

“I’ve done it! I’ve found the solution to all of our problems!” Miia came rushing through the kitchen, her serpentine tail knocking aside pots and pans that had been hanging above the island.

As a member of the Kimihito household, Mia was always striving for ways to spend more time with her beloved darling. With how many of them there were to feed, he was pulled away at work all times of day to keep things afloat. That’s where Miia’s head was at when she spotted the flyer at the cafe she worked at; it was a flyer for a game tournament being held in the coming months, with a grand prize of two billion yen. It would be enough to keep them all fed for quite some time, and she’d have enough time with her darling to finally win his heart.

“What have you found this time?” Centorea dismissed Miia’s claims in a haughty tone as she struggled to clean up the mess she had left.

Even with a double-wide house, there were often traffic jams caused by the girls’ larger frames; it is what happens when you have a centaur and lamia in the same household. Miia herself was a rather large woman in scale, half snake and half woman, with a long tail that stretched far into the rooms behind her. Sporting bright red scales, hair that matched, and a rather sizable bust, she vied the hardest for Kimihito’s heart, but her competition was fierce. Centora stood as her opposition in the war for Kimihito’s heart, a centaur of the knightly variety, with a thick lower half. Her horse half was often covered by a long black frock that concealed most of her body, only giving glimpses of her powerful legs and hind. Her human half was far harder to conceal, with a long blonde ponytail and breasts that popped her buttons often; she was a standout in any crowd. Despite her exaggerated features, she could be demure at times, leaning towards the demure nature of knighthood.

“I just so happened to find a little tournament that would spare my darling an early grave.” Miia had a smug look on her face as she held out the paper.

“A tournament?! This would not be the first time I have fought in such a contest. So to do so for my Master’s sake is a worthy cause.” Centorea snatched the paper from Miia’s hands as she scanned over the wording. “What is Castleday?”

Centorea read over the document again, and the name kept coming up. The entire tournament seemed to be based around this thing called “Castleday”.

“I think it’s a game? I know the guys at my cafe talk about it a lot.” Miia shrugged in confusion, her mind too focused on the potential free time with her darling to even question it.

Miia closed her eyes, holding her hands against her chin as she thought about what they could do. She imagined them on a beach, her in a constantly slipping bikini and Kimihito helping to keep it atop her. Rubbing suntan lotion on her back before she clumsily fell atop him and the two became a twisted knot of flesh and scales. Miia’s fantasy was swiftly interrupted by a snide comment from her other housemate.

“How do you not know what Castleday is? It’s the biggest game on the planet right now.” Rachneria clung to the ceiling, staring down at her housemates with a superior tone.

“It doesn’t matter. I’ll beat anyone who tries to come between me and my darling.” Miia shouted up at the ceiling, raising herself up to Rachnera’s level.

“Have you even played a video game? You can’t even turn on Papi’s console for her.” Rachnera chuckled, sticking her face in Miia’s.

“Miia...Did you already sign up for this tournament?” Centorea lowered the flyer, her eye twitching in annoyance.

“Of course, I put myself down as the Kimihito household.” Miia placed her hands on her hips as she spoke with pride.

“Why would you do that?” Rachnera hid her head in her palm as Centorea looked in disappointment.

“Miia, this is a team-based tournament. You entered everyone in the household into this tournament.” Centorea calmly sat the paper down; despite her demeanor, the annoyance in her voice was obvious.

“Looks like we’ll need to brush up on our shooter skills then.” Rachnera sighed, wrapping Miia in web and dragging her away.

“Where are you taking her?” Rachnera was nearly in the other room by the time Centorea voiced her concerns.

“Boot camp, of course; this girl’s never even touched a mouse and keyboard. I’ve only got room for one student, though, so you’re on your own over there.” Rachnera waved nonchalantly as she dragged a muffled Miia into the computer room.

Centorea was left on her lonesome; she knew her computer skills were only a bit better than Miia’s, but not enough to play a game. Glancing back to the paper, she saw the tournament date; she only had a month to prepare. Even if it was against her will and outside of her normal skillset, Centorea couldn’t falter in her quest. If it was for her master, she could do anything.

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Through the first week, Centorea had dedicated herself to the lifestyle needed to win the Castleday tournament. Those who entered game tournaments often referred to themselves as gamers, which meant she had to live the gamer lifestyle. Researching the diet and training regimen of a “pro-gamer”, Centorea imported the required foods and equipment. A few bags of

spiced cheese chips arrived at the door, alongside bottles of menacing green soda. These foods were the only things a gamer should subsist on, save for takeout; that is what she told herself. With her diet set, she simply needed the equipment, a computer tower equipped with all the flashiest lights and the rotating fans so loud that you could hear them outside her room. She considered the chair but deemed it ultimately unnecessary, given her biology. The bill for said goods may have been in the hundreds of thousands, but it was a small investment for billions. All of that was at the start of the week; by week's end is where we find her now.

