

Interface To Face

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“Drama, drama, and more drama” Maryl thought to herself as she scrolled through her ‘Swindler’ page on her holoview VR device. She scrolled down past posts by caustic armchair right’s activists, amusing images with pun filled slogans, nostalgia posts, ads for digital piercings, and porn. The porn was probably what Maryl stayed on the site for, with the occasional glance at what the current ‘drama of the week is’. Ninety nine percent of the time it was about something absolutely asinine, like page view inequality, governmental overreach, or calico privilege.

Still, Maryl could assume that some of these people are just striving off boredom in their own way while on “Mothership: HOME2”. It wasn’t like there were going to be any real repercussions from some of their wild accusations or cosmetic drama. The cat like Aurrolians like her tended to find ways to entertain themselves, even when transformed into their current blob like state.

Maryl looked down at the small notification flashing at the bottom corner of her screen. It was C.A.R.E. notifying that it was time for her bath. She grumbled deep into her chest, feeling the reverberations through her fat chest, and began closing her web pages. It wasn’t like she disliked baths; she just disliked being pulled away from browsing the web. Though she knew that if she took too long, C.A.R.E. was going to forcefully disconnect her anyway.

Finally summoning the VR visor off, Maryl looked over the massive expanse of orange that filled her vision and her room. The cat like creature oozed out in her apartment like home, her entire body a formless mass of

varying orange tints. Her furred gut had spread out far beyond her, large enough to contain a sizable hatchback in its soft folds. At the apex, its orange crème fur lost its color and looked a little pink, as the fur became less dense and exposed stretch marks radiating outwards from the fold that was once her belly button. Two titanic cheeks consumed any resemblance of legs she had, reduced to a pair of cushions slowly attempting to rival her belly for size. It also provided a nice little display for her back roll collection, smothering an already puny tail under a stairway of fat. Arms were reduced to orange sacks of fat that drooped down the side of her body, resting on thick breasts that desperately tried to stretch out and hug her belly. Tiny paws stuck out of the arms, sunken in half way up the bloated palm, fingers reduced to nubs that could only wiggle.

She remembered a hazy glimpse of what it was like to properly articulate her fingers, back when she was a teenager roaming the station with other Aurrolians like her, cat like creatures of various sizes, colors, and patterns. Her own body nice and nimble, with cute fluffy cheeks and pointy lynx like ears. She even remembered her cute butt, ever so slightly plump, enough to cradle at her short tail, so fuzzy that it resembled the wedge like tail feathers of a chicken.

Still, it was different now as Maryl looked over her fat watermelon sized cheeks at the television wall in front of her, eyes trying to figure out where her chins ended and the rest of her started. Eyesight was somewhat reduced, forced to squint from her own fat cheeks and the lump of back fat that rose above her head and pressed her ears against her forehead. Not like she resented it, being trapped within her own blobish body, it was good most of the time with C.A.R.E. keeping her entertained 24/7. She felt her

earbuds being lightly yanked out of her ears as C.A.R.E. began its cleaning regiment.

All the artificial decorations, the plastic plant, the electronic posters, fake window of a scenic paradise, were removed or turned off, revealing the blank box that she lived in. Tentacle like arms soon sprouted from the ceiling, padded with protective grey foam rubber. Like rain, water slowly began to plop heavily against Maryl's body, each drop making a heavy thump like noise against her immobile form like on a large tarp. She let out a deep, congested purr, feeling the water dribble down her body, reminding her of how expansive she was, at how far her body reaches in every direction.

The arms soon began to scrub her, rotating bristle attachments foamed up with soap before plunging into her thick rolls and death grips. Vibrations from the motors reverberated through her form, Maryl's heavy cheeks growing red from the pleasant sensations. Her fingers and toes scrunched up, only to appear shorter and more lumpy with rolls. Brushes began to scrub deeper and deeper, going into rarely touched places under her. The orange Aurrolian mrowled loudly in pleasure, feeling as the mechanical arm run between her massive ass cheeks, it's brush cleaning deep between her legs and under her body.

