

CEO to SlobEO

The dull day at the office turned into an exercise in stress management once people realized who was among them. Anyone daring enough to peek their head out from their cubicle would catch a glance at the CEO's black hair tied up in her trademark, pristinely styled bun. Only those with enough credit in the company to be considered worth something were allowed to address the woman clad in a black suit as Ms. Gella Lexen. However, most would usually be dissuaded from saying a word once they caught a glimpse of the faux look of disdain in her eyes.

In truth, Gella's less than happy expression didn't spring from hatred for her employees but rather the discontent she had for her position in the company. The reputation she had built up by climbing through the ranks was little comfort considering that she was alone and had very few friends to talk to. Any chance for her to go out and be social was typically taken away from her either to participate in meaningless meetings or by her coworkers being too afraid to ask.

"Here are the reports for this quarter, Ms. Lexen," said one man with far too much gel in his hair.

"Thank you... Steven was it?" Gella replied.

"Yes mam. Steven Ulson and might I say it is an honor to have you in the office today."

"Thank you, I do feel rather welcome," she commented, hoping that would be enough to keep up appearances. "While I'm here, I do want to discuss the upcoming quarter's--"

"HEEEEE YAAAAAHHHHH!"

The out of place, robotic battle cry echoing through the office grabbed the attention of the CEO and the manager. Leading the way, Gella moved surprisingly fast on her high heels to find the source. When she finally managed to make her way to the cubicle it was just in time to hear the clang of steel coming from a laptop's speakers. Sitting at the desk with a pair of headphones

on was a woman whose chubby form was a stark contrast to Gella's slender figure. Straining her shoddy dress as she continued to tap away at her keyboard and click her mouse, the woman looked completely enraptured by the action on screen. The ignorant worker failed to realize that her headset was unplugged up until Steven walked up to grab her shoulder.

"Dotty!" Steven called out, nearly making the woman tumble out of her seat. "What did I tell you about playing that stupid game on company time?"

"It's not stupid," Dotty said, scrambling to her feet. "It's Steel Soldiers, the hit MMORPG where you play as a--"

"I don't care what it is," Steven berated. "You have the gall to do this in front of our company's CEO? I swear, every time I think you're doing something to improve your work ethic, you just--"

At this point, Gella tuned out Steven chewing out Dotty in favor of looking at the screen. Ignoring the employee's inert avatar, she watched in the distance as humanoid robots did battle with all sorts of fantastic creatures. Matching up the sounds she had heard with the swings of swords and blasts of guns, she became intrigued by the flow. A tingle went down her spine as Dotty's character leveled up and a satisfying ding echoed out.

"Hold on," Gella said, stopping Dotty and Steven mid-argument. "You," she said, pointing towards the pudgy woman. "What is your name?"

"D-dotty Yedfa," the employee managed to stutter out.

"Tell me more about this...Steel Soldiers you're so fond of."

"It's a, um, game where a bunch of players get together to obtain gear and fight monsters," Dotty nervously explained. "I know it doesn't seem like it, but you're looking at one of the most popular MMORPGs on the market right now."

“And the main source of you wasting your time,” Steven spoke up.

“Enough,” Gella said, silencing the manger with a glare. “Ms. Yedfa, come with me,” she said, guiding the woman out of the cubicle. “I would like to have a little chat with you.”

“I-I’m so sorry, Ms. Lexen,” the office worker stammered out, her clothes looking on the verge of breaking apart from her nervous shaking. “Please don’t fire me. This would be the fifth job I’ve-“

“I’m not firing you,” Gella replied, doing little to ease the employee’s fears as they entered her office. Seating Dotty across from her, the CEO took her spot in the throne-like chair behind her desk. “I just wanted to chat more about this game. There may be some...business advantages I can gain from it.”

Dotty hazarded a small smile on her face. “Yes, mam. Where should I start?”

“Where to install it would be a good introduction,” Gella said, triggering a long speech from the office worker about the ins and outs of the game that had grabbed the CEO’s attention.

Coming back from work late on a Friday night, Gella dropped off her briefcase and made her way over to her home office. Normally, her routine would be to slip into her nightwear and head to bed in order to get some work done early Saturday morning. However, she had specifically planned out her schedule to take care of any lingering duties and leave at least one day of her weekend free. With the knowledge that she was at least momentarily safe from her own need to always be benefiting the company, she didn’t bother getting out of her suit as she sat down in her home office.

