

DIGIMON ADVENTURE: UNTAMED APPETITES

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Farts, burps, body odor, corruption, extreme weightgain, sloppy eating, really fat Digimon.



After countless adventures with the DigiDestined, Mimi Tachikawa was happy to have some time to herself. She missed her friends, of course, even years later... but she was an adult now, with a real career, and that satisfied her. As much as anything satisfied the ephemeral, flighty Mimi, of course.

And what a career it was--Mimi was on her way up in the world. Her new cooking show "Make It With Mimi" was the current darling of a dozen streaming, with enough ad revenue to give her a comfortable, upper-class lifestyle. She enjoyed the sponsorship of celebrity kitchens around the world--everyone from the sushi chefs of Japan to the diverse cooks of the NYT's Test Kitchens had helped to promote her work. And now she was on top, pulling in views by the millions with her corny jokes and winning smile.

There was just one problem: by putting herself online, uploading her identity through thousands of videos, Mimi had made herself a target. Deep in the depths of the internet, a dangerous Digimon watched her and spun a web of evil, preparing to take her down.

Years ago, when the virus Digimon known as Keramon had invaded the internet, it had left copies of itself behind. Those copies had lain dormant as the internet and its many connections spread across the world. Now, as one of the Digidestined entered its territory--her countless videos too much of a temptation to resist--a copy of Keramon arose inside the digital realm, turning its mischievous bulging eyes and cable-tentacles towards Mimi's online presence.

"Digi-dessstined..."

It was child's play for the Keramon to generate a fake app, and send it directly to Mimi's phone, following her social media posts to her mobile IP with ease. Over and over, it generated and sent these fake offers from various food companies, cackling with glee. Every time Mimi tapped the apps, a little Dark Energy entered her body from the digital realm, poisoning her soul and giving her darkest desires life.

Soon... Soon the Digidestined would pay for defeating the Keramon's original copy, all those years ago.

It was just a matter of time, now.



“Gosh, another fast food app? Ooh, they’re offering free samples again...”

Mimi hit “download” on her phone immediately, licking her lips as the app’s loading bar appeared. This was the third such app she’d been offered by a major company in a week--and she had been loading up on free samples for days.

Relaxing in her makeup room as her employees perfectly arranged the glitter and stars in her hair, Mimi scrolled through the prices of **REAL BURGER COMPANY INC.**, and a hefty burger caught her eye.

“Oooh, a bacon cheeseburger with avocado and spicy aioli? Now we’re talking... Mmm, girls, tell the camera guys we’re going to be a little while. I want to try this one, before we start today...”

One of the makeup girls took a nervous glance at Mimi’s midsection. The normally slim YouTube star had been snacking pretty liberally through the use of those apps... and it was starting to show.

Underneath her classic red skirt--with the tassels removed, and a Texas-themed steer-head belt buckle added--Mimi’s stomach was bulging with the remnants of her previous fast-food meals. Normally, Mimi wasn’t much of a fast food girl, but the ads these apps were sending *exactly* met her taste: they were artisan spins on fast-food classics, like gourmet chicken nuggets and spicy curly fries, elaborate social-media-friendly burger designs, and adorable desserts with cutesy spun-sugar decorations.

After days of such gorging, Mimi was looking a little chubby... and it was impossible to ignore for anyone. Even her friends.

Across town, Kari Kamiya was watching a “Make It With Mimi” video in her kitchen. The short-haired wallflower had long since retired from adventuring, preferring a quiet family life instead. Even as Mimi ordered yet another burger, Kari was scrolling through her old friend’s videos, struggle to figure out what to make for dinner. As she arrived at the newest videos, Kari frowned, squinting at the screen.

“Hmm... Something seems a little *different* here...”

She propped the phone up beside her stove, tucking back her shoulder-length brown hair, and took a closer look. It wasn't long before her vague sense of unease evolved into full-blown *schadenfreude*.

In every video on her channel, Mimi seemed to get chubbier and chubbier. She'd gone from a svelte and willowy cooking queen to a soft-cheeked, round-bellied cherub of a woman--and all in the space of the last two weeks! Kari frowned, immediately suspicious.

