

The Totally Slobby Spies

Between their classes at university and duties of saving the world, Alex and Clover were more than happy to finally have a moment to relax. Their lazy Saturday was a mostly uneventful one with both women spread out on the couches in the living room. Although they were initially looking forward to getting a chance to take it easy, it was inevitable that boredom would settle in.

Clover spent her time sprawled out on the cushions with a fashion magazine in her hands. Though at first she extracted some entertainment in comparing the pink blouse and skinny jeans she was wearing to the models in the magazine, she couldn't stop herself yawning at regular intervals. She tried to break the monotony by brushing her chin-length, feathered blonde hair, and manicuring her pink nails, but she was gradually succumbing to lethargy with each turn of the page.

Alex wasn't faring much better. Lounging on the opposite couch, she lazily tapped her finger against the remote to see if there was anything that caught her interest. Letting out a sigh of exasperation, she turned off the TV and saw her white crop top and lime green shorts reflected on the blank screen. Scratching her fingers through her head of bob cut black hair, she momentarily considered getting around to doing chores only to have her hand reach towards the remote again. Moments before she could touch the power button, a series of growls emanated through the room.

"Was that you?" Alex asked to Clover.

"What? No, it was just--"

Clover was silenced by another set of loud hunger pangs coming from both of their bodies. Pulling out their phones to check the time, they realized they had wasted the entire

morning away. With their appetites hitting their peak, the task of procuring lunch was at the forefront of their minds. Unfortunately, their hungry bellies would have to wait until after their daily argument over food.

“I think we have some sandwich stuff around somewhere,” Alex suggested.

“Ugh, I had that yesterday,” Clover whined.

“There are some leftovers in the fridge.”

“Hmm, nothing that really interests me. Maybe we should just order out.”

“What about Sam?” Alex asked.

“She’ll be fine,” Clover said, already scrolling through her phone to see where to order from. “I’m sure she’s grabbing something to eat back on campus. Like, it’s her fault for wanting to do a weekend study group.”

“Then I guess she won’t mind as long as we save her something,” Alex commented.

“Any idea what you want to order?”

“Hmm, maybe Chinese? Or maybe some Indian food? Oooh! I think there’s a chicken place down the way that opened up last-“

A ring of the doorbell attracted the girls’ attention. Making their way towards the door, they opened it up to see a lone box sitting on the porch. The container was a generic pizza box, lacking any particular brands. More than a little confused, they opened up the lid and were met with a film of green tinted cheese and discolored meat chunks behind a layer of warm steam. While the coloring wasn’t the most appealing, the smell that wafted into their noses made their stomachs growl louder than ever.

“Where do you think it came from?” Alex asked as Clover brought the mystery pizza into the kitchen.

“Like, it’s probably some kind of marketing thing for a new restaurant,” Clover replied as she slid a slice onto a plate.

“Wait, shouldn’t we save some for Sam?” Alex suggested.

Clover let out a groan. “Fine. Wrap up a slice for her and then bring the rest to the dining room. Now come on and let’s eat. It feels like I’m about to starve to death.”

Wrapping up a single slice in foil, Alex grabbed the box and joined Clover at the table. Moving in unison, they dug into their pizza with simultaneous bites. Betraying the less than appetizing appearance, the slices were a pleasant surprise of flavor that spread across their tongues. Before they realized it, they had eaten through their slices in record time.

Still feeling an emptiness in their stomachs, they thought little of grabbing a second helping of pizza. The greasy cheese, meat, and sauce were delectable with each bite, pushing them towards downing their third slice. Left with a single piece remaining, they put their hunger aside just long enough to split it down the middle to ensure they each got an equal amount of the greasy meal.

“That totally hit the spot,” Clover said as she dabbed her face with a napkin.

“Yeah, it was just what I BWOOOOORRRP!”

Alex clamped her hands over her face as her cheeks turned bright red. “Excuse me. I didn’t mean to-“

A deep UUUURRRPPP echoing from Clover’s mouth made her gain a similar shade of blush on her own face. “Sorry. Like, I have no idea where that came from.”

