

Rest within the upper right of the Titan of Gormott, Torigoth was a productive town with a robust, booming population. A place like this was the perfect spot to slink away and be forgotten, at least until Mor Ardain's soldiers went snooping about. Nia planned on using her time here well. With her trusty blade Dromarch comfortable back at the inn, she took the risk in the early morning to spot out places to nab groceries. There were multitudes of shops in town all nestled close to one another. You could easily hop from a butcher's, to a fish monger's, to a vegetable's stall, all from the crane of your head! It was a good thing then that Nia had plenty of cash from jobs a silly old Nopon had commissioned her and Torna to do, she could do with some indulgence. Even if her time in the company of presumed terrorists was short, she had plenty of pocket change to spare now. It was a good thing that she was home in Gormott's capitol, a lot of her favorite types of foods were sold here! A vast variety of seafood to satiate her palette, and a little tillery that sold such a delightful, zesty flatbread; cream orange paranthas. Nia practically pulled open her wallet at each stall and stuffed her satchel with snacks to keep her going, though even she had to admit; she loaded up on her favorite, her portions going beyond overboard for the average person.

"What?" Nia's ears flicked upward at the accusation. She wasn't sure where it came from, but she'd heard it, somewhere, in some indescribable voice. Maybe not heard. Registered, would be the better term. "Overboard? I bought myself and Dromarch breakfast. I didn't go overboard on anything."

Her denial was cute like she was, dolled up in her roomy jumpsuit adorned with small bits of armor and lacy gloves. Perhaps she had forgotten the plethora she'd bought just before in the excitement of getting somewhere to eat. She bought herself a proper feast to sate her ravenous appetite.

"Oi, who are you calling ravenous?!" her sharp words were soon undercut when her arms felt heavier. She curved down closer to the ground in order to hold up packed, reusable boxes full of various seafood and staple goods. While she pulled her grub back up, she instinctively plopped it all down on a table just outside of Coedwig Inn. "What the...I never ordered this much!"

How forgetful Nia could be in moments of vulnerability. What time was more vulnerable for her than hunger?

Nia crossed her arms and huffed. "I can think of a FEW other times!"

But she couldn't, truly. She was just lying to herself, while the roar of her belly echoed about. She was a bit slow to think sometimes, a touch husky from decadent meals prior.

In protest, the gormotti pointed her finger up to the sky. Her mouth was left agape, like she had something on her mind. Nothing came out. Instead, her belly just rumbled and growled violently. A Gogol of mild temperament would have been fooled by the hungered roar. Concerned, Nia put her hands to her stomach. "Wh...when did I get so hungry?"

A hangry Nia was one who couldn't quite think of a time when she was ever full. Her belly was her control center, she lived and breathed by what her stomach wanted, much like the portly little thing she was.

"Portly?!" Nia hissed, though she was halted in thought by the sounds of her jumpsuit's groans.

She was lovingly shaped in every sense of the term. From a posterior that could fill a loveseat, to a belly that hung past her knees. Arms like her's jiggled at every opportunity, those plump fingers of her's stretched her gloves thin. Her double chin spilled over her hood when it was down, that thick neck ring a pleasant place for snacks to pool into when Nia missed the black void that was her maw. Cute as a button, one would call her.

"I wouldn't...call that..." Nia sat down, the sudden weight of her body had perplexed her, but her head hadn't fully caught up. "You want me to eat, is that it? Just leave me alone and let me have breakfast..."

And so, Nia finally caved and gave into her innermost desires; to be sated by her meals. She chewed into the meaty, buttery flesh of some grass-smoked salmon and practically moaned in its excellence. What a mess of herself she made, fishy bits being flung across her cheeks while she deboned the meat herself. Any waste not edible was licked clean of its flavor and discarded in a growing pile under Nia. The bench seat under her groaned, it couldn't handle so much bratty blubber in such short notice! Even still, Nia dined with no regard for what or who saw her. The thoughts of being seen even pressed her member into-

"Nngh, hff, NO!" Nia refused, her arms willed to the words that changed her. "I will not..." Gobble, smack, slurp~! "...gain your wild kinks! You, can't...ghhk~"

The feeling of her flesh swallowing her cock, something she'd been so secretive over, was almost like a relief to her. Even if her chest was pitiful, she couldn't deny her fat made her much more feminine than any bottle of perfume or makeup could ever hope to accomplish.

"I feel like Bana..." groaned the unwilling participant. "My head...it's spinning..."

*Spin, spin, spin. Nia's mind spun with the wonders and lust of truly pigging out, not letting anyone stop her in her quest to truly **feast**. She picked back up her pace and practically shoved her face into her meals. She couldn't help but munch on her marinade, to pull apart her juicy Estral Steaks by hand and teeth, even to stuff her face with Gormotti Fish Flakes. A low rumble managed to escape her throat, before it erupted into a humid, hot belch. Such crude behavior was normal for the girl, especially when she was on a binge like this. One of many! She always needed an ample amount of food to fill her floor-pressed belly.*

"You said, it...it was only...to my knees earlier..." Nia whimpered through a twisted smile.

