

“She looks like a model.” A woman snickered with her friend on the street.

“I know. There’s no way she’s that girl’s mother. Probably some mistress.” The other woman snickered.

“Not a mistress, bet she’s a homewrecker. Came in and muscled out the real mother.” Both women continued their gossip before leaving earshot.

Yor always did her best as a mother, but the feeling of inadequacy never really left her. Her entire life in Ostania had been spent doing the exact opposite of caregiving. Those insecurities were drilled home by the gossiping moms on the street, women for whom motherhood came naturally. Today, she was especially self-reflective, those gossiping words sitting in her mind longer than she’d cared for.

*How can they tell I’m not Anya’s mother? What about me is so conspicuous?*

To anyone the answer would be obvious; Yor and Anya looked nothing alike. They had different hair, different eyes, and different faces. To Yor, though; the answer wasn’t quite so striking, so her ditzzy mind wandered down the wrong path. Passing by a shop window is when the first thorn of inspiration stuck her; she didn’t look like a mother. Yor was a slender, statuesque model of a woman. Despite her attempts to look homely, wearing a loose red sweater did little to hide her body. She had a very slender torso, with an above-average bust that filled out her generous sweater. Her thighs and hips were wide, but not the kind of wide you get from childbearing. Her body was toned and forged in the fires of her life as an assassin. Underneath her soft exterior sat muscles of iron and bones of steel.

Yor looked from the reflection to the women that had just been gossiping about her; they had bodies she’d describe as motherly. They had soft, doughy middles, comforting and plush; bellies that hung down over their waistbands like an apron. Their hips and thighs were a pear-shaped curve that barely fit in their chosen pants. They also had enormous backsides, rear ends that were like avalanches of blubber. Everything about them was soft and inviting. Yor looked at herself in the window reflection again, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. She let her gaze wander across her body, only meeting her red eyes for a second as her imagination wandered. She thought of herself with that same plush body, how much more inviting she would be.

A streak of pink rapidly filled Yor’s cheeks as she realized that the shop window wasn’t as reflective as she thought. She had been locking eyes with some confused shop clerk for the past five minutes. She gave a short and embarrassed bow before bolting down the street. It was obvious that she couldn’t visit that shop again this week; it would be too awkward.

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Yor returned home in a flash, closing the door to their spacious apartment. She wasn't sure how long she'd been running, but she knew it was almost time for Anya and Loid to return home. She did her best to get the apartment in a tidy condition, but she still couldn't shake those thoughts from her head. Even after Anya's showtime and Loid's amazing dinner, she still wondered what things would be different if she gained weight. The thoughts were pervasive enough that she couldn't help but blurt it out when relaxing on the couch.

"Do you think I'd look better with a more motherly figure?" Yor looked up at Loid from his lap; she stared into his soul with red doe eyes.

Loid was taken aback by the question; he was experienced enough to know that a woman asking about her appearance was a romantic minefield. A single misstep would lead to an explosion that could change the course of the evening. Loid instinctively went into agent mode, dissecting the reason for the question. He couldn't remain silent for too long, lest Yor get suspicious and believe his answer a lie. Loid immediately flashed back to the start of their relationship and the rumors surrounding her.

"I think you're motherly enough already. What brought this up?" He reciprocated her gaze, running a finger through her hair.

"Nothing really. It's nothing. Just those women at the boutique today were gossiping again. I just, I just want to be a good mother." Tears were starting to form in the corner of Yor's eyes.

"Hey. You've got a little girl in there who thinks you're the best mom in the world. I think she's the real judge of who a good mom is." Loid rested a finger on Yor's cheek.

Yor smiled up at him, realizing that she had been rather foolish with this whole line of thinking. The two basked in each other's company until the hour grew late. Loid was the first one to stretch and yawn from fatigue.

"I need to turn in. You coming with?" Loid stretched his arms out as Yor lifted herself from his lap.

"I've got some reading to do, and I want to get some night air. I'll catch up." Yor gave her husband a cheerful wave as he wandered to the bedroom.

"Alright then. Don't be too late; I've got a trip tomorrow so you'll be taking Anya to school." Loid gave her a kiss on the cheek before retreating to the bedroom.

Yor rose from the couch and began some light stretching before her nightly exercise. The exercise was a white lie she told Loid; in truth she needed to sneak out to fulfill a duty. She was an assassin by night, the most infamous and successful assassin in all of Ostania. She was

the Thorn Princess, and tonight she would take a life. She limbered up and left through the door, heading towards the dead drop with her instructions.

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Yor had her instructions memorized and her parameters set, but tonight was an odd case. Normally she was allowed to leave her targets where she slew them, placing them as a sort of calling card. Tonight was special; she had been given very specific instructions and tools. She was to do this assassination without weapons, without being seen, but most importantly, no body. Nobody could see what happened to the target at all, which was made more difficult by the target itself. Yor was being tasked to assassinate Leah Arge, an outspoken pop idol from overseas. Leah had been vocal about her displeasure with Ostanian politics and had gained a very large following overseas. Garden believed her to be a disruptive element, and the government had as well.

Leah album purchases were intensely monitored and heavily censored; purchasers sometimes vanished without a trace. So when Leah herself went against everyone's advice and traveled to the country for a concert tour, Garden took action. Yor was being sent into the most heavily monitored building in all of the country. The monitoring didn't come from government officials and security alone; paparazzi swarmed the place. The scenario was far from the oddest, though; Yor was accustomed to impossible tasks. The thing that struck her as odd was the tools for the missions. Inside of her mission debriefing was an odd vial of green liquid. It felt heavy and hot in her palm, but the instructions told her to drink it before infiltration. She looked at the position of the stars, tracing their movements like a clock. Their position was set and the time had come. Yor downed the vial in a single gulp before leaving her perch.

Yor's normal ditzzy demeanor vanished when she was on a mission, it was a switch that unconsciously flipped. The training and methods were etched into her body so deep that entering the mission area made her a person. She blitzed across the rooftop, fast as lightning and silent as the wind. The only evidence of her passing was the gust blowing the coats of the paparazzi trying to sneak a picture of Leah. She was already blitzing down the utility stairs, flipping over rails and catching the next as she plummeted from floor to floor. Yor knew the sequence of events; in four minutes the power would go out. She needed to get to Leah's floor in four minutes, take her out, and then leave before the lights came back on.

She held her advance at the entrance to Leah's floor, putting an ear to the doorway. She could hear seven guards stationed at every door, including the one she was behind. She memorized their placements and their weaponry and, in the scant few seconds before blackout, their pecking order. She held her breath, her muscles tensed and the world went dark. Like a shadow, she flitted through the door, opening and closing it without a sound. Her gait was so controlled that her footsteps never registered on the carpet, she was sailing through the air. In those moments of blackout, she was inside of Leah's room. Yor gave pause when she saw her target; Leah Arge was more than just a stage name. Leah was absolutely huge.

In the shadows she could see Leah's outline; she was the fattest woman Yor had ever seen. She had a stomach like a blimp, an ass like a sofa and breasts larger than her head. Yor didn't have time to assess the logistics of the situation; the power would be back in thirty seconds. Yor leapt forward on instinct; she was ready to strike with her blades, but she never drew them. She felt an odd, clamoring hunger deep within her body. She was within breathing distance of Leah, when her mouth opened of its own accord. Yor's mouth stretched wide like a snake's, her jaw clicking as it unhinged. She wrapped her lips around Leah's head, tilting the woman up with sheer brawn. Leah thrashed and screamed as she sank down Yor's throat, the assassin's body perfectly muffling the commotion. Yor's throat bulged and contorted around her prey, her choker snapping from the distorted girth.

Yor grabbed Leah by her meaty haunches, shoving the target down her gullet. Yor's stomach ballooned in size, her dress stretching to try and accommodate the load. Her belly bloated and swelled as Leah made her trip into Yor's stomach acid. Yor worked with mechanical precision, her lips curling over Leah's generous backside and bulging belly. Leah's jiggling form thrashed uselessly against Yor's inside, the strikes causing uncomfortable bulges on the stomach's surface. Yor was unfazed; she continued with her task until the target was gone. Her belly bursting out of her dress like an ivory blimp. Yor had to cradle the heavy stomach in her arms as she disposed of the rest of the goods. Once again her body moved in unusual ways, snatching up Leah's belongings and shoving them down her gullet.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye, in less than a minute Yor had entered, eaten and left. She was already on the neighboring roof by the time the power came back. To a passerby she was invisible, quick as a blink, but she could feel how sluggish she was. Her body was carrying the weight of a person who weighed as much as three. Her gait had gotten ponderous and clumsy, you could almost hear her footsteps as she escaped the block. The further she got from the crime scene, the more her mission persona faded. The lack of seriousness was causing a new feeling to overwhelm her: satisfaction. She finally got to experience the fullness of pregnancy. It was in an unconventional manner, but she could experience it.

***Grlll***

Tor felt a lurch in her stomach, the swelling of gas bubbles from dissolving fat and muscle. Her already bloated stomach swelled with gas, the lumpy curves becoming even and smooth. Her belly expanded like a boulder, resting on the rooftop as its colossal weight settled. The swelling didn't stop, the pressure grew and grew as gas surged through her body. She felt a wind pushing at her chimney and her back door, tempting her to do something unladylike. Yor had just finished re-clicking her jaw before it was forced open by a new pressure.

***Oooouurrrrrrrpp***

***Pbbffffffffffttt***

A thunderous belch and trumpeting fart escaped from her body, the gas venting from both ends. Yor blushed at her conspicuous expulsions; such noise was going to draw way too much attention. She leapt across the rooftops towards home, every leap eliciting another fart and belch. Every step she took was another couple inches on her waistline, the gas inside of her churning with her digestion. Normally it would take a couple of days for a human to process another human, but the serum changed that. Yor's body was already breaking Leah down, and by the time she'd reached home, her belly was a malleable blimp.

Yor slipped through the doorway with great difficulty, her massive stomach getting stuck in the doorway as she entered. Her stomach groaned and gurgled like an animal as she forced it through the doorway. For the first time in a long while, she was feeling genuine fatigue. A heaviness was coming over her eyes as she collapsed onto the couch. Her legs spread apart as her bubbling gut rested on the floor. She wasn't in a state to really ponder anything, but there was a nagging feeling in the back of her head. She was questioning how she did the things that she did, how she managed to swallow a person whole. These were questions for a morning Yor; now was the time for sleepy Yor. She at least had the wherewithal to stash her Thorn Princess dress in its hiding place. She was currently draped in a haphazard amalgam of sleeping clothes. Her gut hung out from under her shirt like a large balloon, her pants barely up to her waist. Yor managed to doze off all the same, and while her sleep was peaceful, her stomach was not.

***Gg!g!g!***

During her slumber, though, a change was taking place in her body, a change most wondrous. The serum she had taken increased her metabolism, so when an incredibly fatty meal was digested, that fat needed to go somewhere. It slowly dispersed throughout her form, growing assets as her stomach shrank. Her assets weren't the only thing growing: she was growing in height as well. Slowly but surely, she inched upward in height. Her body churned as she digested, both ends expelling noisy gas throughout the night. Her body's changes were gradual, and she wouldn't be done until the morning.

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Loid's alarm clock went off with the usual fanfare, his sleep-addled mind reaching across the bed to turn it off. He found a surprising lack of resistance; normally he had to reach past Yor to turn off the buzzer, but she was noticeably absent this morning. His mind raced through numerous possibilities: was she kidnapped, did she get lost, or did she leave? All wild scenarios, but things that a seasoned spy must be ready for, or at least that's what he told himself. The worry in his heart was born of a concern for Yor that he wasn't fully ready to admit. Instead he tried to mask it under mission-based thinking; he still couldn't shake the anxiety in his heart. He was about to leap from bed and rush out the door to find her. Before he could, though, he was greeted by a sound.

***Knock knock knock***

“Papa.” The familiar voice of his daughter Anya called from between the knocks.

### ***Knock Knock knock***

Loid kept his demeanor steady as he opened the door; the frightened Anya clung to his leg. Her eyes looked up at him with that particular childhood fear.

“Papa! Mama’s turning into a bear.” Anya pointed down the hall towards the living room.

Loid looked at his daughter with dumbfounded confusion; kids often say nonsensical things, but there was always something to ground them. So when Loid heard Anya talk about a bear, he only assumed Yor was grumpy.

### ***Grllllll***

The growl that came from the living room was enough to sway his opinion, though. It was a low and hollow growl, like an animal in their den; maybe Anya was right about the bear. When he peeked his head out of the doorway, he was greeted by more low growls. The morning was surprisingly dark, like the sun was covered by clouds. His eyes slowly adjusted to the dark as he stepped closer to the living room. Anya was shaking her head in fright, trying to pull at his pant leg. In her mind she must be saving him from some gruesome bear-based fate, but he had tussled with wild animals before. He stepped through that shadowy threshold, the growls being intercut with gurgles as he got closer.

