

## Resident Evil: SLB-Virus

Claire wanted to believe that the reports were fake. She kept trying to tell herself that as she entered the medical facility and walked through the corridors. Flipping around her ponytail of brown hair and tightening up her white jacket helped her relieve some of the anxiousness she felt once more descending into lab devoted to studying viruses. It was only by the sight of a friendly face in the observation room did some of her tension get released.

Jill Valentine stood by the window, brushing aside a strand of her neck length brunette hair as she gazed upon the strange sight below. The sound of Claire closing the airtight door got Jill to turn towards her. Putting her hands on the side of her black pants and blue crop top, Jill greeted the new arrival with a small wave before turning back to look through the observation window.

“How long have they been here?” Claire asked, stepping up next to Jill to join her vigil.

“Ever since they returned from Europe,” Jill remarked. “The moment they arrived at a safe zone they were immediately quarantined for observation.”

“I read over the report,” Claire began, “it said they had rid themselves of the parasites.”

“Turns out that was both a blessing and a curse. The researchers informed me that without the parasites to regulate their bodies...well, you can see for yourself.”

The two women turned back towards the window to observe what had happened to their comrade, Leon. His dirty blonde hair was about the only thing recognizable on him, his features hidden amongst 300 pounds of fat. Waddling about the room at a glacial speed was enough to send droplets of sweat cascading down his three chins to be caught by his sagging pecs. Wiping

the sweat off of his belly button, his fingers pressing into his gut forced out burp from his lips. Grimacing at the strong odor was all it took to trigger a loud fart from his pudgy rear and further stink up the area.

The smell drifted its way over to Ashley, making her use her equally fatty limbs to cover her face and pin down her neck-length strands of blonde hair in the process. Her attempt to escape the noxious odor had her accidentally slamming her fat ass into one of the pure white walls of their enclosure. The impact sent ripples through her hefty gut that forced out gas clouds from her mouth and rear. Reeling from the combined stench, she made a valiant attempt to bury her face in her beachball-like breasts to escape the stench.

“This is awful,” Claire said, watching another bout of flatulence ripple through Leon’s flab.

“Ergo why this has to be kept under wraps,” Jill commented. “Last thing we need is the public finding out that the president’s daughter and his best agent are in this condition.”

To further illustrate Jill’s point, a door to the enclosure opened up to allow two researchers clad in hazmat suits to roll in a cart of food. Leon and Ashley’s former disgust was replaced with wide-eyed fascination. Drool leaked from the sides of their mouth as they looked over a meal suited for six people. As soon as the cart stopped rolling, they showed no signs of dignity as they charged forward to gobble up everything they could.

“Is there anything we can do for them?” Claire asked, watching in awe as the slobby pair tore through their feast.

“Tricell had a facility working on a cure for the condition, but an incident contaminated the lab just as they finished.” Jill turned her back away from the window and began to walk

away. “I’m joining a team to infiltrate the facility and reclaim the antidote. We will be dispatched within a week.”

“Best of luck to you,” Claire said as Jill took her leave.

Turning back towards the window, Claire saw an empty food cart and a pair of pleased expressions on Leon and Ashley’s faces. Letting out their post-meal gas and licking up remains from their fingers, their gazes slowly drifted towards one another. Waddling up to each other’s bodies, they embraced what they could of their flab as they pressed their lips together. Dread filled Claire’s body as she recalled one of the more unique side effects of their condition: severely heightened libidos.

Parting from the kiss, Ashley got down on her hand and knees and presented her backside to Leon. Holding onto her buttocks, Leon lifted up his gut to slam his manhood into her waiting vagina. Hearing the couple’s moans over the loudspeaker, Claire made the wise decision to leave the observation area. Just as she heard the couple’s first round of orgasmic cries, she shut the door behind her and hurried along to see if there was a way to expediate Jill’s mission.

---

Despite knowing it wouldn’t do anything to help, Claire once again found herself pacing back and forth in the observation room. It had been a while since she last heard anything from Jill’s team. While she was confident that Jill was able to handle herself, she was more worried if the search would end up with no sign of a cure. This possibility was all the more terrifying once Claire peeked through the window.

