

Fire Emblem: Slobby Nerds Awakening

When scouts came back with news that the supposed bandit camp was infested with Risen, the Shepherds gathered up their gear in preparation to wipe out the horde. What hurried their efforts was the report that amongst the fearsome creatures was supposedly a single, human captive. Though only few had seen glimpses of the woman, what few details were provided were more than enough to spur one of the members to action.

Adorned in a blue tunic and matching pants, the leader of the battalion stomped forward with conviction. With long, blue hair flapping behind her, Lucina took the lead with her hand gripped tightly around her Falchion sword. The wave of the princess's cape acted as a call for the others to prepare for the battle ahead. She had told them of who the captive was and how important it was that they rescued her before it was too late. Especially since the girl's mother was amongst their ranks.

Following Lucina with similar conviction, Severa stood out with her bright, red hair tied into a pair of long pigtails. Anyone who thought she was all beauty was swiftly dissuaded with a glance of her sword and the angry look in her eyes. Adjusting her leather armor around her trim body, she surveyed the upcoming encampment. Seeing the creatures wandering around a large tent in the center, the abrasive young woman prepared to use her rage to cut them down with her blade.

Raising up her sword and shouting a war cry, Lucina ordered their first combatant into the fray. This came in the form of a woman with grey hair tied up in short pigtails riding atop a pegasus. The silver armor-clad fighter known as Cynthia clashed against the appearance of her majestic steed and wide grin as she brutally pierced her lance through several Risen. Given her

chance to play hero, she was more than willing to attack from the sky to give the rest of the group a chance to clear the area.

As the full assault went into effect, Lucina showed off her own prowess by cutting down one Risen after another. Though she had seen her fair share of battles both in her old timeline and the present, something about the way the creatures moved was different. The Risen required little to function, but she still found it strange how much food they kept on the base. Some were even caught holding platters of pastries when she struck them down. The unusual behavior was something she was willing to put off for the time being as long as it meant getting to the center as fast as possible.

With the rest of the army taking care of the enemy force's stragglers, Lucina, Severa, and Cynthia approached the large tent located in the heart of the encampment. They had all heard the reports that their old friend, Noire had been the one captured. Aware of the "experiments" her mother had likely performed on her, they had hoped that the archer would be able to survive whatever torture the Risen had put her through. Things became dire once the trio grew aware of a foul stench leaking out from the tent. Worried about what vile creature might be holding their ally hostage, the girls rushed through the flap without a second thought. They were certain that they would be able to combat whatever unknown danger lurked within.

"Noire, we're here," Lucina said as she and the others adjusted to the dimly lit tent. "You don't have to worry about--"

A loud BWOOOOOORRPPP cut off Lucina and brought the group's attention to a chair positioned in a corner of the tent. Sat upon the seat was a woman that appeared to be Noire with her short, black hair held together by a circlet adorned with a white feather. Even her attire of

green leather armor should have been enough to confirm her identity. The only problem was that the proportions were all off.

Who was once a very slim, and agile archer now appeared to be ready to pop out of her outfit with the surplus of weight surrounding her. Empty platters of food with very few remaining crumbs surrounded her; no doubt the reason for the belly sticking between her legs. No ropes or other forms of restraints in place, but her bubble butt still remained firmly on her seat. Brushing away the remnants of her last meal from her hefty bosom, Noire tried to ease the new arrivals' worries with a smile on her pudgy face. Though no obvious threat was presented, Lucina still found the pair of thick-rimmed glasses on the prisoner's face to be unnerving.

"I-I can't believe it," Noire began, her chubby figure shuddering as she picked herself up from the overburdened chair. "W-when I went through the portal I never thought I'd see UUURPP you again." Shuffling closer, she held out her pudgy arms as if she wanted to give the girls a hug. "You don't know how grateful I am to shee, I mean, see--"

Noire's reunion with her friend was cut short by an ominous groaning sound coming from her belly. While the other women were trying to figure out if this was some kind of trap, the archer's face clenched up from some kind of strain. Though she did try to call out a warning of what was to come, all that came out was another belch. That left Lucina, Severa, and Cynthia in the blast zone as Noire was forced to unleash a blubbery PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT from her rear.

"Ugh, that reeks," Severa said, clamping her hand against her face as she retreated towards the tent's exit.

"I'm glad you're *cough* safe," Cynthia mentioned as she took the same escape route away from the noxious fumes.

“We’ll talk about this *cough* later,” Lucina told Noire as she backed away to the entrance, fighting against a strange fog sifting through her mind.

“T-thank BWOOOOOORR you sho much,” Noire belched as the princes took her leave. Left by herself for a moment, she adjusted her glasses and returned to her seat. Picking up the leftover plate, she attempted to finish off the rest of her meal while she waited for her comrades to return for a proper reunion.

One week after Noire’s rescue, Lucina led the way through the castle halls in order to learn what had afflicted her companion. Following close behind her, Severa and Cynthia were equally determined to find the cause, but as well as any possible cures. Their determination to help their comrade was from both a need to strengthen their ranks, as well as ensure her a brighter future. However, their resolve was tested once a series of unruly groans emanated through the corridor.

While Cynthia and Severa were busy looking for the source, Lucina tried to keep a straight face as she continued forward. Her body worked against her as she felt a series of bubbles rolling around in her stomach. Over the past few days, she had been at the mercy of this strong indigestion that always seemed to pick the worst times to act up. With the door to Tharja’s room in sight, the pressure reached its apex.

“Excuse me, I forgot something,” Lucina said, leaving the other girls behind as she ducked into another room.

Sweeping her eyes back and forth to ensure that she was alone, the princess let the gas out in the form of a small PHHHHRRTT. The squeaky fart was small but carried with it a powerful odor that burned both her nostrils and very soul. She was supposed to be the noble daughter of Chrom and Robin. Not a woman incapable of controlling even her own body. Scrunching her face as she let out another puff of gas to keep her digestion at bay for at least a while, she tried not to inhale too much of her fumes as she stepped back out.

