

Shantae: Half-Genie, Half-Slob Island

The people of Scuttle Town only got a glimpse of Shantae's ponytail of purple hair as she ran through the streets. The red material of her baggy pants and top served as a warning sign for anyone in the way of the half-genie hero to move aside unless they wanted to interfere with official guardian business. While she wanted to apologize for the rude pushing, her pointed ears rang from the pleas for help that kept echoing out to her. Duty bound to protect the town and its citizens, she rushed out just in time to find the cause of the alarm.

Shrill cries for help continued to come from the bundle of worn out clothing slumped on the side of the street. Though Shantae couldn't make out who it was, all that mattered to her was the group of Tinkerbats currently threatening the figure with their weapons. As the creatures drew in with swords held high, the half-genie leapt forward and sent them flying with a few whips of her hair.

"What are Risky's goons doing out here?," Shantae pondered aloud as she watched the Tinkerbats make a hasty retreat. Shrugging it off as something she would have to investigate later, she turned towards the collapsed figure. "Are you okay?"

"Y-yes, just fine. Thank you so much for your help, brat."

"What?"

"Er, sorry, I meant deary," the old woman said, clutching her forehead. "My mind is getting a little woozy in my old age. Not to mention, my brain was a little scrambled by those brutes."

Shantae let out a huff. "That's to be expected considering who their boss is. I'll go look around the town to see if there are any of them lingering around. I'll make sure to give them a lesson about harassing harmless, old ladies."

“Hold on,” the woman said, moving surprisingly fast for an elderly person to step in Shantae’s path. “Before you go, I must reward you for rescuing me.”

“That’s really not necessary, mam. I’m just doing my job as the town’s guardian.”

“Nonsense,” she replied, dragging the half-genie over to her cart. “You must have burned a lot of energy rushing to my aid like that. At least let me give you a little snack.”

“There’s no need to go that far. I was just-“

Shantae was thrown off as a plume of delicious aromas drifted out of the cart from an open slot. When the half-genie recovered, it was to watch the woman pull out a freshly made hotdog. Slipping the weenie into a fluffy bun, she proceeded to cover it in a collection of toppings and condiments. By the time a layer of strange, lavender fluid was placed on the hotdog, the way Shantae’s belly was growling made her overlook the bizarre condiment.

“Here we are, deary,” the woman said, handing over the decadent hotdog. “I hope you enjoy.”

Licking her lips, Shantae convinced herself that it would be insulting to reject the woman’s generosity. Opening up her mouth as far as it would go, she proceeded to take her first bite. Sinking her teeth in, the flavor she experienced was far greater than she could have ever hoped. Pushed on by her stomach, she proceeded to scarf down the rest of the hotdog in a few bites. Licking her fingers clean of any leftover drops, she came back to her senses as she heard a slight giggle coming from the woman.

“Sooooo, how did you like it?” the woman asked.

“It was really tasty,” Shante said, using a napkin to try and clean up her mouth.

“Although I’m curious. What was that purple stuff you added? It was really-
BWOOOOORRRPPP!”

Cheeks turning bright red, Shantae clamped her fingers over her mouth. As soon as she was confident enough that another burp wouldn't slip out, she slowly lowered her hand. "Excuse me."

"It's alright deary," the old woman said, following up with an unsettling laugh. "That's just a sign that you really enjoyed my food."

"Yeah," Shantae said, running her fingers across her throat to try and stop anymore belches. "I'll be sure to tell everyone about your cart."

"Oh, I'm leaving today."

"UUUURRP what?"

In a flash, the old woman began to swiftly pack up her cart. While Shantae wanted to ask what was going on, she was stopped by an unsettling gurgle in her stomach. The lack of bubbles trying to make their way towards her mouth filled her with an intense sense of dread.

Leaving the old woman to pack up the rests of her livelihood, Shantae made a mad dash to get out of the public's view. Running nearly as fast as during her rescue mission, her eyes scanned the area for any sign of a secluded area. Finding what she was looking for in the form of an alleyway, she made sure no one was watching before slipping inside. She managed to nestle herself into the shadows of the cramped space just as the pressure in her intestines became too much.