"Mimi's too energetic to sit still and gain weight like that... Still, I suppose it happens. Bodies change..."

She sighed wistfully, thinking fondly of her pre-childbirth body. Even now, her butt refused to return to its original dimensions, having tripled in width and seeming absurdly out of place on her otherwise-slender frame.

Bodies changed, it happened to everyone... It wasn't that big of a deal. So Mimi had put on a few pounds--who cared? It wasn't the end of the world.

But then Kari's phone began to glow, and a strange shape emerged from it, coalescing from data to physical matter as it tumbled to the floor. The light faded, and Kari was face-to-face with her former Digimon partner--Gatomon!

"Gatomon!" Kari immediately knelt and hugged her friend, the cat Digimon wriggling and purring in her grasp. "You're back! Oh, I missed you so much..."

"Missed you too--stop squishing me!" Gatomon yowled as she gently nudged Kari off of her. "I wish this was a social call, Kari... but it isn't. You're in danger, and so is Mimi--and all the DigiDestined, if we don't act fast!"

Shocked, Kari nodded, rummaging in her kitchen drawer for her old Digivice.

"Okay. I'll get my Digivice, and we'll get going. I knew there was something off about Mimi lately, I just knew it!"

Kari searched around the kitchen for her device... and Gatomon blinked as Kari's soft, motherly rump wiggled around the room.

"Kari, did you Digivolve? You look... Different than you used to..."

Now it was Kari's turn to blush. Tucking her chin-length brown hair behind her ears, she struggled for some way to explain her post-pregnancy weight gain... and sighed.

"It's a long story, Gatomon. Come on, let's go see Mimi."



Mimi's test kitchen was a whirlwind of activity as she set up her latest culinary triumph--making gourmet Mars Bars, from scratch. It was a difficult task, but she set to it willingly, humming as her film crew set up their cameras and boom mikes.

Her costuming specialist, Devi, frowned as Mimi bent over to retrieve a stand mixer from the homey cupboard of her cooking set. The waif-thin makeup and clothing expert, with her long dark hair and austere glasses, was embarrassed by the sheer *size* of their star lately.

Is her ass wider than it was last week? She rubbed her forehead, annoyed. *It is. It totally is. Oh my god, we're going to get cancelled--I have to say something.*

"Jimmy, turn the camera off for a second, would you? I have to do some... uh, makeup work with our favorite cooking star."

"Got it, boss."

As the camera was switched off, Devi walked up to Mimi and tapped her on the arm. *God*, she thought with mild disgust, *even her arms are getting chunky! This is out of control.*

"Hmm?" Mimi straightened, and Devi could practically *hear* her tassel-covered outfit creaking with the difficulty of containing her new softness. "Oh, hi Devi! What's wrong, am I wearing my cowboy hat backwards again?"

"No..." Devi paused to check. "Actually, yes. But that's not what I need to talk to you about. Mimi, a few of us have noticed you look a bit... different, lately."

Mimi cocked her head, and Devi winced as she noticed the woman's double-chin bunching behind the leather strap keeping her cowboy hat jauntily tilted.

"What I mean is... You look a bit... Er, there's really no nice way to say this." Devi leaned in, dropping her voice to a whisper. "Mimi, darling... You've really *put on a few*, lately. And I think maybe it's time to increase your clothing size... and perhaps, you know, buy a treadmill or something."

Mimi's face fell, and Devi braced herself as she watched the tide of realization hit their formerly svelte, ditzy YouTube star.

"Are you saying I'm... I'm..."

“Mimi, take it easy, I just meant--”

“You’re calling me f... Ffff...”

“Mimi--”

“FAAAAT!”

The word exploded out of Mimi, echoing through the entire film set, causing everyone to stop their work and turn towards the two. *And there she goes*, thought Devi with pity as Mimi’s eyes brimmed with tears.

“I’m n-not fat... I just... Look chubby under these set lights, that’s all...”

Frustrated with her denial, Devi grabbed one of the several chunky rolls of girl-meat bulging on Mimi’s waist, and jiggled it--in full view of the rest of the staff.

