

Jack-O's Pudge Perfection

Jack-O's presence could not be ignored by the townspeople as she made her way through the streets. It was to be expected with her long, bright red hair contrasted against her white jumpsuit. Less common was the white follicles beneath the bright crimson that hinted at her peculiar nature. Even less was the large, semi-broken halo that perpetually hovered her head. However, by now people had gotten used to seeing the odd woman as she went about her usual routine.

"Let's see," Jack-O muttered to herself as she tilted her head back and forth. "Frederick mainly wanted me to get that oil and tools for him. But we also have to keep in mind what we need to make dinner for next week. Might want to consider getting more clothes too considering how a few outfits have been a bit on the larger..."

The strange woman's muttering trialed off as the other, more childish side of herself convinced her to stop in her tracks. Though she didn't seem to notice the place at first, turning towards it made it hard to ignore. In bright, pink letters, "Pleasing Perfection Candy" had been affixed above the entrance to the shop. Having never seen the place before and having missed a meal to travel to town for the day, she didn't see any harm in taking a peek inside to grab herself a small treat.

The ring of the bell hanging above the door coincided with Jack-O's eyes going wide at the vast collection before her. Everything from chocolate bars to gum drops, taffy, lollipops, and other assorted sweets were stacked from floor to ceiling. Traveling amidst the aisles of the heavenly sweet shop, she began to lose track of where she was going. That was until she ran into an old woman, half her size and with hair styled to mimic pink cotton candy.

“Hmm,” the old woman said as she fixed up her glasses. “I swear that I’ve seen you’ve somewhere before. Are you famous?”

“Well... sort of,” Jack-O replied, hoping that a nervous smile would suffice as a replacement for an actual explanation.

“Hmm, in that case,” the old woman said, reaching into her apron’s pocket to produce a bright green lollipop. “Have one on the house. It’ll be a good way to drum up my new business.”

“Thank you so much,” Jack-O replied, graciously accepting the candy before popping it in her mouth.

Jack-O felt a shudder go through her body as she was overwhelmed by the sweet taste. Typically, any lollipop she ate would be a slow process of gradually licking away at them. However, the delicious flavor that tantalized her tongue made her more eager to pick up the pace. Before she realized what was going on, she had chewed through the rest of the hard candy to leave only a cleaned stick behind.

“That was delicious,” Jack-O said as she handed the empty stick over. “Thank you very much.”

“No, thank you,” the old woman said as she hobbled over to the front desk. “It always does my old heart good to see people enjoying my creations. If you want anything from my shop, just let me know. I’m running a promotion where everything is half off for the grand opening.”

“I really shouldn’t,” Jack-O replied, the weak excuse not doing much against her more juvenile self and the hungry growl from her stomach. “But I’ll take a few things for later.”

Receiving a nod from the store owner, Jack-O went about the aisles in search of something small to take home. However, the choice became much harder as she realized just how extensive the collection was. Even worse, her stomach kept chiming in with hunger pangs to push her to get something that would be able to hold her until lunch. Not fully aware of what she was doing as she picked through the aisles, she ended up bringing to the counter an odd interpretation of a “few things.”

Arms overburdened with various packages and baskets, Jack-O stumbled her way out of the store. Looking over her shoulder, she saw the owner giving a grateful nod. Unwilling to turn down such a generous expression, she kept making her way down the street with her bundle of sweets in tow.

“It’s fine,” Jack-O told herself as she stopped for a moment to look through her purchases. “Not like I have to eat all of it at once. And Frederick can help me out with the rest.”

Hearing another growl from her mid-section, Jack-O pulled out from the collection another lollipop. Finding the taste just as exquisite as the last, she repeated the same feat of devouring it in record time. Left sucking up whatever bits of sweetness clinging to the stick, she used her free hand to pick out another small sampling to tide her over until she could get a proper meal in her.

As was tradition by now, Jack-O returned home from her trip into town by spitting out the lollipop she had been sucking on during the ride back. While the cleaned stick rang out from the trash can it landed in, she busied herself with bringing in the rest of her supplies. Several

weeks prior, it had been an effortless task for her to finish moving all of the groceries from her bike into the house. However, that was before her constant visits to the candy store left their mark on her body.

