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The Snorist Thing Alive

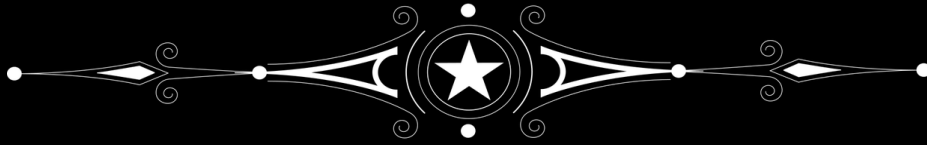
Commission for Kayliik

By

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The following contains: Anthro male hedgehog to Snorlax TF

Read at your own discretion.



"Well, that's certainly an impressive set of balls."

Sonic wasn't sure what to say since he coincidentally had no idea what he was looking at. Resting in a little cushioned box on his best friend's lab table were two mechanical devices of some kind. They were spherical in shape divided by a simple clam opening mechanism in the center. From this center divided the upper portion was colored a bright red while the bottom was left snow white.

"Thanks!" Tails the fox responded not even paying attention to his semi-idol's words. The younger smarter man of the duo was almost hyper fixated on entering data regarding this new project into his computer. Still, even weak praise from Sonic was enough to get his pair of tails wagging. "I got them off an obscure merchant website for real cheap. Apparently, they're called pokeballs and have been used as container devices for capturing monsters."

"Oh!" Sonic's eyebrows shot up. A devious smile spread on his muzzle.

As if sensing the hedgehog's predictable thoughts, Tails turned to him with a defeated frown. "These ones don't actually have monsters in them. That's part of the reason I got them so cheap."

"Oh..." Just like that all genuine interest left Sonic again. "So what are you doing with them?"

"A bit of genetic research, mostly. These still have heavy traces of DNA of the monsters that did inhabit them in the past. Not to mention the way large creatures can be contained in such a small device can prove incredibly useful if I can get it to work on other things like food."

"Yeah? That would make storage pretty easy for everyone." Sonic plucked a ball from its resting place. Attempts to pry it open resulted in a frustrated hedgehog. "How do these things even work?"

"Oh, it has a laser import system that converts matter into data. I think it's housed in the little button on the front."

"What!?" Sonic looked at his finger firmly pressing the pokeballs button wishing tails had said that twenty seconds earlier.

The ball instantly began buzzing, igniting a lot of the hedgehogs reflexive survival instincts. But even the fastest thing alive could only get so far in throwing the device away in a bolt for the door. A red beam of light fired from the center button and honed in to strike Sonic dead in the back. His head rocked back, muzzle gapping in a silent cry.

There wasn't even time to process what was happening. Red energy encased Sonic's body, which then faded until there was nothing visible of the hedgehog within the bright aura. The Sonic-shaped mass was quickly slurped back up into the ball leaving no trace of the hero. His assaulting pokeball continued to hover in the air for a moment before falling to the lab floor with a soft click.

"Sonic?" Somehow that small noise struck the right nerve in Tails to make him look up from his computer research. Pointed fox ears twitched trying to pick up further noise while he scanned a silent, empty lab. He didn't linger long before shrugging and going back to typing. It wasn't uncommon for Sonic to get bored of the technical details and go for a snack. They always came back eventually for the fun stuff.

He wasn't typing for more than a few minutes when a loud snap broke the silence. The pokeball popped open in a flash of red light that left a dazed and very confused Sonic laying on the floor beside it.

"Oh, hey Sonic." Tails had stood up to peer over the table at the confused hedgehog. "Where'd you go?"

"I...don't know," Sonic said as he slowly stood up. Patting himself down confirmed that some quills got ruffled but nothing was otherwise out of place. "This muckball thing gave me a good jolt and then suddenly nothing. You should have told me those things were active. That was like an outer body experience or something."

"Huh. They shouldn't even be functioning." Tails casually walked around, making Sonic jump when he grabbed at the pokeball. He poked around the insides for a bit before shutting it closed again. "Yup. Circuits are dead. That must have been some power residue or something. You okay?"