Lucina found herself standing alone in the corridor when she returned. As she was wondering where Cynthia and Severa went, they both returned to the hall with light red blushes on their faces. Before the princess could ask what they were up to, she caught a familiar whiff coming off of them. Rather than press further and end up embarrassing the three of them at once, she merely turned back towards the spellcaster's chambers and waved for the girls to follow her.

Tharja's room was as cluttered as ever with its combination of tomes, potion bottles, and various oddities. However, the bulk of the group's attention fell upon Noire seated behind the spellcaster's desk. Despite their presence, the chubby woman showed no hesitation in wildly stuffing her face with meat pies. In contrast to her comrades' earlier shame at their gassy outbursts, the black-haired woman freely let out a rumbling BRRRRAAAAAPPP from her thick rear as she continued to stuff her face.

It was only after Noire had finished her plate did she look up to acknowledge the other girls. As she chewed on the last few bites, they all got a chance to see the small, red dots that lined her greasy face. Before they could get a closer glance at the way her eyebrows seemed to be growing towards one another, their view was blocked by Tharja herself stepping in the way.

“You’re early,” Tharja commented, the dark shadows around her eyes keeping the other girls from saying anything about her daughter’s questionable body and eating habits.

“You have an idea of what happened to Noire?” Lucina asked, trying to ignore another fart slipping out of the archer.

“A curse, obviously,” Tharja replied with a wave of her hand. “Even a novice could figure that out from a glance.”

“Okay, then why don’t you get rid of it?” Severa insisted, watching as Noire helped herself to another bite of pie.

“Because it’s unlike any kind of curse or hex I’ve seen before,” Tharja explained as she wiped some of the crumbs off of Noire’s face. “The way it’s working on her body is... interesting to say the least.”

“Are you saying there’s no cure?” Cynthia asked, wincing at the pleased belch that left the archer’s lips.

“Well, not yet at least,” Tharja replied as she took away Noire’s plate. “It’ll take some time, but I’m sure I can come up with something.”

“What about Noire?” Lucina spoke up. “What are we going to do about her... her...”

“Her what?” Tharja replied, her glare seemingly daring them to test her temper. “As far as I’m aware, she’s in no immediate danger.” Stepping back over to Noire, she placed her hands on her broad shoulders. “She’s allowed to relax after what she’s been through. When I come up with a cure, I’ll be sure to let you know.”

“T-thanksh, mother,” Noire stuttered out, bringing her shaky, pudgy fingers to caress Tharja’s. “You’re the UUURP besht.”

A knock at the door preceded a familiar voice calling out, “Hello? Can I come in?”

“Well, at least someone here has manners,” Tharja remarked to the other girls. “You may enter.”

Pushing through the door, Sumia looked as radiant as ever with her long, grey hair held together by a wing-shaped hair clasp. Her presence was momentarily forgotten by the group as they noticed the platter in her hands. Though they had sampled her pies before, there was something about them that made them extra alluring to them.

“Am I interrupting something?” Sumia asked as she held the platter out.

“No, no, not at all,” Tharja said as the three, young women approached the pies.

“Oh good, I know how important this is,” Sumia replied as she offered the platter to her daughter. “Here you are Cynthia. I hope you like this one.”

“Thank you,” the young lady with grey pigtail said as she dove into the pie.

“Finally! I was starving,” Severa added as she took one of the others for herself.

“Wait, is this really a good time to be...” Lucina trailed off, realizing that her own stomach was pushing her to continue without the need for utensils.

Sumia stood there with strange fascination as the three women helped themselves to the pies. Lost in a gluttonous haze, the trio didn’t seem to care about their digestion anymore. This was exemplified by the farts and burps that leaked out of them as they continued to stuff their

faces. While Sumia and Noire were concerned by the drastic shift in demeanor, Tharja watched with interest at the display.

“Hmm, I guess my theory about the curse spreading was correct,” the spellcaster muttered to herself as she watched the usually noble princess turn her head to the side to let out a guttural BWOOOOORRPPP before going in for another bite. “This will be interesting,” she added with a wicked smile.

“Come on,” Lucina said as she struggled to squeeze herself into her tunic. “Thish fit yeshterday.”

While the princess was aware of the lispng noise that had become more frequent with each passing day, her mind was currently focused on more pressing matters. If she wanted to make it out onto the training field in time, she had to put on something to wear. Her goals appeared to be in direct opposition to the bulbous belly that kept fighting against her tunic as she tried to pull it down. Whether the lump of fat was aware of her intentions to get rid of it along with the rest of her fat or not was something she wouldn’t put out of the realm of reality. She told herself it would be something she could handle as soon as she managed to get dressed.

Lucina’s efforts came to a halt with the sound of a powerful gurgle coming from her gut. Unfortunately, the leftover jiggles brought forth from her struggle lingered just long enough to wreak havoc on the bubbles inside of her. Alone in her room, there was only so much damage she could do by letting a few belches roll up her throat. However, a sudden BRRRAAAAPP from her rear tore a hole in the back of the pants she had struggled to around her hips.

“Damn this curse,” Lucina said as she poked at her exposed bottom. “How am I supposed, er, supposed to do anything on the battlefield with a body like this?”

As if to answer the princess’s bemoaning, a knock echoed out from her door. A sense of dread overwhelmed her frustration as a quick glance in her mirror revealed her sorry state. Any sense of lingering dignity she had forced her to run off towards her bed. Not to get a better defensive position or grab her sword, but to hide herself beneath the blankets. Regardless of her strategy, she couldn’t do much to prevent one of the few people who had more authority than her from entering her room.

“Lucina?” Chrom asked as he swiveled his head of short, blue hair through the room. “Are you here?”

Lucina’s already poor hiding spot was completely revealed by another, rude PHHHRRRTTT squeaking out of her rear. Rather than let herself choke on the noxious fumes, she was forced to pull herself out from beneath the blankets. A misstep during her escape sent her plummeting to the stone floor. Though her extra padding helped with her fall, her less than graceful position brought her to the verge of tears.

