

Menat the Slobby Oracle

"Do not strain yourself," Rose explained, her voice as imposing as ever as she strolled through the dimly lit room. "You must let the soul power flow through you naturally," she continued, the long, locks of black hair perpetually sticking out from behind her head bouncing with each determined step. "That is the only way you will see the future that you seek."

The wise words of her master only left Menat with frustration. Claspings her head of neatly trimmed, purple hair that reached past her chin, she tried to refocus herself by adjusting the golden rings around her cranium. The purple fabric connected between her arms rested against her trim figure as she desperately searched for anything that could give her the push she needed. Unfortunately, all she could think of at the moment was procuring a new version of her black and purple leotard. Preferably, one that wasn't so big for her lithe body.

As the young fortune teller let her mind wander towards her next shopping trip, a glimmer in the purple crystal ball forced her to refocus. A spark of interest drew her in closer as the cloudy image began to clear up. Leaning forward in her seat, she continued to let her powers flow in order to see a very important future. Specifically, her own.

Menat flinched for a moment as she swore she saw the momentary visage of a black and white eye. Once the image cleared up, what she managed to see was a large, dimly lit room that resembled the innermost chamber of a stone temple. The scene passed over images of dozens of purple-robed figures whispering chants in an ancient language. The various symbols painted on the walls and floor gave her an unsettling feeling that she was peeking at something she shouldn't.

For the first time ever in a fortune telling session, Menat got a whiff of an odor coming from the vision. The aroma was an overwhelming mix of noxious fumes and lust that made her crinkle her nose. As disgusted as she was by the smell coming off of the orb, it seemed to beckon for her to keep going. Even more, once she managed to see an imposing, large creature's visage in the center of the chamber.

The flickering candles in the room slowly illuminated hundreds of pounds of dark brown flesh before her. Sweeping through the scene, she managed to see the various robed figures busying themselves with picking out chunks of food from the massive belly's folds and hair follicles. Passing over the large backside, she winced as a few of the followers willingly let themselves be engulfed by a PHHHHRRRRRTTTT that came spurting out. Her disgust for the gassy outburst paled in comparison to her reaction upon seeing dozens of people using the mass of flesh's enormous breasts and fat folds to pleasure themselves in various ways.

Urging the vision to look elsewhere, Menat moved the image up the figure's multiple, fatty chins. Reaching the top of the mass, she began to shudder as she recognized familiar locks of purple hair held in place by golden circlets. Upon seeing a set of emerald green eyes staring back at her, she could only keep herself in place up until she heard the mix of a moan and a blech erupt from the plump lips. She was sent over the edge once she realized how much the husky voice resembled her own.

"Ahh!" Menat shouted, falling backwards out of her chair.

"Are you alright?" Rose asked, lending a hand to help up her apprentice. "What did you see?"

“I’m fine,” Menat said as she got back to her feet. “Wait, you didn’t see what was in that vision?”

“No, it was something only shown to you since it was your own future,” Rose explained. “However, I am more than willing to help with interpreting the vision. Please, tell me what you saw. I may not be able to change your fate, but I can at least try to help you along your way.”

“It was a, um...”

Menat paused, struggling to both properly explain what she saw and say it out loud without embarrassing herself. “It was a... really strong fighter.”

“How strong?” Rose asked, the look in her eyes making it clear she had seen straight through the lie.

“Strong enough that I think I need to do some more exercise to practice,” Menat replied, grabbing her crystal ball and hurriedly making her way out of the room. “I promise I’ll come back later and prepare your bath.”

Before her master could say anything else, Menat sprinted off. Not stopping until she was sure that Rose wasn’t following her, she looked back down at the orb. Though the image of the strange scene was no longer present, she could still get a whiff of the strong odor lingering about. Placing a palm against her flat mid-section, she told herself that what she had seen wasn’t real. Hearing the growl from her stomach, she eased her mind with the simple thought that it was all just a side effect of missing lunch.

A walk through the market was supposed to give Menat a chance to clear her head. What she didn't count on was the numerous food stalls that had chosen that day to start selling their wares. Usually, she would be able to keep herself occupied with a single treat and go about her day. That was before her body had gone through a drastic appetite increase.

