

The hound more crashed into her home's door than she did walked in. Riley's arrival was a bit like her usual work arrivals that way, with a mech dropping from a ship and crushing everything in its path and underneath it. Only this time it wasn't a thousands of tons of metal machine, it was about seven hundred or so pounds of dog, give or take. Riley smashed right through the door and sent it splintering open, then let out a *HwuurphhHHHHBBB* and stumbled to the counter with her eyes burning from alcohol fumes.

“FUCK. Fuck. .. C-calling me.. say'n m.. Too *fat* to.. the *fuck* even! Like.. w-what, w-*WHURPHHBB*- what.. m'I even.. weigh like what, FIVE extra bullets er somethin..?”

An annoying sound dug into Riley's attention as the wobbling frame of the dog steadied herself as best she could. She was feeling her knees ache and her thighs burn already, and having the buzzing in her ears didn't make the hound's patience *improve* any. Instead, Riley flung her shirt and bra away as she started a laborious waddle toward her fridge and savored the cool air on her body as she did. As for her pants those took a little more effort, and she managed to end up with her phone in her hand in the process which told her where the annoying sound was coming from. It was her handler. Calling. *Again*.

As she reached the fridge, starting to wheeze with every step she took, Riley flung the doors of it open and then allowed herself to sink downward while she answered the call. Her handler's voice was on the other side, but the hound just held the phone near to her prodigious, sprawling ass right before she fully collapsed and let a thundering *VwuuruUUMPHHHBBT*- begin her reply. She ended it by screaming a bit.

“STOP CALLING YOU SHIT. I'M BUSY EATING! If you want t- *hic*- to b.. fuckin.. BOTHER me more bring *beer* and *FOOD* or leave me the f- *UWPHHRH*- uck alone until my next piloting run!”

After that Riley hurled her phone into the same pile as her clothing and turned to the fridge, letting the cool air bathe her sweaty, obese frame as she slowly stopped hurting so much and started catching her breath a bit at a time. With one arm she reached into the fridge to snatch up a few things – lunch meat, a brick of cheese, a jar of pickles and a six pack of beer to go with it. With the other she slammed her fist on a control panel on the wall. Not that she was going to hit anything with precision like this, but the flat smack from a whole hand landing two or three times was what summoned her antigrav chair from the other room.

“Bout t- *Hwurphhb*- time.. Get over h- *hic*- here..”

The hound heaved herself onto her side, biting through a sausage and half a pickle, washing them down with the first of the beers she still had, and then groped clumsily at the chair's arm to yank free a small face mask attached to a hose. Riley took a quick breath from it, a hit of pure cold oxygen from the chair's reserves, then shoved it away when the device tried to lean in and start the process of assisting her in getting off the floor and onto its seat.

“Sc.. sc.. *huff*.. screw th-that.. I'll get off the floor when I'm good and r- *Bwurphhb*- eady. Understand? You just.. fuggin.. float there, and I'll tell you otherwise.”

Sliding slowly down the side of the fridge, Riley was ending up closer and closer to being flat on her back, but she was in close reach of everything she wanted. Everything she needed to breathe, somewhere cool to lie down, and all the food she could want.. for now. Her body jiggled and sloshed a bit when she finally fully settled on the floor, but she *was* comfortable. And drunk enough to talk to the chair, and the empty room.

“See? M'fine. Need to lose weight *my ass*. Just need a bi.. *bigger fridge~*”