“Are you alright?” Chrom asked, grasping his daughter’s hand and pulling her back to her feet.

“Yeah, jusht, I mean, just fine,” Lucina said, trying to slow her speech to prevent anymore spit droplets from leaving her lips.

“Why did you hide when I knocked on the door?”

“Because I don’t want anyone to see my like this,” Lucina said as she gestured towards her body. “I’ve become a complete disgrace to our family. All because of this stupid UUURPP curse.”

“Tharja tells me that she’s making process on finding a way to reverse the effects,” Chrom replied as he used a rag to wipe the spittle from her chin. “In any case, I don’t think you should regret your decision to save your friend. It what’s I would have done.”

Without thinking, Lucina let out a sigh that devolved into a belch. “Yeah, yeah, I know. I just wish it was a bit eash-, er, easier to deal with the side effects. Anyway, what are you doing here?”

“I wanted to give you something courtesy of your mother,” Chrom said as he handed over a battle strategy book. “She said it might help you once you’re able to get back on the field.”

“Thank you,” Lucina replied as she eagerly accepted the gift. “Even if I can’t get myself to the training area, I can still try to improve myself.”

Flipping open the book, Lucina looked towards the page with renewed vigor. Her eagerness faltered slightly as she squinted her eyes and got close to the paper. Even with her nose practically squashed against the page, the words were difficult to make out. The realization came alongside a recollection of the pair of glasses she had seen on the altered Noire’s face. Just as she felt the overwhelming need to bury herself in her blankets once more, her nose picked up a familiar aroma from outside.

Standing up from her bed, Lucina shuffled forward towards the scent. Not noticing the rancid cloud of flatulence she blasted into Chrom’s direction, she made her way over to entrance. Cracking open the door, she was greeted with a serving tray and a nervous-looking maid.

Looking away from the servant's poorly held up smile, the princess put on a more genuine grin as she beheld the meat pie that had been brought for her lunch.

"Thanksh," Lucina quickly said before snatching up the pie and returning to her room. Just as she was about to dig in, she once more took notice of her father standing there.

"I'll leave you to your meal," Chrom said as he took the hint to make his exit. "I'll check up on you later."

"Thanksh dad," Lucina was able to mutter out before helping herself to a mouthful of the enticing meal.

Just like how Severa started each of her mornings, she stared down at the red dot that had plagued her for the past few days. Keeping her vision on the reflection of the pimple on the tip of her nose, she reached out for a container of concealer she had taken from her mother. Try as she might to get the powder to cake over her face, what little progress she could make still left a good portion of the dozens of other acne bumps along her cheeks visible.

Gritting her teeth, Severa let out a string of insults as she worked to try and cover up her blemishes. So focused on her face, she paid little attention to the frayed strands that made up her pigtails. The locks had gained a layer of oily residue similar to the sheen that covered the rest of her pudgy form. This degradation of fierce warrior's muscles was exemplified by how poorly her once loose-fitting sleeping clothes fit her body.

Forced to accept what she could hide of her acne problem, Severa looked over her wardrobe to try and figure out what she would be wearing. Unfortunately for her, each attempt to grasp at a new set of armor with her pudgy fingers filled her with a sense of dread. Sure enough, any piece of clothing she tried to fit into wound up getting torn by her bulk. That was to be expected considering the cursed had burdened her with over 100 pounds.

Tearing through one last tunic Severa forced herself to look into the mirror one last time. If she adjusted her largest sleeping shirt, she was certain that she could hide at least the top portion of her gut. There was just the compromise of hoping no one would notice the budding hairs starting to pop up around her navel.

The red head felt a sense of pride as she saw the way the extra fat had filled out her once modest bosom. Carefully shifting her tight shirt, she hazarded a smile as she admired her engorged breasts. Hyping herself up with the thought of how people would be impressed by her chest, she paid little mind to the way her pants tightly hugged around her pudgy butt cheeks as she made her way out into the hall.

Any confidence Severa could muster was lessened with each person she passed along the corridor. She couldn't help noticing how often their eyes drifted towards her belly or other pockets of fat. Those who did pay attention to her bosom were usually too busy taking note of how poorly fitting her clothes were. Gossip muttered a little too loudly led to sweat beginning to drip down her face and undo the work of her makeup session.

Severa's anxiety hit its peak once she heard the groan from the depths of her guts. Chewing on her lip, her eyes scanned the area for relief. Feeling a small PHHHRRRTTT slip out

of her rear, she put her thick thighs to work running as hard as possible in order to find someplace without too many eyes.

Holding in her gas as long as possible, Severa managed to make her way out to the stables. Amidst the smell of horses and pegasi around her, she finally allowed the pressure inside of her body to billow out. A rippling BRRRRRAAAAAA PPP further strained her sweat-stained pants and threatened to pop them apart like the rest of her wardrobe. Amidst heavy wheezes from her mad dash, she was burdened with rolling belches that reminded her of how shamelessly she had stuffed her face with sausages for breakfast. Stewing in her own gas and sweat, she didn't notice when someone else entered the stable.

"Severa?" Cordelia called out, making the pimply faced young woman's cheeks grow even redder. "What are you doing here?"

Staring at her own mother with her silky, red hair and slim form adorned in pristine armor, Severa couldn't stop herself from sneering. "What does she look like?" she shot back. "I'm gassing up the only spot in the castle I fit in at." Pausing for a moment, she was forced to demonstrate what she meant as one of her farts was drowned out by the whinny of a horse. "What about OOUUURRPP you?"

"I was trying to give you these," Cordelia said, holding out a pair of thick-rimmed glasses. "You left them behind in the library."

On reaction Severa reached out a hand towards the lenses, only to pull back at the sound of another rumble from her gut. "I don't need those things," she insisted, hugging herself even tighter in the process. "People already laugh at me enough."

