

Slob X Yor Forger

Slipping back into the apartment building late at night, Yor scanned her red eyes across her black dress to ensure that there were no leftover signs of her mission. As she looked over her slender form, she was happy to see that she had managed to wash out any blood stains and avoid tearing the fabric. Confident that her assassin job would remain a secret, she put on a smile and flopped around her twin locks of black hair. With a deep breath, she prepared to put away her role as a trained killer in favor of resuming her identity as a loving wife and mother.

Opening up the door to the apartment, Yor was content to see Loid sitting in a chair and reading the newspaper. The handsome man with short, blonde hair peeked his blue eyes up from the article to greet her. The soft smile he gave her a much needed sense that everything was as it should be.

“You’re back late,” Loid commented. “I already put Anya to bed. I’m not sure if you had dinner already, but just in-case I made a plate for you.”

“Thank you so much,” Yor replied, with a grateful smile. “Sorry that I couldn’t come home and do the cooking tonight like I promised.”

“Really, it was no problem,” Loid replied, unwilling to tell her about the look of relief on Anya’s face when the small child had heard that her adoptive father had taken over dinner duty. “I’m impressed that the government can afford to have such elaborate parties.”

“It really wasn’t anything to special,” Yor said as she searched the kitchen for her meal. “Nothing more than a usual meeting about keeping things going as they should. Well that and properly punishing some that would purposefully disrupt things.”

Yor’s lie was half-true. After all, she was certain that the deaths she had caused that night were for the greater good of society. This lingering thought was pushed aside for the moment as

she brought over her plate of beef and potatoes over the dining table. Taking a seat, she raised up her fork and knife to sample her husband's meal. She had already eaten something substantial before her mission, but she wasn't about to let the delicious food go to waste.

Before Yor could dig in, she was stopped by an unsettling groan from her mid-section. Following the unruly sound towards the source, she managed to spot the tiny hole in the center of her dress. Only now remembering the split second where she had knocked away a tiny dart that had struck her, she wondered if she had been injected with a type of poison. However, that worry was overwritten with an overwhelming desire to make the most of the meal in front of her.

"Yor, is everything alright?" Loid asked as he approached the dining table. "If you don't like it, I can get you something--"

Loid reactively leapt back as Yor lunged forward to begin devouring her dinner. Leaving the utensils aside, she brought the food up to her mouth with her hands to shove them past her lips. Careful not to bite down on her fingers, she tried to keep up with the powerful hunger that pushed her to swallow up every last morsel.

Licking the plate clean of any stray drops, Yor leaned back in her seat. Pressing a hand against her mid-section, she felt the small bulge that was a damning piece of evidence of her sudden feeding frenzy. As she was trying to figure out what had taken over her, a small prod to her belly produced an impolite UUUURPP from her lips.

"Excuse me," Yor said, using a napkin to both clean her face and cover up the blush on her cheeks.

"You must have been hungrier than I thought," Loid replied, unwilling to point out the strange behavior and worsen her embarrassment. "I'll take care of cleaning up while you get ready for bed."

“Thank BWOOOORRPP you,” Yor said, shuffling her way over to her room to sleep off her indulgent meal.

Yor had to take her time moving through the office. The reason being was the constant threat that the extra chub that had started to appear around her body was beginning to strain at the seams of her uniform. Each step was taken with utmost care to keep her prominent potbelly contained within her buttoned down shirt. She had already been forced to unclasp the top’s first few buttons in order to allow more room for the extra heft around her bosom. While this did allow her to breath, it also brought unwanted attention to the fact that she had gone up two cup sizes.

Feeling her skirt strain against her hips, Yor desperately wanted to adjust the garment to try and ease her burden. As she began to tug at the fabric sinking between her bubble butt, she was discouraged by an unsettling gurgle from her stomach. Forcing a smile on her face to try and convince herself that everything was alright, she slowly tip toed her way into the office. Unfortunately, her poor façade could not dissuade her coworkers from being their usual, nosey selves.

