

“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.

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.

Cronch

Monch

Sluuuuurrrp

Centorea was busy shoveling food down her gullet between matches, packing in as many chips as she could to aid her gameplay.

"Who eats like that? God, you sound like a pig." One of the voices on the other side of the headset interrupted Centorea's feast.

"I...I apologize." Centorea sheepishly replied over the microphone as she quietly swallowed the last handful.

She went bright red at the remark, not realizing how loudly she had been eating; to be heard like that was a rather mortifying feeling. The piggish comparison also hit her rather hard, not only because of her weight but also her general demeanor. Centorea had blown through so many napkins from her dusty chips that she had taken to using her shirt. Centora's bloated chest was dyed bright orange, looking like balloons from the amount of cheese dust that she'd spread across her top. Some of the smears had collected around her flesh as well; with her newly enlarged bosom, her shirt was struggling to contain her breasts.

Already as big as melons, her engorged cleavage was closer in size to a pair of basketballs. Round and bouncing with her movements, getting in the way of her keyboard movements, and bumping into her arms when she needed to make sudden mouse movements. They sloshed like they were made of gelatin, their liquidus movements making them appear closer to water balloons. They felt more like udders than they did breasts; normally she'd bemoan the back pain her lack of bra would cause, but she had some additional support. Her heaving melons were resting atop an equally round belly, a mound of food and flab that poked out from her ill-fitting top. Buttons strained to hold together when she breathed too deeply, the fabric snapping against her rotund stomach.

Centorea prided herself on her physical fitness, the ability to fight at a moment's notice, but all that had gone by the wayside in her pursuit of dominance. A combination of increasingly fatty feasts and diminished physical activity had turned her once trim belly had ballooned out

considerably on her midriff, looking like she'd stuffed a pillow up her shirt. Only the parted buttons and glistening flesh in those gaps could identify it as being a part of her. A fluffy middle that jiggled when she walked and breathed, enough that she could grab a handful when she felt it. The only tight portion left was the rising orb in her upper stomach, the part where overstuffed stomach emerged from the fat around it. A domed bubble that created a defined hill on her stick of a torso, yet, still not big enough to be seen past her bust.

While her human half had its fair share of pounds, it was her horse half that bore the brunt of her fatty feasting. The rippling muscles of her hind and forelegs were covered up, concealed under inches of wobbling flab that brushed into itself when she walked. Her black dress did little to conceal the ballooned shape of her lower belly, as the barreled swell protruded out on both sides. Flabby overhangs covered a massively swollen balloon made narrow doorways a difficulty. Alongside her fatty flanks was the massive and pendulous rear that cropped up under her tail. Bloated hills that hugged her blond tail like it was a growing sprout and brushed against each other when she adjusted her body. They only served to expose more of her body to the world as they hiked up her dress to show off her thick haunches.

Just thinking about her weight gain made her hot with shame, but it was all for a good cause. Surely getting fat would make her better at the game; as of now, she needed all the help she could get.

Bang

A shot rang through her speakers as she saw her character flop to the ground in a heap.

"Seriously, you're god-awful. How could you get hit like that?" The same snide voice mocked Centorea through the headset as the screen faded to a loss.

Centorea looked at her loss in dismay; she needed to win this for the household, no matter the cost. Before the next match loaded, she flicked her mouse cursor over to her other monitor. She had just subscribed to one of those food delivery services, the ones where you can pay extra for quick delivery. With the menu open, she perused through the options, looking for gamer-approved options. Burgers, fries, and pizza weren't as prevalent in Japan, but she could still get enough to fill her up. Looking at her full cart with a twinge of disgust, she clicked order; even though she had just eaten, she needed more. More food meant more skill, that's what she told herself.

"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.

She struggled to keep them in place as the shaking footsteps got closer, the first of Centorea's expanded assets rounding the corner.

Centorea's bloated stomach rounded the corner before she did, a bobbing blimp of fat that looked closer to a yoga ball than a stomach. A sagging bean bag of fat attached to a tight curve at the apex of her belly. A defining curve separated her gut from the piled pudge around it, causing her fat flanks to sag down around it. Blubber fell in bunches at her sides, covering her obliques and giving her sizable lovehandles. Drooping curves of fat rounded and met at the center of her stomach, creating a deep recess up at her navel. The peeking cavern met Mero's gaze, a deep and shadowed hole that looked deep enough to snap your finger off in. Even in its overstuffed state, Centorea's massive stomach still had a good amount of wobble and shake to it. Moving like a sloshing ocean or block of gelatin, it was a ponderous collection of flesh that knocked furniture out of place. No matter how many times Mero rearranged it, Centorea managed to displace it when she came in.