By the third trip, Jack-O was already feeling the burden of carrying the extra thirty or so pounds that had spread across her body. For the most part, she was able to ignore the extra pudge hanging around her once flat mid-section. While the same could be said for her developing love handles, the thickness surrounding her thighs and covering her backside forced her to stop every few steps to fix her jumpsuit. Each drop off of supplies came with added momentum thanks to the extra cup-size worth of growth that had been granted to her bosom. Under the duress of this added strain on her clothes and body, she gave up halfway through the task.

“Haaaaaaah....” she exhaled as she collapsed onto the couch. Rather than try to move in opposition to her weariness, she decided to call in some help. Snapping her fingers, she summoned four, white-clad soldiers to do her bidding. With the small fighters eager to please, she was free to relax and help herself to one of her many bags of sweets.

“These trips keep getting more and more tiring,” Jack-O muttered aloud as she munched on some chocolates. “Shame that they don’t deliver this far. Frederick could go, but he always seems to be busy working on the rocket or something else. I guess my servants could work. Then again, they act kind of childish when I’m not-“

Jack-O’s speech was stopped by a sudden bump into her side that made the chocolate escape her finger’s tight grasp. Turning over, she saw one of the white clad, glowing green faces of one of her loyal servants. Looking past her helper, she saw that the groceries had all been brought in. Glancing back at its expectant face, she knew exactly what it was waiting for.

“You did a great job,” she said, leaning over to give the helper a pat on the head.

Too busy giving attention to the servant in front of her, Jack-O failed to notice the other two hovering above her. The devious duo made their presence known as they came crashing down on her belly. Thanks to the extra pudge, the landing was a soft one that allowed the servants to bounce up and down much to their delight. The constant undulation of the belly chub wasn’t so well received by its owner.

“H-hey, cut that out!” Jack-O said, shooing away the two before they could continue bouncing again. While she had ceased being a living trampoline, she was still forced to content with the lingering jiggles bringing unwanted focus on the side effects of her constant snacking.

Jack-O’s efforts gave some breathing room to her belly, but she had left her cleavage wide open for mischief. Yet another helper that felt unappreciated flew straight between her heaving breasts to shake them back and forth. Jolting up from her spot on the couch, she was quick to stop the servant by yanking it out from between her tits.

“What has gotten into you?” she asked towards the guilty looking servant.

Too busy glaring at the minion held in her grasp, Jack-O was unable to stop the pair from earlier finding their next target. With each taking hold of one of her love handles, they took turns swatting her bubble butt back and forth. Shuddering as her backside was passed around, she quickly reached down to hoist the misbehaving helpers up to properly scold them.

“Hands off the merchandise!” Jack-O shouted out to make the mischievous servants tremble in place.

As Jack-O was busy contending with the trio, the servant who had been satisfied with a head pat mere moments earlier looked on with jealousy. Aside from looking at its supposed comrades, their vision inevitably fell towards the pudgy belly. It was the very same reason that it and the others had been working so much extra the past few weeks. With a huff, the servant attempted to gain revenge and attention by running headfirst into the belly bump. While Jack-O was able to stay on her feet thanks to her strength, she could not prevent a small UUURRP from parting her lips.

The burp served a purpose in getting the servants to scatter across the room before disappearing into puffs of smoke. The outburst forced Jack-O to finally acknowledge that her body had changed. Sheepishly making her way to her bedroom, she stepped onto the weight scale. Upon seeing her added fat displayed clearly on the readout, she could no longer deny the fact that her constant treats were taking their toll on her body.

“I’ve let this get out of hand,” Jack-O said to herself as she approached the mirror. Pinching at the extra pockets of fat, she let out another UUURPP to solidify her concerns. “It’s time for me to deal with my weight problems head on.”

Full of confidence, she spread out her arms and legs to let her vision take in the full sight of her chub. Her initial thought had been to use her sense of shame to motivate her to cut out excess snacking and get back into shape. However, instead of guilt over added weight, she was instead filled with curiosity.

Shimmying herself back and forth, Jack-O was better able to feel out the added heft of her hips as her chubby rear jiggled back and forth. Freely letting her hands roam around her

assets, she gained an appreciation to the enhancements the candy had granted her. Groping her own breasts, she couldn't help the sensation that something felt right about the added heft.