Her hips constantly bucked into her fat flesh, her fat pad slapped wetly against her sweat soaked body while she sprayed spunk into herself. The pleasure was enough to lull Nia's head back just for a moment, then slam her fist down onto the table. Every orgasm was ecstatic, it practically made her forget where she was for a brief interlude.

"Nnkg, hahh...bhhh..."

Nia's words were like slop, slop that she willingly shoved down her gullet by the hand-scoop full. They were akin to a dip, served in a bowl and meant for enhancing flavor. They were fattening all on their own, however, something this crazed blubber ball delighted.

"That's not true, you... you asshole... I... I think it's **GHUUUROOUARP!** n-not true?"

Oh, the heat must have gotten to her. Her flesh was soaked in sweat, the creases in her rolls perfect for sweat pooling deep within her flab. She fanned herself profusely whilst amidst a break, the poor thing cooked alive in that skin-tight prison! Armor bits dangled off, freed from the lazed glutton who couldn't be bothered to even take off her clothes when she stains herself in semen. Fortunately for her, always at her beck-and-call, her blade.

"Dro...Dromarch, you have to help..." Nia's hand fluttered around while her eyes fixed up to the cool blue sky above her.

Interlaced in Nia's fingers was the familiar head of Pyra's, her floppy canine ears warm to the touch. She was pulled into an embrace by her eager companion, who 'ruffed' playfully in the embrace of her sweating, stinking driver. "There you are~" she chirped with glee, then pulled away. "I followed your scent right to here!"

"Pyra?!" Nia was aghast at the parody of her friend before her.

Yet what was so abnormal about her? Dog ears, a wagging dog tail, red fur that adorned her from head-to-toe, a chest triple-swollen past its original form...nary a bit of clothing on her. Paw-print pasties that held back the floodgates, and a little emerald dot that was her Core Crystal...this was Pyra alright.

"N-No, this isn't right!" Nia cried out, yet any attempt for her to move away and jerk back went unnoticed by even her own muscles. "You don't even sound like yourself! Pyra, why are you-"

"Awww, is master hungry?" Pyra giggled. "Maybe master's thirsty."

Nia watched on while Pyra peeled off her left pasty that pressed her chest inward. The Aegis's swollen chest surged another cup size as she straddled Nia's cement-thick neck-tire, panting and tail wagging as she held her beloved cat in place for another session of kissing and feeding.

"Mmff, hff..." Nia's pitiful attempts to pull Pyra off went unnoticed by both the blade and the narrative, though she managed to get at least one word in edgewise. "Wha...what about...the...the boy?"

The boy? Nia's hunger must have confused her again. Pyra giggled playfully while she pushed her teet into her master's mouth. "Silly master, there's no boys in our group!" she yipped. "It's just me, you, and the blades we've picked up along the way!"

*Ah yes, the harem of blades that waited dutifully on their driver. They work night and day to bring their love blob her meals, all with the goal of getting the girl up further and further in size. Wonderful, wobbly women, who all share Nia's hedonism in some form. While sweet and succulent milk poured down Nia's throat, she couldn't help but purr. Pyra's tendency to fondle the girl's cheeks while she drank had her over the moon, buzzed with red blush that took up most of her greasy, food splotted face. Soon, those fingers would slither down to gently pull apart the last bits of cloth that could be **considered** somewhat useful. Her jumpsuit had long ago been torn into a three piece to let her steam escape, with an open chest shirt and boxer-brief panties that let her thighs free, and kept a gap for her buttcheeks open with a big heart in the middle. Pyra pulled back for a moment, enough of a moment to let Nia belch.*

"There...was no...boy..." Nia tilted her head, confusion swept over her.

"Never a boy." Pyra giggled. "Master, you're so silly!"

She peeled apart her other pasty and forced Nia to glug some more. Debris and trash were pushed aside while she glugged, the pup's pudgy belly pressed dutifully in Nia's. Instinctively, her driver reached her heavy hand onto Pyra's head to give her girl some scratches. A cute little howl escaped her playful servant after, that tail of her's whished and wagged away the sweat beads that formed on Pyra's lower back. A rumbling in Nia's belly signified her gaseousness, and in mere moments, out came a series of flatulence from the mound of gormotti blubber.

"Wow, master!" Pyra pat her on the back with glee. "That was louder than usual! Though it smells a lot nicer...aren't you supposed to be eating your paste? I miss when the stench nearly knocked me out..."