Leaning against a wall, Shantae winced as a squeaky PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT slipped out of her rear. "Ugh, that reeks," she said, trying to wave away the fumes. "I guess that hotdog was a little too UUUURRPPPP much for my tummy." Clenching her fingers, she let loose another fart in an attempt to calm her digestion. "I'm sure it's fine. Besides, a little gas is worth that tasty hotdog. Shame that that old BWOOOOORRRPPPP lady is leaving. She seemed really nice."

“I’m going to kill that old woman,” Shantae said aloud to herself as she stared at her reflection.

What the half-genie was staring at was the sizable belly that was currently sticking out from her mid-section. Grasping at the orb-shaped protrusion, her attempts to get rid of it by pushing it down were stopped by the gurgle of bubbles inside. Releasing the belly from her grasp led to it jiggling about. As the ripples spread through her body, she shuddered at the feeling of her top becoming tight around her larger bosom and her pants sinking between the cheeks of her bubble butt. This all culminated into yet another BRRRRRAAAAAPPPPPPP blasting out of her rear that was all too similar to the countless ones she had been plagued by over the course of the evening.

“Ugh, it’s been like this for UUUURPPP hours,” Shantae said as she rubbed her riled up gut. “When is this going to pass? The last thing I need is someone seeing me like-“

A knock at Shantae’s door made a squeaky fart slip out of her as she jumped. “Um, who is it?” she called out, desperately trying to keep her burps at bay.

“It’s Sky,” called out the familiar voice. “Weren’t you the one who said you wanted to hang out today?”

“Y-yeah, but I don’t feel so good,” Shantae said, slowly creeping towards the door. Putting her eye to the peephole she managed to see the blonde hair of the bird keeper. “Maybe we could schedule it for another-UGH!”

The short time Shantae had spent trying to keep her gas in check had led to her body seemingly rebelling against her. Try as she might to calm her gut down with gentle massages, it

wasn't nearly enough to compete with the building pressure. Straining to remain quiet while her friend was just outside, she turned away and hunched over. Hoping that she could get to the bathroom in time to let loose with her pent up gas, she began to slowly shuffle away. Her plans were immediately thrown into chaos as she heard the door unlock.

The few seconds Shantae had to curse herself for giving Sky a spare key to her house transitioned into her being struck with embarrassment as she watched her friend's eyes glance across her sorry state. Though she wanted to explain herself, what took priority for her stomach was finally getting some relief in the form of a bellowing belch. Staggered by the force of her expulsion, there was little the half-genie could do as another fart came rumbling out of her rear. Forced to wait until the BRRRAAAAAPPPPP petered off, she begrudgingly looked over her shoulder to see the awestruck face of the dear friend she had just gassed.

"Shantae, what happened to-AH THAT REEKS!" Sky shouted out, pinching her nose as she tried to get out of the noxious cloud. "What's wrong with you?"

"I'm so UUUURRPP sorry," Shantae explained, reaching out to help Sky, only to step back when she heard her stomach rumble again. "I've been like this ever since BWOOOOORRPPP yesterday."

"Was it something you ate?" Sky asked as went about the house opening windows.

"Anything out of the ordinary?"

"Well...there was this hotdog."

"What hotdog?"

"It was covered in a weird, purple sauce and tasted really BOOUUUURRRPPPP good," Shantae said, feeling guilty for not questioning the strange meal at the time.

“At least we know what’s causing this,” Sky said as she pointed towards Shantae’s belly. “Weird that it hasn’t passed yet, but I’m sure your indigestion will be only temporary.”

“I hope so,” Shantae replied, pressing her butt up against the wall in an effort to muffle the effects of another fart. “It’s so bad that I haven’t been able to eat anything since then.”

Getting a whiff of the half-genie’s fumes, Sky made her way back over to the door. “Probably for the best. The last thing you need is fuel for the fire. I’ll catch you some other time when you’re back to normal.”

“Yeah, see you BWOOOOOORRRPPP then,” Shantae said, waving her hand to both send off her friend and to try and remove some of the fumes lingering around her.

Chewing on her lips, Shantae tried to remain patient while her Uncle Mimic read through his research reports. Though she wanted to remain quiet to give the man with the thick, grey beard utmost concentration, her body wasn’t making it easy. There was of course the constant rumbling coming from the 600 pound belly currently taking up her mid-section. Then there were the straining noises of her outfit being stretched to its limit around her obese form. Everything from the top that barely managed to obscure the plump nipples of her melon-sized breasts to the pants that looked painted on to her chunky rear seemed to be actively rebelling against her.