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.

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.

Centorea's booty had really become a landmark on her flesh over the preceding weeks, pushing out of her black dress like erupting mountains. Consuming her tail in their husky reaches, making it look like she sported a yellow thong for clothes. Those glistening brown balloons were magnificent to behold, so large that Mero wanted to grab a handful of them. Bobbing yoga balls of accumulated fat that clapped and swung when she moved and sagged over her bloated haunches.

"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.

She unpacked it where she stood, resting the containers on her overflowing cleavage, messily eating them by the handful. Fries disappeared down her gullet, grease dripped from her fingers, dipping them in huge pools of ketchup that caked around her mouth. Using them as an appetizer for her first burger, the massively oversized patty seemed like an oddity for Japan. So thick that Centorea struggled to take bites of it, cheese and grease flowing freely down her jowls with each bite. The crumbling meal all found itself a home inside of her bloating stomach, her

overtaxed orbs growing in unison as food flooded inside of them. The upper curve of her stomach rose higher with each bite, pushing her unbalanced feast further into her face. She plowed her way through the first order before moving to the next, eating as fast as a hurricane.

In the blink of an eye all three orders had been demolished, nothing more than empty containers and crumpled wrappers. All resting in Centorea's overstuffed stomach, the smooth orb quivered at her touch, recoiling in discomfort as she tried to process the glut of food she had just inhaled. Mero could swear her navel had gotten shallower during that feast, the buried sinkhole unveiling more of itself after that particular feast. Mero could see Centorea's strained look, the disconcerting huffs of an overstuffed tummy. Combined with her curiosity, she reached out a hand, giving Cerea's stomach a gentle tap.

Rourloourll

It cried like a beast, sending quakes of pain through the mammoth centaur, pain that Mero just couldn't ignore. She ran her hands over Centorea's gut, kneading at the tight parts, massaging out the kinks in her stomach and shifting the contents around. Gradually Centorea's stomach began to loosen, the rock-hard slickness turning into a soft sphere. The relief on Centorea's face was enough for Mero, as the tottering behemoth returned to the recesses of her cave. As she turned, Mero reached out again, grabbing a handful of Cerea's enormous backside. A small knead and grip, but enough to indulge Mero's desires; she kind of liked seeing Centorea this big.

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 ***grrghgghg*** 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.

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.

Cronch

Monch

“Stop chewing so loudly into the mic!” “Seriously! I feel like my eardrums are splitting.”

Centorea crammed handfuls of chips down her mouth, taking breaks between movements to grab a little fuel. Taunts that may have filled her with an iota of shame simply rolled off her corpulent form. They didn't understand the fuel her game body needed, the constant influx of nachos and bubbling sodas. As she clicked another person into oblivion, she grabbed her bottle of soda. Draining the bottle in quick gulps, siphoning them one after another, emptying them as easily as she breathed. The ocean of soda inside of her floated the mashed chips and turned into an upset storm. Making her already swollen gut churn in discontent as she tried to finish the match. A few more clicks and the match was done, her victory proclaimed to all on the server.

Grlllll

Biblblblb

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. Today's choice of feast was a special type of fried chicken, a selection known as tendies online. She had heard rumours of their delicate flavor and the myriad sauces, so she ordered some. More than some, she ordered enough to eliminate the restaurant's stock for the day. 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.

Grruubblbbbl

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.

Mero paused in the doorway, basking in the sheer enormity of Centorea, the pendulous swaying of her swollen haunches. Wobbling back and forth like trees in the wind were Centorea's fat-laden cheeks. Enormous brown blimps that crawled over her haunches like an ooze, enveloping her calves as such. Each cheek was larger than a beanbag, a couch-devouring pair of blimps that only grew with the passing of time. Rippling and silken to the touch, invitingly soft, Mero wanted so badly to smack those cheeks, watch them clap into each other with the impact. The last time she did it, Cerea's heavy booty clapped for minutes after the slap. Echoing throughout the household like a set of clackers.

roooooo

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. Taut and quivering, expanding with each bite before shrinking as the food traveled down below. Mero 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 sauce-slathered tenders 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.