“Mimi, *this* isn’t bad lighting. This is about bad diet! I know you have to taste-test a lot of your stuff, but we have to talk about getting your appetite under control--”

But she never got to finish her tirade. Mimi shrieked, turning beet-red, and protectively grabbed at her waist before rushing off-set, towards the dressing room.

The rest of the staff stared in silence as Devi groaned.

Okay, maybe I was a bit too harsh on her...

“I’ll go get her,” she told them, a migraine building behind her forehead. “The rest of you, just... Edit some footage, or something. I’ll be right back.”

However, as soon as she turned the corner towards the dressing room, Devi pulled out her phone and dialled the only number in her contacts... and the call was quickly re-routed to a Digimon friend of hers, lurking in the depths of the internet.

“Hello?” hissed a gurgling, mirthful voice.

“Keramon, you little creep. You’re moving too fast--the humans have noticed her weight gain! We’ll never corrupt the DigiDestined if you keep tilting your hand like this!”

A bubbling, childish giggle came from the other end of the line.

“Not so loud, LadyDevimon, you’ll ruin your human disguise... And they were bound to notice eventually. Besides, the fatter *she* is, the more likely her friends will abandon her--severing their ties and destroying their Crests once and for all! *Nyahaha...*”

The disguised Digimon masquerading as Mimi’s makeup artist smiled, imagining the hated DigiDestined as bloated, lonely butterballs. Keramon might be a monster... but he was a *smart* monster, and she was willing to play along with his schemes, if only to get revenge on the DigiDestined for slaying all her Virus-type friends, long ago.

“Alright. I’ll stall the production team. In the meantime, I suggest you order Mimi some takeout delivery to her dressing room... poor little thing seems like she could use some *comfort food*.”

“Already done... The Dark Energy inside her has reached critical mass. Keep her out of sight as long as possible--she’s going to be ”

As she heard the lobby doors to the film studio opening, deliverymen grunting under massive loads of pizza boxes and fast-food bags, LadyDevimon couldn’t help but grin.

At last, a way to break up the bonds of the DigiDestined... and all it took was a little nudging.

Walking up to Mimi’s door, “Devi” knocked gently, murmuring to her employer.

“Mimi? Darling? I’m just *sooo* sorry about what I said, won’t you come out?”

“No!”

Mimi was weeping and blubbing in there somewhere--Devi could hear her rifling through her clothes, trying to find something, *anything* that would fit.

“I’m too *fat* to be a cooking star, remember? I’ll never come out, never!”

Devi rolled her eyes. Humans were such pathetic, annoying creatures.

“Well... Let me know when you’re ready. We can put off the shoot for a few hours, but we have a schedule to keep, you know...”

Crouching down, she blew on the keyhole of the dressing room door, and a mist of Dark Energy--the viral evil of the Digital World’s most dread realm--washed invisibly into the dressing room. Dark Energy was capable of bringing out the worst in people, turning them into cruel parodies of their former selves... or, in the case of empty-headed dorks like Mimi, turning them into creatures of pure instinct. And Mimi had been bathing in it for days.

She waited for the telltale shuffling of clothing to stop... and physically *heard* the growling of Mimi's belly, as the girl was suddenly struck with hunger. The sniffing abated.

"Could... Could you bring me a snack, maybe? I *know* we talked about dieting, I just... I could really use a pick-me-up right now..."

"Of course, dear! Absolutely... Anything you need."

LadyDevimon waved at a pizza delivery man who was loitering on the edge of the dressing-room hallway, his arms loaded down with steaming pizza boxes.

"Anything you want... Anything at all."



Kari pounded on the door of the filming studio, the glass shaking under her tiny, impudent fists in their shoulder-length, pink fingerless gloves.

"Hello? Open up! I said *open up*, dammit!"

"Looks like nobody's home," said Gatomon, hopping out of the car to follow her mistress to the door. "Maybe Mimi called in sick today?"

"No way, her social media says she was excited to film a new episode today. And then... Nothing! She's basically disappeared!"

Kari's fear for her friend was reaching panic levels. Mimi wouldn't answer her phone, she wouldn't respond to text messages, and now... this. The studio loomed dark and monolithic before the human and Digimon, who stood all alone at dusk in the parking lot.