***Pfffffftttttt***

***Bbbbbbbrrrrttt***

“So unladylike.” Centorea grimaced at her own noisy backside, using her tail to fan the fetid air.

Normally she would never be caught dead passing gas so brazenly; it would be done in the restroom where none could hear her, but she wasn't given much option. Her new gamer diet was greasy, salty, and far too carbonated for her stomach to handle, so her already excess methane production was doubled in the short few days since her start. She couldn't excuse herself every time she needed to break wind; it would take away precious training time. So she just let them rip.

Her gamer lifestyle had also impacted her body in more ways than just increased flatulence. Constant take-out and a deluge of sugary sodas had rapidly added pounds onto her body that were not there before. From the hem of her shirt oozed a rippling layer of fat that had settled atop her torso. A pillowy gut that created gaps between her buttons and threatened to pop them when she breathed. Constantly stuffed with soda and chips, it looked more round than anything. The swell of her stomach, rising from the collection of flab like a boulder from the mud, pale and swollen, quivering with gastric action.

***Hhooouuuurrrpp***

***Frrpppppppp***

“Could you...not do that in the mic?” An annoyed voice rang out from Centorea's headset.

She went bright red at the prospect of someone online hearing her expulsions through her headset, even through noise cancellation. She tried to maintain her composure, but she was flustered, becoming painfully aware of the pig she had become. Her already enormous breasts had turned into fat-filled balloons atop her chest. Once the size of melons, they looked more like balloons on her chest, wobbling with her breathing and shaking with her belches. Her last belch had managed to dislodge the button at her chest, flinging it up into the ceiling.

Centorea could handle a larger bust; it was the thing that caught Kimihito's attention, but she couldn't abide by the generous fat that accumulated on her backside. Her horse half had bore the brunt of her weight gain over the past week. With a broad and barreled underside, she always had a bit of bulk on her horse gut, but that padding made it all the more apparent. Her black dress was bulging out at both sides, distended by the fatty balloon of her horse stomach. Wobbling and full, her stomach was a brown blimp that stuck out on both sides, warping her silhouette when she walked. Accompanying those bloated flanks was the excessive padding on her hind quarters. What was once toned muscle had devolved into sagging blobs of fat that threatened to break her dress with the wrong movement. Huge haunches of fat that made her look closer to a cow than a horse, and they were constantly in motion. A booty so fat and soft that every expulsion from her backside made it wobble like gelatin.

Centorea tried to focus on her game, clicking on the enemies as she frantically hit the keys. She was sorely outmatched; her moves were panicked and slow, despite how fast she was moving the keys. It was getting harder to concentrate as she felt a familiar pressure welling in her gut, a bubbling of pressure that pressed against her flanks.

"I must apologize, my comrades, but I'm about to make a rude noise." Centorea looked down in resignation as she scrunched her face.

***Pppppppppbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbrrrrrrttttt***

"You could have just muted the mic!" the voices shouted, but Centorea was already trapped in her own shame.

The room heated up as her long-winded fart bristled her tail, clapping her cheeks as the trumpeting blast escaped them. It lasted for a minute, and it seemed like it would keep going if she didn't cut it off. The message on her screen showed her and her teammates' defeat, a paltry last place. She needed to do better, and the only way to do that was to live the lifestyle harder.

She clicked away the game menu and brought up the website for her food delivery app; finding the necessary food groups was so difficult in Japan, but she still managed. There were a few taco places that existed and enough burgers and fries to shake a stick at. In desperation she ordered a double; even though she just ate, she had to do it. More food meant more gaming.

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"Cerea! Your food is here!" Mero shouted from the front of the household.

It was another in a long line of food deliveries that had been left at their doorstep; she felt like she was half-courier herself with how much she was taking the packages around. Ever since Miia signed the household up for that silly gaming tournament, the girls had gotten too lazy to even cook for themselves anymore. They were obsessive about it, forgoing sleep and

exercise for a few more hours of practice. If Kimihito were home, he'd be concerned with what was going on with the girls, but he'd been whisked away on a business trip. So it fell on Mero and Suu to take care of things as the girls became lost in their monitors; their moist nature meant that sensitive electronics should be kept away from them.

“Oh, nooo. The order is too heavy! If you don't come and get it, it will crush me.” Mero needed both hands to haul Centorea's most recent order into the house.