“The pizza might be a little hard on our BOOOOUUURRRP stomachs,” Alex said as she tried and failed to stifle her belch. “I’m going to lay down for a bit on the couch.”

“Okay, but can you BWOOOORRRP grab a bag of chips from the pantry?” Clover asked. “I’m still a little hungry.”

“How can you still be hungry after-“

Alex was interrupted by her own stomach rumbling with a leftover hunger pang. “Hehe. On second thought, that’s not a bad idea,” she said, grabbing the bag and following Clover back into the living room.

Sitting down on a couch together, the two girls popped open the bag and resumed their day of doing nothing. Managing to find something on the TV they could both agree with, they wasted away the afternoon intermittently shoving handfuls of chips in their mouths. Occasional burps would parse their lips, becoming frequent enough that they stopped bothering to excuse themselves. It was around the time they were beginning to wonder if they should look into something to ease their stomachs did their hands collide with one another as they reached into an empty chip bag.

“Like, guess we were a lot BWOOOORRRP hungrier than we thought,” Clover said, a secondary growl from her stomach strengthening her words.

“Let’s see what else there is in the-“

Alex was stopped by another groan from her own stomach, but it was not a cry for more food. She could feel the pressure building in her mid-section, coercing her into sliding her hand along the small amount of pudge her recent binging had given her. Continuing to poke and prod at the protrusion pushed the gas further down her digestive tract. Though she tried to hold it in, she could tell it was only a matter of time before the bubble forced itself out. Inevitably she was subjected to the sound and smell of a rancid fart, but it didn’t come from her own rear.

“Sorry!” Clover said, waving away the remnants of her flatulence. “That pizza really did a number on me.”

“I’m not much better,” Alex replied, wincing as her own gas blasted out of her rear to the tune of a loud BRRAAAAAAPPP.

Unable to handle their own stench any longer, the two women made a mad dash out of the living room. In their haste, they had left their phones resting on the coffee table. The devices began to ring like crazy, with each cycling back and forth with calls from Sam. Unfortunately for them, they were too preoccupied in their goal of finding fresh air.

Consciously or not, their running inevitably led them into the kitchen. No longer assaulted by their own flatulence, their attention turned back towards their ravenous bellies. Though not a single word was shared between them, they both came to the same idea before splitting off to take care of their appetites.

Savoring the salt clinging to her lips from the chips, Clover ransacked the pantry to pillage their snack stash. Alex took on the task of raiding the fridge, thankfully having enough of her logic still intact to leave the mystery pizza slice behind for fear of what else it would do to her. The collection of food was placed on the dining room table with reckless abandon. Once the last of their haul was put down and they were given a chance to survey the makeshift feast before them, they momentarily pondered what had gotten into them. However, any chance of stopping themselves were laid to rest upon their bellies letting out cacophonous cries of hunger.

Not even bothering to search for utensils, the two women attacked the spread with vicious intent. Wrappers and containers were torn asunder in service of their appetites, not caring about the mess as long as they were able to shove food into their mouths. Salt and sweetness were in abundance as they absolutely destroyed a collection of snacks they had intended to make

last over the course of two months. The various leftovers they had taken from the fridge were devoured without much concern for if it needed to be heated beforehand or not. While the myriad of flavors was a boon to their binging, it was a secondary concern in comparison to their main goal of stuffing themselves silly.

This unhinged feasting left its mark in the form of various food stains and crumbs that made their way onto their clothing. The misplaced morsels were further hidden by their own bodies as they began to pack on the pounds at a rapid pace. Already sporting sizable food babies by the time they finished off half the food, the rest of their weight began to be distributed between their breasts and butts. The tightness they felt in their clothing made them take a momentary break from eating to rip asunder their outfits to allow them to continue eating without anything getting in their way. Clad in only their overburdened undergarments, they once more set upon what remained of the food in a desperate attempt to sate their appetites.

Before Alex and Clover realized it, they were both diving their heads into a leftover bowl of pudding to cap off their indulgent meal. Licking up every stray drop from their lips, they both tilted their necks up to gaze across each other's chubby bodies. Left awestruck by the sight of the extra chub that had been packed onto their once slim forms, they unfortunately were caught off guard by a series of unruly groans.

