

“Hey there everyo- *Hwurphhb*- one! Rose Hips, live and w- *HWURPHHB*- whoof.. Heh, ready for some Ragnarok? Gonna get back to getting Plat for this thing until the RE Four remake comes out and then eventually prep for the Elden Ring DLC. There-”

Rose adjusted herself in her chair a bit, lifting her ass cheek and letting some air in under it, which was all it took for the red panda's body to let loose with a thundering *VWURUPHHHBT* that Rose's mic picked up every second of. Chat promptly started a maelstrom of emotes and more than a few donations that the red panda grinned to see.

“There's still a standing offer – send me fast food and I'll eat while I'm p- *Urphhb*- playing. Alright losers, let's d- *UWPHHH*- oo this!”

With her headset snugly set and her stream broadcasting, Rose clutched her controller in her fat little hands and started the game. It didn't take long before the chat started to take her up on the offer, but that was *always* the case. Usually it only took fifteen minutes to half an hour at most before *someone* wanted to see her eating cheese fries and a milk shake and then maybe fifteen more minutes before the delivery showed up. Today they didn't even make it ten.

“Rose? The delivery man again, the first one at least. Here-”

It was a little embarrassing having her mom pop into the room but Rose couldn't do much about it. As fat as she was, four-hundred or so pounds of red panda in a four-foot tall frame, getting up and waddling to the door would take ages. Catching her breath would take even more. It had taken *a little* convincing to get her mom on board, but this made money, so-

“Thanks m- *Mwurphhb*- mom. I think the next one is in like.. twenty minutes?”

By then her mom was already out of the room. The smell in there tended to drive her out fast, which was kind of embarrassing.. sometimes, and yet she *wanted* her privacy, so it kind of did that job rather well. Next thing chat knew Rose was playing with a triple cheeseburger on her left breast and a bucket of fries in her cleavage. Which she was dipping her head down to eat from like a feed bucket while she played, using every loading screen as a chance to sneak a bite of the sandwich, and ending up with grease *drenching* her controller and causing an endless stream of missed inputs and slipped buttons that just led to deaths, loading screens, and more feeding.

“F- *HWURPHH*- uggh.. That one r- *Urphhb*- obbed me.. Uh, t-thanks for the donation though guys! Ooh, fried chicken. I- Oh wow I feel weird. That-”

*Fwurphhb- Brrrphhhbb- PHRRRBBFRRRRRPHHAPPPBT-*

All that left Rose shuddering, panting in her seat as she fogged the air behind her with her own sweat-drenched stink. The girl's gut gurgled ominously afterward but she just followed it up by stuffing half a burger into her face and talking while she ate.

“Hefkin.. mfde sum room fer more af leaft. Yeh? H- *Uwprhh*- heh~”

With a belch full of onion ring burger in her nostrils Rose told herself nothing was wrong, and for the most part she believed herself.. except that her chair was creaking more than usual and she could swear she'd oriented her camera to make sure *most* of her gelatinous bulk was in frame beforehand but now parts of her were off screen.

“Fuck. Gotta adjust that.. I could've s- *hwurphh*- sworn I did before starting. Chat, did the video settings change, or am I hallucinating? I look.. *big*. Anyway, thanks for the new subs-”

As she tried to banish the worries from her mind Rose felt a wave run through her body. It rippled a bit, leaving a rush of weakness behind it all the way down to her bones. But also nestled square in the center of her catastrophe of an ass. Eyes closed, mouth open, Rose couldn't do much except- *FRPPPHBBB- RRLLLBBPHHHTT- FRPHT Frrphht- fwurphht-*

“*..fuck me..* Thanks for the new subscribers, and the b- *URPHH*- inge train, a-”

*-FwurphhRUMPHHBBBRLBRLBRRRPHHT-*

Clenching her controller tighter, Rose opened her eyes as she broke out into a cold sweat. Glancing at her stream, chat flying by *far* too fast for her to read it, Rose narrowed her view to the image of her own body and face. As she stared at it she watched her cheeks swelling like she was having an allergic reaction, but they weren't puffy from swelling. They were just *fatter*. Long, dangling jowls that shook when she so much as twitched her cheeks. But then, *all of her* looked fatter. Rose was pretty sure she wasn't supposed to be overflowing the sides of her double-wide chair and her belly was creeping out toward her knees. Metal groaned underneath her as she watched herself swelling gently, like rising bread dough or a balloon filling with *lard*.

“Does.. anyone else see that? Chat, am.. am I getting f-”

*FWURPPPHBBBT- WURUMMPHHBT-*

“Ohgawd.. why am I so tingly.. w-what..”