“Oh, there you are, Yor,” Camilla said, as she flipped back her long blonde hair. “Did you have a little trouble getting through the door?”

“Camilla, we talked about this,” Sharon said, with a scornful gaze behind her bespectacled eyes.

“Can you really blame her?” Millie asked in a whisper that was a little too loud. The shudder that the comment sent through Yor didn’t seem to register with the woman with chin-

length, orange hair. “You’ve seen how much she’s gained just over the last week. It’s like she spends all of her free time guzzling lard. I wonder if her husband has some kind of freaky thing for-“

“I appreciate your concern,” Yor stated out loud, putting a stop to the group’s gossip, “but I’m doing just fine. I’ve just been enjoying Loid’s cooking a bit more than usual. That’s all.”

“You don’t see any negative side effects from indulging yourself like that?” Camilla asked, eyeing up her coworker’s chubby figure.

“R-really, I’m fine,” Yor replied, trying to keep up her nervous smile as she made her way over to her desk. “Let’s just try to focus on work shall we?”

“Well, we were actually going to start by thanking whoever brought the-“

Yor’s walk to her work area was stopped as she spotted the tempting platter laid out in the center of the office. It was a pile of doughnuts glistening with heavy helpings of icing and sprinkles. If she bothered to look beneath the mound of fried dough, she would have managed to spot the message from her younger brother. The touching letter meant to encourage Yor’s government work went unnoticed as she was left incapable of resisting her body’s urges.

Charging towards the doughnuts, Yor began to shove them past her lips with reckless abandon. Her coworkers could only stare in disbelief as the typically well-mannered office worker mercilessly chowed down on the pastries. Even as crumbs and sprinkles began to besmirch her uniform, she continued to eat up every last bite until she was reduced to licking the tray clean of any leftover icing.

Just as the last bit of dough managed to be sucked up by Yor’s lips, she was brought back to reality by a loud rip. Pulling herself back up, she looked down to see the large hole in the center of her top that showed off her navel. Moving away from the tray to see what her appetite

had done she was stopped by another tear forming down the back of her skirt. She only had a moment to feel part of her butt fat peeking through the hole before she was halted by an unsettling rumble.

“Excuse me!” Yor shouted out as she barreled past her coworkers in her mad dash to the bathroom.

Locking herself in a stall and making sure the lock was tight, Yor began to gently prod as her stuffed gut. Though the intention was to calm down her digestion, all her provocation seemed to accomplish was sending a few bubbles rolling up her throat. Stifling the UUURRPP that parted her lips, she considered this a better alternative than fully humiliating herself in front of her fellow employees. That was until some of the gas decided to move elsewhere.

Readying herself to catch another belch, Yor was caught off guard by the BRRRAAAPPP that slipped out of her backside. As the fart drifted out of the hole in her skirt, she wrinkled her nose at the rancid odor. Reaching for the door with the intention of running away from the fumes, she was halted by another rumble from her stomach. Gritting her teeth, she forced herself to sit back down and try to work out the consequences of her poor eating habits before she had to return to her office.

“What were you able to find?” Loid asked over the phone, only willing to speak in his hushed whisper once he was certain that Anya was asleep.

“It’s unlike anything I’ve ever seen before,” Franky replied. “It’s a special serum intended to drastically degrade a person’s physical abilities. Kind of like a performance boosting drug, but in reverse.”

“Why not just use regular poison?” Loid pointed out.

“I don’t know, I’m not the one who made the stuff,” Franky replied. “Best guess I can give is that they use it to humiliate people. At least, that’s what I can assume from the symptoms.”

“What kind of symptoms?”

“Increase in appetite, rapid weight gain, and a myriad of digestion issues,” Franky answered, sending an unsettling shudder down Loid’s spine. “Anyway, that’s all I have for now. I’ll get back to you when I have a solid lead on the manufacturer.”

“Work fast, no telling how far this serum has been spread out,” Loid said before ending the call.

