

Penny the Slobby Streamer

After graduating from Naranja Academy, Penny believed that she would have endless opportunities for her to get a job. While she certainly had the skills, the necessary leg work of having to go out and search for positions filled the introverted woman with dread. Though she was able to get by making the most of her computer skills, there was a sense that she was missing something. She eventually found her answer when during her off time, she managed to stumble upon a streamer that had developed a unique way of garnering viewers and attention.

Getting ready for another one of her streams, Penny used her chair to scoot around her room to ensure everything was ready to go. Though none of the lights were turned on, the glow of numerous monitors reflected against her large, rounded glasses. The illumination of her main screen allowed her to ensure that her blue and red hair was in at least somewhat presentable condition before starting. It was the only part of her body these days she seemed to take care of. Especially ever since she made the discovery of the kind of woman she wanted to be. A complete slob.

Thanks to generous donations from her viewers, Penny had more than enough funds to find clothes for her hefty, over 500-pound form. However, she was reluctant to wear anything since they would cover up the doughy belly that had been the main draw for her streams. This did leave her comparatively tiny, C-cup breasts exposed for all to see, but she considered it a necessary accommodation. Especially when her nude form allowed her to properly show off the main features of the chunky, double-wide rear currently seated in her custom-made chair.

As Penny shifted her body around to make herself comfortable, her fat ass let slip with a small PHHHRRTTT. The squeak drifted up a plume of flatulence up to her face to seep into her

nostrils. The foul smell was something she had adapted to over the course of the drastic lifestyle change she had made over six months. This little slip that she used to consider embarrassing served to give her a reminder to double-check that she had everything she needed. Patting her belly and ensuring that it would have all it needed for the stream, she rolled herself over to her desk.

With controller in hand, Penny put a gentle smile on her chubby face and turned on her camera. “Hello there,” she greeted with a wave of her pudgy hand. “Welcome to the slob stuffing stream. I hope you’re ready for another evening of gaming, gains, and plenty of gas.”

The rehearsed greeting served to properly wake up Penny’s audience. Donations started to flood in, with messages of support for what she was about to do. Not wanting to disappoint her audience or her ever-ravenous appetite, she gripped her controller, popped open a bag of chips, and began to play her game in order to pass the time until the main event.

Penny could tell who was new to her stream based on how many people were calling out for her to show off her specialty. The more experienced members of her audience were quick to tell them that they should just be patient. She just wished the same advice could be followed by her own belly as it was going through a growling fit at the fact that it was currently empty. Rubbing at her doughy mid-section whenever possible, she tried to gently silence the hunger pangs by emptying out her bag of chips with the unspoken promise that it would receive a more substantial meal soon.

The rowdy watchers and Penny’s appetite were given hope as the doorbell rang. Rather than try to heave her hefty form out of her chair and make the long shuffle to the door, she reached within the pockets of her belly fat. Pulling out a Pokéball, she flicked off the sweat from it before

tossing it into the air. In a flash of red light, her Leafreon appeared with his long ears flickering about. Letting out a small yawn, the grass Pokémon turned its bright brown eyes towards its loyal trainer.

“Could you please get the door?” Penny asked, reaching into her fat rolls again to hand the Pokémon a wad of cash. “I think that’s my order for the night.”

“Leafreon,” the Pokémon chirped, accepting the money with one of its vines before heading towards the door.

A few moments later, the grass Pokémon returned with its vines loaded down with a plethora of takeout bags. The haul of recently delivered food was purposefully carried into the room in such a way to allow the viewers to get an idea of the sheer amount being brought in. For the standard person, this would be seen as a feast meant to feed a group of six people. For Penny, it would be just enough to take care of her hungry belly and eager audience.

With Leafreon standing at the ready, Penny gestured towards the first of the takeout boxes. She started out with a sandwich stacked high with plenty of meats, cheese, and veggies. Though the ingredients were standard fare in Paldea, it wasn’t common for them to be piled up nearly as high as her head. Even stretching her mouth as wide as possible, she was only able to just barely fit her lips around the sandwich. Sinking her teeth in, the flavors on her tongue rewarded her for making the right choice for her first of many dishes.

