

Miss Kobayashi's Slobby Stress Relief

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Commissioned by MannOfMen

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Chapter 1 - Miss Kobayashi's Stress Relief Mojo

Lately, Miss Kobayashi was stressed out. Between the effort of dealing with overtime at her job as a programmer and the stress of trying to raise two young dragons, she felt like each day shortened her lifespan by a whole month. Even with Tohru helping her with domestic matters, she was still working twelve hours per day and returning home only to find that her girlfriend or Ilulu had, somehow, caused another accident that needed her help to solve.

Even her love life, which would cause most men and women to gnash their teeth from envy, did little to let her unwind. She genuinely loved Tohru and was already deeply involved with her, though she was concerned about not being able to keep up with her literally inhuman sexual appetite and stamina. This is partially why she was fine when Lucoa confessed to them both and proposed a relationship together, hoping that the feathered serpent could help her keep her beloved dragon happy. Polyamory, polygamy, term didn't matter as much as the result. Sadly for her already busy schedule, having two dragonic lovers meant that she was now forced to keep up with their joint affection, which was enough to leave her completely torpid with exhaustion. She even agreed to have a repeat of the gender bender spell a few times, just to spice things up.

Her problems with finding a time to relax reached their peak during her last checkup at the doctor. Not only did she learn that she was at risk of developing hypertension, something she suspected for a long time due to her persistent fatigue, but also that her liver couldn't keep up with all the sake she used to self medicate her stress issues. Worn out and battered, she decided to try to use her ultimate cheat code - access to magic.

The first choice was, of course, trying to get some healing and stamina restoring stuff from her coworker and sometimes dating prospect, Elma. As much as she loved Tohru and Lucoa, she knew that trusting them her health might bring on unexpected results due their still limited sense of human limits. Miss Kobayashi vividly remembered the effects of the last "stamina booster" she got from Tohru, and how it resulted in three nights and two days of non-stop passion and the whole week of bedrest afterwards.

Elma's suggestions were surprisingly pragmatic. She gave Kobayashi a few healing potions to keep her health up but she also told her that for the best results she needed to get her something to actually help her rest. For that, she had to contact some human mages, since dragonic stress relief could simply put her into a coma due to the difference in physiology. This pushed her towards her second reliably magical contact, Shouta Magatsuchi, Lucoa's young "master". The precocious wizard prodigy decided to lend her his help. In exchange for keeping Lucoa's

affections off his back for the Golden Week, he gave her an address of mage specialized in granting this sort of wishes.

This setup led her to her current position, sitting in a waiting room of a magic shop early in the morning, trying to get some help before she has to return to her work. The place looked exactly like you'd expect from somebody sloppy, but successful trying to dupe naive people into buying fake enchantments. The surprisingly large shop taking up two floors of the old building was littered with random occult gizmos. Western, eastern or even more exotic pieces of esoteric tchotchkes seemed to occupy every inch of shelf covered walls and the large portions of ceiling and carpet. In a dimly lit waiting room, Kobayashi couldn't help but to focus on the most dissonant centerpiece - a badly taxidermied crocodile pretending to be a dragon, currently serving as a coat hanger.

Beyond the obvious visual noise, the most striking part of this establishment was its smell. Strange mixture of stuffy, perfumed air of old people's homes mixed in with wide arrays of herbs has suffused the air. After trying to take a few deeper breaths, Kobayashi noticed the reason why the owner decided to keep this place so suffused with aromatics. Beyond the night impregnable barrier of perfume hid the nasty smell she had known well from times before she started to live with Tohru, the stale stench of the lair of a workaholic surviving only on cheap takeout.

Finally, the previous client exited the office and the shop owner revealed himself. Felix, the resident wizard and supposed reliable wish granter, looked near exactly as one could expect from the owner of such a place. The first word that came to Kobayashi's mind when she saw him was "massive". The mage wasn't merely fat and tall, he was obese and gargantuan, with a bottom heavy, door filling build that made him look almost like an anthropomorphic equivalent to nurikabe. Kobayashi could see his gut peak from his worn out, sweat and snacks stained robes as he confidently waddled up to her.

Contemplating if this guy really is a good choice for the mage to help her, the over stressed office lady checked out two charms she wore for protection. Elma's charm, fine tuned to the servants of chaos, was currently buzzing like a geiger counter suddenly presented with a brick of enriched uranium. Tohru's charm, meant for detecting fellow agents of destruction, was giving a pleasant glow signaling that the person nearby was clearly an agent of darkness. A very expected mixed result of gauging one wizard with two charms of the opposed dragon factions.

Currently too tired and worn out to truly care about the source of her help, Kobayashi decided to ignore the smell of sweat and unknown arcane ingredients wafting from the wizard and start with a quick introduction.

“Um, good morning. I came there for consultation on the magical stress relief”, she said.

“Yeah, Miss Kobayashi, right?” - his speech was broken by a sudden burp, which he promptly ignored - “How strong and how long term stress relief do you need?”

“To be honest, part of me wants to just ask you for some herbal tea and leave this place. The other part of me is tempted to ask you if you have something that can fix up my stress permanently.”

“A permanent solution? Great! Our shop does everything to avoid half-hearted measures.”, Felix exclaimed in a surprisingly lively voice. “Just let me search for our newest product!”

As he leaned into a stack of seemingly random gizmos searching for something, his ass unleashed a random crescendo of farts. Before Kobayashi managed to vocalize her disgust, the wobbling sack of lard before her has righted himself back up again and handed her a small flannel sack.

Profoundly, he started his sales pitch: “This little wonder is my newest mojo!”

“Mojo?”, asked a dumbfounded Miss Kobayashi, examining the bag, which was apparently filled with half melted sweets, crushed snacks and some random minerals.

“Yes, a magic bag. Just put it on and go about your daily routine. The mojo will then soak in your stress, mapping the places and interactions where the spell should be applied. Once you go to sleep, the bag will open up releasing the magic inside”, explained Felix, obliviously scratching his ass.

“It’s a single-use item, I assume. I’d like to know more about its effects, so could you please show me the exact structure of this spell?”, said Kobayashi. She was wary of the magical prowess of the artifact that looked like it was made from worn out red flannels.

“Ah, an informed client. Great! The shortest summary of this mojo’s effect would be a point stress reduction. It’s an aggregator collecting data about moments of your daily routine causing you the most stress and trying to apply the right enchantments meant to make your life easier at these points. What’s more, it actually focuses on harmonizing your interactions with others based on the same pattern! That way everybody in your immediate environment will experience at least some relaxation!”

Miss Kobayashi couldn’t help but feel a little bit tempted by this proposition. While she was listening to the cheerful drone of the sales pitch, Felix handed her the

sheets with the exact code of the spell. Taking a stack of clearly worn out and stained paper from pudgy hands, Kobayashi started to read the scheme of the mojo's inner workings.

The code structure of the mojo reflected its creator and his shop, being simultaneously highly optimized and near impossible to navigate for anybody else. Looking at several instances of classes casually breaking the law of Demeter and very liberal use of inline functions, Kobayashi cringed feeling the familiar stress of correcting optimisation obsessed interns from her day to day job. Spell clearly implementing several custom, purposed build interferences and the liberal use of the magic numbers, explained only in occasional comments in code, made it clear that asking Felix for documentation was a moot point.

Frankly, at this point she was willing to try anything to get at least a day of proper relaxation. She reassured herself that if anything bad happened, either Tohru, Lucoa or Elma would casually break this spell. With that in mind, she asked Felix the one last key question:

“How much does this gizmo cost?”

“The normal price for similar items is 100 000 yen, before tax. But since we are talking about an experimental prototype, I'm willing to sell it for 70 000 yen.”

“That's expensive.”, thought Kobayashi. “Can you offer something less expensive?”

“Well, there is one way to lower the price...” - the silence lingered for an awkwardly long time - “You could sign the agreement relieving me from warranty and get a fifty percent off”, said the wizard, winking.

Normally, Kobayashi would have left this building long ago and never looked back, especially after having to stand in the radius of the owner's unremitting farting. Yet today, she was actually willing to give it a try. It might have been the chronic lack of sleep talking, but she was willing to do anything for even a one, calm night at this point, even if it required making a deal with the sketchiest wizard she has ever seen. With her capability to worry about consequences of weird magic dulled by her life with Tohru, she decided to sign the contract and hand the eager wizard his payment.

“Excellent! Now...” - Felix took pause to belch loudly - “Now I just need a lock of your pretty hair put into mojo and bind it to you”

Trying to stop herself from grimacing at the stench of Felix's morning breath, Miss Kobayashi quietly pulled out some of her hair from the bag. She knew enough about magic to bring sympathetic components with her. When Felix grabbed the small baggie of her from her, their fingers touched for a brief moment. Kobayashi felt like

she just touched a piece of cheap chicken teriyaki - greasy and sticky. While she was frantically trying to wipe her hands clean in handkerchief, the wizard started to work his magic, filling up mojo with her hair and chanting the last spells.