Atrocious gas fueled by their recent feast came spurting out of both of their bubble butts unhindered. No longer distracted by the food, Alex and Clover were left to press their pudgy limbs against their engorged bosoms in an attempt to cover up their noses and uselessly try to stop the burps from leaving their lips. Their awkward stumbling led to them accidentally bumping into each other's bellies. Falling onto their padded butt cheeks released a pair of loud PPPHHHHRRRRRTTTTs that further tainted the air with their flatulence. Eyes beginning to tear

up from the smell and their own panic, they both immediately turned their thick necks towards the sound of someone running into the room.

Adorned in a green sundress, Sam took a deep breath in an attempt to recover from her mad dash over to the house. Incidentally swallowing up a mouthful of the girl's gas left her long, red hair standing on end. Still reeling from the sight and smell of her comrades, she didn't get a chance to ask them what was going on before they charged towards her to tackle her to the ground. Forced to take on her friend's weight, gas, and tears, Sam weathered through the storm until the time came to tell them about what they had just done to themselves.

Sam paced back and forth, trying to ease her nerves by fiddling with her white blouse and skirt. Her trek across the living room was interrupted by the television turning on by itself. With a hopeful smile on her face, she was relieved to see the balding head and grey moustache of Jerry, the leader of WHOOP.

"Any good news?" Sam immediately asked

"I'm afraid not," Jerry replied. "Though the scientists are doing their best to look into Alex and Clover's conditions, they have yet to find a way to change them back. I do apologize. If only I had been able to contact you earlier, they might not have been tricked into eating that tainted pizza."

"It's not your fault," Sam said. "None of us could have predicted that Inga Bittersweet would switch from baked goods to Italian cuisine to get her revenge." Sam clapped her hands together as she came up with an idea. "What about tracking her down? Maybe you can interrogate her to find a cure."

Jerry let out a deep sigh. “Unfortunately that isn’t an option.”

Reaching beneath his desk, Jerry pulled out a remote and clicked the button. A second, smaller screen appeared on the television showing a warehouse in WHOOP headquarters. Sam let out a gasp as the camera feed showed a massive blob of fat. As the view skimmed over the hill of blubber, it came to rest on the face of the infamous villainess letting out guttural belches between sucking down large amounts of food.

“What in the world happened?” Sam asked, wincing as she heard the sound of Bittersweet’s fart over the feed before Jerry mercifully cut it off.

“She apparently force-fed herself a dozen of her own tainted pizzas when we infiltrated her base of operations,” Jerry answered. “Though we were able to capture her, the damage had already been done. We’re lucky to get a single word out of her on a good day between her various expulsions.”

“At least she won’t be causing any more harm to people,” Sam commented.

“The employees in charge to taking care of her beg to differ, but that’s another matter entirely,” Jerry said. “How are the girls holding up?”

Sam bit her lip to hold back a collection of angry thoughts before replying. “They’re making do. I was able to talk to the university to get their school work sent over on a regular basis.”

“And how is the food situation?”

“Manageable for now,” Sam answered. “Although it wouldn’t hurt to increase the supply drops. I think their appetites are growing alongside their bodies with each passing day.”

“Yes, an unfortunate side effect of the pizzas,” Jerry said as he stroked his moustache. “I’ll put in an order for extra food right away. Until then, please try to do your best to keep your fellow spies in good spirits.”

“I can certainly try,” Sam replied, waving goodbye to Jerry before the feed cut off.

Sam’s sigh of exasperation was drowned out by a pair of belches echoing from the dining room. Figuring it would be best to inform the others of the bad news sooner rather than later, she followed the various sounds and smells that wafted through the house. She made it to the dining room just in time to get a face full of a pair of reverberating farts. Pushing past the noxious cloud rewarded her with an unobstructed view of her degraded teammates.