Wandering back into the living room, Loid couldn’t help his thoughts from lingering on what Franky had told him. The symptoms that had been described were far too similar to what was happening to Yor’s body. However, he couldn’t understand how or when she might have run afoul of the serum. Questioning the safety of her government job, he pondered tailing her to see if he could find who was responsible for her condition.

Loid’s thought process came to a jarring halt as he heard a heavy thud up against the front door. His spy instincts got him to take a defensive position in case someone was trying to break in. The sound of a key undoing the lock only worsened his paranoia that someone had managed to make a copy at some point. He only let his guard down once he heard an unruly burp come from the outside hallway.

Pushing open the door with her pudgy gut, Yor drunkenly stumbled her way into the apartment. The once pristine red dress she wore was now a disheveled mess of newly acquired stains. Closing up the door with a swing of her chubby rear, she incidentally allowed a fart to

ripple out and flutter her skirt. Raising up the bottle of wine clasped between her fingers, she held it up to her lips. Letting misplaced droplets slide down her pudgy chin and onto the poorly concealed breasts that had grown twice as large over the course of just a few short weeks. While Loid stared at the drunken woman with concern, she showed no such worries as she let loose with a rumbling BWOOOOORRRPP from her lips.

“That party was so much UUURPP fun,” Yor belched, as she wiped her lips clean of leftover wine. “My coworkers are no nice. They gave me plenty of *hic* wine to drink.”

“Maybe a little too much,” Loid commented as he approached her. “Come on. Let me help you get to bed so you can sleep this off.”

The moment that Loid’s hand touched Yor’s shoulder, he was flung back through the air. Quickly recovering as he hit the couch cushion, he looked back to see that at wife’s outstretched, chubby arm was a tight fist. Having underestimated how the extra weight would impact Yor’s usual, drunken behaviors, he very carefully began to extricate himself from the couch.

“Where do you think you’re BWOOOOOPPPP going?” Yor asked as she stumbled over to him. “You wanted to take me to *hic* bed right?”

“Yes,” Loid said, trying to buy enough time to figure out his escape route.

“Hehehe,” Yor chuckled as she pinned him down with her 300 pound belly. “Why bother walking all that UUUUURRPPP way when we can have fun here?”

“Yor, you’re not thinking clearly. Get off of me before-“

Loid was left silent as Yor used her plump lips to lock him into a kiss. The sudden clasp of her arms around his body kept him in place as her tongue continued to explore his mouth. Enveloped by her pudgy form, Loid’s rational side tried to think of a way to escape. However, something other than just weight kept him there.

The feeling of Yor's plush form pulling him in left Loid with a strange shiver down his spine. The taste of alcohol on her breath was of little concern as he got to experience the full passion of her kiss. Even as a rancid PHHHHRRTTTT manage to slip out of her rear, he could feel his body relax as if welcoming the embrace of the gassy, drunken slob.

The make out session came to a pre-mature end as a powerful BWOOOOOORRRRPPP traveled up Yor's throat. The shared belch managed to push her away and send her tumbling to the floor. Standing up, Loid rushed over to see if she was alright. He breathed a sigh of relief as he saw that her closed eyes came with the steady rise and fall of her chest.

Heaving Yor onto his shoulder, Loid began to drag her over to her bed. Though the walk was short, it was made much longer by her heft and the lingering thoughts inside of his mind. Enduring her soft touch and several more bouts of gas, he felt the urges once more come up into his mind. Dismissing it as nothing more than his head becoming dizzy from the fumes, he strengthened his resolve to help Yor with her worsening problem.

Much to her dismay, the stares Yor accrued as she waddled through town was something she had yet to grow accustomed to. Even worse was how her body seemed to work against her as each slip of gas from either mouth or rear was enough to turn heads towards her. The attention brought about by her merely going about a shopping trip was one of many reasons why she had been recently forced to retire from her assassin job.