***Thud***

***Thud***

Mero was caught in her fantasy, obsessed over the idea of a romantically tragic end, and being crushed under the food needed to sustain a housemate seemed perfect for that. Yet, to her dismay, the resounding thuds of heavy hoofsteps echoed through the household. Centorea had finally gotten on the move, a woman so bestial and engorged that everyone could hear when she moved. Mero rested the immense order on her lap in preparation; it must have been a triple, as the bags overflowed onto the handles of her wheelchair. Highly stacked plastic containers that came to her chin, the scent of greasy meat permeating from their loose lids. Keeping them in place was a challenge all on its own, as Cerea's primal outbursts shook the house worse than her footsteps.

***Ruuuuuuuuuupp***

***Prrbbbbbtptt***

Signalling Centorea's entrance were a pair of gaseous outbursts that were powerful enough to shake the room around her. A belch that carried a hot mist with it and a fart that could floor a person from the force. They were the precursors to her arrival, as the first portion of her mammoth frame rounded the corner. Wobbling like a balloon was her blimped stomach, exposed like a pale ball of flesh. Shiny with sweat and coated in a thin layer of grease from various leftover feasts, her stomach looked bloated. The top of her stomach was smooth, a gradual curve that rode up into her sternum like a hill, but that smoothness dissolved into a blubbery softness past that curve. Overhangs of flab piled atop each other as more of her fat flanks appeared. Deep and pitted valleys marked the portions of her stomach where her fat had flowed furthest. In size and scope, her gut had become a buoy of fat, gas, and food, a buoy that bobbed up and down as she approached. No matter how often they rearranged the furniture, her stomach always found new ways to push it out of place.

Following her immense stomach came her mammoth tits, two blimps of fat that barely fit inside her stretched top. Each breast was as large as Papi and rested atop her blimped stomach like it were a shelf. Supple, rippling, her silky, smooth breasts wobbled like water every time she moved or breathed. Luscious melons that could fill the palm, littered with the remnants of her last feast. As more of her came into view, a large green bottle was clasped in Centorea's pudgy hands. Flabby fingers caked in orange dust from her latest snack session, fingers that

matched the pudge on her hands and arms. Centorea's whole body had blown up from the endless greasy feasting she had been indulging in; she even had a double chin. Bubbled jowls that wobbled with her heavy gulps, jostling up and down as she drained the entire bottle.

***Bbbbrrrppppp***

She had been drowning herself in carbonated sludge constantly, to the point that it affected her horse stomach. The bubbles seemed to go in one end and out the other, as each bottle she finished was heralded by a celebratory trumpet from her backside. As she rounded the corner, Centorea's horse half came into view, showing off just how rotund she had become. Her legs overflowed with fat, mighty trunks of brown-furred fat that were wider than Mero's torso, sluggishly pulling the bloated horse forward. What was once a shiny and pristine coat had become ruddy and muddled from the collected sweat and grease that Cerea affectionately called "gamer funk". Behind her legs came her swollen wrecking ball of a stomach, a swollen wrecking ball of brown flab that clung desperately to her hide. Sagging down like an overripe fruit, it looked primed to pop. The massive blimp brushed against her legs with every trot, blubber collided with blubber in her movements, the scantest bit of that balloon brushed against the floor. Yet, Centorea was grander still, as following her bloated stomach came her corpulent haunches.

***Fffffffppppptttt***

Centorea's ass announced itself with a loud and bassy trumpet of gas that fluttered the end of her tail. Her corpulent hills were so round and engorged that her tail couldn't adequately conceal her hole, leaving it exposed to the elements, or it would be. Centorea's tail had been replaced in the function of concealment by the fatty hillsides of her derriere. Broken from the poor trappings of her dress, Centorea's enormous cheeks flowed over her flabby thighs. Jutting off her backside like she had two balloons stowed under her flesh, she was a wobbling and jostling gasblimp. Mero swore she could see them grow when she farted, but that was the illusion caused by her clapping cheeks.

"My, my. Somebody looks hungry. I don't think I've seen you move that quick in days." Mero teased her cow of a housemate.

***"Huff huff*** I've got to get back to the game; I'm almost there. I just got second place." Centorea's small sprint left her out of breath and sweating up a storm.

Mero was caught in her feelings; there was a bit of regret in seeing what Centorea had devolved into, but she couldn't deny the romanticism of it. To let oneself go so completely in an attempt to assuage the financial burden of her love. Her clothes barely fit, her long black smock had become ragged and stained, and her fitness was nonexistent. Mero could feel the heat coming off of her body as Centorea closed in.

“That’s impressive. You’re doing about as well as Miia and Rachnera. I bet this will put you over the edge and get you the win.” Mero’s face turned red as she struggled to lift the sack of food.

“Fanks. **Ommff nom**” Centorea hadn’t bothered to take her food to her room before consuming it.