Clover’s once silky blonde locks had extended just her past shoulders to brush against her three chins and engorged bosom. An apron was tied tightly around her body, giving a semblance of decency to the many fat rolls that made up her 400 pound gut. The thin cloth did little to obscure the meaty butt cheeks that hung over the edges of her chair. Watching the way Clover’s body shook from the buildup of gas, Sam made a dash over to the other side to try and escape another bombardment of flatulence.

Sam’s swift movements avoided Clover’s fart but put her directly behind the pair of massive ass cheeks that gave the equally obese Alex a definitive pear shape. Watching as tremors shook around the blanket hanging over Alex body, Sam couldn’t react fast enough to avoid a loud BRRAAAAPPPPP right to her face. Reeling back from the smell and force of the blast, Sam’s weary body clung to Alex’s thick thighs to keep herself standing. Grasping onto the fat rolls partially covered up by Alex’s bed sheets, Sam accidentally had her hands grope a handful of the black fuzz lining Alex’s belly button. The combination of the shock of sudden touch and

disruption of her stuffed gut led to Alex greeting Sam with a guttural belch that reeked of her previous meal.

“Oops! I’m BWOOOOOORRRPPP sorry Sam,” Alex said brushing her lengthened follicles out of her face as her friend quickly ran to place a cloth over her face. “What did Jerry say?”

“Nothing good, I’m afraid,” Sam answered. “Inga ate a bunch of her own supplies, meaning she won’t be giving us a cure anytime soon.”

“You can’t be UUUURRRPP serious!” Clovers shouted, venting her despair through the use of a reverberating fart that knocked off some of the crumbs clinging to her heavy bosom. “Are you saying we’re stuck like this?”

“For now *cough* yes,” Sam replied, trying her hardest to speak through the lingering fart clouds. “Until then, maybe we should ship you off to home. I’m sure we can tell your parents that this was some kind of accident from the university lab.”

“Like, no way,” Clover said. “I don’t want anyone seeing me like this! Especially not my mom.”

Alex raised her hand, incidentally, showing off the tufts of armpit hair hidden beneath her blubbery limbs. “I’m with Clover. I don’t think my BWOOOOOORRRPP folks would be happy to see me like this. Not to mention how hard it would be waddling myself through my parent’s home.”

“Then what else do you want me to do?” Sam asked. “It’s not like I can stay here to take care of...”

Sam trailed off as she realized her mistake. As the words entered her friends’ ears, they began to look upon her with gleams in their eyes. Turning towards one another for a moment, the

two slobbs nodded their heads before turning their attention back towards a very nervous looking Sam.

“No, no, no. No way!” Sam said. “I’m already busy enough with school work as it is. I really don’t have the time to...”

Though neither of her friends said anything, the looks upon their chubby faces were enough to chip away at Sam’s resolve. Knowing she had long lost the battle, Sam let out another deep sigh. “Alright, I’ll do it.”

“Great!” Clover said, wobbling her butt cheeks against her strained seat as an abrupt fart spurted out. “Like, could you get us some more food then?”

“Wait, what happened to your lunch?”

“We BWOOOORRRP ate it,” Alex said, gesturing towards the large pile of empty plates in the center of the table.

“Right, I’ll get started on making some more,” Sam said as she collected up the remains of the duo’s feast.

“Oh could you get us some burgers?” Clover asked, mindlessly running her fingers through her thin patches of hair lining her gut and arm pits.

“Yeah, my tummy is really UUUURRP craving something greasy and meaty,” Alex added, keeping herself occupied with picking up one of the leftover plates and sliding her tongue across it.

“I’ll see what I can do,” Sam commented, hurrying into the kitchen to get to work and avoid another round of gassy outbursts.

Sam barely recognized her own reflection in the mirror. Three months of dealing with her sloppy roommates had taken its toll on her body. Though she considered herself emaciated, that was merely due to having nothing else to compare her body to other than Alex and Clover. Dark circles under eyes revealed the effects of long days preparing food for the sloppy pair, alongside sleepless nights trying to deal with their constant burping and farting. The white tank top and pair of jean shorts adorning her body were besmirched from various stains she had accumulated from the former spies' sweat and various spills. As she pondered trying to sneak in another bath to try and remove the grease from her hair, her hopes were dashed with a familiar cry.