"A little frazzled but I think I'll pull through. Remind me not to touch random machines again."

The fox rolled his eyes. "I'll try not to let it happen until the next time."

"Thanks. I'll let you get back to the data...thing."

"Are you sure you're doing alright? Maybe we should give you a quick look over just in case."

"No. No. I'm fine!" It was impossible not to notice Sonic when he got nervous about something. He looked ready to leap out a window just to get away from the pokeball in Tails' hand when they approached. "Think I'd rather just run it off and get a bite to eat."

The fox didn't get a chance to start a reply. In the time it took him to blink there was a whoosh of air, the whirl of rapid moving feet, and Sonic was once again nowhere to be seen. He stared at the lab's front door still swinging violently on its hinges a moment longer before going back to his computer. It might be worth doing a thorough diagnostic on this ball's storage data before calling it a day himself.

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Why did Sonic have to mention food as an excuse? Now all he could think about running home was how nauseatingly hungry he was. Not that a little detour wouldn't be that big a problem. The blue blur made a sharp turn just feet away from touching his doormat and was dashing across the island, reaching his favorite restaurant miles away in a matter of minutes.

"Hi Sonic," said the nasally beaver that almost always seemed to run the register. Not even the abrupt arrival of a new customer ever seemed to phase this guy. "Another order of your usual?"

"Better make it a double." Sonic patted his stomach with a nervous laugh. "I'm feeling extra hungry tonight."

The transaction was completed with barely a hint of emotion from the employee. Time slowed to a worse crawl than usual for Sonic while he waited for the food to be prepared. Attempts to pace around the lobby trying to bely the hunger pains only made them come back with a vengeance in a vicious cycle.

"Order ready for..." The beaver didn't get a chance to finish. Both bags were snatched out of his hands by a blue blur that went around the entire lobby twice before settling on a table.

In those three seconds he'd already devoured one and a half hotdogs. The other half was finished off in several savage bites and washed down with an entire large milkshake. Sonic paused to give out a loud burp before going to town on an entire bag of french fries. A family of walruses sitting in the booth behind him stopped to gawk at the sloppy display suddenly being put on for them. The lobby became filled with sounds of wet smacking lips and tearing wrappers.

None of this phased the beaver cashier, of course. He watched Sonic gorge on six families worth of food with slow blinking eyes virtually void of a soul. Half a minute passed before he got bored and turned to find something to stock. That was when he got nabbed by two gloved hands covered in sauce stains.

Sonic yanked the unexpected man back over until their snouts were scrunched against each other. His own eyes burned with a feral intensity overwhelmed by one basic desire.

"I need more!!"

"O-oh." The beaver paused as if waiting for the hedgehog grappling him to elaborate. When that didn't happen he somehow found the energy to raise a hand. "So, another family meal, or..."

"All of it!" Sonic shook the man with mounting impatience.

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Sonic wasn't sure how he got home, what time it was, or why his living room was a mess of torn food wrappers. All he knew at that moment was that sleeping on a hardwood floor with quills was incredibly uncomfortable.

Not that it stopped him from rolling over and going back to sleep. When the hedgehog was next conscious enough to be aware of it a rhythmic vibration was threatening to shatter his skull. This turned out to be an angry knocking on his door.

"Sonic! You better be in there before my boot finds you."

Now there was a female voice Sonic could recognize anywhere, especially when angry. Unfortunately it didn't want to go away no matter how much he tried going back to sleep. With a groan of frustration, he rolled onto his stomach before starting the tiresome process of rolling onto his feet. Maybe the hedgehog had slept a tad longer than he thought. Everything moved more sluggish than normal. Just the act of balancing upright brought the need to pause for a breath.

Moving around in general wasn't much better. For the first time in possibly years, Sonic the hedgehog didn't even want to think about running. The loud, angry force pounded on his apartment door three more times while he took his sweet time meandering through piles of food trash. Opening the door nearly got a brown furred fist to his face, which stopped an inch short.