Watching him work, our office worker couldn't help but to feel a little bit jealous of the massive slob before her. She had spent most of her life following the expectations of others, turning her into a bitter spinster with a maid fetish that only a few years ago started to change her life under the influence of her first girlfriend, Tohru. Felix, on the other hand, looked like somebody who stopped following rules of polite society years ago. He was gross, grossly obese and most infuriatingly, grossly self indulgent. Seeing him pull out a half eaten taiyaki from his pocket and casually shove it into his mouth in between chants left Kobayashi both disgusted and intrigued. How could such an abhorrent being, one whose robe literally billowed on his vomit inducing farts, be so happy and carefree.

"Your mojo is done! Good luck in your new, stress free life!", said Felix putting the flannel sack on a string around Kobayashi's neck, staining her collar with some of the grease from his hands in the process.

For a short, but incredibly significant, moment Miss Kobayashi felt envious of the carefree, slobby yet apparently incredibly successful mage. She wondered briefly if she could experience this sort of stress free life herself. This envy quickly turned into utter disgust as Felix, now turned back to her as he exited the room, unleashed the worst fart Kobayashi ever smelled. She literally had to run out of the door and take a few deep breaths to avoid retching.

With that unpleasant and abnormal beginning, Miss Kobayashi started her average Monday. The task of collecting stress for her mojo to catalog was trivial, she just needed to follow her normal, hypertension inducing routine.

First stop was, of course, her job. After a frustrating, hour-long commute from Felix's shop to her office, she was greeted with today's newest problems. This time, most of the issues came from the combination of the newly promoted manager having a very loud disagreement with her section chief about letting Elma bring her own boxes of donuts and pastries to work, citing that her conduct promotes bad habits and leads to obesity. Of course, telling him that Elma is a dragon, and as such can't actually gain weight in her human form without willing it wasn't an option for the obvious reasons. His second complaint about her, and the reason why the HR was now engaged into conflict, was because he complained about Elma's supposed lack of a proper bra. Again, for somebody wearing transmuted dragon scales, she indeed lacked the skill at making bras.

This horrible mess of management led directly to the second problem that Kobayashi had right now. She was swamped with tickets for resolving bugs in a new application

her company published. Without Elma, she and Takiya were the only senior developers left to work on fixing this whole issue. And that could only mean one thing - unpaid overtime.

After the grueling day at work, Kobayashi was called by the highschool where Ilulu frequented. She was currently in her last year and her incidents slowly moved to the dumb stuff expected from the adult dragon that just received the legal identity of an eighteen years old human. To Kobayashi's great displeasure, today's call was about the way Ilulu decided to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of her boyfriend. She was caught distributing very suggestively sounding invitations for his birthday party or as she called it a "coming of age ceremony of manhood".

After settling matters with school, Miss Kobayashi finally got a chance to go home. After immediately crashing on the couch, she was greeted by Tohru and Lucua returning from their date. Under any normal circumstances, being dragged into the bedroom by the two absurdly sexual ladies like them would be a dream come true for Kobayashi, except that she was completely worn out and contrary to the dragons, she needed to sleep.

After a four hour long marathon of oral sex, Miss Kobayashi finally drifted into an exhaustion induced coma. With a grim knowledge that she had about four hours sleep left, she silently hoped that this greasy sack of enchanted flannel around her neck would actually work at helping her with stress. She didn't even begin to suspect just how much more relaxed, and slobby, her life will be once she opens her eyes tomorrow.

Chapter 2 - Miss Kobayashi's Slobby Morning

Miss Kobayashi woke up groggy and sweaty, with her eyes crusted shut. That night, she slept with unusually heavy, dreamless sleep, which she attributed to the combination of her exhaustion and the magical mojo she wore. For a moment, everything looked like a typical, drowsy morning after night with her girlfriends.

To her surprise, the first sensation that her still sleepy brain had registered was a strange, wobbling heaviness, like her whole body was suspended in jello. Half consciously, she tried to hoist herself upright, only to be met with unusual resistance as if something was weighing her down. After about a minute of the struggle, she finally started to register that something was wrong. Her whole body felt hot, sweaty and cumbersome but also unusually relaxed and pleasant. It also felt wobbly and droopy, like a blob of dough.

After regaining enough consciousness to confirm that the surrounding, wobbling softness isn't merely a result of her mind trying to drift back into dream, Miss Kobayashi finally managed to force her body to somewhat follow her orders and started to rub her eyes clean from the gunk. Once she finally opened her eyes and looked at her own body, she screamed:

"Tohru!"

Calling her girlfriend to help her wasn't a product of a conscious thought, but rather the first reaction she could muster for the absurd situation she found herself in this time. Namely, she woke up fat, though the term "fat" was a bit of an understatement. Her body was a massive expense of lard. Even without lifting her head she could see the bulging mountain of her belly and the two small, flabby hills of her newly bloated breasts. She didn't even want to try to guess her new weight, but her horrified mind floated around the number of three hundred kilos. For a moment, she was glad that her eyesight was too poor to let her see any details beyond the trail of wiry, red hair adorning her obscene gut.

As she tried to right herself up again, she felt that her mattress was also strangely soft and jiggly, like a giant, weirdly warm water bed. Slowly heaving herself upright, she squeezed the disturbingly wet bedding and called out again for Tohru. To her surprise, the initial response was a strange rumbling from below her. The deep sound of churning and gurgling as followed by the loud, tubal "Pruuuut" and the horrifying smell of rotten eggs. Still too confused to understand what was going on in this madhouse, Kobayashi was on the verge of tears, mostly due to the eye watering stench. Then, she heard a familiar but strangely deep voice calling her from behind her.

"Good - Bouourp! - morning, Master! Did you call me?"

"Tohru? Where are you?", asked a perplexed Kobayashi.

"Good joke, Master! I'm right below your cute doughty butt."

Still stiff from the shock, Miss Kobayashi finally managed to focus her eyes enough to see what was going on in the room. To her absolute bewilderment, the whole room was filled by the cream coloured flesh. As much as she wanted to believe otherwise, Miss Kobayashi knew that this ocean of soft flab belonged to her beloved Tohru. The sensation of her delicate yet bouncy skin was etched too hard into her mind to leave her any room for doubt. As she was slowly drifting away due to shock, still kneading Tohru's belly like a giant stress ball, Miss Kobayashi heard her maid say:

"Since you woke up, let me start working on the - Pfrrrt - breakfast!", said Tohru, somehow confident in her ability to act as anything beside a massive water bed.

With a sudden, gurgling sound, the fleshy mattress below Kobayashi started to slowly shrink. After a good two minutes of wobbling back and forth on the retreating belly meat, Kobayashi finally slid down from the sweaty gut of her girlfriend into a standing position. Being brought into a vertical position really let her feel the weight of her new body. Every part of her, from the hairy, multi rolled gut to the saggy, cottage cheese ass was trying to spill out and fall to the ground simultaneously, making her feel like she was somehow stuck inside a stack of lard filled balloons. Desperately trying to resist the pull of gravity, she started her attempt to turn around in place. Each waddling step was sending waves through her cellulite filled body.

“What on Earth is going on... huff... and why... uahh... does this wobbling feel so good?”, she mumbled to herself.

“Where are... huff... my glasses, Tohru?”, she said after finally managing to make a full turn.

“They are there, Master!”, exclaimed Tohru in her lovely, albeit deeper than usual tone, while plopping a pair of glasses on Kobayashi’s chubby face. After getting used to the feeling of her chubby cheeks lifting up her frames, Kobayashi was finally able to get a clear look at her girlfriend and room.

The first words that came to her mind while looking at her girlfriend were: unreal, massive and cute. Tohru’s new form was simply impossibly cute. Her body looked sculpted from the marshmallows. From the pudgy face framed by rosy cheeks and surprisingly small double chin, through her pillowy yet still perky breasts resting gently on the upper of the two folds of her massive, stretch mark free belly to the two pillar like legs covered in cellulite free softness, she was just unnaturally perfect. Even her pudgy toes were lovely, though Kobayashi to herself, before being woken from the trance by her lover’s voice.

“I love the way you look at me, Master, but weren’t you supposed to go to work today?”, Tohru said in a slightly concerned tone. With the snap of her fingers, her enormous expanse of milky white, perfect flesh was covered in her usual, albeit much, much larger maid outfit.