“Severa, no one is laughing at you,” Cordelia spoke, daring to walk through the gas cloud for the sake of comforting her daughter. “Everyone knows how much you’ve aided the kingdom. They’re more than willing to give you anything you need to recover.” Gently grasping Severa’s pudgy chin, she lifted up her face to look upon the tears that now drizzled across her acne. “It doesn’t matter if you’re not perfect.”

“Thanksh, mom,” Severa sniffled out as she wiped her face clean. Gingerly accepting the glasses, she carefully balanced them on her oily nose. “How do I look?”

“I think you look very intelligent,” Cordelia said, willing to endure Severa’s fumes as long as it took before escorting her back to the safety of her room for a long chat over some snacks.

The sun beating down on her flesh was the first sign that Cynthia had made a poor decision. Adding on to that was the lack of proper armor for her, making each part of her altered body only able to be covered by poorly fitting underclothes. When she had asked other soldiers to participate in her sparring match, their reluctance should have been enough to get her to retreat back to her room. However, the dread of having to shuffle all the way back to her quarters was enough of a motivator to get her to at least attempt practicing for the sake of getting back her old figure.

Ensuring her wide-rimmed glasses were properly balanced on her oily face, Cynthia brandished her training lance as she lunged forward. Despite the extra heft around her arms driving the weapon forward, her attack was easily dodged by the new recruit. As the fledgling

fighter stepped aside, she and the rest of the onlookers got to see the formerly graceful, heroic Pegasus Knight struggle to keep her from falling into the dirt. Managing to just barely remain standing by sending the leftover energy into wobbling her meaty ass cheeks and bosom, she let out a heavy wheeze that devolved into a deep belch.

“Come on,” Cynthia insisted, pulling her shirt over her potbelly in preparation for her next charge. “Shtop worrying about UUUURPP me,” she added as she furrowed her unibrow. “Shtay shtill and I’ll show you the OOOUUURRPP bushinesssh end of my lanshhh!”

Ignoring the pleas from the other soldiers to slow down, Cynthia once more flapped around her oily pigtails as she ran towards her reluctant sparring partner. Midway through her attack, a slight bump against a rock sent her glasses flying off. Her vision made into a blurry mess, she only managed to make it a few steps before the heat and exhaustion of the day took its toll. This time, she had no chance of holding onto her dignity as she belly flopped onto the ground.

Cynthia’s soft landing was made all the more humiliating as a rancid PHHHHRRRRTTTT spurted out of her rear. The gas continued to billow out with each poor attempt she made to pick herself up. Over the sounds of her farts and wheezing could be heard the patter of feet as the other soldiers wisely gave her some space. A lack of an audience didn’t help her with her growing anxiety as more sweat beaded down her strained, pudgy body to further add to the stench of her pathetic form.

Just as Cynthia’s eyes began to tear up, a hand reached down to grasp hers. Graciously accepting the help, she used the assistance to heave herself into a standing position. Getting back on her feet did expose the various tears in her clothes where her fat had poked out, but by now

she was just grateful to be out of the dirt. Keeping a shaky hand on her helper, she remained still as they placed her glasses back on her nose.

“Thanksh, mom,” she said as she finally got a good look at Sumia’s face.

“What are you doing out here?” Sumia asked as she led her daughter over to a stack of crates to sit on.

“Jusht trying to maintain this heroic body of UUURPP mine,” Cynthia replied, trying her best to put on a confident smile despite her earlier fall.

“I appreciate that you want to do well, but you’re pushing yourself to hard,” Sumia reprimanded; falling surprisingly easy into her role as a mother. “Tharja said that it’s not a good idea to push yourself too hard. Especially since we don’t know how far these changes will go.”

Cynthia let out an exasperated sigh. “What elshe am I shupposed to do? She shaid herself that she’s not even closhe to a cure,” she continued, spraying the path in front of her with her spit.

“Well,” Sumia began as she placed a basket next to her daughter, “I could always use a taste tester.”

As Sumia pushed aside a collection of cloths, the smell of Cynthia’s sweat and gas was overwhelmed by a much more tantalizing aroma. Peeking into the basket, she looked upon a collection of freshly baked pies. Without wasting even a second to think about what the food would do to her body, she picked two up at a time and began to dive in. Within moments of taking her first bite, her worries about her shameful training exercise were forgotten for the sake of enjoying her mother’s delicious cooking.

Watching her daughter put away the pies so quickly filled Sumia with a sense of satisfaction. Not only was Cynthia enjoying her cooking, but something about the formerly noble soldier so shamelessly stuffing herself felt right. Part of Sumia thought that it was better for her daughter to be here, rather than on some dangerous battlefield. At the time, she just shook it off as a random thought. However, as Cynthia moved towards the bottom of the basket, her mother couldn't help wondering how much better it would be if her daughter could just spend her days in the comfort and safety of the fortress.

Normally, the meeting in the strategy room would be filled with an awkward silence when no one was willing to speak up. Instead, the dead air was occupied by errant bursts of gas that came from the four women sitting around the table. Each of them looked like a poor imitation of their former selves all thanks to the curse. While they could have blamed it all on their lack of exercise and ravenous appetites, every so often they found their gazes drifting towards the supposed catalyst of their transformations.

Noire could feel their eyes baring down on her through their thick lenses. Rather than try to meet their gaze, she was content to pick off the crumbs that had clung to her belly. The nibbling of scraps helped to ease her mind and keep her stomach satisfied for the moment. The main drawback was that each press of her fingers into her pudgy belly unintentionally stirred around the bubbles inside. Her attempt to pick up a stray speck of sauce resulted in further attention being drawn to her chubby form thanks to an errant PHHHHRRRRRTTT rippling out of her rear.

“Uggh, can’t you keep that shtuff to yourshelf?” Severa asked, crossing her arms and squishing her meaty mammaries in the process. As she settled back in her seat, she was given a reminder of her own issues as the chair creaked under her weight. Feeling the other women draw their eyes to her greasy, pimply face, she tried to quietly settle down in her seat for fear of letting her own gas loose.