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.

Groouullll

Bblbbllbb

Even with Mero's extensive care, Centorea's gut still growled angrily, protesting the deluge of fried tenders she was inhaling. Greasy meat and fried potatoes were wreaking havoc on her insides, making her swell and tense. Even as Mero gave her best care to Cerea, her gut only grew louder as she finished the rest of the meal. Shades of red came and went with Mero's massages, returning in full after Mero removed her hands from Cerea's gut.

Strrrhhtccch

Grrnnnnn

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.

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

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.

Strrrtcccchhh

Biblbiblib

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. 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.

Rrrllllll

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.

Chrrrnnn

Grrnnnn

Creeeeeeeee

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 **uubblbbblb** 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

Rmbbbbllblblb

"Guys, I don't ***hhuuiooouggh*** feel good." Centorea gripped at her sides as her stomach billowed out.

"Get down! She's gonna blow!" Rachnera shouted her warning as loud as she could.

Webs latched on to Miia and Lala as she left Mero to deal with the consequences of her actions. The crowd ran in a panic as Centorea's body began to overfill, flowing over the stage like a great ooze, rising higher into the air as her bloated horse gut pushed her legs out to the sides. The grand brown moon consumed the entire stage as her gut upended the desk and computer in front of her. Her straining stomach quivered in discomfort as fat rapidly piled on her body.

Stttrrrrrccchh

Rkkkkkkkkkk

Centorea's body billowed out of control, the tension in her skin completely evaporating as her muscles gave out. Her thinning skin growing thinner; bits of yellow bubbled underneath her skin as it turned translucent. Pulled so tight that she became as clear as a balloon, whatever was keeping her body in a shape gave out. Then it all stopped, her growth; everything, her body teetered on its own pressure. The uneasy equilibrium rocking her back and forth atop her overblown stomach. A moment of silence, of calm, the last moment where she could think she wouldn't explode. It was a short-lived moment.

Grrnnnnn

Rmbbbbllblblb

A howl of pain overshadowed the creaks and groans of Centorea's body as her gut let out a final cry of distress. After that came a violent rumble that could be felt outside of the building, like the aftershock of some great quake. In a final surge of growth, she surged across the arena like a wave of flesh before she finally ran out of room.

Bloooooosssssshhh

Centorea exploded in a wave of liquid fat; bubbling blobs and bits of food were carried on a wave of bubbling soda. Washing across the room like a yellow sludge, it filled every nook and cranny. Only one person was caught in the wave, and that was Mero. She wriggled in the wreckage like a maniacal villain, enjoying the fruits of her labor.

“Okay everyone. Centorea exploded; she got too fat and went boom, but good news. We won the tournament. Bad news, we’re being charged for the damages and cleanup.” Rachnera stood at the head of the household, taking charge before Kimihito arrived.

“So, all of that was for nothing?” Miia collapsed in a heap, her exhausted body slumping to the ground.

“Yes, but all our practice gave me an idea.” Rachnera smiled devilishly as she motioned towards the room.

It had been a week after the tournament, and the girls were still dealing with the aftermath of Centorea’s explosion and the cleanup. Everything was in a tizzy, but Rachnera seemed surprisingly calm as she led the crowd down the hall. They approached Mero’s room, the sounds of frenzied clicking and feverous eating getting louder the closer they got. Every so often they’d hear muffled talking, like Mero was talking to herself.

“This is our new moneymaker.” Rachnera opened the door with a flourish.

Floating in the center of her pool was Mero, but she wasn’t the same; she had become horribly fat in her weeklong absence. Like a whale floating atop the waves, she bobbed up and down. Playing the same game they had all practiced for, talking to some invisible people on the other end.

“She’s a streamer now. And she’ll be playing all day every day, until she pays for all the damages.” Rachnera snickered as the girls looked on.

Mero didn’t even flinch at their presence; she just kept talking mindlessly between handfuls of chips. Who knows how big she could get before paying off her debt, but Rachnera didn’t care. It was a fitting punishment.