"Why on Mobius are you running late now?" Princess Sally Acorn fumed on the doormat. She seemed conflicted at having stopped knocking but eventually decided to lower her hand back to her hip. Seeing several colorful food wrappers stuck in the local heroes' quills did nothing to improve those violent thoughts. "Please tell me you haven't forgotten."

"Uhhh..." Considering he was still half asleep and distracted by a craving for a dozen tacos, it was amazing Sonic realized he was being talked to at all. There was still enough awareness to not openly admit this, although his stunned expression did little to reassure Sally. "H...happy birthday?"

A more observant person could have possibly seen the smoke coming out of Sally's chipmunk ears. "You really...my father's lunch banquet with other Mobian delegates is starting in twelve minutes, you goob! Hurry and get dressed."

"Oh that!" Sonic whirled away from Sally, nearly stumbling over in the process. A little stretching wasn't enough to fix his sense of gravity yet. "Chillax, Sal. You know me. I'll be dressed and over there in two minutes."

That got a royal scoff in reply. Although, Sally's gaze turned a bit more scrutinous watching the hedgehog walk back into his room. There was a wider gait to his movements than usual. "Are you actually okay, Sonic?"

"Never better!" He lied without hesitation. Broadcasting his desire for food and resuming sleep would probably get him a sharper scolding. It was better to act distracted fishing out the single tuxedo he owned and used three times a year.

This was surprisingly helped by the amount of difficulty he had getting it on. Sonic never remembered having trouble getting his feet through the pant legs, only to have everything catch on his hips. Tugging and squeezing his sides made little headway. He had to resort to jumping several until getting gravity to help finally wedge himself in.

Watching Sonic bounce in place like a desperate animal was rare. Sally would have normally found it hysterical. Now, however, such a ridiculous sight helped her finally piece together what seemed so off. The subtle ways the hedgehog's sides squished around the waistband. The gentle jiggling of his edges with each landing. Was that the start of a double chin forming? On the fastest thing alive, of all people?

"Sonic! Are you sure you're..."

"Can't talk now, Sal. That took longer than planned." Sonic zipped past the princess having a much easier time buttoning his formal shirt. It still looked taut at a passing glance, especially around the belly. "I only got forty-three seconds left. Time to wow some nobles for you."

"Yeah, but you're..." There was a snap of the sound barrier being broken, followed by a blast of wind ruffling Sally's hair. She sighed, turning to watch Sonic's front door swing on its hinges. A dust cloud outside made a trail in the general direction of the royal palace. "And you're gone. He could have at least taken me with him."

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After all that Sonic never showed up to the delegation. Far as Sally could tell he didn't show up around the palace in general. His only job had been to stand around and be hero clout for her dad. She should have known that was still asking too much.

Anger turned back into mild concern as the day wore on. Hours of trying to make excuses for the hedgehog's absence, if only for her father's sake, passed with still no sign of him.

"Damn it, Sonic!" Sally peered in through the front windows of his home, finding that dork hadn't opted to come back here either. "This is brazen even for you."

She fished out her phone in the hopes someone in their friend circle could offer up Sonic's location. To her amazement there were already several voicemails from area codes outside the city.

"Hey, princess? This is farmer Mac on the North farmlands. I don't normally call the royal lines directly, but..."

"I'm pretty sure I saw Sonic go running through my fields and..."

"HE'S EATING ALL MY CORN!!"

"And given he's the one that usually handles problems like this, I'm not sure who else to ask for help."

“And if he touches the chickens, I’m blowing his head off!”

The messages played out in generally the same fashion, leaving Sally with a heck of a lot more questions than she wanted to get answered. Not only did Sonic bypass the palace, but apparently made an entire detour to the local producers outside the city.

Things only got progressively weirder after catching a ride out there an hour later. Following the roads out through the farmlands became like following a natural disaster. First it was just broken fences and disturbed animals. Then whole sections of crops were cut right out of the earth leaving sloppy holes in the organized rows. At one point Sally saw a tractor flipped upside down and lodged ten feet off the ground into a haystack.