Turning on her laptop, she was greeted with the typical collection of business programs and folders containing work documents. The usual crowd was contrasted against the single icon placed in the dead center of the screen. The image depicted the crest of a robot head flanked by a pair of swords, identifying it as the Steel Soldiers program she had installed the very same day she had spoken to Dotty.

Reaching the login screen, she was greeted by the character creator to introduce her to the game. Considering that she was a new player, her options were limited to a series of basic starting gear and unimpressive figures. However, the limitations of the system still provided her with a much needed boost of creativity as she let herself build up a character that was the antithesis of her normal self. What she was left with was a wild looking woman with long, unkempt, fiery red hair, that didn't seem afraid to show off her bulky muscles.

Looking over her in-game avatar with a strange sense of pride, Gella was just about to click on to the next page until she was stopped by something. The empty box filled her with a sense of uncertainty as it gave her the seemingly simple task of picking a name. For the thirty two years of her life, she usually answered this question by typing in "GellaLexen" followed by whatever series of numbers it took to get the job done and move on. Feeling like her usual method wouldn't be very fitting of her virtual self, she typed in the first thing that came to mind.

"SlobEO," Gella said aloud to herself, finding a strange sense of satisfaction as it rolled off the tongue. "She does seem like the kind of person who wouldn't care at all about her appearance. Let's give it a shot."

Thrown into the tutorial, the business woman put her organizational skills to work passing through the starting tasks. Over the course of multiple conversations with Dotty, she was told that the onboarding process could be a little rough. While she could see why most people

would struggle to grasp the concepts being presented to her, breaking it down into simple graphs and strategy guides helped her to easily glide through. Gaining an understanding of the basic mechanics, she dove into the very thing that had been eating up the majority of her thoughts for the past week.

The actual experience of getting to play the game firsthand was like nothing she had ever felt before. Just like with her job, she spent her time frantically typing away at her keyboard. However, the act of seeing her keystrokes lead to attacks that took out low level enemies never truly lost its appeal. The peak of her interest came when she killed enough mobs to earn her first level up. While her on-screen avatar merely made a small animation of a glow encompassing her body, for Gella it was like a wave of euphoria washed over her.

The pleasing tingle Gella felt was undone somewhat as she felt a hungry growl come from her stomach. Pulling out her phone, her eyes went wide as she realized just how late it was. While her better logic told her that she should just call it a night, the allure of getting just one more level kept her at odds with her own, vigorous routine. During the time it took for her to try and decide what to do, her thoughts were hurried along by each ravenous rumble that emanated from her belly.

Getting up from her chair, Gella rushed her way over to her kitchen. Not in the mood to make anything and thinking it was far too late to order takeout, she was forced to settle on something else to keep herself going. Sitting back at her desk, she popped open a bag of chips and scarfed down a handful. Licking the crumbs from her lips, she helped to wash it down with an energy drink.

As she went through her less than nutritious meal, she could already feel the bubbles starting to pop in her stomach. Sure enough, the jingle of her next level up intermixed with the

sound of a small belch leaving her lips. Disgust was the initial reaction, but that was swiftly swept away by the pop up notice on her screen saying that she had found a new weapon. She persevered through several more belches as she kept going through the game and eating her chips. The only thing that made her stop was when one of her gas bubbles managed to make its way out in the form of a squeaky fart.

The waft of foul air that made its way into Gella's nostrils gave her a sense of clarity about her surroundings. Her ears picked up the sound of birds chirping in the distance, drawing her attention to the sunlight starting to creep in through the windows. Standing up from her chair, she could see the crumbs that littered her suit. Lifting up her arm, she was revolted by the sight of sweat stains she had garnered from her night long gaming session. No longer under the influence of her energy drink, she could feel the exhaustion hit her all at once. Scolding herself for losing track of time over a stupid game, she promptly logged off and stepped away to grab a shower, followed by some much needed rest.