Biting into a calzone, Menat froze as she felt a dollop of cheese and sauce drip down her chin. The missed morsel that spilled on her chest spread across the extra layer of padding her bosom had developed over the course of the last week. Try as she might to clear off the stain, she only managed to knock the mess further down her body to get stuck on her belly. Where once there was a thin waist now lurked a sizable lump of fat that made it difficult to get her leotard on in the morning.

"What am I thinking?" Menat asked herself as she looked between the belly bulge and the rest of her food.

Fighting against her desire to eat, the young woman forced herself to toss the rest of the calzone into a trash can. In response, she heard a distinct groan from her stomach. At first, she was able to dismiss what she thought was just a desire to overeat by reminding herself that she had already sampled something from each booth she passed. However, she soon learned the true cause of the sounds as she felt a series of bubbles tumbling around in her guts.

Knowing what the building pressure would lead to, Menat swiveled her head back and forth in a panic. Spotting an isolated, shadowy alleyway, she made a mad dash towards it. Scurrying along until she came to the backside of a restaurant, she shimmied over to a trash can. Though the smell coming off of the garbage was awful, it would work as cover for what was about to come.

Gritting her teeth, the young fortune teller finally unleashed the squeaky PHHHHRRRRRTTTTT that erupted from her rear. As she was forced to inhale her own fumes, her indigestion was further expressed by a guttural BWOOOOORRPPP leaving her lips. The belch reminded her that it was her own overeating that had led to this outcome of being loaded down with extra chub and gas. By all accounts, she should have hated her body's degradation. That didn't explain why she was starting to feel aroused.

As Menat was forced to huff her own, rancid fumes, her breath became heavy with desire. Body shuddering with anticipation, she swept her gaze back and forth across the alley one last time. Slipping her shaking fingers into her leotard, she kept pushing them down until they found their mark.

The next belch that tried to leave the young woman's mouth was interrupted by a slight moan. Pressing her lips together to avoid any other outbursts, she continued to let her fingers press against her clit. Getting into her usual rhythm, any sense of self-control was lost as she experienced more of her own lust. As a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPP erupted from her backside, she finally gave into her euphoria as another moan came rolling up her throat.

Left a quivering mess by her masturbation session, Menat slumped up against the nearby wall. Taking a moment to catch her breath, she looked down to see the mess she had made of her clothing. Inhaling the lingering scent of her own indulgence, she couldn't help muttering to herself, "What is wrong with me?"

Making a mental promise to address her issues when she got home, Menat picked herself up with the intention of trying to fix herself up. She froze as she spotted a figure at the end of the

alley dressed in dark purple robes. The sight of the person only lasted for a second before they sprinted around the corner.

“Hey, hold UUUURRRPPP on!” Menat called out, struggling to fix herself as she ran.

By the time Menat came out on the other side, she was once more in the bustling crowd. Having lost sight of the figure, she was forced to notice the various eyes lingering on her chubby form. Under the fear of people figuring out what she had been up to, she kept her head low as she tried to hurry home as quickly as possible. Keeping her eyes set on the path ahead, she couldn't help thinking about the strange grin she had seen beneath the figure's hood.

A mix of relief and tension had filled Menat's mind when she heard that her master was leaving for a trip. In the past few weeks, Rose had been getting more suspicious of the “changes” occurring to her student. Every so often, the teacher would ask the young woman questions concerning the fortune she refused to elaborate on. While Menat was grateful to avoid revealing the truth of her vision, she realized too late what being left alone would do to her waning self-control.

The time that was usually spent meditating or stretching was instead used by Menat to take care of her ravenous appetite. This came in the form of emptying out what she could of the food storage in order to avoid having to be seen. While this worked for a while, her seemingly endless appetite quickly ate through what was supposed to be enough food to last her for the multiple months her master was away. The only benefit seemed to be worsening her bodily issues.