The fact Sonic was still nowhere to be seen upon reaching the trail of destruction's end remained concerning. A rather large crowd of workers from probably across the county were hanging at the farm gates looking plenty scared or confused.

“Where is he!?” Sally shouted as soon as she got the cab door open.

Her outburst nearly sent the gathered crowd into a panic. It took a few calming techniques she’d learned through delegation before a squirrel farmhand found their sense to answer the initial question.

“I assume you mean the monster that ate my next shipment of turnips in under five minutes. He broke into my barn for a nap and hasn’t been out since. Not even the guards have worked up enough courage to go in there.”

Sally followed their directing finger to his aforementioned barn. It was hard to blame everyone for wanting to keep a minimum safe distance. Seeing the large wooden doors still closed but with a considerable hole rammed through them brought about hesitations of her own. Unfortunately, being part of the ruling body forced her boots to find enough strength to walk forward against baser instincts. Just another day of hating being a princess.

Something was definitely taking an afternoon nap in the large red structure. Assuming the rhythmic grinding noise could be called snoring. The sound alone was enough to drive out the livestock and leave them clustered in fear on the far side of the pasture.

Of the many monsters she expected to find lurking inside the barn, actually seeing Sonic sleeping atop a pile of produce leftovers wasn't on her list. It took a hot minute to even recognize the blue mass using corn husks for a blanket as her old friend. The dim light left a silhouette way too large and...round.

"Sonic!?" She snapped in a frantic whisper. Now that the rush of relief for confirming their friend's safety had come, anger at whatever crazy was going on returned tenfold. Several more calls at increasing volume did little to stir the resting blue mass.

Nor did throwing random debris and farm tools. They bounced off without so much as disrupting the snoring. Sally paced in circles huffing for nearly a minute before getting one final idea that under normal circumstances would have felt incredibly evil on her part.

Not long after, the farmlands tranquil ambience was disrupted by the high shrill of an air horn. That certainly got some results. Sonic's panicked yells roared from inside the barn while he thrashed about, sending compost flying out of the darkness.

"What the hell, Sal? I was having such a good nap."

"Shouldn't that be my line?" Sally retorted from the safety of the broken barn doors. For having just woken up, the voice of the figure shifting around inside sounded heavily fatigued. Still, she could recognize Sonic's tone at a rock concert. "You just ditched my father so you could terrorize the countryside. What has gotten...the heck!?"

The first thing that registered in the chipmunk's angry mind was how tall Sonic's form looked coming towards her. That and the slow, wide gait to their walk did nothing to prepare her for the blob that emerged. It could barely be recognized as her favorite blue hedgehog anymore. His quills were droopy, and somehow shorter than this morning. The hands he used to block the sunlight in his squinting face were decorated with enormous pearl white claws, with a match set on heavy feet that had burst out of the dress shoes he'd put on before leaving home.

And much like said feet, there was the fact everything about the hedgehog had grown larger. Pants were ripped in several places along elephant like legs, leading to a backside bulging two enormous cheeks out a split down the middle seam. All the buttons down the front of his formal shirt were straining puckered trying to hold back a sagging beanbag of a gut. Its sleeves had already torn into several streamers hanging off the shoulders thanks to his biceps girth.

"What?" Sonic said once his vision cleared enough to see Sally's horrified expression. He didn't even seem to care he was over two feet taller than her and craning over a thick fatty chest to make eye contact.

"S-sonic!? You're...FAT!!"

"Huh?" The hedgehog blinked. Even his face looked flatter. Like someone had grabbed his cheeks and stretched in opposite directions. It left this permanent aura of being tired, despite a shorter muzzle curling into a smirk. "No I'm not. Check this out."

He threw both his arms into the air while twisting body back and forth so Sally could catch all sides of it. Pretty all the distant onlooking farmers and the princess wished he hadn't. There was a symphony of loud tears, snaps, and popping as his attempt at stretching showed off the complete destruction of his clothes. All the shirt buttons exploded off in an assault on Sally's face moments before the shirt itself tore off his back. A few hard jiggles from his hips were all it took for his pants to meet their demise.