"We have to get inside," said Kari. "Do you know any parkour, Gatomon?"

"What's that? Some kind of French sandwich?"

"Never mind..."

Kari snooped around the edge of the building until she found a bathroom window, which was barely ajar. There was a convenient pile of wooden pallets beneath it--just enough to help boost her into the room. Or so she thought.

Gatomon climbed through first, hopping down onto the green tile, but when Kari heaved herself into the window frame... her progress was suddenly arrested, her body wedged halfway into the window.

Looking back, she blushed with humiliation--her newly broad, motherly hips had gotten stuck in the tiny window-frame, flesh bulging under her skirt as she kicked her legs in a vain attempt to squeeze through.

“Damn it!! Gatomon, a little help here?”

“Are you sure you haven’t Digivolved? You *definitely* look bigger...”

“No, I haven’t ‘Digivolved.’” Frustrated tears sprung to Kari’s eyes as she thrashed and pulled. “I just... Put on a little weight, is all.”

Gatomon cocked her head. “What do you mean?”

Kari sighed. “Of course... You guys are made of data, you *can’t* get fat. Look, when a human eats, um... a bit too much, or has children, sometimes their body gets bigger. The more you know! *Now get me out of here!*”

With much huffing, puffing and pulling, Kari was finally hauled through the gap and the two of them proceeded through the dark media studio, searching for their elusive friend.

Creeping through the eerily silent kitchen set, and rounding the corner towards the dressing rooms, they found an unusual sight: countless takeout boxes and pizza containers, all empty, piled in front of the dressing-room doors. The pile of trash seemed to culminate in a pyramid of waste items and pizza-crusts that was pouring from a half-open door, the gold star on it labelled .

From behind the door, Kari and Gatomon heard the muffled sound of wet chewing... sloppy gobbling, guzzling... the occasional snuffle and whimper, and barely-concealed, moist belches.

Unnerved, Kari pulled open the door, terrified of what she might find. For a moment, the massive bulk lit by the makeup-mirror’s lights confused her, its silhouette jiggling and heaving. Was it some kind of enormous, foul Digimon summoned by their enemies? Maybe some sort of overgrown Numemon?

But no--as her eyes adjusted to the light, Kari saw it was none other than Mimi... but... Mimi looked different. In fact, she looked *huge*. Which was impossible--Kari had seen a video of her just that morning, and she hadn’t been *nearly* this large!

Mimi's massive body was pinned to a plush leather couch in the far corner, next to her makeup mirror, a grossly engorged and pale belly heaving and gurgling on top of a brand-new pair of stretchmarked, blubbery thighs. Her clothes had been tossed aside as she outgrew them, the tassel-covered jacket and pink cowboy hat half-buried in styrofoam containers. Tears streaked her freshly chubby cheeks as she sank her teeth into a triple-decker cheeseburger, lettuce and droplets of mustard falling out the back of it. She paused in her gluttony as Kari entered, turning wet eyes towards the door.

"Hey, K-Kari... Sorry, I'm a bit **BHURRRP**, outta sorts right now..."

"I'll say," Gatomon said as Kari gaped, both disgusted and deeply confused.

"Mimi? What... What happened to you?"

Mimi swallowed and belched, mustard oozing off her bottom lip as she delicately dabbed at her face with a lacey handkerchief.

"I just... **HURRP**, put on a little bit of weight, that's all... No need to be so rude about it, I thought we were friends..."

Kari raised an eyebrow as Mimi returned to her seemingly mindless gluttony, the American girl's eyes glassy and unfocused.

"Gatomon, something weird's going on here... This isn't like the Mimi I know at all. Not to mention, there's no way she could get this big so quickly, without... exploding, or something. What's going on here?"

Gatomon frowned, sniffing the air.

"You're right... I smell Dark Energy in here. Someone's been twisting the dark forces of the Digital World to mess with Mimi!"

"That would be me... So glad you two could join us!"