The meal Centorea unpacked was a marvelous concoction, something she’d grabbed from some foreign eatery. Meat and cheese wrapped in a white tortilla, all coming in various shapes and sizes. Accompanied by crispy chips soaked in a neon orange sauce she called nacho cheese, it was a wonder. What was more impressive was watching her eat; in a dervish of grease and meat, she shoveled those goods down her maw. Chomping messily as beans and cheese flowed from her lips, taking handfuls of the messy nachos and shoveling them in shortly after. All of it was chased down by heavy sips of some bubbling turquoise soda, something that Mero herself seemed desperate to try. Cerea ate so quickly and so fiercely that you’d think she were starving; she burned through containers like they were kindling, tearing them apart as she shoved more into her mouth.

***Uuurrrp***

***Oooooorrrp***

***Bbrrrrrrrrttt***

***Pppppptttttttttt***

The more her feast progressed, the noisier she became; each bite was followed by a wet belch that misted the air. A white fog permeated the air around her as her overheated insides vented the pressurized gas. The soda she drank must have been the same as the one in the green bottle as her ass erupted into blasting trumpets with each drink. She was a gassy and slovenly blob of a beast; her feasting filled Mero with a primal urge, a desire to touch her. Reaching out to feel the upper curve of her stomach, it was hard as a rock, tensing at the continued abuse. Centorea’s stomach recoiled at her touch, pausing the feast for an instant before Centorea continued eating. Unable to contain her need to assist and her need to explore, Mero began massaging Centorea’s bloated stomach.

***Hhoouurrrpp***

***Uuuuurrrrrrrrrrrrrppp***

***Ppppppbbbbbbbbffffttttt***

***Frrtttt***

***Brrrttt***

***Bbbblbbbl***

Mero worked the gas out of Centorea's stomach, shifting the food inside of her with measured presses. Releasing trapped gasses from her upper stomach, letting them bubble and pop before rolling past Centorea's lips. Unleashing bellowing belches that curled Centorea's lips, explosive eruptions that shook the house around her. As she kneaded deeper, Mero's touch brought about more gas; deeper and longer trumpets of gas erupted from her backside. Some of her farts lasted minutes on end, just long enough to signal the end of Centorea's feast. Centorea barely noticed Mero's touch as she let the remnants of her food clatter down her mountainous side. When she turned around to retreat back to her cave, Mero felt a desire. Watching Centorea's wobbling cheeks shake in front of her, she let her inner demons win and grabbed a handful of them.

***Bbbbbbbrrrrrrrrtttt***

Her greed was met with a blast of gas so powerful that it rolled her away, knocking her into the wall as Cerea left.

***Slam***

When Centorea was out of sight, Miia rushed into the room in a panic. Her frazzled hair and exhausted eyes looked like they were pleading for rest.

"Meroooo! You have to help me! Rachnera's asleep, and this is my only chance; she's got me strapped to ***grrghghg*** NOOOOOOO!" Before Miia could finish her sentence, a thread came snapping around the corner. "Save meeee!"

The whipping cord of web wrapped around Miia's waist, dragging her around the corner as she screamed in a tantrum. Hands scrambling across the wood as she was pulled kicking and screaming into her cave.

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It was only a few days before the tournament, and Centorea was in the middle of a heated training session, and she hadn't left her room in days. After her excessive feasting, she had hit a groove, an event horizon of skill that pushed her above her competitors. Win after win, increasingly difficult opponents fell under her quick movements and precise aim. It felt like she was back in her knightly days, training on the fields of combat to best opponents far beyond her skill. Those days were far behind her, though, as there was no way she was ever going to set foot on the fields again.

Buried in the recesses of her room, shadowed from the sole light in the room, her computer screen, Centorea clicked away. Her keyboard clacked loudly as she moved about the screen, mouse flicking across the wide desk as she took down her opponents. The points she received from kills didn't even register to her; she was focused on other things. Slight imperfections in movement, awkward movements, and bad positioning were the crux of her long session. She needed to hammer out her bad habits before the day of the tournament, but there was one bad habit she couldn't break herself from.

***Uuuuuuuuuurrrrrrrrrppppp***

"Holy shit, what was that?" "My speakers just blew out!"

***Bbbrrrrrruuuuuppppppttt***

"Bro, do you live in a fucking boatyard or something? What was with the foghorn?"

Taunts that used to make Centorea blush in shame simply rolled off her corpulent form; her gas was just a natural result of her skill. Her backside was constantly spewing fumes, belching more pollution than a factory. Loud and blasting farts broke from her bloated cheeks with each kill she got, like it was a victory announcement. The thundering belches she loosed were often the result of a quick pre-kill chug. She drank her caffeinated soda as easily as she breathed, huge bottles downed like they were cups of water. So many that the piles in her room were getting stacked to the ceiling.