Messages flashed by like wildfire. Rose caught little snippets here and there, mostly two or three words at a time, but they told her things just the same. Things like 'ass like a landslide' stood

out, as did 'fart fog' and 'holy shit send her more' was getting spammed on repeat until a few people were temp banned for it. Everything else was lost in the wash, in the sprawl. That included Rose's train of thought, she'd had *something* screaming in her mind for a moment and then she'd farted so hard she felt a humid wave of it wash over her back and her vision went to sparkles and light. By the time that ran its course the thought was gone, there was just her snarling stomach, a 'continue?' screen on the game, and a bucket of fried chicken wedged between her tits with mashed potatoes poured over half of it.

“S..so hard playing with greasy fingers. Uh.. Let's.. let's do th- *Hwurphhb*- thing..”

Lifting her arms was a chore. Rose tucked the controller up against the fat expanse of her boob and used that to handle the left stick to move Kratos about, getting by without the left shoulder buttons. It left her a free hand to eat with, a trick she'd had a lot of time to get used to. With a messy slurp Rose dug right back into her feast while playing, grease rolling down her chins, tearing through dark meat and butter and cheese drenched potato with abandon until her arm got tired. Even when she lifted it to eat the bottom of her sagging fat bag underarms never stopped touching her chest.

Behind her, Rose heard the dehumidifier kick in. With how much she sweated and how much ass-fumes she vented on the regular it was a requirement to keep her camera from fogging up. Plus it kept the room more tolerable for her – and her mom.

“Augh, crap! Th- *Hwurph*- thanks again. Uh.. New sub.. 'watched that sports bra die screaming' – oohhkay. Heck, I could go for some tacos or something. Mayb-”

Leaning forward a bit, Rose reached for the bottom of the bucket only to rip another nerve-fraying fart and leave herself rolling her eyes as the wash of that release hit her nerves. Chat started counting the seconds it lasted, Rose just hung onto the chicken bucket and felt her vision go blurry again. For a moment she felt like she was paradoxically weightless, like she was nowhere, but it passed quickly and then she was just.. comfortable? Or close to it anyway. Rose leaned back, controller resting in her sweaty, food-caked cleavage, moaning quietly while her chat spammed 'food-gasm' and 'beached panda' emotes.

It took a minute for Rose to manage to pry her eyes open, but when she did she found herself.. still in her room? But about six feet away from where her desk was, she was sprawled out in bed wearing nothing but her underwear and a sports bra with a broken strap. Her stream camera was pointed at her though, the controller was still in her hands, a box of forty double cheese tacos

that she was two-thirds of the way through with mounds of heavily spiced meat churning away in her belly was on the night stand next to her with taco wrappers and bits of cheese, shell, lettuce, and meat sprawled all over her belly and bed like sprinkles.

Rose felt a horrifying swell of clarity as she saw herself. Delirious as she was, she *remembered*. Remembered getting into a bus as her old self just.. days ago? Maybe? Now, though. Now she was *huge*, and even as she lay there struggling to get through the flash of whatever was happening she was getting bigger.

First there was her legs, they were shoving each other further and further apart as her thighs collided and had nowhere else to go, but that was hindered by her gut. Rose's belly dangled down so far she felt it on her knees, and trying to pour itself into what little space *was* there between her thighs. The weight was merciless, and that was no less so for her chest. Rose's tits rested higher up that belly and had blossomed to the size of half full beach balls, gently swelling and swaying as she breathed, used as shelves for food more than anything and getting that much harder to lift as she took in the befouled air of her room. Her arms were massive, quivering messes that she had to rest almost non-stop on her boobs if she wanted both hands on a controller.

That said.. mostly she had one hand on that, and the other was eating. Underneath her ass Rose felt the sling she had to use to get out of bed, somewhere anyway. She'd dug a crevice so deep in the mattress everything kind of got lost under there.

Rose twitched, from head to toe. The problem was she had *tried* to get up and not come anywhere near being able to move her own disastrously obese, horrifically vile body. All it did was shake her belly and set off a chain of rampant gurgling.

“Ohgawd.. S- *BwurRPPHHB*- something's.. w-wrong, guys, I-”

On screen, the whole scene went a bit fuzzy as Rose's thought was interrupted yet again. This time the thunderous *Hwuruphbb- FwrrvpppRRRAPPHHHB- PRLPHHHHBB-*

When the haze of acrid, burnt-onion stench cleared Rose's head felt downright empty. So did her belly though. The stream was mostly a few people assuring the newcomers that 'no this always happens' and a few people hammering away some fart cloud emotes. As always, her rescue came from the food order donations giving her a nice, simple, clear focus. The only one she ever had.

“I am h- *HWURPPHHBB*- hungry! C'mon gu- *GWURPHH*- uys.. Can't expect me to play on an empty stomach, right?”