brunette groaned as she moved through the room, trying to find any trace of the remote. She couldn't find anything, and it was making her more and more frustrated. Emma sighed as she picked up a pair of large underwear from the floor, which belonged to Calvin that he hadn't bothered to throw into the laundry basket. Suddenly, as she held the XL briefs in her hand, she felt disgusted. She could feel her hand itching as she gripped the underwear in her fingers and dropped them instantly.

"Ew!" Emma muttered as she let the briefs fall to the floor, leaving her confused by the sudden revulsion. What made her feel that way? Why would holding Calvin's underwear in her hands feel so disgusting?

A few moments of confusion passed as she stared at the underwear, but she soon realized why she felt this way.

'Why the fuck did my little brother leave his underwear in my room?' she thought, and she couldn't help but feel like something was wrong.

Suddenly, a wave of new memories poured into their minds as the nature of their relationship changed. Romantic dates and sensual nights together shifted and became movie nights with their sibling and hanging out together as a family. Their love for each other was as strong as

before, but there was no attraction. Emma soon lost a boyfriend but gained a brother, her mind straining to understand why all of this felt so weird and wrong. The apartment shifted and changed, with Calvin's clothes from their previously-combined bedroom disappearing and reappearing in his hobby room. The hobby room soon became his new bedroom, and the two lovers became sibling roommates.

Emma stood there in her bedroom, glancing at the bed and feeling like it was a king-sized double bed earlier when Calvin came in.

"Hey, found anything?" he asked, snapping her out of her thoughts.

"No," Emma said, and their both paused as they stared at each other. They shared traits and looks, making it clear they were related, and the brunette couldn't help but feel like Calvin looked different than before.

"What is it?" Calvin asked, scratching his head covered in the same rich brown hair they had both inherited from their mother.

"Oh, uh," Emma said, feeling like she knew what was wrong and how it was at the tip of her tongue. Then, it was gone, and she was left confused and annoyed. She then saw his underwear on the floor and gave it a disgusted look. "It's nothing, I guess. But why are your dirty undies in my room?"

"Huh," Calvin said, feeling as confused as she did when he picked them up from the floor. "I don't know."

"Just keep your things in your room, okay?" Emma said in an annoyed tone. "Come on, let's check the kitchen and see if it's in there."

The two newly-made siblings walked out of the room, and the gnawing feeling in the back of their brains continued to eat away at them. The way their chubby bodies jiggled as they moved felt off, and they both had this bad feeling that something wasn't quite right here. They knew something was wrong, but they couldn't see through the reality-altering effects of the remote. Dan and Henrietta were chuckling as they moved their greasy hands over the remote as the fat husband and wife continued to ruin the lives of the people next door. They would get revenge on the people they thought looked down on them, and they enjoyed every moment.

Emma and Calvin were searching the kitchen together as Henrietta continued to mess with them, and they both felt a tingling sensation as the fat girl moved the sliders on the remote. It didn't take long before a faint rumbling came from their bellies, and they could feel their hunger rising. Henrietta wasn't just raising their appetite but also altering their tastes and lowering their self-control and willpower. Slowly but surely, the cabinets and fridge started to fill up with new foods they never ate before, but now they could feel their mouths watering at the mere sight of it. Emma opened a cabinet and saw it was full of bags of chips, snacks, and other treats. It was enough to make her fingers itch with excitement, the woman struggling to stop herself from grabbing a bag and digging into it. It was getting harder and harder as her

self-control continued to get lower, and she finally snapped as she looked through one of the bottom cabinets. She saw a giant bag of cheese puffs there, and the sight of the messy snack made her belly grumble and growl with need. She couldn't resist opening the bag and digging in, staining her fingers and lips with the cheese seasoning.