***Grlllll***

***Blblblbl***

***Uurrrllll***

Right on cue, her belly began to grumble, aching for more food; she'd managed to train it in a way so that each win was followed by a feast. *Triple bean and beef burritos along with loaded nachos were her meal of choice; in fact, a triple order had already been placed and should be arriving soon.* She waited impatiently, eyeing the delivery tracker before starting her next match. Her sausage fingers gripped at the mouse in annoyance, dust-covered fingers reaching for the bag at her side, a snack to tide her over. The bag clung to her flabby forearms as she shoved her ham-fist in. Foil crinkled around her fat body as she struggled to free it from the back, her wrist large enough to fill the back to the rim. Chubby forearms bulged around the edges like dough before she finally freed herself, pulling out the entire bag in one handful. Greedily she ate, shoveling the chips down her throat, letting the crumbs tumble down her double chins and collect with their brethren in her cleavage.

***Grruubblblbl***

Her stomach bubbled angrily as she emptied another bag, the spiced cheese mixing in an unpleasant tumult in her gut. What she believed to be the growls of hunger were closer to growls of discontent, the angry howls of an overpacked stomach. She'd put her poor belly through so much abuse that she didn't even realize how full it was, even when it lurched up into her desk. The massive blimp quivered with rumbling discontent as she chugged another drink.

"Where is that food?" Centorea looked with annoyance at the tracker; it should have arrived two minutes ago.

***Click***

Cerea's question was answered by the sudden influx of light into her room; rolling in with bags at her flask was Mero. Her wheelchair hummed valiantly to deliver the payload of Cerea's food. The orders had gotten so large that Mero needed to whip out her high-torque chair to even move it. Rolling across the floor, crushing bottles and trash alike, Mero fulfilled her indulgent duty. Over the preceding weeks her fondness for Centorea's fat body had turned into an obsession; she never skipped an opportunity to fulfill her desire for horsemeat. It could be seen as enabling, but she trusted that Cerea had the willpower to stop herself at any time. Until that time came, she was ready to leap onto that fat ass.

***Brrrrrrtttttttt***

"Thank goodness, I was wasting away there." Centorea's relief came with a powerful blast of gas from her backside.

Mero reveled in Cerea's winds, letting those blustering gales baptize her in Cerea's body, treating them as a precursor. For what could spawn such forceful farts except an equally grand ass? Wobbling in front of her like two brown mountains was Centorea's ass, those marvelous glaciers of blubber that stretched off her backside like blimps. Enormous blobs of fat that hung down to her knees and wrapped around her calves. Wider than her own doorway, those glorious cheeks had been sculpted by fatty feasts and gassy burritos. Mero had gotten so familiar with Cerea's anatomy that she could see when she was about to pass gas. Her enormous haunches would flex and wobble, her wide backside would tilt to one side, and her legs could buckle a bit.

***Pppppppppppbbbbbttttt***

Another impatient expulsion of gas came from Cerea's swollen ass, the force great enough to end her enormous cheeks clapping. Long thunderclaps of action echoed through the room, lasting longer than the gas itself.

***roooooooooo***

A low and rolling groan resonated from inside of Centorea's gut, sounding like a wailing siren and lasting just as long. Mero took that as a sign that Centorea would suffer no more

delay; venturing around her flanks, she admired the bloated flanks of her stomach. The way her brown coat flowed to the floor like liquid, the way she needed to take wide turns to even make her way past the bloated barrel. Fat coated her massive underbelly in layers thicker than her arms, glistening swells of flesh that Mero couldn't help but speak a touch. It was remarkable how different her lower stomach was from her upper; it was just as fat-laden but not nearly as saggy. Cerea's lower stomach was closer to a balloon of fat, a blimp that could crush Mero with a single off-movement.

***Rllloorrllll***

"Hurry up, I'm starving, and I need to start another match." Centorea pleaded with Mero as her gut let out an angry growl.

Mero saw Centorea's gut recoil at her touch, quivering in discomfort at her touch, the massive blob shaking in pain. Cerea had been indulging far too much for any one person, and her stomach looked primed to blow. Gasses roiled just under the surface, sending waves crashing across her flabby surface as another expulsion escaped Centorea's lips.

***Oooooouurrrppp***

Mero watched Cerea sigh in relief after that thunderous belch, her stomach relaxing a little before tensing again. She dutifully handed the bags over to Cerea, watching her pile them on the desk in a heap. Wrappers and containers clattered in a mess as Cerea pulled the food from their trappings. Stuffing messy burritos down her craw while Mero watched her eat, staring in awe at the way her stomach grew. Centorea's gut was a mountainous slab of fat; every time she saw it, she could appreciate the growth.