Any hopes of being silent failed Shantae as she heard an all too familiar groaning noise. Try as she might to use her chubby fingers to ease her stomach, the sound wouldn’t go away. The longer she tried to hold the pressure in, the more her pudgy form shook. Once more losing the everlasting battle, she was forced to let out a loud BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP that jiggled her three chins. Still not satisfied in making the half-genie wallow in the misery of becoming a gassy

lard ball, her body pushed out a vibrating PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT from her thick rear that she had no hope of stopping.

“I’m so UUUUUUUUURRRPP sorry, Uncle,” Shantae belched out as Mimic turned around.

“I know it’s not your *cough* fault,” he replied, keeping a perfume soaked rag pressed closely to his face. “The root cause appears to be that strange hotdog you ate.”

“But that was over two BWOOOOOORRRPPP weeks ago.”

“Have you eaten anything else since then?”

Shantae paused for a moment, trying to search her memory as she tapped her fingers along her belly folds “No, I don’t think UUURRP so.”

“And have you felt hungry at all?”

“No...?” Shantae replied, her uncertainty punctuated with a squeaky fart slipping out.

“That’s because that hotdog you ate is still being digested,” Mimic said. “Every time your body manages to break it down, it reforms in your gut and starts the process over again. It’s the equivalent of participating in a never ending hotdog contest. Even when you’re asleep.”

“How is that even BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP possible?”

“Magic, I guess,” Mimic said with a shrug. “Where did you get that hotdog anyway?”

“From this UUUUUURRRPPPP old woman working a cart,” Shantae answered. “She gave it to me as a reward for BOOUUUUURRRPPPP saving her from some Tinkerbats.”

“And have you seen her since then?”

“No,” Shantae said, an abrupt BRRRAAAPPPPP forcing her to pause. “I’ve looked all over, and it looks like she skipped UUUUUUURRPPPP town.”

“That is quite unfortunate. Without knowing what exactly was in that hotdog, we might not be able to reverse the effects.”

“WHAT!?” Shantae called out, her panic expressed through another PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT blasting out of her backside. “There has to be some way to BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP fix this.”

“Don’t lose hope yet,” Mimic said as he made his way over to the door. “Give me time and I’ll be sure to come up with something. For now though, I hate to be rude, but would you mind leaving my lab for a bit? It’s getting a little-“

Another BRRRRRRRAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPP rumbled out of Shantae’s rear.

“*cough* stuffy,” Mimic finished.

“Right, UUUURRPP sorry,” Shantae replied as she heaved her husky form off of his couch.

Leaving behind a sizable dip in the couch cushions, the half-genie waddled her way towards the door. After a few tries of getting to fit her wide hips through the door, she eventually managed to make it outside. Nearly falling over, she managed to catch herself at the last minute and remain on her feet.

Shuffling down the road back to her home, Shantae was aware of the consequences of her near tumble as her fat continued to jiggle. The constant shaking was more than enough to disturb the bubbles being created by the accursed hotdog. Unable to stop the gas from leaking out of both ends, she was forced to endure the horrid aroma that enveloped her form. However, that was just the beginning of her suffering

Each fart and burp from the half-genie acted as a call out for the people of Scuttletown to stare and gawk at her. For some, the mere act of staring at her blubber as it constantly shook was

enough to cause irreparable damage to her reputation. Even worse were the snippets of gossip she managed to listen in on whenever the whispers weren't being drowned out by her gas.

When Shantae's embarrassment reached its peak, she tried to push the muscles buried beneath her fat to try and make a run for her house. The most she could muster was a series of heavy stomps that could have been easily outpaced by a turtle. Her "sprint" only succeeded in furthering her humiliation as more of her noxious fumes were pushed out. With tears streaming down her pudgy cheeks, she could only hope that her uncle would be able to find a cure soon.

Curtains drawn and with only a single lit candle for illumination, Shantae attempted to get her mind off of things by reading a book. Try as she might to focus on the pages in front of her, she still had to deal with the constant struggle that was keeping her body under control. Weeks had passed since she had eaten that tainted hotdog, and she still felt like it held the reigns on everything she did. Considering how large she had become; it was as if she was fighting an invisible captain to take control of a massive ship's steering wheel.