Another month in quarantine had given Leon and Ashley plenty of opportunity to further succumb to their symptoms. Each one of them had easily passed 600 pounds in weight, their size making it a miracle they could still move under their own power. On multiple occasions, Claire

had requested the researchers to cut down on the infected pair's food intake in the hopes of shaving off a few layers from the two's gluttonous guts. She was repeatedly shot down under the notion that reducing their meal sizes would have adverse effects on their bodies.

A loud PPPHHHHHHRRRRTTTTT echoing from the other room reminded Claire of the researchers' refusal to at least provide food that was easy on the couple's stomachs. Their gas problems became ever more apparent after their meals when they let their instincts take hold and went at each other like rabbits. Watching the two of them go back and forth between chewing through mouthfuls of food and letting out burps, Claire expected at any moment that they would once more fight against their layers of flab in the pursuit of pleasure.

Just as Claire was about walk out of the room to avoid watching the unspeakable acts, something caught her eye. Pressing her face up against the glass, she focused her vision on Leon's gut. What she thought was sweat at first gleamed with a dark blue hue as it slowly chugged down his belly. Turning her attention towards Ashley let her see similar droplets cascade down her fat ass, leaving a puddle of orange goo behind her.

Claire was so focused on the strange discovery that she failed to hear someone come in behind her. A moment later, the glass separating the rooms gave way and sent Claire plummeting into the quarantine room. While it was only a one story drop, the landing nonetheless left her disoriented. Crawling back to her feet, she realized she was standing before Leon and Ashley, the remnants of their latest feast still clinging to their chins.

"Glad you could BWOOOORRRRP join us," Leon commented, letting his belch wash over Claire's face.

“Yeah,” Ashley added, waddling forward and letting a loud BRRAAAAPPPP slap out of her rear. “We’ve been looking for a third person to add to our post-meal fucking.”

“What are you two going on about?” Claire asked as the pair continued to approach her. “I would never-“

Another barrage of gas from the couple spurted forth to overwhelm Claire’s senses. More than just singe her nostrils, the gas appeared to coerce layers of pudge to begin accumulating around her body. Watching her newly made chubby body fill out her clothing, Claire slid her hand along a tear in the center of her jacket. Her fingers tracing her bare flesh sent a shiver of strange desire through her body and pushed a gas bubble out of her throat.

“It feels good, doesn’t UUURRP it?” Leon asked, his burp mixing with Claire’s to seep into her mind a plethora of depraved urges.

Flanking Claire, Ashley bounced her rear against hers to release a torrent of flatulence from both of them. “I’ll admit, I was a little scared at first,” Ashley began, “but that all changed once we let ourselves give in. You’re going to love it.”

Losing her will to fight back with each second, Claire let out a huff as she allowed her instincts to take hold. Her belly burst out of her jacket as she stepped towards Leon. Another stomp tore apart her pants to leave her plush thighs and chubby rear bare. Getting down on her knees before Leon, she pushed down her basketball-like mammaries to get a good look at his cock. Diving her head beneath his gut, Claire opened her plump lips wide to swallow up his member.

Claire cared little about her sudden transformation as she continued to lick up and down Leon’s shaft. The slime from before acted as lubricant to speed up her movements and drench

her in his fragrant musk. Whilst she worked on the big boy, Ashley took it upon herself to return the favor by diving her head into Claire's leaking muff to run her tongue along her labia and clit. Every inhale of gas and shiver of pleasure added more weight onto Claire's body, each added pound giving more flesh for her partners to squeeze and grope. In a matter of moments, any chance of Claire returning to her old self were lost as she reached her climax and swallowed a load of Leon's cum.

The remnants of Claire's euphoric moans joined in with a loud PHHHHRRRTTTT rippling out of her rear to blast into Ashley's face. Retreating from Leon's undercarriage, Claire let out a belch that let her retaste the unique flavor of his cum. Using Leon's bulky form to help her stand back up, she joined the two of them in an embrace to feel up one another's forms. While she was the smallest of the trio, that still left her easily three times her original size. Their make out session was interrupted as the door to the chamber opened up to allow researchers to wheel in another tray of food. So busy enjoying her first binge feast, Claire didn't notice the people up in the observation room taking detailed notes about her little "accident."