Fat rolled over itself in folded ridges as she ate, pale creases of flesh that were caked in sweat from days of seclusion. Hanging drapes of blubber sagged down to her knees, rolling into the underside of her desk. Her massively blimped stomach was large enough to fit two of Mero. Resting atop the feet of adipose was the swollen bubble of her gut, an ovoid swell that dragged her entire body down. Rising and falling with every bite, each swallow leaving it a bit bigger than the last. Its surface was shiny and taut, aglow with a strained shine from her strained meals. Gradually swelling with her swallows, raising the underside of her desk as she moved to the next morsel. The pale sheen gained a reddish hue in parts as Centorea feasts, giving Mero pause.

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She got to work, initiating her twofold task of indulging her own obsession and soothing the ache in Centorea's stomach. Her hands slid over the cresting dome of Centorea's stomach, lotion-slicked hands slathering her stomach in cream. Mero had taken to pre-lubricating her hands, bringing all sorts of relaxing concoctions into her daily routine. All so she could facilitate more of Centorea's growth. Rising up and down, slipping her hands into the folds of Cerea's fat, moving under her oversized breasts. Mero strained to reach the furthest parts of Cerea's gut, unable to reach her navel without leaving her chair, but she did her best. Slowly the red strain of Centorea's gut dissipated, returning to the pale and lax shade it had before.

***Ffrrrrruuuuuuuutttt***

***Brrrrrt***

***Ppppppppptt***

Mero's work always had this effect, alleviating Centorea of her gaseous stowaways and sending them from her billowing cheeks. Punching fart after blustering blast erupted from her backside in a glorious trumpet. Blowing out of her ass like a machine gun, rolling gas flowed freely from her body. Continuing to expel until Centorea's meal was finished, and she was a swollen mound of food, ready to continue her practice. This time, though, Mero didn't look at Centorea with the same level of relief as before. Her massage hadn't done much to decrease her size or alleviate her gas; she was still concerningly full.

***Ruuuppppp***

***Ooouurrlllpppp***

***Strrhhhtccch***

***Grrnnnnn***

Another set of wet belches rolled past Centorea's lips as she turned to her keyboard, chugging more of that despicable soda as she went. Her body rippled angrily, visibly gyrating from her cheesy feast. Centorea's stomach groaned in discomfort, her skin stretching to accommodate her many feasts and collections of carbonated sodas. Mero could do little but clean up what trash she could; her concern and obsession were overpowering each other. The longer she looked at Cerea, the less she thought of her as a girl and the more she thought of her as a bomb. Her long fuse was lit, and it was just a matter of time before she blew.

"How romantic. Blowing yourself to pieces in an attempt to help your love. It's out of a fairy tale." Mero hummed ominously as she left Centorea to her gaming.

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The day of the Castleday tournament had finally arrived; the Kimihito household had gathered to enact their foolproof plan to earn some extra money. All of them had gone through their own form of hellish training. Miia had spent sleepless nights in front of the computer with Rachnera at her back snapping the leash whenever she faltered. This led her to look closer to a zombie than a snake, an emaciated husk with sunken eyes and ghostly skin, someone who hadn't seen light or food in days. At her flank, Rachnera looked preened as a parrot, as elegant as the day she walked into the house. Her already existing skill was enough to carry her through the tournament and to probably beyond. Even Lala was primed for competition, her body so practiced in the ways of the first-person shooter that she didn't need her head to play. There was still someone missing, their ace in the hole, the woman who would bring home the glory.

Their worry only grew when they sat down at the computers on stage, still waiting for their final member. The audience grew impatient, their moans and groans filling the hall as time passed by. It wasn't until Centorea was being wheeled on stage that they realized the moans and groans were coming from their teammate, not the audience. Sputtering up the ramp to the stage was the massive whale of their household, Centorea, her heavy haunches perched atop the forks of a forklift. Centorea's size had become completely unreasonable; she was so heavy that the machinery struggled to take her up. As she came into view, her housemates were struck silent, as Centorea was naked as a jaybird. Having completely outgrown her clothes, she was surely going to get them disqualified for indecency.

"Sorry we're late; the truck broke down when we were hauling Miss Gamer here." Mero spoke up for Centorea, poking her head out from behind the driver's seat.

***Ooourrrllll***

***Crkkkkkkk***

***Ruppp***

***Bruuuuu***

***bbrrrrrttt***

The stage seemed to buckle under Centorea's colossal weight, but they realized the noises they heard were not coming from the stage. Centorea's stomach and body as a whole were massively overtaxed. Every shake and struggle from the forklift only served to roil up more gas from the bloated balloon. Farts and belches rolled out of her at blistering pace and force; the exhaust coming from her pressurized system outdid the forklift. The barest bits of her skin were beet red from the pressure, and she herself barely looked cognizant. Slumped over her

own tits in a fugue, she was more zombie than centaur. Yet, when the forklift lowered her to the computer, she came to life. Perking up immediately, her hand clasped for a bottle of soda, which Mero gleefully supplied, she locked in. Placing her mammoth hands atop the keyboard and navigating it like a pro, she readied for the competition.