A fart escaped Shantae's elephantine rear as she heard a knock at the door. Rather than answer, she tried to make the most out of the blubber around her face to try and muffle the sound. Her attempts to ignore the knocking only resulted in more beating down her door. Realizing that it wasn't going to stop on its own, she let out a mix of a sigh and a belch before heaving herself into a standing position.

The act of moving her thick thighs even a little managed to send beads of sweat cascading down the half-genie's flab. Each laborious stomp of her blubbery legs further riled up

her stomach as her enormous gut was shaken about. Worsening the fact was the way her sweaty, beanbag chair-sized breasts repeatedly beat against her gut, and she had no hope of stopping a loud BWOOOOOOORRRPPPP from blowing past her lips. Nearly toppling over from the force of her belch, she managed to shuffle her way over to the door.

“Who UUUUUURRRRRRPPPP is it?” Shantae belched out, bracing herself against the wall with her pudgy fingers.

“Shantae, it’s us,” Sky called out.

“Yeah, we’re here to help you,” Spoke up Bolo, his spiky, blue hair visible through the peephole.

“And mostly to gawk,” Rotty Tops unhelpfully commented, the green-skinned zombie’s playful grin doing little to help the situation.

“Go BWOOOOUURRRRPP away!” Shantae belched out.

“Come on, I was just kidding,” Rotty Tops said. “We’re worried about the fact that you haven’t left your house in days.”

“That’s because I don’t want anyone to UUUUUURRRPPPP see me,” Shantae called out. “Especially since I can’t find any BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP clothes to fit me anymore.”

“What about your bedsheets?” Bolo suggested.

“I already BOOOOUUUUUURRRPPPPPP tore through those,” she replied, having to pause to let a thunderous BRRRRAAAAAPPPPPPPP rumble out of her backside. “Besides, they absolutely reek of my... fumes.”

“Isn’t there anything we can do to convince you to come out?” Sky asked.

“Not unless Uncle Mimic has come up with a UUUUUUUURRRPP cure.”

“But there isn’t one,” Bolo spoke up. “He said it would be impossible to ever change you back.”

In the wake of the absentminded comment, the echoing WHACK that was created from Sky and Rotty Tops hitting Bolo’s head gave way to a dead silence. For a few moments, the only thing that could be heard was the muffled gas expulsions from inside of Shantae’s house. The silence was eventually broken by the half-genie as she began to lumber her way back to her reading spot.

“Shantae please,” Sky begged.

“I’m not BWOOOOOORRRPPP coming out!” Shantae said, punctuating her proclamation with a loud BRRRRAAAAAAPPPPP.

“You can’t stay in there forever,” Rotty Tops said.

“Yes I UUUUURRRPPP can,” Shantae huffed. “This accursed hotdog keeps me nourished. It’s one of the only BWOOOOOOOORRRRRPP good things it did to me is cut down on my food budget.”

“It’s still not healthy to stay cooped up in there,” Bolo replied.

Clenching her pudgy fingers, Shantae’s attempt to glare at Bolo was stopped by the simple fact that he was on the other side of her front door. “Being healthy isn’t something I can BOOOOUUUUUURRRRRPP do anymore,” she said, undeterred by her lack of sight. “I’m over 1000 pounds and constantly leaking UUUUUURRRRRPP gas.” With another stomp, she freely let a rumbling PHHHHHRRRRTTTTT pour out. “No amount of exercise or dieting can fix this mess.”

“We still want to hang out with you,” Sky suggested. “Even if you do stink, we can figure out something.”

“I said BWOOOOOORRRPPP no!” Shantae belched out.

“That’s it, we’re coming in,” Rotty Tops said, starting to jiggle against the door. “I’m getting you out of there even if we have to drag you out.”

“For the last time, I said-“

Shantae was cut off, but not by her own gas for once. This time, it was the unfortunate placement of one of the many chairs that she had long outgrown. Though she could no longer sit in the seat, it still managed to be a part of her life by way of making her trip over it. Unable to stop the catastrophic combination of gravity and her hoard of flab, she had no chance of stopping herself from becoming a living wrecking ball as she rolled towards her door.