Nia's eyes fluttered, her head had grown foggier the more these shenanigans went on. "I...me? Ga...gassy? I'd nev- **HOOAAAARRRRBPPPPPP!!!**"

“Ooo~!” Pyra slipped back to Nia’s face to take a whiff, then pulled back with utter joy. Her tongue lulled out of her maw while her tail waggled once more. “There we go...that’s the ticket~”

Nia noticed Pyra’s eyes welled up from tears. Was that just her body’s natural reaction, or a part of her that wanted out? No matter. The woman Nia knew as Pyra was gone. “What...where were we a few days ago? I was, we found you on...”

“You found me here!” Pyra insisted. “Maybe you need a tongue bath, master?”

“To...Tongue bath?”

Nia felt her heart race when Pyra slipped off her sticky, greasy flesh, and down past where her eyes could no longer follow. The doggy’s tongue pressed into Nia’s navel and swished around, more than enough to break something in the gormotti. She yowled in pleasure, her fat pad once again oozed with splooge beyond a measurable degree. Her useless, fat toes curled into the plump slabs of fat that were her feet, tasty-sausage round fingers stretched out far as they could go. She could hear her girl rip ass a few times while licking her down clean. She remembered all the times her blade practically praised her in puppy kisses like these, and how swallowing her sweat always got the lass stinking worse than Nia did.

“Who...who’s...doing this...” Nia whined.

Nia kicked about her legs while she was being lapped, her moundful body wobbled with each pleasurable sway to the left and right. Pyra took a brief break to belch aloud, then press her face up against the gormotti’s gut. “Master, you’re shaping up so nicely!”

Nia’s mind dotted across memories, but she couldn’t see anything that wasn’t a slovenly life like this anymore. Part of her was disgusted by how Pyra went to town on her belly button, but if it wasn’t normal, then why did Nia have a slot specifically cut out of what used to be her suit for her musky navel? “Gh, gouh, oah...Pyra, sto...Py...Pyra... moooore...”

Pyra kept it up, the absolute lapping and loving beyond any reasonable means. Guttural belches and groans were all that could leave her throat. Giving into pleasure was all this mound of flesh was known for. A decadent blob that smothered a good portion of any road she was pushed onto. Torigoth’s paths were caked in her slick sweat and grease, foodstuffs from meals prior that weren’t lodged into her rolls or onto her person had been plopped onto the floor. Puddles of cum dribble added to the sheen she left in her wake. She was an absolutely blubbery behemoth, too brainless and stubborn to think of anything but her next hit of pleasure. Her fumes clouded up a perfect radius around her, any driver that might think twice about fighting her might have to consider the unbearable stench that would lead their blades away from them. She was a mound of pleasure, oozing and drooling.

“That’s...the spot~” Nia growled with delight.

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Just off the road of the main entrance and a stone's throw away from the commercial district, nestled away in the family home, Fiora sat in her brother's room. While Dunban rested upon his bed, the chipper blonde had finished jotting down something in a journal she found washed ashore. She gently closed the pristine, orange-tinged tome and nestled it safely above in the bookshelf, the band proudly displayed the name; **Nia** in thick lettering. It was therapeutic to scribble away her little indulgences in there, lovely to let her imagination run wild. She scooted the chair back to its original spot and made her way downstairs to finish up making lunch for her bedbound brother. Vegetable broth soup with a sandwich and some tea. While Fiora babysat the stew once again, she heard a knock at the door. It was kind of an irritant to be pulled away from the meal, but Fiora couldn't help but smile. She knew there were only a few people who'd come to visit.

"Just one second!" she cheerfully called out, then stepped up to open the door.

Reyn stood tall at the entrance, hands on his hips and eyes fixed to the roof. The wind of the door being swung inward brought his eyes to Fiora's. "Oi, did Shulk run by here a while ago?" he wondered.

"Mm, no, I haven't seen him today." Fiora answered honestly.

Reyn tsk'd, then shook his head. "That must mean he's hunting for Mechon parts," he concluded. "I keep telling him to stay where I can see him, he's gonna get himself hurt."

"Why don't you go play hero then?" joked Fiora. "I've got lunch to prepare."

"Guess I better get moving then." Reyn concluded. "See ya later."

While Reyn marched on, Fiora closed the door behind him with a wave. It was clear the stew was going to take some time to warm up even still...perhaps time to indulge once again. She rushed upstairs to scribble away into her journal again, only to find that striking orange book was gone. Confused, she searched around the desk, something that caught Dunban's attention.

"Missing something?" he questioned.

"Oh, just a journal I found." Fiora lied, "It's honestly quite a read. You haven't picked it up, have you? It's a bright orange book."

Dunban shook his head. "No, I haven't seen a book like that. Either way, you should finish preparing your second lunch, you usually get hungry around this time."

“...Second?”