"Maybe... this isn't all too bad," Jack-O said as she stopped her buttocks' shaking with a firm squeeze. "After everything I've been through, more than a little indulgence should be alright."

Moving on to purposefully squeezing her belly, she managed to push out another, small UUUURRP. Rather than shirk away from it, she purposefully listed to the way it echoed through the room. "Maybe... even a little cute," she muttered to herself, the red on her cheeks doing little to take away from her playful grin.

For what had become a morning ritual for Jack-O, her first step after getting out of the shower was to climb up on the weight scale. Waiting until she heard the clicks stop, she peeked forward to see the readout. Though she had to adjust her towel and push back some of her body fat to get a proper view, what she saw waiting for her was an affirmative, 175 pounds.

With a flick of her fingers, Jack-O tossed aside her towel and began the process of getting dressed. Adorning herself in her usual jumpsuit used to be an easy task. However, the added difficulty that came from putting on extra pounds over the past few weeks was seen as more of a benefit than a hurdle.

Sliding the fabric over her thicker legs and thighs, she took her time dragging it over her luscious, bubble butt and developing love handles. Her belly gave a bit of a fight as she passed

over it; the potbelly was always present no matter how full she was. By the time she arrived at her bosom, she didn't bother trying to zip up most of the way. After all, she was more than happy to let her cleavage be a sign of her pride in her growing self.

Fixing up her hair and stepping into the living room, Jack-O saw that her target was missing. Rather than bemoan the lack of his presence, she took it as a sign to further plump herself up with some breakfast. Digging into one of her many snack stashes, she helped herself to a wide variety of different chocolates to satiate her sweet tooth. Flopping down on the couch, she let her fat be fully displayed by her tight-fitting outfit as she helped herself to one mouthful after another.

Jack-O's intention had been to wait for the right moment where her new gains could be properly demonstrated. However, that goal was swiftly forgotten as she continued to indulge herself. When the initial chocolate started to run out, she was quick to summon her servants to grab her more snacks to chew on. Thanks to her more frequent trips into town to keep up with her appetite, she had added saltier treats to her stash to better compliment her constant candy ingestion. This helped to both push her to eat more and provide her with a sense of bliss that kept her mostly unaware of her surroundings.

Just as Jack-O was about to devour another handful of pretzels, the sound of the door slamming open made a small UUURRP roll up her throat. Recovering from getting to re-taste her snacks, she heard the footsteps getting close to her position. Knowing for certain who they belonged to, she resumed her initial position to make sure her further stuffed belly was on display. Despite her best efforts, the man known as Sol Badguy merely walked by with a flap of his white lab coat.

“Frederick,” Jack-O began, sitting up to watch Sol place a box of equipment on a table. “Aren’t you going to say BWOOOORRPP something?”

“What, that your burps are getting scarier by the day?” he bluntly replied.

“That’s not all that’s ‘improving’,” Jack-O insisted, swinging her legs over the side and leaning back to show off her curves. “I’ve finally becoming just as heavy as you. If not more.”

Frederick let out a scoff. “Yeah, but mine’s all muscle,” he replied, waving around his ponytail of brown hair as he flexed his arm. “While all of that fat came from you stuffing your face day in and day out.”

Jack-O let out a huff as she pouted at Frederick. “It’s a lot harder than it looks.”

“Well, it looks like you’re doing a lot of damage to your body for the sake of overindulgence.”

“Yeah, things might not fit as good as they used to,” Jack-O said, demonstrating her point by tugging at her strained zipper. Upon hearing the fabric start to rip, she swiftly let go. “But it does come with its benefits.”

Standing up from the couch, Jack-O made a show of shaking her hips back and forth. Getting into the proper rhythm, she momentarily moved her halo down to her waist to swirl it around her added chub. The circles had to be less energetic than usual to avoid getting the ring stuck, but it still served to demonstrate the changes her constant snacking had made to her figure. While Sol tried to keep up his usually gruff demeanor, he wasn’t able to fully hide the way his eyes watched her body jiggle.

“Come on,” Jack-O insisted, returning the halo to float above her head as she stepped forward to seize the opportunity. Reaching back, she gave her pudgy rear a slap to let the sound echo of its jiggling echo through the room. “Doesn’t all this extra chub make me extra cute?” she asked with a wink.