The poor woman was unaware that her lowered self-control and increased appetite were ruining her already chubby figure, and she started to gain weight again. Each mouthful she ate caused Emma's belly to grow and stretch her shirt, slowly hanging more and more over her waist. Her breasts swelled and grew saggier as they became Ds, now cradled in her bra and hanging heavily from her chest. The sweatpants stretched over her widening rump, the once sexy bubble butt now flabbier and less defined than before. It was still somewhat womanly and enticing, but the excess weight gave it less definition and made it sag. The fat spread to her thighs and limbs, causing both to grow thicker and fatter. They both plumped up and thickened to the point where the gap between her legs disappeared. Emma was soon becoming undeniably fat, although not obese. Her arms were thicker, her face rounder, and she had a noticeable double chin forming. Even her lips got plumper, which made the cheese-stained things stand out even more on her face as she gorged herself on the bag.

Calvin didn't get spared from this either. He was searching around the fridge when his belly began to rumble like crazy, his urges skyrocketing while his self-control plummeted. Calvin licked his lips as he couldn't resist opening the refrigerator, the chubby guy telling himself that maybe Emma had put it there when she went to get a snack earlier today.

'She probably forgot it in here,' he thought, licking his lips as he looked through the numerous fatty treats the fridge had filled up with as reality changed around them. *'After all, she's always in here snacking...'*

Calvin grabbed a soda and opened it with a satisfied sigh, soon putting the can against his lips and savoring the taste of the carbonated beverage on his tongue. It didn't take long before his body began to change, and the formerly tall and muscular man looked chubbier and fatter than ever. His gut pushed out, going from slightly padded and round to sagging over his waist and stretching his shirt. The weight spread evenly on his body, causing his backside to grow flabby and his chest to look soft and swollen. He now had a pair of sizable man-boobs that hung from his chest, pressing against his clothes and matching the rest of his fat body. His face rounded out, and he gained a sizable double chin that jiggled and shook with every movement.

The man drank the entire can, soon letting out a satisfied sigh as the sugary drink sent his indulgent and weak-willed psyche into euphoria. A sudden gurgle came from his belly as reality began to set in, and how his entire digestive system got ravaged by years of eating unhealthy in a matter of moments. The same thing happened to Emma, causing her tummy to complain loudly with her brother's. The noise continued for a few moments before Calvin's belly had enough. The fizzy beverage caused his belly to gurgle loudly, and a bout of gas rushed up his throat and out his mouth before he could react. His cheeks shook as the massive belch

erupted, filling the room with the nasty sound and snapping them out of what they were doing. Calvin couldn't help but blush, but he wouldn't be the only one making the disgusting sounds. Emma's digestive system also got ravaged by years of eating unhealthy snacks daily, which only took a few moments, and it soon caused her intestines to complain. The girl barely had time to turn and scold her brother for burping before a blast of gas shot out from her backside, causing her fat ass cheeks to clap loudly from the fart. The stench spread through the room, and the newly-minted siblings both blushed at what they had done. Their eyes met, and they could feel how something was wrong yet again. But, as always, they couldn't pierce through the veil and see through the altered reality.

A few silent moments passed by as they stared at each other. They both blushed and wondered why they felt so weird, their minds aching as their brains tried to resist the changes in vain. Finally, Emma stood up and placed the empty bag on the kitchen counter. She stared at her stained hands, wincing as she saw how they and her shirt had the cheesy seasoning all over them.

"I think I'll go wash up," she muttered, still ashamed of the fart that slipped out from her generous backside earlier.

"Yeah, I think I'll check my room and see if the remote is in there," Calvin said, glancing one last time into the stuffed fridge with a longing look before closing it. Calvin knew he'd just be gorging himself if he stayed here, so he moved his fat frame out of the kitchen and to his room.

They both left the kitchen, and the residual stench from the combined bouts of gas still lingered in their chubby noses. Emma hurried into the bathroom with a rosy red hue over her fat cheeks, the woman looking worried and distressed. She knew something was wrong but couldn't put her chubby cheesy finger on what it was. She was about to turn on the water in the sink to wash her hands and face when Henrietta suddenly moved a few sliders on the remote. Emma's shame suddenly plummeted, and her laziness increased to almost dangerous levels, causing the woman to pause and freeze as it happened. The brunette stood there, watching the water flow into the sink as she tried to figure out why she felt so off. It took a few moments, but she eventually stared at her cheesy fingers and shrugged.