Clad in a besmirched, formerly white hoodie, Menat let her pudgy fingers chase after a crumb that fell from her lips. She was just a little too slow to prevent the morsel from sliding down her bosom that strained the limits of the XL garment. The crumb eventually came to a stop once it skirted across her exposed, pudgy mid-section to fall into her belly button. As she reached out towards the missed morsel, a whiff from her armpit made her wonder when she had last bothered to shower. Pressed on by a growl from the doughy belly, she shrugged her shoulders and popped the morsel into her mouth.

The snack was delicious but acted as the final breaking point to Menat's digestive tract. Hearing the rumbling churning inside of her, she tried to keep herself steady by allowing the pressure to release in the forms of burps. When that failed to properly ease her struggle, she realized that she only had one option. Wincing in anticipation, she leaned over to the side at the risk of her pants being ripped apart by her thick rear. Clenching her teeth, she let loose with a rumbling BRRRAAAAAPPPPP that further sunk her atrocious smell into the couch cushions.

Leaning back down in the fumes, the young woman considered making a run for fresh air. However, a powerful sense of lethargy kept her firmly in place. The smell that would have previously made her gag instead seemed to carry with it a strange sense of desire. Though she didn't fully understand what it was, she wasn't in a hurry to leave the fog of her own flatulence. Especially since her body called out for her to take care of another need.

Brushing aside the emptied chip bags on the table, Menat found her special tool. Grabbing hold of the silicone, bright purple dildo she was given a momentary reminder of the awkward meeting she had with the delivery man who had dropped it off. Rather than linger on the way that he stared at her obese form, she instead brought the toy towards her nether region.

Pulling her pants down and brushing the tip against the budding follicles around her groin, she let her desires take the lead.

Just like she had done countless times prior, Menat went at her womanhood with reckless abandon. Without fear of anyone hearing her, she freely let herself enjoy the moment through a series of loud moans and even louder blasts of her gas. Increasing her speed, she purposefully inhaled the noxious smelling aphrodisiac. In the back of her mind she was sure that this was something to worry about. But her current, hedonism obsessed mind could only think of keeping up her rhythm until she reached her finish.

Sounding her orgasm with an ecstasy-filled cry and another PHHHHHRRRRRTTT from her rear, Menat slumped down to bask in her lust. As much as she would have liked to merely lay there and enjoy the lingering shivers, inevitably her belly let out a growl for more food. Wiping the drool from her lips, she set her toy aside for later and forced herself to stand up. Even if she was certain that the cupboard was still empty, she saw little reason not to at least double check.

Not even halfway towards the kitchen, Menat was stopped by a knock at the door. She certainly wasn't expecting any guests. She was certain that she would die on the spot from embarrassment if any of her friends saw her like this. There were no expected delivery orders due to lack of funds and fear of her master becoming suspicious of her rampant use of the emergency card. Hearing the knock once more, she crept her way over to the entrance and tried to peek through the hole.

Unable to see anyone standing by, the young woman hazarded to creak open the door. Waiting for her on the porch was a takeout bag that emanated warmth. Without having to peek inside, a single whiff of the food waiting for her brought drool back to her lips. Just as she was

about to reach out and snag her prize, she was stopped by the sight of a note taped to the side of the bag.

“You are the one we have been looking centuries for. Do not be afraid. We merely wish to help you achieve your peak form. When you are ready to learn of your true destiny, please come to the address listed below. In the meantime, we will do everything in our power to support you from the shadows. All glory to the slobby oracle!”

Staring at the letter and rereading it multiple times over, Menat didn’t know what to think of it. A sudden rush of movement out of the corner of her eye drew her towards a figure in purple robes dashing down a nearby alley. At a glance, she swore it looked like the very same person who she had met when her problems had started. While she was at a loss on how to proceed, another rumble from her stomach finally got her to move.

“Eh, I’ll deal with it after I BWOOOOORRRPPP eat,” Menat said, carrying the bag inside and closing the door behind her.

In retrospect, Menat’s choice to go to the meeting spot late at night had been a bad one. Even with her body in its original state, the empty roads still made a shiver go down her spine as she traversed under the illumination of streetlights. However, she couldn’t deny the appeal of having very few eyes around to see what had become of her.