Now free from the oppressing constraints of clothing, Sonic looked even more obese than ever. Everything fell in one hard sag, rounding out his waistline until it looked ready to merge with his belly. It made his legs look short and stumpy by comparison.

“Um...” Or maybe his legs actually were shorter now, along with his arms. Sally bit her lower lip struggling to regain any sense of what she was witnessing. “N-never mind! We should get you to a doctor.”

“Why? I feel fine.” Sonic paused to let out a big yawn. Could his mouth always open that wide? “I’m just a bit hungry is all.”

“Sonic! Please!” Sally was ready to blast the air horn again when the lumbering fat hog began eyeing his pile of consumed produce for any leftovers. Thankfully, that snapped his attention back onto her. “Just real quick. We can make a stop for burgers afterwards.”

One didn’t need to be a royal diplomat to know she’d hit the magic spot with that offer. Sonic jumped to attention with clear drool glinting in the sunlight. “Hot damn. Why didn’t you lead with that? I’ll be there and back in no time.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t...”

But Sonic had already broken into a run across the farmland towards the road. An Act that had Sally turning away too late to not unsee. So much blue fat bouncing, sloshing, wobbling would be stuck in her subconscious thoughts for months to come. She still took it better than the crowd at the gate, who scattered with horrified shouts in every direction seeing a two ton monster stomping towards them.

It wasn’t at the fast pace Sonic had expected. Not even close. The whirl from his feet hitting the ground was replaced by echoing thumps. Landscapes passed so slowly he thought they might have been paintings.

In the end, he didn’t even make it to the gate before collapsing on hands and knees heaving deep breaths. Sweat had developed with such excess that his fur shined with it.

This might have been the first time in Sally’s life she could keep pace at a brisk walk. If only that enormous blue ass didn’t sap all impulse

“You’re not dying on me, right?”

“I’m...fine...Sal...” Every word took several gulps of air to force out. The act of being propped on all fours itself seemed to be taking a heavy toll on the hedgehogs remaining stamina. “I’m just...going to...take...a...power nap. Real quick.”

“Don’t you dare!” Sally ran her free hand over her eyes groaning. Nothing she could say would have stopped Sonic from rolling onto his side, arms bundling up to serve as a fatty pillow for his double chin.

A long, dejected sigh escaped the princess as she made peace with the long day ahead of her. Her other hand raised the airhorn still in its grasp up to Sonic's ear.

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"This is the craziest thing I've ever seen!"

Something told Sonic and Sally that was not the official diagnosis of a professional doctor. Then again, they could understand such confusion at this point.

Getting Sonic back into the city and into a medical clinic for testing had been an exercise on Sally's every last nerve. Just getting him across the farmlands to the road took nearly an hour. Then she spent most of her air horn keeping the fat dingus awake waiting for a flatbed truck to drive them.

"So why the heck is everyone so small, doc?" Sonic blurted out while yawning.

The skunk that'd finished taking Sonic's vitals for the third time looked at Sally. Given all they'd put up with today, the best she could offer was a shrug back. Letting the blue idiot live in their blissful ignorance was less of a headache for the time being.

"It just doesn't make sense," the doctor continued. "Everything has been coming back normal; blood pressure, blood sugar, and no viruses to speak of. Sonic is as healthy as can be."

"Hah! Of course, I am." Sonic meant to flex an 'told you so' at Sally, only it came out as a giant yawn instead.

To be fair, neither were good at impressing the princess. "Right...forgetting the whole size thing going on, why does he look less...hedgehog?"

"If I knew that I wouldn't be working at a walk-in clinic." The doctor passed off some sheets that Sally realized were x-rays. "Muscle mass, fat levels, even his skeletal structure is drastically different from his last exam. I can't explain any of it."

"Probably some Eggman plot again." Sally tossed the disturbing bone pictures aside with a sigh. "Maybe Tails can figure out some kind of-SONIC! What are you doing?"

"Huh?" The fat 'hog looked up from the candy bowl he'd snatched off the doctor's counter in their boredom. Cheeks bulged with excess amounts of hard sugar still in their wrappers. Strings of fake necklaces and lollipop sticks pierced his lips in the brief pause Sally glared up at him. "What? I'm hungry!"

