

## Lara and the NEET Necklace

Shelly shuddered as the thunderstorm raged outside of the windows of the mansion. Chewing on her lips, she tried to keep her mind calm by focusing on the task of cleaning one of the many pieces of art that inhabited the Croft mansion. The sizable collection was among many duties required for the staff to take care of while the master of the house was away. While a few of her coworkers grumbled about still needing to be in uniform, Shelly found comfort in the classic black dress, white apron, and lacey head piece nestled atop her head of short, black hair. Maintaining the pristine outfit was just one of the many ways she kept herself busy in an attempt to keep the mansion tidy for her master return.

A commotion coming from the main entrance forced Shelly to put down her feather duster and join the crowd. Arriving at the top of the stairs that looked over the front doors, she managed to hear the whispers going around that Ms. Croft had come home. The news brought a momentary smile to her face, but it came with a strange sense of overwhelming dread that she couldn't quite pin down. Worried about the woman she secretly idolized, she went against her meek nature to slip through the coworkers to get towards the front.

The gossip amongst the staff immediately died as the doors slammed open. Stepping in from the pouring rain, Lara Croft whipped around her ponytail of braided, brown hair to get rid of the water clinging to the strands. Her blue tank top and cargo shorts were just as drenched as the rest of her body, with an unflattering impression of her buxom chest being shown off from the dampness. Though a few of the staff attempted to approach to help her, they kept their distance once they saw the pair of handguns holstered on her hips and her annoyed expression.

Seeing Lara starting to stumble, Shelly took the initiative and ran forward to catch her. Uncaring of the moisture seeping into her uniform, the maid helped her master to trudge forward

on her soaking wet boots. During the short trek across the foyer, her eyes caught a glimpse of something shiny near Lara's neck. Looking closer, she noticed a golden amulet bearing the image of an overweight woman with the head of a pig. Curious, she reached out to touch the piece of jewelry only for her hand to be slapped away.

"I-I'm sorry, Ms. Croft," Shelly apologized. "I was just--"

"Don't worry about it," Lara replied, nudging the maid to get her to continue walking. "Just get me to the dining room."

"I beg your pardon, miss, but you seem exhausted. Wouldn't it be better to get you to bed?"

"I can sleep later," Lara said, giving another push to hasten Shelly's pace. "As for the rest of you," Lara began, turning her attention towards the onlooking staff members, "get into the kitchen and start making my dinner. I'm absolutely BWOOOOOORRRRRPPP starving."

Knowing that it was unwise to bring up their master's rude expulsion, the various servants scattered to get to work. Left all alone with Lara, Shelly continued forward towards the dining room. Hoping to break the awkward silence, she finally spoke.

"Umm, how was your trip?"

"Fine," Lara replied, not looking at the maid in favor of keeping her eyes focused on the door to the dining room. "We managed to discover the lost temple but ran into some trouble with the local wildlife. Even had a run in with a pack of sabretooth UUURRRP tigers."

"I thought they were extinct."

"They are now at least," Lara replied with a sly grin, bringing some much needed levity. "After all that, the only thing I managed to salvage was this amulet. My guides tried to warn me that it was cursed, but they were probably just BWOOOOOORRRP superstitious."

Reaching the chair at the head of the table, Shelly gently sat Lara down and stepped away. “Well, I’m glad to have you back, Ms. Croft. If you need anything, I’d be more than willing to-“

Shelly was interrupted by the arrival of a serving cart pushed by one of her coworkers. Bringing over the silver platter and placing it in front of Lara, the maid bowed and not so subtly held out a hand for tips. What she received instead was a belch to the face to send her running away while Lara lifted up the cover to reveal a rotisserie chicken.

Complete awe washed over Shelly as she watched Lara ignore her utensils to rip into the chicken with her bare hands. Disregarding her manners led to a session of savage devouring akin to a starving animal. The messy display left grease to slide down her chin with each bite. The indulgent feasting was punctuated with a barrage of belches leaving her lips to help her make room for every last bite.

Stripping the bird down to the bone, Lara leaned back in her seat to massage the potbelly she had developed over the course of the meal. Gently massaging the protrusion barely that was covered up by her top, she showed no hesitation in easing her digestion with more belches. One of these gas bubbles ended up making its way down through her intestines to come out as a squeaky fart.