Sol let out a heavy sigh as he wrapped his hands around Jack-O’s waist to cease her fat’s jostling. “I’m not saying it’s not... attractive in its own way. I just don’t want you pushing this too far.”

“Frederick, you have nothing to worry about,” Jack-O said as she wrapped her arms around him to pull their bodies close. “I can handle it, I promise. Besides, this is something that the two of us get to enjoy as I get bigger and OOOOOUUURRRRPPP!”

The belch pushed Frederick to release his grasp and stumble back. The infamous bounty hunter capable of taking on humans and gears alike showed a moment of rare weakness as he ran into a nearby wall. Grasping onto a shelf to keep himself steady, he looked back towards his attacker with an annoyed frown.

“Hehehe, excuse me,” Jack-O said, her sly grin showing no real guilt.

Before Jack-O could retry the hug, she was stopped by a ring of her phone. Leaving her partner behind, she resumed her spot on the couch. Munching on a few bites to regain energy, she cleared her throat as she answered. “Hello?”

“Jack-O, it’s been too long,” spoke Dizzy’s voice over the phone. “How have you and Sol been?”

“We’ve been doing alright,” she replied, glancing over to watch Frederick trying to busy himself with his tools. Every once in a while, the sight of him glancing over at her body was enough to keep her in good spirits.

“That’s good to hear. I know it’s been a while since the two of us have spoken. I was hoping that I could set up a date to eat to come visit. Would that be alright?”

“That sounds UUUUURRPP excellent,” Jack-O belched out. “Oops! Excuse me, I just ate a little snack.”

“That sounded like more than just a snack,” Dizzy pressed.

“It’s nothing really,” Jack-O said as she cradled her belly fat. “I’ll explain more once you come over. Make sure you come hungry though. I promise I’ll have something special for you.”

It had taken a little over a month, but Dizzy had finally arrived for her dinner with Jack-O. The main culprit of having to push back this meeting again and again was a cascade of different problems rearing up. Having to help with Ky’s status as king, ensuring Sin was getting proper education, and attending one of Elphelt’s concerts had left little room for free time. This barrage of a busy schedule also ensured that the regal queen had to take some less than stellar options for meals at the cost of some changes to her body.

As the queen made her way to the front door, she took time fixing up the black and white dress she had worn for the day. Flipping around her long, braided blue hair, she double-checked that the flowers lining in were properly secured. By all accounts, her appearance was more than

enough to match her regal position. However, all she could focus on was something that very few had even noticed. Those that did had been wise not to bring it up.

After tugging tight the yellow ribbon at the tip of her tail, Dizzy came into contact with the small amount of chub obscured by the front of her dress. Turning the gaze of her red eyes towards the bump brought back images of having to use some of her son's high-calorie meals when she was busy. Daring to poke at the chub, her mind thought back to the previous morning when she made the discovery that she had gained twenty pounds.

"I'm worrying myself over nothing," Dizzy reassured herself. Straightening her posture, she took the last few steps up to the door and gently knocked. "It's not like she's one to focus on someone's weight anyway."

As the door opened up, the initial greeting Dizzy had in mind faltered. While Jack-O was there to welcome her with a friendly smile, it was stretched across an unmistakably pudgy face. Drifting her gaze lower brought her attention towards the pair of hefty breasts that looked moments away from slipping free of the tight-fitting jumpsuit. The fact that Jack-O's doughy gut was contained by the outfit was something only accomplished after the red-haired woman had gone up several suit sizes. However, even the added space could do little to hide how her wide hips and chunky rear had given her a bottom heavy, pear-shaped figure.

"I'm so glad that you could make it," Jack-O said, giving the queen a closer look at her pudgy arms with a tight embrace. "Sorry it took so long for you to get here."

"S-same," Dizzy replied, trying to enjoy the hug, but failing once her vision drifted towards Jack-O's jiggling backside. "Have you been feeling alright lately?"

“What makes you say that?” Jack-O replied, breaking the hug to leave nothing in the way of Dizzy and the jiggling belly.

“Er, nothing,” Dizzy answered, trying not let her gaze linger too long on the obvious belly. “I’m just worried with how remote you and Sol are from the rest of us. Where is he anyway?”