Still too shocked to question herself why she found the SSBBW version of her girlfriend even more lovely than usual, Kobayashi took a look around her room to assess the damage. To her surprise, it didn’t look too bad, at least for a place that was just filled completely with a very blob sized dragon. The first thing she noticed was the obvious lack of furniture, beside the wardrobe which was already built into the wall. The whole room was strewn with frilly pillows, blankets and plushies, like a huge, literal lovenest. Weirdly enough, she remembered that Tohru once suggested redecorating their bedroom that way, even before they officially started dating. Still,

the whole room was also filled with remains of the late night snacking. Boxes of sweets, empty bags of chips and random papers piled up in the corners. Few of the objects Miss Kobayashi initially took for pillows revealed themselves as massive sacks of half crushed snacks.

The last thing that hit her senses were the smell and the moisture. The whole room was damp with sweat. This revelation immediately prompted Kobayashi to try to clamp her nose, fearing the thought of the wretched smell that must have been hiding there. Just as she was about to cover her face, she sneezed suddenly, filling her nostrils with the stuffy, moist air. To her shock and relief, the room didn't smell bad. Sniffing the air in disbelief, she found that the place mostly smelled with the erotic aroma of the fresh, mixed sweat of her and her girlfriend, just like their bedsheets usually smelled after a whole night of passion. The only unpleasant odor seemed to waffle from her own fat folds.

"Ugh, I really need a bath before I go...", said Kobayashi, who only now noticed how her mind and body seemed to be following a relatively normal, daily routine despite the sheer abnormality of all that was happening around.

Before she could start waddling towards the bathroom, Tohru suddenly extended her tongue and started licking her. The long, dragonic tongue was quickly caressing her many folds, replacing the stale sweat with a sweet smelling saliva.

"Tohru that tickles!", exclaimed Kobayashi, still stifling laughter.

Despite her protests however, the tongue bath carried on. When the forked tongue entered her now cavernous and hairy belly button, Kobayashi reached her limit and erupted with laughter, stumbling backwards. However, before she could fall, she was caught by a surprisingly soft tail of her girlfriend extending around her like a scally beanbag cushion. Snorting and huffing from laughter, she couldn't help but feel like a giant jiggly gummy bear being gobbled down. She was unable to even plead for mercy until the dexterous tongues slowed down as it tried to untangle her dense bush of wiry armpit hair.

"Wha... huff... What are you doing, Tohru?", she huffed out.

"Am givin' you your daily tong baff, Maftel.", mumbled Tohru before retracting her tongue and swallowing the grimy sweat with a visible gusto. "I'm giving you your daily tongue bath, Master.", she corrected herself. "Do you want to skip it today?"

"Yes, this time let's skip it."

"That's the third day in a row, your smell is really ripening~", cooed the maid. "Let's get you dressed up and have breakfast then!"

“Third day of skipping a daily tongue bath.”, thought Kobayashi to herself as Tohru was drying her out and helping her to dress herself up. “I’m not even going to ask about the showers.”, she thought with resignation.

The clothes Tohru was putting on her were a gargantuan version of her usual work getup, though much softer and stretchier in feel and with suspenders instead of a belt. Sniffing her blouse, she could smell the familiar aroma of clothes “washed” in her girlfriend's mouth. At this point she was just glad that they were relatively clean.

After getting dressed up, Kobayashi finally stepped out of the bedroom, noticing that the doors were massively widened. Deep inside she was a bit thankful for that as she wasn't sure if her current ass would fit in a normal doorway. She also noticed, to her immense relief, that walking, or rather waddling around, was getting easier. It was like she was suddenly relearning how to balance her new, endlessly wobbly self.

The first sign of her new livingroom and kitchen felt eerie as the place emanated both a familiar and uncanny atmosphere. She felt like she stepped into some weird, vague dreamland version of her own apartment. Sofa replaced by a giant mattress with reinforced backrest and low hanging rings for pulling yourself up. Absurdly enlarged, room filling kitchen with commercial sized, multi door fridge and a massive, fast food style franchise style rack of stoves, grills and fryers. Massive tank with hose, whose obvious purpose Kobayashi dreaded. The colorful boxes from snacks and candies, most carefully swiped into a single corner. Finally, the overwhelming combination of aromas from cooking clashing against the smells of sweat, Tohru's “cleaning” saliva and the constant draft of fresh air from the wide open windows. The whole place looked like it was carefully maintained by somebody with a completely inhuman concept of cleanliness. A slobby, gluttonous alien who only knew about the modern standard of housekeeping from the stories. A description fitting the current Tohru perfectly.

Kobayashi wanted to protest this illogical and absurd situation, before her train of thoughts was interrupted by the loud gurgling in her stomach. She was hungry before. Sometimes she missed meals for days due to her hectic schedule. But this sucking feeling in her stomach was something else. She ravenous to an almost animalistic degree. It was like her empty stomach somehow started to dissolve her very sense of reason. Before she could complain about it to her dear girlfriend, she smelled a heavenly aroma - the wonderful smell of a dragon tail shallow fried in its own fat.

In that moment, Kobayashi felt like something fundamental inside her broke apart. Her stomach started to gurgle menacingly, her mouth started to water letting a small but growing stream of slobber down her multiple chins. She was looking at her girlfriend's cooking with the maddened eyes of a starved animal. When Tohru finally

served the slab of fried tail before her, Kobayashi's cleavage was already stained with a pool of saliva. Ignoring the cutlery she was given, Kobayashi grabbed the juicy, marbled meat with her bare hands and started to cram it into her ravenous maw. Her teeth tore into tender flesh, splattering the juices and grease all around her. The sensation of stuffing herself senseless with dragon's meat was almost orgasmic, unlike everything Kobayashi had ever experienced, even when she tasted Tohru's tail during her previous life. For a few minutes that seemed like eternity, the only things that existed were her, the fried meat she stuffed into her face and the delightful warmth spreading from her stomach throughout her whole body.

Once she finished gorging herself, Kobayashi loudly licked her fingers and wiped her hands into her shirt, before letting out a mighty belch reeking of fried meat. After removing some of the more annoying remains of sauce from her face with her sleeve, Kobayashi shifted in her seat and forced out a long, dry fart. The incessant *pfrrrrt* echoed through the kitchen and filled it with a nasty smell of methane. Satisfied with her display, the redheaded girl let out the last satisfied belch and started to casually scratch the scraggly hair covering her belly button.

"Are you alright, dear? You normally take your time to savor my tail.", said Tohru in an unusually concerned tone of voice. It was very rare for her to break their game of maid and master and speak to her lover like that.

Slobbered by a sudden change in her girlfriend's tone of voice, Kobayashi looked upon herself. She was completely covered in a mixture of sauce, grease and her own slobber. Her shirt was halfway undone, showing the hairy muffintop of her stomach for the whole world to see. What's worse, despite genuinely wanting to feel ashamed of herself, she felt completely at ease, like she was supposed to be this sloppy, greasy, sweaty mess.

"Tohru, did you notice something strange about me?", said Kobayashi with a faint hope that her girlfriend finally noticed the effects of the spell.

"Well, lately your appetite has been rather low. I was genuinely surprised by how fast and messily you gobbled up my tail, however. I mean, normally you'd never waste even a drop of grease like that.", answered Tohru, still with her concerned, less formal tone of voice.

"Tohru, dear, was I always such a fat slob?", asked Kobayashi completely mortified by the possibility that whatever spell Felix put into this mojo somehow managed to bypass Tohru's legendary resistance to sorcery.

"I mean you were a rather hefty and sloppy girl since the night we met. Though I have to admit that I'm proud of how big you have grown since I started cooking you

proper meals. Does that answer satisfy you, Master?”, said Tohru, mistaking Kobayashi’s concern for some sudden influx of nostalgia.

The red headed engineer was at a loss. Whatever this stupid mojo did also affected Tohru and her normally impregnable memory. Having lived through her fair share of dumb transformations, mostly due to Ilulu’s pranks or Tohru’s attempts at spicing up their romantic life, Kobayashi decided to do what she usually did in such situations - wait patiently and ask Elma or Lucoa for help later. In fact, she already grabbed a phone to call her second girlfriend to help her fix this mess, but she was stopped in her tracks when she saw the clock on the screensaver. It was seven thirty in the morning, half an hour past the time she had to leave her house normally to get to work on time.

Utterly mortified, Kobayashi turned towards her girlfriend and said: “Tohru, I am going to be late for work!”

Without skipping the beat, the pillowy dragon casually lifted her lardy master off the ground like a sack of lard she was. “Don’t worry, Master! I know just what you need.”, she said, rushing through the front door. Before Kobayashi could protest about going to work covered in grease and reddish sauce, her maid has already turned into her true form - a majestic, if rounder than usual, green dragon. Carefully cradling her mistress in her mighty claws, she rushed through the skies straight to one, seemingly normal, office building.

After dropping off bewildered Kobayashi, Tohru gave her a big, sloppy lick to remove at least some of the fresh stains on her shirt and cheerfully exclaimed: “Good luck at work, Master!”, before leaving the still slobber covered and visibly shocked Kobayashi to the greatest challenge of her new life - working in the office as a fat slob.