Putting her game on indefinite pause allowed Penny to put her full attention to eating. The foot long sub was no match for her hunger as she managed to very quickly gobble it all down. The only consequence to her eating method was the various bits of crumbs and toppings that managed to fall from her lips during the process. Rather than worry about the mess she was

making, she delighted in the fact that her rude manners were one of the many reasons her viewers tuned in to every stream.

Gulping down the last bite of her sandwich, Penny busied herself with picking her belly and breasts clean of her misplaced morsels. In the process of her self-cleaning, she graciously accepted a bottle of soda from Leafeon. Guzzling through the fizzy drink just as quickly as her meal, her ears perked up the bubbling noise coming from her stomach. Rather than try to completely suppress the pressure, she allowed a small UUURPP to leave her lips. The rude expulsion that she used to be so ashamed of served to free up room in her stomach and give her audience a preview of what was to come.

Next came one of the many bowls of ramen. Though the restaurant had provided Penny with utensils, they were deemed unnecessary. Tossing all the ingredients into a single bowl, she brought it to her lips and tilted it up. Slurping up the broth, noodles, and hunks of meat all at once, she made sure that her pleased hums could be heard on camera. Though she couldn't see the various droplets spilling from her chins to leak onto her body, she could certainly hear the various dings of donations pouring in to encourage her to keep going. Polishing off the rest of her ramen by placing the empty bowl onto her desk, she wiped her mouth clean and unleashed a much more powerful BWOOOOOOOORRRPPP before picking off the single noodle that had managed to stick itself to the side of her chubby cheek.

Penny's next course was devoted to building up her reserves for her big moment. This came in the form of a varied selection of quesadillas that all had their unique types of filling. Though each new flavor was welcomed by her insatiable hunger, they all shared the same benefit of being stuffed full of beans and meat. Going through over a dozen gifted her with a series of

gurgles and groans that echoed through her room. As much as she would have liked to make this the moment of release, she knew that the time wasn't right. She needed one more ingredient.

With the proper signal given to her Leafeon, Penny was granted what she considered the key to her stream. The bowl of curry filled to the brim with beef was given some extra help in the form of an extra dollop of spice. Despite her earlier rush to fill her stomach, she took her time mixing around the dish to ensure it had the perfect flavor. She knew that she was doing this right as soon as her eyes spotted the number of people watching her stream eagerly waiting for the big moment.

Going against the wishes of her chat and her own unruly stomach, Penny picked up a spoon and began to take small bites of the curry. The process allowed the mixture to settle in her already raging stomach while also building up the tension for the stream. Halfway through the plate, she could already feel the limits of her body beginning to fight against her. Below her desk, her plump toes pressed against each other as she tried to keep her endurance up. The further on she went, the more she had to clench her ass cheeks together to keep the building pressure at bay.

By the time Penny managed to finish off the curry dish, her body had become flushed with sweat. The perspiration had come about from the spice lingering on her tongue and the strain of trying to keep the bubbles inside of her belly bottled up. Though she relented in letting some of the pressure out in the form of a few belches, she wanted to make sure that the rest of her release was held off until the last possible moment.

An ominous gurgle from Penny's gut signaled that her time was near. Handing her plate over to Leafeon, she shooed the Pokémon away to the other room to keep it out of the blast zone.

Even after having spent time with the tubby trainer during the entire course of her transformation, Leafeon had yet to fully develop a resistance to its trainer's poisonous clouds.

As the loud gurgling was picked up by the nearby microphone, Penny saw the rising viewer count as the sign for her to get into position. Clenching her insides to avoid ruining the impact, she heaved her hefty form out of her chair. Swiveling herself around, she bunched up the folds of her belly fat as she leaned forward. Keeping a side eye on the monitor, she managed to get her chunky, sweat-slicked rear right up to the camera. It came just as she reached the peak of both her endurance and the excitement of her adoring crowd.