While she was ready, her teammates surely were not; this was the first time they had seen Centorea in over three weeks and the changes to her figure were jaw-dropping and alarming. For one, she could barely get to her keyboard; her adjustable desk had to be lifted to maximum height to get it over her blimp of a stomach. The shaking balloon jutted off her midriff like a wrecking ball, big as a weather balloon and just as round. Fat draped over her quivering balloon, tons of it; multiple tons of blubber coated her flanks and stomach. Her stomach was too heavy and overladen to be lifted; it sagged down on the floorboards, churning and groaning as Centorea played.

She was absolutely massive, impossibly huge, like an iceberg of fat, large on top and larger below. While her gut was an insane balloon, her breasts were each so large that they flowed over her keyboard. Creamy tracts of land that could have served as her desk, an avalanche given form. They were about the only defining feature above the gut, because the rest of her body had merged into a collection of blobs. Sporting a sizeable triple-chin, each layer bloated like a frog's bellow, cheeks so pudgy that they pursed her lips and slurred her speech. Even those mammoth assets were not enough to distract from an ass wider than the stage.

***Rmrlrlrlrl***

***Crkkkkk***

***Bbrrrrtttt***

***Pppppppbbbbbbttttt***

Gas flowed freely from Centorea's quaking cheeks, the fierce winds blowing the curtains behind her and whipping a breeze across the crowd. Centorea's backside was more than just fat, more than just obese; it was colossal. It was an all-consuming, all-enveloping collection of blubber that shadowed the crowd. Swaying like grand wrecking balls, those brown-coated balloons shook with a life of their own. Every shake of her stomach and every quiver from her underbelly sent them swaying ponderously. Their heavy rocks strained the stage, snapping supports and sending nails flying, only adding to the crowd's anxiety. Sharp objects flying around such a turgid sphere made things seem dangerous.

***Strrtcccchh***

***Blblblblb***

***Ffrrrrttttt***

***pprrrrpppp***

Even at a standstill her gut ached, rumbling so violently that it shook guests from their seats and nearly toppled the computers. A persistent creaking sound emanated from her mammoth stomach, a sound akin to straining metal or rubber. Her gut sounded like a balloon stretched to the limit; the same was true for her underbelly as well. The massive brown blimp between her legs cried in pain as it supported her weight, so large that her hooves no longer reached the ground. A blob of massive proportions, her hide stretched thin enough that it looked like you could pop her with a pin. Then there was the gas; Centorea's system was so pressurized and tight that every few seconds she was sputtering out a cheek-clapping fart. The entire situation was not helped by the fact that she was chugging soda between each kill. An old habit she'd ingrained into herself, it was second nature; she didn't even know she was drinking.

***Rrrlllll***

***Glorp***

Centorea's body churned when she took in that soda, her entire form shuddering at a single gulp of the drink. Her metabolism was running in overdrive to try and facilitate all the calories she had been indulging. It was desperately trying to empty her overfilled stomach and process it into excess fat. As the first match continued, she kept growing larger and larger, expanding with her frequent drinks. Her gameplay only interrupted by the shaking belch from all of the carbonation.

***Chrrnnn***

***Gnnnn***

***Creeeeeeee***

The noises coming from her grew louder as she grew outward, enough to raise concern from her increasingly crowded teammates.

"The blimp's dirge doth affect my aim. I cannot hit headshots." Lala lamented her missed shots as Centorea's stomach howled.

"Just, just bury me, please. I need to sleep." Miia hunched over the keyboard as Centorea's encroaching gut encroached on her space.

The tight boulder grew outward, encroaching Miia's space and rolling over her like a blob. Miia was ready to let it take her; if she needed to be crushed under a mountain of flesh to get some sleep, then so be it.

“Umm, Cerea. Are you feeling alright?” Rachnera backed away from Centorea’s flank as she grew.

Rachnera knew how sharp her talons were and didn’t want any accidental ruptures to ruin her chances at a paycheck.

“I’m...**oooff uuurrrp** fine. It’s just a little **uubblbbib** bloat. Nothing I can’t handle.” Centorea struggled to speak over the pain and discomfort she felt in her stomach.

Despite her mindless drinking, she could feel the discomfort in her body, the pressure welling at the back of her throat. She could feel the soda splashing in a pool at the back of her mouth when she took another drink, but she couldn’t stop herself. She was too good; each kill she got elicited another drink, and she was racking up the kills. Her score climbed higher as her body did.