Jack-O shrugged. “He said that he needed to head out somewhere to get some parts. Really, I think he just wanted to give us a chance to catch up.” With a wave of her pudgy fingers, she ushered the queen to come inside. “Come on, I just finished getting dinner ready.”

The mention of food brought some much-needed peace to Dizzy’s thoughts. As much as she tried to hide it, mealtimes had become a necessary part of her day to avoid stressing herself out. While Jack-O’s cooking wasn’t the most luxurious, a home cooked dinner sounded like just the thing she needed. However, her nose didn’t pick up the expected aroma of stew or fresh bread. What she detected was something definitively more grease laden.

Stepping into the dining room, Dizzy discovered that the table had been set with multiple bags of take out from Danny Missles. The contents of the sacks had been emptied out to fully show off the greasy burgers, salty fries, and sugary sodas that came with them. The fast-food spread was complimented by a centerpiece made up of a wide array of different sweets. Too busy gawking at the indulgent feast before her, she barely noticed Jack-O taking her spot at the head of the table.

“Well come on,” Jack-O insisted as she took a big bite of a burger. “Dig in. I’m sure you’re starving after the trip here.”

“Er, thank you,” Dizzy replied, fighting against her own confusion for the sake of being a grateful guest.

Taking her seat, the queen tried to pick out something that wouldn’t exacerbate her weight issues. While she settled on gently nibbling on a box of fries, her host didn’t show nearly as much restraint. Uncaring that there was another person in the room, Jack-O stuffed her face with a gluttonous vigor she had developed over the several months she had fully indulged in her new self. Meals that would have normally filled her up with half of their contents were downed without much thought. As much as she seemed to be enjoying herself as she slurped up a milkshake, her feast came to a pause as she took notice of Dizzy’s slow pace.

“Is everything o-UUUUURRRRP-kay?” Jack-O asked.

“Y-yes, everything is fine,” Dizzy replied, trying to hide the bold like by taking a small sip of soda.

“If you don’t like the food, you can tell me,” Jack-O said, taking a moment to wipe her face clean of grease. “This was just a guess on my part. I assumed it would be perfect considering you and I are both gaining weight.”

The comment that would have been a death sentence for most of the workers back at the castle made Dizzy’s eyes grow wide. “How did you know?”

With a grin, Jack-O leaned back to proudly pat her own stomach bulge. “I’ve learned to keep an eye out for these kinds of BWOOOOORRRPPP things.”

“It hasn’t really been by choice,” Dizzy admitted as she nervously clasped at her own belly fat. “This comes from a combination of work overload and stress. I honestly wish I could get rid of it.”

“That’s ridiculous,” Jack-O said, getting up from her seat to shuffle over towards Dizzy. “I think it makes you look good.”

“I appreciate it,” Dizzy replied, nervously rubbing the salt off of her fingers, “but I’m the queen. I’m supposed to be an example to the people of Illyria. Would they really put much faith in me if my figure was... larger?”

“Of course,” Jack-O insisted. “By this point, you’ve more than proved that you’re worthy of your title. So what if you’ve put on weight? Anyone who knows your true value will see it as an BWOOOOOORRPP enhancement.”

“What do you mean?”

Jack-O grinned as she stepped closer to the queen. Leaning forward, she pressed her breasts together to show off their full girth. “Like how these puppies are perfect for holding onto extra snacks for you.” Turning around, she gave her backside a slap to let its girth jiggle within the confines of her tight suit. “Or how this bubble butt makes sitting down really comfy.” With another turn, she ended her display, by leaning back and letting her hands slide across the surface of her prominent belly. “Not to mention, how this thing can store so much delicious candy and sweets.”

“R-really?” Dizzy asked, glancing between her companion and her own, protruding gut.

“Yeah,” Jack-O replied; completely enthralled with the interested gleam in Dizzy’s eyes. “Not to mention, it feels great getting to eat whatever I want whenever I want.”

“I suppose... that I have been given the chance to indulge in food that I’ve usually forbidden for myself,” Dizzy muttered aloud. “It’s been liberating to fully enjoy meals thought below my station.”

“Then come on and eat,” Jack-O said as she hoisted the basket of fries up to the queens’ face. “Dig in and really let UUUURPP loose.”