Kari and Gatomon jumped as a massive, seven-foot-tall feminine Digimon with bat-wings and a leather corset emerged from the darkness behind them. With her long red claws and a leather cowl obscuring most of her face, the pale LadyDevimon held out her hand and sent another tendril of Dark Energy into Mimi.

As Kari and her Digimon partner watched, Mimi's eyes went even more unfocused, and she began eating obsessively, mechanically--shoving fried rice and noodles into her mouth and making a complete pig of herself.

“Dark Energy brings out the worst in every Digimon,” chuckled LadyDevimon, as Mimi fished an enormous sub sandwich out of a delivery bag and began ripping away at it. “It brings to life your deepest, ugliest self... and with the custom program Keramon made for me, it works on humans now, too. I can fill Mimi here with enough Dark Energy to make her *very* ugly indeed.”

Kari felt nauseous as she saw Mimi shotgun an entire liter bottle of soda, the girl’s eyes filling with tears as she chugged and chugged.

“But... Why?! What’s the point of this?”

LadyDevimon cackled, spreading her wings as she gestured around.

“Look at her! Look at all this filth around her! Your DigiDestined friends will disown her the moment they look at her. Your precious bond will be broken forever--no one could ever be friends with such a pile of blubber!”

“That’s... That’s not true!”

Filled with determination, Kari ran up and placed a hand on Mimi’s shoulder.

“I’m still her friend! And there’s nothing you can do to separate--”

Rrrrrmmble...

Kari paused as Mimi’s vast, stain-splattered belly gurgled. Mimi looked up at her friend, flabby cheeks suddenly going pale.

“Uh... Kari, I think I’m gonna--”

FRRRRMMMMPTTTF!

But it was too late. Mimi’s overburdened, Dark-Energy-enhanced guts churned and growled... and then blasted forth a cloud of stench so foul that Kari staggered back, covering her mouth and nose.

“Ugh, *gross!*”

LadyDevimon threw back her head and cackled.

“See? Fools--you will never be able to embrace her again! *Bwahaha!*”

But Gatomon wasn’t willing to surrender so easily. Leaping on top of a tilting pile of food-related trash, she struck a pose, her clawed gloves gleaming.

“Gatomon, digivolve to... **ANGEWOMON!**”

LadyDevimon hissed as Gatomon was engulfed in a nimbus of light and swirling data, and emerged as a towering angelic woman clad in a tastefully ripped white leotard and metal helmet, six wings extending from the newly Digivolved angel’s back.

“You will pay for your crimes, LadyDevimon...”

But as she stepped forward through the miasma of flatulence and filth, preparing to fire a Celestial Arrow into the evil Digimon’s heart, Angewomon stepped on Mimi’s phone, which was buried in the mess around them.

The screen cracked, and all at once, tendrils of Dark Energy swirled out of the device. Barely kept in check by Keramon’s app programs, the Dark Energy was eager to escape... and eager to find a host. An enormous whirlwind of shadows engulfed everyone in the room; Angewomon and LadyDevimon both cried out as they were infected by the corrupting essence.

Kari felt it too. Still struggling to cling to Mimi, she was filled with unnatural desires, unholy needs that filled her to the brim. She felt lustful, she felt cruel, as if a lifetime of suppressed urges were rushing to the front of her mind all at once.

But most of all... She felt *hungry*.



EPILOGUE

Tai and Matt had been looking for Kari and Mimi for several days, exhausting every lead, reaching out to everyone who might have seen the two of them. Eventually they had found a clue at last: leftover trace data in the Digital World, suggesting the two DigiDestined had passed into the Dark Realms, a forbidden area of cyberspace.

Armed with their Digivices and Friendship Crests, the spikey-haired pair descended into the sinister sub-level of the Digital World, accompanied by their old friends Gabumon and Agumon. As they approached a massive castle made from a mixture of stones and glitching data, shadows swirling above them, Tai wrinkled his nose.

“Ew, what’s that *smell?*”

“Maybe some kind of stench Digimon.” Matt clamped a hand over his nose as he reached for the door handle. “Get ready. We have no idea what we’ll find inside...”

When he threw the doors open, they both saw how unprepared they *really* were for the evil within.