Careful not to disturb her doughy gut, Menat wrapped the blanket turned cloak around her body. The makeshift garment was the only thing she could find from the house that could keep her covered up. The material was able to just barely obscure the hundreds of pounds of fat weighing her down. It only came at the cost of nearly revealing her bare flesh to the world every time a stray stomp of her bulky legs let a puff of gas slip out of her rear.

The young fortune teller was forced to stop as a blubbery BRRRRAAAAPPPP spurted out of her rear. As she waited for the fart to peter off, she was left to stew in her own fumes and regret. Ever since that first mystery drop off of food had arrived at her home, she had received a constant supply whenever she started to run low. While she appreciated being able to keep up with her ravenous appetite, each of the meals seemed specifically designed to further degrade her digestion while maximizing her weight gain. Even if she was aware of these side effects, she couldn't help herself from continuing to accept these gifts.

Feeling like her stomach had settled enough for the moment, Menat made the fateful turn down the alleyway listed in the message. The corridor had barely enough space for her to shuffle through. Even then, her hips occasionally slid across the brick walls as she drew further in. As much as she suspected that she was walking into a trap, it wasn't like she could get very far if she ran now. All she could do was keep moving herself forward with the idea of making use of her bulk to crush anyone that tried to attack.

As Menat drew towards the end of the alley, she spotted an out of place door. On the front of the black steel was etched a white eye that seemed to stare into her very soul. Her instincts told her to run away, only for an external force to seemingly whisper for her to come closer. Letting out a husky exhale that devolved into a belch, she raised up a pudgy fist and tapped against the eye in the pattern mentioned in the note.

Only a few seconds passed before hurried footsteps could be heard. Nearly falling over as the door opened with a loud THUNK, Menat managed to steady her form just as the purple robed figure stepped out. Tilting up their head to reveal only the bottom portion of their face, the person reacted to Menat's presence with a seemingly friendly smile.

"Thank you so much, oh great oracle," the figure said as they slunk back inside. "Please enter. Your loyal followers have been awaiting this momentous day."

"I appreciate the invitation," Menat began as she looked between the person and the entryway, "but I'm not sure if I can fit."

"All the more reason to try and get you through now," the stranger replied, waving for the young woman to try. "No telling if you'll be able to repeat the task once your true power is achieved."

Considering that she had already gone so far, Menat did as she was told and tried to push her way through. She managed to get half of her body inside before the reality of her girth made her stick in the doorway. Grunting and straining the muscles beneath her fat, she tried in vain to free herself. A blubbery PHHHHRRRRTTT slapping out of her rear was enough to get her to stop struggling.

Before Menat could let out a sigh of shame, she felt a myriad of hands grasp her from beyond the threshold. Through the unknown entities combined strength, they were able to slowly pull her forward inch by inch. When she was finally freed from the doorway, it was these same hands that kept her standing in spite of her massive girth. As her feet stabilized on the stone floor, she turned around to see more people in purple robes backing away from her.

Leaving the mystery helpers aside for the moment, the young woman tried to figure out where she was. Her eyes widened once she spotted the familiar looking torches hanging along the walls. The dim illumination shined down on a stony passage that looked similar to the one she had seen in her vision. The only thing missing was the horrific stench and the massive version of herself staring contently back at her.

“This way please,” said the figure who had invited her there in the first place. “We have prepared a feast for your arrival.”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Menat said as she held out her hands. “I came here for answers, not food”

“And you will receive them, great oracle,” replied the person beneath the hood. “All I ask is that you follow us to the main chamber.”

Knowing the arduous task that would be trying to squeeze herself back out the door, Menat relented and waddled after her guide. Each one of her heavy steps that echoed through the corridor did little to ease her nerves. Shifting her thick neck left and right, she saw that the rest of the group had her surrounded on all sides. Even stranger, not a single one of them so much as flinched when she was unable to hold back another fart. If anything, she swore she saw a few of them purposefully inhale the noxious odor.