Crashing through the wood and taking some of the wall with her, Shantae was momentarily blinded by the sunlight. When her vision began to return, she was able to see the remnants of the front of her house currently spread across her exposed flab. On instinct, she attempted to cover up her plump nipples but found it impossible to get even her fatty fingers to properly obscure her teats.

In a panic, Shantae considered asking her friends for help looking for something to keep her decent. However, she wasn’t able to see them. That was until she felt a series of wriggling sensations coming from beneath her back flab. Feeling them struggle to escape her folds, she could sense what was going to happen before the unsettling tremors went through her blubber. Though she did try to warn them, it was already too late.

Shantae’s call for her friends to stop was drowned out by a roaring belch. The failed attempt at warning her friends meant that they had little way of protecting themselves as she was forced to let loose with a billowing BRRRRAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPP. In the wake of the horrific fart, Sky, Bolo, and Rotty Tops, increased their effort to try and free themselves. The

combined squirming ended up worsening the situation as more gas began to pour out of the half-genie with no signs of slowing down.

Forced to endure the deluge of farts, burps, and jiggling, Shantae felt something in her mind click. The rancid smell afflicting her nostrils didn't seem to gross her out as much as it used to. There was a strange tickle of satisfaction as she felt her massive tits slapping against each other while bounding against her belly folds. Unconsciously taking a deep inhale of her fumes, she found herself on the cusp of grasping whatever bizarre phenomenon was going on with her.

The ceasing of movement beneath Shantae broke her out of her trance-like state and reminded her of who was beneath her. Straining what little muscles she still had, she managed to roll herself to the side. She heaved a heavy sigh of relief as she spotted her friends, knocked out, but still breathing. Left to wait until they woke up and she could apologize for crushing them, she spent that time thinking about what she would do with her ever fattening and gassy form now that she had outgrown the one place she thought could contain it.

For the first time in weeks, Shantae's skin was graced by the breeze of fresh air. The feeling of elation lasted up until yet another one of her farts burst out to enshroud her in a fresh layer of her stench. Though she had gotten quite used to the outbursts, she could hear the people watching from afar unable to hide their outright disgust. There was also the matter that they were staring at her nude form, but there was little she could do about that considering her current state.

Each stride of her thick legs down the shore sent the pair of house-sized buttocks the half-genie was carrying into a shaking fit. In addition to pushing out more BRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPs in the process, the quakes caused by her glacial movement let everyone gaze upon the multiple

flab rolls making up the over 3000 pound belly she was lugging around. Those that were able to look past her gas issues were granted the chance to gawk at her boat-sized breasts as they constantly jiggled against her gut. However, even those interested in her seeing her massive nipples had to turn away for fear of being blown away by the rumbling BWOOOOORRRRPPPP that parted her lips.

Waiting for a semblance of peace to grace her digestive tract, Shantae continued her slow waddle towards the shore. A shiver went up her body as her plump toes entered the water. Reaching all the way up through her multiple rows of chins and pudgy cheeks to make her hair stand on end, the chill was meant as a way to give her a moment to reconsider. While she did manage to push forward to get the underside of her belly into the water, it didn't take long before she was stopped again.

"Shantae!" cried out three familiar voices.

Swiveling her gargantuan form around, Shantae wasn't surprised to see Sky, Bolo, and Rotty Tops running to the shore's edge. "Did you come to see me BWOOOOOOOORRRPPPP off?"

"We came to try and stop you," Sky said.

"You can't just leave Scuttle town like this," Rotty Tops added.

"Yeah, I'm sure your uncle will come up with a way to fix this," Bolo said, the look in his eyes betraying how flimsy the claim was.

"I'm sure he UUUUUUUURRRPPPP will," Shantae replied, waving a pudgy hand towards the group. "But I can't count on that cure coming before I BOOOUUUUURRRPPPP outgrow the island." Force to pause for a moment, she clenched her fists as a PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT from her rear created a plethora of bubbles on the water's surface.

“We can think of something,” Sky called out, taking advantage of the momentary reprieve. “Sure you can’t fit into any building, but we could maybe construct a tent out of-“

Sky fell victim to a coughing fit as she got a whiff of Shantae’s fumes. Her torture ended as a perfume soaked hankie was placed over her face. Looking towards Bolo and Rotty Tops to thank them and ensure they had their own scent blockers in place, she turned back to watch Shantae waddle deeper into the sea.