“Sho, when do we UUUURRPP shtart thish thing?” Cynthia asked, her belch carrying a familiar, meaty scent that the girls had become accustomed to. “I’m long overdue for shome new clothesh,” she said, tugging at the tight tunic and skirt currently clinging to her body.

“That’sh for after our meeting,” Lucina said, trying to take a hold of the conversation. Hazarding to heave her over 300-pound body up, she gazed upon her similarly fatty and gassy comrades. She would have more to say about the oil clinging to their cheeks and their unkempt hair if she wasn’t in a similar state of disarray. “Ash you all know,” she began as she pushed her glasses up her nose, “thish gathering ish to go over the effortsh to shtop the curshe.”

“It’sh hopless,” Noire muttered a little too loudly, only to have the words further distorted by another fart. “My mother hashn’t been able to find anyway to fix ush. We may be shutck like thish for-BWOOOOORRPP-ever.”

“Then we keep trying,” Lucina replied, clenching her pudgy finger against the table. “Shevera, how hash your exercishe routine been going?”

“I-it, um,” Shevera stuttered out, unwilling to admit how much time she had wasted reading in the library. While she struggled to come up with a proper excuse, the bubbles in her stomach that had been building pressure finally released in a loud PHHHHRRRRRTTT. With

some of her acne covered up by her red blush, she tried to remain quiet as she sunk back in her seat.

“Cynthia,” Lucina continued, trying to endure the fog of noxious fumes that filled the room, “what about your effortsh to get back in shape?”

“Oh, I’ve been too bushy helping out my UUUURRPP mom,” Cythia admitted a little too proudly. “She’s really been cooking up a shtorm. Everything she makes ish jusht so delicioussh.”

What was supposed to be an exasperated sigh from Lucina’s mouth instead came out as an unflattering belch. Waving away the lingering smell of her last meal, she wiped her fuzzy unibrow free of sweat to try and regain her composure. “We’re shupposhed to be here to help protect the country, not lounge around the foretresssh.” Risking popping out of her clothes again, she hoisted herself up and leaned against the table. “We need to double our effortsh of fixing this curshe before the entire kingdom ish put at rishk. That meansh acting like actual UUUURRPP sholdiersh. Not a bunch of lazy shlobsh.”

Lucina’s invigorated speech faltered as her own, foul gas slipped out from the hole in her pants. As the PHHHHRRRTTT uncomfortably echoed through the room, the blue-haired woman tried her best to maintain some of her dignity. When the others’ eyes became too much for her to endure, she was forced to sit back down in her seat. Gritting her teeth as she wondered if she could be anything other than a disappointment now, she felt a gentle pat on her back.

“Hey,” Cynthia began, her face mere inches from Lucina, “I know thish may shound crazy, but maybe thish ish for the besht.”

“What do you UUURPP mean?” Lucina asked.

“I mean, we’re not really shuited for battle anymore anyway,” Cynthia replied, demonstrating by pinching her abundant belly fat. “I don’t even UUUURPP remember most of my training.”

“I-I can’t remember either,” Noire admitted, her words conveying what the embarrassed Severa was unwilling to speak herself.

The idea seemed absolutely ridiculous to Lucina. After all they had been through in their bleak future, she found it impossible for them to simply forget them. However, she was struggling to think of the conflicts herself. Leaning back in her chair in ignorance of its strained creaks, she tried to recall the heat of battle and the fearsome foes she had clashed blades with. All that came to her mind were blurry images of her spending countless hours either reading, sleeping, or eating.

While Lucina was struggling to figure out what had happened to her memories, there was a knock at the door. “Who ish it?”

Rather than wait for a response, Sumia let herself and a trolley of food inside. “I thought the four of you could use a good meal for your little club meeting,” she replied.

“Mooooom, it’s sh shupposhed to be a really important UUUURRRPP shstrategy sheshsion,” Cynthia insisted.

“Well, it won’t do you any good on an empty stomach,” Sumia countered as she lifted up the covers.

All attempts to continue the meeting were halted once the group got a whiff of the pies. Even Lucina’s concerns about their degrading memories were put on hold at the promise of

Sumia's cooking. The princess ended up being the first to leave the table to stuff her face. As the others joined in, the embarrassment they felt about their gas and girth was nowhere to be seen as they ate their fill.

"It always feels so good to see you girls enjoying my food," Sumia commented, sharing a sentiment that was slowly spreading through the Shepherds' forces.

As to be expected, the kitchen was a bustle of activity in order to feed the Shepherds' forces. However, a good portion of area had been closed off for the sake of a more personal matter. Making good use of her connections to the king, Sumia had made this area her personal testing area for a variety of different recipes she had managed to collect. This was all for the sake of keeping her beloved daughter and her friends' appetites satisfied.

Opening up the oven, Sumia put on a gentle smile as she retrieved the freshly baked pie. Turning around, she hummed to herself as she strode over to the table where she had left the other pastries to rest. Careful not to burn her fingers, it took until after the pie was placed down for her to realize something was off. Thankfully, a trail of crumbs leading away from the table gave her a chance to find the missing pastries.

With her chubby rear balanced on two chairs, Cynthia completely ignored her mother for the sake of continuing to fill up the doughy gut sunk between her legs. Shreds surrounding the hefty, hair-riddled belly revealed that her latest feast had burst through yet another shirt. Scarfing down another slice, she threatened to plop out her meaty breasts in front of the entire kitchen

staff. Not that anyone could ignore the sounds of her chewing being accompanied by gas spurting out from both of her ends to make more room.

Sumia seized her chance once she watched her daughter dive face first into the pan. Pulling away the emptied container, she was able to look into the young woman's pimply, pudgy face. Brushing aside her stray locks of grey hair, Cynthia squinted her eyes to try and see who had interrupted her stuffing session. With a laugh, Sumia cleared up the confusion by placing a set of glasses on top of the oily nose.

"H-hey, UUUUURRPPP mom," Cynthia belched out.