---

"When did it happen?" Jill asked, walking through the halls of the facility with a researcher close by.

"Approximately two weeks ago," he replied, doing his best to hold up a conversation through the window of his hazard suit. "Ms. Redfield entered the chamber in an attempt to converse with the infected, only for them to infect her as well."

Entering the observation chamber, Jill walked up to the window to stare down at what had become of her comrades. Leon and Ashley were enormous, their blob-like forms easily eclipsing 800 pounds in weight. While their size was worrying, Jill's attention was drawn to the

rivulets of slime that covered every inch of their skin. A shimmer of dark blue covered Leon's ample man boobs, the sticky substance catching a few stray crumbs as he let out an echoing belch. Orange droplets encased Ashley, the liquid rippling as she freely let loose with a bout of flatulence from her elephantine rear.

"Where is Claire?" Jill asked.

"We've kept her in a separate chamber to avoid further contamination," the researcher answered. "Although, that may not be necessary. I've been told you've come across the antidote?"

Reaching for her side pocket, Jill held out a metal case containing three vials. "How soon can we inject them?" Jill asked, handing the case off to the researcher.

"Very soon. We should be able to administer the vaccine once the patients have finished their second breakfast."

Jill winced as she recalled what followed the slobby couple's feast. "Is that really a wise decision?"

"It's the best we can do, unfortunately," the researcher said, beginning to take his leave. "Wait right here, Ms. Valentine. We'll send someone to...escort you when the time comes."

So focused on her ailing comrades, Jill didn't notice how quickly the researcher ran out of the room. As Leon and Ashley finished up their food and got in position for a round of intercourse, Jill impatiently tapped her foot as she waited for someone to administer the cure. Her incessant stomping stopped as she heard a door to the side open up. Not recalling a second

entrance to the observation room existing, Jill turned to see an entire wall open up to let in a familiar, but terrifying figure.

Waddling into the room, Claire greeted Jill with a wide smile on her chubby face. “Been a UUURRP while hasn’t it?” she asked, shuffling her 500 pounds of flesh towards Jill. “Sorry to say, but we won’t be needing that cure.” Clenching her pudgy fists, she widened her stance to let a rancid fart ripple out of her chunky rear. “Don’t worry,” she continued, holding onto her meaty breasts to stop them from shaking, “I’ll make sure to give you a consolation prize for your hard work.”

Realizing that Claire’s girth was blocking off the exit, Jill frantically looked past the slobby woman’s wide hips and chunky rear for an escape route. Moving with surprising speed, Claire managed to dash any hopes of Jill’s escape as she used her hefty form to pin her to the wall. Struggling to free her head from between Claire’s melon-like mammaries, Jill spat out mouthfuls of a strange, white goo similar to the slime encasing the slobby couple.

“I know it sounds BWOOOORRRP strange,” Claire belched, the scent of her previous meal washing over Jill’s face, “but you’ll understand once you give in.”

“Claire what \*cough\* are you doing?” Jill asked.

In response, Claire scrunched up her chins as she let loose a gas bomb of flatulence. Choking on the rancid air, Jill felt her own belly begin to bloat up to rapidly meet her captor’s size. Hearing her clothes beginning to rip apart and gas bubbles rolling around in her gut, Jill let out a grunt as she pushed on the wall to get Claire off of her.

Escaping Claire’s pudgy mitts, Jill made a dash towards the exit. Pulling with all of her might only succeeded in aiding her burgeoning flab to further deteriorate her clothes. Banging



her fist against the door, she peeked through the window and saw a group of researchers idly standing by. The sight of them calmly writing down notes made an unsettling sensation rise up Jill's throat to coincide with a small belch.

Hearing a set of heavy stomps grow closer, Jill chose the only other option available to her. Running into the entrance left open from Claire's arrival, she rapidly jammed her chubby finger against the button to make the chamber descend. While Claire was unable to fit through the shrinking gap, that didn't stop her from planting her rear against the entrance and riling up her digestive tract.