Chapter 3 - Miss Kobayashi’s Slovenly Office

Miss Kobayashi was mortified. Not only had she and her girlfriend been turned into gassy, slovenly butterballs but now she had to face her work in such a sorry state. Sighing loudly and accidentally unleashing a massive burp that splattered her face with some extra spittle. Before she could think about searching for a hankchief, her new body moved on instinct and wiped her face with her sleeve. Disgusted but not surprised, Kobayashi stepped into the office building prepared for the worst.

Lack of any obvious degradation in the lobby was both comforting and unsettling, since it suggested that Kobayashi will be the only sack of smelly lard in the office

who will have to deal with the utter humiliation that comes with it. Her worries dissolved when she saw company's secretary, Eiko, now visibly twenty kilos heavier and happily munching on doughnuts. Unsure how to react, the redhead started with some small talk.

"Hello, Eiko! How's your diet going?", that question alone could have answered many things about the current situation.

"Oh, it's going great. I've gained five pounds last month.", said the blonde girl without a shred of irony.

"That's a nice tempo.", said Kobayashi trying to avoid silence.

"I know I'm still rather small, but I'm going for a slow and steady approach. Not everyone can rock these stretch marks as well as you do.", she said, winking at Kobayashi.

"Thank you. Good luck with your diet.", said Kobayashi. While being reminded that her flesh has gained a texture somewhere between sack of cottage cheese and craggy worn out rubber wasn't pleasant, but being complimented by somebody other than her dragonic girlfriends made her feel warm inside.

Normally, Kobayashi tried to take stairs to get to her office floor, but with her current wobbly bulk the very idea of that seemed absurd. After she had waddled to the elevator, she noticed the first sign of trouble - the visible stench coming out of the cabin. The once pristine, mirror-covered elevator was replaced by the heavy duty stainless steel box, with walls looking greasy like a badly maintained pan. The suspicious accumulation of the grease and sticky grime around the buttons to the floors used by the coding team has made the cause of this mess rather apparent.

Still, at least this smelly box was big enough to give Kobayashi some space. Once the doors closed with an unpleasant screech suggesting something sticky was stuck inside the mechanism, the labored sound of machinery informed our redhead that she finally started her slow ascend to her office. Right after she let out a relieved sigh that at least she can fit into the elevator, her gut responded to her relaxation with a loud, satisfied fart, turning the whole cabin into a gas chamber.

Kobayashi tried futilely banging on the door, hoping to be saved from stewing in her own noxious fumes. However, the worst thing about being stuck inside her own fart cloud wasn't the stench, but how pleasant it seemed for her new body. By the time she reached her floor, she could feel her, already moist from sweat, panties soaking with different type of smelly liquid.

When the screeching door opened again, Kobayashi's nose was assaulted with a different cacophony of smells. The horrid mixture of sweat, farts and very distinct smell of fried or microwaved junk foods. In that particular moment, the dominant smell seemed to be a mixture of over caffeinated expulsions and some madman microwaving fried fish.

After stepping out of the elevator, Kobayashi was finally able to assess the damage the mojo wrought. Putting it simply, the place looked like a pigsty between cleanings. Thick layer of trash littered the floor, substituting for the removed carpets; a small mercy for the janitors forced to clean this place over the weekends. Most of the workstations were covered in dirt and random food items. The comically enlarged chairs looked ratty and permanently stained with sweat and sauces. Even the computers looked subtly covered in greasy film. The only thing that looked relatively clean and well maintained was the snack bar, which turned from a simple corner with water coolers, vending machines, coffee pots and microwave into a massive wall of soda fountains, backburners, coolers and frying stations looking like fever dream version of the cheapest all you can eat bar.

Once the shock subsided a little, Kobayashi took a look at her coworkers. Everywhere she looked, she was surrounded by fat, dirty slobs oscillating between stuffing their faces, farting and belching in satisfaction and working on their computers. Some particularly dedicated ones managed to do all three at the same time, chewing their overly large bites with open mouths, too busy with code to care about their constant, tubal flatulence. To Kobayashi's absolute horror, she was apparently the cleanest person in the office right now, despite being covered with sweat, grease and dragon slobber.

Finding her desk, Kobayashi noticed three things. One, that both her desk and her chair were updated to fancy ergonomic versions, even if oversized and showing clear signs of wear from being occupied by a total slob. Two, that her family photo with Tohru, Kanna and Ilulu changed accordingly to the rest of the world, with both older dragons being comically perfect SSBBWs and Kobayashi looking like a sweat soaked stack of dough squeezed into an office suit. Three, that somebody has finally granted her request to get an extra vertical screen and new PC. Sure, the monitor bore clear marks of being accidentally spat on with grease and slobber, but it was still better quality than her previous setup.

After short deliberation, our redhead finally decided to gird her loins and start her workday. Even the all encompassing slob can't stop a true workaholic after all. Plus, the new chair, despite being literally discolored from sweat, was actually very comfy letting her forget for a moment about her worries. Yes, it was only her, the computer and the clean, logical code. Funnily enough, the code, task tickets and version management were actually less messy than before. As usual, Kobayashi worked like in a trance. The stench from the office, loud slurping and chewing of her coworkers

or even her own occasional burps and belches weren't able to break her concentration. In fact, not having to constrain herself with looking prim and proper seemed to just make staying in her zone easier. After over an hour of calmly and methodically dealing with her task tickets, the spell was broken by the loud gurgling and rumbling of her stomach, still gassy from the breakfast, but clearly needing some more food to settle down.

Heaving herself upright, which caused her to break the sweat again, Kobayashi started her surprisingly energetic march to the snackbar. Too hungry to notice a stream of drool meandering through her multiple chins, our redhead powerwaddled towards the source of the lovely smell of fast food. The first thing she had grabbed was a roll cake, which she immediately stuffed into her hungry mouth, covering her in crumbs and specs of frosting. While she was licking her fingers clean, she was interrupted by a familiar voice.

"Good morning, Miss Kobayashi! If you wanted a piece of my morning snack you just needed to ask.", said Elma, Kobayashi's draconic coworker and Tohru's nemesis/girlfriend.

"Good morning, Elma! Sorry, I was a bit peckish... *Belch*", said Kobayashi, blushing from shame.

"Oh, you and your cute, greedy and noisy belly. Why don't you sit down and have a chat?"

"I mean, I still have my task tickets.", said Kobayashi, her source of her blush turned from shame to joy of being complimented by Elma.

"Come on, we both know one can't work on an empty stomach", coed Elma patting her belly.

The dragon looked surprisingly normal. Sure, she was twice as wide as before, with bingo wings visible even through her blazer and humongous, bouncy breasts resting on her soft yet shapely stomach, but her surprisingly skinny, free from a double chin face and the fact that she was probably the only person in the office beside Kobayashi in undamaged, if tight clothes made her look almost quaint in comparison to others. The fact that she was sitting on a massive couch completely covered in desserts made look even smaller. A cute BBW in a SSBBW crowd.

"What a nice scent. Is that a salted caramel?" said Kobayashi, noticing a surprisingly fresh, if salty odor wafting from Elma.

"Flirting in the office? That's unlike you.", said the dragon.

This comment made Kobayashi do a double take. While at the first glance Elma's form fitting, deep blue sweater seemed surprisingly free from stains, the closer look revealed that it was her usual baby blue piece, just darkened by the fresh sweat. In fact, Elma was positively soaked looking like she had just escaped a monsoon. Her hair was wet enough to cling to her head, letting small droplets of sweat run down her face as she continued to munch on the mountain of sweets before her. In an almost ironic manner, it seemed like the constant deluge of fresh, salty liquid was keeping the water dragon surprisingly fresh. Sniffing the air harder, Kobayashi couldn't deny the fact that the smell of the fresh sweat was indeed pleasant, even without the effects of the mojo.

"Sorry, Elma. I just don't feel like myself today.", said Kobayashi.

"Oh, don't worry about that. After the last night together with Tohru you shouldn't sweat the small stuff.", responded Elma and sent her a meaningful wink.

"Yeah, we have to meet up again someday.", said Kobayashi, while absentmindedly filling up her mug from the first dispenser at hand, while her mind tried to decipher what sort of insane debauchery was Elma implying. Especially compared to their usual threesomes.

After a while of idle chatter, Kobayashi finished filling up trays with snacks and junk food her stomach demanded and placed them on one of the carts conveniently included in new accommodations, while Elma finished her "morning snack" of a whole bakery display worth of cakes. Kobayashi was actually surprised by how small this snack was, since it was barely the amount of sweets Elma used to consume over two days of normal work before the spell.

"OK, let's get going!", said Elma after cheerfully licking off the remains of the frosting from her fingers and slicking her sweat soaked hair back.