Her growth was strained; the massive mountain of her underbelly had been stretched to the limit, and its expansion slowed to a crawl. Barely an inch came from each finished bottle, and yet there were so many more.

“Where does she keep getting the soda from?” Rachnera looked on in confusion before she saw the source.

Stationed at Centorea’s side like a dutiful attendant was Mero, an entire palette of bottled soda next to her. The whole time she’d been indulging Centorea in her self-destructive habit, passing a bottle whenever she reached. Another empty bottle clattered to the ground as Mero handed out another one. In a desperate attempt to stop her, Rachnera threw out her web, snatching Mero by the waist. It was too late; the bottle was already in Centorea’s hands, already taking her drinks as she carried them to the top of the leaderboards.

“So valiant, but you can’t stop Centorea’s love. This is her cause.” Mero gushed as Rachnera scowled at her.

“Hark, the balloon hath reached her limits. A tidal wave comes.” Lala pointed out towards Centorea’s bloated form, noting the growing patch of red at her navel.

**Pop**

Centorea’s belly button had popped out as the last bits of her elasticity gave way; the bubbling node protruded from her stomach. A tiny little hill on the great mountain, but the omen of something far more ominous.

**Ooouurrrrrllllll**

**Rmbbbblbbblbbblb**

**Oouurrrpppp**

“Guys, I don’t *pppbbbffftttt hhuuiooough* feel good.” Centorea gripped at her sides as her stomach billowed out.

**Bblblblb**

**Pppfffffbbbbbbtttt**

**Ppprrrrrrrrrrrrrrtttttt**

**oooooooooooooooooooo**

Thunderous and increasingly furious bouts of gas exploded from Centorea’s holes, her cheeks clapping furiously from the mounting force of her farts. The belches that rolled up from her throat shook her body as they escaped. No matter how much she vented, the pressure inside of her still mounted. Her body expanded with every roaring blast; she couldn’t vent quickly enough.

**Grllllll**

Her belly cried like an injured beast, the pressure and discomfort inside rising in a feverish fit. The pent-up fumes inside of her swirled out of control, roiling up the undigested contents of her feast. Bloating like an out-of-control balloon, her stomach continued rising, pushing higher as it inflated. In a mixture of fat and gas, her ass began to swell, the taut skin creating a closing tunnel for the gas. Her farts turned into a hissing whistle as her holes began to close, until she felt a rope around them.

“No you don’t; you’re not exploding yet. We have money to win.” Rachnera grunted as she threw webs around Centorea’s body.

Lashing silk encircled Centorea’s massive curves, wrapping around them in a series of twists that morphed into pulleys and levers. A grand and intricate collection of knots that kept Centorea’s exits unobstructed, with a final set around her stomach. Rachnera layered constricting threads around Centorea’s stomach, creating a tight and sturdy wrap. With the wrap in place, she didn’t have to do any work. She simply let the creation speak for itself.

**Ooooooooooooooooooooo**

**Rmbblblblbl**

Centorea’s body began to rumble; her expansion was caught in a war with the silk cast around her gut.

**Bbbrrrrffffttt**

**Pppbbbttttt**

She wasn't growing; every inch added was forced out in gas as the wraps kept pushing in on her gut. Her form started to shake as a pressure surged through her system, a storming gust of air that puckered her backdoor. The pressure kept mounting, growing greater and greater, like she was fighting a tidal wave with her insides. Her body started to vibrate and shake, rumbling from the gathering hurricane inside of her. Her exposed hole puckered, flexing and opening wide as the gas finally broke the dam.

**Fffffpppppppppppppttttttttttttttttttt**

Her ass gaped wide as a manhole to accommodate the load she was about to unleash upon the world. In a great and terrible gust, the longest bout of gas anyone had ever heard erupted from Centorea's ponderous ass. Like a cataclysmic volcano, the gas surged out, shaking the room and the building to its foundation. Thick and palpable geysers of gas blew from her bloated hole; her minute-long fart went past the minute mark and went into the tens. People were forced to the edges of the room as the air pressure increased, the doors bowed outward until finally blowing off their hinges.

**Pbbbrtttt**

**Bbppppbbttt**

Centorea's farts began to sputter out, decreasing in force as the pressure inside of her lessened. She had finally begun to shrink, the gas deflating her like a whoopee cushion until she was back to her normal corpulent form. Her farts tapered off until the webs collapsed off of her.

"That **uurp**. That feels much better." Centorea patted her flabby stomach. "Now who's ready to game?"

"I don't think that's going to matter too much." Rachnera pulled up a stream of the other tournament venues.

The camera feed showed Centorea's gas had filtered into the rest of the contest halls, knocking all of the other competitors unconscious.

"Great, can we gooo home?" Miia groaned in annoyance as she collapsed on the ground.

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**Pbbbbffrrtttt**