"I thought I told you to wait until the entire batch was finished," Sumia commented.

"Shorry," Cynthia replied as she made a poor attempt to wipe her face clean with her pudgy fingers. "But I was sho OOOOUUUURRRRP hungry and your cooking is shooooo tashty."

Shaking her head, Sumia rested her hand on the pie thief's gut. "When you said you wanted to help me in the kitchen, it was supposed to be more than just as a taste tester."

"Yeah," Cynthia replied, leaning over to release a brunt PPHHHHRRRRRTTT, "but I'm shuper good at it. That lasht pie wash one of your UUUURPPP besht. Remindsh me of the tashty apple pie you made for my sheventeenth OOOOUUUURRRRP birthday."

Sumia's smile faltered slightly. "Wait, didn't you say that by then I was... I was..."

The memories Sumia thought she had started to shift in her mind as she tried to recall the future Cynthia had initially described to her. The war-torn and ravaged place was instead

mentally replaced with a scene of a cheerful party. Even if the memory didn't seem right at first, the joy she saw on her daughter's face was enough to let this altered past take hold.

"Ah, of course," Sumia said, with a reassuring nod. "You really enjoyed that one. Too bad you couldn't stop yourself before the others could have a taste."

"Shorry, but I'm a growing UUUUURRPPP girl," Cynthia replied with an unashamed grin. "Beshides, Shevera did the shame thing on her shixteenth BWOOOOORRPPPP birthday."

"Well, unfortunately you can't just sit here and eat everything I make," Sumia said as she clasped Cynthia's hand. "You do need to actually look like you're helping me cook."

"UUUURPPP fine," Cynthia relented with an exasperated sigh. "What do you want to shtart with?"

"Well, since you liked that apple pie so much," Sumia explained as her daughter followed with a slow waddle, "let's try that one. Just make sure you actually leave some for the others. You're not the only one with a big appetite around here."

"OOOUUURR alright, but... can I lick the shpoon after?"

"Of course," Cynthia replied handing her daughter an apron and getting to work on her next batch of pastries. "Only the best for my little helper."

Severa's presence in the library was easy to keep track of thanks to the "eccentricities" of her body. The first sign was typically the lumbering gait that had a knack of shaking the shelves as she waddled past. Anyone who didn't heed the warning of her stomps would typically be

subjected to the lingering odor that hung around her no matter how many times she bathed.

Those who managed to endure walking in the wake of her gas would see her making her way to her usual spot in order to refill her collection of books to be read.

Crashing her chunky ass down onto two chairs, Severa grasped one of her books with her pudgy fingers and cracked it open. Her bespectacled eyes moved with renewed vigor as she went from one page to another. Her impressive reading was only stopped from her need to occasionally stuff her face with snacks. Though what she ate during her reading session varied from day to day, they typically were all high in calories and were sure to wreak havoc on her digestive tract.

Closing another book and adding it to her precariously balanced finished pile, the red head pushed back her oily locks as she reached out for her drink. Grasping the cup, she sloppily started to chug with a trickle cascading down her three, pimply chins. The leftover droplets quickly passed over her chest; her breasts still comparatively small to the rest of her body despite her massive weight gain. From there, the sweet cider would eventually find respite within the folds of fabric that had gotten sucked into her belly flab. However, the few droplets that managed to sink into her navel only lingered until the first grumble could be heard.

Slamming her empty cup onto the table, Severa showed no restraint as she unleashed a powerful BWOOOOOOORRRPPP. Smacking her lips from getting to retaste her meal, she proceeded to rub at her gut to push along the bubbles on their journey. Feeling the pressure build, she let out a grunt as she leaned over to the side. A rumbling PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT helped to scatter anyone nearby to avoid getting caught in the cloud of flatulence. Letting out a relieved sigh as she settled back down, she was about to return to her reading until she heard a familiar tap of tiny steps coming her way.

“What’s up UUURPP dad?” Severa greeted, waving towards the blue haired nobleman.

“Good afternoon *cough* Severa,” he replied through the rag around his face. “How long have you been in here?”

“I don’t know,” she replied, letting a small BRRRAPPP ripple out to release some leftover bubbles. “I losht track after my lasht few UUUUURPP booksh.”

“While your mother and I are glad to see you in a much better mood,” Virion began as he hazarded to walk through her gas cloud, “I’m still a bit concerned that you’re not getting enough physical activity. Or... sunlight for that matter,” he added as he took note of the pale skin between her numerous spots of acne.

With a huff, Severa held her arms tight around her chest. “Why should I?” she asked, spraying spit across the table in the process. “All going outside doesh is make me shweaty and tired. Not like I’m a sholdier anyway.”

“True, you’ve always been more of a scholar than a fighter,” Virion replied, his mind filled with images of long nights telling her to put down a book and go to bed. “But a little exercise now and then wouldn’t-“

Virion was immediately shut down by a blubbery BRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP slapping out of Severa’s ass.

“I’ll think about it,” Severa said as she perused her collection once more. “Tharja ashked me to help Noire in UUUURPPP looking shomething up.”

“And what exactly is this shomething?” he asked, wisely taking a few steps back.

“I forgot,” she replied, stuffing her mouth full of more snacks. “She shaid it was about revershing shome kind of curse. Hell if I OOOUUURPPPP know.” Pausing for a moment, she dragged her finger across her chins. “Come to think of UUURPP it, I don’t think they know either.”

“Well, I’m sure it’s something very important to the safety of the kingdom,” Virion commented as he made the way to the door. “Is there anything I can get you to help with your task?”

“More shnacks and drinksh, UUUURPPPP pleashe,” Severa belched out before diving headfirst into her next tome. “And tell the shtaff to shtop bothering me. They can clean after I’m BWOOOOOORPPPP done here. It’sh jusht going to get dirty again later OOUUUURRRPPPP anyway.”