As Menat was trying to figure out how anyone could find her gas appealing, a certain aroma pierced through her flatulence. Any concerns she had for the people surrounding her fell to the wayside after the first growl from her stomach. Nearly toppling over her guide as she charged forward like a raging bull, she brought herself crashing down onto the pile of pillows in front of a low table. Waiting for her body to stop shaking, she let her gaze be entranced by the

sight of the spread of barbequed meat sitting in front of her. Just before she could sink her teeth in, she was stopped by the soft tapping of footsteps behind her.

“Do you like it?” her guide asked as they took a seat next to her.

Fighting against her desire to stuff herself, Menat managed to turn away from the food.

“What is the point of this?”

“To welcome you to the Temple of Slobby Serenity of course.”

“I meant constantly giving me UUUURPPP food,” Menat belched.

“Because it is what is required for you to claim your rightful place as our divine leader.”

Taking the edges of the hood, the figure pulled it back to reveal an androgynous face with the same eye painted along their forehead. “You, our slobby oracle will be the one to bring us all to true enlightenment through your unique power of prophecy.”

“Listen, I don’t know what this is about. Just tell me why you’re so obsessed with making me so hungry and-“

Menat was silenced by the sight of a sausage being raised to her face. On reaction, she leaned forward to swallow up what she could of the hunk of meat. Chewing through the delicious link helped to repress her burning questions and treat her tongue to the savory taste it sought. Finishing off the sausage with a meaty belch, she automatically turned her attention towards the table in search of her next dish.

The purple-haired woman lost track of time as she indulged herself in the meat on display. As she ate, burped, and farted with seemingly no shame, the cloth clinging to her flesh

began to break down from her jiggling flab. Rather than let the makeshift garment get torn apart, she tossed it away while her mouth was busy chewing on a chicken leg.

No longer obscuring her body, Menat incidentally gave the figures a full gaze at her over 600-pound form. Sauce that leaked from her mouth drizzled down her chins to splatter across her meaty breasts. Pressing her flabby belly up against the table to reach out towards more food ended up shaking about her three chins with a guttural BWOOOOOOORRPPP. After having successfully swallowed up a mouthful of pulled pork, the slam of her double-wide rear onto the cushions came with another PHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT.

In the wake of her feasting and flatulence, Menat became burdened with a new kind of desire. No longer ashamed of showing off her sloppy body, she began to feel her usual urge to cap off her meal with a session of self-love. Unfortunately, any toys she had that could work around her girth had been left behind at her home. Just as she was beginning to eye up one of the bones she had stripped clean moments prior, she heard a thud from nearby.

Turning her thick neck to the side, the purple-haired woman was left aghast by the sight of a cock hanging in front of her face. Tilting her head up, she spotted one of the robed figures with an expectant expression on his face. Looking back down at the throbbing member before her, she felt a part of her take control once more. Just like the sausage beforehand, she lunged forward to swallow up the entirety of the bold follower's length.

As Menat bobbed her head back and forth, sampling the delicious precum that trickled onto her tongue, she failed to notice another figure moving beneath the table. She only paused for a moment when she felt the first drag of the stranger's tongue along her pussy. Letting her moan be muffled by the cock in her mouth, she urged the other partner on by pulling them in

closer by the shoulder. With both her and the new addition's mouth working in unison, she was able to lose herself in the same lust she had merely teased up until this point.

Menat's hungry lips brought her forth a load of cum as her first partner climaxed. Sucking down the semen, she shuddered in the wake of the unique taste. Still savoring the flavor, she kept on sucking until not a single drop was left. When she did bring herself to pull back, the resulting moan of her own orgasm was interrupted by another BWOOOOOORRPP. Overwhelmed with lingering shivers, she was forced to sit there and breath heavily the stench of sex, food, and gas.

"Well then," said her guide as they climbed out from beneath the table. "Was the feast acceptable?"

"Y-yeah," Menat replied, scrunching up her face as she let loose with another BRRRRAAAAPPPP. "Not to sound ungrateful, but do you have any more BWOOOOOORRPPPP food?"

The guide's grin grew wider. "Of course, great oracle. Your wish is our command."

A bell ringing through the temple drew Menat from her peaceful slumber. As much as she just wanted to lay there in her king-sized bed, a few hungry growls from her stomach were enough to get her moving. Tossing off her blankets, she moved her pudgy hand to turn on the lamp near her head. Though the illumination was weak to allow her eyes to adjust, it did the job

of showing off what had become of her body ever since accepting her position as the head oracle of the Temple of Slobby Serenity.