"Eh, fuck it," Emma muttered as she turned off the water and wiped her hands on her shirt, smearing the yellowish seasoning all over her black T-shirt.

Any shame she felt from earlier disappeared, and she didn't even flinch when she let another loud fart rip from her backside. The stench filled the room, stinging her nostrils and spreading around her without her caring. The reality around her started to change, and so did her memories. The previously prude and sensible woman descended into a shameless and slobby abyss as her laziness and shame reached dangerous levels. The popularity she had earned and enjoyed in her youth vanished, and the friends she made disappeared from her mind. Who would want to be friends with someone that didn't even bother to shower or comb her hair? Why be around a gassy blob that didn't even notice when she farted or burped?

The altered reality was causing her body to change again. Emma's straight and luscious hair became matted and unwashed, an increasingly messier mane of curls that really needed a good wash. The stench of stale sweat surrounded the woman as she stood there, mixing in with the stench of yet another blast of gas from her backside. Her skin became oily, and years of bad hygiene caused her previously smooth and soft skin to be ruined. Pimples, zits, and blemishes appeared over her face, chest, and body as her follicles got clogged up by the oils she never bothered to wash completely away on her skin, leaving the previously cute girl a pile of fat unwashed curves. The woman got so lazy and shameless that she didn't even bother shaving her body either, and a tide of unkempt body hair spread across her frame. An untamed forest formed underneath her arms, the hair caked with old sweat and grime from a lack of hygiene. Her arms and legs got hairy, and the bush between her legs got so thick and long that it pushed her panties out quite a bit. Even Emma's attire looked unwashed, and old and greasy stains formed on her shirt and pants. Finally, to finish things off, a single potato chip and a few cheese puffs appeared in her hair, caught in the tangled brown locks from some previous feeding session earlier this week.

Emma stared at herself in the mirror, but her lack of shame or aspirations made her not even react to the sight of her greasy face. She did feel like something was wrong, but the now dangerously lazy girl didn't bother with what it could be. She'd probably remember what it was eventually. Right?

"I need another snack..." she said as her urges took over due to her lack of will. The girl shuffled over to the kitchen, her belly gurgling loudly from her poor diet and a soft burp escaping her lips as she moved into the kitchen to continue her gorging.

In the other room, Dan snagged the remote from his wife and opened up Calvin's profile. He had always been jealous of the man, and he hated how his wife always stared at him with dreamy eyes whenever she saw him. So, to ensure he'd never have to worry about him again, he changed a single field with a press of his fat finger. Calvin was inside his room when an intense tingling sensation swept over his body, causing him to pause. The man could feel something wasn't right, but he remained oblivious to the most significant change so far as it ravaged his body.

Calvin didn't seem to notice how everything in the room grew as he shrank, and he lost more than a few inches in height in a matter of seconds. He was soon as short as Emma, around five-foot-six, but his body was far from done changing. His skeleton popped and snapped as his chest got slimmer and his pelvis grew wider, slowly but surely giving him a much more childbearing figure. His arms and legs got shorter, and even his hands and feet grew smaller. Then, as his figure got effeminate, the fat on his frame started to move around. It redistributed, spreading from his gut and limbs towards more strategic and womanly places. Calvin's hips, thighs, ass, and chest all started to grow at the expense of his belly, and it wasn't long before the man looked more and more like his sister. His man-boobs swelled in size and grew into a proper pair of breasts, two DDs hanging and sagging from his fat torso and pressing against his shirt. Calvin's nipples exploded in size, with his areolas and nipples doubling in width and growing quite womanly. His flabby backside gained some womanly curves, and his wide

pelvis gained even more width as fat poured into his haunches. The gap between his legs disappeared, and his ass swelled to a flabby yet feminine shape and size. Calvin was looking more and more like his sister with each passing moment, unappealingly fat and with abundant curves. He winced as his face shifted and changed, becoming more and more effeminate. His lips grew, his cheeks got more pronounced, and his hair grew to his shoulders. At this point, the brother looked more like a sister, and only one thing remained that marked him as a man. It quickly changed as his cock inverted and pulled into his body, testicles twisted into a pair of ovaries, and a womb forming deep within his body. Calvin barely had time to whimper before **her** cock got replaced with a fat and puffy pussy, and with it, the reality around her changed.