A light tapping noise made Lucina open up her eyes. Lifting her head up from the table, she wiped the line of drool from her lips with the back of her pudgy hand. Letting her plump fingers feel around the collection of books, she finally managed to locate her glasses. Placing the thick lenses on her greasy nose, a look around the room was enough to remind her what she had been doing before her impromptu nap.

Amidst the princess’s many stacks of strategy books could be seen trays that had been licked free of crumbs. Leftovers of her one-woman feast could be found in the splatters of sauce that had helped to cover up the exposed portion of her sagging, meaty breasts. Sliding her hand along her tits to make a weak attempt at cleaning them, she inadvertently let a few scraps tumble

across the massive, 500-pound belly that was stretching out the limits of her tunic. When she tried to repeat the same process with the swollen gut, she was inevitably slowed down by a strange interest she had acquired over the course of her transformation. Sliding her fingers through her fat folds and feeling the bunches of hair that had clumped up around her navel, she couldn't help showing off a dorky smile at her unusual sense of pride in her slobby form.

Lucina's self-exploration halted for a moment to pay attention to the grumbling noise coming from her stomach. Rather than dread the sound, she merely leaned back against the couch she used as a chair to rub at her gut. Her motions helped to relieve some of the pressure with a rumbling BWOOOOOOORRRPP. When the burp proved to be inefficient, she showed no remorse in leaning her double wide rear to the side to let loose with a powerful PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTT that renewed the noxious smell in the air.

Amidst inhaling her own fumes, Lucina heard the knock at the door once more. "It'sh open!" she called out, splattering spit on her chest in the process.

A rush of fresh air coming into the room allowed the person stepping through the door a chance to catch her bearings. While most of the other people in the fortress had resorted to using perfume-soaked cloths to cover their faces when around the girls, Robin had remained steadfast in leaving visible her face and long, white ponytails. Adorned in her usual robes, she looked upon the gathering of books and empty platters with more curiosity than disgust. This was all to be expected considering she had grown accustomed to her daughter's behavior.

"What'sh up UUUUURPPP mom?" Lucina asked as she weakly waved her hand, still far too drowsy to attempt leaving her seat.

“I heard you had a new collection of strategies for us to try out,” Robin replied as she carefully made her way to the princess’s couch. “Your father wants to give them a test run before implementing them in actual battle.”

“Makesh shenshe,” Lucina commented, pausing for a moment to let another BRRRAAAAPPP rumble out of her rear. “Hold on a shecond.”

Pressing her belly fat up against the table, Lucina surveyed the mess in front of her. Pushing aside books and helping herself to what few morsels had escaped her mouth during her previous snack session, she kept her eyes peeled for her target. Furrowing the singular eyebrow slick with leftover sweat, she tried to peer through her mess. Letting out an eager wheeze, she pressed her tits against a leftover sauce stain as she leaned forward to grab her prize. With the scrolls in hand, she returned to her seat with a thud that caused a stack of books nearby to fall. Wiping away some of the oil from her pimply nose, she adjusted her glasses to quickly survey the plans she had meticulously written.

“I hope thish worksh for OOOOOUUUUURRRRPPPP you,” Lucina said as she handed the papers to her mother. “I wash up all night writing it.”

“They usually do,” Robin replied, nodding her head in agreement at the plans after wiping away some of the grease from the paper. “As a reminder, we have a meeting with some dignitaries from Ferox next week. They’ll be expecting the entire royal family to be there. That includes you.”

A groan louder than Lucina’s own stomach escaped her lips. “Jusht what do you UUURRPP expect from me? I make plansh, read booksh, and BWOOOOORRRRPP eat all day. Can’t I jusht hang out with my friendsh?”

“Sorry, I know that you’re more of an introvert, but it doesn’t have to be for long,” Robin said as she stowed the scroll into her pocket. “Who knows? Maybe you’ll meet a nice young man that appreciates you for who you are.”

Lucina let out a huff. “What, are you hoping someone will look at all this,” she said as she gestured towards her obese form, “and whisk me away to some royal UUUUURRRPPP wedding?” Raising up her arms and revealing the hairs sticking out from the holes around her pits, she punctuated her point with a rancid PHHHHHHRRRRRTTT. “And they say Cynthia read too much OOOUUURRRRRPPP fantasy booksh.”

“I promise I’ll make it worth your while,” Robin replied as she casually strolled back to the door. “Like say, a feast of whatever meats you desire?”

“Anything?” Lucina asked, the question coming with a sudden jostle of her weight that bumped her gut against the table. “Even enough to feed my BWOOOOORRRPPP friendsh?”

“We’ll see,” Robin replied, shooting a knowing grin to her eager daughter; leaving the room with the knowledge that her usual bribing technique worked just as well the hundredth time.

Arriving at the Shepherd’s fortress, Kjelle made her presence known thanks to the armor she had been gifted by her mother in the future timeline. After meeting with Chrom and explaining the situation, the woman with well-maintained, chin length black hair sought out her comrades. Taking after Sully’s more up-front nature, she was able to quickly pinpoint the

location of the other women. Though she had been given hints of their degraded forms, she was still hopeful that she wasn't too late to undo the damage that had been done.

Kjelle's path led her towards a chamber located shortly away from the kitchens. As she approached, she watched a content-looking Sumia pushing along a recently emptied cart. The lingering aroma of pies clinging to the licked clean plates was overtaken by something much fouler upon drawing closer to the outer doors. Steeling her nerves, she pushed onward with the thought that her training would be enough to combat whatever unknown danger lurked within.

The full force of the noxious fumes that filled the room quickly drained Kjelle of her strength. As she stumbled through the foul air, her boots stomped across many empty containers and glasses that had been deprived of any last morsel of sustenance. Forced to remove part of her armor, she ripped off a part of her tunic to cover her face. Pressing the cloth close against her nose, she was able to locate the other women seated around a table.

When last Kjelle had seen Cynthia, it was with the Pegasus Knight clad in shining armor with her lance held high with triumph. Now, the woman was currently busy picking crumbs out of her rows of chins. The armor had been replaced with an ill-fitting tunic that showed off each and every pound of her pudgy form. The only lingering signs that this was the same person came in the form of the greasy pigtails of grey hair she had to keep pushing out of the way of her glasses.