Sitting up in bed, she still winced at the feeling of her ass cheeks hanging off the sides of her mattress. The shudder that went through her back flab as she grew accustomed to being without her blankets brought about a PHHHHRRRTTT from the cellulite-speckled backside. Rather than be repulsed by her morning gas, she took the opportunity to deeply inhale it. Letting out the fumes with a long exhale managed to shake off a few crumbs that had managed to snag in the purple hair around her belly button. Upon her next exhale being interrupted by a belch that jostled about her watermelon-sized tits, she perked up to the sound of someone standing outside her bedroom door.

“You may UUUUURPPP enter,” Menat belched out.

“Ah, good afternoon, great oracle,” replied Extu, the person who had initially guided her towards the temple. “Your usual feast has been prepared.”

“What’s the main BWOOOOORRPP dish for today?” Menat asked as she went to scratch at her armpits. As she dragged her fingers through the developing bush of purple follicles, she got a whiff of the body odor emanating from it. While the other members had offered to clean her if she wished, she usually denied them. Partially due to how difficult it was to clean her, but also because she enjoyed letting the odor stew with her sweat and gassy outbursts.

“We managed to locate a new restaurant that serves all kinds of tacos, burritos, and other such cuisine,” Extu replied. “After our followers had thoroughly sampled the offerings, they were able to buy out more than enough to give you a proper taste.”

“That sounds UUURRRPPP perfect,” Menat replied, not even bothering to try and dress herself as she strode through the massive entryway for her bedroom. “By the way, where do you get the funds for this?”

“Our collective has been building up funds for a long time in preparation for the day you would grace our presence,” Extu answered. “We also have certain members in our ranks who were able to make sound investments to further our wealth. This includes patents with a fridge company involving an intelligent version that can-“

“Okay I BWOOOOOOOORRRRRRP get it,” Menat replied. “Just bring me to the food. I’m starving.”

The corpulent fortune teller didn’t have to wait long to have her wish granted. Stepping into the dining chamber, her aura of stench around her body was overcome by the aroma coming from the table. The light shining off of the torches on the wall showed off an impressive spread of tacos and burritos just as Extu had promised. However, Menat’s main interest came in the form of the stack of nachos that nearly equaled her in height. Rather than allow anything to challenge her sacred girth, she decided that it would be the perfect thing to start with.

Going in with her mouth wide open, Menat brought the tower tumbling down as she took her first bite. As the mix of cheese, meat, and grease toppled onto her, she was quick to clean up her mess and satisfy her seemingly bottomless stomach. When her head emerged from the mess of food, it was to echo out with a loud BWOOOOOOOOOORRPPP that filled the temple’s many chambers. Licking up the fresh layer of grease from her lips, she momentarily pondered just how far the complex stretched. This thought lasted for only a moment before her need to keep stuffing herself took control.

A feast that looked large enough to feed the dozens of people making up the cult proved to be no match for the slobby oracle's appetite. Though it was difficult for her to reach some of the food on the table thanks to the flab hanging from her limbs, her helpers were more than willing to come to her aid. Careful not to bite down on their fingers, she was eager to show off her appreciation by gracing them with earth shaking farts fueled by the meal they had so kindly prepared for her. Seeing how they reveled in these noxious fumes used to make her recoil in disgust. Now, she saw it as the build up to taking care of her other needs.

Nearing the end of her meal, Menat felt her hunger waning to make way for her lust. While her group was more than willing, actually taking care of her heightened libido had become more difficult with her greater size. Already mentally preparing to hold herself back in order to get the right position, she finished licking a plate clean and turned towards Extu.

"I'm UUUUUURRRPPPP ready for the next phase," Menat belched.

"Most excellent, oracle," Extu replied. "As you know by know, it will take a moment for a follower to reach your womanhood."

"Eh," Menat said with a shrug and a brunt PHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT. "I'm used to it by now."

"That is why I wanted to offer you a different form of pleasure," her follower suggested. "Would you like to try it?"