With a heavy pant, she let out loud lusty mews of pleasure feeling the brush lightly press up against her sunken in vagina, hidden under her entire body, including over a yard of pubic fat. She bit at her lip feeling the brush leave as soon as it arrived, the entire length of the arm spraying out jets of warm water to clean out the soap. Her body rumbled and vibrated, water dribbling out of her many folds and down the drains. Smaller arms began

to vacuum out the crumbs deep within her jowls and chins, brushing at her fur.

A loud scream of air rushed through her body, hot air flushing its way deep within her rolls, almost lifting up thick sections of fat from the pressure. It only lasted a few seconds, but it still made her ears ring, even when they were pushed against her head by fat. Her furniture soon began to reappear around her room as the robotic arms began to do touch up work, brushing her fur and spot drying any damp areas. Though one area C.A.R.E. always accounted for in Maryl's personal hygiene was the spot deep between her legs.

"CARE!" Maryl mewed out loudly, her breathing deep and heavy, full of need and want from the hot and bothered Aurrolian.

"Yes Maryl?" C.A.R.E. asked, it's masculine voice pronouncing it's words too perfectly, "is there anything I can help you with?" Maryl squirmed in her own blobish form, desperately trying to press her legs together. Unfortunately she was so fat, that her own body has restrained her permanently into a spread eagle pose just to contain as much lard in her body.

"P-pleasure me... pleeeeeassee" Maryl begged, her nether regions starting to moisten and ache. Her face was scrunched up, the dollop of fat that's formed on the top of her muzzle even creating another wrinkle or two.

The A.I. went silent for a moment, leaving Maryl to squirm in her hill sized body before acknowledging her, "activating preprogrammed pleasure protocols." She gasped, feeling the robotic arm crawl between the thick fold between her legs with the custom made dildo on it. Her chest heaved, fat furred breasts shaking from her violent breaths. The dildo barely even touched her pussy before she growled in lust, already put on the very edge

from her mechanically assisted bath. Maryl felt the sweat form on her forehead, already growing exhausted from such basic stimulation.

The dildo penetrated her, causing Maryl to meow loudly, her fingers attempting to grip at her bloated palms. It oscillated back and forth into her vagina, making her body shake and undulate with every thrust. The Aurrolian didn't hold in much as she immediately released her pent up juices, her mouth wide open, pushing into her plethora of thick chins. With her body relaxed, the mechanical arm slowly pulled out the dildo and lightly cleaned the area of cum before retreating back into the floor.

With her mouth agape, gasping for breath, Maryl seemed to sink a bit into her body a bit, like sinking further within a warm blanket. Her eyes were glazed from the exhaustive amount of pleasure and pampering she was getting. And soon, she felt the feeding tube and oxygen assisted nosepiece push up against her face, feeling the pressurized air help her breathe while her mouth was occupied. Maryl's tongue lapped at the tube, tasting the artificial chemicals that the tube was covered with to simulate the taste of chocolate, her favorite.

Her mind floated about with the delicious taste and the comforting taut feeling that was growing in her belly. This allowed her mind to float around a bit, swimming in the comforting pleasures provided by the A.I. Time usually seemed to become nonexistent during these feeding sessions, as pleasure and gluttony took over her mind. She would gnaw at the tube, mostly to give her jaw something to do while her tongue lapped at the flavorings secreted from the tube. It wasn't uncommon for this to last hours, actually several hours was a very reasonable average for the new normal of Aurrolian feeding sessions. Maryl's on the other hand was interrupted.

She felt something warm and furry press up against her belly, such a distraction practically threw her out of her pleasant immersion and almost made her choke on the gruel. What also made her choke was getting an actual taste of what she was eating when the hose was forcefully pulled out for safety reasons, dribbling out the musky tasting slop in her mouth.