Even after purchasing an oversized red sweater, there was little Yor could do to hide the 500 pounds of fat that weighed down her body. Every few steps gave an opportunity for her flabby gut to slip out and show off its deep belly button to anyone that looked. She could tug

down the sweater in order to hide her navel, but it was a careful balancing act to prevent her meaty mammaries from peeking out from the top. Her skirt was barely able to cover up her double-wide rear, with the bottom of her ass cheeks getting dangerously close to being visible with each step she took.

The skirt completely failed its mission as Yor was forced to let out a rippling BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPP from her rear. The fart lifted up the garment to give a good look at the pair of tight, thong-like panties that had been sunken in between her butt cheeks. As humiliating as the display was, the smell did help in ensuring that no one dared to approach her for fear of getting caught in the noxious fumes.

Straightening out her skirt, Yor tried to move forward in spite of the red blush on her chubby cheeks. She was under the assumption that her weight and digestive issues were nothing more than a side effect of indulging herself a little too much on Loid's cooking. Even outside of eating meals at home, she couldn't seem to control her own gluttony anytime a meal was presented to her. In the wake of each of these sessions of indulgence she kept telling herself that she needed to stop before things got even worse.

Yor's slow waddle down the sidewalk came to a halt as her nose picked up a heavenly aroma from nearby. Shifting her thick thighs back and forth, she made her way towards the sandwich shop. Just past the counter, she could see a wide selection on offer. Just as her belly began to growl and drool formed around the edge of her mouth, she quickly caught on to what was happening.

"No," she thought to herself in an effort to control her urges. "I've already been forced into an early retirement from assassination. And even moving around work without bumping into someone and gassing them out is almost impossible. Not to mention that if I keep eating like this

Loid might think of me as being unfit to be his wife. I won't get to see him or miss Anya ever again."

Looking away from the counter, Yor hazarded to lift up part of her sweater to pinch at the pudge around her mid-section. "I look absolutely BWOOOOORPP revolting," she belched out loud. "Loid has been so UUUURRPP understanding of my issues, but I'm sure he's only BOOOUUUUURRRPP enduring it for my sake.' Giving further provocation to her gut, she shudder as another PHHHHHHTTTTTTTT came blasting out of her rear. "He was even so kind as to increase my UUUURRRPP food portions to keep up with my super natural appetite."

Folding the hem of her sweater over her belly once more, Yor clenched her pudgy fingers together. "That's it. Tonight I will break this UUUUUURPPP bad habit and strive to be a better wife for Loid."

Yor's declaration grew weak as another hungry rumble from her stomach turned her attention back to the sandwich shop.

"Maybe a few UUUUURRRP bites wouldn't hurt," she said, pulling out her wallet as she approached the vendor.

Loid knew that Yor had returned the moment she entered the apartment building. The first sign came as he heard the creak of the stairs and a series of labored breaths. Amidst rude noises slipping out from her body, his nose picked up the foul aroma that perpetually surrounded her. The far from subtle approach gave him a chance to scan his eyes across the room to ensure that everything he had been planning was to his perfect specifications. This would be the night that he would put to rest the problem that had been plaguing both of them over the last month.

Leaning up against the door, Yor pushed her way inside of the apartment. Visibly exhausted by her climb, she trudged her way across the floor with sweat clinging to her skin. Due to her tired state, she didn't seem to pay any attention to the condiments spread across her red sweater that had been left over by her shameful visit to the sandwich shop. This same narrow-minded focus is what led her to ignore the various changes to the living room as she merely brought herself crashing down into a recliner with a heavy slam. The impact of her ass hitting the cushion brought forth a loud creak from the seat along with a BRRRAAAAAAAPPP she was far too tired to even try and hold back.

Taking a deep inhale of her putrid air to try and recover, Yor eventually managed to pay attention to her surroundings. Her exhaustion took a back seat as her eyes locked onto the king-sized mattress that had been placed in the dead center of the living room. Glancing over to the dining area, she saw an equally astonishing feast piping hot and beckoning her to further indulge herself. Through her understandable confusion, she eventually turned to the one person she hoped could make sense of this.