Kobayashi was about to start waddling towards her desk with her cart of tasty junk food, but was stopped by a strange sight of Elma suddenly getting up in one, clean situp that shouldn't be possible without using her dragonic strength. To Kobayashi's shock, the cushions of the large couch Elma was sitting on rose up with her, lagging a bit in their wobbly movement. As the dragon swayed her hips shaking off the last crumbs and letting out a self indulgent, wet sounding farts, Kobayashi could clearly see that this whole time Elma was sitting on a small bench. The "couch" she saw was actually the sprawled ass and tights of her coworker, clearly wider than she was tall.

Mesmerized by the spectacle of the literally couch sized buttocks giving Elma a pear shaped body that would be seen as excessive even for a fertility idol, Kobayashi didn't notice that she had started to drool again. Watching the dragon casually march

to her workstation with each movement squeezing her fat and sending it jiggling made her genuinely aware of both the unreal strength needed to much such a mass with such grace and the sheer, sensual beauty of flesh this impossibly soft, yet still this shapely. The slight breeze generated by the cheerful, tooting farts emanating from the gargantuan ass made this spectacle even better.

Returning to her workstation in a state of aroused bliss and with new spots of slobber on her flabby breasts, Kobayashi threw herself into the whirlwind of work, partially to distract herself from the fact that she had literally drooled all over herself from being farted on by Elma. Taking cues from all other satisfied office slobs, she decided to mimic their rhythm of work, constantly stuffing her face with greasy fries, nachos and other fried, stomach-ruining foods picked from the cafeteria without taking her eyes off the code. Loudly chewing, wiping her hands into her gut and thighs and passing gas without care in the world, Kobayashi was progressing with her work at a completely new speed. The state of pure indulgence seemed to keep her mind stress free and laser focused and her greedy stomach satisfied.

After another few two hours spent on stuffing herself silly and surprisingly productive work, the redhead felt a little bit parched by the amount of salt she ate with her snacks. After confirming that she had already drunk all the mugs of coffee within her reach, she grabbed the last mug, the one filled from the random spout at the bar. After taking a first swig, Kobayashi felt her mouth fill with something savory and oily; a bacon grease. While her conscious mind wanted to spit it out, her new body's first instinct was to lurch back, pouring the whole mug into her throat. Chugging the literal melted lard and spilling it all over her face, Kobayashi felt a heart pounding mixture of horror and exhilaration. Horror, because she just zeroed a mug of grease in public and liked it. Exhilaration, because she just trampled the rules of decorum with such a confidence that her old self would genuinely envy her.

After letting out a satisfied belch and spraying the computer screens with extra oily droplets, Kobayashi triumphantly wiped her face with her sleeve. This moment of bliss was interrupted by her looking down for a second. There was a trail of grease running alongside her multiple jowls, soaking her necktie and funneled between her flabby breasts reaching slightly past her cavernous belly button. The oily stain has made the fabric semi translucent, making a bit of her bra and, more shockingly, a part of her scruffy happy trail visible.

"I am so done with this. I need a smoke.", Kobayashi grumbled to herself in resignation.

Waddling to the elevator again, now too pissed off to care about being stuck inflating herself with her own noxious emissions, Kobayashi started her short journey to the roof of the building, colloquially known as the smoking zone in the office. After a short ride surrounded only by her own caffeine and grease powered glasses,

Kobayashi finally stepped into fresh air. Or at least as fresh as the air can be when you are standing near the AC exhaust leading to the pigsty of lardasses in offices below.

Surrounded by a pleasant breeze and finally able to smell something other than herself, food or her coworkers, Kobayashi took a deep breath and pulled out her cigarette box, or e-cigarette box as she had lately tried to kick her habit. It was an ornate, wooden box covered by strange symbols Tohru claimed would keep her safe from hurting herself too much with smoke; an anniversary present from a concerned dragon. Opening the box, Kobayashi found a pleasant surprise. The low nicotine vape she usually carried was replaced by her favorite, cheap store bought cigs.

Having her first proper smoke in months, Kobayashi intended to enjoy this. She had carefully weighted the thin cigarette in her chubby fingers and lit it up. After taking her first, deep breath, she exhaled a large puff of smoke, coughed a little and spat into the ashtray. She took her sweet time savoring the strong taste of tobacco, playfully trying to blow a circle with smoke and enjoying each labored breath filling her lungs with nicotine.

When the cigarette was almost burned up, Kobayashi casually finished it off with one, long breath, coughed up a cloud of smoke and took out the second cig, lighting it up from the roach. After the sheer madness she experienced so far today, she felt like she deserved another round of smoking. Huffing and puffing, she kept filling the air with slightly acrid smoke, only taking short breaks for shaking off the ash. The extra thin cigarettes felt great between great plump fingers, but they burned rather quickly. For a moment, Kobayashi considered getting a cigarette holder. Classy, ladylike and completely mismatched with both her usual, androgynous appearance and her current blobby shape.

By the time she finished her second cig, the wind subsided leaving Kobayashi surrounded by a cloud of smoke. Prompted by a feeling in her gut, she purposely squeezed out a loud fart, causing the nicotine plume to dissipate a bit, at least from her behind. This short break was probably the first time where she could genuinely enjoy her current slovenly state without worrying about it. After all, smoking was already a rather dirty indulgence.

Just when she was getting ready to leave, the door to the second, normal sized elevator opened, revealing the familiar dump truck ass covered in the familiar sweat soaked skirt; it was Elma trying to squeeze herself into a normal cabin. After a short display of wobbling flesh leaving the confines far too small to possibly fit her, she cheerfully greeted Kobayashi.

“Oh, hello! Are you on a smoke break?”, said the dragon.

“I’m just finishing it. How on Earth did you even fit into the normal sized elevator? And why?”, said perplexed Kobayashi.

“Magic! Plus the other elevator was already filled up by somebody and I didn’t want to wait to go for a smoke”, said Elma showing off her favorite nicotine delivery mechanism; an ornate hookah.

“So, you are still using your usual shisha?”, said Kobayashi, pleasantly surprised that her friend’s smoking habits didn’t change due to the sloppy mojo. Elma was always the type of person to whip out a hookah during a smoking break, oblivious to how modern Japanese react to that.

“Actually, it’s a new one. The old one broke after I accidentally sat on it. *Haha*”, laughed the dragon, thinking that the question was about her particular smoking implements instead of her general habits. “Want to take a swig?”

“No thanks, I prefer smoke to vapor. Plus, I have some more work to do”, said Kobayashi before getting into the large elevator.

The rest of the day followed a pleasantly predictable grind. Work, stuff her face, fart out excess gas, sometimes at the same time. With few occasional smoking breaks and the second, much pleasant attempt at drinking bacon grease, Kobayashi was starting to genuinely enjoy her now slovenly office, even if she wouldn’t admit it to herself yet.

Right at the end of her shift, when she just returned from her last smoke break and was getting ready to push last commits and close her computer, she confidently sat on her chair only to hear a suspicious creaking. When she tried to wiggle her flabby butt a little to check the source of the noise, her worn out chair finally gave in, breaking in half and sending her on the floor. Her fall was accompanied by an explosive, long and dry fart from her suddenly shaken innards, like she just fell onto a particularly loud whoopie cushion. Suddenly, for the first time today, the whole office became interested in her sloppy display. Just when she braced herself for humiliation and insults, Kobayashi heard something she never expected to hear; cheers and clapping.

“Wow, you finally did!”, “Congrats on finally graduating to bigger leagues!”, “Have you heard that fart at the landing? Her timing was perfect.”, “Soon you’ll catch up to our Elma.”, “The flabbiest redhead in the office doesn’t disappoint with the fanservice.”, these were the words of praise she heard as others helped her get up from the floor and brought her new, bigger and reinforced chair. Kobayashi’s face was beet red, partly from the effort of standing up, partly from the lingering shame, but mostly from the sheer embarrassment of not only being publicly praised, but clearly treated as somebody beautiful. She used to have a major complex from looking like an

awkward teenage boy despite being a grown ass woman in late twenties, but now she actually felt like an attractive girl, despite looking like a stack of the overfilled cheesecloths squeezed into pants, shirt and tie.

Still in a haze, she finished her shift and exited the office, only to be hit by a sudden weight of what just happened. The sheer unreality of the situation weighed down on her mind more than her adipose weighed down on her body. Worse yet, her new body was right now unbelievably aroused. With each step she could feel her flabby stomach wobble and press onto her hairy fupa. Each waddle had her thunder thighs slap together, sending vibrations she could feel in her nether region. She didn't feel bad, just extremely frustrated. She somebody to fuck her good. Thankfully, that was never a problem for somebody dating two dragons.