"You can't just eat everything in sight!"

"The children are going to be very disappointed," the doctor added, earning a lethal side glance from his frustrated princess. "We should probably keep Sonic overnight from some blood tests and observation. Whatever is going on with his body may not be over."

"You two are totally nuts." Sonic drummed his belly, which reverberated a lot tighter than expected. It didn't stop him from downing the remaining candy while the doctor fished around in a drawer. "I told you there is nothing wrong with-HOLY!"

An airhorn in the face might have been enough to startle a fattening hedgehog, but there are still some universal things that strike fear into any sentient creature. Seeing the doctor turn around with a needle glinting off light got Sonic bolting upright awake and fully alert. Unfortunately, Sally couldn't even get the first word of her sarcastic comment out before he also turned toward the door and bolted with what could still be considered top speed on those stumpy thick legs.

The resulting explosion knocked Sally and the doctor off their feet. For several seconds all she could understand were the sounds of falling rubble and confused cries throughout the building. When she regained enough sense to sit up, it was greeted with the view of a rounded hole where the door frame had been.

A long with two other holes in the walls beyond leading into the public streets outside.

"Well, he's getting more durable. I'll give him that."

"Holy crap!" The doctor had found his footing with surprising speed. He stood among the broken doorway trailing hands across the edge in horrified disbelief. "Princess. This is a complete disaster."

"For Sonic, the clinic, or the populace in general?"

The doctor stared back at Sally in awkward silence until she relented. She pushed back onto her feet with a heavy sigh, brushing debris from her hair.

"Send the repair bill to my dad. I'll kill that hedgehog for it later."

Ignoring some incoherent sputtering from the doctor, Sally climbed through the new hallway Sonic's gut had paved through the clinic. No sooner did her boots touch the sidewalk again than her phone began ringing.

"Aunt Sally!?" Tail's voice came in such a high pitched screech that Sally had to pull the phone from her ear before getting a greeting out. "This is awful. I can't find Sonic anywhere and I think he's in trouble."

Surprised turned back into glum irritation in record time. Sally looked down the street where it was still evident something huge had bulldozed through several citizens. The front bumper of a car looked like it might have suffered more damage than the idiot they hit. The princess' only reassurance was that no one looked seriously hurt.

"You don't say?" She replied with a calmness that belied the way her face twitched. "And just what do you think is the problem with Sonic now?"

"I'm still running tests, but I'm pretty certain the pokeball he messed with yesterday has somehow infused his DNA with the last pokemon it held. Based on what I'm witnessing with the fur samples, he might end up mutating into a Snorlax."

Sally stared off into the distant road littered with destruction. "Okay...now explain that to someone that has no idea what you're talking about."

"Sorry. Bottom line is that I'm worried Sonic might turn into a monster."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that too much." Sally paused when she heard a crash in the distance. A few startled cries and plume of black smoke two blocks away didn't make her feel much better. "Turning into a monster explains exactly what's been going on today."

For being the smarter one of the friend group, it still took Tails a couple seconds to catch onto Sally's sarcasm. "Wait! Do you mean you're with him now?"

"Not exactly." Another explosion made Sally glance up. Another plume of black smoke seeped into the air a significant distance from the first one. "He won't be too hard to find. Just follow the trail of Armageddon."

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Tails had no idea what to expect, given Sally's ominous choice of wording. All he could really do was drive downtown following her updated texts. He saw the multiple pillars of smoke dotting the skyline before he even got within the city limits. Past that it was trying to veer around panicked masses, and the occasional damaged vehicles.

Everything looked like it'd been rammed into by something incredibly large. One truck had its front caved into a half circle curve. Several walls were smashed into grooves that, if Tails didn't know better, might have been caused by a butt the size of a couch.

And then he rounded the corner to find the mother of all blue blobs fast asleep beside a totaled, and emptied, snack cake truck. The street it'd decided to snooze on had been well quarantined off by police before his arrival. Thankfully some more texting directed Sally around to wave him in for a closer look. Not that he was really thrilled about being near such a sight.