“I greatly apologize Maryl” C.A.R.E. said, atmospheric music playing in the background in hopes to calm her wheezing down. Maryl blinked the haze away from her squinting eyes to see what was happening.

It took several seconds for her to figure out what she was looking at, the amorphous mass of purple and blue fur sloshed about in front of her. It finally connected to her that it was another massive Aurrolian being transported. They seemed to be from the room next to her, as the wall to her right and in front of her was lowered into the floor to help move such a massive beast. It was so fat, that Maryl couldn't figure out where exactly it's face was, partially submerged in massive cheeks, overbearing chins, and back fat flopped over the top. Yet, amongst the shaking mass of fur being transported via heavy metal platforms, she saw the glimmer of their eye, she swore they saw her. The unusual color intrigued her, seeing it wobble about in her view as the Aurrolian was transported past her, lightly rubbing their fur onto hers.

It was a very pleasant feeling, something that she hasn't felt in years, the touch of another of her kind. To think that person was living next door and she had no idea that they existed. She racked her mind a bit, going back to the series of events that brought her and the rest of her kind to their current condition.

Their planet was destroyed, an explosion that none of them predicted, all that was left were the ones scattered across other worlds and the densely

populated HOME ships. She lived on HOME 2 for most of her life, only visiting her planet during the rare vacation. How long was it... she was 18 at the time, yes... it happened several months after her birthday. She had a delicious chocolate cake, and remembered a friend playfully rubbing her belly after she had her fourth slice.

It felt like that, the touch of someone else. She wanted to feel that again. Maryl wanted to say something, but she was too in shock before whoever it was was maneuvered past her and the walls began to rise up from the ground once again, containing her in her own digital room.

“CARE” Maryl mewed, “who was that?”

“I’m sorry Maryl, but I’m not allowed to divulge his personal information” C.A.R.E. commented.

“What? But that person *huff* was my neighbor, why can’t you?” she then smirked, noticing the A.I. slipping up, “and what *wheeze* do you mean, ‘his’ personal information?”

“I’m sorry Maryl, but I’m not allowed to divulge their personal information” C.A.R.E. corrected, only receiving an annoyed pout from Maryl.

“Fine” she grumbled, the alien cat attempted to move her limbs, feeling them pinned in position by her fat body. It caused her form to slosh slightly, Maryl felt her core maneuver slightly from the shaking, lost within thousands of pounds of fat. This annoyed her greatly, especially since she remembered being ‘somewhat’ athletic when she was younger. Well, not terribly so, she was still a couch potato back then, but she did take track that one year though.

“I’d like to be *huff* on the internet please.” Silently the A.I. brought the visor over Maryl’s face, and pushed against her folds to get to her ears for her earbuds. She was determined to figure out who her neighbor

was. One might say it was out of boredom, but the fact that Maryl figured out that it was a male got her brain spinning.

“I really like that blue and purple color he had” she thought to herself, “it really compliments his weight. I bet he’s like... over a ton, I swear he’s five hundred pounds bigger than me.”

“What if he’s one of those ‘Swindler’ types, causing useless drama? If he does it might be easy to find him.”

“His fur was so soft... I wonder if it felt like that when he touched me? Oh, dear, did he even NOTICE me! Did he see me?” Her mind fumbled about with these thoughts, quickly looking through her hundreds upon hundreds social media contacts. She looked through the many abstracted avatars of cartoon characters, inanimate objects, screen filling fat faces of other Aurrolians, desperately hoping that there was ‘something’ that might tip her off.

Pokes and inquiries were sent out, getting in contact with whoever still was willing to talk to her. Although some of them diverted to discussing the recent drama, fashion trend, celebrity crush, it mostly went to asking if they’ve been transferred to a new area or if they know someone who has outgrown their room. Unfortunately, it all came back with various examples of ‘no’.