With shaky fingers, Dizzy grabbed a handful of fries and shoved them in her mouth. Dropping all pre-tense of manners, she chewed through the salty meal with a renewed fervor. Before she realized it, she was licking the box clean of any lingering morsels. Upon pulling her head back out and seeing the encouraging grin of her eating partner, she chugged down a gulp of soda before moving on.

Grasping onto a burger, Dizzy ignored the spills she scattered across her dress as she took a big bite. No longer concerned with weight or appearances, she let her tail wildly wave back and forth as she took in one helping after another. Now matching Jack-O’s pace in devouring the feast, she was able to fully indulge in the appetite she had been trying so hard to suppress before. It was amidst Dizzy’s enjoyment of a handful of sweets that her binge session was halted by a small OOOUUURPP leaving her lips.

The impressive belch, tinged with the lingering sweetness clinging to her tongue left Dizzy at a loss for words as she waited for the sound to stop echoing through the room. “E-excuse me,” she stuttered out with a red tint forming on her cheeks.

Jack-O’s response came in the form of a loud BWOOOOOOOOOORRPPP that put Dizzy’s outburst to shame. “Come on,” she said as she wiped her face clean with the back of her hand. “That was a pretty good start, but I know you can do better.”

Mimicking Jack-O's sly grin, Dizzy opened up the lid of one of the soda cups and began to guzzle it all down. Slamming the empty container onto the table, she purposefully jiggled around her overstuffed belly. Fighting against her instincts to be polite, she opened up her mouth to release a much louder UUUUUUUUURRRRRRPPPP.

"My goodness," Dizzy said, now more impressed than embarrassed by her outburst. "What that really me?"

"Yeah, it was," Jack-O confirmed, pushing over another cup of soda. "Want to see if you can top it?"

Grasping the cup, Dizzy took another deep chug. "Yes, let's UUUURRRP do it," she proclaimed, grinning as she let one of her hands slid across her now beloved belly fat. "Let's see how far I can go."

"Now that's more like it," Jack-O commented, before she and Dizzy resumed devouring the gluttonous feast with their newfound appreciation for the fat hanging off of their forms.

The heavy snoring marking Jack-O's peaceful slumber came to a halt all thanks to a single, hungry growl from her stomach. Slowly forcing her eyes open, she shook around her messy hair to let the locks caress her pudgy face. She attempted to fully sit up, only for the strain to make her consider crashing down and going back to sleep. As much as she would have enjoyed laying in bed all day, the need to take care of her body's specific needs convinced her to use her specific features to roll her way out of bed.

Bringing her feet down to the ground, Jack-O inadvertently sent ripples up her thick legs and through the rest of her body. Most of the initial tremors were absorbed by the large, rounded belly that had taken on the bulk of her weight. The protruding orb made daily tasks more difficult for her as a whole, but she still found appreciation in giving it constant squeezes to revel in its size.

Jack-O's constant groping of her belly folds sent leftover motion to have her pumpkin-sized breasts. Each bounce against the gut served the purpose of flinging around her plump teats and waking up her stomach. Her bosom was only given a moment to cease jiggling before a BWOOOOOORRRPP rolling up her thick neck sent them into a frantic shaking session once more.

As she shuffled her way over to the bathroom, her already glacial momentum came to a sudden stop. Waiting for her body to stop jiggling for a moment, she found the source of the blockade in the form of her own hips getting stuck on the threshold. Sucking in her belly as much as her fat would allow, she still had to contend with her double-wide ass cheeks seeming to refuse to move another inch. Fortunately for her, this self-made blockade was just something she accepted as a necessary cost for having such a luscious rear.

Using up the strength hidden beneath her adipose-laden limbs, she managed to squeeze her way through. Swiveling herself around, she stared back at the narrow door that had become one of her morning routine's hardest challenges. Rather than anger or frustration for how ill-fitting the house had become for her size, she was filled with a sense of excitement that fully woke her up.

With a series of heavy stomps, Jack-O managed to get on top of her weight scale. Waiting until she heard the click of the counter come to a halt, leaned forward in an attempt to see the readout. Stuck staring at her own, fatty breasts and flab rolls, she let out a huff as she pulled the mass back. She was rewarded for her efforts by getting to see clear as day that she had surpassed the 300-pound mark.

The revelation that she had tripled her weight over the course of a few months made her speed through the rest of her routine. Quickly washing out each crevasse from her flabby form, she used a bit of leftover soap to make it easier to push her way through the tight threshold. With the thought of asking Frederick to widen the doorway later, she went about putting on her choice of clothing for the day.

While Jack-O still liked to adorn herself in a white jumpsuit, it was a version several times larger than the original. She had attempted to keep pace with her weight gain, but the fabric still strained in certain places to keep her somewhat decent. Putting the suit in as good of a condition that she could manage, she strode forth in front of her mirror to take a look at herself.

Undeniably, a good portion of her mass had gone towards thickening up her love handles and buttocks. However, the girth of her belly and breasts ensured that she was given a mostly rounded figure to match her chubby face. These same, pudgy facial features were constantly stretched by her grins as she groped at her obese form to revel in the pride it brought to see how her hard work endlessly stuffing herself had finally paid off.

Waddling out of the bedroom, Jack-O's intention was to head straight to the kitchen to make breakfast. However, she paused for a moment as she noticed that the TV had been left on.

The thought of scolding Frederick for not turning things off when he went to go work on the rocket were put aside for the moment. Especially when she saw what was being broadcast.

The show in question was going crazy with gossip about the new appearance of the queen of Illyria. Considering how negative the hosts' comments were, once would expect the regal woman to be a complete mess. Instead, what Jack-O saw on Dizzy's face in the footage was an expression of calm bliss.

Queen Dizzy was more than happy to show off her more rotund form with a dress that tightly caressed her many folds. Each wave of her plump arms coincided with a lazy sway of her equally thick tail. Uncaring how each step of her bulky legs shook around her gut and bosom with the confines of her dress, she looked as happy as could be strolling alongside her husband. As for Ky, his opinion of her larger body was shown in the way his typically noble demeanor kept faltering as she hugged him close.

"Guess I can't stop now," Jack-O said as she turned off the TV and made her way back over the kitchen. "Wouldn't want her surpassing me."

With more than enough motivation, Jack-O went about her usual tasks of making breakfast. As focused as she was on creating a feast suitable for her weight milestone, she wasn't left by herself. After all, her greatest admirers were eager to reap the benefits of her growth.

As she moved back and forth across the kitchen, the servants took turns bounding against her features in-between helping with cooking tasks. When her arms weren't busy flipping pancakes, the tiny soldiers would bounce up and down on her ample bosom. The heft of her backside became an object to be pushed around anytime she bent over. The playful antics of the minions undeniably slowed her progress, but she didn't mind. After all, every one of their acts,

even the constant belly bumps to push out burps from the previous evening, served to emphasize the blubbery body she loved.

Finishing off her cooking storm with a platter of pastries, Jack-O sat down at the table with the sides of her ass hanging off the sides of her chair. Moving far faster than her limbs seemed capable of, she made short work of her first stack of pancakes. A similar demonstration was shown in the way she devoured a plate of eggs and chewing away at dozens of bacon strips shortly after. The enjoyable taste that treated her tongue was inevitably re-tasted with each UUUUUUUUUUUURPP she let freely parse her plump lips.

“That one seemed pretty weak,” commented a familiar voice.

Pausing mid-bite, Jack-O spotted Sol sitting at the opposite end of the table. The smirk on his face showed no malice behind his words. Even still, she took it as a sign to give her belly a vicious series of shakes. The rapid motion culminated in a powerful BWOOOOOOOORRRPPP that made the sausage on Sol’s fork slip off.

“How about that one?” Jack-O asked, looking quite pleased with herself as scarfed down a muffin.

“Now that’s an impressive outburst for an impressive body,” he replied with a pleased grin. “Finally hit the milestone, huh?”

“And I’m not stopping UUURRRPPP here,” Jack-O replied, pausing for a moment to wipe her face free of crumbs. “Were you able to modify the OOOUUURRPP bike?”

“Yeah. It’ll be a tight fit, but it should do the job.”

“Excellent,” she proclaimed as she ate up the last few morsels in front of her. “Once we finish here, we’ll be heading into town. I need to pay a visit to the candy shop again to BWOOOOORPPP restock.”

“You got it,” Sol said, helping himself to the rest of his own food as he looked up on the perfectly, pudgy joy that emanated from Jack-O.