“Loid what is going BWOOOOORRRPP on?” Yor asked.

“Yor, I’m sorry to say this to you directly, but I’ve been noticing your changes lately,” Loid replied, causing a nervous PHHHRRTTTT to squeak out of Yor’s backside. “I’ve been talking to my colleagues in the hopes of finding a way to reverse your condition, but they couldn’t come up with anything.”

“I-if doctors couldn’t UUUURRPP cure me,” Yor began, only knowing about Loid’s false career as a psychiatrist, “what do you plan to do?”

“The only thing I can do,” Loid said, forcing himself through Yor’s miasma of gas to put a hand on her shoulder. “I want you to go all out.”

Yor blinked a few times, unsure if what she had heard was real. “What do you mean?”

“I want you to fully give into your desires,” Loid explained, doing little to actually clear up her confusion. “It’s the only thing I can think of to answer a question that’s been plaguing me for so long.”

“What question is BWOOOORRR that?” Yor asked, her mind trying to fill in the blanks with the phrase ‘whether or not I want to be married to an obese slob.’

“I can’t divulge that information yet,” Loid replied, covering up for his own embarrassment about the situation. “For now, we’ll focus on the first step.”

Taking Yor by the hand, Loid led her over to the dining table. Pulling out the two chairs to properly support her width and girth, he gently sat her down. With her belly pressed up against the table, there was little she could do to escape from her own hunger. Even after the multiple sandwiches had been shoved down her mouth, there was a lot of room leftover in her stomach for the feast. Urged by her own appetite and Loid’s watchful eye, Yor decided to let her instincts take hold.

Yor’s nerves were dispersed as soon as she grabbed at the first sausage. Moments after chowing down on the meat, she paused to let out a BWOOOOORRPPP before moving onto a bowl of mashed potatoes. Slurping up the butter left at the bottom of the container; she unleashed a reverberating BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPP as she reached out towards a basket of rolls. As she chewed through the bread, she made up for the lack of liquor by pouring a bottle of soda down her gullet. Unleashing another UUUUUUUUUURRRRRPP to shake the room, she kept her pudgy fingers moving across the table in order to grab at whatever dish would continue her indulgent meal.

While Yor was blinded by her unleashed gluttony, Loid kept himself at the perfect distance to observe. As the food supply dwindled down, so too did the seams making up Yor's clothes. Each bite seemed to add further strain to the fabric, with more crumbs and droplets from her lips further besmirching the attire as she went on. However, even as her bosom began to show through the hole in her top and her tight panties were shown off by the tear created by her gassy backside, she continued to eat. By all accounts, this was a horrendous display of manners for a woman who had completely lost herself to her own gluttony. Yet Loid couldn't look away.

The same feelings that Loid had been trying to contain and understand instead took over his very being. Each gulp of food, jiggle of fat, and gas bubble released further filled him with his own sense of desire. Clutching his fingers, the man normally able to hide his emotions so easily couldn't stop himself from letting his mouth hang open and incidentally suck in some of his sloppy wife's fumes.

Loid only gained a semblance of his former composure once Yor had finished off the feast. Swallowing up the last bit of meat from a rack of ribs, the obese woman leaned back in her seat and let out a pleased exhale. Rubbing at her stuffed belly, her earlier nervousness was overridden by a sense of satisfaction that helped to ease her mind. Just as she was enjoying a BWOOOOORRPP rolling up her throat, she caught a side view of Loid standing nearby.

"I-I'm so UUUUUURPPP sorry," Yor said, only now noticing the disheveled state of her body and clothes. "Give me a BWOOOOORRRPPP chance and I'll get this cleaned up as fast as I-"

Though Yor ended up interrupting herself with her own BRRRRRRRAAAAAAPPPP Loid stepped through the cloud to grasp her hand once more. Helping her lift her overstuffed form off of the chairs, he guided her over to the mattress. Positioning her in the perfect spot, he

sent himself plummeting down onto the cushions. It was time for the final push he needed to solve this problem once and for all.