A fart came spurting out of Claire's rear just as the last of entrance sunk into the shaft. While the gap had been small, it was enough to give Jill a sizable taste of what the infection had done to her companion. Grasping at her neck let her feel it thicken up to go along with the extra chub forming around her body. With the rest of her clothing torn apart by her weight, nothing was left in the way of the small droplets of sky blue slime to slide down her cellulite-speckled skin. Trying to wipe off the goo sent a spark of strange desire through her body, making her momentarily consider giving into the infection.

The elevator came to a sudden stop as it reached the bottom. Holding back her well of desires and her own gut, Jill stepped into the next chamber in the hopes of escaping the facility before she grew too large for the front door. That possibility was quickly dashed as she realized that she was in the quarantine area with Leon and Ashley.

Her arrival was met with a cacophony of gassy expulsions from the infected pair. Swimming in a noxious fog of farts and burps, Jill felt her will to resist growing weaker by the second. As she grew another layer of fat to destroy the remnants of her clothing, another helping

of rancid gas from her own body was the final push to bring her over the edge. With her thoughts of escape pushed away by the foul air, her mind was left to focus on a new set of desires that brought her attention to the sizable cock beneath Leon's belly.

Plopping onto her belly, Jill reached back to spread her fat ass cheeks. Understanding her needs immediately, Leon showed no hesitation in ramming his dick into her waiting womanhood. Vigorously thrusting back and forth filled the room with a mix of burps and moans from the recently infected Jill. Jill's euphoric cries became muffled as she graciously allowed Ashley to press her pussy against her lips for service. Overcome by the wealth of new sensations gifted to her by her corrupted form, Jill eventually hit her release to the sound of a prolonged PHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTT echoing from her rear.

From the safety of a surveillance room, the researchers rapidly jotted down every detail of Jill's transformation on their notepads. The load of semen acted as the catalyst to bring put her over 400 pounds in weight. Collapsing to the ground, Jill let out a series of burps as her sausage-like fingers roamed across her body. Rolling her form over onto her back, she licked her lips as she called out to Leon for a second helping.

"This is amazing," the lead researcher commented. "I've never seen the virus progress so rapidly."

"It must be mutating in the hopes of further spreading to other hosts," another answered. "We should be able to clarify using the samples Ms. Valentine just dropped off."

"Considering its infection rate and how quickly it can be passed through the air, I think we've discovered the next step in biological warfare."

The researchers' excited conversation left them completely unaware of the fact that Claire had broken through the door of the observation room. Waddling her way through the halls, she set her sights on infecting every person she passed. Making her way to the surveillance room, her slime-covered body shook with joy at the thought of increasing her possible number of sloppy partners.

---

Upon hearing what had become of Leon, Ada tried to tell herself that it had nothing to do with her. However, her ability to ignore his fate became worse with each report she heard. Her training as an agent told her that going into the facility would be a suicide mission. That didn't prevent the idea of Leon stewing in his own flesh and flatulence from pushing her to infiltrate the facility.

She had gotten in fairly easily, her red dress hidden amongst the various food crates being dropped off on the facility's doorstep. Judging by the horrified sounds of terror from the delivery men, she assumed that the shipment had been received by the facility's corrupted staff. The handgun on her hips was her backup plan, the gas mask affixed to her face more than capable of preventing her from ending up like the others. Upon feeling the box be dropped off and a squirming noise slide away, she made her move.

Carefully exiting the crate, Ada made sure that no one was around to see her. Slipping out of the collection of food supplies, she swung about her head of short, black hair as she looked around the dimly lit room. Spotting the leftover droplets of slime from the delivery crew, she hurried along down the hall before they came back to collect their next meal.

All throughout the facility she could hear them. A cacophony of gassy eruptions, messy eating, and sounds of debauchery met her at every turn. While the noises were disgusting, they at least made it easy for to avoid being detected on her way to the surveillance room

Accessing the computer terminal brought up various images spread throughout the facility. Skimming through the camera feeds for a sign of her target, she finally found Leon in one of the warehouses. Upon seeing what had become of him, she understood why he had left the relative comfort of the quarantine room.

Ada drew her weapon as she heard the door behind her open up. She was forced to hold her fire as she recognized Claire's features on the face of the blobby, white creature squeezing itself into the room with little space to spare. Scattered across her slimy skin were the remnants of her latest meal, a mix of crumbs and splotches from a place Ada didn't want to think about.