Maryl may have been frustrated, but her curiosity has already been piqued. She quickly began a deeper search, looking through random social media pages, specialty blogs, and other various sites. She didn’t know what she would need to search for, but she just began searching. It initially started on BwoompTube, various people making animations, drawings, fashion blogs, searching for users who had blue and purple fur. While she did find a few of various colors, a green Aurrolian who did good kazoo

covers of video games, a bright pink fashion blogger, and for a second, her heart skipped seeing a blue and purple one. Unfortunately that person was not only much lighter than her former neighbor, but also a female letsplayer.

She continued to search long and hard, trying to keep the image of her former neighbor in mind while the alpha numeric usernames slid past her eyes. Maryl slowly grew more and wearier, even when she allowed C.A.R.E. to feed her when she was doing her internet searches. Still, the Chromatic Furs blog group was the final straw, seeing the many different purple and blue furred Aurrolians on the site, either unresponsive for several days, or not having mentioned being moved.

It had been over a week of constant frantic searching, and over that time her mind fantasized about the blue Aurrolian that had only been in her life for a few seconds. She tried to guess what he sounded like, what he felt like, what he smelled like. Maryl had dreams of him touching her fat bulk with his own sunken in hand, their fur squishing together, his warmth radiating into her. She wanted him badly, she wanted him now, and it saddened her.

Things got worse as time progressed, even the feedings C.A.R.E. gave her did nothing to distract her from him. Even when she was full she begged for more, the A.I. pushing as much gruel into her muzzle as it could without potentially causing her to burst. Soon, drastic measures were required as she asked to be pleased during her feeding sessions. This resulted in the robotic tendrils penetrating her from both ends, Maryl's body violently shaking as she gulped down the gruel as much as she could.

Maryl's mind danced with the image of the purple blob slamming into her rear end, all the while feeling the pleasurable fullness of more and more

gruel. Even after she was spent, she begged the A.I. to keep going, her heavy rolls slapping against each other violently from the thrusting motions underneath her. Still, C.A.R.E. was forced to stop, Maryl literally filled solid with gruel, wheezing heavily from artificial sex, covered in her own juices, from cum to sweat. Her belly stung with how full it was, almost looking somewhat taut even with the feet of fat that covered it.

She remembered being this full when C.A.R.E. finally went slightly haywire. The few months after the destruction of their planet, the Aurrolian colony ships were suffering from a rapidly accelerating obesity epidemic. Even Maryl's young form swelled out to where her thighs would occasionally brush against doors and her gut hung over her crotch to slap at the tops of her thighs. Yet, after the 'accident' where one Aurrolian was almost crushed under a falling forklift, C.A.R.E. fully blew a fuse. At least, that's what everyone says that happened; looking back on the records only show that C.A.R.E. initiated a 'rearrangement in protocol.' All Maryl could remember was finding a tube shoved down her throat and restrained in her room until she couldn't move under her own power.

It kind of felt like for a while now, especially after giving up finding her neighbor, the desperate combination of constant force feeding and pleasure making her already blob like body even more obscenely obese. She felt as if her head was slowly sinking into a cave of her own neck fat, her ears pressed against her own thick head, listening to her body churn with food and lard. Rolls grew thicker; her limbs sinking further into themselves, cleaning sessions growing longer and longer as more surface area was created. She even felt her ass start to push against the back wall of her room, not that she remembered what it looked like anymore in the 13

years she's been immobilized. Maryl's skin even ached, unaccustomed to such a rapid weight gain in the last few weeks.

It was waking up after a long nap from a three hour long pleasure session did she realize that a notification had popped up for her. Even more slothfully than before, she summoned the visor onto her face, feeling her bloated cheeks and back fat pressing up against it considerably more than before.

Violet730: Hey, a friend of mine was talking to one of your friends, and you were apparently looking for someone?

Maryl huffed, her heart constricting, after giving up the search for over a month, was she finally a step closer to finding him?

Orangesicle89: Yeah, a blue and purple Aurrolian, very big, got transferred over a month ago. I saw him as he left, wanted to talk to him, at least get to know my former neighbor a bit more.