Like clockwork, she was greeted outside the office building by her personal huggable mountain of a lustful maid, currently enjoying her favorite cigar. Surrounded by a cloud of tobacco smoke, Tohru looked like a dragon even to those who couldn't see her tail and horns. Loudly exhaling another small cloud of smoke, she greeted Kobayashi with her usual "Greetings, Master!" and gave her a long, tobacco scented kiss.

"Thanks Tohru, I needed that. I'm completely beat.", said Kobayashi, playing a little with Tohru's perfectly plump love handles accentuated by the apron tied around her waist. "I want to go straight home and call Lucoa~", she cooed.

"Of course, Master!", said the dragon, taking out her phone. "Hello? Can you get Lucoa to the phone, Shouta?", continued Tohru, passing the phone to Kobayashi.

"Ara, ara, you almost never call me over on Mondays, my sweaty sweetie~ Is there some special occasion?", said Lucoa in a teasing, sultry tone.

"Nothing special, I just felt the need to spend an evening with both of my girlfriends. I feel rather... *pent up*. I really feel like I need a double dose of the dragon funbags in my life, or pressed against my face to be precise.", said Kobayashi, fully aware of how cheesy it sounded to ask somebody to come and suffocate her with her tits. Still, dragons weren't exactly known for either subtlety in flirting or tendency to refuse a chance for a fun night.

"Ara, I'll be at your apartment soon. I'm gonna bring that chocolate body paint we talked about last week."

"Perfect. I love you, dear~", cooed Kobayashi, too surprised by the fact that the plan on chocolate covered sex actually survived the workings of mojo to notice that Lucoa's voice was even huskier than usual.

“I love you too~”, said Lucoa before hanging up.

Without much ado, Tohru turned into her dragon form before gently picking up her weary blob of a master and carrying home. Feeling Kobayashi drift away into sleep in her claws, Tohru knows that she’s gonna need to whip out some good aphrodisiac for tonight. A night that would make Kobayashi question everything she knew about sex, attraction and pleasure.

Chapter 4 - Miss Kobayashi’s Messy Date Night

Kobayashi woke up from her heavy nap sitting on her favorite armchair, though her weight and living habits have reduced it to something closer to a sweat stained bean bag with backrest. Still a bit sleepy, she was roused by a sudden gurgling in her stomach and the powerful, meaty smell of the following fart.

“What the hell is wrong with my stomach?”, she asked herself, before remembering that she was currently stuck as a living sack of a hairy, sweaty blubber due to trying out some weird magical stress relief tools. Much to her consternation, she also noticed that her own putrid expulsions actually stopped smelling bad to her.

Hearing her master’s tummy rumble, Tohru took a break from cooking to run up to and service her mistress. Seeing her super sized girlfriend run dazed Kobayashi for a second. It was something beautiful, with the maid’s impossibly shapely adipose swaying freely and wobbling like a stack of overfilled waterbeds. Still distracted, she didn’t notice Tohru closing up on her and lunging at her for a big, sloppy kiss.

“Tohru, you are slobbering~”, said Kobayashi who didn’t exactly mind being showered with kisses like that. Still, the weight of her girlfriend pressed her into an awkward position, so she needed to break the hug somehow. Without thinking, she tried pinching the exposed flab spilling out from Tohru’s knee high socks.

“Ouch! I’m sorry, I just got too excited~”, said Tohru, righting herself up and wiping her slobber with her sleeve. “I was about to wake you up, Mistress. Lucoa will be there any minute.”, she added while helping Kobayashi heave herself up from her more than well worn out armchair.

Just when Kobayashi finally managed to stand up, she heard the doorbell ring, followed by a thunderous belch. Office worker’s heart sank a bit, fearing the worst. Before she could react, Tohru already barrelled towards the door and swung them open with a cheerful “Welcome!”.

Inside the doorway appeared a massive figure glistening with sweat. While Tohru and Elma looked like a pair of impossibly idealized SSBBW models, Lucoa embodied the vastly different vision of plus sized beauty. Her body was like massive stack folds, cellulite and stretchmarks, with only distinct curves being her behemoth cottage cheese ass, literally beachball sized tits and her surprisingly sultry looking rosy cheeks. Her belly, somehow still

dwarfed by breast and a ass, was a double folded apron lacking any semblance of perkiness. Judging by colors of the luscious treasure trail covering it, Kobayashi finally had the answer she was curious about when they started dating: Lucoa's drapes did indeed match her curtains.

After finally forcing her massive butt through the doorway, the blubbery dragoness stretched herself a bit, showing her bushy armpits. Even on the other side of the apartment Kobayashi could smell the pleasant smell of Lucoa's new form. She still smelled of chocolate, but her current body emanated much stronger tones of tobacco and fresh sweat. Even before the slob spell, Kobayashi would have found this aroma incredibly erotic, but now she could barely stop herself from building up lust.

Finally, Lucoa spoke: "Good evening, girls! I was kind of surprised by this sudden invitation since we had a date planned later on this week. Still, how could I say no to a chance to pamper my cute girlfriends for a bit?". Her voice was still as beautiful as ever, though noticeably lower and huskier, making her sound even more sensual.

The war waged inside Kobayashi's heart. The vile, slobby spell has even claimed Lucoa herself. The most powerful and beautiful woman she knew was turned into a massive pile of cellulite, folds and body hair. Yet, even now, Kobayashi couldn't deny that before her stood a being so beautiful that no mere mortal could match her. The living embodiment of hedonistic sensuality from her wildest dreams. Feeling as her body slowly grew warm and bothered just by thinking about licking Lucoa's hairy belly, Kobayashi admitted defeat. Whatever plan she had for having Lucoa break this spell would take a backseat to the plan spending her night on date with her two supersized dragon girlfriends.

"Lucoa... You are the sexiest woman I know.", muttered Kobayashi.

"Thank you, dear. You are also quite handsome~", replied the dragoness, pointing out that even at SSBBW size Kobayashi still had a certain androgynous look.

"How about me, Master?", asked Tohru, clearly fishing for compliments.

"You are more of a cute and cuddly type, honey~", replied Lucoa.

"Yes, you are the cutie of our group, Tohru~", said Kobayashi marveling at the contrasting aura of the two super sized dragons.

"Thank you, both! I love you too! What do you think is my cutest feature?", asked Tohru, still hungry for more praise.

"I think that it's... *Gurgle*", Kobayashi started her answer, before being interrupted by the loud gurgling from both her own stomach and her girlfriends' beautiful guts.

"Oh, let's finish this later. *Gurgle*... I need to serve dinner!", exclaimed Tohru, hurting to grab the food.

While the obese maid was quickly setting up the table, Kobayashi and Lucoa reflected on their answers. For the office lady, the cutest thing about the current Tohru had to be her cheerful face, almost too small and slim for her body size. In her opinion, it made her look so innocent and young even for a fully grown dragon. From Lucoa's point of view, the cutest thing about her draconic junior was how perky and tender her skin was. What Tohru lacked in sensual cellulite and lush body hair, she made up for in charm with her silky smooth flesh and perky curves.

Sitting down on mats before the table, Kobayashi was kind of grateful that her slobby version apparently understood the futility of trying to actually fit onto a chair and sit before the table the western style.. Between her massive bean bag rear and belly like a stack of tires she already sat high enough to have neither use nor space for chairs. Lucoa was in an analogous situation, accentuated by her even more massive ass and greater height. Sitting with her breasts sprawled over the table, she wasn't even bothering with etiquette.

Finally, Tohru shouted "Dinner's ready! Today we are having lamb chops and ribs~" and slammed three massive platters filled with meat onto the table. Ribs, lamb chops and whole legs covered in glistening sauce. By the quick estimate, it was at least three whole lambs worth of meat.

Kobayashi felt that her mouth was starting to water. She had a choice right now, she thought to herself. She could at least try to eat this dinner without making a pig out of herself. Then, her stomach let out a gurgling growl. The redhead felt time slowing down the crawl. While she already got used to her body acting strange under the effects of the spell, this was something different. Her body was crying out for food. Unable to think straight, she dived into the platter of ribs, ripping them apart with her bare hands, splashing the sauce everywhere and throwing away bones.

Having finished the rack of ribs, she grabbed the bowl of mashed potatoes and started wolfing them down. After the first few handfuls, she felt her mouth dry out and reached out for the saucepan. Grabbing the dish with her grubby, sticky fingers, she poured the gravy into her mouth, with about half of it landing on her chins.

After unleashing a loud, satisfied burp, she turned her eyes towards the pot of stew. With herculean effort for a woman as obese as her, she managed to lift it up. Using her massive belly and flabby chest as a fulcrum, she tilted the bowl and started to pour its content straight into her maw. The streams stew have flown along her jowls, converging between her tits into a small puddle that fed the brown waterfall flowing down her hairy stomach.

