

CLASSIFIED — PROJECT CORRESPONDANCE

Subject: *Supermundum, Historicus, Extra Mores, amici multis facies* (B-351).

Project Leader(s): Dr. E [REDACTED] Simmons & Dr. T [REDACTED] Susman.

Site: White Zone Σ; [COMPROMISED]

Status?: Contained. At Large. Unclear.



I am uncomfortable with being assigned a partner in the handling of this matter.

With all due respect to Dr. Weissman, I am perfectly capable of handling B-351 without supervision.

While the Summer Keegan incident is an admitted black spot on my recent transcript, I have done nothing but serve this organization diligently and with extreme capability on my part. Dr. Susman was not only my junior in terms of seniority at our alma mater, but also academically—I have written transcripts to prove that I am far more capable of running White Zone Σ alone than I am with him consistently making small errors throughout the day that hinder our capabilities through sheer negligence.

At the very least, I request a partner that has taken better care of themselves in the past few years. Given the nature of our containing B-351 and its ability to transform into large, overweight versions of people from our past, it would do well to pair me with someone who was not so indistinguishable from those that we are attempting to detect.

I believe that it would be in your best interest to either remove Dr. Weissman, or attempt to find someone else as suitable for this position as I am.

I eagerly await your response.º

Dr. E [REDACTED] Simmons
Warden, White Zone Σ
American Association of Cryptozoology



º This draft was recovered from Dr. Simmons’s interoffice email account. Due to a network blackout that lasted from 19:42 to 19:47, it was never sent and later sent to the Recycle Bin. Her admin password was not used to delete the draft, suggesting that either she wanted to save this correspondence for later, or that she was not responsible for the deletion.

Erica, Tiffany, and Laura had all been part of the same sorority, once upon a time when waists were trim and diets were followed. Back when passing classes and trying to find time to go to said classes between hangovers were the most stressful parts of their lives, it had been so much easier for them to be friends. Which should have been obvious, because they were all in the same series of buildings within a finite, if large, area and all ran in pretty much the same circles because they all belonged to a group that sapped their individuality.

But never let it be said that dumb ladies like Tiffany weren't sentimental—she blamed herself for letting her friendships fall by the wayside when it came to more important things. Like landing a hot doctor and getting him pregnant so that she could retire to blissful housewifery in a gated community with just a year of actual work in the public sector of education under her belt.

A belt that, after popping out three of those little rug rats and having literally no incentive to watch her figure now that she was married and a suitable excuse that would explain away any side-effects of going ham while living the life of luxury, was taxed the fuck out.

After more than ten years getting whatever brains she built back in college boinked out by a man who made more in a year than the entire staff of a McDonalds franchise lumped together, Tiffany had felt like there was something missing in her life. And it certainly wasn't the joys of motherhood, because she'd done that shit three times now, and a bunch of walking, back-talking tots giving her lip and playing Ben 10 as loud as physically possible while she tried to watch her shows was *not* it.

Once all of those little shits were out and about for school and she had the house alone to herself, Tiffany knew right then that being alone with her thoughts was for sure not it either. The help was *horrible* at keeping her company while doing their jobs.

Which brings us back to the pertinent point of her 'friendship' with Erica and Laura.

If you could really have called it a friendship—they were mostly just kind of in the same place together during a majority of the same four to five years of college, depending on who was asking.

But at the same time, most of the people in their sorority were pretty much in the same boat—at least, any of the ones that Tiffany bothered to remember because they were always at the fun parties. It wasn't exactly correct to say that she had known back in college that she would have been hanging out with these particular sorority sisters, but Tiffany knew in her heart of hearts that she would always have her Kappa Kappa Kappa gals to fall back on when she needed them most!

"KAPPAAAAAAAAS!!"

Large birds of prey would have been impressed with the monumental amounts of territorial squawking that emerged from the three even larger women that had gathered in the parking lot.

Tiffany had not been the only one who had gotten fat after college. Because Tiffany had not been the only one to seek out a life of luxury that yielded the least work to reward ratio. Because for the most part, that's all that their subculture of Kappas talked about, despite being enrolled in a place of higher learning that would have afforded them the ability to reward themselves with things beyond bonbons and occasional millionaire (and pool boy) penis.

As their fat bodies trembled with their every belabored step, Erica and Laura did their best not to collide against one another with their pathetic attempts at walking. Hips bumping, plumps rubbing, and tummies bouncing beneath the biggest sundresses that money could buy without being categorically called muumuus as the three of them descended into this poor fucking Crepe Factory.

Thick flaps of double chin quivered as the ladies gushed (read: lied) about how well the years had been to the lot of them. Chairs squeaked and floor joists groaned as these three heifers lowered themselves into a booth that was somehow wide enough to let all three of them spread out liberally and somehow not nearly big enough for the sheer amounts of portions that they intended on ordering.

And did order.

Because a bunch of spoiled, overfed housewives going to town on stacks on stacks of sweet, fluffy breakfast cakes shouldn't have surprised any of the unfortunate people at this restaurant as much as it wound up doing.

With their fat bellies brushing against the sides of the table (and in Laura's case, straight-up beaching itself on it) and their squishy elbows propping up arms to feed hungry mouths, they cackled and gabbed about everything that had happened to them in the years that had passed. Mostly by lying about it to make themselves sound better, but there were some interesting tidbits of information there.

Laura's scientist husband was inches away from making a breakthrough on calorie-free ice cream. Something that his four-hundred-pound whale of a wife was exceptionally interested in!

Erica's man was a lawyer, and had made their money suing a fast-food chain for the shoddy construction of their booths. Something that Erica had no doubt helped with!