Violet730: R U that cute orange Aurrolian?

Orangesicle89: I mean, it's my avatar and all.

Violet730: OH, so that was YOU. I remembered you practically choking when C.A.R.E. accidentally rubbed me up against you during my transfer.

Maryl squealed in excitement, huffing a bit.

Orangesicle89: OMG, IT IS YOU! AND DO YOU REALLY THINK I'M CUTE?

Orangesicle89: Sorry, caps lock.

Violet730: You've been on my mind for a while actually.

Orangesicle89: Really? I can say the same about you.

Violet730: I'm actually super excited about that. My name is Tallo

Orangesicle89: You can call me whatever you want cutie, though Maryl's my real name.

It was love at first IM, the two chatting with each other over the internet for hours upon end, idle admiration slowly turning into lustful flirting. They sent images of each other's massively obese forms, close ups of rolls and even deep within to show off their private areas.

Violet730: I want to touch you so bad

Orangesicle89: Me too. I want you to penetrate me deep. To feel your hot body squeeze against mine.

Violet730: Please, I want to fuck you so badly, not even C.A.R.E. can simulate it, no matter how much it tries.

Orangesicle89: I must meet you in person...

"C.A.R.E. I want to meet Tallo" Maryl spouted out, her visor still sunken against her face.

"I apologize Maryl, but without confirmation from the other party that they wish to meet you also, I am..." the A.I. voice stopped suddenly, a few seconds before continuing, "the other party has requested your visit. Though the reasons for which I must deny. Unassisted natural sexual intercourse is too dangerous, may I suggest artificial insemination?"

“No CARE, I want to do this naturally, I want HIS dick in MY vagina, got it?” she blubbered out, knowing that Tallow was arguing with the A.I. on his side.

“I regret to inform you that such a situation is improbable, even with my careful over watch, there’s too much risk in injury” C.A.R.E. informed her.

“Then I won't procreate” Maryl huffed, if she could cross her arms she would have.

“That’s very ill advisable, as the Aurrolian population is still only at 10% it’s original size, repopulation is mandatory” C.A.R.E. told her.

“I won’t have kids unless I can have sex with Tallo” Maryl whined, turning her head a bit like a petulant child.

“I must warn you it’s danger...”

“Either I fuck Tallo... or no kids... got it?” Maryl said once more, drawing a line in the sand. This elicited a couple of seconds of silence from C.A.R.E. before she felt the floor under her start to move. Her visor and ear buds were pulled, allowing her to watch the far wall slowly lower into the floor. Maryl’s heart beat, feeling her body slowly shake and shudder as she was slowly transported out of her room, a room that she’s never left for 13 years.

The hallway was so alien to her, memories having grown hazy for so long on top of the constant modifications C.A.R.E. has made to the ship. Even with the limited movement of her head, she could see other parts of the ship that she never knew existed. Small robots sped past her, carrying things like parts and containers, the sound of gurgling could be heard through the room as thousands of other Aurrolians consumed with reckless abandon. She even glanced at what looked like an endless pile of

lard through a door lined with official markings, easy to assume that whoever it was an elected official of sorts. She glanced over at a window, seeing around twenty small multicolored blobs in a classroom, obese Aurrolian children being taught, whatever it was, Maryl didn't know or care. Though, one of them saw her and waved, Maryl attempted to wave back, but her paw was wedged firmly into its own fat nub like arms.

The air slowly began to grow cold around Maryl, so much so that it began to make her slightly uncomfortable despite being surrounded by yards of insulating fat. Massive doors began to open in front of her, revealing the awe inspiring cosmos. It was a view that took her breath away, even if it was obscured by her fat face and squinting eyes. Stars twinkled against a black veil, all behind crystal clear glass and thin metallic rods connecting it all

She felt lighter, to the point where she felt that she could very possibly move her limbs, even if it's just a few inches. Her body rose from the platform, and for the first time in years, she felt the air blow against the underside of her ass and belly. A deep purr rumbled through her with this new sensation, her feet ever so slightly wobbling about. It was new to her, floating around in this strange glass dome sticking out of the side of the colony ship, being able to move about in all three dimensions. Though she did feel the A.I.'s robotic hands lightly nudge and push her form, sloshing about for longer periods of time now that it had no ground to hit against. Maryl was like a droplet of water, a massive orange droplet of water, floating through space, careless and free.