Suppressing a groan, Gella tried to feign interest as one of the board members continued on with his boring pitch. In the past, the CEO had managed to at least give a satisfactory amount of head nods and small noises to satisfy the presenter. However, she remained silent as her mind kept trying to pull her back to her home office where she could get another session in of Steel Soldiers. Thanks to the night long periods of indulging her new addiction, she was forced to cover her mouth to prevent a yawn from escaping her lips.

"Is there a problem, Ms. Lexen?" asked the presenter, nervously holding onto his laser pointer.

“Hm? Oh no, everything sounds good,” Gella replied. “Just leave me a summary of the report in my inbox. I’ll take more time to look over the proposal later.”

“Yes mam,” the presenter said, keeping up his clearly fake smile as he watched her grab her things and walk out of the room.

Making half-hearted greetings towards the employees she passed, Gella managed to make it to the privacy of her office. Locking the door behind her, she sat down at her desk and opened up her laptop. Thankful for her decision years ago to invest in the best internet money could buy, she was able to login with little trouble. Grabbing hold of her mouse and keyboard, she assured herself that she could get some time in to finish her dailies before her next meeting.

For the most part, Gella was right since her ability to quickly pick up the mechanics of the game translated into her acing every challenge that came her way. Even if she was still in the early levels, she was sure to reference as many guides and walkthroughs as possible to ensure she was always equipped with the most optimized gear. However, there was a point where her own abilities failed her. Mainly, her constantly forgetting to get food until her stomach was angrily growing at her.

Rubbing at her mid-section to try and ease her appetite brought her attention towards the pocket of fat that had developed around her mid-section. Similar additions of chub had found their way across her form to make her suit a little tighter than she would have liked. Though this could be remedied by undoing a few buttons on her top to give more room to her breasts and going up a pants size for her wider hips, she couldn’t completely ignore the side effects of her frequent gaming sessions.

Pushing a little too hard into her gut, Gella felt a series of bubbles begin to form. Recalling that all she had eaten that morning was several cups of coffee and some candy bars,

she wasn't surprised that her digestion was acting unfriendly. Shifting her eyes back and forth across her office, she cautiously let a fart slip out to relieve the pressure. While it worked in momentarily settling her stomach, the lingering odor made her jump in her seat once she heard someone knock at the door.

"Who, BWOORRPP, is it?" Gella called out, muttering a curse at the little outburst.

"Ms. Lexen, it's me, Cheryl," spoke the secretary. "I was going to see if you've eaten lunch yet today. We have a people making a run for food."

"Er, no, I haven't eaten yet."

"Oh, then I can come in and--"

"There's no need for that," Gella said, stopping the door from opening up. "Um, it will be more efficient if I just text you my order."

"Ah, that's a brilliant idea," Cheryl replied. "Very well. Send it when you're ready and we'll take care of it right away."

"Thank you," Gella said, not feeling comfortable enough to sit back down until the smell of her fumes had dissipated.

Pulling out her phone, Gella thought about the various options that would satisfy her hunger. Considering the junk food binges she had been going through, her more rational side begged her to stick to a simple salad. However, the added bit of fat around her body seemed to push her finger towards typing out a craving for a greasy, bacon cheeseburger. Shrugging it off as having earned a little treat for sitting through the meeting, she allowed the order to be sent over to her secretary.

Returning to her game to try and finish up her quest before the order came, Gella was still forced to deal with her rumbling belly. Hoping to quiet her stomach for the moment, she reached

into her desk to pull out one of the many bags of chips she had brought from home. Telling herself that she would just save part of the burger for dinner later, she accidentally let slip another belch as she continued to indulge in her growing obsession and waistline.

A loud buzzing noise pulled Gella from out of her slumber. With a groan, she tossed off her bed sheets. Without anything covering her up, she could see her chubby belly peeking out from beneath her pajama top. Swinging her legs over the side, she paused for a moment to ensure her bubble butt was unburdened by the fabric stuck between the cheeks. As she scratched her fingers across her ample bosom, she let out a sigh of relief as the noise came to a halt.

Letting out a yawn that turned into a belch reeking of the previous night's meal of fried chicken, Gella pushed herself to her feet and shuffled over to the bathroom. Over the course of her morning ritual, she unleashed a pungent BRRRAAAAAAPPPP from her rear. Subjected to the horrendous fart, she tried to convince herself to eat something other than takeout during her gaming sessions.