“Sam I’m BWOOOOOORRRPPP hungry!” Clover shouted out.

“Me too!” Alex added, putting overactive digestion to work by capping off the demand with a loud BRRAAAAAAAPPPP that shook the house.

Taking a deep breath, Sam left her room and returned to the kitchen. Putting her spy skills to use, she managed to rustle up several meal platters to place upon a serving cart in record time. Hearing the girls become more frustrated through a barrage of burps and farts, she rushed towards the living room to satiate their never ending appetites. Carefully maneuvering her way through the empty containers of food leftover from the previous meal, Sam got to work serving her former friends turned slave drivers.

Neither Alex nor Clover wore any clothes to cover up their obese bodies, leaving their fat rolls free to hold onto the various crumbs that managed to escape their plump lips to tumble down their multiple chins. The only form of decency given to them came in the form of the long, greasy strands of hair that were spread across their bodies. Similar oily strands could be found peeking out from beneath their armpits and surrounding their deep belly buttons. For just a

moment, Sam pondered if the same body hair could be found in their private areas. However, she had neither the strength nor the courage to dive below their undercarriage to find out.

As Sam began to hand out the food, she used Clover's wide bosom as a makeshift serving tray after brushing away chunks of old bread. Leaving Clover to snatch up the collection of greasy burgers with her pudgy fingers, Sam managed to get out of the way just before a belch erupted from her friend's lips. Though the smell of Clover's various meals drifting over her was just as rancid as ever, Sam had thankfully grown some resistance to the awful stench. Leaving Clover to continue spreading her fat form across the entirety of the couch, she began to trek over to Alex's similarly huge body.

Though Alex lacked the same heft around her bosom as Clover's, her belly made for a suitable replacement dining area. As Sam placed the food onto her friend's gut, she was careful not to press too hard into her flab. She knew she had made a mistake as she watched the ass fat hanging over the sides of Alex's couch begin to shiver. Though she tried to hurry out of the way, she only got a few feet from slobby woman before she was subjected to an explosion of flatulence that lasted a full minute.

"Come on, it's not that BWOOOORRRP bad," Alex said through mouthfuls of food as she watched Sam suffering in the wake of her gas.

"Yeah," Clover added, worsening Sam's torture by releasing a thunderous PHHHHRRRRRRRTTT from her own rear. "Like, the one last night was much worse."

"You're just *cough* saying that because you're used to it," Sam commented, holding her shirt collar above her nose. "Like Jerry said, that rancid pizza affected more than just your bodies. It literally reprogrammed your brains to enjoy your gas and fat."

“I don’t see a UUURRP problem,” Clover said as her hands squeezed her fat tits to collect any leftover crumbs for her to snack on.

“She’s right,” Alex said, reaching back to give her massive buttocks a satisfactory slap to release another fart. “Since we’re stuck like this, might as well be comfortable.”

“It’s not comfortable for me,” Sam said.

“Like BWOOOOORRRRRPP sorry, Sammy,” Clover said.

“Yeah, it’s like Jerry UUURRRP said, we’re stuck like this for a while,” Alex added.

Once more realizing the futility of arguing against the gassy gluttons, Sam accepted her fate and gathered up an armful of empty container. “Do you need anything else?”

“I could use a little bit more ketchup for my fries,” Clover said, completely oblivious to the various misplaced droplets lining her breasts.

“And would you mind cleaning up the carpet a little?,” Alex asked, further messing up the floor with a shower of fresh crumbs as she sunk her teeth into a foot long sub sandwich.

“Yeah, just give me a minute,” Sam said, trudging her way back towards the kitchen.

No longer within her comrades’ sight, Sam allowed herself to slump against the counter under the weight of her physical and mental exhaustion like she was being crushed by Alex and Clover’s bodies. She couldn’t take it anymore. Day in and day out she was forced to watch her friends wallow in their hedonism while she worked to the bone to support them. What little joy she got from seeing them accept their new bodies had long died out to be replaced with a deep desire to free herself from the shackles of servitude.