### ***Oouuurrrrp***

Loid’s hair was blasted back by a belch so thunderously inhuman that he thought a bomb went off. When his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he was proven quite wrong; a bomb did go off, just it was a gas bomb. A gas bomb that had been, and was still being, produced inside of his wife’s enlarged body. He knew why Anya thought Yor was becoming a bear; overnight she had ballooned in size. Her once trim stomach had ballooned with dough and blubber. The underside of her stomach crept out from her sweater like a dewdrop. The pale curve jiggled with her breathing. Her soft abdomen was like a pillow of flesh under her overly tight sweater. Her belly curved into a potbelly, that drew Loid’s eyes lower.

Yor’s hips had flared out tremendously since Loid had last seen her; her hips now stuck out past her shoulders. Fat had piled on to her thighs into an exaggerated pear-shaped curve. Those hips were so plush that they were bursting out of the side of her pants. The fabric parted around the curves, and small bubbles of skin poked through the holes. This was only amplified by the sheer girth of her thighs; those thick cones were like tree trunks. Each of her thighs was as big as his waist; she had become a very soft woman overnight. There was something else about her appearance that really nagged at him.

It wasn't her expanded bust; her breasts were already decently sized. The thing about her appearance that stood out was the sudden increase in height. She was usually a head or so shorter than him, but even from a distance he could tell she had grown. Loid got closer to his enormous wife and became fully aware of the size difference between them. She was a behemoth of a woman. Loid reached out to try and wake her up, but his hand wasn't able to fully close around her; his hand looked like a child's on her shoulder. He gave her a light shake, hoping she was still awake.

***Pbbbbffttt***

Yor slowly opened her eyes, the light jostling, shaking some gas loose from her backside. Loid shook her again, and another rumbling fart broke from her backside. Finally she bolted awake at that last hard shake, her eyes bolting open as she looked at her family. Yor shot to her feet, the apartment shaking as she put her full weight onto the ground. Standing revealed just how massive she actually was; she towered over Loid. At her new height, he only came up to her chest, leaving him eye level with her bouncing bosom.

"Oh. Did I oversleep? Morning. Honey." Yor wasn't entirely sure why her husband and daughter were so concerned.

"No. We are just a bit early. You weren't in bed this morning, so I was worried." Loid looked up at his wife with a bit of concern.

"Oh. I was just so tired after my walk last night, that I fell asleep on the couch." Yor's lie wasn't entirely a lie, just a stretch of the truth.

"Is that all that happened last night?" Loid cocked his eye at Yor's question.

"Yeah?" Yor was really confused, Loid wasn't usually the suspicious type.

Before Loid could answer, a small glimmer of sunlight shone through the living room window. That ray illuminated the room enough for Yor to see her reflection in the varnish of the coffee table. It took her a second to recognize it as her own, but then it sank in. Somehow, overnight she had ballooned to ludicrous sizes.

"**Yeeeeeeee** I'M HUGE! WHAT HAPPENED!?" Yor shrieked in terror as she leapt back from her reflection.

***Crash***

Yor wasn't used to her enlarged body and leapt back a bit too much. Her bloated form careening through the cozy apartment like a bull as she fought for balance. Loid swept Anya off the ground before she was flattened like a pancake under Yor's crashing buttocks. Tor crashed and tumbled through the apartment before finally regaining her balance on the only thing that

could support her weight: the kitchen counter. She panted in surprise as she collected her nerves.

“Honey. What happened last night? Why are you so...large?” Loid was doing his best to comfort his large wife.

“I don’t know: I was on my walk, and I saw this glass full of green juice. I was thirsty, so I drank it.” In her panicked state, Yor had somehow made a perfectly believable lie.

“You drank a glass of juice just sitting in the open?” Loid was trying to figure out why she would do such a thing.

Anya had remained surprisingly quiet this whole time, her mind reading giving her glimpses into her parents’ minds. She could see Loid trying to dig to the bottom of Yor’s lie, trying to uncover her secret. Yor’s secret was far more concerning, though; Anya saw the flashes of her mother’s action last night. The terrifying prospect of her swallowing someone whole scared her down to her core. Anya loved her mama and didn’t want her to have to keep lying.

“Juice is good. If Mama found free juice, she should be able to drink it. So don’t be mad at Mama for being thirsty.” Anya tried her best to add to Yor’s fib.

“I’m not mad at Mommy; I’m just concerned... Also you shouldn’t drink things sitting open on the street.” Loid’s concern shifted back to Anya, trying to figure out what exactly she had been drinking.

“I’m concerned too; I don’t know why I’m so huge.” Yor looked at her husband with concern before her stomach chimed in.

***Grllllll***

Yor’s belly let out a small whine of hunger and then another much louder cry for food.

“I think your tummy’s right. We should get some food in us and figure this out over breakfast.

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The state of the apartment had calmed down dramatically after the morning commotion; Loid cooked breakfast, Anya watched her shows, and Yor cleaned up the damage she caused. The family returned to their warm and loving environment as they dug into Loid’s breakfast. The breakfast wasn’t entirely normal, though, Yor couldn’t fit in any of the dining chairs, and she was forced to sit on her butt. Even floor-seated she was still eye level with Loid as she dug in. Loid quickly realized he had not prepared enough food, his wife tore through the omelet he had

made with blistering pace. He saw her devour the loaf of bread whole and shove handfuls of bacon into her mouth. She was absolutely ravenous, even eating the entire bowl of breakfast salad. Despite all the food, none of it made a dent in Yor's hunger, it seemed to make her more ravenous.

Loid was ready to cancel his business trip to help Yor figure out what was happening to her, but Yor insisted he still go. Loid gave her a small pat on the waist before standing on his tiptoes to give her a kiss. He was lifted off his feet as she gave him a loving peck on the cheek before leaving him to his business. The morning continued on, and Yor took Anya to school, but their walk had its own difficulties.

"Come on, Anya, hold Mama's hand." Yor reached her hand out to grab Anya's.

There were a few difficulties; Yor was far taller than she was previously. So Anya trying to grab her hand was a chore; the small gremlin child pondered the request. She leapt for Yor's hand, missing with every jump; every time she got a little bit closer. She keeled over exhausted, panting against her knees before clinging to Yor's leg. Anya was scaling Yor like she was a mountain, climbing up the tree trunk of a woman. She managed to grab hold of her hips, reaching a single hand out to try and grab Yor's hand. She wiggled her fingers, grasping for her mom's hand. Yor smiled and moved her hand a bit closer. Anya latched on like a monkey, holding on for dear life.

The pair walked down the street, Anya swinging back and forth on Yor's arm as they moved. Every step swung Anya a little further; Yor was enjoying this new size. Being larger gave her a new feeling, a more protective feeling: she felt like a mother bear with her cub. While she would always have killed anyone to protect Anya, something about this felt different. The pair reached Eden Academy with little incident, Yor leaving her little treasure to play with the children. It wasn't until her trip back home that strange things started to occur.

"Oh my god. Do you see her? That's the Forger woman. When did she get so large?" One of the town gossips was making comments to a friend about Yor.

***Grlllll***

"I know. She must have had some work done. I've never heard of anyone paying to get bigger." The other woman chimed in.

***Grlllll***

"Yeah. Talk about fake, first she looked like a doll, now she looks like a blob. She needs to make up her mind." The gossips tucked themselves in an alley as they caught Yor's gaze.

***Grlllll***

Yor's stomach had been progressively noisier as she left Eden Academy, every step she took caused another hunger pang. The ladies gossiping about her only added to the hunger; it was becoming maddening. She felt like her insides were being torn apart by her hunger; she doubled over in pain. The behemoth of a woman was nearly brought to her knees by the intense cravings that shook her core. She caught a glimpse of herself in the shop window; her pupils were dilated, and she was sweating profusely. Yor felt ready to pass out. Yor bolted to action, rushing through the nearby shop door, hoping that there was food inside. She lucked out when she realized it was the butcher.

"Morning...mam." The shopkeeper took pause as Yor crouched through the doorway.

***Grlllll***

Her eyes were wide with hunger; her stomach howled like a wolf. Yor frantically scanned the shop for anything that could remotely sate her. She needed to get at least something in her before work. She bent down on the counter like a madwoman, her eyes full of fury and desperation. The shopkeep stood speechless as the towering woman looked behind him. Yor outstretched a single finger, motioning towards the giant smoked wurst behind the counter. The shopkeeper barely noticed her pointing; he was too distracted by her enormous breasts pressing into his shop counter.

"Is that ready to eat?" Yor's voice sounded ragged.

"Yeah. It's smoked. So you can eat it, right..." The shopkeeper was cut off by stretching across the counter.

Yor grabbed the smoked wurst with a single hand; the enormous log of meat was as big around as her arm. Most people would slice the wurst, make it into a sandwich, but Yor was too hungry for that. She held the log above her mouth and shoved the entire thing down her throat. The shopkeeper watched her throat bulge and conform to the meat log. Their eyes grew wide as she closed her mouth, the woman's neck distorting like rubber. He watched the log of meat slowly travel down her throat and into her stomach. It was hypnotic, watching her sweat-slicked skin undulate and wriggle to accommodate her meal.

***Grlllll***

Yor's stomach wasn't satisfied; she needed more food. The sausage was only a small sample, enough to prevent a blackout, but it was the start. She reached across the counter, pulling down everything edible one by one, and one by one she shoved them down her throat. Her pace increased as her hunger reached a fever pitch. She couldn't control herself; she was in a feeding frenzy, everything in the shop was being shoveled down her craw. Whole cooked chickens, smoked sausages, dried meats, hams- every one of them found a home in her expanding stomach. Her gut crept out from under her sweater like rising dough. Her belly gradually grew to accommodate the meat that was piling up inside of it.

### ***Grlllll***

It wasn't enough; she needed more: the hunger pangs were agonizing. She was desperate to fill the void in her stomach; she needed to sate herself somehow. Her potbelly churned and cried as she ate everything in sight. Then, for a moment, she looked at the shocked shopkeeper. The man stood frozen, so tiny compared to her, so tasty looking. She licked her lips, eyeing the young man like he was a sizzling roast. Whatever inhibitions, whatever morals she had, they were crushed under the crippling weight of her hunger. She opened her mouth wide, looming like some savanna predator. She grabbed the man by his shoulders and lifted him headfirst into her mouth. Her cavernous maw acted as the perfect muffler to his thrashing and screams.

The man was an easier pill to swallow than Leah was; Yor's jaw barely strained as she pushed him down her throat. Her neck bulged; the indents of his body protruded from her skin. To any onlookers, they could see his hands pressing out from the inside of her neck until the body vanished. The shopkeep vanished down her gullet, splashing down in her stomach like a boulder. Yor's stomach surged out like a blimp; her belly sat on her mammoth frame like a malformed balloon. The lumpy outline of the shopkeep slowly vanished under the digestive gasses she produced. Her belly swelled out like it was hooked to a pump, the surface smoothing and rounding into a marless teardrop. Her cream-colored stomach flopped out from under her sweater; the orb quivered with popping gas bubbles.

### ***Pbbbbfffft***

A trumpeting fart broke from her backside, the gaseous expulsion blowing papers through the room. Yor felt immediate relief, her ravenous hunger was finally vanquished and she was sated. Yor looked around curiously, the shopkeeper left her on her own. She felt strange; it seemed rude to eat an entire shop's worth of food without paying. Yor stood up, hefting her massive stomach around like a wrecking ball. The bloated appendage cracked walls and bent frames as she searched for the shopkeeper. She was about to shout out for him before she saw the clock; she was going to be late for work. Yor bolted out the door, the ground shaking with her footsteps.

### ***Ooouurrrrp***

Yor let out a thundering belch as she bounded down the sidewalk, her barreling form causing pedestrians to jump out of the way. She was like a runaway freight train, the sidewalk was cracking under her heavy footsteps as she ran towards work. Unbeknownst to her, she had caught more than passive onlookers. Across the street at the general hospital, Fiona was watching Yor from the top floor. She always watched Yor, but her newly bloated form piqued Fiona's interest. The taciturn blonde wanted to tail her but was bound by the shackles of work. She needed to maintain Loid's cover at all costs, which meant working a normal nine to five. She would investigate Tor after her shift ended, specifically the shop.

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“Yor! You’re five minutes late! What happened?!” Yor’s boss shouted at the overfed assassin.

The team leader seemed unbothered by the woman’s newly gained size and ignored the gurgling coming from her stomach.

“I’m sorry, I stopped to grab a small snack before work, and I…” Yor’s explanation was cut off by her boss’s shout.