“You,” Lara commanded, pointing towards a red-faced Shelly. “Bring me more food.”

“I beg your pardon miss, but is that wise?” Shelly spoke up. “Your digestion seems to be a bit uneasy. I know that you’re hungry from your trip, but it might be best to get some sleep for now. I’ve taken the liberty of laying out your sleeping gown and your bedsheets have been recently washed and-“

“I SAID MORE BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP FOOD!” Lara commanded, sending Shelly running off to avoid her wrath.

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Shelly had thought that with the return of her master, the mansion would go back to its standard routine. Unfortunately that was far from the truth. The grounds' former peace had been taken over with a sense of dread that no one could quite pin down. This ominous feeling did not seem to pass on to Lara who was more interested in some major renovations to her bedroom.

Passing by a group of servants as they finished up the last of the inspections, Shelly peeked her head into the room. What was once a luxurious bed chamber had been modified to better suit her mistress's drastic change in priorities. Where once stood an antique dressing mirror was now a desk that held aloft a top of the line, gaming PC. Located next to the beast of a computer a collection of mini-fridges and shelves lined up with snacks. It was here that Shelly managed to find her master inspecting her modified living quarters.

Strolling back and forth to admire her collection of snacks, Lara reached out to pluck a bag of cheese balls. Popping open the package, she leaned back her head to let the aroma waft into her nostrils. Diving her fingers into the bag and coming back up with a handful, she pushed the cheese balls into her mouth to uphold her degraded diet.

A few sprinkles of cheese dust slipped from Lara's fingers as she ate, sullyng the top currently wrapped around her torso. The shirt was the only thing currently holding back her breasts thanks to her recent decision to toss away her bra for the sake of comfort. Her uncaring attitude to who saw her nipples through the fabric was carried on with the way she freely let her pudgy, potbelly peek out from beneath her shirt. The exposed gut shared had to share the

spotlight with how her shorts clung to her bubble butt to fully emphasize the layer of pudg that had encroached over her body since her return to the mansion.

Though she knew it was rude, Shelly couldn't help herself from inching closer to get a better look at Lara's weight issues. Thanks to her master's obsession with scarfing down every last crumb, the maid managed to get within a few feet of her to see the amulet still hung around her neck. Her focus on the jewelry was broken by a rumbling noise emanating from her master's gut. Realizing too late what the sound meant, Shelly failed to back up before getting blasted by an abrupt fart from Lara's rear.

"Who's there?" Lara asked, finally noticing Shelly as the maid choked on the rancid fumes.

"I'm sorry for sneaking up on you like that," Shelly replied, trying to regain her usual posture. "I was seeing you needed any assistance."

"Then you came just in UUURRPPP time," Lara belched, sliding her fingers across her mid-section to wipe them clean of cheese dust. "Grab some snacks and drinks to bring over to my desk."

"Right away miss," Shelly said, hurrying to meet her master's demands. "If you don't mind me asking, what are you planning to do? Do you have a lead on a new temple? Perhaps you want to uncover some kind of lost artifact?"

"Nah," Lara replied, snatching the can of soda from Shelly's fingers, and popping it open. "A new game came out and I've been BWOOOORRRRPPPP eager to try it."

Shelly tilted her head. "I beg your pardon, but I never took you for a video game fan."

"I wasn't," Lara said, tilting back her head to chug the soda before tossing the empty can to a corner of the room. "That was until I found this UUUUURRRP game called Unmapped:

Draco's Hoard. It's about this guy going across the world for treasure. There's a whole online BOOOUUURRRRP multiplayer mode too where you fight other treasure hunters."

"That sounds kind of like you," Shelly she chirped, a small smile appearing on her face.

"Now you see why I'm so UUURRRP interested," Lara replied as she dragged over her keyboard to launch the game. "After everything I went through with my last expedition, it'll be nice to go on a much easier BWOORRRP adventure for a change."

"I agree that you've more than earned yourself a break," Shelly commented. "If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask."

"I could use a faster loading time," Lara said, impatiently tapping at her mouse, "but some more food will UUURRRRPPP do for now."

