

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/Referencecall 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.



Offering One: Don't Get Strung Out

The sight of their Transylvanian tower poking out of the Ohio landscape had never been more depressing than it had been since the days of the New Arrivals.

The **Master** wasn't much of a man without the light of day. And the times that Riff Raff or his sister Magenta had seen the Earth sun since they landed could have been counted on one hand as it was. With the introduction of Dr. Frankenfurter's new toys the chances of them conducting business before as early as 5pm had gone down to absolutely zero.

They'd been getting so many deliveries from that Farley Foods company in the days that had passed. The introduction of cheap, deliverable foodstuffs from this dirt planet had been all the excuse that the **Master** and his subjects had needed to add yet another sin to the pile of decadence that had enslaved them all. Any hopes of getting back to the inky black void of the Night's Plutonian Shore that engulfed so much of his memory of the now distant Transylvania were being dashed more quickly than plastic buttons being shot across the room.

"I may as well be the damn Candyman now..." (Say it in a mirror, jackass!)

The spindly shell of a man, with his white skin and hunched back, was perhaps too gaunt in the first place. But after the introduction of delivered foodstuffs to the diets of the castle's residents, the slight pot he had developed from the singular temptation of convenience did not bother him as much as it would have most. Compared to some of the morsels that the **Master** kept for himself, his not immodest amount of front bumper tucked into what had been the latest in a slowly growing pair of outgrown trousers.

At the rate he was going, he would fit in with the typical townsfolk of Denton, USA well enough within the next five years or so. (TEN TON, USA?!)

(try Uber Eats!)

"This... *gruel* being dashed to our doorstep is the epitome of all that is wrong with Earth society." Riff-Raff said aloud, rummaging through the first of many bags to see if they had remembered to include barbecue sauce with his small portion of this drivel, "At least the Earthlings had a purpose when we could get them to go into town for us."

Shaking his head, long blond locks rustling in the gentle October breeze as he bent over to pick up the semi-opaque bags emblazoned with the **Five Fs of Farley's Foods**. Riff Raff let out a little grunt that hadn't been there before they landed on this blasted planet as he hoisted up four of the ten or so bags that had been dropped off.

"Come to think of it, making these rounds is perhaps what is keeping me as svelte as I am in the first place..." (Da Nile's in Egypt, fatty!)

While finding a whole new sort of fun to be left out of during the **Master's** escapades had not been fun, he would admit to being more grateful for the Residents of the Castle and their rapidly lessening habit for breaking out into song and dance...



"Welcome back Brother."

Doing the traditional greeting between their kind had become so much more difficult as his beloved sister had begun to expand outward so fiercely. Magenta's frizzy mop of auburn hair now framed two white hams of cheeks that grew pink with the exertion of standing on her toes. Her physique, especially plain in the light of the sights that had been seen during its expansion, was more akin to an especially packed sausage than that of the sister that he had grown to love so dearly over the years.

"Did you remember the barbecue sauce?"

"Of course, Sister."

Magenta had gotten fat much the same as everyone else in the Castle. Though her life of servitude in light of the **Master's** descent into depravity was no less active in theory than her brother's, Magenta had learned to excel and revel in the ways of the **Fans of Farley's Fabulously Fattening Food** more covertly, and behind her brother's back. Not that she was especially good at hiding it—Magenta's packed sausage physique was outweighed easily by her brother's apathy.

"Ahhh, come to mama~!" *(With pleasure!)*

Magenta's plump white arm's bore the fruit of **Farley's Fabulous Fried Fricken Fowl**, holding the red and white striped box close to her breast like it were her own brother. Out came her sausage fingers with a sandwich the size of most men's hands, brought to plump red lips that were absolutely damp **with anticipation**. She took a hungry bite, red lipstick smearing just a smidge over the bun as Magenta ogled over her feast.

"Do keep in mind, Sister, that we have *guests* over?"

"When you have known zhem such as I, you would not call zhem guests."

"Don't remind me." *(Virgin!)*

Something about the **Master's** ways seemed so infectious to lesser minds. Until only recently he had considered his sister to be his equal in every way. But as she ballooned outwards, it became rapidly clear that he was the only one dedicated to the cause of getting home.

But seeing her happy did please him in some small way. *(size doesn't matter!)*

"Do you need any help getting the rest ov ze orders?" Magenta asked in her husky, lilting tone as she glanced at the four bags that Riff-Raff had brought in

"No, Dear Sister, you just... rest."

He had known she didn't want to get up. The less parties that were thrown as the crowd thinned in the wake of a new breed of madness, the less there was need for a "butler" or "maid" in the Castle. Things could only get so dusty when your charges didn't like to go up or down stairs, and that same sort of laziness had clearly affected Magenta's judgement.

"I was going to anyway." Magenta chuckled, "After you deliver, come sit—we can eat together."

A saucy, shadowed wink from his sister followed another throaty chuckle as Riff-Raff raised an eyebrow in curious arousal.

"Can we sit closely?"

"I can't wait for very much longer."

"I've got to..." Riff Raff cleared his throat, "...keep control."

He remembered that the rest of the Castle's residents weren't as forgiving for tardiness as his sister could be...