"I thought someone might BWOORRRP be in here," Claire belched. "Leon's told me about you. How you've saved his skin multiple UUURRP times in Racoon City and Europe. You should make a nice addition to our group."

As Claire lunged forward, Ada jumped out of the way. Pulling the trigger without hesitation, Ada peppered Claire with numerous bullet holes. The attack proved ineffective, doing little more than jiggling her gelatinous form as if it were made of jello. Seeing the way Claire turned towards her with a malicious grin, Ada took her chance to make her escape.

Moments after leaving the surveillance room, Ada heard sirens go off throughout the facility. The sound acted as a dinner bell, summoning the other infected to drop whatever they were doing to come waddling out into the halls. While their glacial speed made them easy to

avoid, her escape routes kept getting blocked off by their sheer girth. Whether she liked it or not, the horde began tunneling her towards the very warehouse where Leon resided.

Reaching the outer doors of the warehouse, Ada dared to turn around to see the large group of infected gaining on her. With nowhere else to run, she slid open the door and stepped inside. Closing up the door held back the encroaching horde but left her trapped inside the room with the heaviest infected in terms of both corruption and weight.

Leon stood as the largest and tallest of all of the slobby blobs, his mound of dark blue slime permeating with an odor that seeped through Ada's mask. The massive mountain of goo paid little attention to her presence, only focused of feeding himself with the dozens tendrils sprouting from his back. The tentacles shook with each release of gas from his mouth and rear, but they weren't the only assistance needed to keep his thousands of pounds of fat content.

A slightly smaller load of orange slime was pressed up against Leon's belly. Releasing a mix of belches and a moans, Ashley continuously rode along Leon's cock between taking bites of food from a cart below her. To the sound of a rippling fart, the pair achieved their release. Exhausted from the effort, Ashley allowed herself to slide off of Leon's massive cock and into her food supplies below. Picking herself from the remains of a recently devoured cake, her eyes glistened as she noticed Ada standing at the entrance

"Who are BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP you?" Ashley asked.

"Wait I UUURRP know her," Leon replied, bending his body forward and letting a prolonged BRRAAAAPPPP leave his rear. "Ada, it's been a while."

Ada hazarded to return the greeting with a smirk. "Yes, but I can't say you've taken good care of yourself in the meantime."

Leon scoffed. “You’re just saying that because you don’t know how good this BWOOOORRRP feels. Once you join us, you’ll understand why we’re UURRRP like this.”

Ada shook her head. “Sorry Leon, but I think I’ll politely decline your-“

A blob of sky blue goo slamming into Ada sent her to the ground. Through the crack on her gas mask, she could see that the attack had come from the slobby blob formerly known as Jill. Just like Leon, she bore a series of tendrils sprouting from back alongside a lustful look in her eyes.

“Feels like a Raccoon City BWOOOORRRP reunion,” Jill said, waddling towards Ada as she shoved a snack cake in her mouth “Let me take that pesky mask off so you can get acquainted with your old friends.”

Narrowly avoiding Jill’s outstretched hand, Ada got to her feet and attempted to escape through the door. The entrance opened by itself to reveal Claire standing in the way, having somehow squeezed her way past the other infected. Grappling Ada’s waist to prevent her from running away, Claire used her heft to send the two of them crashing down to the ground. Incapable of escaping Claire’s meaty grasp, Ada could only watch as Jill pulled away her mask to let her take in a full whiff of the group’s noxious fumes.

Though she tried to fight it at first, Ada resistance waned as her gut developed into a full potbelly that gradually pushed back against Claire’s blubber. Claire rolled away, yet Ada remained still underneath her own body mass continuing to swell. Though she tried to sit up, a wayward belch shook her around to rip apart her dress with her engorging boobs. Plopping her fattened rear down to the tune of a reverberating fart, Ada stared at the moist mass of slime and wetness glistening between Claire’s legs.

Ada knew it was only a matter of time. There was no escape. Just like the remains of her clothing being pushed further away from her body, she could feel her ability to resist her urges slipping away. As she bathed in a cloud of her own flatulence, she got down on her hands and knees to crawl between Claire's legs.