"Right away," Shelly replied, hurrying back to the shelves to begin gathering up more snacks. Though she was still concerned about Lara's weight, she believed in her master's words. After all, she saw no harm in taking a small break from adventuring to enjoy a more relaxing vacation at home. This hopeful thought was undermined by a rumbling fart rippling out of Lara's rear. Enduring through the smell to drop off the food for her master, Shelly told herself that everything was going to be fine as long as she focused on her job.

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Careful not to drop the stack of food in her arms, Shelly got in position among the line of other servers that filled up the corridor outside of Lara's bedroom. Upon the ring of a bell, the procession would move forward to drop off their goods. Though each servant carried with them a sizable amount of food and drink, the procession moved at a steady pace. The short time Shelly spent in the line gave her a chance to hear the less than favorable things the other workers were

saying about her master. Even if Shelly's timid nature did allow her to speak up against the unruly gossip, she would have to agree that Lara's current state was more than a little worrying.

A shiver went down Shelly's spine as she drew closer to her master's room. From right outside the door, she could hear Lara furiously typing away at her keyboard. The noise of heavy breathing was occasionally interrupted with the sounds of messy eating or a rude gas expulsion. Dreading what she would find inside, she jumped as she heard the ring of a bell to summon her to her master's side.

Stepping through the doorway, Shelly spotted Lara in the usual spot. Comfortably seated at her desk, the former adventurer turned obsessive gamer leaned back and forth in time with what was happening on the screen. What remained of her previous serving of food had been reduced to a scattering of crumbs on a nearby platter. Snatching up an energy drink can with a free hand while a loading screen came up, she chugged down the rest of its contents before tossing it aside.

“BWOOOOOORRRRRP more!” Lara called out, getting Shelly to move closer to her.

Placing her platter on the desk, Shelly pulled off the cover to reveal a spread of burgers and fries recently delivered to the mansion. The greasy meal was from one of the many fast food eateries that Lara had become enamored with ever since her return. She showed off this love for the unhealthy food as she snatched up one of the burgers and began to eat.

Sinking her teeth into the meat, Lara didn't seem to mind the droplets of grease and various condiments that seeped out of her mouth to slide down her two chins. The splatter managed to be stopped by her breasts; their size having easily doubled since her last adventure. The stain joined the myriad of others that besmirched her top, partially obscuring the impression of her nipples sticking through the fabric. Another bite sent a splatter of grease that managed to

reach past her chest to sprinkle across the drooping gut currently sunk between her legs. Lara's paunch managed to obscure some of the tears across her shorts that were a byproduct of having to contain her meaty rear.

With Lara contently chewing through her meal, Shelly took the opportunity to approach the other side of the desk to retrieve the empty platters left behind by her coworkers. Getting in a little too close subjected her nose to the odor that wafted out from her master's armpits. Looking at the hairs sticking out from the top, the thought popped into her head that she had yet to see Lara take a bath during the past week.

On reaction to a burp leaving Lara's lips, Shelly tilted her head back up. Like so many times beforehand, her gaze shifted to focus on the amulet still hanging from around her master's neck. Chewing on her lip, she began to slowly reach towards the jewelry. She didn't know the exact reason, but something in the back of her mind told her that it was the root cause for Lara's degradation.

Moments before Shelly could place her fingers on the amulet, an unruly groan emanated from Lara's gut. Unfortunately, the maid was a little too slow to avoid getting caught up in the stink bomb Lara unleashed via a loud BRRRRAAAAAAPPPP from her rear. Over the sound of her own coughing, Shelly managed to hear a satisfied exhale from her master. Turning back to watch her master purposefully inhale the rancid odor, she ended up staring a little too long and catching Lara's gaze.

"Well, what are you UUUUUURRRRP standing around for?" Lara asked, shoving the platter that used to hold the burgers and fries onto the floor, adding a new splotch of grease to the carpet. "Go get more food and then get back in BWOOOORRRRPPP line with the others."

“Yes, right away miss,” Shelly said, quickly picking up the platter before running out of the room.