“Hold on, hear us out!” Rotty Tops called out, barely audible past her cloth and another one of the half-genie’s farts.

“Sorry, but I made up my BWOOOOOOORRPPP mind,” Shantae belched back. “Just getting down here I ended up UUUUUUURRPPP knocking over a few shops with my hips.”

“What about being Scuttle town’s guardian?” Bolo called out.

“Right now, the best way to protect the BOOOUUUUUUURRRPP town is by leaving it,” Shantae said, stomping deeper into the water. “Don’t worry, I’ll be UUUUURRPPP fine. This cursed hotdog means I won’t have to worry about food or BWOOOORRPPP water. I’ll come back once I figure out a way to deal with-“

Shantae was interrupted again by her rumbling belly. The fart that she allowed to billow out in an attempt to relieve her pressure, was enough to knock over everyone that had come to watch her departure. While she did experience a sense of relief, the mighty outburst made her lose her balance as she began to teeter forward. Her original plan to softly wade into the water to test her buoyancy was tossed out as she went plummeting down. Creating a wave that crashed against the shores, she thankfully confirmed that her flabby form could float.

Turning herself over to ensure that she could breathe, Shantae strained her eyes to see her friends in the distance. Picking themselves up and getting rid of the seaweed clinging to their

bodies, the group realized that it was too late to stop her. Rather than try to give chase, they merely waved her goodbye. Reciprocating the gesture with her own, plump fingers, the half-genie turned her attention towards drifting out further from shore.

Wriggling about her hands and feet, Shantae managed to push herself forward slightly. Her progress quickened once another PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT from her backside acted like a propeller to push her blobby form. In the wake of releasing more of her gas to get further out, she felt the same sense of relief that she had been unwilling to admit to other people. By the time Scuttletown was just a speck on the horizon, she had gotten down the rhythm of paddling and letting out gas to move around. Enveloped by her fumes and caressed by the waves, she settled in for a very long swim.

Waking up once the rising sun became too much for her, Shantae relented in opening up her eyes. Letting out a long yawn that reeked of her persistent hotdog breath, she raised up her blubbery arms to stretch. Rubbing at her chubby cheeks long enough to get out a morning belch, she brought her limb back down to the sound of a massive wave crashing against her sides.

Continuing her wake up routine, the half-genie, half-island behemoth gave a slap to her belly. Each impact of her palm against the mountain sized range of fat rolls sent tremors through her body that promised to scare off any birds that weren't used to her yet. This all culminated in a powerful BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPP blasting out of rear to take care of any gas that hadn't managed to leak out on its own over the course of her slumber

The disgusting expulsion gave Shantae her regular dose of strange pleasure her enormous, slobby form provided her. There was of course the sense of relief that washed over

her that made her lovingly tap her fingers against the boulder-like orbs that her were breasts.

Various bubbles popping along the underside of her back flab did wonders to get rid of any sores and barnacles that had attempted to make a home between her fat rolls. Even the stench itself that managed to rise up from the waters was met with a deep inhale rather than disgust.

This complete lack of caring about her gas and girth was something Shantae had only been able to appreciate once she had been given the space she needed to really stretch out. Without anyone around to judge her appearance or get knocked out by her smell, she was able to enjoy the perks of her slobby form to the fullest. Though there wasn't much for books or other forms of other entertainment, she found strange joy in the simple act of running her hands across her pudgy body all day long. Each belch and fart she let out came with a sense of relief that never lost its appeal. As soon as she heard a gurgle come from the depths of her massive gut, she saw it as nothing more than a sign that her little hotdog was brewing up another batch of gas to keep her happy.

In the middle of watching a flock of birds disperse from her heaving chest from the pungent BWOOOOOOORRPPP from her lips, she spotted something on the horizon. Pushing back the unkempt, wild strands of hair that were spread across her chubby face, she could just make out the quickly approaching dot. Upon recognizing the purple skull printed on the ship's flag, a momentary tinge of anger flashed through her mind. However, her fury was quelled as another outpour of gas bubbles from her backside enveloped her in their warm embrace.