Straightening herself up with the resolve to push herself until WHOOP could come up with a cure, she made her way over to the fridge to get Clover’s ketchup. Unable to find the bottle, she reached her hand into the very back to see what she could scavenge. She stopped as

her fingers grazed up against a lump of foil that had a somewhat familiar shape. Pulling her hand back, she unwrapped the bundle of aluminum to find a slice of the very same pizza that had corrupted her friends.

The pizza's long stay in the fridge had turned it completely rotten, with a new sheen of green layered over its cheese. Sam's first instinct was to throw it away, but something stopped her from tossing it in the trash. Letting her gaze linger on the slice, her mind began to think about the drastic gap between the quality of her and her friends' lives. Almost as if she were possessed by these feelings of jealousy, she quickly gobbled down the pizza before she had a chance to regret what she had just done.

With a heavy heart, Jerry forced himself to approach the observation window. He winced as a fraction of the noxious fumes from the adjacent room managed to seep through the thick glass. Steeling his nerves and his sense of smell, he leaned down to look upon the enclosure for his former top agents.

Each of the girls had grown into massive mountains of flab in the time span of six months. Before they had broken the scales with their sheer girth, WHOOP was able to chart their weights somewhere in the thousands. These enormous blobs were each covered in a mimicry of their old spy uniforms, the stretchy fabric about the only thing left that could make them look half decent. Even still, the effects of their corruption were more than evident.

Slumping her wide expanse of back fat against the wall, Clover kept her glazed over look focused on the group of workers adorned in hazmat suits climbing across her wide bosom. They each took turns bringing food up to her maw, careful not to trip over her tendrils of greasy,

blonde hair or let their feet sink into her massive, pillowy breasts. One of the newer workers paused for a moment to try and get a look at her plump nipples outlined by her red suit. These few seconds of hesitation left them in the line of fire as she released a guttural belch to force them rolling down her belly and onto the floor.

Preoccupied with sucking on her feeding tube, Alex was content to lie there as an immobile blob of flesh and yellow material as the workers took on the task of fighting against her body door. Her ass took on the bulk of their attention, each cheek easily surpassing the size of the couch she used to call home. Once thought immovable, these massive mounds of ass fat began to shake in time with ominous groans from their owner's stomach. The workers managed to scramble away, but one unfortunate soul slipped and fell into the depths of her ass crack just as Alex released a thunderous BRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP. Dragging themselves out of the dark cavern, the worker lifted up a hand for help before they passed out from the pungent smell. While the workers hurried to get their coworker and themselves away from the toxic cloud of fumes, Alex seemed quite pleased with herself as she deeply inhaled the rancid fart.

Sitting between the two girls and taking up the majority of the floor space was Sam. She was the largest of the three, with the majority of her weight focused on the enormous gut that sagged against the floor. Each passing day her various belly rolls multiplied, taking up more and more space to accommodate for her seemingly endless appetite in an effort to surpass the size of the woman that caused all of this. All of this flab strained the confines of their green leather prison as she freely let out a barrage of gas from both ends. If Jerry looked hard enough, he could see the massive bushels of red body hair peeking out from holes around her armpit that held a close resemblance to her head of unkempt greasy hair. Preoccupied with watching tears from

around the apex of Sam's gut to show off her thick pelt of belly hair, it took a moment for him to realize she was trying to speak amidst her various gas expulsions.

"I said, have you UUUURRRP had any BWOOOOORRRP luck with finding a cure?"

Sam called out.

Jerry cleared his throat and turned on the intercom system. "We have a lead, but the progress is slow."

"Like don't UUUURRRPP worry about it," Clover commented, shuffling her body about to spread the fumes unleashed by a loud PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT from her rear.

"Yeah, we're not in any BWOOOOOOORRRP hurry," Alex added, licking her lips clean before gesturing for the workers to bring her more food.

"Well, I'm glad the three of you are in such a positive mood," Jerry said, trying in vain to match their energy. "I suppose for now, consider this a long overdue vacation."

"Will do," the trio replied, unleashing a barrage of burps and farts as they savored their new lives as hedonistic slobs.