Because Keramon had spent plenty of time “attending” to the needs of the two kidnapped DigiDestined, and their Digimon. After spiriting them away into the Dark Realms, he had also captured Palmon, who had managed to Digivolve into Lilymon before being defeated by Keramon’s dark energy tendrils. Now the shapely, flower-covered female Digimon had joined her mistress Mimi in the long feasting hall of the castle, which pulsed and flowed with corrupted data.

At a long feasting table covered in delicious Digital World treats, two humans and three Digimon sat, gobbling desperately at the heaped delicacies in front of them. LadyDevimon and Angewomon sat beside each other, gobbling recklessly, their stomachs obscenely swollen and bulging, hanging between their softened legs. As Matt and Tai watched, the two Digimon found over a chunk of fried chicken, pushing and shoving each other, their fat slapping and rubbing against each other. LadyDevimon’s pale, grayish blubber flopped and jiggled against Angewomon’s rosy, pinkish fat-rolls as the two squabbled like pigs in a pen over their meal.

“It’s mine, I called dibs, give it--**URrrRRP**--give it to me!”

“No way, you lazy fat bitch--look at you, you’ve had **brrAPPpppF**, way too much already! Give it!!”

Beyond these two, Lilymon lay half-draped over the table, snoring, her stomach bulging but not nearly as large as the others’ swollen guts--she had arrived late to the “party.” And beyond Lilymon... were Kari and Mimi.

As humans uniquely vulnerable to Digital World food, their bodies weren’t meant to digest pure data. And so, when the two DigiDestined had glutted themselves on Digital World snacks, gorging themselves into stupidity, they had acquired *quite* a gas problem between the two of them... a symptom of their bodies being loaded with food they couldn’t properly digest.

FRRRRrrppptf...

BRRRRPPPpptttfff!!

The once-slim pair sat at the end of the table, so monstrously obese that they could no longer sit in normal chairs--their own bloated asscheeks and back-fat kept them propped up in a sitting position. Their clothes were mostly shredded, with only Mimi’s hat and Kari’s fingerless gloves still entirely intact; the rest of their garments were nothing but torn and overstretched scraps of fabric. Their colossal, pale, dome-like bellies jutted out before them, gurgling and groaning, splattered with splashes of sauce and

food leftovers. Fish bones, pastry crumbs, and unidentifiable substances coated each of their horribly glutted bodies; their faces were sunk deep into rolls of fat, red-cheeked and jowly, only their mechanical chewing and vaguely erotic groaning announcing that they were still conscious.

“BwurrRRRRppp...”

“HORRRPpppt...”

Above it all, Keramon crouched on a crystal chandelier, cackling and ogling the pair. His floppy blue tentacle-covered body was wiggling with glee; every so often, he pointed one crooked finger and sent a bolt of Dark Energy into Kari or Mimi’s body, their bodies swelling out in sudden bursts, gouts of foul flatulence rolling out of them as their sweaty, flabby forms jiggled and creaked with overstrained flesh.

“Yes, eat! Eat, eat, stupid humans! Bwahahaha!”

Matt and Tai covered their mouths in disgust and nausea as the stench of flatulence washed over them, plus the stink of female B.O. from the unwashed, massive fat bodies before them. They raised their Digivices in unison, sending Gabumon and Agumon into the castle to attack Keramon... but even if they succeeded, Mimi and Kari would never be the same again. That much was clear.

After all their years of fighting, the real enemy had been inside Kari and Mimi all along. Their greed, suppressed by diets and exercise, kept in check by their status as noble DigiDestined, had finally been unleashed.

And in a strange way... they were both quite content. After all, as long as they kept eating, there was nothing to worry about. Just the next bite of barbecued ribs or spoonful of ice cream, the next mouthful of grease-slathered pizza or deep-fried chicken.

As a fight unfolded right next to them, the two girls ignored it. All they cared about now was eating... And eating. And eating.

It was their destiny, their fate. They couldn’t escape it now, any more than they could stop reaching for another fistful of snacks. And so the story of the Digidestined ended, not with a bang or a whimper... but with long, wet blasts of gas.

PFFRRrrrrAPPPPTFff....



- END -