“Sit on me,” Loid called out.

“W-what?” Yor asked.

“I want you to put your full weight down on my body,” Loid explained. “Preferably my face.”

“Loid, what are you UUUUURPPP talking about?” Yor asked as she swiveled her head thick neck back and forth. “I mean, what if Anya walks in on us doing this?”

“She’s away at a weekend long sleepover,” Loid replied. “I didn’t want anything to interrupt us.”

The words left Yor in a stunned state as her eyes scanned across the body of the man she once thought she knew. “L-loid is this what you really BWOOOOORRRPPP want?”

“Yes,” Loid replied. “At this moment, more than anything.”

Her mind a mix of strange emotions, Yor pulled at the edges of her sweater. “Alright, but...give me a moment to get ready.”

“Take all the time you need,” Loid said, using the opportunity to do his own mental preparations.

Abandoning her besmirched and torn outer layers of clothes, Yor waddled her way back over the mattress. Still laying on his back, Loid watched as the hefty woman slowly circled around him. While she was making up her mind on how to best proceed, he kept his eyes focused on the image of her pudgy form clad in her tight-fitting undergarments. The combination of her bra squeezing her breasts together and her panties sinking deeper between her ass cheeks nearly made him breakdown and practically beg for her to start. Even in this bizarre state, he was still

willing to give her a chance to ease herself into the act, even if it meant further straining the urges that had been wreaking havoc on his mental state for weeks.

Loid's patience was rewarded as Yor got down to crawl along the mattress. Sliding her fat rolls against his form, she took a kneeling position that straddled his torso. With her backside hovering just above his head, she tried to ease herself down. However, a wayward belch rolling up her throat made her slip and sent her butt slamming against his face.

It was only through Loid's intense strength training was he able to withstand the brunt force that slammed down on him. From above, he could feel Yor in a panic trying to remove herself from him. In his current state, he could have made use of the sweat still clinging to her meaty butt cheeks in order to slip out. However, he instead kept himself steady as her struggling sunk him deeper into her ass crack.

Yor's constant squirming eventually gave way to a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPP bursting out of her rear. The rancid fart gave her all the more reason to get up, but she was kept in place. It wasn't from a lack of energy or her thick legs being disobedient, but from the simple fact that Loid's fingers had sunken into her love handles. Clamping the prison of flab and flatulence around his head, he was determined to take on the full force in order to end his internal struggle once and for all.

"L-Loid, I never knew you were BWOOOOOOORPP like this," Yor said, her words drowned out as another BRRRRRAAAAAAPPP slipped out. "If that's the case, then I'll do my UUUUURRPP best to give you what you want."

Pushing into her gut, Yor managed to unleash a torrent of gas directly into Loid's face. The release made him realize just how much resilience she had shown from being able to hold back the sheer force of the pressure built up inside of her stomach. Given a full taste of what the

serum had done to her digestive tract, his muscles began to weaken. Forced to swallow up a mouthful of the rancid flatulence, his fingers released her from his grasp to allow her to finally stand back up.

Swiveling herself around to look down on Loid, Yor took note of his reddened face and heavy breathing. “You really are enjoying OOOUUURRRP this,” she commented as she saw the wild look in his eyes. As he tilted up his head, he was surprised to see the look of pure elation on her chubby face. “And as your loving BWOOOOORRRPP wife, I’m more than happy to oblige.”

“Yor, what are you-“

Loid got the breath knocked out of lungs as Yor belly flopped right on top of him. The sudden fall ensured that most of his body was smothered beneath the heft of her belly and bosom. Beneath the rolls of fat, he could hear the husky breathing of his wife. Worried that she might have hurt herself in the process, he wriggled himself upwards.

The very moment that Loid’s face slipped out from between her tits, Yor made her attack. Pressing her mouth up against his, she kept him in place as she gave him a sloppy kiss free of restraint. With both of their bodies being shaken around by the impromptu make out, it only took a few seconds for another belch to be summoned forth from her gut to be passed along to Loid’s mouth.