"If it means getting off BWOOOOORRRRPPPP faster," she began as another follower disrobed and approached her, "then go ahead. What did you have in-OOOOOUURRRRRPPPP!"

The mighty belch was pushed out as Menat felt something get pushed hard against her belly flab. Tilting her head forward, she saw that the male follower had shoved his cock into her navel. Staring at how much of the manhood her belly button had managed to take in made her consider for a moment just how large she had truly grown. Any worries about this development were soon overridden by the strange shudder of anticipation she felt at the throbbing head waiting for permission to continue using her unique hole.

“You may BWOOOOOORPPP proceed,” Menat said with a wave of her hand.

“As you wish, great oracle,” the follower said before starting to shake his hips.

Owing to Menat’s girth, the man was able to shove the entirety of his length inside of her belly button. With shift came a wave of ripples cascading through her flabby form. The vibrations served to both let her indulge in this new form of pleasure and shake about the food still digesting inside of her stomach. While the male follower had the honor of being intimate with her, the rest of the congregation experienced the gas that came pouring out of both of her ends.

A rumbling PHHHHHRRRRRRTTTTT from Menat’s rear acted as a call for the rest of the group to take action. While the male follower continued to fuck her belly button, the others shed their robes to press themselves against her flesh. Menat couldn’t hold back her moans as her body was worshiped via groping and massaging. Her breaking point came shortly after her belly button became filled with a load of semen and a few of her followers decided to lick clean any spots leftover from her meal.

Releasing a mix of a moan and a belch, Menat’s shaking form managed to momentarily stop her followers. Basking in the aftermath of her unorthodox orgasm, she treated herself to a

deep inhale of the smell of sex and gas surrounding her. Once her mind cleared and her energy started to recover, she looked at the followers gazing upon her moment of pure hedonism. With a lick of her lips, she reached down to rub at the head of the follower with his cock still nestled inside of her navel.

“Go and rest my loyal UUUURRPPP servant,” Menat belched out. “As for the rest of you, get me more food. Your oracle is not satisfied yet.”

The initial concern Rose felt when she returned home from her trip only increased when she saw the message. While the letter had a poorly drawn version of her student’s signature, the rest of the text was clearly written by someone else. Even if this was some form of elaborate trap, she wasn’t about to let Menat fall to a grim fate. Full prepared for a fight, she was understandably confused when her arrival at the eye-marked door brought her towards her student’s most loyal follower.

“Thank you so much for coming,” Extu said as they ushered her inside. "Our oracle has been worried about you."

"Your oracle?" Rose said, letting her gaze shift towards the stone walls as they got in deeper, but never fully taking her sight off of the robed figure. "Why was she worried about me?"

"Well, to put it more accurately," Extu spoke up as they reached a set of large, double doors, "she was concerned of what you would think once you saw her development. I kept trying to tell her that notion is ridiculous. Her sacred form is the perfect sign of-"

"Open it," Rose interjected, receiving a nod in response. "I would like to see for myself."

With a polite bow, Extu began to push against the massive doors. As the entryway opened up, Rose's usually composed expression faltered under the duress of the pungent aroma that drifted out. Whipping around her scarf, she created a makeshift face warp to try and protect herself from the smell. Making her way through the noxious fog, she was treated to a sight very few mortal eyes had been given the honor of witnessing.

Hundreds upon hundreds of pounds of dark-skinned flesh had been placed upon a collection of mattresses covered in a myriad of different stains. The longer the fortune teller looked, the more she began to take in the specific details of the mound's mass. Things like the various fat folds that glistened under the illumination of the torches along the walls. A pair of ass cheeks capable of crushing a car seemed to have the figures bulky legs firmly pinned down. Even if the mass could manage to hoist up its enormous form, Rose doubted that they were in any hurry to leave with the crowd of people tending to them.

Rose's examination of the mountain of fat eventually brought her gaze to the deep belly button in front of her. Noticing the purple hair trailing from the deep crevasses to reach the mass's undercarriage, she followed the path upwards with her eyes. Craning her neck up to see past the set of wrecking ball sized tits and countless rows of chins, she managed to take in the plumped up face of her student.