Just before Gella could attempt to remove her tight sleepwear in order to wash off the layer of sweat and grease from her body, she heard the buzzing noise again. Finally recognizing the sound as her cell phone allowed her to banish the grogginess affecting her. Leaving behind another fart cloud in her wake, she rushed her way back into her bedroom and grabbed the device. Clearing out her throat of a lingering UUUUUURRRPPP, she begged her stomach to remain calm as she answered the call.

"Gella Lexen speaking," she managed to rush out just before she needed to turn her head away for another belch.

“Ms. Lexen where are you?” called out Gella’s secretary. “You’re missing the morning meeting. The board members are getting anxious.”

“I apologize for my absence,” Gella replied, glancing over at the clock to see that she had forgotten to set her alarm. Taking what few moments she had to spare to come up with an excuse for why she had been in bed until noon, she decided to do something she had never done before. “I’ve...come down with an illness. Some stomach issues,” she added on, grasping at her chubby belly with the hope that her lie would hold.

“Oh, I’m so sorry Ms. Lexen,” the secretary replied. “You stay home and get as much rest as you need.”

Gella let out a sigh of relief, accidentally letting a squeaky fart slip out in the process. “Um, thank you. Continue the meeting as normal and send me an email with a summary of the event.”

“You can count on me Ms. Lexen. Is there anything else I can do to help you?”

An unsettling gurgle from Gella’s stomach echoed through her apartment. “No, that’s fine. Don’t let my illness get in the way of our work.”

“Will all due respect, you’re the brain keeping this company together. Please, let me bring you some soup or-“

“I’m BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP fine,” Gella belched out. “Just let me rest. I’ll leave everything to you.”

Hanging up the phone and tossing it on her bed, Gella buried her face in her hands. Not only had her secretary heard her ungraceful belch, but she had also gone against her integrity as a businesswoman and faked being sick. The many years of perfect attendance through the use of pushing her body through various diseases came back to haunt her. Too busy focusing on trying

not to have a panic attack, she lost all control of the gas bubbles rolling around inside of her. Enveloped by the fumes of a rippling PHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTT from her rear, she endured the stench in order to search for some way to calm herself down.

What Gella finally settled on was that she was going to try and do as much work from home as possible. Skipping her shower for the time being, she made her way over to her desk and sat down. Though she was aware it would be awhile before she would receive the meeting notes, she was certain that she could find something she could work on to be a productive member of society. However, all she found was the icon in the center of her screen that answered her need for something to calm herself down.

Desperate to feel like she was accomplishing something, Gella started up a session of Steel Soldiers. The anxiety that had been plaguing her drifted away moments after she started a quest and took out her first enemy. Getting into her usual groove of daily missions and grinding for good loot, she settled in and leaned back. Though her relaxation process did involve letting out more gas, there was a strange comfort to it. For the first time in years, she was truly letting herself be at ease without worrying about her job.

Gella's trance-like state was broken by another buzz of her phone. Pulling herself out of her chair, she picked up her phone to see that her secretary had successfully sent her the files. Going over the dull pages of graphs and statistics, she instead shifted her focus over to the message her secretary had left her in the email.

“GET WELL SOON! LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.”

While Gella herself couldn't think of anything off the top of her head, her body let her know exactly what it desired through a hungry rumble. Figuring that she needed to make up for missing breakfast and lunch, she began to type in her order. There was a moment where she looked over the long list of greasy fast food and considered what she was about to do to her already chubby figure. Shrugging it off as part of her relaxation day, she hit send and sat back down at her desk to squeeze in another mission before her feast arrived.

Having missed just as many days of going to the office as she had skipped showers, Gella had to do something to appease the board before they became suspicious. Rather than suffer through the anxiety of people seeing her current state, she managed to put her silver tongue to work with an alternative suggestion. Managing to convince her coworkers that the most efficient way to do business was via a video conference call, she was granted the ability to stay in the comfort of her home for the event. The last bit to make it perfect was "accidentally" forgetting to purchase a web camera for her computer in time for the meeting.