The clothes on Calvin's body remained the same, except they were now women's clothes. Her marvel T-shirt was low-cut to show off his generous bosom, and his briefs turned into a comfortable pair of cotton panties. The rest of his wardrobe changed to match, but the rest of the room remained almost unchanged. She was still the same person with the same hobbies and interests, so it made sense that his Marvel obsession remained. Her memories of growing up shifted, and both she and Emma now remembered her as Clara. The newly-minted woman stood silent in her room, idly feeling like something was off. She stared down at her bosom, cupping her generous breasts with her chubby yet feminine hands as she held their weight in her palms. She then moved her hands over her wide hips, flabby butt, and flat crotch in confusion.

'Why does this feel so weird?' Clara thought as she glanced into the mirror, seeing the chubby brunette she had always remembered being. *'And why does it feel like I'm forgetting something?'*

A sudden rumble and gurgle from her belly reminded her of how hungry she still was, and the weak-willed woman slowly let her urges take over again. Clara told herself that she deserved a quick snack break and that she'd go back to searching for the device after getting something in her belly. She burped and blushed, finding her gases quite embarrassing, before she headed towards the kitchen. A strangely familiar yet foreign scent hit her nostrils as she walked in and saw her sister leaning over into the fridge. The sight of Emma's unwashed hair, her stained sweatpants, and the tangy scent around her felt wrong, but it didn't take long before Clara's mind adapted to the new reality of her former girlfriend being her sloppy sister.

"Hey, did you manage to find the remote?" Clara asked, snapping Emma out of her feeding frenzy.

"Huh?" Emma said, lips still stained with food. She shook the can of cream she held before spraying her mouth full with it, sending blissful tingles of pure joy through the lazy woman's body. She swallowed the cream and belched, causing her cheeks to wobble and shake. "Did you say something?"

Clara blushed at her sister's unkempt mannerisms. "I said, did you find the remote?"

"Oh, no, not yet," she muttered, spraying some more cream into her mouth. "I decided to take a quick snack break first."

"Okay," Clara said, her mind aching as she felt something was wrong. "Well, we might have to consider the possibility that someone might have stolen it if we don't find it soon."

"Yeah, that would suck," Emma muttered, the lazy woman finding herself more interested in food and eating than actually getting back the remote. Her mind was after a quick fix of endorphins, and she could get that by stuffing her face. She still wanted to find the remote and maybe upgrade her fat and flabby body, but she struggled to fight her urges.

"Maybe..." Clara said, putting her chubby finger on her plump lip as she pondered the possibility that their neighbors might have taken it. However, something happened before the thought could flash through her mind.

Henrietta moved her fat fingers on the remote, moving the sliders on Clara and Emma's profile down. She was making sure to lower their intelligence, pushing them dangerously low so that the risk of them finding out about the remote was insignificant. The two sisters barely had time to react before their minds shifted and their sharp wit dulled, slowly pushing them toward the lower end of the spectrum.

Emma got hit the hardest by this, and her life changed the most. The former doctor slowly forgot all about college, the dumb and slobby woman far too lazy and dumb to make it through it. The diploma on the wall disappeared, and she even remembered dropping out of high school during the last year. The only type of work a lazy fatso like her could have was at the local Walmart, causing the previously intelligent woman to turn into another dimwitted drone that slaved for minimum wage. The woman struggled to keep that job due to her laziness and poor hygiene, and her previous popularity disappeared. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree either, and their parents weren't the highly-educated couple they had always known. Instead, they were little more than fat trailer park white trash, much like their daughters.

Clara took a hit to her intelligence as well, leaving her almost as simple-minded as her sister. She was no longer the office worker for a successful start-up but a part-time employee at the local comic book store. The woman's memories changed, and she soon remembered hanging out more and more at the comic store since she was too dumb to find a job and had to spend her time somehow. The guy there took pity on her and decided to hire her since he figured having a girl in the store might get some of the nerds there to buy more comics. Her sexuality was unchanged, which made the comic book storeowner's occasional advances even more awkward and weird for the lesbian. Still, it was better than nothing, and she did get a good discount at the comics for working there.

The apartment shook and shifted as they got poorer, leaving their furniture and stuff cheaper and more worn. The place soon looked like the perfect place for two fat food-obsessed sisters, the pantries and fridge filled with cheap junk food that sent their tastebuds into a tingling frenzy.

The two sisters stood there, staring at each other with their dull eyes as they tried to remember what they were doing. A sudden belch from Emma snapped them both out of their daze.

"So, uh, what were we doing?" Emma muttered before stuffing her face with chips, her backside shaking as another bout of gas slipped out.

"Well, uh," Clara said, the woman to recall what they were doing. Suddenly, her dimwitted eyes flashed bright as she finally remembered the device. "Oh, the remote! We were searching for it around the apartment."

"Oh, right," Emma said with a belch. "Well, maybe it's in the pantry..."

The former doctor opened the cabinet and pulled out another bag, soon dropping the empty one on the floor without a care. Clara stood there, her belly rumbling as she watched her sister eat snacks without her, and she could feel her mouth watering. The former man couldn't resist in the end, and she soon joined her sister in getting a quick snack before continuing the search for the reality-altering device. They didn't know that they weren't just dumber but more easily distracted due to the most recent change. They were a pair of fat, scatterbrained idiots, and that's how they remembered always being.

Henrietta and Dan were laughing their asses off as they continued to mess with the couple. The girl was still feeling jealous of the two, especially since she could see they still had bigger breasts and more generous curves than she did. So, with a stroke of her greasy finger, she was about to change that. An intense tingling sensation passed through the sisters as they ate, both unaware of how their bodies were once again growing. However, this time, the weight didn't get evenly distributed. In fact, some of their generous curves started to shrink as the fat in them surged toward their bellies.

Emma and Calvin remained oblivious as they fattened up, slowly going from fat to obese within moments. Most of the extra weight surged into their thighs, ass, and belly, causing all three places to plump up and swell. At the same time, their breasts and hips started to shrink, and they were taking on a more apple-shaped figure as time went on. Their bellies surged in size, swelling and sagging as their clothes struggled to keep up with their growing guts. Stretch marks, signs of cellulite, and more blemishes swept over their obese frames, leaving them heftier and far more different from how they looked earlier. They were unaware of their ruined figures, how their wide hips got more narrow, and how their breasts deflated and shrank. They were soon little more than obese blobs, each weighing several hundred pounds, and where the weight got centered around their sagging and flabby guts. Their round faces shook and jiggled as they ate, and their sizable double chins got even more pronounced as they gained weight. Henrietta even made sure to lower Clara's motivation and shame, causing the former man to become a bit more of a slob like her sister. Her hair became matted, her clothes became somewhat stained, and her skin got greasy. Zits, spots, and blemishes appeared on the former man, though it wasn't as bad as it was for his sister.

Their lips smacked together loudly as they ate, unaware of how the fat surged into their faces and caused their round heads to grow even fatter. Their cheeks slowly inflated and swelled, causing their eyes to look beady and making it look like they were squinting. Another fold of fat wrapped around their neck, making it almost impossible to see and giving them triple chins. Even their lips grew round and pouty, massive pillows that dominated their face and made them lisp from how huge they got. There was no denying they were obese at this point, the former couple now weighing several hundred pounds without realizing that this wasn't who they used to be. Their breaths came in hard as they ate, now forced to sit down as their muscles grew weaker and their bodies heavier. The chairs weren't big enough for their asses, causing large portions of them to hang over the sides and making the wooden chairs creak. The increased weight and lazy personalities made them sigh with exhaustion at the mere thought of even walking across the kitchen to get to the fridge. Emma was clearly the heaviest of the two since Henrietta had messed with the former doctor's mind the most, but Clara wasn't a tiny girl either.

The clothes on their bodies had struggled to grow with them, stretching across their rotund figures and hugging their abundant curves tightly. However, as they got poorer, their clothes seemed to shrink. They became smaller, as if they had outgrown them in the last year, and never bothered to buy new outfits. The pants stretched across their flabby backsides, showing off the top of their ass-crack no matter how much they tried to pull them up. The shirts barely reached below their navel, leaving the entire bottom of their giant guts visible and letting everyone see the pale bellies jiggling with every step of their heavy-laded bodies.

The two sister's lost themselves to their urges and appetite, leaving them distracted in their search for the device. It would be too late for them to do anything about this by the time they realized it wasn't in the apartment. They remained unaware that reality shifted and their memories changed during that time, even if they weren't the ones changing this time around.

"I can't believe it's gone..."

Emma talked with a heavy lisp due to the size of her lips, and she could hear her pillows smacking together each time she moved her mouth. Every step she took made her entire body jiggle and shake, sending her backside and belly into a wobbling frenzy that threatened to knock her off balance.

"Yeah, that kind of sucks," Clara muttered as she closed the door behind them and locked it with a sigh. "It would have been awesome to use it a bit more."

"Tell me about it," Emma said as their bellies gurgled and rumbled in unison as they stood out in the hallway. "Let's keep looking for it after dinner."

"Yeah, that sounds good," her sister replied, her mouth watering at the thought of putting a greasy burger into her fat mouth.

They were about to head downstairs when they heard a door open further down the hallway, both obese sisters turning their beady eyes toward it. They watched as their neighbors walked out of their apartment, and they gawked in awe as Henrietta and Daniel headed towards the stairs. Emma stared at Daniel, and the fat slob could feel her unwashed loins tingling with excitement at the sight of the man. He was everything she wanted in a guy. Tall, muscular, and with just a touch of geekiness that softened his macho exterior. His hair was short and well-groomed, his chin neatly shaved, and the suit hugged his slim and muscular figure. She blushed when he flashed her a smile with his perfect teeth, and the dumb whale couldn't help but avert her gaze shyly.

Clara couldn't deny that he wasn't good-looking, but her attention was on the tall blonde next to him. The obese brunette saw how Henrietta stared at them with a superior smile on her sultry red lips. Clara had spent many nights dreaming of the woman, even if she was bitchy and somewhat mean to them. Her bountiful and perky breasts hung from her slim torso perfectly, and her wide hips swayed with every alluring step. The dress accentuated every flawless curve on her body, and the brunette knew she'd be burning the image into her brain.

The couple approached them on their way to the stairs, and the sister couldn't help but feel like something was off. For some reason, they had this odd feeling that Dan and Henrietta should be the fat slobs here and not them. Yet, the feeling passed as the alluring perfume from Henrietta reached their nostrils, drowning the stench that came from Emma. Daniel smirked as the couple stopped near them, all four now standing next to the stairs.

"Ah, good evening," Daniel said as Henrietta clung to his arm and stared at the sister with an amused look on her face. "Going out to grab a bite?"

"Uh, oh, yeah," Emma said with a heavy lisp. "It's been a pretty shitty day, so we're hoping some food might brighten the mood."

"Oh no, what happened?" Henrietta said with feigned shock, but the two sisters were too dumb to notice that she was pretending.

"Um, you know the remote thingy we showed you earlier? We sorta lost it," Clara said with a blush, and it took the couple everything they had not to laugh at their misery.

"Oh, that's just terrible," the blonde said, her hand caressing her purse where the remote lay safe and sound from Emma's greasy fingers. Henrietta reached inside and grabbed it, slowly but surely pulling it out. "But I have to ask you, is this the remote you were talking about?"

Emma's and Clara's eyes went wide as the blonde pulled it out, holding it in her manicured hands almost tauntingly.

"Hey, that's ours!" Emma huffed with a disgusting burp, something she didn't even notice.

"Yours? We found it out here in the hallway," she said, lying through her teeth. "You should have taken better care of it if you wanted to keep it."

Both sisters had no recollection of ever bringing it out of the apartment or accidentally losing it, but they were both a bit too dumb and scatterbrained to really know for sure. Clara was a bit too gullible to think she was lying, a trait she still kept despite how much she had changed, but Emma wasn't falling for it. She might be an idiot, but she wouldn't give up and let them take it.

"Hey, give that back!" she huffed as she took a step forward, trying to get her greasy paws on the device. It wasn't hard for Daniel to keep her away from his wife, not with his impressive physique and with how weak Emma had become. "That's ours!"

"Calm down," Daniel said before giving her a firm push, which was more than enough to throw her off balance.

The brunette landed hard on her ass, sending her entire body into a wobbling frenzy and causing a massive fart to slip out from her bloated backside. Emma got dazed from the fall, and Clara was busy helping her sister to notice that Henrietta tapped on the remote with her dainty fingers. She pulled a few sliders on Emma's profile, lowering her intelligence and increasing her weight even further.

Emma could feel an intense tingling sensation passing through her body as her entire frame swelled in size again, her gut pushing out even further and her backside growing flabbier as she gained pound after pound. Clara had almost been as fat as her sister before this, but that soon changed. The brunette's body grew, and most of it happened around her gigantic gut. It pushed outward, causing her to show more of her pale skin and cellulite-riddled stomach to the world as her shirt struggled to contain it. The sweatpants stretched over her bloated ass, and she was soon showing off more and more of her butt crack. The clothes all looked a few sizes too small for her, far more than before, and there was no way she would ever get her shirt to cover her sagging belly. Clara was now clearly the slimmer of the two sisters, with Emma weighing at least a hundred pounds more than her, and the fattening didn't stop until there wasn't a doubt what an obese whale she was.

Even worse, Emma's entire head tingled like crazy as she lost more of her intelligence. The previously ambitious and sharp woman was dumb even compared to her dimwitted sister, a mind so easily amused and confused that even a child could outsmart her. The woman's brain even struggled to contain her memories, and she was left dazed and confused as she lost her intellect. She even forgot about the remote, at least the fact that she had once had it, and the poor woman stared with clueless eyes at the gorgeous couple as they left. Henrietta chuckled and put the remote back in her purse before glancing one last time at the bitch she assumed had always looked down on her before the change. Neither Clara nor Emma noticed that the brunette had changed, and they merely thought that Emma was shocked by the fall and not actually dumber.

"What happened?" Emma muttered with a heavy lisp and a slow voice, her brain struggling to understand what just happened.

"You fell," Clara said, helping her lazy fat-ass of a sister up on her feet.

"Oh," Emma said with a burp, the woman even less aware of what a slob she was.

"Anyway, how about we head out and get something to eat," Clara said, and Emma's dimwitted eyes lit up at the mere mention of food.

"Yummy," Emma said as she followed her sister downstairs, the floor creaking with every lumbering step they took.

The two headed off to get something to eat as Clara did her best to figure out a plan to take back the remote, but the geeky and obese woman found it hard to think of anything when her urges and her dumb sister kept getting in the way. She wondered if she could talk to Henrietta and Daniel about it, the clueless woman unaware that it would never work. Emma was too dumb to think of a plan to get it back, and food and TV were enough to keep the docile and lazy woman distracted from ever being a threat again.

But, for now, Clara let the greasy and cheap burger melt in her mouth as she and her sister ate to their heart's content, each mouthful only making it less likely they would ever escape from their new fat lives.