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Like so many times before, Shelly had to be the one to volunteer for the task. Typically the duty of cleaning up her master’s bedroom was rotated among the staff, but recently the servants had deemed it as the worst job in the mansion. Though Shelly wanted to scold them for shirking their duties, she knew better than to try and force them. Especially considering the rancid odor that engulfed her body as she opened up the door to Lara’s room.

A careful waltz amongst scattered piles of empty cans and food containers was required for Shelly to go about her job. Pulling out a garbage bag, she began to make her way through the room to pick up any refuse. There were more than enough times that her fingers got stuck on sticky residue clinging to the trash, but for the most part each of the containers had been licked clean of their contents. While she was appreciative that her master’s appetite made the clean up a little easier, it was a small comfort in comparison to what had happened to Lara’s once athletic body.

Making her way through the mess, Shelly inevitably reached Lara at her desk. Thanks to a night-long gaming session, the obese woman was contently leaning back in her chair with her head tilted to the side. Her snoring had her meaty mammaries constantly rising and falling, threatening to burst apart the sports bra-like top currently wrapped around them. One of her pudgy hands was lazily placed along her doughy gut, partially obscuring the patches of hair around her belly button. Shifting around in her sleep led to loud creaks from her chair as it tried to contain the overabundance of blubber packed around her ass cheeks.

Heart sinking at the sight of the ripped and messy pair of shorts currently wrapped around Lara's wide waist, Shelly tried to keep her mind on the task at hand to finish cleaning up as quickly as possible. Clearing the desk of a vast collection of empty candy wrappers, the maid's attention turned towards the crumbs littering her master's fat folds. While she was resistant to touching Lara while she was asleep, the faster she got the job done the sooner she could escape the noxious fumes that permeated the room.

With a steady hand, Shelly started to pick out the many morsels of food that had gotten stuck to Lara's body. Each piece was small but carried with it a hint of sweat and body odor culminated from her master's long night spent staring at her computer screen. As she removed a collection of crumbs from the tangles of Lara's armpit hair, she had to wonder just how messy her master's eating habits had become.

Taking a moment to wipe her hand clean of sweat and grease with a rag, Shelly couldn't stop her eyes from drifting towards the amulet once more. She paused, swearing that there was a strange, white glow surrounding it that wasn't there before. Double checking to make sure that Lara was still sound asleep, the maid took her chance to try and remove the jewelry. Unable to reach past her master's girth, Shelly was forced to start climbing up her rolls.

With her fingers barely touching the edge of the amulet, Shelly paused as she heard a loud creaking noise. She thought she found the source as a press into Lara's belly produced a reverberating fart that gave the room a fresh aura of stink. Trying to fight through the smell and more unsettling sounds coming from nearby, Shelly tried to go those few extra inches needed to get rid of the accursed jewelry.

The exact moment Shelly managed to place her fingers on the amulet, she and Lara came crashing to the ground as the chair broke apart under their weight. Thanks to the thick blubber

around Lara's body, neither she nor Shelly sustained any serious damage. That was aside from another, much more powerful BRRRAAAAAPPPPPP spurting out of Lara's backside from the impact. As Shelly coughed on the fumes, she was prevented from trying to grab the necklace again as Lara stirred from her slumber.

"What the BWOOOOORRRRP hell are you doing?" Lara asked, scrunching up her three chins to look at the nervous expression on Shelly's face.

"S-sorry," Shelly replied, rolling off of her master and scrambling to her feet. "I was, um, trying to clean off the crumbs from you and there were some that I couldn't reach." Putting her hands behind her back, she fiddled with her fingers to try and keep her nerves at bay. "I tried to get them by getting on the chair, but unfortunately it broke. There might have been a defect in the manufacturing."

"You don't need to lie to me," Lara said, sending a shudder down Shelly's spine as she heaved herself back into a standing position. "I know that it was caused by my UUUURRRP fat ass," she added, whipping about the greasy locks making up her ponytail. "Probably for the best. I was getting sore sitting in that BWOOOOORRRRP tiny thing anyway."

Shelly exhaled a sigh of relief. "I'm glad to see that you aren't hurt. Is there anything I can get you?"

"Breakfast to UUUURRRP start," Lara said, nudging the maid aside to waddle back to her computer. "Then maybe we can try to find something for me to BWOOOOORRRRP sit on while I shop around for a suitable replacement."