With the taste of Yor’s previous meal clinging to his tongue and the lingering sensation of her blubber caressing his skin, Loid merely laid there as she pulled herself back up again. The exercise that was supposed to help him banish these odd urges had instead made them stronger than ever. His mind raced to make sense of things, but he was far too slow to come up with an answer before Yor’s backside came crashing down on his face again.

“Brace yourself,” Yor said as she wiggled her ass against his face. “I’m going to give you everything I UUUUUURRPP got.”

Sinking her fingers deep into her gut, Yor tried to push out her reserves of gas. Feeling the unruly rumbling cascading through her body, she clenched her teeth in order to let the pressure build up as much as possible. As she drew close to her breaking point, her strained face transitioned into an expression of bliss as she let it all out at once.

A prolonged BRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP came roaring out from Yor’s backside. The minute long fart came with an equally powerful odor that left a tingling sensation on Loid’s nostrils as he was forced to take it all in. Enduring through the powerful storm, he could feel the hundreds of pounds of blubber on top of him. The constant shaking transferred down to his own form to let the warmth and weight fully indulge the desires he had been trying to suppress. Just as the last of the fart petered off, he gave in and let a wanting moan be heard over the last spurts of the gassy expulsion.

Waiting until the majority of her jiggles had come to a stop, Yor rolled herself off of Loid. Laying next to him, she only allowed herself to breath once she saw the steady rise and fall of his chest. Looking towards his face, she saw that it was covered in more sweat than her own body from a combination of her strain, the heat, and his own passion flaring up.

Though Yor’s intention was to merely cuddle up next to Loid to ease him after their first squashing session, he pulled her in closer to share in another kiss. With her blubbery arms wrapping around him to keep them in place, he was free to let his hands wander across her body. With his various gropes and prods pushing out more burps to roll down his throat, his mind was left a complete mess. He still wasn’t sure how he was supposed to adapt to this awakened side of himself, but for the moment that didn’t matter.

“We can keep going, but I need a moment to UUUURRPP rest,” Loid said as they momentarily parted, blowing back one of Yor’s burps into her face. “Excuse me.”

“No BWOOOOOOOORRPPP problem,” she replied, sliding her plump fingers along his back. “I’m ready to start again whenever you UUUURRPPP are.”

Life in the Forger household had taken a drastic turn ever since Yor gave up both her public and private employment. Now she spent all of her days in the apartment trying to combat the smell she left behind wherever she waddled. This was in between sessions of frequent binge eating in order to further enhance her body’s unique appeal. On occasion she had to sew up a tear or two in her clothes whenever she neglected larger sizes for her hefty form. However, it was a minor nuisance compared to the many benefits that she had experienced by embracing her new, sloppy self.

“Hello Miss BWOOOOOOOORRPPP Anya,” Yor belched out as the pink haired girl and Loid entered the apartment. “Did you have a good day?”

“Yeah, daddy and I-“

Anya paused as she got a whiff of the aroma lingering around Yor. The seemingly innocent softness of the woman’s arms were looked more like a hidden trap. Reading Yor’s thoughts and seeing just how much food she had ingested over the course of the day, Anya made the wise decision to simply wave hello before rushing to her room.

“Hmm, I guess I went a little UUUURPPP overboard with my lunch,” Yor commented as Loid approached to accept the neglected hug.

“It’s fine,” he said as he nuzzled up to her belly. “It’s just something we’ll have to get used to.”

“That being BOOUUUURRRPPP said,” Yor began as she looked down to meet Loid’s gaze. “She had another sleepover this weekend UUUURRPP right?”

“I’ve already made the necessary preparations,” Loid replied as he gave her another squeeze to push out a squeaky fart. “Including getting more than enough food to properly continue our training.”

Enveloped by fumes and love, Yor embraced her loving husband to revel in the strange, yet passionate relationship her sloppy body had gifted them.