Sitting opposite of Cynthia and dealing with her own wayward, oily locks of hair sat Severa. Her poor attempt at plucking the strands of the bushy eyebrow along her forehead came to a halt as a series of rumbles cascaded through the doughy gut contained by her similarly tight-fitting, extra-large tunic. Rather than try to hold it back, she added further gas to the room

through the use of a blubbery BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPP from her rear. Reveling in her own stench and ignorant of Kjelle's coughing, she reached out towards a pile of food.

Before Severa could snag up a pie, it was taken away by Noire. The furious look behind the red head's glasses went ignored by Noire as she dug into the pastry. Meat dripping out from her messy eating further sullied her green dress and partially obscured the opening in her top that showed off her massive cleavage. When Severa attempted to take some of the dropped meat from the pimple marked, pudgy flesh, she was pushed back by a roaring BWOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP from Noire's lips.

Pushing closer to the table, Kjelle's footsteps were finally recognized amongst the loud chewing and gassy expulsions by the person sitting at the head of the table. With a grunt, Lucina heaved herself up out of her pair of chairs. Of the four women, she was by the largest at a staggering, 600 pounds. Every inch of her flabby form was shown off by the tight-fitting, dark blue, night gown that looked painted onto her figure. The clothing did very little to hide the girth of her bosom or the hairs that had lined her armpits and belly button. Any elegance of the garment was undone by numerous stains that matched the splotches on the princess's oily, acne-riddled chins. Pushing back her greasy hair and fixing her glasses, Lucina greeted the awestruck Kjelle with an awkward smile.

"Hey there BWOOOOOOOOOOORRPP Kjelle," Lucina belched; her breath heavy with a smell akin to rotten meat. "I wash hoping I'd shee you one UUUURRPP day."

"About time," Severa spoke up, demanding attention with a rancid PHHHHRRRRTTTT from her rear. "The resht of ush got here BWOOOOOOOOORRPPPP monthsh ago."

“Don’t mind UUUUUURRRPPP her,” Noire spoke up, having developed extra confidence alongside her extra girth. “She’s jusht grumpy when she doesn’t get enough to OOOUUURRRPPP eat.”

“Can you blame her?” Cynthia spoke up, taking her turn as the center attention with her own, rumbling fart. “My mom’sh cooking ish just the BWOOOOOOOOORRRRPP besht.”

“Regardless of the detailsh,” Lucina said, pausing to let a BRRRRAAAAAAAAPPP flap the edges of her skirt. “We’re glad you’re UUUUUURRRPPP here.”

“I appreciate the... warm welcome,” Kjelle said as she glanced across her modified comrades. “However, I worry that I may be too late to stop Grima’s plan.”

“What plan?” Noire spoke up.

“The curse that was placed on you,” Kjelle explained. “I came back to this time after I learned Grima’s true intentions. For some reason, it seems to think of you as it’s children.”

“Mmph?” Lucina asked through a mouthful of food.

“Whatever hex was placed upon you was meant to alter, not only your bodies, but your own past to force you into roles off of the battlefield.”

“Sho she’s trying to shtop the Shepherds’ fiercest UUUUUURRRPP fighters?” Severa asked, wiping the drool from her chins afterwards.

“If sho, it’s not doing a good job,” Cynthia spoke up between gulps of ale. “You and OOOOUUUURRRRRRPPP Lucina’s ressearch have really helped out on the battlefield. Not to mention Noire’sh own UUUURRRPPP hexesh.”

The comment brought a bright tint of red to Noire's cheeks as she squirmed in her seat.

"T-true. If anything we've been better at shtopping the UUUURRPPP war."

"This curse wasn't placed on you to make Ylisse lose," Kjelle explained. "It's supposed to keep you all safe. Safe by making you much meeker, more homebound versions of yourselves." Reaching into her bag, she pulled out a collection of potion bottles. "But it's not too late. Once you drink these antidotes, the hex should be removed. It'll take a while to completely reverse the effects, but with enough hard work you can regain your former bodies and--"

A thunderous BRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP echoing through the chamber brought a sudden halt to the conversation. When the fart finally petered off, Lucina used the opening made by her release to waddle her way up to Kjelle. Placing a hand on the armor-clad woman's shoulder, the princess showed off a warm grin on her pudgy face.

"I appreciate your effortsh," she said, taking a moment to wipe the spit off of Kjelle's face. "But we short of like the way we BWOOOOOOORRRRRPP are."

"You can't be serious," Kjelle replied, seeing the other women nod their heads in unison.

"How can you be content with being like this?"

"Have a sheat and we'll show you," Lucina said, guiding Kjelle over to an empty chair at the table. "Now, Shevera I think it wash your UUUUURRRRRPP turn."

From her spot between Lucina and Cynthia, Kjelle got to watch the in-progress game resume. The goal was to simulate various battle strategies, both for use in future fights and entertainment. While the other girls were enacting carefully chosen moves, they each indulged in casual chatter amidst stuffing their faces with food. Over the course of several rounds, the

modified versions of Kjelle's comrades that she had initially found horrifying now emanated with a sense of comfort and acceptance that left her feeling empty.

"Sho," Lucina said as bumped her belly into Kjelle. "Do you want to BWOOOOORRRRRPPPP play?"

"Maybe just a few rounds," Kjelle relented as she picked up a set of dice.

While Kjelle wasn't as good as the sloppy women, it didn't take long for her to become entranced with each play she attempted Too busy enjoying the game, she didn't seem to notice when she started to help herself to the pile of snacks. Nor did she feel the bubbles rumbling in her gut until they slipped out in the form of a squeaky fart. With the expulsion easily covered up by the others' gas, she was free to let herself just enjoy the moment. Wiping a bit of oil from the tip of her nose, Kjelle put on a smile as she enjoyed the company of her comrades.