

Good evening to all the Phantoms reading this tonight, as well as those who are simply along for the ride.

I would like to, if I may, take you on a strange journey. In the spirit of the source material—that's the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* and *Shock Treatment*—and as an added challenge to myself, I have included several audience participation keywords littered throughout.

For those of you that don't enjoy this sort of thing, you are free to ignore them! They shouldn't impede your ability to read these pieces whatsoever. But, if you're a fan of the Rocky Horror franchise and want to get in the spirit, then keep a lookout for these phrases, color-coordinated throughout the passages.

You are encouraged to shout these into your phone, laptop, or screen otherwise as you read this story, but you are allowed to simply exhale sharply through your nose as you follow along silently in the dark.

This is all in good fun, of course! You read my story how you most enjoy it. I'm not the boss of you. To keep it short and simple;

When you see...

- Master.....shout "bater"
- Brad.....shout "Asshole"
- Janet.....shout "Slut"
- Five consecutive F words ..... "oh fuck off!"
- A Rocky Horror Lyric/Reference .....call Bobo a hack, or otherwise insult his writing ability.

Various other callouts will be present throughout the story. Should you prefer, you are encouraged to come up with your own if those provided don't make the experience as fun for you reading this as it did for me while I was writing this.

This sheet will be included with every chapter, just in case you forget and don't want to dig the previous chapter out of your "homework" folder.

Xoxo,  
Bobo the Hobo.



"Well it's about time you got your skinny behind my way."

The dulcet nasal tones of the resident redhead of the Master's Castle pierced through Riff-Raff's eardrums like nails on a chubby chalkboard. She had snatched the first of the three bags from his thin, wiry fingers and struggled to look past her own ampleness to see if they'd managed to get her part of the order right.

(you did WHAT to his galoot?!)

"It's getting harder and harder to keep my energy up when I'm duffering this galoot."

Columbia snatched a chubby white thumb back to the high-bellied blob that used to be Brad Majors. Legs out so that his vast milky stomach could flow effortlessly between his fat, useless legs. No matter how much bigger he became than the average man, that shy sort of look that he had about him never quite went away. Though he was far too lazy for skittishness, Brad was very much the overfed housecat to Columbia's adoring owner these days—docile, unless spooked.

"You didn't happen to bring me—"

"Yes, Mister Majors, I remembered to order you extra chicken nuggets."

"Much appreciated, friend." (Nuggies not tendies?! REEEEEEEEE)

Brad's round, egg-shaped countenance dimpled along the jowl-line as he struggled to move his hammy arms forward, past his monumental boy breasts, and claim his prize as it was delivered by the most mobile of the Master's servant's. Behind his thick-rimmed glasses, Brad's squinting eyes twinkled with an almost carnal sort of delight as he readied his first bucket of fried chicken by nestling it between his upper arm and chest.

"Boy, this Farley fella's food sure feels..."

"Fabulous?" Columbia's rusty red eyebrow piqued flirtatiously as she hefted up a handful of Brad's boy blubber, "You're looking pretty good yourself there, Majors." (Don't lie, Columbia)

"Cuh... Columbia please." Brad would have sheepishly cleared his throat had it not been for the fact that his mouth was already full of fast food that would surely fatten him further, "Our friend here surely doesn't want to feel uncomfortable."

"I know what ol' Raffy likes." Columbia stated incorrectly as she silenced his pleas with a squeeze of stomach flab, "Besides, you know what watching you eat does to me..."

Watching was clearly not all that the bottom-heavy groupie had been doing. Packed into a glitzy, gold and black brassiere that holstered her shoulder boulders and made an attempt at sheathing her upper tier of stomach, Columbia's attire down below was similarly outclassed as a glorified thong that used to be a pair of boy shorts. Her chubby white feet, attached to thick cankles that threatened to begin rolling over the tops of

her arches, kicked excitedly as she climbed Mt. Majors with all of the grace and dexterity of a toddling piglet that was particularly proficient at playing sherpa.

“N-Now hang on a second—”

“Ah ah.” Columbia smiled greedily down at her humongous boytoy, a third chin beginning to roll out from underneath her disheveled jawline any day now, “First and Foremost, Fast Food.” *(First and Foremost, Farley Fucks Fat Females!)*

Pressing the exposed pillowy mass of her meaty middle against Brad's big belly, Columbia chuckled thickly as she hand-fed her pet and personal project poultry pieces. As he obediently and wantingly opened his mouth in anticipation for the most important meal of the day—breakfast was an all-afternoon event these days, after all...

“Fatty.” *(Does that count?!)*

Columbia winked, her fifth F falling flirtatiously forward as she crinkled her nose.

*(Don't you mean cumming?!)*  
“I... should be going, then.” Riff-Raff cleared his throat uncomfortably, “Many more deliveries to make.”

“Take your time.” Columbia's eye contact did not break with Brad's as she pushed a plump finger forward to nudge Brad back into his daily routine of indulgence, “Lunch is just a few hours away—don't hurt yourself.”

“I could say very much the same to you.” Riff Raff bowed slightly, “*And erm... please make sure not to fall, Columbia.*”