Eyeing the piece of tape covering up the supposedly non-existent camera on her laptop, Gella took a moment to get herself comfortable. This took the form of fixing up her sweatpants to better accommodate her chunky rear and wide hips. Sitting back down and ignoring the creaks coming from her well-used seat, she adjusted her hoodie to ensure that her meaty breasts had enough breathing room inside. In the process, she inevitably let her belly plop out from beneath the hem of her top to reveal the hairs starting to form around her navel. Taking a mental note to partake in a long overdue shaving session, she cleared her two chins of any crumbs just before the meeting began.

“Thank you all for joining in on this call,” Gella said, being careful to momentarily turn off her microphone to avoid anyone hearing the BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRPPPP that echoed from her lips. “I know this may seem strange at first, but you will see the benefits of our-oh, pardon me a moment.” Muting herself once more, she leaned to the side and relieved herself of a troublesome gas bubble through a rippling PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTT. “Technical difficulty,” she said, hoping that none of them had heard her sigh of relief. “Just something we’ll have to fix in the future. To start, Steven you said that you had something you wanted to go over?”

“Yes, thank you Ms. Lexen. As you all must have already read in my 57 page document, things in the company are looking up. However, the success comes with its own form of issues. Mainly, how we should spend the extra capital in order to efficiently increase the company’s profits for future endeavors. Thankfully, I’ve already come up with dozens of dynamic investment opportunities that should really synergize with our-“

Using a well timed BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPP to drown out the overinflated speech, Gella ensured that her microphone was off and set about keeping herself awake during the presentation. Though her constant gas bubbles kept her active, she still felt her chubby fingers twitch for stimulation. Thankfully, she was well prepared for this.

Moving just as the rumbles of indigestion in her gut turned to hungry growls, Gella popped open a bag of chips. Scarfing down each tasty morsel, she didn’t seem to mind the crumbs that fell down her chins or the layer of cheese that gathered around her finger tips. By the time she had emptied out the entire, party-sized bag, her stomach was momentarily sated, but her need for something to break up the monotony was not. Freeing up room in her gut with another belch, she reached for another bag while she tabbed over to another window.

Keeping the conference in view via a small screen on her screen, Gella loaded up Steel Soldiers. Turning down the volume of the meeting just enough where she could still listen in while paying attention to the game's audio, she went about doing her daily grind. While her lingering work ethic had told her that it was dangerous to try and multi-task like this, there was an event going on that demanded her attention. Motivated to receive the exclusive cosmetic items for her up and coming guild, she ignored the sound of Steven droning on about banks and insurance companies in favor of the sweet sound of metal cutting through beasts.

Surrounded on all sides by various sounds and sights, it took a moment for Gella to notice the creaking noise echoing around her. Thinking it was another hunger pang from her gut, she shoveled in a few snack cakes to try and calm down her appetite. When the sound continued, she let herself run rampant with gas bubbles as she belched up a storm. Still hearing the creaking noise at the tail end of a rumbling fart, she felt a sudden shake. Thinking it must be coming from the call, she turned on her microphone to inquire about technical difficulties just as the seat beneath her finally gave out and she came crashing to the ground.

“What was that?” Steven called out.

“UUUUUURRRRPPPP nothing,” Gella replied, laying on the floor amidst the wreckage of her chair. “Just had a little fall.”

“That sounded pretty serious. Are you okay to continue the meeting?”

“Um, no. I think I should BWOOOOORRRPPPP call it here,” she said, getting back up and noticing a message pop up in the game. “I’ll try and catch up with the details UUUURRPP later.”

Before she could let any more of her burps echo onto the chat, Gella quickly turned it off. Pulling herself up into a standing position, she surveyed the broken pieces of her chair. Feeling a

slight breeze, she looked over her own body to notice the numerous tears that had formed in the fabric thanks to the fall. The tears let her peek at her extra pudge, as well as the stray follicles that had popped up across her form. With a heavy sigh, she made a mental note that she needed to get a more suitable chair alongside another new change of clothes. However, that could wait until after she found out what her guildmate was messaging her about.

Dott33: “Hello? Are you there?”

SlobEO: “Yeah. Shouldn’t you be at work?”

Dott33: “Sure am. Doesn’t mean I can’t multi-task.”

SlobEO: “Aren’t you worried about getting caught?”

Dott33: “Nah, I’m fine. Management is busy with some boring ass meeting anyway. Besides, I got to get those tickets in to pull for the hat.”