“What did you do? Eat the whole store. Stop making excuses and get cleaning.” The boss shouted those last directions, pointing towards the messy mezzanine.

***Pbbbbbbffffttt***

Another burst of gas broke through Yor’s clapping cheeks; it echoed loudly through the quiet halls. The gust was so powerful that it bristled the plants and pushed the rotating doors. Her boss looked at her in fury, their face turning blood red as their anger rose. Yor’s face went bright pink from embarrassment, trying to play off the gassy expulsion.

“If you do that again, I’m sending you home. This is a government building, not a pigpen.” Yor’s boss straightened their hair before getting back to cleaning.

Yor took her part-time job almost as seriously as she took being a mother, so those threats were enough to seal her ass shut. Refusing to fart, though, was leading to its own problems. Her stomach took to this accumulating as poorly; with a mountain of meat still digesting in her gullet, gas was piling up. Her stomach blimped as she went about her cleaning. Yor’s ballooned belly was rubbing against the walls as she bent over to clean. The gas balloon tightened with each passing second; her belly wobbled clumsily in front of her. Paintings and decorations tumbled to the floor every time she turned. If it wasn’t her belly knocking things over, it was her padded rear bumping into shelving.

This cycle of endless cleaning and breaking continued until lunch. Yor’s coworkers knew she was a klutz, but the amount of things she was breaking was concerning. None of them registered it as an aspect of her new size, at least not until they got into the breakroom. Face-to-gut with Yor’s colossal form put things into perspective; some of them thought she had gotten taller since she first arrived. They all looked at her swollen gut with concern; the sounds that were coming out of her were inhuman. Yor’s stomach bubbled and churned like a sewer grate; the meat laden gases within swirled against their prison. Every passing second saw Yor’s belly swell a little further, the surface vibrating with pressure.

***Grglglggl***



answer to the higher-ups for this disturbance. She walked up to Yor, digging a finger into her titanic chest.

“I warned you. I told you that if there was another outburst like that you were going home.” The boss’s finger sank deeper into Yor’s bulging tit.

“I’m so sorry. It’s just, I’m a little gassy today, and when she kicked me, it all came flooding out.” Yor clasped her hands in embarrassment, trying to wiggle her way out of punishment.

“A little? That’s not a little. A little would be if you let out a lot of silent ones. That fart was so bad that i’m already getting calls from the fourth floor about the earthquake. I’m sorry, Yor.” The boss looked at Yor with annoyance.

“Please no.” Yor grabbed her boss’s hand.

“I’m placing you on paid leave until this all gets sorted out.” The boss removed her hand from Yor’s, motioning to the assassin’s bloated gut.

“Anything but that.” Yor’s pleas fell on deaf ears as her boss left the room.

Yor was crushed; she’d never in her life been deemed such a liability that she was to be sent home. She felt a sinking pit in her stomach; each step towards the exit was like sinking into a pit. Yor looked back at the building with melancholy, slinking away from it like a hurt pup. She was unsure what to do; the day had only just started, and she still had hours before Anya left school. Yor wandered her way towards the town park, plopping her full weight onto the nearest bench. The wood planks cracking under her colossal weight.

Yor felt something odd in the bench wreckage, like small punches on her buttocks; it felt kind of nice. She relaxed her weight in the wreckage, letting the massaging impacts soothe her soul. The punches turned to scratches, and she felt a thrashing between her legs. Looking down, Yor saw that she had absentmindedly plopped her ass down on some poor woman. Yor saw the poor woman’s face trapped firmly between her mammoth cheeks, a grin plastered on her face. The woman was caught somewhere between ecstasy and survival as she gasped for air. Yor bolted upright, saving the young woman from an embarrassing fate.

### ***Grlll***

Then the hunger returned. Yor could feel that same gnashing hunger tearing through her insides. All of the despair from her dismissal had burnt through the meager calories she had stored. She looked down at the victim of her rear-end collision; she was a shapely, tasty looking woman. With every passing second, her hunger cut a deeper gash into her willpower. She looked around in a panic, darting her eyes back and forth to see if the coast was clear. The park

was empty; every loyal citizen was at work. Nobody could see her. Yor reached down, grabbing the woman by the shoulders as if to pick her up.

“Thank you so much. I think your ass broke my *mmphphpg.*” The woman’s words were muffled by Yor’s mouth.

The ravenous behemoth had shoved the woman in headfirst, her lithe body slipping into Yor’s stomach like a glove. Yor’s throat bulged slightly as the woman slipped down into her gullet: Yor was getting better at this. Yor cradled her swollen gut, hefting the weight in one hand as she rose to her feet, her hunger silenced, if only for a moment. With satiety came lucidity; Yor realized she needed to eat more, and keep more food on hand. If she kept letting herself get hungry, she’d black out and eat someone she knew. If she was going to have so much free time to herself, she might as well work to keep everyone safe. Yor steeled her gaze as she left the park, taking mental note of all the grocers in the city.

“She swallowed that person whole.” Fiona whispered quietly to herself.

Fiona had let her curiosity get the better of her; something about Yor’s new size and demeanor struck her as odd. Initially she believed she’d abandoned her duty to Loid, but she realized that she was serving a new purpose. If Yor was swallowing people whole, then she needed to do something to keep Loid safe. Ideas ran through her head, different methods of takedown, but something kept cropping up. She was imagining herself in Yor’s place, imagining herself being the one so swollen and full. Her mind conjured an image of swallowing Yor whole, an image so palpable that Fiona’s knees buckled. She had a goofy grin on her face as she felt a puddle splash beneath her. She looked down in embarrassment; she had let her pleasure overtake her and had done something unbecoming of an agent.

***Ooouurrrrp***

Leaves blasted away from Fiona’s hiding spot as Yor let out a thundering belch. The powerful gust of wind signalled her exit and Fiona’s chance to make an escape. She would retreat for now and find a way to do what Yor was doing.

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The day came and went: Anya had been picked up from school without any real incidents. Leaving Yor and Anya to spend the night at home, they did much the same thing they always did. Yor tutored Anya in her schoolwork, she helped Anya with her physical fitness, and even attempted to cook a meal. All of the actions were undercut by Yor’s ridiculous size; the yoga lessons were interrupted by Yor’s gale-force farts. Dinner had to be prepared four times as Yor kept getting hungry and the math lessons went over like a lead balloon. The math lessons weren’t due to her size, though, math just wasn’t Yor’s strong suit. The evening faded into night, and Yor tucked Anya snugly into bed.

### ***Grlllll***

Yor's stomach growled a hollow howl; she was running on empty again. She couldn't keep up with her hunger; everything she ate went right through her. It was like she was gorging herself on air; she filled up, but none of it lasted. Then a memory came to her: the only thing that kept her lastingly full was when she swallowed a person. Leah had lasted her through the evening, so Yor simply needed to eat two Leah's worth of people to last through tomorrow. This line of thinking was not something she usually took. She didn't have value for a lot of life; it was something that came with being an assassin, but to treat people as fuel was different. Something about it felt unnatural, but the shaking of her empty stomach told her otherwise. Yor left the apartment before the hunger took hold of her; she needed to keep Anya safe from her.

Out in the streets is where Yor could truly fly; her hunger sharpened her senses to a razor's edge. She stalked the streets under the pale moonlight, looking for any stray soul that could fill her gullet. By the faint glow of the electric lamp, she saw a couple; a man and a woman enjoying their first date. Their faces were flushed and happy: they were so caught in each other's eyes that the world around them was a haze. Yor needed to be quick: if she ate one and not the other, then there would be a scream. She bided her time, darting between alleys like a shade; her footsteps were completely silent.

She waited for minutes that felt like hours, her heart palpitating as she got within smelling distance. They had been eating at a nice restaurant; Yor could smell it on their breath. The slight potbelly that bulged from the woman's dress meant she was full. Yor was salivating; that woman was like a dumpling, packed full of rich flavor. Her hands trembled, she gripped her wrist to steady herself, waiting for the opportunity. Then she saw them embrace under an elm, drawing their mouths close. Their eyes closed as their lips pressed together; they kissed, drinking in each other's bodies. Yor saw her opportunity; her jaw clicked open without her knowing. She leapt at them with the swiftness of a snake, a bolt of lightning in the dark.

### ***Mmpphh***

Yor's mouth warped around their bodies, lifting them like a pelican with fish. Their bodies writhed and twitched as they slid down her throat. Her neck bulged like a snake's, her jaw and throat morphing into a single large chute. The soft muscles of her body flexed, pulling them deeper as they sank down past their waist. Yor was lost in animal instinct; she savored the taste of the pair as they went down. She had lucked out, the overstuffed woman had gone in against her tongue. Yor could still taste the salt and the grease on her dress; thank God she was a messy eater. Yor lapped her tongue against the hard dome of her prey's stomach, poking and prodding the food baby; she could have been fuller.

Yor stopped savoring her meal; she had more to eat and not much night left. She lifted her palm to the couple's feet, shoving them into her stomach like a bullet. Yor's belly curved with their mass, stretching to fit their compressed shape. Her stomach acid sizzled as her abdominal

muscles flexed and adjusted. Her belly billowed out from under her shirt, the teardrop sagging under the weight as her prey struggled. Feeling them struggle inside her stomach, it felt nice; it felt like kitten biscuits from the inside. The feeling of the struggles soon vanished under the impression of gas, Yor's lumpy stomach smoothed into a curve as she bloated.

***Ooouurrrpp***

Her tongue hung slack as the belch rolled from her lips, her eyes drooping from the relief as her gas traveled lower. Her belly swelled like a blimp as she tried to collect herself. She had swelled to the size of a small car and was still swelling; this was not enough to sate her, she knew this. She tensed her body again as she faded into the shadows, hunting her next prey by intuition. She leapt across the rooftops, sprinting like a savannah cat, her bloated gut sloshing in front of her like a water balloon. Every galloping step roiled up more gas inside of her stomach, the bloating balloon getting more cumbersome by the step. If she was going to get her next meal with ease she needed to let off some pressure. She spread her legs as she ran, her gait getting wider as the pressure sunk lower; she leapt to the next rooftop, her leg kicked back.

***Pppbbbbbbffftt***

Gas roared from her voluminous rear as she sailed through the air, the vibration shaking the building at her feet. The short explosion of flatus sounded like a bomb going off; the scant few people on the street looked up to find the source, but it was already gone. Yor had vanished in the night, scouring the alleyways for her next meal. Her fixating on two university students, a pair of young women, both portly and stout. Both of them were short, below average height for an Ostanian. Yor watched them as they rounded the corner, walking deep into some back alley. They were making themselves easy pickings, and Yor wasn't the only one who thought so. A couple masked thugs were tailing them rather blatantly, they circled into the alley the girls vanished down. Yor licked her lips as she leapt to the joining roof, poising herself above the alley.

"Okay, now. Keep quiet, and nobody gets hurt." A knife gleamed in the thug's hand as he threatened the girls.

"Yeah. Hand over your purse, and we won't cut those pretty faces." The other thug held out his hand expectantly.

Both the students remained frozen, shivering in place from fear as they debated what to do. They silently pleaded for help, praying for a guardian angel to swoop down and save them. Their prayers were answered as Yor's rippling form descended from the rooftops, her jaw stretched out like a great cavern. She swallowed the first thug on landing, his body slipping into her stomach with ease. His companion tried to shout in surprise, but his shout was stifled by Yor's iron grip. She pulled him into her mouth, greedily shoving both struggling men down her throat. Her stomach swelled to accommodate the heavy meal, her belly extending past her like

a heavy boulder. She was as large as she was when she ate Leah, maybe larger. She rubbed her squirming stomach to soothe the aching beast as gas bubbled inside of her.

“Uh...thank you.” One of the university students piped up, her voice as quiet as a mouse.

***Grlllll***

Yor's abdomen gurgled, another cry of hunger clawing at her body. She really wanted to make sure she was sated for tomorrow; a little extra wouldn't hurt. She gave the girls a wicked smile as she lunged for them, pressing them together like marshmallows. She savored the unique sweetness of their pudgy flesh as she swallowed them with gusto. She could feel them squirming in the back of her throat as she tried to swallow them. She needed to force them down, her arms straining against the bulk in her stomach. With great effort the girls settled atop the mound of people inside of her. Yor's stomach was engorged, swollen to the point of absurdity; it jutted off her torso like a van. The people inside writhed and squirmed, lumps stretching against her insides as they struggled. She finally felt full, sated for the first time all day. She strutted her way down the street, her heavy stomach swaying just over the pavement.