Acres of ass spread across the six chairs dedicated to holding these hogs up; that's two to each pair of wide wobbly cheeks. As they became increasingly engrossed in gorging themselves and less interested in keeping up with the jumbo Joneses, those six chairs began to creak and groan ominously. The dangerous amounts of enormous piled into each seat only became more pronounced with every bite. And the fuller that these ladies got, the more that they felt that they needed to scoot back.

Because they *needed* to make some room.

"Oof..."

"Hnnn..."

"Guhh..."

Chunky hands rubbed along the surface of turgid, stuffed stomachs. Thigh-thick arm wings bulged against side boob bulges as these cows tried their best to both remain presentable, find some more room for maybe another crepe, and also not barf.

"We must be real bad for each other—I *never* cheated on my diet until I got back together with you two!"

An obvious lie from Laura's end that was none the less eaten up like it came served up from the waitress by the other two super-sized sorority sisters. Not so much because they wanted to give her the benefit of the doubt, but because it somehow made their own lies more believable.

“Maybe we should hold off until the next Kappa Kappa Kappa reunion!”

Tiffany slapped the surface of her stomach as it stretched the fabric on her dress. Her gut absorbed the impact like a speedbag, sending a thick ripple throughout her insulated-for-impact body. Something that happened to the pool boy whenever he decided to test his mettle against that big round thing like Indiana Jones.

“Ooor maybe we could go get ice cream to top it all off!”

The three of them squealed so loudly, so annoyingly, that it counted as causing a scene. As if literally any of the things that they had been doing, up to and including lugging around enough ass to bend suspension, didn’t count as a scene.

After a round of “Oh No Let Me Get It” on a professional level, Laura won out in their bid to use their husbands’ collective fortunes to pay off the enormous amounts of food that they had eaten before leaving just as slowly and loudly as they lumbered in. Despite the thickness of their cankles and the firmness of their foundation, these three were officially heavier than they had been when they arrived.

After a lot of huffing, puffing, and a little cussing after Erica got her dress caught on a closing doorway that brushed against her milkshake-thick thighs, the three of them were officially back outside and staring down the business end of a Cold Stone Creamery—and despite literally feeling so full of breakfast turned brunch turned “I’m sorry, but it’s 2pm and we’re closing up for the day, please leave” it was all that any of them could do to find a reason not to go get that creamy cold queen feed.

Breathless as they were blimpy, the three of them decided to trek across the parking lot instead of getting into their three vehicles and pattering long the several feet that would instead leave them gross and sweaty.

Between huffing and puffing, it felt like the only thing that the three of them could talk about were how much they deserve a little treat, and how being a mom is literally the hardest job in the world despite the fact that none of them actually had much say in child-rearing, and how they were going to enjoy popping into that place like a trio of Pillsbury Dough Dames.

Lingering behind her two flabulous friends, who were almost so wide that Tiffany had to let herself fall back in order to get a good look at both of them, it was a little difficult to determine just whom the bad influence was here.

Her expression calmed slightly as her fat lady face went from horny for Haagen-Dazs melted into confusion and concern over the *sheer amount* of denial that was necessary for these fat ladies to get through the day.

Getting into character was so vital for the role, and memorizing a backstory and committing it to memory was easily the most difficult part of this job. And even though Erica and Laura were certainly going to be excellent marks, Tiffany couldn’t help but feel like she was plucking the low-hanging fruit. It wasn’t like she was going to be able to make any lasting changes to their attitude that would make a difference at the end.

After all—how much bigger could these two women even *get*?

“Hfff... Tiffy! Come on, girl!”

“It’s ice cream time! Move that blubber butt!”

But, casting aside her need for challenging roles and sense of pride as an actor, “Tiffany” shrugged her^p plump shoulders and resumed huffing and puffing like any of this extra weight bothered her. Maybe she couldn’t fatten these two up any further (though she somehow how doubted that) but she could at least get a neat little ice cream date out of it.

Everybody loved ice cream—even “Tiffany”.

“I’m coming!” she put on her best spoiled white lady voice, “I just... I’m a little slower than I used to be!”

The two of them laughed unassumingly, in no way aware of the fact that their big fat third was not what she appeared to be, and toddled along ahead gut-sloshingly first so that they could eventually get wedged in the doorway to the ice cream place.

Tiffany almost had to break character to get the two of them to stop fighting and just get into the fucking door.

Sometimes, especially lately, she felt that her job was too easy.

But everyone needed a cheap meal every now and again—and these two would almost certainly count as a cheap meal. A splurge for sure, she certainly wouldn’t be hungry for a while after this, but very much a little treat for all of her hard work...

^p We are still unsure as to whether or not B-351 has a determined, or definable, gender or sex. The most likely explanation is that it is entirely asexual, and merely assumes the gender of whomever it is mimicking. This, as well as its predatory nature would explain the limited numbers of its species.

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With respect to the opinions of our team’s supervisory board, I disagree with Dr. Simmons’s assessment of my capabilities in the workplace. I am just as dedicated to the containment and study of B-351 as anyone else on our staff.

However, I understand that I am something of an odd man out, transferring into this division in order to compensate for the lacking wardenship. Our working relationship did not start off on the best foot, and there was no way that wouldn’t have happened, given the circumstances.

I believe that I am making progress in furthering our working relationship, and await the day when we can work to fully understand this mesmerizing, wonderful creature from beyond our dimension—to the best of our limited understanding, of course.

But we’ll only be able to do it together.

Which is why I’ve requested additional funding for our department, so that we may institute some morale boosting changes to our regular employee schedule in order to make sure that we’re all getting along better. If the government can afford [REDACTED], we might as well put some of that towards a new coffee machine, some comfortable office chairs, and donuts every Friday in the employee lounge.

Again, with respect to the opinions of our team’s supervisory board.

Dr. Timothy Susman
Warden, White Zone Σ
American Association of Cryptozoology