"This is worse than I imagined!" he said upon exiting his car.

Sally looked up at the giant fat creature and blue some stray hair out of her eyes. "I don't know. The fact he stopped for a nap after only demolishing eight restaurants isn't too bad."

"Is this supposed to be Sonic?!"

"What's left of him, maybe." Sally gave an enormous foot-paw thing nearly as big as her torso a kick. That did nothing to disturb the giant things slumbering. "As soon as he passed out from the food coma he just started swelling."

"Argh! That makes too much sense." Ignoring the look Sally gave, the fox whipped out his tablet to go over some notes. "If I'm right about the effect it had on his hairs than the energy we make when resting is accelerating his mutation. It doesn't help that what records I found of Snorlax's document them as doing next to nothing besides eating and sleeping."

"Half the city figured that out hours ago, Tails, honey."

"We need to wake him up before there's no hedgehog left in him. Reversing whatever that pokeball did is getting hard enough already."

"My air horn ran out of gas an hour ago and he didn't even grunt. Got any ideas?"

"Well, we could...um...maybe a big...huh..." Tails blushed under Sally's intense stare. He was more tech smart than improvising on the spot solutions.

"I got a crane coming in," Sally said, checking her phone for updates. "At least we can haul him somewhere to minimize damage."

A shadow passed over the pair of anthros, giving them a familiar presence that left Sally rolling her eyes. The gathered crowd began panicking for whole new reasons.

"Well then! You'll probably have to haul your tails to the morgue when I'm done with you!"

"Goddess fucking damn us all!" Sally's screams were muffled from covering her face with both hands. Over a minute passed with Tails too scared to try poking the princess out of her exasperated state before she finally took a deep breath. Turning round to fix Eggman with a glare was enough to even set the mad doctor off his game. And the man had just landed in a ten-foot war mech. "I know attacks are routine at this point, but this is a really bad day to be doing this!"

"All the more reason to do it. Don't you think?" Eggman twirled his long mustache with that signature laugh. A most annoying sound that got the blue blob's ears twitching. "Although, I am a bit annoyed that someone else decided to start destroying my city ahead of schedule. We can still have some fun before I track them down to make them feel-what the FUCK is that thing!?"

Sally blinked, feeling a looming presence ruffle her hair as Tails gave out a gasp beside her. It was clear before she'd turned around that the beast had awoken, but neither were prepared for a clear view of what was happening to their friend.

Sonic was barely recognizable with how warped his head had become. His quills had receded to the point they looked like messy stubble without style. The skull itself looked like it'd nearly triple its original size. Everything about his features were squashed; from eyes stretched into flat lines to a mouth with barely a hint of a muzzle and only a smidge of a nose visible. Two small fangs poked out in an underbite from a mouth that looked big enough for Tails to stick his whole head inside.

Not that he'd want to.

The body Sonic's head was attached to didn't even resemble a conventional body. Sally felt more like she was staring at a massive orb of furred fat given life. She couldn't even tell where his waist and hips were, if such anatomy still existed under there. Pudgy hams that looked thicker than Sally's body stuck out, seeming to serve as the arms. Granted that was an educated guess, given they just ended in five white claws instead of hands.

The fattened hedgehog-thing thumped forward almost seemingly to ignore its friends entirely. For seemingly lacking any legs, its massive white platforms for paw-feet had an impressive stride. Sally was glad to have yanked Tails out of the way when each impact on the ground left several claw marks and a deep crack in the road.

"Oh hoo! I see you got some new bruiser among your ranks!" An oblivious Eggman laughed again. He seemed to be the only one that failed to notice Sonic's droopy expression twist into the slightest hint of a scowl. Some quick button presses and the mech sprung to life, raising its reinforced arms like a boxer. "Too bad they didn't fill you in about the job hazards. Feel the wrath of Eggman!"