"Right away, Ms. Croft," Shelly said, giving a bow and running out of the room just before Lara started off her morning routine by unloading a massive stink bomb from her rear.

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The momentous occasion of Lara leaving her room should have been celebrated. While that was true for Shelly, the other servants were sent into a panic as they hurried to take care of the various tasks that they had neglected over the course of the master's self-imposed isolation. Shelly was happy to see her coworkers doing their jobs, but in the back of her mind was a sense of doubt that the state of the manor wouldn't matter much considering how little Lara cared about her own appearance.

A quiet murmur passed along from the hall outside gave Shelly and the other servants lined up in the dining room a warning to prepare for Lara's arrival. For Shelly, this meant beating out any leftover wrinkles from her uniform and double checking to ensure her hair was in place. As for the others, this was their signal to don cloth masks dipped in perfume to help them endure the odor that came seeping into the room to herald the master's arrival.

Before two maids could open the door up for Lara, she did the job herself by bashing it open with her gut. The slow gait afforded to the formerly fit woman by her thunder thighs and blubbery legs constantly had the flabby belly making up the majority of her 800 pound-self frantically jiggling. Though this meant showing off the coarse patches of hair along her belly button, this sagging orb of flesh had the small benefit of obscuring her hairy groin since she had chosen to come to dinner without any clothes.

Out of respect, Shelly tried to avert her gaze from the sagging sacks of meat that were Lara's breasts. Each of the mammaries had nearly tripled in size over the duration of the past few months, with a good portion of the gains going towards plumping up her teats. Pausing a few feet away from the table, Lara used her sausage-like fingers to start digging out crumbs from betwixt

her cleavage. The sight of her scarfing down the sweat drenched morsels made most of the staff look away right before she moved onto scratching the thicket of hair sticking out of her armpits.

Waddling the last few feet to the table, Lara snapped her fingers together to get her staff moving. Wanting to get away from the slob's gassy rear as fast as possible, a pair of maids hurried up to push over a beanbag chair nearly as large as their master. Bringing her double wide rear down onto the chair, she christened her new throne by wobbling her chunky cheeks to unleash a reverberating BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP.

"A little UUUURRPPPP small," Lara commented, continuing to shuffle in her seat, "but it will have to do. Now, where's my food?"

Fearful of the ensuing gas bombardment that would emerge if the obese woman started a temper tantrum, the servants quickly lifted the covers off the platters covering the table. Precious silver plates meant to hold high class cuisine were instead used to accentuate a vast array of fast food. Nodding her head and three chins in approval, Lara snapped her fingers to begin the feast.

The slobby woman's meal started off small with an extra-large, supreme pizza. Easily getting through the mess of greasy cheese and meat, she belched out an order for a plate of milkshakes to be brought over to treat her sweet tooth. Finishing off the drinks, she kept herself busy licking the droplets from her plump lips while the servants carried over a bucket of chicken wings. Stripping the meat from the bones, she made the order for a platter of bean burritos to be brought over next. The few moments the staff hesitated to give her foul digestion more fuel was punished with another loud PPPHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTT bursting out of her rear to get them moving again.

Just before Lara dug into the potent burritos, she paused as she felt something nudge against her arm. Turning her thick neck to the side, she spotted the timid Shelly. The maid was

frozen still as a statue under her master's gaze, with her hand still clutching the cloth in her fingers.

“What do you think you're BWOOOOORRRRP doing?” Lara asked.

“Y-you were, getting quite messy,” Shelly explained. “I just wanted t-to help tidy you up a bit.”

“There's no need for that,” Lara replied, pausing to stuff her face with a burrito.

“Washing up would be pointless since I'm just going to get even UUUUURRRRP filthier.”

“Right, I'm sorry Ms. Croft,” Shelly said, lowering her head.

Lara reached out with her pudgy fingers to grasp Shelly's chin and tilt it up so that they could meet eye to eye. “I appreciate you trying to look out for BOOOOUUUURRRRRRPPP me,” Lara belched, the maid wincing at the rancid smell on her master's breath. “I know you care, but you should only do what I BWOOOOORRRRRRPPP tell you. Understood?”

“Yes, Ms. Croft,” Shelly replied, hurried along by another eruption of flatulence from her master.

“Well, at least one of BWOOOOORRRRRRP you know how to do their job,” Lara shouted out. “Now bring me the UUUURRRRRPPP nachos!”

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The prim and proper uniform Shelly had once held so dear was now a mess of sweat and food stains as she ran through the halls of the mansion as fast as she could. Each of her hurried steps echoed through the empty corridors to remind her just how vacant the abode was. Part of the reason that her hair was so frazzled was because of the immense stress that had been building

up with each notice of another servant quitting. Left as the sole caretaker of the grounds, it fell upon her to take care of Lara's each and every need.

For once, Shelly was grateful for her master's lack of caring when it came to cleanliness since it meant she was able to put off taking care of any of the rooms that were ignored by the slobby woman. However, that still meant being the one responsible for supplying enough food to take care of the gluttonous woman's appetite. What time she had used to spend dusting priceless artifacts was now devoted to either cooking up a storm in the kitchen or arranging massive orders from any eateries that piqued her master's interest. Sometimes, in an effort to fully indulge her gluttony and skip the preparation time, Lara would even ask for large containers of butter or lard. This all culminated in the creation of the repulsive thing Shelly now had to take care of at all hours of the day and night.

Arms burdened with the latest serving of greasy food, Shelly pushed her back against the door to get into her master's room. She was nearly toppled to the floor as she accidentally stepped on one of the many, emptied out energy drink cans Lara had left behind. Regaining her balance, she carefully tiptoed through the large piles of trash that she had not had a chance to clean. Anytime she attempted to get rid of the mess, she was swiftly scorned by Lara and ordered to focus her efforts on what really mattered to the gluttonous slob.

Dropping off the load of food on the desk, Shelly jumped back just in time to avoid a blubbery limb reaching out to drag the food onto Lara's torso. Spilling the feast onto her massive gut, Lara let her fat folds act as makeshift shelves to catch any morsels that tumbled down her gut and missed her bundles of body hair. Thoroughly drenched in the sweat clinging to her pudgy mass, Lara proceeded to stuff her face with the food as she focused her vision on the monitor in front of her.

A mouse and keyboard were balanced atop Lara's massive tits, each one rivaling the size of the bean bag chair she had crushed with her weight a week beforehand. The massive globes only moved from their perch atop her belly for two reasons. First was whenever Lara needed to dig her hands beneath her thick arms to scratch at the bushels of hair inhabiting her armpits. The second was from the tremors that spread down her five chins whenever she opened up her mouth to let loose an echoing belch that shook around the unkempt, greasy strands that cradled her fat face.

Through her master's constant mouse clicks and key presses, Shelly managed to see the amulet still tightly clinging around Lara's thick neck. What little free time the maid had managed to get was spent figuring out where the strange jewelry had come from. At first, she had assumed that Lara had done thorough research before putting the amulet around her necklace. Thanks to the degraded nature of the once proud woman, that notion no longer stood in Shelly's way, allowing her to thoroughly search for any shred of info she could find.

Taking a step back allowed Shelly to properly see Lara's over 1000 pounds of flesh. Shelly couldn't help seeing the resemblance to the figures that had been etched into the temple's walls. Everything from the enormous size, the bountiful body hair, and abhorrent odor were a perfect match for the mythical effects of the curse legends said were bound to the amulet.

Shelly's suspicions were proven right as she managed to back up enough to get a full view of the couch currently keeping Lara aloft. The piece of furniture was barely able to hold up her master's pair of boulder-like butt cheeks. Wobbling her backside back and forth as she got more into the game, Lara paid little mind to the rumbling noise emanating from her colon. Enduring the ensuing blast of flatulence following a rippling BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPP

Shelly looked through her teary eyes to see once more how the couch resembled the throne in the pictures that was said to belong to the ancients' indulgent queen.

“UUUUUURRRRPPP Shelly, where are you?” Lara shouted out, her entire body jiggling as she stomped her feet to get the maid's attention. “I need you BWOOOOORRRRRP now.”

“Yes, I'm right here Ms. