

Christmas Gifts

from Kat

2024

All Writing by [apeculiarfeline](#)

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The Day Their Butts Blew Up

Recipient: Chris Skwirl

Thinking the best way to make money as influencers is to work some twerkalicious butt cheeks, Daffy Duck drags Porky Pig to a clinic to get ass implants from two fat pervy critters.

"Do you really think we can make e-muh-e-muh-m-money from being influencers?" asked Porky, staring at his phone screen with a concerned countenance.

"Of course we can!" enthused Daffy to a nearly deafening degree as he leaped off of the couch. "All we need is the right look!"

"B-buh-buh-but how are we gonna get 'the look?'"

"It's simple!" claimed Daffy with a confident curl of his bill. "We're getting butt implants!"

"Wait, wha-?"

Before Porky could finish his response, Daffy dragged him out of the house, bolted down the road - comically thwacking his porcine pal against every streetlight along the way - and crashed through the doors of the plastic surgeon's office, leaving their bodily contours behind in the glass, all within the span of fifteen seconds. Inside, a shockingly corpulent pink-and-white squirrel and a majorly obese saffron kitty cat were sharing an aromatic Taco Bell feast.

"Muh goodness!" exclaimed Chris, who, in addition to sporting a saggy, misshapen blubber gut that hung over their knees, was rocking extra plump, face-obscuring cyan lip injections, a butt that had been carefully sculpted to retain a pleasing juicy bubbiness via the wonders of silicone, and a firm pair of perky plastic titties. "Looks like we've got some new customers!"

"Indeed," replied Kat with a smile, licking the hot sauce off of their fully figured black lips and brushing their long, luscious black hair with their paw.

They were hauling a similarly burdensome ball of fat around their middle, and many similar plastic injections in their tits and ass, though their bottom was more

asymmetrical and flabby, like a couple bags of cottage cheese were hanging off behind them. "What can we *bwuhhrp* get for y'all tonight?"

"Silicone implants for two!" answered Daffy without a moment's hesitation, forking over his last bits of pocket change. "And make 'em enormous!"

"D-D-D-Daffy, there has to be another way!" Porky protested. "L-L-Like blowing on your thumb?"

"All these influencers have butts as big as the moon!" claimed Daffy, spreading his arms out to give an impression of how large they were aiming for. "We've gotta equal that, and we need better cheek filler than hot air!"

As Porky grumbled in defeat, Chris and Kat exchanged some wickedly lascivious grins with one another, and quickly put their clients down on the operating tables. After making some careful measurements - which in this instance meant the two surgeons eagerly squishing and fondling their patients' booty cheeks - some choice incisions were made on all four wobblers, and the biggest, most bootylicious implants were carefully inserted into their buns. Some careful stitching and a few eager ass slaps topped off the procedure, and Daffy and Porky were sent on their way with gargantuan, boulder-sized clappers that wobbled lightly with each step, their ample plastic hardness accentuated by natural fat jiggle. They completely dwarfed the rest of their bodies, and the two of them found it difficult to walk without losing their balance and toppling backwards.

Back at the house, Daffy wasted no time in setting up the camera so both him and Porky could twerk their bulbous badonkadonks for an eager audience of millions. Rumbling, body-shaking hard bass scored every video they recorded of themselves

bumping their asses together, twerking right up against the lens, and thwacking their cheeks for that alluring wiggle, which shot the both of them into globe-spanning virality. At the end of the day, people simply couldn't resist being hypnotized by the oversized, caked up, ludicrously engorged fart flanks of a couple Looney Tunes.

"See? We needed those implants after all," boasted Daffy as he uploaded another video, suggestively wiggling his rear in front of Porky. "We're making thousands of off the butt shelf video alone!"

"O-O-Oh dear," groaned Porky as he rubbed his forehead, "I'm famous for my a-a-a-ass."

Caring for Twilard

Recipient: ReconNow

In an Equestria gripped by a crippling obesity epidemic, where health problems are rampant and the Princesses are powerless to resist the temptation of greasy fast food, Spike, himself a growing glutton, gets up to change Twilight's overflowing waste bucket.

"Spiiiiike!" wheezed Twilight pathetically, still not used to the oxygen cannulae plugged into her nostrils. "I need another bucket change."

Huffing and puffing through a series of determined stomps, Spike, having lethargically tumbled out of his hammock, waddled his way over with a fresh waste bucket, struggling to put one leg in front of the other without his thighs irritatingly chafing against one another. While he had yet to eat himself into immobility like Twilight had, he was well on his way there. His gut, a sprawling, burdensome boulder, like two rolls of Play-Doh smashed into each other, very nearly reached his feet. More appealingly to Spike, his chest and booty emerged from his body as gloriously juicy, full figured balls of cuddly softness, which he hoped would capture the eye of Rarity (who had become quite the dignified BBW), even with the more unsightly aspects of his obesity marring his physique, like his scale-splitting stretch marks and vast swaths of cellulite.

Eventually, he turned the corner around Twilight's flank - her cutie mark, stretched and warped by the abundance of excess lard, resided in his peripheral vision - and got to the bucket, which, as was the norm by that point, was nearly overflowing with earthy horse apples. A gusty **PHHRRBbbttt** rasped out of her dirty, unclean tailpipe, exacerbating the eyewatering stench, though Spike had long acclimated to Twi's flatulence and solid egesta. He dutifully picked up the old bucket, placed down the new one, and waddled off to dispose of the contents of the previous one.

"That should last you a while, Twi," said Spike tiredly, every roll on him quaking like plates of gelatin. Underneath his breath, he mumbled, "I need to drop some weight stat," knowing full well that he probably wouldn't, and uncontrollably cropdusted behind him with a noisy **BBRRRPPP**.

"Thanks, Spike..." groaned Twilight as the smell wafted up to her, her stomach, heart, and colon all aching simultaneously. In fact, everything hurt - Dr. Greymare had come by a few weeks ago for a check up and to provide the newfangled CPAP machine, during which he diagnosed her with diabetes on top of the preexisting hypertension and irritable bowel syndrome - but most of that had been so omnipresent for so long that it merely registered as an all-pervasive numbness.

"I hope Celestia's close to figuring out a counter spell," she told Spike with a none too subtle undercurrent of defeat. Equestria's obesity epidemic had become so atrocious that even the Princess, in her many letters, had started to comment on finding it harder and harder to resist the allure of a triple patty hayburger, with her latest letter flat out admitting to a 30 pound weight gain. She was still working hard, she promised, but Twilight knew it was already too late. Celestia would be as big as Canterlot by the end of the year, and Luna... her moons would be bigger than *the* moon in half the time based on what Twilight read.

Spike glanced over his shoulder looking about as forlorn. He could already feel that nagging craving for gem-stuffed hayburgers acting up again, which he couldn't ever resist.

"Twilight, am I... gonna be like you someday?" he asked, pointedly.

She took a second to respond, her brainy mind underneath that fat forehead wondering how best to answer him.

"No, Spike," she told him with a gentle, cheek-pushing smile. "You're gonna be okay."

Deep down, she knew it wasn't true, but what else would she tell him? That he was destined to be an immobile blob like her, with a messed up digestive tract and numerous other failing organ systems?

The edges of Spike's mouth curled up softly, and he continued waddling out to dispose of the waste. Twilight sighed, and listened to the beeping of her EKG, back to wondering why anyone thought it was a good idea to let Discord enter the food business, or why Fluttershy had to encourage him so much.

Jumbo Jet Crashes Spectacularly

Recipient: Dylbert

Jet the Hawk, bested again by Sonic in another

Extreme Gear tournament, eats his feelings until

he's a morbidly obese ball of flab and gas that

embarrasses himself in front of a massive race

crowd.

Storm and Wave hadn't been able to tear their eyes away from the sight. That was the fifth foot long hoagie Jet had plowed through in the last half hour, and he showed no signs of slowing down as he crammed yet another mouthful of spicy meatballs down his throat. Unable to stomach Jet's infuriated smacking for another second, his teammates broke their gaze to exchange worried glances at one another. There was a tacit agreement to try and snap their boss out of it, something even the absent-minded Storm could intuitively grasp.

"Boss, uh... don't you think you should slow down?" Storm asked, verbally tiptoeing through his words so as not to upset.

"He's got a point, Jet," agreed Wave, putting a hand on his shoulder. "You *do* know that bread makes you fat, right? That's bad for your balance."

"Yeah, yeah, shut up," grumbled Jet in response, right before taking an enormous gulp of a disgustingly sweet Chaos Soda - he had dumped no fewer than five extra sugar packets into it - to wash down his latest bite. He then raised his fist to stifle a beefy belch, big enough to blimp out his cheeks, and sighed grumpily. "Can't I eat my feelings in peace? Sonic beats us again and all you losers do is harsh my mellow. I'm not gonna become some washed up slob!"

A couple months later, the next Extreme Gear tournament came around, held in scenic Emerald Coast. Vast crowds rose and fell like the waves as each contestant came out - Sonic, Tails, Knuckles, Storm, Wave, rising star Dyl, among others - but there was a lengthy pause before Jet emerged. Storm and Wave, knowing what was about to be unveiled to the world, blushed in embarrassment and averted their eyes, looking off in the direction of the gorgeous white beaches.

Stomp, stomp, stomp. Out of the darkness, a green-feathered calf that had the width of a telephone pole emerged first, spilling out over a dirty, worn out sneaker. Then came the thigh, which was even thicker, like a redwood log, and trembled wildly. From there, out came the generously padded hips, the folded belly apron that swayed side to side with each step, the man tits so jiggly and plump they could easily be mistaken for a lady's honkers, the bulbous bingo wings that sagged down as far as his midriff, and finally, Jet the Hawk's monstrously obese face, surrounded by mountainous cheeks and a stack of quaking, tomato puree-covered chins.

Breathing deeply - his whole chest, smothered in blubber, rose laboriously - he stuffed the last bite of his meatball hoagie into his beak right as he appeared in front of the crowd. The audience quieted down so abruptly that it inspired a deep uncanny sensation in the other racers, who just stared at Jet struggling to lift one of his painfully fat legs onto the board, some in second-hand cringe, like all of Team Sonic, some in arousal, like Dyl, who found himself drooling over all that chub. Jet's wide, juicy ass cheeks slapped into each other as he did so, and he accidentally slipped out an airy but pungent *fffhllllrrrrbbbt* as he heaved himself up, which Wave and Storm found themselves gagging on. Deep down, Jet was acutely aware of how much of an embarrassment he was being to his team, but he didn't care. Even as a pathetic fatass, he could still beat Sonic.

"Alright, hedgehog, let's do.. hnngfh- **BBRRAARRPP** ..th-this," Jet wheezed, already feeling that his balance was way, way off. The board could barely even hover!

With the blaring of the horns, the race began, and everyone zoomed away - except for Jet. His board struggled to propel his boulder of a body any farther than five

feet. Panicking, he tried to boost, but the circuitry overloaded instead, and his Extreme Gear crashed to the ground in an anticlimactic drop that sent his lardass tumbling forward into the sand.

As he laid on the ground, *ffhhrbt*-spraying ass high in the air, all Jet could do was cry to himself. For once, he realized that this fuck up was all his doing.

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Maid Marian Succumbs to the Temptation of Gluttony

Recipient: Anonymous

*Maid Marian, tempted by the fruits of a
bountiful harvest, plunges herself into a life of
hedonistic gluttony, hearty flatulence, and
debilitating obesity, while Robin Hood becomes
increasingly swole to help her around the castle.*

Maid Marian stared at the piece of parchment King Richard presented to her, her eyes darting through every line in the terms of the royal proposition. A hefty supply of food, delivered weekly, to Nottingham, was guaranteed by order of the crown, who were enjoying the spoils of a bountiful harvest and offered some of it up as a token of appreciation for helping to bring about the end of Prince John's ignoble reign. Grains, beans, game meats, there was no shortage of victuals, and Marian, having been entrusted with overseeing the town's affairs, was also tasked with approving such a measure. If she accepted, she'd be given full discretion over where the food went once it arrived in town.

"Well?" asked Richard, his voice booming with a resplendent warmth. "What do you think?"

"Oh, it's so generous, uncle!" she answered, a cute smile spanning her muzzle. "I accept it."

A week later, Marian, with her husband Robin - who had taken to strength training after their marriage, sporting beefy, protein-fueled biceps and impressively toned calves - were relaxing in the castle courtyard, enjoying a lovely picnic with fresh, juicy fruits, crunchy vegetables, and many cheeses and wines, all straight from the king's delivery. Marian eagerly helped herself to the cheese, wolfing it down and indulging in the rich creaminess of it all, only to deplete the whole lot by herself before Robin could grab any.

"Goodness, love," Robin said as he caressed her shoulder fur. "I didn't know you were that hungry."

“My appetite surprised *me*,” Marian chuckled in response, wiggling her big feet and curling her toes - she was going barefoot for the day - happily. “I must say, I’m somehow still famished,” she continued, biting into a crisp red apple, the juices leaking over her lips.

Robin sighed dreamily as he watched his wife wipe the stickiness away with the back of her wrist. “You *do* have access to the granary. As long as you’re not too greedy, I see no quarrel in treating yourself.”

At that moment, it was like a switch flicked in Marian’s mind. Yes, she could do that... no one would mind if she got a little hungry, wouldn’t they? Plus, she could divert more food to the castle...

So Marian requested more of the food go to the castle. Her portions grew bigger with each meal; more meat, more cheese, more wine, more decadent desserts. Robin noticed her buttocks growing plumper by the day, struggling to fit within her form-fitting dress; he didn’t mind the cushioning one bit when they were both in the mood. Her belly, too, softened and bulged outwards, and her thighs, arms, and cheeks were all quite chubby by the end of the month. Embarrassingly, she started having more frequent gas spells; she accidentally blasted Lady Kluck with an enormous fart while bending over to pick up the shuttlecock one afternoon.

Despite Robin’s concerns that she was overeating, she brushed him off and continued helping herself, gaining a couple new jiggy chins, plump love handles, and cottage cheese-like cellulite. It was just too pleasurable, even when footsteps and breaths were labored, her dresses had to be retailored to fit her curvier form, and her extreme fatness had become a public curio. In contrast, Robin only became more

jacked, which was a necessity considering how heavy Marian was getting. When walking became too cumbersome, he strained and lifted her lardass to the courtyard, the dining hall, the toilets, wherever she needed to be.

Of course, that only enabled her to blimp up even more. Robin had long given up on suggestions of diet and exercise, and her becoming a bed-covering blob, much to his embarrassment, sparked a teasing feederism kink, where he called her a “greedy noblewoman” and forked entire pies into her increasingly smothered face. The warmth of so much fat and the suffocating fartsex... god, it got his red rocket raging.

Looking over Marian, his own bed-engulfing blob, he found himself only wanting her to get **worse**.

Dukey's Dookie Dilemma

Recipient: xxTrashKidxx

Dukey, afflicted with the munchies, helps himself to an outrageous amount of pizza, which comes back to bite him when his bowels start rumbling and he has to take a colossal shit. The journey to the toilet won't be easy, but it will be messy.

To Dukey, there were few pleasures as nice as eating a piping hot pizza.

Reclining on the couch in Johnny's suite-style college dorm, he dropped slice after slice down his gullet like they were mere pieces of popcorn, stretching out his stomach with several pounds of greasy, cheesy goodness. His appetite, which was dangerously close to bottomless even when he *wasn't* fueling the whole binge with a joint of Johnny's Mary Jane, persuaded him to demolish a bacon lover's, rip apart a pepperoni, and mince a supreme, among numerous other pies that had been left behind for him. There was plenty of bubbly soda to wash it all down with, too, which he sipped straight from the liter.

"Ah, this is the life," he remarked with an infectious joie de vivre before letting loose a thunderous **BWWUUUAAARRRPPPH!** that instantly relaxed some of the tension in his packed stomach. "No responsibilities, no worries, just me, stacks of pizza, and some sweet leaf."

Dukey grinned gleefully as he patted his belly, distended to the circumference of a cauldron. Casually, he shifted one of his chubby legs to let rip a bassy **BBBRRRBBBTTT** that smelled just like pizza grease and made him sigh relievedly. His bowels churned along as he stretched out and softly belched up more carbonation in between puffs on the joint. "So fat, so happy... I don't even want to get up. Nothing could possibly ruin thi-"

GGHHLLLLRRRRGGRRRLOOORPPP.

"Uh oh."

Dukey intimately understood every noise his stomach could make, and that one? He had to take a dump. Badly.

He could already feel his sphincters tightening up, quivering, their resolve broken by a nasty, rasping **BBHLLRRBBBT** that blasted through them and made the avalanche of butt sludge move down his rectum. Normally, Dukey would high tail it to the toilet, but having eaten so much, moving off the couch ran the risk of upsetting his stomach even further.

"This is bad even by my standards," he groaned, slowly and very methodically sliding himself off the couch cushions with squeaky brbts and plrps slipping out of his pert asshole. Once he got on his feet, he took a second to steady himself and wait for his overpacked belly to rest, raising a fist to his mouth to keep himself from belching up his lunch. Gulping, he sighed and lumbered to the lavatory on the other side of the dorm, his paws pushing his fuzzy dirty golden booty cheeks together, which did little to stop the consistent puffs of buttstink that squeaked out with each waddling step. The tip of a log turtleheaded out with a *fhlrppt*, forcing him to hasten his pace, though the combination of the intense pressure and the quickened motion was a *very* bad mix.

It felt like a balloon was rapidly inflating in his colon. Dukey's heart skipped a beat as he farted *hard* with a reverberating **PPHHAAAAARRBT**, sending a pile of steaming hot green doggy dung onto the carpet.

"Crap!" he yelped, waddling faster. "Come on, just a little farther..."

As he entered the restroom, he **BHLOOOORRPT**ed forcefully, dropping more turds where the carpet met the tile, and several more chunks of shit plopped out as he approached the toilet. Slowly, he turned around, slammed his fat ass on the seat - its flab spilled over the sides - and unclenched, nuking the bowl with a gnarly

FFHHROOOOOORRRPPPT! His rump painted the porcelain a murky green as it passed a flood of scat and gas, making his belly deflate and his cheeks jiggle.

"Aaahhh... sweet relief," Dukey sighed, wagging his tail, feeling so much lighter as all those gross butt noises echoed around the bathroom.

When Johnny returned, the first thing he noticed was the putrid smell, followed by the piles of feces on the ground. Gagging, he fanned the air and plugged his nose. Dukey was still on the john, shitting thunderously.

"Dukey, really?" Johnny groaned. "I really need to stop letting you eat human food."

"Whaat? This is a sign of happiness in some cultures, I think!"

Donuts for Carmelita

Recipient: Bioshocker107

Sly Cooper has a kink for fat girls, and using the increased heat from their last caper as an excuse, convinces Bentley to create extra fattening donuts so Carmelita will get big, bloated, and insatiably hungry.

"Sly, are you *sure* you want to do this?" Bentley asked, his words suffused with a conscientious hesitation. His fingers loosely held a pipette filled with a mysterious green substance over a tray of dough. "I still feel like this is a gross misuse of my scientific acumen."

"I'm sure," answered Sly as he patted Bentley on the back, subtly crossing his legs. "We've been under a lot more heat since we came back from Russia. In hindsight, leaving Carmelita handcuffed above a lava lake maybe wasn't the most chivalrous thing I've ever done," he admitted with an awkward neck scratch. "For now, it couldn't hurt to slow her down a little."

"Well... if you say so, Sly. Murray and I will have these ready to go in about half an hour."

Later that night, at the Interpol offices by the Champ de Mars...

"I still can't believe he did that to me," Carmelita grumbled quietly.

The busty fox leaned back in her office chair, eyeing up the box of donuts. Winthrop, the weasel who assisted her, tended to leave her some as emotional support aids after a failed attempt to apprehend Sly. She hadn't seen him yet tonight, but figured the box must have come from him. After all the globe trotting, the saccharine aroma of the heated glaze was especially alluring. Plus there was some of the office coffee to wash them down with.

Opening it up, all of her favorites were inside. Cronuts, chocolate cake donuts, glazed ones with strawberry frosting and sprinkles, raspberry jelly donuts, French crullers, and even some beignets. Admiring the selection, she grinned softly and hungrily licked her lips.

At the behest of her growling stomach, Carmelita took a large bite out of one of the cronuts, an avalanche of sugar spilling onto her desk and jeans... and her eyes immediately doubled in width. The donut overloaded her gustatory senses with a fluffiness and a sweetness that were incomparable to anything she had eaten before. She hadn't even swallowed any of it yet and already her mind compelled her to have more.

With a remarkably sensual "Mmm," she quickly pushed the rest of the cronut onto her tongue and passed it from one side of her mouth to the other, mincing it down to a granular sludge. Its twin wasn't far behind, which she greedily horfed down, sending the sugar flying all across herself. She was fully aware she was acting like a pig, but she genuinely couldn't help it.

As she reached for another one, she paused, hand hovering over a beignet, and felt oddly fuller around the middle, like her jeans were tighter than they were a minute before. Glancing down, she gasped to see that her formerly flat belly had rapidly swollen into a pleasantly pudgy blubber dome. As the pounds layered on, her compulsion to gorge only intensified, and she found herself pushing both beignets into her face at the same time while using her free hand to reach for the jelly-filled donuts, even as she was increasingly mortified by her weight gain.

The zipper on Carm's jeans split as she gulped her coffee and feasted on donuts, unable to hold back the tide of yellow-orange lard rapidly rushing forward. Her thighs blimped into telephone pole-sized jigglers, her doughy ass spilled off the back of her swivel chair while noisily *fhhrbbt*ing coffee-scented gas, her tits sagged over her tummy, and her cheeks swelled into pinchable chubby spheres. When she finished the box, she

huffed and leaned back in her chair, before fouling up the office air with a hearty **BBWWUUUOOOOOORRRPP!** She looked a good 200 pounds heavier from only a dozen donuts, full *and* farty. Despite her earlier horror at the added poundage, she soon found herself oddly enamored with her softness.

As Carm rubbed her stuffed gut, Sly swung in through the open window, carrying another box of donuts, and shamelessly blushing as he looked over Carm's bloated body. *'Like I expected, she's even hotter like this,'* he thought lewdly, biting his lip.

"Ready for seconds, Inspector Fox?"

Obesity-Induced Deltaruination with

Dr. Catden

Recipient: GravitySecretAgent

*Dr. Catden kidnaps Susie, Kris, Noelle, and Catti,
force-feeds them until they're wildly unhealthy,
defecating slob blobs with a new invention of his,
and prepares to have sex with them. In other
words, a normal Saturday night for him.*

"Rise and shine!" intoned a voice that rang in Susie's ears, like Berdly, but older, more country. Fighting blurred vision, she attempted to rise from where she was seated, but quickly felt the jostling of steel cuffs on her limbs. As her confusion intensified, the blurriness subsided, and she saw that Kris, Catti, and Noelle were all tied down in the other corners of the room, totally nude, and squirming against their restraints. Around her, the tiled floors and dirty, marbly walls gave the impression that this was once a bathroom.

"What the fuck..?" she murmured, realizing she, too, was naked. On one of the walls, a flatscreen had been installed, which flickered to life, revealing an unfamiliar black Bombay cat.

"I'm sure all of you have lots of questions, but those aren't important right now. I'm a scientist, one that some might say is a little mad, but bah, what scientist isn't? Anyway, my field of interest is *fat!* I've dedicated my life to that squish and jiggle! And you four are gonna be the totally ethically sourced subjects for my latest invention: the GustaTron! It's basically that machine from that one show; you know the one."

Susie started to yell, but was cut short by a set of mechanical arms popping out of her seat and forcing her mouth wide open. In front of her, a carousel rose up from underneath a floor grate, topped with an absurd amount of delicious, fattening fast food, and her favorite snack: chalk. As the scent of it all wafted over her, she could hear her stomach grumbling, and those of the others doing the same.

"Lovely, isn't it? Now eat up, piggies! You all are going to gobble every last piece of food those machines have to offer."

Before she could even fully process the doctor's words, Susie's maw was filled with greasy cheeseburgers and onion rings, which she was forced to masticate by the machine before moving on to the next batch. There were hot dogs, fried chicken, mozzarella sticks, all interspersed with crunchy nuggets of chalk. Any attempts to resist melted away with the yumminess of the grub, which had been engineered to digest quickly, so the courses manifested on her body as ample batches of purple belly blubber within minutes.

All four of them plowed through thousands upon thousands of calories. Noelle's sweet tooth was well catered to with gingerbread cookies and fruitcake. Catti, like Susie, was placated with an abundance of diner food, as well as kitty treats. Kris, meanwhile, was spoiled rotten by imitations of their mother's snail and butterscotch cinnamon pies, plus an abundance of rich, milky chocolate. At first, their guts jutted out ever so subtly, cute and chubby, before erupting into bulbous, gurgling boulders, and then wide, drooping aprons of rolls, surging across the floor. Around back, their asses grew flabbier and saggier with each bite, till their greasy cracks engulfed the chairs, submerging them in butt lard and thunderous clouds of flatulence. Their jowls, cheeks, and chins ballooned towards face-obscuring rotundity, their chests erupted into drooping, fat-addled funbags that dangled off the sides of their folded tummies, and their thighs and calves exploded into useless lard bags, with their flabby feet pathetically poking out of the ends.

Eventually, all four of them were so spectacularly obese their guts all met in the center of the room. Their health had taken a heavy toll, as their clogged hearts felt ready to pop, and their feet tingled with the onset of diabetes. All four groggily moaned,

BBWUUAARRPPing and **PHHLLRRRBBBTTT**ing out musky green fog, some of those farts wet enough to eject elephantine mounds of sloppy dark brown shit, which did little to relieve how bloated they were.

Then a grate on the ceiling opened, and out of it dropped Catden, landing on top of their bellies like they were bouncy houses, naked. His erect cock and bloated balls dangled freely, with pre leaking from his tip.

"Now who wants to be cream filled first?" he asked.

linktr.eelapeculiarfeline

Andrealphus Teaches Octavia a Lesson

Recipient: Mel Venus

*Humiliated by Octavia helping Stolas and IMP,
Andrealphus sadistically punishes her by forcing
himself upon her and ravaging her butt with
intense, gas-filled anal sex. Each fart inexplicably
fattens her ass and makes her more accepting of
the abuse.*

BIG OL' CONTENT WARNING

If the synopsis wasn't clear enough, this one dives into other taboo kinks that haven't been much of a fixture in my writing, namely some pretty explicit noncon and uncle-niece incest. I trust that you, as an adult reader, can make an informed decision on whether this is something you want to engage with

"Worthless imps," grumbled Andrealphus quietly, rubbing off another trickle of black hellborn blood from the tip of his nose. "I don't know what the hell Stolas sees in those vermin."

As he pressed his head against one of the palace columns, he could faintly hear careful, calculated footsteps from the hallway behind him.

"Not so fast, young lady," boomed Andrealphus, instantly freezing Octavia. "Don't think I'm letting you walk away from this without some kind of punishment."

"What do you want?" Via growled venomously. As hurt as she was by her own father, Andrealphus pissed her off even more so, as he personified all the worst excesses of the Goetia. So snide, so callous, so creepily incestuous. Hardly a moment passed where she didn't feel like decking him.

"You humiliated me, in front of your pathetic deviant father, no less," he snarled, slowly approaching Via with a heavy, purposeful stride. "I'm not letting you do that again."

"Oh yeah?" seethed Octavia, turning around to face Andre. "I'm not some little girl for you to boss around. You can't do anything that'll make me feel like I made the wrong choice."

"We'll see about that," sneered Andre. He lifted the bottom of his dress, revealing a hung, throbbing cock, rising to life.

Octavia's eyes widened in abject horror; her pulse and breath quickened to a breakneck pace. "No... no you fucking won't!"

"Yes, I *fucking* will!" asserted Andre, wrapping his hand around Via's right arm.

"I'm the master of this house, *you* are subservient to *me*, and since you have my side of the line's immaculate blood in you, you'll make for a fine lady to ravish."

"Let go of me!" screamed Via, squirming under her uncle's iron grip. "You sick, disgusting rapist piece of shit!"

"Shut up!" commanded Andrealphus, firmly pressing Octavia against the wall. Grinning evilly, he ran his tongue along her cheek, relishing her writhing underneath him. "You're lucky you inherited your mother's fat ass, and her irresistible stubbornness. I wouldn't even bring myself to fuck you if you didn't."

Andre yanked down Via's pants and underwear to reveal her bubbly, well-rounded ass cheeks. He spanked them like a hammer coming down on an anvil, causing them to redden and tremble excessively, before he inserted his thick, veiny birdcock into her tight asshole. Via yelped painfully as his shaft plugged her rectum, forcefully shoved in and out as he tried to keep her pinned down. The lubrication provided by a few globs of pre only marginally lessened the pain. Andre huffed and moaned and breathed down her neck, clapping her with such confidence behind his thrusts that it was as if she'd always been his teenage cocksleeve.

Even more mortifying for Via, Andre's buttfucking pushed thick plumes of gas out around his cock, making her thunderously **PPPHHHRRRBBT** and **BBHHHLRRRPPT** big greenish-brown clouds of flatulence all over him. Inexplicably, her butt cheeks swelled with each eruption, getting fatter, flabbier, sexier... and the more she farted, the more she got into her plight. Andre shivered and moaned excitedly, having no qualms with the rumbling emissions of a teenage fart cannon, not when they felt this good and

gave him more ass lard to hold onto. Each slap induced a brap and triggered a thickening, and Andre squirted bigger globs of pre into her bowels, until finally, he got all the stimulation he needed. His dick spasmed uncontrollably as a flood of snow white frosty bird seed flooded Via's colon, some of which bubbled out in sad *fhhlrbbt*-y cum farts sputtering around the rim of that abused asshole. Her pussy leaked as she moaned, ecstatically. She liked it.

"There," huffed Andre, pulling out so suddenly Via's cheeks jiggled. A strand of thick cum trailed from his tip to her sphincters. He fixed his dress, wiped his dick with it, and stood up regally with a smug, wicked smile on his face. "That wasn't so bad, hm?~"

"No..." whimpered Octavia, brushing aside her tears, ass quaking. "Can we do it again..?"