Sonic stood still as a statue the whole time Eggman's mech wound back its left fist. With the large bang of a combustion mechanism it shot forward straight into the thickened wall of fat cream-furry stomach. Even Sally had to cover her mouth in horror while Tails looked away from the attack.

WHUMP!!

The hit was so strong that the nearby mobians could feel its wind. Sonic's front pushed in nearly a foot of compressing lard, with ripples cascading across the rest of his front.

And yet the more snorlax than hedgehog didn't budge an inch, much less react to Eggman's attack. His jostling boulder of a torso gently settled back into sagging shape, pushing the mech a few inches back across the asphalt instead.

"Um..." Any sense of dramatic flare died in Eggman's stunned confusion. "My wrath might need a bit more time to charge. I don't suppose you could...?"

"Hrmp!" Sonic grunted in response. Both vaguely hand-shaped claws lashed out to grip the arm still connecting him to the machine. Eggman was given just enough time to raise a finger in silent objection and then the mech was tossed with such force it zoomed high above the skylines towards the horizon. Panicked screams from a flailing mad scientist faded out with its eventual disappearance.

"Well, at least Sonic isn't bloating up with all fat." Sally peered in the direction Eggman had been hurled, unable to see so much as a spec in the sky. A brief movement from Sonic almost had her jumping back until she realized the big lump was scratching his stomach where it'd been hit.

“In any case, we better get him to my lab while he’s awake,” Tails said. “Another power nap like that and he’s as good as...”

THUMP!!

Sonic had flopped face first into the street, creating a shockwave that sent car alarms blaring for blocks around. Somehow, not even that prevented him from napping inside the large crackling creator his belly had created.

“And he’s asleep...again...” Sally continued for the stupefied fox. She sighed, ignoring Tails’ frantic attempts to slap Sonic awake to check her phone. “Where the hell is that flatbed I ordered?”

*

Tails signed off the order form, barely having the energy to give his regular delivery beaver a parting word anymore. He took one look at the eight crates of various food items before dragging his limp tails back inside the lab. Thunderous snoring from the far corner had become white noise at this point. It didn’t even bother the few occasions he could fall asleep too.

No sooner did he get into his chair than a soft ringing alerted him to a Discord call.

“Tails?” Sally’s webcam image popped into the usual window. The princess looked even less royal than usual with uncombed hair and crumbs of food on her fur. “I’m guessing no cure progress again?”

The fox looked over at the giant Snorlax taking a significant amount of his living space and back to Sally. It had become a hard sell to convince anyone else that the living couch of fat used to be the world’s greatest hero. “Sixth week in a row and still all simulations come back negative. I’m running out of clothes to find hedgehog hair samples from to boot.”

“He didn’t wear much to begin with. Is Sonic at least staying out of trouble?”

That got a deflated laugh out of the fox. “Only in that he wakes up every week to eat a buffet’s worth of food before going back to my corner to sleep.”

“Mmh.” He could see the same fatigue trying to bring down Sally as well. At least her smile managed to look convincing. “You should get some rest. Sooner or later my guys will find that bastard that sold those pokeballs, but if anyone can reverse this, it’s definitely you.”

“You might want to get a few winks yourself, aunt Sally.”

They stared at each other in smirking silence for a while until Tails found the strength to disconnect. His eyes drifted to one of the aforementioned balls sitting on his desk. The one that’d zapped Sonic and started this month-long disaster had been torn

apart with meticulous detail. Even that had done little to help him figure out what possible process could rewrite someone's DNA.

"Useless trash!" Frustration had built to a head in Tails' dreary state. With a rush of strength fueled by anger, he grabbed the ball and chucked it across the room. It crashed into the far wall with a satisfying thunk that sent a couple hanging pictures shattering to the floor with it. "You were the worst waste of money I ever made."

He was about to turn back to his computer and try a new set of calculations, but a familiar, high-pitched ding made his blood run cold. Looking back at the Pokeball, he was mortified to see its single front button had started to glow red. A low hum of energy building from within rang like sirens in his folded ears.

"Oh no..." were the last words Tails managed to get out before the red energy beam fired directly into his chest ruff.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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