"Menat, is that really you?" Rose asked, managing to see the young woman's head of disheveled, purple hair barely held together by golden hoops.

"In the BWOOOOOORRRRPP flesh," Menat belched in response. "Sorry, I wanted to hold that back for your visit. But there's only so much I can control of my gas these days."

“You do not seem to be in any danger,” Rose commented.

“Not really,” Menat said with a wave of her adipose-heavy arms. “These people take care of all of my UUURRPPP needs. I mainly invited you here just so that you wouldn’t worry about where I am.”

“This certainly isn’t a fate I could have predicted for your,” Rose pondered over the sound of a low rumbling noise coming from her student’s body. “However, if this is where your fate lies, then I won’t stand in your way.”

“I’m so glad you understand, master,” Menta said, her entire body jiggling at a sudden shift of her mass. “Would you like to join us for a snack while you’re here? I can tell you all about the new fortune telling method these BWOOOOORRRRP people have been performing with my-“

Menat was forced to stop under the duress of the building pressure inside of her body. While she wanted to keep the bubbles at bay for her master’s visit, months of letting herself freely let loose at all hours of the day had taken their toll. Clenching her sausage-like fingers, she allowed the rumbling PHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT to come roaring out. While her followers were used to the smell and power of the expulsions, she wasn’t surprised to see her typically put together mentor making a mad dash for the door.

“We’ll catch up BWOOOOOOOORRRPPP later,” Menat burped out as Rose ran off to find fresh air.

“It may be a while for the air to be suitable for non-followers,” Extu spoke up. “Since we just finished your latest feast, would you honor us with another session of fortune telling?”

“Go OOOOOOUUUUURRRRRPPPP ahead,” Menat said with a wave of her fingers. “I know you all are just as eager as I UUUUURRRRRPPPP am.”

Upon Menat’s command, the congregation did away with their clothes. Clambering over her hairy, flabby body, they each made their way over to their pre-determined spots. As much as it pained Menat to hold back her desires, she knew the importance of waiting until everyone was properly secured. Once she was certain that her followers wouldn’t fall off of her body, she signaled for them to start with a single, guttural belch.

Those with the means of doing so started the oracle’s session by shoving their cocks into her various fat folds. Since reaching her actual womanhood was an arduous task to say the least, she had developed other ways of getting pleasure. This included having dozens of mouths sucking up the sweat and residue still clinging to her flesh. It was the addition of multiple tongues servicing her plump teats that truly put her in a state of pure bliss that was more than ready to receive the last few steps.

Three of Menat’s followers approached her belly button at the same time. Thanks to the extent of her growth, she was very easily able to take in the trio of cocks into her waiting navel with room to spare. Knowing what she wanted, the group saw no reason to hold themselves back. Reveling in getting to feel each of followers’ lust, she finally allowed her moans to echo through the room. These euphoric cries carried with them belches born from the constant attention of her congregation. The same went for the farts that kept rumbling out from her backside, showering her and the rest of her harem in the noxious fumes they had become obsessed with. In this atmosphere of pure hedonism, there was only so much she could take.

Menat's finish came in the form of a roaring cry from her mouth that started as a moan and devolved into a powerful BWOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP. As her climax triggered another BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPP to push out of her anus, it signaled the rest of her congregation to let themselves finish. Her already filthy body became covered in a myriad of different fluids as one by one the figures gave in to their own desires. Sucking up the lingering air of ecstasy and her own flatulence, the sloppy oracle turned a lazy gaze over to Extu.

"So then," Menat began as Extu looked over the spilled pool of cum that had leaked from her belly button, "what do you see?"

"The future will hold...a mostly sunny day tomorrow with a slight chance of rain in the late evening," Extu said as they looked over the spill. "Another wonderous result as always."

"Yeah, I just wish that I could tell more than the BWOOOOOOORRRPP weather," Menat commented.

"That will come in due time," Extu said as the followers slowly climbed down from the massive woman's body. "For now, shall we fetch your next feast?"

"Of course," Menat said, glowing with appreciation of her unique way of seeing the future.