The pure ecstasy of all senses made Kobayashi forget herself for a moment, filling her with unfathomable lust. If her hands weren't busy, she would already be trying to reach her nether regions with her sausage-like fingers. Well, even if she had hands free to masturbate, she would find that right now she's physically unable to touch herself, unable to reach past her immense gut and massive, hairy fupa. Somehow, thinking about how she was too morbidly obese to shlick herself made her even more aroused.

"*Buuuuooooorp!* That really hits the spot.", said Kobayashi while scratching her hairy, sauce-covered belly, a bit frustrated that she physically can't reach any lower. As she looked

at Lucoa and Tohru, she found her in a similar state of dishevelment. Both dragonesses were absolutely covered in a mix of food remains and both were visibly rearing to go.

“Ladies, shall we have our *dessert?*”, cheerfully exclaimed Lucoa, seemingly unbothered by thunderous farts bursting from her wobbling ass.

“I thought you’d never, *booooouuuuurp*, ask!”, said Tohru, already tearing off her grease soaked clothes.

“Tohru... Dear... Could you help me undress? *Pfrrrrrt* I’m too full to do so.”, said Kobayashi, clearly understanding that the dessert tonight would consist of her two girlfriends.

“Of course *Braaap* Master!”, exclaimed Tohru before snapping her fingers, causing the table before them to disappear. She then proceeded to get up or rather to roll onto her stomach and crawl towards Kobayashi leaving a trail of grease and sweat on the floor like some sort of humanoid slug. With a surprising swiftness, she managed to undone her master’s buttons, undressing her as fast as she could without stew stained clothes ripping apart at seams. When her redheaded lover was finally nude in all her hairy, flabby and stretchmarked glory, Tohru snapped her fingers again causing her uniform to disappear allowing her massive gut and breasts to bounce freely.

“Like what you see?”, said dragoness propping up her impossibly perky, beach ball sized breasts.

“Tohru... I...”, Kobayashi stood stunned in a lustful haze. Whatever doubts about all encompassing fatness she might have had seemed silly when confronted with unnatural perfection of her lover. Yes, perfection for even as a living mountain of lard Tohru’s body was simply inhumanly perfect.

“*Brrraaaaaaapp*”, the thunderous fart broke Kobayashi from her stupor. She and Tohru turned eyes towards the source of the disturbance, Lucoa who just finished undressing herself and wanted some attention too.

The contrast between Lucoa and Tohru was incredible. While the younger dragoness had spotless skin and impossibly perky curves making her look like a living blimp, the older one had her body riddled with cellulite, stretchmarks and feathery body hair. While Tohru seemed almost weightless as she bounced around, Lucoa was much more ponderous in her movement with all folds of her body sagging heavily as she waddled forwards. Finally, Lucoa’s body was so hot that her sweat seemed to steam off her body, surrounding her in thick, womanly musk.

“Somebody pinch me...”, muttered Kobayashi to herself, salivating at the thought of sinking her finger’s into Lucoa’s wonderfully uneven and lumpy flesh.

Without thinking, Tohru pinched Kobayashi’s teat and lightly tugged it, causing it to squirt with milk much to the redhead’s shock. “Wow, you sure got backed up.”, she said, licking her hand clean from milk. “How sweet~”.

“Wha... Why?”, thought to herself Kobayashi, before accepting that she already knew the answer. As if to confirm the situation, she awkwardly pinched her second teat, causing it to start leaking thin, sweet milk. She wanted to ponder the situation, but the increasing feeling of frustration emanating from her nether regions was getting unbearable. “Girls, could you help me a bit?”, asked Kobayashi, groping her leaky breasts.

Lucoa and Tohru looked at each other with playful understanding and immediately started nuzzling Kobayashi’s nipples. Their long, dexterous tongues teased the teats, causing the stream of milk to grow stronger. The thin, sweet liquid mixed with Kobayashi’s salty sweat created a rather interesting taste. As both dragons kept on suckling with ever greater intensity, they started to grope Kobayashi’s many sweaty, greasy folds, clinging to her in lovers’ embrace.

Kobayashi could only gaze in wonder. Never in her life she expected to end in a milky threesome, let alone with her as the one nursing her girlfriends. Seeing Lucoa and Tohru look at her lustfully from her veiny, pancake-like breasts, she did the only thing she could and hugged them both with her flabby arms.

“It feels... so... right... *buurp...*” murmured Kobayashi to herself as the pleasant haze was overtaking her mind. She heard once that nursing can release some bonding hormones, but the sensation she felt right now was something beyond that. With each lick of her girlfriends’ tongues, she could feel tension building up inside her. She felt hot, sweating like a fat hog she was. Her breathing grew heavier, her eyes glazed over.

Just as the tension was reaching its peak, Tohru shifted her hand pressing hard on Kobayashi’s lower gut, sending ripples through her flabby flesh into her sappy nether regions. The overwhelmed redhead let out a loud moan mixed with sudden belch as her body shook from the orgasm. Feeling the trickle of juices force its way through her overgrown fupa, Kobayashi could only giggle to herself in stupor.

“The besht *Buuuuooooorp sex eva~*” muttered the redhead, now lost in ecstasy.

“Now me, now me!” cheerfully shouted Tohru while playing with her nipples, causing them to slowly start to dribble. Before Kobayashi could answer, the dragoness put her leaky teat against her face, almost choking her with her soft bosom.

Almost instinctively, Kobayashi started suckling her girlfriend’s nipples, licking off sweet, refreshing milk. In retrospect, even before their transformation she spent a lot of time with the teats in her mouth, but this was the first time Tohru’s oversized breasts were actually filled with delicious milk.

Seeing Tohru already squirming in pleasure, Lucoa decided to join in the fun of teasing her favorite marshmallow girl. Seeing that Tohru was too busy being suckled into climaxing to notice anything, she waddled behind her with a surprising speed and pushed her against Kobayashi. Suddenly being squeezed between two mountains of hairy, sweaty flesh broke Tohru from her trance. The sudden feeling of pressure squeezed her gut causing a massive, smelly eruption from her both ends.

Enticed by that reaction, Lucoa pushed forward, squeezing Kobayashi and Tohru's bellies even harder, as evidenced by the crescendo of burps and farts that accompanied it. "Now *Braaaaaap* time for the finale!", cheerfully exclaimed Lucoa, starting to move back and forth, causing her body to wobble like an oversized water mattress. Dragoness's belly rammed against Tohru's backside like a piledriver, transferring all the vibrations forward with the lewdest, wettest slapping noise.

Before Tohru could react, she started to orgasm from the sensation of being crushed between bodies of the two women she loved. "Moar! *Mooouuuuurp!* Moar!", she cried out as the ecstasy flew through her body like the electric current.

Tohru's breasts now bounced wildly, spraying milk on Kobayashi's face and around the whole room, though judging by the redhead's look of ecstasy as she tried to lick her fat face clean, she wouldn't mind being hosed down like this more often. In fact, Kobayashi was right now nearing orgasm herself.

"I *Booooouurrp* luv youuuurp.", belched out Kobayashi.

"I *loooooorp* you too.", belched out Tohru.

"And I love it when you flirt like that~", teased them Lucoa, currently lying down on the floor, resting up after a sudden movement. "Ara, ara, I feel like I need some refresher~", she said playfully, puffing up her massive, sagging udders. The veiny breasts ending in dark, bumpy nipples looked almost painfully full of milk, as if Lucoa somehow swelled three cup sizes since she came here. Knowing her, that was actually a possible reason.

Casually, as if she was lifting up a water bottle, Lucoa grabbed one of her melon sized breasts breasts, put it against her mouth and squeezed her teat with her long, dragonic tongue squeezing a stream of fresh milk into her own mouth. Licking her lips clean, she cooed: "Do you want some milk too~"

Picking up the intent almost immediately, Tohru and Kobayashi, still dizzy from cumming their brains out, started crawling towards Lucoa for their next round of tasty, sweet milk. With ponderous, undulating movements, two fatties were less crawling and more sliding on the floor greased with remains of the dinner mixed with their own sweat and milk.

"Come to your mommy~", cooed Lucoa massaging her beach ball sized, leaky breasts as Tohru and Kobayashi crawled towards her.

By this point, neither redhead nor her maid had any rational thoughts left in their heads. They were just two greedy cows trying to reach their promised mommy milkers. When they finally managed to reach the tits, each one grabbed them with their sausage like fingers and started licking and sucking them in a mindless frenzy.

"Oh~ Good girls~ *Braaaaaap*", moaned Lucoa while petting the heads of her lovers. "Such greedy *buuuooooorp* cuties~", she continued, feeling herself approaching her nursing induced orgasm.

As the tension kept rising, Lucoa found herself panting heavily, her body sweating even more than normal. "Haaaa~ *Booouuurrrp! Braaaaaap!*", her body sung with a cacophony of noises. Finally, the obese dragon finally managed to cross the line. With a mighty expulsion from both ends, she finally reached her orgasm. Shaking with pleasure, farting, belching and moaning at the same time, she looked like a massive mountain of steaming, wobbling lard held in sitting position purely by her sprawling ass being too large to let her roll around freely.

Refreshed by milk, Kobayashi managed to regain enough senses to speak. "Somebody... **braaaaaap**... Somebody please eat my pussy~", she begged, fruitlessly trying to lift her enormous gut enough to show her soaking wet nether regions.

"Yesh *Pffffrrrrrrtttt* my Mashter!", yelled out Tohru casually flipping her over half ton girlfriend on her back and parting her flabby, cellulite ridden legs to reveal treasure inside. Kobayashi's pussy was guarded by the enormous fupa covered in a forest of thick, scraggly hair. The raw musk of sweat layered with vagina juices would be enough to knock out any normal woman, but for Tohru it was her favorite perfume.

Kneeling down, the dragoness forced herself to retract her horns as she dived headfirst into her lover's red jungle. With unmatched ferocity, she started to devour Kobayashi with her inhumanly long and dexterous tongue. Tohru's efforts were almost immediately rewarded by sudden orgasm and a spray of love juices hitting her face.

Seeing the pair already busy, Lucoa exclaimed: "Don't leave me out, girls!", dived under Tohru's soft, marshmallowy backside pushing aside the plush fat as if it was weightless. Pushing between pillowy thighs and squished belly underneath, Lucoa finally managed to feel the location of Tohru's pussy. Contrary to Kobayashi's, Tohru had pretty small and cute fupa and her hair was closer to a lawn than a jungle.

Pressing her face against downy hair covering her junior's extraordinarily plump lower lips, Lucoa started to greedily lick her out. Feeling the pussy juices already spraying in her face, Lucoa doubled down and used her dragonic tongue to grab and caress Tohru's protruding clit. The moment the tongue made contact with the throbbing pink flesh, Tohru almost immediately started to shake, cumming herself and squeezing Lucoa between her folds.

As the night progressed, the three girls descended further and further into hedonistic frenzy. Sweat, breast milk and pussy juices mixed with alcohol and new layers of grease and sauce from their mid sex snacks. Soon, all three were rolling in an almost muddy mess farting, belching and moaning as they cummed themselves from seemingly any sensation.

The two dragons and their human lover were going at each other like the obese, greasy sows in heat until they could move no more and needed to rest and gorge themselves until another gluttony induced orgasm.

The cycle of sex and gluttony continued until it was almost morning. With Tohru covered in a muddy layer of sweat, milk and the remains of dozens of decadent dishes, she fell asleep somewhere in the middle of her third round of being eaten out by Kobayashi and didn't fully wake up even after a few climaxes. Kobayashi was technically still awake, though being drenched in a mixture of breast milk and several types of syrups and frostings made her look

like she just ate her way out of the cake factory. The last woman standing, both literally and figuratively, was Lucoa currently trying to clean herself up with some magic, though in her case this seemed to mean having all the grime and stains being washed out by the fresh sweat constantly dripping from her.

With her sprawling ass and slippery floor preventing her from either getting up or lying down by herself, the redhead looked at Lucoa with pleading eyes, asking for help getting up. Without question, dragoness waddled to her and lifted her up to her feet. With a single gesture of her hand, food stains fell off Kobayashi, washed away by fresh sweat. "Want a post sex smoke?", asked Lucoa, conjuring a box of cigars.

"Yeah, I could use one.", said Kobayashi awkwardly, trying to put on her bathrobe. Seeing how her belly covered everything above her shins either way, she gave up on the idea of closing it as they waddled towards the balcony.

"Ehhh... That was something...", sighted Kobayashi taking between puffs of her cigar.

"Yeah, I don't get bored of that even if we do it twice a week~", said Lucoa. "I love our usual routine~".

"Hehe... Yeah... The usual.", Kobayashi awkwardly laughed, feeling guilty for the way the spell twisted even Lucoa's life into a hedonistic pigsty.

"Agreeing to play along with that magic was the great idea~", casually remarked Lucoa while taking a deep breath of smoke.

"Yeah... That was... Wait, what?!" Kobayashi has gone pale from whiplash.

"Oh, did you really think I'd fall for a simple spell like that one, silly?", laughed Lucoa. Playfully poking her girlfriend's belly, she continued: "Me, Tohru, Elma and even Ilulu all agreed to play along since it seemed like it would be fun~".

"But... but... You turned obese! You turned from a supermodel into an obese, saggy hog reeking of sweat and farts!"

"*Hahaha*, yeah. I was surprised by how kinky your idea of 'relax' was.", laughed Lucoa.

"You've ruined your bodies for me? I..."

"Shush. Don't act as if that's somehow a big deal.", interrupted Lucoa. "I've done crazier things, though admittedly never like that. Plus, did you forget that whole 'shapeshifting dragon' part of a deal?", said Lucoa. "Or that dragons don't gain weight from human food?"

Before Kobayashi could answer, Lucoa's body suddenly started to shake and wobble. Her skin started to deflate like a punctured waterbed before starting to roll back with a wet, slapping sound. In ten seconds or so, Lucoa was already back at her original size, though visibly saggy, hairier and riddled with stretch marks. She took a deep breath and her skin

immediately sprung back to its smooth, spotless self. She looked almost exactly the same as before the spell.

“See? Not even a spot left. I can even stay like that if you want another round~”, teased Lucoa.

Ignoring the fact that Lucoa now stood naked, Kobayashi asked: “So, neither of you were messed up by the spell? Nothing’s changed?”. She was strangely relieved that her girlfriends were just humoring her kinky request instead of being caught by a spell.

“Nope, same old me. Though...”, Lucoa pondered for a second, before suddenly sprouting a thick, luscious trail of hair from her navel to her crotch around her crotch. “I think I grew to like being hairy down there~”

“I... I think I’ll get rid of the spell. It was great fun and all, but I feel like I’m not suited to being a fat, careless sow. Too many worries about my image and the example I’m giving to Kana and Ilulu.”, sighed Kobayashi.

“Your call, dear~ You know that me and Tohru will support you regardless.”, said Lucoa. “I have to go back home now. Come, let me give you a goodbye kiss~”, she said, suddenly leaning forward and embracing Kobayashi into a deep kiss.

“I love you, Lucoa.”

“I love you too, darling. Even if you are my cute piggie~”, teased her Lucoa.

Opening up the teleport circle, she added: “We should change sizes more often! I want to try playing with a girl five times my size~”, before disappearing in a blueish flash of light.

Kobayashi was left standing on the balcony. The evening breeze felt pleasantly cool against the bare skin of her gut flowing out from under her bathrobe. Feeling both happy and exhausted by the sudden revelations, she leaned against the railing and lit up a second cigar from the first one.

“What even is this life supposed to be? I’ve been turned into a massive pile of smelly lard, I can’t last an hour without eating and... **Braaaaaaaappppppfffff!** I can’t stop farting and belching even if I try! I’m also so horny all the time...”, she complained to nobody in particular before taking a few more deep breaths of smoke.

Her mind started to drift a bit, thinking about her life now. She still had her job, now with a free snackbar and no dress code beside “don’t be nude”. She also somehow managed to avoid all the usual annoyances of the office. Her friends were with her, seemingly enjoying the new greasy status quo without any adverse effects. Even her two loving girlfriends seemed more lively than normal. As absurd as it sounded, the spell from Felix did its job giving her a completely stress free life.

“A worry free life at the cost of being a fat, lewd, overindulgent slob... What an absurd price for a wish.”, thought to herself Kobayashi while lighting up her third cigar. “The bastard even

included perfect health...”, Kobayashi sat on the reinforced bench that has replaced her usual balcony chair and let out a thunderous fart, “If you discount weight, sweat and gas...”

Kobayashi looked at the moon, suddenly feeling overwhelmingly sleepy. Inside her, there were two voices. One calling her to shake it off and return to her normal life and the other calling her to continue her new, carefree and blissful adventure. The first voice kept trying to remind her how insane and disgusting it all was, the other kept whispering about how there would be no harm in continuing the fun for just a bit longer.

Doozy and undecided, Kobayashi put down her cigar, slowly heaved herself upward and waddled back into her apartment. Entering her living room thick with musk of lewd, gluttonous evening she felt incredibly sleepy yet somehow content. Without a second thought, she walked next to her sprawling behemoth of a girlfriend and laid down on her stain and grease covered belly sprawled on the floor like a surreal, fleshy mattress.

“I’m going to figure out how to fix it... *Yawn* But first... I need some well deserved rest...”, she thought as she drifted into sleep.

There will be a time when she will need to choose the course of her life but for now, it was time for Miss Kobayshi to enjoy her slobby stress relief.