***Ouuurrrpp***

A heavy belch escaped her lips and with it a hand, one of the girls caught the gas and was trying to escape. Yor scrunched her eyes and clenched her fists, forcing the meal down with raw brawn. The hand vanished back into her stomach along with the rest of the prey. She made her way home with nary a peep from the outside world. She could barely fit through the door, the wooden frame cinching the sides of her gut. She pushed and strained, the frame cracking before she finally barreled through. Yor's clothes hung in tatters on her, her shirt shredded by her overblown stomach. Her sweatpants had been blown open by her thundering farts; she looked like she'd been through combat.

***Pbbbbbbffftt***

“***Shhh***” Yor shushed her ass, she didn't want to wake Anya.

The gas wasn't enough to wake the small girl, but it did signal to Yor that it had become an ungodly hour. The fatigue of her meal was finally setting in, her churning stomach was settling down. She stretched and yawned, she yawned so wide that one could see the pile of meat resting near the top of her stomach. Yor retired to bed, the frame creaking and the springs sagging under the crushing weight of her body and meal. She let her eyes drift off, the fatigue of the day giving way to rest. The night was filled with foundation shaking farts and belches as Yor's body processed her meals. The same gradual changes that took over her body started to set in.

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### ***Crsh***

Yor's alarm clock was the sound of snapping wood as the bed frame shattered under her bulky body. She rubbed her head from the impact, her messy black hair frizzled as she got her bearings. Yor groggily opened her eyes, pulling her covers off to get out of bed. She didn't need to turn to get out of bed; her legs were hanging over the side and her feet were placed firmly on the floor. She had outgrown the bed overnight; Yor's already staggering height had increased. She groggily rose to her feet, nearly toppling over as she found her new footing.

### ***Thonk***

Yor's head bumped against the ceiling as she stood up: she recoiled before looking at the mirror. She was so large that the mirror couldn't capture her entirely, but she could analyze herself in bits. She had gotten immensely tall overnight; she was twice the person she used to be. The top of the full-length mirror barely came up to her navel. She needed to bend down just to walk through the bedroom; with her current height, she could easily bury Loid between her legs. A task that had gotten far easier with the added bulk she'd put on.

Overnight she evolved from thunder thighs to absolute tree trunks. The massive, swaying legs curved so far around that you couldn't fit a pant belt around them. They rippled with newly added fat, pressing into each other and chafing against the bare flesh. What little remained of her pants clung to her waist in loose tatters, the elastic holding on for dear life. Her hips had widened considerably as well; she couldn't even fit into the closet anymore. Her fatty curved hips were hugged tightly by the wooden form when she bent into the closet. When she lowered her arms, she was stopped by the curve of her body. Her hands dug into the supple flesh like they were dough, very sensitive and erogenous dough. She was so drunk on her new size that rubbing her thighs was enough to get her juices flowing.

She ran her hands up and down her jiggling hips, stretching from thigh down to her calves. She couldn't even get her hands around her calves: they were so wrought and tight. During her exploration, she caught a glimpse of her backside in the mirror. Those wobbling jostling mounds of pure fat were couch-crushing ass cheeks of doom. Her ass extended behind her by feet now, turning was a serious hazard to people and objects around. She was sure that if she sat on a chair: it would disappear up her ass, never to be seen again. Yor was wondering if she could even fit it in her largest set of pants. She surely wasn't fitting into her shirts anytime soon.

Yor's stomach still hung low, sagging over her waistband like a fat blimp. The surface felt like blubber-coated sludge, the remnants of her feast still hanging in her digestion. It was mostly the indigestible bits- bone, clothes, metal- things she neglected to remove in her hunger. Her belly was an avalanche of fat, hanging off her torso like a globe. The surface of her stomach twitched with life every so often as another gas bubble popped within. She was large enough to look pregnant at this point, at least proportionally. From raw size, her stomach was larger than a

person. Someone could comfortably crawl inside her belly, and they wouldn't be noticed. Her chest had also chimed in with the expansion.

Her breasts rested on her stomach like two jostling balloons, each one as large as a beach ball. The soft tissue rose and fell with her breathing, sliding up and down the slick of her stomach. Not only had her breasts swollen, but her areolas had as well. The patches of pink flesh crept away from her nipples like a small pool. In her eyes, all these changes only made her look more motherly. She was the spitting image of those artifacts she saw in museums. Now nobody could doubt she was Anya's mother. Yor was lost in her thoughts as she forced herself into her clothes, the fabric stretching tightly over her ballooned stomach. She had to cram her ass into the back of her pants, threads snapping as she jiggled. The force happened to anger something deep within her stomach.

***Pfffffftttt***

A long, roaring fart broke from her backside, her bloated stomach shrinking as she let the gas pour out. The gas wasn't the only thing to threaten an arrival: Yor felt a hot pressure against her anus. Her eyes shot wide as she bolted down the hall, the floor cracking under her powerful footsteps. Her booty burned as she made it to the bathroom at the last minute, just able to remove her pants.

***Rhrgrggr***

***Poobbbfffft***

***Pbbbbttttt***

Horrid noises came from that bathroom as Yor did her business, the debris in her stomach evacuating in a thundering mess. She was surprised the toilet didn't shatter under her colossal bulk. With the evacuation came the returning feeling of hunger, not a desperate hunger, just mild emptiness. She needed to whip up some breakfast for her and Anya. Speaking of Anya, the girl hadn't risen from bed yet.

"Wake up sleepyhead; I'm making breakfast before I take you to school." Yor's voice was cheery and bubbly as she bounced to the kitchen.

Anya woke up groggy and tired; her sleep hadn't been restful at all. A sleep filled with nightmares and scary things. She heard people screaming in her sleep; they were yelling and crying. She went to her mama for help, but the closer she got, the louder the screaming was. Anya was so petrified that she couldn't even cry and just hid under her covers until she passed out. It must have been a dream though, there were no sounds coming from Mama's tummy this morning. She shook the sleep from her eyes and bolted out of her bed at the smell of bacon and eggs. She froze in the living room when she caught sight of Yor. Her mama had become a super tall monster; she couldn't even fit in the kitchen.

“That was quick. You're just in time; the bacon is almost ready.” Yor gave Anya a warm smile as she poured the girl a glass of orange juice.

“Mama?” Anya shivered as she looked up at Yor, barely able to see her face.

“Yes, dear?” Yor called back to Anya, sneaking slices of toast as she cooked.

“Are you turning into a bear?” Anya sipped her juice, kicking her legs in her chair as she drank.

“What.?” Yor stopped mid-slice as she turned to face her daughter.

“Are you turning into a bear?” Anya asked again, her expression stern.

“Of course not, honey.” Yor smiled as she knelt down to put some bacon and eggs on Anya's plate.

“Then why are you so big?” Anya grabbed a slice of bacon with her hand.

“Hey. Silverware, missy. Also, Mama's big because she's a mama. The more mama you are the bigger you get?” That was about the best explanation Yor could think of.

“**Oooooooh!** You're the best mama, so you're gonna be the biggest.” Anya lifted her hands up in surprise before trying to sneak another piece of hand bacon.

“I'll make sure to be the biggest mama for you.” Yor smiled, slipping the fork into Anya's hand.

Anya pouted as she picked at her eggs with the fork; Yor took the chance to finish making her breakfast. She had cracked two whole cartons of eggs into a bowl, mixing them up into an eggy cake. It was an omelette in theory, but not in form. With her child-sized egg concoction complete, she piled up bacon and sausage up to her chest. She didn't want to break the chairs but still wanted to maintain some sense of normalcy, so she gathered all the free chairs in the house. Each of her mammoth cheeks was supported by two chairs while her center was supported by a single one; in total she needed five chairs to support her massive frame. Even then the wood was buckling and bowing under her colossal weight, but at least she was sitting. Even while sitting she loomed above the table like a mountain, her fatty stomach pushing her away from the tiny wooden fixture.

She shoveled the food in with heightened fervor, the sight of food putting her into a near frenzy; she took enormous bites of the eggy concoction. She opened her mouth, dropping whole sausages in her yawning maw, the porky missiles dropping into her stomach without even touching the walls of her throat. Flecks of bacon flew apart as she gnashed handfuls of the salty

meat like an animal; grease and pepper gathered on her ample bosom from the feast. There was some saving grace in how ill-fitting her outfit was.

The waterfall of grease poured between her cleavage and soaked down to her stomach, an oil slick of pork fat that made her shine. The swell of her bosom was shining under the sunlight that filtered in, the heaving sacs sloshing with her every movement. Grease stains were starting to poke through her dress at the navel, the flow of fat finally finding its home in the midriff of her shirt. The red and white stripes slowly darkened with the accumulating slop, the stains becoming more pronounced as her stomach curved with her feast. She had stocked up on loaves of bread but realized her purchase was being wiped out by her massive breakfast. She was swallowing loaves whole, her throat only minorly bulging from the load; it wasn't until the kitchen was nearly empty that she felt sated. Yor panted in exhaustion; eating was more exercise than a nighttime spring, her hot breath steaming against the apartment air.

### ***Grill***

Yor could feel her gastric processes already working, the gas from her rapid eating coursing through her body like a flood. She couldn't pass gas like this in front of Anya; it would be unladylike, and she needed to be a good example. Anya's struggles with behavior at Eden were there from day one, and she was only recently put on the right path. Yor couldn't bring herself to break that streak, so she needed to think of an excuse, then she saw the clock. They needed to be leaving soon; it was the perfect time.

"Oh Anya, go grab your bag and get changed. It's almost time for school." Yor gathered the dishes to wash them.

"Okay, but no helping! I can get changed on my own." Anya zoomed from her chair, shaking her head as she approached her room.

"That's fine, I've got mama tasks to do." Yor tried to hide the discomfort on her face as she struggled to contain her gas.

Anya vanished to her room, and Yor placed the dishes in the sink, making a quick detour to her window. Her stomach was swelling as she tried to hold in her gas; the tempestuous fumes gathered in her stomach like a swarm. Her soft midriff turned tense as she rinsed of the dishes, pouring the breakfast grease into a jar for tonight's cooking. Soon her ballooning stomach pressed into the kitchen counter, swelling over the rim of the sink as she got the last dish clean. She was just in time, water just barely avoiding the curve of her stomach. She swiftly moved to the window, knowing that she still had time before Anya finished. She stationed her giant buttocks in the window frame, the wood hugging the soft flesh of her cheeks. Yor's rush to relieve herself left her ignorant of a visitor at her window. Fiona had been stalking Yor since the previous day, trying to figure out how she was going to take on the massive predator, she finally set herself to try and consume Yor. So when Yor presented herself ass first, Fiona leapt at the

chance, latching onto her massive cheeks mouth first. Fiona made a mistake; she wasn't capable of stretching her jaws as wide as Yor and was instead just stuck between her cheeks

***Grlllll***

There was a rumble coming from Yor's massive booty, a quake that shook Fiona to her core, she could feel the swell of a storm. She tried to free herself, struggling against Yor's ignorant buttocks, but her fight was in vain. Fiona was helpless against the coming storm as she felt the rumbling of Yor's gas get closer.

***Ppbbbbfftt***

A fart erupted from Yor's ass like a hurricane; the endless gale shook her entire body like a bomb. Yor clutched her stomach, leaning into the fart. Fiona's position was unlucky; Yor's wind flowed down her throat like water, finding home in her stomach. Fiona's trim midriff swelled like a balloon, filling with Yor's gas baby. Her stomach went from potbelly to pregnant, straining the buttons of her long coat before breaking free like a molehill in the ground. The pale surface tightened as she was pushed past the size most women could handle, Fiona was lucky she wasn't most women. She endured the thundering fart like it was a mission; if she couldn't handle a small sample of Yor's pressure, then she would never reach her size. Fiona's stomach stretched from pregnancy to something more like a beach ball, the gale-force fart slowly tapering off in ferocity. Fiona managed to free herself from the mammoth cheeks, her own cheeks bulging as the gas inside her fought for escape. She held her hand up to her mouth to try and stifle the belch, bracing herself against the rail of the fire escape.

***Ooouuurrrrrpp***

Yor and Fiona belched at the same time; Yor's thundering belch roared loud enough to silence Fiona's presence. The burping gas filled spy went tumbling over the railing, the force of her own belch rocking her balance. Fiona went sailing towards the ground, her gas laden stomach orienting itself to the ground. She barely managed to slow her descent, her stomach acting as the airbag that cushioned her fall. The full weight of her body landed on the orb like a rock, pushing gas from both ends. She sat like a whoopee cushion, deflating with belches and farts as onlookers heard her uproarious expulsions. Fiona looked on in embarrassment before vanishing from the scene, her bloated stomach wobbling like a ball as she jogged down the street.

***ooooooooouurrrrrp***

Up in the apartment, Yor was still letting out her liters of gas, her tight stomach deflating from her minute-long belch. Her belch was so forceful that her grease-slicked breasts popped out from her top, wobbling like loose water balloons. Yor's eyes sat rolled in her lids, her muscles relaxing from the tension of her belch. Her lips curled outward, flapping under the force as her maw stretched wider to evacuate the gas. Then she heard the click of Anya's door, in a

flash she snapped back to reality, stuffing her breasts back into her shirt and snapping her mouth closed. The gas inside of her body having settled somewhat, at least enough to prevent her swelling like a balloon.

“Mama? What was that noise?” Anya looked around the room curiously: she swore she heard a bear roar.

“Oh, there was a goose outside: I had to chase it away.” Yor waved away the question with a quick fib.

“Ooooooh. Was it a big goose?” Anya’s eyes sparkled in curiosity.

“It was a huge goose; I think it might have been a world record. We need to leave, or we’ll be late.” Yor motioned to the clock as it ticked closer to the bell.

Anya nodded enthusiastically as she climbed up Yor’s body, this time taking up a perch on her mother’s shoulder. Anya was in awe of how high the view was, in fact it was a little scary, she clutched tightly against her mother’s hair as the pair made their way to the school. She could hear the nasty thoughts of the other women on the street, all of them thinking mean things about her mom. They called her fat, an ogre, a giant, things they were too scared to say out loud because they knew her mama could squash them. Anya gave them dirty looks when Yor wasn’t looking, the pair having an undisturbed walk to the school. Yor wrapped Anya with one hand, snatching her up like a cub to a bear, gently lowering her to the ground.

“Bye, honey! Have at school!” Yora gave Anya an enthusiastic wave as the students proceeded to the foyer.

“Mama! Can we have Hamburg steak tonight?!” Anya shouted back before Yor got out of distance.

“Of course, honey!” Yor smiled with enthusiasm before leaving view.

Yor felt great: she was practically skipping down the sidewalk, the pavement cracking under her footsteps as she jogged. Concrete wasn’t made for such heavy singular impacts, her body flopping against the tight fabric of her shirt. She was only a missed step away from a wardrobe failure, but she didn’t care; she was going to cook today. She had never attempted Loid’s hamburger before, but it wasn’t something out of her wheelhouse. She needed to stop by the butcher shop and get some ground beef. As she passed by the shop, she saw it was markedly empty; the shelves were bare and the shop abandoned. It was strange; she couldn’t help but shake an odd feeling in the pit of her stomach, looking at it gave her an odd feeling.

*Urp*

Yor burped up a small bit of cloth, the white silk of an apron. She looked at it with confusion before tossing it to the side. She didn't have time to linger; she needed to go to her next favorite butcher shop. It was across town, but it was the only place she could find all she needed. The trek was a simple one. She gained many odd looks as she passed through the streets; she occasionally felt lumps against her flesh. Her booty was so large that she was smashing people into the buildings as she passed by; to her, they just felt like odd itching. She arrived at the shop with only cracked sidewalks and crushed bodies to show for it, which, when considering the alternative, was an overall win.

"Good morning...mam. What can I get for you?" The shop clerk looked at the massive woman with a loss for words.

"Can you give me a whole cow's worth of ground beef?" Yor asked that question like there was nothing weird about it.

"Are you sure? That's one hundred kilograms." The butcher looked back at their stock, working out the math in her head.

"You're right. Make it one and a half cows' worth." Yor produced a handful of bills as she looked around the shop. "Oh, and can I get that jar of jerky to snack on?"

---

***Ooouuuurrrp***

The jerky Yor bought barely made it home, the mountain meat sitting comfortably in her stomach as she hefted the cow's worth of beef to the kitchen counter. She stared at it as if it were the enemy. She knew how to cook meat; she had done it before, but it was the intricacies that escaped her. She needed to practice the seasoning, practice the way Loid shaped the patty, and practice the sauce. With her daily chores done, she had a good few hours to practice the meal before Anya got home. She poured the bacon grease into the pan, letting it get nice and hot before she balled up her first patty. The meat sizzled against the metal; she could see the red turning brown and the crust starting to form. She scooped the spatula under, letting it catch hold of the meat, but it was sticky. She strained, scraping the meat from the bottom of the pan, realizing she had left too much on the bottom. A single movement is all she needed to botch the patty; she let it finish and flipped the meat into her mouth before starting again. It was crunchy, salty, and with a little bit of zest, but it was lacking a special something.

She started again, same beef, same hot pan, same bacon grease, she let the steak sit in the pan to sear. She wanted to avoid the mistake of the last one; she didn't want to pull the meat off prematurely; this led to the opposite problem. When she slid her spatula under, the meat came free with ease, but the bottom of it was completely blackened and crunchy. She looked at it in dismay, letting the other side finish before scarfing it down; this time the meat was too salty.

Yor licked her lips, savoring the grease before starting again. In her current state, any food would suit her tastes, but she had to make sure the steak was perfect for Anya. So she tried again, and again, and again.

*This one's misshapen.*

***Ppbbbbfftt***

*This one's too raw.*

***Ooouuurrrp***

*The sauce is too chalky.*

***Ppbbbbffttt***

*This sauce is too runny now!*

***Grglglglg!***

*Ooof. Too much cream.*

This cycle repeated over and over, noon turning to afternoon while Yor perfected the recipe. She could barely see the stove at this point; her stomach was so bloated and full of meat. She'd run through over half her stock just trying to perfect the recipe, but she was getting to a point where she was satisfied. Her last one came out glistening and perfectly shaped, the seasoning was perfect, and the sauce was just the right level of creamy. She was ready, ready to give Anya the best lunch of the week. Then Yor's mind went into a panic; she was so focused on the main dish she didn't think of a side. She looked at the clock and realized she was out of time. She hurriedly cleaned up her mess, stowed the beef for her and Anya's dinner and then blitzed out the door. Her mind raced through possibilities as she tried to decide on what to make, thinking over the possibilities as she picked up Anya. Anya wasn't ignorant of these racing thoughts though, she could sense the panic running through her mother's mind. She didn't know what was easy to make, but she knew she liked potatoes.

"Hey Mama. Are we going to have potatoes with steak tonight?" Anya bent over to Yor's ear to whisper the question.

"Of course, Anya. Anything you want." Yor breathed a sigh of relief at Anya's question.

"Oh. Mama. I forgot to tell you, but there's a dance at school tomorrow night." Anya looked absentmindedly as she remembered the info she'd been sitting on for over a week.

"Tomorrow? That's so soon." Yor looked at her daughter in surprise.

“Yeah. I forgot.” Yor could hear the disappointment in Anya’s voice.

“Just means I’ll have to work extra hard to get us ready for it.” Yor ruffled Anya’s hair as they entered the apartment building.

The apartment had the lingering smell of beef in it, the result of all of Yor’s practice, but practice makes perfect. Yor let Anya start her homework and watch her shows while she prepared dinner, the last-minute potato addition added a bit of time. Yor was able to whip up some mashed potatoes for her and Anya without much effort; it was actually kind of easy. With Yor’s newfound size, she could mash multiple potatoes at once with just her bare hands. She fixed three full sack’s worth of potatoes for her, with a small bit for Anya, using the hamburger steak sauce as a gravy. There was never a tenser time in the kitchen than when Yor was fixing Anya’s steak; every movement had to be precise, every spice perfectly balanced. It took more focus than an assassination, but she had done it; sitting on a plate for Anya was the perfect supper. Yor slid the miniature-sized hamburger steak and mashed potatoes and gravy to her spot on the table. Then Yor got to her own food, piling the remaining cow’s worth of beef into a singular massive patty. She seared it on both sides, working hard to make sure the table-sized patty was cooked decently.

“Anyaaaaaaa. Diinnneeeeerrr” Yor shouted out to the living room as she arranged her own chairs.

Anya’s side of the table looked comically empty compared to Yor’s; the massive mother had a steak nearly as big as the table and four pots’ worth of potatoes. Anya got seated, and they dug in. Yor blasted through her meal with canine frenzy. Something about the taste of beef made her crave more of it; sauce spilled on her shirt and down her cleavage as she worked her way through the dinner. When all was said and done, Yor was an absolute blimp of food. Yor’s stomach jutted off of her like a boulder; it was so large that it pushed her back against the wall. The writhing gurgling surface shuddered under the load, bloating with gas as the heavy meal inside of her digested. Despite how much she’d eaten, she was still hungry. The sun was setting outside, and with that shade came the cravings of human flesh; she needed to feast on people again, glut herself on live prey until she couldn’t stand.

***Bblblblbl***

Yor’s stomach let out a room shaking gurgle, the bubbling sound of digesting meats and cream. Her already surging stomach tightened as gas churned within it, her stomach flipping over on itself like a cement mixer. Every passing second led to more gas, but she couldn’t let it rip out in the open, Anya was right there. She needed to vacate the room so she could safely vent her pressure.

“***Hahahahaha*** Mama’s tummy is loud,” Anya chuckled at the embarrassing sounds her mouth was making.

“It’s a bit overblown right now. Let me go grab some medicine from the bedroom.” Yor excused herself, waddling her generous ass to the bedroom.

Each step Yor took was another pressure at her backdoor; she was afraid she wouldn’t make it, she’d let that gas blast and teach Anya a bad lesson. She could feel her asshole quivering, her muscles tensing and flexing as she approached the bedroom door. Just a little further and she would be home free. She bit her lip to try and focus on anything other than the gas inside of her. Her leg reflexively hiked up as she rounded the corner, shutting the door behind her with as much grace as she could muster. With the door securely shut, she relaxed her muscles, pent-up gas immediately rushing for the nearest exit.

***Pbbbbfbbbt***

***Crash***

Yor’s fart was so powerful that it blew her door off its hinges, the powerful blast exploding like a bomb. Her stomach returned to its soft and doughy shape as all the gas she had been holding back evacuated in a single gust. She stood mortified, hoping that Anya hadn’t caught a glance of her blasting ass. Yor was lucky; the girl was so engrossed in *Spy Wars* that she didn’t even hear the door blast into the wall. Yor quickly placed the door back in its frame as she went about cleaning up dinner.

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The hour drew late once again, Anya was tucked into bed, the dishes were done, and the house was all locked up. With everything secure, it was time for Yor to go on the prowl; she needed to sate her hunger more than she had before. With the dance coming up, she had to do all she could to make sure she was sated and on her best behavior. She sat on the rooftop above the red-light district, her stomach pressed into the ground as she squatted down. Her muscles were tense and springy, ready to leap at a moment’s notice; it took all of her willpower not to strike at the first woman she saw. She needed to be more precise about this; she knew how crowded the district could get, but it was the perfect place to get a filling meal.

Yor looked down on the passing people: the cash-forged couples walking from taxi to motel room, the women propositioning on the street, and the drunken university students looking for a good night; any of them could make for a good meal. Yor needed to find the best concentration to hunt out the stragglers in the pack; she wasn’t at the point where she could eat everyone in sight. Then she saw it: a rich politician getting in her limousine, flanked by a half dozen women of prodigious size. The politician looked to have particular tastes; each girl was bottom-heavy like a bell and full-bellied. The limo’s shocks groaned as the back seat was loaded with the girls, the engine straining as it drove down the road. Yor let out a breath, letting the cool midnight winds wash across her face. Her senses honed themselves against her hunger, her

hearing and smell heightening to preternatural levels. She had picked up the unique scent of the car's exhaust, the faint hints of rose perfume and oxides. She closed her eyes, letting her target's scent waft through her sinuses, learning to pick it up from the rest of them.

### ***Crash***

Yor blitzed across the rooftops, leaping from roof to tree to street to bush, zigzagging like arcing lightning. Despite her bloated form, she managed an impossible grace, her bloated gut swinging just millimeters from ignorant passersby. The trees and rooftops she landed on only received slight cracks from her body as she left them. She used her doughy midriff as a fifth point of contact, dispersing her weight over a wider surface to muffle her sound. She was a stark contrast from her daytime demeanor, that sharpened assassin's edge returning with a new mission: hunger. Yor's path took her from the red-light district to a secluded back-alley den, a safe haven where dissident elites could go about their day. Sometimes used by the depraved to dive into the depths of their degeneracy. Yor stopped at the single level flat the limousine had pulled next to; she watched as guards shuffled the politician and her harem into the flat.

Yor's gaze turned to the single lit window, looking inside to see the time-ravaged walls and the decaying carpet. Inside of the room there was a spread of tables, each filled with meat pies and sweets. The politician walked into the room first, taking her seat as the girls followed in behind her, the guards stationing themselves on the inside and outside. Yor watched the politician cross her legs in domineering pleasure, barking orders at the girls. Each one moved to the mountain of treats on the tables, glutting themselves with ravenous abandon; they ate like their lives depended on it, which it very well could. The escort's flabby stomach rounded and tightened as they pushed themselves into absurdity, their stomachs turning into bloated potbellies. Yor licked her lips, her eyes lighting up at the prospect of more dumpling women.

Without conscious effort, Yor dashed forward; carried by hunger, she leapt to the ground. Her powerful legs carried her like a freight train, barreling through the back door and towards the room. The guards stationed outside didn't have time to react, their tiny bodies already finding a home inside of Yor's gullet. She burst through the private room, swallowing the same guard with blistering speed. The girls all froze in horror; it was no different than watching a whale devour a skimmer-one second they were there, the next they weren't. The politician was frozen for a different reason; she knew the woman at her door; she was the boogeyman older clerks told stories about.

"Thorn Princess?!" The politician's words vanished, as did she; Yor swallowed her in a swift motion.

Yor stood as the monster in the room, her bloated stomach writhing and wriggling with struggling prey. The girls stood staring at her in unsure awe. She had saved them from a night of demeaning fetishism, but who knew what fate she would deliver on them? The towering assassin sauntered over to the overstuffed women, their own stuffed bodies seeming petite when compared to Yor's bloated form. She leant over, wrapping her hands around one of the

women's shoulders. Yor lifted her up with the ease one lifts a child, hefting her form far above her head. The woman futilely struggled against Yor's grasp, her adrenaline flowing as she experienced the life of a prey animal. The woman got a glimpse of darkness as Yor's mouth opened unnaturally wide, stretching out like a great dark cavern. The woman's eyes went wide as she could see the faint movement of the devoured guards and politicians in the depths of Yor's stomach.

The bloated woman's flesh got wet as she vanished in Yor's mouth, Yor's massive maw, enveloping her like a bullfrog's. Yor wrapped her tongue up the woman's thigh, tasting the sweet residue of cake that coated her skin, drinking in the salt of her sweat as she struggled in her throat. Yor's throat bulged and wriggled with the weight of her prey's body, the sweat-slicked skin turning pink as blood rushed to strengthen it. Yor wasn't done; before another woman could react, she grabbed two by the legs. She forced them together like a sandwich, shoving them in her billowing lips before the first girl was in her stomach. Her head had stretched to a singular massive mouth, a gulper eel given human form, her breasts parting to make room for her meal. The hunger deep in her soul urged her forward; she grabbed the other three women by the handful, shoving them atop the other women. Her shirt burst open from the bulging of her gullet, Yor's elastic body contorting and warping in inhuman ways as her throat accommodated the load.

The women all landed into her belly in a mass; the massive pile of squirming, bloated girls sank her belly like a stone. Her balance being thrown off as her blimp of a belly surged out, the fleshy curve hitting the ground with a dull thud. Her stomach was stretched tight over the devoured bodies, their faces and hands visibly imprinting against the surface. The last woman in the room watched their sunken sockets and splayed fingers fighting against their prison of flesh. Yor stood doubled over, her tongue hung slack, panting like an animal as she savored the feeling of prey inside of her. Soon those faces vanished in the blimped stomach; the surface curved out with the bubbling gasses of digestion. The squirming and the life died out as well as Yor's corrosive juices did their work.

***Biblib***

Yor's stomach swelled as the bubbling sludge of her meal rolled in on itself, her stomach steadily growing with each passing second. Her engorged stomach stretched out in front of her, larger than a truck and just as heavy, the surface of her belly pulsing with bloat. The pressure in her body immediately sought an exit; she could feel her unhinged jaw quivering at the expectation of gas. Her mountainous rear clenched as the storm of gas moved lower, her stomach still expanding as she braced for the coming impact. She hiked a leg up, driving her knee into her stomach, the angled point divoting the flesh and popping another gas bubble. Her stomach quivered, the surface rippling as the bubbles inside popped in sequence, the mired sludge churning once again.

***Ppbbbbbbbbbbfffttt***

### ***Ooouurrrrrrrpp***

Her body vented pressure from both ends, her jaw widening into a horrid cavern as the smell of death filled the room. The eruption from her ass was fierce enough to blow her pants to smithereens, the backend of her clothing exploding into shrapnel. The cloth fluttered against the minute-long fart as she vented her intense gases. With her clothing destroyed, there was nothing but bloated, prey-laden flesh on display to the world; she was the standing image of a predatory beast. She cradled her hands on her stomach, shifting her balance to regain her footing, the boards beneath her feet snapping under her movements.

### ***Click***

Yor's vision snapped to the source of the sound, her eyes falling on the image of the last bloated escort. The woman played a risky bet, hoping that Yor was too full to eat another person, too lost in her fullness to notice a single escaping morsel. The woman froze as Yor's head snapped towards her. She had made a foolish gamble; had she remained still, she had a better chance of escaping Yor's stomach. The sudden movement and the sudden sound triggered Yor's razor-sharp senses and activated her instincts. She leapt at the woman with speed that belied her size, her hands clutching around the woman's shoulders. Yor gave her an unsavory smile as she drank in the woman's body; she was the pudgiest of the bunch. She had a stomach like a basketball, engorged melon-sized breasts, and hips wider than her shoulders. Yor's eyes flashed a malefic red as she lifted the butterball to her lips.

The woman resigned herself to her fate, letting her world go dark as she descended the cavern of Yor's gullet. Yor drank in the heaviness of the woman's body, letting the salt and pheromones of her fear marinate in her maw. The woman sailed down her throat with ease, Yor's throat barely warping around her as she plummeted into her stomach. The woman splashed down into the sludge of Yor's meal, the acidic swamp eating her into a similar goo. The soft flesh of Yor's stomach pressing and churning to break down the swallowed meal.

### ***Ooouurrrp***

Yor let out another unearthly belch. She had pushed herself further than she thought possible, her body turning pink with heightened blood flow. She cradled her straining flesh as she moved for an exit; she was far too large for doors or windows. In her calorie-drunk state, she didn't bother with subtlety, busting down a nearby wall and escaping into the night. She leapt to the nearest rooftop, crashing into the supports like a meteor, the building visibly shaking under her girth. She stood proud against the cool night air, white steam billowing off her overheated body as she looked towards home. She was working overdrive to digest everything she had taken in; her body rumbled like an engine as she pumped her muscles. Every leap between the rooftops led to another eruption of flatus.

### ***Ppbbbbffft***

***Crash***

***Ooouuurp***

***Crash***

***Pbbbbfft***

***Thud***

Her body bounded from rooftop to rooftop like a lead whoopie cushion, gas blasting from both ends as she tensed her muscles. Her farts leaving visible craters in the cement as she launched off of them, her patch of destruction took her back home. The scant few pedestrians who noticed her ended up in her stomach as she abandoned any sense of fullness. The air around her was humid and thick, sweat evaporating off of her in a swirling mist. She could barely fit in her apartment building; the steps cracked and blistered under her increased weight. Every ponderous step shook the building to its foundation; she was a freight train given human form, slowly chugging up the steps. She barely squeezed her overfilled stomach through the door, the malleable balloon of her stomach cinched against the warped door frame.

***Pbbbbffttt***

Her gas blasted through the apartment hall, blistering wallpaper and paint off the opposing wall. More gas billowed out as she shoved her truck of a stomach into the apartment, shuffling her way through the cramped halls and into her bedroom. Every step was like moving a mattress, the walls gripped her body like vices, forcing more gas from her belly. She struggled to her bedroom, closing the door and collapsing onto her floor-bound mattress; the boards cracking under her weight. She panted from the strain in her overfilled form; she had glutted herself beyond any human limits. She was sure a single bite more and she would have burst apart like a trash bag. Her eyes fluttered as sleep overtook them, her consciousness fading as her body forced her to rest.

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Yor awoke in the ruins of her apartment building, her body bloated and filled like a balloon. The apartment top was torn open, and she lay crashed at the bottom of it, surrounded by the open sky and gathered crowd. Her body lay tied to the ground with heavy iron cords, arms and legs splayed spread-eagle. Beggars were drawn against her lips, forcing her colossal maw into a cavern she couldn't seem to close. She had outgrown the walls of the apartment building, a bound giantess in the rubble. The farts erupting from her backside thrashed the surrounding stone into rubble, her booming belches parting the clouds above her. The air was ominous; the faceless crowd surrounding her looked on with malevolent gazes. She fought against her restraints, but the wires only wrapped tighter, forcing her into the crumbling stone.

The crowd closed in on her, marching single file, all staring at her open maw, then the first one leapt.

Yor felt the nameless citizen travel down her widening throat with ease; she didn't want to swallow, but her muscles acted on their own. Then another jumped, and another; people threw themselves into the devouring giantess like lemmings off the cliff. She strained in discomfort as her overly full stomach swelled with unwanted prey, the curve rising above her like a great mountain. Every new person added another foot to her circumference, her body expanding with endless gas. It wasn't just her stomach filling with gas, as her belly ran out of room, the expansion spread to her buttocks and breasts.

Yor's ass billowed out from beneath her mammoth frame, straining the iron of her bindings as it arched her back. Her mountainous breasts swelled with gas and fat as her body worked overdrive to process the citizens in her stomach. She was growing out of control, everything in her body was working overtime to process the bite-sized assault. She grew in height and girth, her body occupying more and more of the city. She was a fat blob, crushing the buildings and enveloping the land. Her eyes watered from the twinges of pain that ran across her belly; every citizen that hopped in her maw was like a bullet to her core. She pulsed and throbbed with pressure, her body aching from the overwhelming load.

***Ppbbfffttt***

***Ooouurrrpp***

Ground-shattering gas blew from her pendulous ass cheeks, the crater between her legs growing wider and deeper. The city foundation was shattering around her burgeoning form; her belches rocketed the diving citizens in the air. Despite her gaseous protests, the uplifted prey still landed in her stomach. Like a conveyor belt, they hopped off one after the other. Yor was losing count; it felt like the entire city was trapped inside her throbbing stomach. Sweat poured down her brow as gas rocketed from both ends in a continuous geyser; her body was in survival mode. She was desperately trying to hold together; her mountain of a stomach, blotted out the sun with its girth, she couldn't see the top anymore. The ground was collapsing underneath her weight; she sank deeper and deeper as she became a prisoner in her own flesh.

Her breasts sank lower into her face as they filled with the overflowing fat from her digesting meals; she was being smothered in her own cleavage. Her belches echoed through the canyons of flesh, sending horrendous roars up into the sky. Despite her blockages, the citizens still found a way into her mouth; every one that leapt into her maw stared her in the eyes. It's like they were doing this on purpose, some ironic method of punishment reserved for the gravest of sinners. She realized this was the case; the city had enough of her gluttony and was going to feed her until she couldn't eat anymore and then go beyond. She was already reaching that point of beyond; her growth had stopped thirty people ago, and now every person in her stomach was just another level of pressure. Her stomach was turning from a strained shade of pink to an uncomfortable shade of red, stretch marks starting to spiderweb their way

across the rounded surface. Every inch of her was vibrating with a knocking pressure that throbbed in the back of her skull. Every breath she took added a little more size, a little extra tension; her once supple skin now felt drum-tight and thin. Despite her monstrous size, despite her immeasurable strength, she was still prisoner to the unbreaking wraps at her wrist.

### ***Grlrlrlrl***

Her body let out a low and hollow growl, not a whine of hunger, but a whine of distress: a sign that Yor had never experienced in her life. The gas pouring from her cheeks slowly sputtered to a halt as her turgid cheeks pressed into each other. Her anus was sealed shut by the blimped cheeks, and her stomach tumbled over itself with pent-up gas. The apex of her belly wobbled and throbbed as the gas lost an avenue of escape. She felt like a pressure cooker, the latches holding her together slowly slipping as she approached a critical threshold. Yor's belches increased in ferocity, the torrential outpouring nearly ripping her jaw apart, the force spreading her mouth wider and wider. She looked like some horrid cavern of yawning flesh, the back of her throat spasming from the forces she was putting down. She was too distraught to notice that people had stopped throwing themselves down her gullet, the people instead gathering near the edge.

### ***Ooouurrrrrrp***

Her storming belches for a second pushed her breasts from her eyeline, giving her a view of what the citizens were planning. She could see up to the edge of the crater she was burying herself in; a large rock was being rolled. It was larger than any stone she had ever seen, perfectly round and smooth- a wrecking ball, but larger. Her eyes went wide as she realized what they were doing; the sphere was being lined up with her mouth. An aura of purple miasma started to form around the townsfolk, their malice solidifying into a visible wave. Their hands pushed against the stone, rocking it back and forth; every movement brought it closer to toppling over the edge. Yor couldn't close her mouth; her powerful belches prevented it. Instead she was frozen, forced to watch that rock tip over the edge. The rock tumbled down the edge, rolling with gathering momentum until it landed square in her mouth. She gagged as her belches were stifled by the rock; it lodged itself squarely in her gullet and blocked the venting fumes.

### ***Rmbmbmbblbl***

Her body let out a quaking rumble, the city around her shaking as the pressure inside of her reached a fever pitch. The buildings around her crumbled under the vibrations of her body, and the land collapsed around her. Loose stone and dirt were upheaved with Yor's shaking body, the overpressurized woman fighting a losing battle to remain intact. The stretch marks on her turned deep and red, etching their way across her skin like rivers through the land. Deep canyons of angry, pulsing flesh, the weakened portions throbbing out like veins as her structural integrity failed. Her mountain-sized ass cheeks were rumbling volcanoes, burrowing themselves deeper in the earth as their surfaces stretched thin. Yor's breasts went tight, the village-sized mammaries jutting up into the air like skyscrapers. She wasn't sure how much of the city she

occupied; it was an impossible thing to think of. Her body began to snap in places, the rigid parts of her skin losing tension in a chain reaction.

***Crkkkkkk***

Her body let out a creak akin to straining metal, the hollow hull of her body groaning under her increased strain. Then her muscles snapped, her body billowing out in every direction, enveloping the city like an explosion. Every inch of the capitol was smothered under her tightened flesh, the countryside shaking under her rumbling body. Gas was fighting for space in every place it could, every inch of her body filling with a foul adipose mixture. The cries of her body were drowned out by the cataclysmic rumbling that came from her form; she was a bomb whose fuse had reached its end. Her body let out a final apocalyptic rumble; magma began to erupt from the land around her as she reached seismic levels of pressure.

***Kersploooooosssssssssshhh***

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Yor woke up in a cold sweat, immediately clasping a hand to her body and stomach to check if she was intact. Her skin felt the same, no stretch marks, no tattered flesh from ruptured breasts; everything was as it should be. As it should be was starting to have new meaning these days, though she could already feel the changes from last night's feast. Her once turgid stomach was now soft and malleable; the sludge of her feast was mixed with the hard form of undigested bone. She could feel them rattling against each other in her digestive tract, their form concealed by her heavily padded midriff. Yor could feel the shifting pressure in her body, the need to dispose of all that accumulated bone; she hoped the toilet could manage. Her stomach rapidly descended to the bottom of her priority list as she tried to get up.

When she shifted her position, she felt her feet press into the walls of her room, her bare feet scraping against the cold drywall. Her legs extended well past her bed, shooting out like trees that sprouted overnight. Yor had added another person's worth of height overnight. She couldn't even sit up in the bed properly; her head bumped into the ceiling when she did. Yor had to perform an awkward shuffle to remove herself from the bed; she could feel her back press into the ceiling as she shuffled about her room. The awkward motion put an uncomfortable pressure against her stomach, gas sputtering within the bloated balloon.

***Oouurrpp***

Yor's eyes crossed as a thunderous belch broke through her throat, the gaseous eruption carrying a weight with it. Her cheeks bulged as she felt something coarse and malleable against her tongue. She tried to stifle it, but another belch forced the odd mass from her lips like a mortar shot. The opposite wall was caked in the clothes of her prey last night, tattered suits and underwear piled into a sopping wet mass. Yor could feel the ceiling crack as the next belch tried to force her upward, her body springing up for comfort. She managed to

control herself and avoid bursting through the neighbor's floor. Her belches went rapid-fire as more and more clothes ejected themselves from her stomach, coated in white mucus from her stomach. Finally the gas attack ended, and Yor could spend some time trying to contemplate what exactly had happened to her.

The mirror on the opposite wall did little to show her full body, but it at least gave her an idea of the changes she had gone through. Her thunder thighs had morphed to be as wide in girth as the widest of oaks. The bare flesh of her legs rippled with fat or muscle, soft skin bulging out as they suspended her ballooned body. The rippling, creamy flesh was large enough to crush a car and soft enough to smother an elephant. Her size was only accentuated by the exaggerated curve of her hips. The sides of her legs jutted out past her shoulders and brushed against the adjoining walls when she moved. Her squatting position did her no favors in their width; the fatty skin was just barely brushing the floor.

Her hips curved into the vast canyon she was calling an ass, her jiggling buttocks pressed into the wall behind her bed like blimps. The piled flesh filled the room like over yeasted-dough; each cheek had grown to be larger than a truck. Every inch of her bed was covered by the expanse of flesh attached to her rear. She was toppling over furniture, crushing dresses, and breaking the rubble of the shattered bedframe. She could easily lose two or three people between her massive cheeks. She ran her hands across the supple flesh, feeling them in an odd ritual of satisfaction. Her ritual was interrupted by a familiar ripple from her cheeks. The rumbling pressure of incoming gas coursing its way through her system, the familiar tensing of her glutes as her body prepared to erupt.

***Ppbbbbffttt***

A geyser of gas exploded from her twitching anus, the tunnel gaping wide for the fumes that evacuated her body. The wall behind her started to crack and crumble as the geyser of gas bore through the drywall. Wood splintered and boards snapped as her expulsion tore through to the stone. Her fart sputtered out into a light trumpet, the long-held pressure of the night finally finding release. She looked back at the damage; the wall behind her had been stripped of paint completely, the supporting boards and drywall lay in tatters, as a craterous hole sat in the exposed cement. Yor blushed at the damage she had caused, a flood of embarrassment and pride mixing in her mind. She knew she would have to fix up the damage before Loid got home, but she was starting to appreciate just how much of a force of nature she had become. Her attention turned back to her grown body as she caught a glimpse of her stomach in the mirror.

The fat addled blimp hugged the floor with gusto; her stomach, even proportionate to her size, was overblown and full. It hung off her torso like a heavy teardrop of fat, the soft contents shifting against her hardwood floor. Even when not stuffed to the brim, her stomach was enough to fill a room. It could enter the room a full four minutes before she actually made it through the precipice. Even with her legs as wide as they could go, she couldn't straddle the freight-sized stomach without pressing into the sides. The creamy blob of fat curled in on itself at the navel, folding over itself like dough in its unfilled state. Small pockets of sweat were forming in the folds

of her fat as she maneuvered about the room. To call Yor a titan of a woman might be the most apt description one could find.

Yor started for the door, ready to release the bones of last night's feast, before decency struck her mind. She couldn't walk the halls as nude as a jaybird; none of her current clothes fit, and she needed to wrap around herself. Then she caught the curtains, the hanging drapes that stretched down to the floor. Her hands were moving before her mind fully processed her idea; sun illuminated the room as the drapes snapped from their rings. She grabbed some thread from the wreckage of her dresser, her nimble fingers threading the microscopic needle with ease. With a wink and a flick, she had sewn the curtains and blankets together into a makeshift robe, something she could undo later in the day. For now it served to conceal her form as she burst out into the hallway; the walls hugged her blubbery form tightly.

"Careful in the halls! Mama's making her way through." Yor announced her presence, wanting to warn Anya in case she was already up.

She was in luck that Anya was such a lazybones; the girl was still sleeping the morning away, barely stirring at Yor's call. Yor's path to the bathroom was arduous; she couldn't move at any speed other than a crawl, lest she blow apart the walls like a bulldozer. She carefully inched forward; in the bathroom mirror she looked like an encroaching wall of flesh with a woman's head at the center. Her makeshift robe doing the job to conceal her more sensitive parts, the folding of her curves just barely visible under the loose fabric. She reached the bathroom after an eternity, only to realize she was given the unpleasant task of trying to turn around in a cramped space. She took up the entire bathroom; not a single inch of the room was free from her all-encompassing body.

***Pbbbbbbttttt***

With great effort, Yor had managed to cram herself into the bathroom and turn around, planting her chair-destroying ass on the toilet. She shut the door just in time as her grumbling gut was already activating, pushing the debris of her meal through her backside and into the ill-fitting toilet. She wasn't sure how it stayed intact, but she was thankful it did. The porcelain held sturdy against her noxious barrage, flushing the bony matter down with ease. She knew that some poor civil worker was going to stumble upon that horror show today, but it needed to be done. Yor vacated the bathroom with great difficulty; her day had barely started and she was already feeling that creeping fog of hunger. She couldn't get her mind off it, the feeling of fullness from last night, that feeling of being pushed to the limit. Then she remembered her dream; something about that nightmare stuck with her, a small reminder of the dangers of overindulgence. She used it as a whip to tame the beast of her hunger, snapping at it with every angry growl.

Yor's morning passed by with little difficulty; she made Anya breakfast and got her ready for school just the same as every day. She rapidly adjusted to her new body once she got moving and was able to take things in stride. The way she thundered down the streets drew the

same attention a stampeding elephant drew. People dove away from her thundering footsteps and stayed clear of her street-filling girth. Even at school the parents gave her as wide a berth as possible as she deposited Anya. All eyes were drawn to the towering woman and her jiggling assets; she was tall enough to cast a shadow over the courtyard. The large foyer was the only room she felt comfortable in all day, the spacious hall just enough to house her frame.

Soon it was the afternoon, and Yor was already hard at work, sewing herself a new dress for the dance tonight. She bought yards of fabric from the local seamstress, enough to create a circus tent, but for Yor it was the right amount for a form-fitting attire. Her day was spent sequestered in the apartment, working tirelessly on a dress with some stretch, her steely focus only giving way to the occasional snack. Soon that afternoon faded into early evening, and the hour was at hand.

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All eyes turned on Yor as she stomped into the academy ballroom, the soft lights giving her towering form an almost heavenly glow. Small flecks of gem twinkled like starlight on her midnight black dress as they caught the light. The fabric managed to give her well-padded form the illusion of grace and serenity...at least until you looked below her neck. Yor's cleavage was spilling from the top of her gown, her breasts overflowing from the straps like gel. Her stomach jutted out in front of her like a grand balloon; people could easily conceal themselves under the giant balloon. Her massive cheeks barely fit in the black gown, the fabric fluttering with a steady stream of gas from her turgid stomach. She wasn't there to be the center of attention, though, she was there to cheer on her daughter as she was being given a crash course in noble activities.

"Okay, now. What's the most important thing tonight?" Yor gave Anya a smile as she let the girl down off her hand.

"Don't hit anyone." Anya returned Yor's smile as she stepped off her mother's hand.

"That's right. Don't hit anyone, and don't make too many weird noises or faces. Listen to the teachers." Yor ruffled Anya's hair with a few fingers through her hair, those few fingers large enough to cover her head.

"Mhmmh!" Anya gave her mom an affectionate hug before prancing off with the rest of the kids waiting single file.

Yor rose to her full standing height, retreating to the adult section of the party with the other parents. All of them looked to be of some kind of blue-blood family, richer than she could ever dream; yet in her current stature, they all looked so insignificant and small. Yor awkwardly shuffled towards the nearest parents she could make small talk with, most of them trying to

avoid her gaze. She did find one woman, though, a woman who looked heavy with child, gorging herself on hors d'oeuvres.

“So, uh-hh. Which one is yours?” Yor leant down to get ear level with the feasting woman.

The woman looked up at Yor with a start, the silver-haired vixen nearly dropping her plate at the sight of Yor’s enormous frame. Yor was ignorant of the fact that she’d just gotten the drop on one of the best foreign spies in the business, a woman who had been tailing Yor since this growth journey began. Fiona stuttered her response, nearly choking on the food she’d been packing in as she thought of a response.

“Oh, that little girl over there.” Fiona pointed vaguely towards the lineup of girls on the opposite wall.

“Oh, she looks just like you. Do you have another on the way?” Yor smiled, motioning towards Fiona’s overstuffed potbelly.

“Oh. Um... not really. This is sort of a new development; I’m just really hungry.” Fiona was floundering, melting under the pressure of speech like an ice cube.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to imply. Oh, gosh.” Yor’s face went beet red as she tried to salvage putting her foot in her mouth.

“It’s alright; I’m doing this on purpose. There’s this woman who’s trying to steal my man. She thinks she can get his attention by getting fat and bloated, so I’m going to show her a thing or two.” Fiona was too struck to think of a lie, so she told a veiled truth.

“Oh. Well, I hope you get her. I know a few things about eating.” Yor patted her stomach for emphasis.

“I can see that. How exactly did you get so large? Were you always so tall?” Fiona was doing some digging now.

“Well... I’m not sure. Last time I remember being normal-sized was the day before a big walk. I drank some strange juice, and well, this happened.” Yor tried to remember the exact lie she’d made up for Loid.

“Strange. Maybe someone poisoned you?” Fiona was beginning to turn gears and put things together.

“Maybe. I don’t mind it, though. It makes me look more motherly. Don’t you think?” Yor rocked her massive hips back and forth to emphasize her shape.

“You can say that. You should drink some of this punch; they refill it whenever it empties.” Fiona pushed the punch bowl to the edge of the table.

Yor thought it would be rude to drink an entire bowl of punch, but then she realized that bowl fit between her fingers like a wine glass. She absentmindedly drank the sweet punch, letting the sugared liquid trickle down her throat. As she drank, a heat started to come over her, a flood of warmth that hugged her head like a warm cloud. Yor had made the fatal mistake of drinking alcoholic punch; she made the false assumption that a drink at a kid’s event would be safe for her. Fiona could see the enormous woman begin to stagger, to lose her balance as her inhibitions washed away; this was her chance to strike.

Fiona dashed under the stumbling giantess, crawling under the blindspot of her stomach, a pocket-sized syringe drawn in her hand. With the revelation that Yor had drunk something strange, the fluid must be part of her blood now. Fiona’s cover as a hospital worker had given her all the training she needed; she dug the needle deep into the underside of Yor’s stomach. Fiona pulled the plunger, letting the syringe fill with a sparkling red liquid that looked like blood, but wasn’t. With her prize in hand, Fiona quickly vacated the premises; she’d heard the stories of a drunk Yor. Loid shared with her the tales of a lightweight woman without inhibitions, how her strength increased tenfold, and her actions became clumsy.

***Rmbmbmbml***

***Ooouuuurrrp***

Yor’s face flushed, her tongue rolling out as she let out a steaming belch, the alcohol in her system already clouding her judgement. Her decency was already fading as she let her more animalistic nature take over. The gas inside of her exited with ease, low rolling belches slipping past her lips as she fell to her knees. She crawled over to the hors d’oeuvres table, a hunger clawing deep at her core. She picked the table up by the end, swallowing plate after plate of incredibly expensive food; it was very unfilling. The finger foods were meant to be sampled over the night as a small treat during the festivities, a thing to talk over; they were not meant to sate a now drunk giantess. The small morsels only amplified Yor’s growing hunger; they were simply fuel to her fire. Every calorie burned was just adding to the ignition; to smother her burning hunger, she’d need something larger, more substantial. Steam began to rise from her body, permeating the cloth of her dress as the alcohol worked through her system.

“Look at that blimp. Panting like a dog in the middle of the academy. I pity the child that calls her mother.” One of the women whispered in a hushed tone to her friend.

“A daughter to a mother like that is probably an animal herself. Unkempt and a mess, the two would belong together.” The woman beside her side-eyed Yor as the pair chuckled.

They thought their gossip was secret, that their whispers wouldn’t travel to Yor’s ears, but they were wrong. Yor’s senses were sharpened to a razor’s edge when she was hungry, her

new body always alert for a meal. Her blushing face turned hot with anger; the way their words tickled her ears infuriated her. *How dare they talk about Anya like that?!* Yor's body was moving before she commanded it to, her thoughts storming around the comments on Anya. People could mock her and get away with it, but to aim a barb at her daughter was inexcusable. Yor was crawling on all fours, sauntering like a cow towards the gossiping girls.

"Why's it so warm?" The woman started to fan herself, the temperature around her reaching a sauna-like humidity.

"It got dark too; did the electricity go out?" The other woman looked around in confusion.

Both women were horridly ignorant of their surroundings, so cushioned by their lives that the possibility of a predator was unfathomable. Yor loomed over them like a great cloud; the area beneath her flesh steamed as her body heat rose. The humidity of her sweat created a small fog around her. Yor opened her mouth wide and sank into the cloud. There was no sound, no struggle; Yor had become such an overwhelming force that resistance was impossible. In a single stretched gulp, both women turned into a bulge in her dress. Yor's stomach pressed into the ground with the added weight, the soft, oozing flesh pressing into the tile like dough. Yor felt something take over her, the animalistic urge she had been trying to contain.

***Oouuurrrp***

Her belches were punctuated by wheezing pants; she felt like a dog in heat, everything about her moving against her control. She felt so hot, so restricted, she wanted to tear off the dress and run through the streets again. The only thing keeping her decent, keeping her human, was Anya's presence in the hall. The thought of Anya summoning any kind of fear at Yor's image was heartbreaking and impermissible. Instead, Yor tried to direct her freight train of a body, steering the jiggling mass towards women in the back. Yor stayed on all fours, her muscles twitching like springs as she leapt from prey to prey. Shoving gossiping men and women down her gullet like they were finger foods. She needed to remove all evidence that they had been there; she was eating plates, glasses, everything they were holding. They fell uncomfortably in her stomach, but there was an added effect to her consumption: the alcohol in the glasses. Yor's already addled state was amplified by the small flutes of punch that were sloshing in her stomach. The heavy liquors mixed with her stomach acids and sent a fog throughout her senses.

***Ppbbbbfftt***

Her dress fluttered with her torrential fart, her bare ass clapping against itself as her body vented. The small expulsion sounded like a bomb going off in the hall; a thundercloud emitted from human form. Yor's eye scanned the room for any onlookers who noticed; everyone noticed. She ran across the floor like a bulldozer, her mouth gaping wide to scoop up the gawking onlookers. Her stomach billowing in size between her legs as more prey piled inside, the bloated balloon pressed her legs apart with every swallow. She was struggling to keep her

gait against the writhing orb of people and gas. The surface smoothed out into a malleable blimp that rolled with her movements.

### ***Ppppppbbbbtttt***

Another trumpeting fart sent her flying forward, planting her face first into the tile, her open mouth scooping up a swathe of people. Her cheeks bulged like balloons, wriggling spheres that rested on her shoulders. She strained her muscles, her throat bulging past her breasts as the massive load forced itself into her stomach. She wasn't sure how many people she had eaten- a dozen, maybe two? All she knew was that the feeling of fullness was starting to creep through the alcohol- induced haze.

### ***Riippppp***

Yor's belly surged out from the confines of her dress; the glittering attire ruptured the moment the mass of people hit her gut. Her belly surged out like a mountain, raising her up into the air like a parade float. Her legs rested against her flanks, heels swinging lazily against her writhing belly. The lumpy surface soon smoothed out as gas filled the gaps in the people, their moans fading against the gurgling of her stomach. Yor was like a force of nature; the crowd could feel her digestion from a distance. Every popping gas bubble, every muscle contraction- they all felt like tremors running through the earth. The crowd paid it no mind, though, each so absorbed in their social circles that Yor was but a passing inconvenience. Her stomach lifted her higher and higher, the pressurized contents fighting against the weight of her incredible bulk.

### ***Oouuurrrp***

Another belch broke past her lips, the gale force bowling over the idle rich and launching her back onto her feet. Her wrought muscles flexed and tensed to keep the balance against her bloated stomach. The heavy orb weighed nearly as much as she did, the stomach steaming and pink from the heat of her digestion. Sweat trailed down her stomach like river flow, dripping on the floor as the inebriated woman found her bearings. The alcohol built a fence around her mind; only the smallest and most basic of thoughts were able to control her muscles. Eat, fart, protect Anya, sleep; that small smattering of words were the only thing moving her body at this point. She scooped up people with the same mechanical efficiency a thresher exhibited; people vanished into her stomach one after the other. She only stopped when she ran out of room; the hands of her vanquished prey scratched at the back of her throat. Yor had to push them down with her hand, her massive boulder of a stomach scraping against the floor as her body tightened. She gave her fingers a single lick, a small extra taste of the rich food she had indulged in.

### ***Pbbbbfftt***

The floor beneath Yor cracked and splintered under the force of her gas, the unending torrent punching a deep hole into the marble. Her tight stomach deflated only slightly from the

expulsion as the weight of sleep hung on her eyelids. She could feel the hold of the alcohol taking over her, the weight of her meal sitting in her stomach. All of those factors were calling her to sleep, to rest her weary eyes and let everything digest. She needed to make sure Anya got home, though; she couldn't leave her alone in the middle of the school. Then Yor spotted someone, the same woman who had given her the drink at the start of the party.

"Take Anya home." Yor mumbled those words under her breath, her massive hand wrapping around the bewildered woman.

Fiona was speechless; she had been under the impression she could fade wordlessly into the background, escape into the night, but she was wrong. Yor's fingers encircled her like a coiling snake, binding her into place. The helpless woman struggled as Yor brought her close; Fiona could feel the heat of Yor's breath on her face. Every panting wheeze blew her hair in and out. Fiona was face-to-face with a mouth that could eat her without biting. She stared in silence, waiting for Yor to make the first move.

"Take Anya home." Yor whispered those words before her cheeks bulged out.

***Ooooooooourrrrrrp***

Yor's request was punctuated by a deafening belch that blew back Fiona's hair, leaving it a tizzy mess. The woman was in no position to deny the request as Yor deposited a set of keys in Fiona's chest before releasing her. Fiona stumbled to her feet, trying to prevent the keys from diving down her cleavage. Fiona watched in awe as Yor flipped herself over, her massive stomach crashing to the ground and cratering into the floor. Fiona looked hurriedly around the room, scoping out the surprisingly calm children before seeing Anya. Fiona rushed over to Anya, the delusion of motherhood running through her head.

"Who are you?" Anya looked up at Fiona in confusion.

"I'm a work friend of your mom's. She's feeling a bit sick right now and needs to go to bed. So she wants me to take you home." Fiona reached down to take Anya's hand.

"Ooooooh. Okay. Can we get peanuts on the way home?" Anya smiled as she took Fiona's hand.

The pair vacated the dance before it got too chaotic, leaving Yor to digest her meal away.

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Yor woke the next morning with a slight headache, her body aching from the binging she did the night prior. Her head pounded as she took her first steps, lifting her enormous frame from the ground. She couldn't tell just how much her assets had grown, but it was obvious how

tall she had gotten. She felt like she was shooting up in the air; the pillars supporting the ceiling seemed like thin twigs. The vaulted ceiling above her, tall enough to house an old redwood, was closing in. Yor was tall enough to reach the ceiling; she did more than reach it, her head punched through the ceiling like a sprout. The building around her was crumbling under her body, rubble getting lost inside of her cavernous cleavage. She could feel the pebble-like rocks tapping against the top of her stomach. She looked around her surroundings, the city buildings seemed at eye level: she had grown as tall as the government building.

***Grlllll***

Yor clasped her hands to her stomach; the orb was gurgling with dissatisfaction, unhappy with the alcohol she had taken in the previous night. As she inspected the orb, she realized just how fat and plush she had become; her gut was as large as a boat. Not just a small skimmer, but a full-on transport freighter. The soft, fleshy surface jiggled in her hands, her cavernous navel folding in under the heavy bulk. She wanted to play with it, to spend the whole morning toying with the heavy balloon. Then there was a sudden shoot of pressure; her asshole twitched as gas flowed down her rear.

***Ppbbbbbffftttt***

The backside of the building blew out from her thunderous fart, the stone supports crumbling as her massive cheeks shook. The tattered remains of her dress fluttered from her bare ass; the tarp-sized black cloth fluttered off in the distance. Yor's house-sized ass wobbled freely under her minor adjustments as she crashed through the school building. She stumbled backwards, her bloated assets wobbling free and destroying the remains of the school. The buildings behind her crumbled as she stumbled about, the effects of the alcohol still coursing through her mind. Her stomach rumbled again, a swell of air rushing from the orb and up her throat.

***Oouuuurrrrrppp***

A cacophonous belch burst from her lips, obliterating the last vestiges of the building in front of her. Yor held her head, the belch stirring thoughts in her mind; she wondered where Anya was. Her mind strained to remember the events of the previous night, images of a single woman flashing in her mind. She put her daughter in that woman's care, but who was that woman? Yor was kicking herself at the thought of giving Anya to a complete stranger.

***Thud***

Yor's thoughts were interrupted by a rumbling impact in the distance, a heavy footstep approaching her current location.

***Thud***

It was getting closer: Yor could see a shape in the distance, a human shape. It was a woman closing in on her position, her silver hair blowing in the wind, her nude body glistening in the sunlight. Yor recognized the woman; it was Fiona, the woman she had left Anya with, but she was different now. She was equal to Yor in height, taller than most buildings; her once modest frame had ballooned into a blimp of fat. Her stomach swung in front of her like a wrecking ball, knocking buildings around as she walked. She was getting faster, her eyes locked with Yor's, and the woman power-walked her way through the school courtyard and into the broken ballroom.

"So you're up." Fiona looked at Yor with a smug sense of superiority.

"Where's Anya?" Yor didn't care about anything other than her daughter.

"She's safe at home; I wouldn't let anything happen to Loid's daughter." Fiona took another step forward, pressing her gut into Yor's.

"How do you know Loid?" Yor pressed her stomach back, meeting Fiona's pressure.

"I know more about him than you do and I'm here to prove that I'm his real wife." Fiona pressed further.

Both women stared daggers into each other, their bloated guts squishing into each other, shifting into a jumbled mass of flesh. The women could sense the competition that was about to take place, they needed to compete to see who was worthy of Loid's love.

**To be continued**