SlobEO: “You’re going for that? I thought you wanted the pig fairy pet.”

Dott33: “Got it last night.”

SlobEO: “Are you serious!!!!?????”

Dott33: “Hehehe, yeah. Shame I’ll only get to show it off for a few more months though.”

Gella paused, tapping her fingers to the side and clearing the air with a pungent
BRRRAAAAAAPPPPP.

SlobEO: “What do you mean?”

Dott33: “You didn’t hear? The company in charge of the game is going bankrupt. Unless some miracle investor comes along, they’ll be shutting down the servers.”

Cradling her chubby cheek in her hand, Gella thought for a moment. Recalling what little she could from the meeting, the gears in her head started to turn. Waiting for another belch to pass by her lips, she put on a smug smile. She had a plan, but it would have to wait until after she took care of some important business.

SlobEO: "That sucks. Anyway, want to run a raid?"

Dott33: "You know it."

Gella wasn't a stranger to staring at pages full of numbers and graphs. While the sight had filled her with dread in the past, what the thick packet of information gave her instead was a sense of excitement that she hadn't felt in years. The reason being that she was staring at the planned updates to Steel Soldiers sent to her by the studio that her company now had full control over. Pleased to hold the title as the secret savior of her favorite game, she brushed aside her locks of greasy, unkempt hair and loosened up her plump, sausage-like fingers to read through the document.

As had become tradition with Gella's time at her desk, she spent part of it appeasing the bulged out belly peeking out from beneath her heavily stained tank top. Crumbs from a collection of different snack cakes tumbled down her three chins on their journey to get trapped within the confines of her breasts' sizable cleavage. Pounding down another energy drink to keep herself in high spirits, she managed to release a roaring BWOOOOOOOOORRRPPP before

opening up another one. Taking a moment to wipe off the sweat dripping from the hairs peeking from her armpits, she used the same rag to soak up the grease from her cheeks before continuing.

Not even halfway through the report, Gella could already feel the bubbles stirring in her gut. As easy as breathing, she managed to summon up a rippling PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTTTT that threatened to rip asunder the pair of sweatpants she had stretched around her wide hips. With the last of her gas squeaking out from between her chunky rear to stress test her custom-made, extra-large chair, the fumes drifted their way up to her face. Rather than disgust, she met the aroma with a deep inhale. A small part of herself was still shocked by the behavior she had accrued from her self-chosen isolation. However, the majority of her mind and body reveled in the sheer freedom of her new self.

It was Gella's relaxed demeanor that allowed her to effortlessly absorb every bit of the report. Recharging herself by digging into her vast array of candy bars, she pounded her fat fingers against the keyboard. Thanks to her many hours of playing Steel Soldiers, she was able to use the thick digits to create a concise, yet elegant report that far out shadowed any of her previous work. Nodding her chin in agreement, she managed to send off her work in an email just before she had to unleash another bombardment of fumes from her backside.

Sitting back down and enveloped by her fumes, Gella figured that she had worked enough for the day. Loading up Steel Soldiers once more, she was pleased to see the numerous players surrounding her. What had used to be a struggling server was now exploding from activity thanks to her first steps of bringing the game back to life. Thankfully, someone was nearby to say everything she was thinking.

Dott33: "Holy shit. The place hasn't been this busy since the game first launched."

Pleased to hear one of her closest companions incidentally praising her, Gella thought it best to see how much more she could squeeze out of the interaction.

SlobEO: “Yeah, it’s crazy. Think it’s from that mystery investor that keeps being talked about on forums?”

Dott33: “Definitely. Better yet, the rumors are that it’s my own company that’s responsible.”

SlobEO: “Wow, for real? That’s one hell of a coincidence.”

Dott33: “Yeah. If it’s true, I might not have to hide playing on the work computer anymore.”

SlobEO: “Should still probably ease of on doing that on company time for now. Can’t have you lacking in funds when the next event comes up.”

Dott33: “Dammit, you’re right. I still need to take care of some dailies. Care to join me?”

Before Gella could respond, a notification popped up on her phone.

SlobEO: “Sure, just give me a sec to take care of something.”

Unlocking the screen, Gella spotted an email from the Steel Soldier developers. Skimming her eyes through, she was able to absorb every word of praise and gratitude that was given to her. It was obvious that the team were pleased with her suggestions to make the game grow and prosper. Even better for her was the confirmation of a feature she had long wanted for her character. Telling herself that she would respond later to the group to continue the discussion,

she accepted Dott33's request to take on one of the highest level boss monsters in the game to celebrate.

As soon as the update went live, Gella sped through the login process. Thanks to her assistance, the new version Steel Soldiers came with a collection of quality of life improvements and new quests that were sure to please the diehard fans and new comers alike. While she was just as excited to experience the new content firsthand, she had a more important goal at the moment.

Pulling up the character creator, Gella removed the layers of high tech armor from her avatar to get a good look. Starting off with a new base, she began to move the sliders until she achieved something that fit her criteria. Nudging over the last few numbers, she managed to transform her bulky warrior into one that was made up with more fat than muscle. While it was impressive to see such a corpulent woman in the Steel Soldiers engine, it was still a bit off from Gella's own, real life body shape.

Grateful for how much the team was able to push the system to get her avatar to her liking, Gella leaned back in her couch-sized gaming chair. Moving back and forth on her bare, elephantine rear produced a fresh BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPP to envelop her nude form to increase the warmth provided by the thick body hair lining her figure. Eager to please her rumbling, over 800 pound belly, she stuffed a pudgy hand into one of the many bags of cheese snacks she had prepared for the occasion. Licking her fingers clean of the cheese dust clinging to

the tips, she pushed back her greasy locks as she waited for her group to join her for the newest raid.

Over the sound of a roaring BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP from her lips, Gella picked up a jingle of the Steel Soldiers level up tune. Having maxed out her character weeks beforehand, she managed to recall that she had changed her ring tone to match the addictive sound. Scrunching up her chins, she surveyed her body's many folds to remember where she had put the device. Finally noticing the vibrations going through her melon-sized mammaries, she extracted the cell phone from beneath her under boob and held it up to her face.

"Gella UUUUUUUUURRRRPPPP Lexen speaking," she greeted, not even trying to hide her gnarly burp.

"Um, hello, Ms. Lexen. This is Steven Ulson," the vaguely familiar voice answered. "I'm calling on behalf of the rest of the company to check in on you."

"How BWOOOOOORRRPPPP nice," she replied, popping open an energy drink can.

"You haven't been in the office for several months now. Do you have any plans of returning? Your presence at our meetings have been severely--"

Another BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPP from Gella's rear gave her more than enough fumes and time to reflect on her response.

"Have there been any UUUUURRRPPPP issues?" Gella asked. "As I recall, our profits have been BWOOOOOORRRPPPP on the rise ever since I started working from home."

"Yes, but we still need someone to take control of the company. If you wish to go into a more backseat position, we'll still need someone to be the figurehead for meetings."

Gella scratched her chins for a moment. "Dotty."

"Excuse me?"

“Dotty BOOUUUUUUUURRRRPPP Yedfa,” Gella replied. “Give her a promotion. She should be just the woman we UUUUURRPPP need now that we’re so closely aligned with the gaming BWOOOOORRRPPPP market.”

“With all due respect, Ms. Lexen, she’s unfit for the job. I’ve been working for the company for years and would be more than qualified to-“

Cutting him off with another PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT Gella waited until the fart petered off before speaking again. “We can discuss the extra details through UUUUURRRPPPP email. I’m busy at the moment so I’ll talk to you BWOOOOORRRPP later.”

Before Steven could get another word in, Gella hung up and stowed the phone back within the grasp of her tits. Finally done with loading, she accepted the invite to join in with the rest of her party. The momentary screen of black that shined back at her gave a chance for her to see the reflection of her sloppy form. While her former self would have been revolted to see the hairy, sweaty blob she had become, even that overstressed workaholic would have to relent in the face of serene relaxation on her chubby face. Moments after the screen turned blue to signal the start of the quest, she placed her cheese dust-encrusted fingers on the keyboard and began to type.

SlobEO: “So, what do you think of the new me?”

Dott33: “It’s...unique, but you’re bound to get some trolls harassing you about it.”

Releasing another pungent cloud of gas from her rear, Gella typed away.

SlobEO: “Bring them on. Not like they can say much to the best player in the game.”