The sound of doors caused her ears to perk, now somewhat poking up a bit as the thick lump of back fat that attempted to swallow up her head was rising upwards, free from gravity's pull. Maryl attempted to look

around, and C.A.R.E.'s arms lightly nudged her, causing her spherical form to slowly spin around to look behind her.

There he was, Tallo, a massive blob of purple and blue fur, just like he remembered him, if not a little bit bigger. She watched in awe as he began to get used to the new environment, all his folds readjusting to the lack of gravity. They had an attraction, and not just love, but gravity. The two already began drifting into each other slowly akin to continental drift, their eyes glued to each other, even if it was sunken into their own chins. Maryl felt Tallo's belly press up against her own, and the resulting ripple from their impact. She purred, already feeling the softness of Tallo's fur and his warmth radiating into her.

"This... is beautiful" she wheezed out, observing Tallo's sunken in head, surrounded by thick rings of neck fat.

"And yet, it all pales compared to you" Tallo flirted, a little bit of red seeping into his cheeks.

"Damn *huff* you" Maryl growled, "just fuck me already."

"I was wondering when... you would ask" Tallo huffed out. They both felt the robotic arms slowly start to rotate them away. C.A.R.E.'s electronic mind crunched the numbers, attempting to find a way to get the sexual organs, sunken into yards of furred fat, to fit together. It was all a slow process, as every nudge, budge, and push the robotic arms made sent both of their bodies undulating for over a minute every time. The floating Aurrolians were in constant movement, unhindered by gravity, constantly shaking with their rolls slapping into each other. Neither Maryl or Tallo knew if they were getting closer, or when they were going to penetrate, but they waited in anxiety.

Like two satellites, they began to approach, robotic arms pulling at rolls of fat, exposing Tallo's dick and Maryl's pussy to the cold air. It was with scientific precision, as several tons of wobbling fat glided towards each other for a collision. The anticipation was already making Maryl wet and Tallo hard.

They then made contact, fat folds lightly pushing into each other, causing it all to bounce and shake. Maryl squealed, feeling Tallo's fat dick penetrate her fleshy vagina, the mere impact causing the two to shake and shutter. C.A.R.E.'s robotic arms kept them together, but their soft bodies allowed them to shake back and forth, Tallo practically thrusting his dick into Maryl's wet pussy via his own shaking fat. Maryl gasped as Tallo groaned, their heads almost vanishing within their own fat necks because of the sloshing fat. The more they shook and undulate, the louder their lustful moans became. Sweat began to bead on their fur, flicking off as little droplets in the zero gravity environment. The sound of loud wheezing, huffing, and the slapping of fat was the soundtrack to their pleasure amongst the silence of space.

Tallo let out a loud yell releasing his seed into Maryl, pent up sexual frustration releasing it all at once. Maryl mewed in pleasure, slowly pushing her head back, feeling her pussy being filled; the robotic arms loosen their grip. Tallo, let loose a few more strands of seed spraying under him like a rocket, propelling him slowly away. All the energy in Maryl drained, her own orgasm making her own lips grow moist and supple.

The two floated, getting their chance to gasp for air, watching as their surroundings spun around them in zero gravity. Their bodies shaking out of control, areas getting damp with floating globs of Tallo's own semen.

Maryl enjoyed the afterglow, something that she's been missing from her life for years, a time to just relax and ignore all that was around her. No pleasuring, no information, just peace and tranquility.

"I love you Tallo"

"I love you Maryl"

"Want to do this tomorrow?"

"Fuck yes!"