Thanks to the island sized woman's multiple layers of flab, she barely flinched at the feeling of the boat docking against her love handles. Though she could guess that the dozens of tiny feet upon her flesh were Tinkerbats, she paid attention to a slightly sterner set of stomps that descended from the ship. Since the boat had docked around her waist, it took a little over an hour

for the person to reach her chest. Scrunching up her chins, she managed to watch the very moment that a familiar face came forth from between her cleavage.

The usually intimidating appearance of Risky Boots was offset somewhat by the sight of her purple hair unkempt and hanging over her face. Taking off some of the lingering droplets of Shantae's sweat that had clung to her lavender skin, she affixed her red pirate hat to her head to try and recover. Fixing up her top and pants, the dreaded pirate queen managed to put on a smug smile once she got a good look at her nemesis's face.

"Well, well, looks like the little brat isn't so little anymore," Risky said with a laugh. "Have you been making friends with the whales or has your stench driven them away?"

"Eh, not really," Shantae replied, a little surprised by the added huskiness to her words. Thinking back to the last time she had actually spoken to another person, she gave a shrug at her new voice and continued. "The whales are pretty content to BWOOOOOOOORRRPPP swim by as long as I don't gas them out. Works for me. Feels even better when I UUUUUURRRPPPP let it all loose later."

"Wait, you're actually enjoying sucking on your own fumes?" Risky asked, her grin growing wider. "That's better than I could have ever imagined. The once noble guardian of Scuttle town has turned into a massive slob that enjoys huffing her own farts."

"You BOOOOUUUUUURRRRPPPPP got it," Shantae replied, her mood remaining calm in spite of Risky's prods.

"Oh, I knew this scheme would work, but never this well," Risky commented. "That hotdog was just what I needed to get rid of the biggest thorn in my side and leave the seas mine for the taking."

“Oh, so you were that old BWOOOOOOORRRPPPP woman,” Shantae said. “That makes UUUUUUUURRRPPPP sense.”

Letting out a huff, Risky continued to look at the half-genie with a smug grin. “You must be too dumb to appreciate the brilliance of my scheme. No matter. The results are the same. You’ll be stuck to drift in the ocean while I take my rightful place as queen of the-“

Risky was nearly thrown off balance as Shantae’s body began to shift. Reaching for the cloth in her pocket, she got herself ready in-case she was subjected to a noxious cloud of farts. Instead, she watched in horror as her boat was hoisted into the air by Shantae’s thick fingers. Waiting until the ship was right above the center of her gut, the half-genie proceeded to snap it in half to let its remains sprinkle across her rolls.

“What are you doing!?” Risky shouted out, uncaring of the Tinkerbats currently running for their lives. “You stupid fat ass. How am I supposed to be a conqueror when I can’t even leave your filthy-“

Risky was interrupted again, this time by being lifted up by two of Shantae’s fingers. Hoisted into the air, the pirate felt a shiver of fear as she looked down to see the open maw of the half-genie. Her initial panic at the notion of being eaten was replaced with disgust as she was subjected to a loud BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPPPP that left her ears ringing and her nostrils burning with the smell of rotten hotdogs. Still reeling from the attack, there was little she could do as she was shoved into the tight space in between Shantae’s chins.

“Release me now!” Risky said, trying and failing to free her body from the sweaty embrace.

“UUUUURRRPPP nah,” Shantae said, busying herself with picking clean the remnants of Risky’s ship. “I might not live on BWOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP Scuttletown anymore, but at least I can still protect UUUUUUURRRPPP it.”

“I swear, when I get out of here you’ll-“

Risky was drowned out by the sound of Shantae giving a hearty slap to her gut. In addition to sending ripples through her massive form, the smack stirred up bubbles in her gut she had been saving up for a special occasion. Unable to reach for her rag, that left Risky to take on the full brunt of the rumbling BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPP that blasted out of the island-sized woman’s backside. Overwhelmed by the warmth and stench, Risky let out one last curse before going unconscious.

Putting a pinky to her former enemy’s body to ensure she was still breathing, Shantae returned to lazily pawing through the water. Stirring up more burps and farts to ensure she was entertained and that the pirate was sedated, she pondered when her uncle would eventually find a cure. In the meantime, she didn’t see a problem with drifting along as a living island, helping out however she could with her girth and gas.