Licking and sucking up the slime surrounding Claire's womanhood acted as both a way for Ada to satiate her lust and feed her pudgy stomach. Her plump fingers slid down her burgeoning fat rolls as they made their way towards her own needy vagina. Though her adipose heavy arms were incapable of reaching past her drooping foopah, her problem was solved by an eager Jill putting one of her tendrils to good use.

Stuck between giving and receiving pleasure, Ada left nothing in the way to prevent her digestion issues. Her moans became interspersed with gassy belches that echoed throughout the warehouse. Each shove of the tentacle inside of her released with it a noxious fart to ensure the trio was kept in a constant state of arousal. As she reached ever closer to her orgasm, Ada lost perspective on the fact that she was starting to outsize her partners.

The euphoric moan that left Ada's plumps lips extracted a good portion of her energy. Rolling away from her partners, she laid on her back and watched her prominent chest rise and fall. Brushing her hands across the dripping residue of her act of debauchery, she felt her body begin to perspire with crimson red slime. Her degrading condition became an afterthought as soon as her nose picked up on the heavenly scent of a recently opened food crate.

Stumbling to her feet, Ada began the arduous task of waddling towards her meal. Body dripping with her sweat-like slime, she gladly accepted her prize as she dove her head into the box. Anything that met her mouth was devoured in a matter of seconds. Each bite of tasty food

and plastic packaging alike brought with it an ambrosia-like flavor that kept Ada's belly growling for more.

Halfway through the feast, Ada felt a set of hands grab hold of her butt cheeks and spread them apart. Pausing to look past her broad shoulders, she saw Ashely straining her orange, obese form to press her head against Ada's womanhood. Showing off a smirk, Ada encouraged her partner with a prolonged BRRRAAAAPPPP from her rear before returning to her feast.

The combination of the food and unrestrained pleasure sunk Ada deeper into a hedonism on par with Leon's. To accommodate her growing desire, her body surged with added weight. Becoming an enormous mass of slime and fat did little to hinder Ada's quest for further indulgence. As she licked up the last droplets of a pudding cup and allowed Ashley to send her into a series of euphoric shivers, Ada pulled her head up to see that she had become the second largest of the infected.

Gifting Ashley with a fart for her hard work, Ada made it her goal to fulfill a desire that had passed through the back of her mind as soon as she had entered the room. Shuffling herself along, she set her sights on the massive member sticking out from beneath Leon's body. Reaching the intimidating manhood, she took a moment to slide her chubby cheeks along his length to get a feel for it. Peeking up, she drew pleasure from the mere expression on Leon's face that let her know that he was just as ready as she was.

Turning herself around, Ada freely allowed Leon's tendrils to wrap around her limbs to lift her into the air. Without a hint of gentleness, Leon shoved his cock right up her waiting womanhood. While her gelatinous nature made the act possible, it nonetheless was a tight fit that



let her feel every inch of his dick being slid inside of her. As she felt her ass cheeks press up against his groin and gut, she signaled for him to begin with a thunderous fart.

Leon's tentacles rapidly moved Ada up and down, treating her like his personal sex toy. Every thrust brought with it a new level of pleasure and bouts of gas leaving from both of Ada's ends. Her body shook wildly as moans left her mouth as frequently as her burps. She felt the last vestiges of her old self slip away in favor of a life devoted to eternally experiencing this kind of pleasure.

The pair's inevitable release brought a momentary pause to Leon's feasting. Sliding off his throbbing member, Ada found herself falling towards the ground. Her landing was cushioned by the other sloppy women. Rather than dwell on the purple coloring around her womanhood or the state of her infection, Ada allowed the others complete access to her body in exchange for bringing another box of food within her reach.

From a nearby surveillance camera, Wesker watched the event from a secure, secret facility with a snide smile on his face. "Quite a shame. I suppose I'll have to find another associate for my dirty work." Switching off the view, he changed to a feed of a similarly obsessed and sloppy Chris covered in lime green slime and eating his way through a truck of meat. "At the very least, she's proved her worth as a possible companion to my greatest creation," he added, unable to stop a maniacal laugh from leaving his mouth.