Gritting her teeth, Penny let loose with a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPPP that shook the camera to make it look like the fart was sending tremors through her room. No sooner did the last of the rancid fart's fumes seep out did another PHHHHHHRRRRTTTTT blast out to send her ass cheeks into an even fiercer jiggling fit. Though the audience couldn't see it thanks to her ass taking up most of the view, each of these releases brought a grin to Penny's face. Continuing to spurt out gas and let the smell seep into her nostrils, her pleased expression exemplified the adoration for her sloppy form shared between both the viewers and herself.

Letting out a few more bursts of gas to lessen the pressure enough to stop herself from shaking, Penny slowly stood up again. Dragging her chair back into position and sitting herself down, she took a moment to just enjoy the stench brought about by her sweat and flatulence. Pushing her belly back up against the desk, her eyes gleamed at the sight of the donations made as thanks for her blatant display of flatulence. It was an excellent bump to her attention and revenue, but her still churning stomach made it clear that she was far from being done.

Keeping Leafeon just outside of her aura of stink, Penny kept requesting food from her gradually diminishing supply pile. The actual order she ate her meals in fell apart as she was content to eat anything that came her way. Whether it was in the form of a greasy burger or more curry, she was quick to eat through it without caring about the mess she made. As droplets of sauce and crumbs fell down her chins to bound off her sweat-slicked belly and breasts, she let the audience play a game of guessing where each missed morsel would land.

The scattering of leftovers across Penny's body was disrupted each time she allowed the gas bubbles lurking inside of her digestion to come bursting out. She was given a chance to retaste every delectable bite of her meals as her mouth hung open to let out one roaring BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP after another. Whenever attention seemed to be dying down or she felt the time was right, she was more than eager to let out a blubbery BRRRRRRRAAAAAAPPPP from her rear to renew interest and the aura of stink around her.

Coming up towards the one-hour mark towards the start of her stream, Penny took a moment as she treated her sweet tooth to brownies to glance over at her monitor. What she saw reflected at her was a sweaty mass of fat and gas that could barely fit in her chair. Had she known what kind of woman she would turn into when she first started this journey, she wasn't sure if her former self would be able to handle it. Thankfully for her, over the course of her transformation, she had completely fallen in love with the form that brought her both a steady source of revenue and a strong sense of self-confidence that had been completely absent from her old life.

"Thank you all for UUUUUUURRPPPP joining me for the stream today," Penny began as she hovered a pudgy finger over the button to shut off the feed. "I think we've made quite a mess BWOOOOORRRPPPP today," she continued, using her other hand to gesture towards the rest of her food-covered flab. "But I think it's time I call it a night," she added, trying to ease the

goodbye by letting loose with another PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT. “Sorry, but I think I need to order a new chair before this one breaks again. That’s goodbye for BWOORRRPPP now. This is Penny signing-“

Penny paused mid-sentence as a notification popped on her screen. The message brought with it thousands of more viewers that moved faster than the bubbles wreaking havoc in her gut. Seeing who the crowd was from, she didn’t believe at first that it was real. That was until she got another message from someone asking if she wanted to tune in for a video call. Her thick throat nervously shaking, she moved her plump finger away from the off button and accepted the invite.

Another screen appeared on Penny’s monitor to show a stream set up made up of bright lights and dazzling visuals. Though the woman in the center’s nude form was nearly as big as Penny’s, she stood out with her bright colored head of greasy, blue and pink hair held together by a pair of Magnemite hair pins. Seeing the set of sharp teeth grinning at her, Penny hazarded to call out, “Iono?”

“In the BWOOOOOORRRPPP flesh,” the streamer replied, resting a pudgy hand against her doughy gut. “I’ve had my eye on you for a UUUURPPP while,” she continued, pausing for a moment to let loose with her own, rancid BRRRRRAAAAAPPPP from her meaty rear. “I have to say I’m more than impressed.”

“T-thank you,” Penny replied, a small smile coming alongside a flush of red on her chubby cheeks and another fart slipping out. “You were a big OOOUUUURRRPPP inspiration.”

“Then how would you feel about doing a UUUURRRPPP collab?” Iono asked.

“Yes!” Penny shouted out, the words coming out easier than her own belches. “I’d love to,” she exclaimed, ready to take the next step forward to getting closer to a fellow, slobby streamer.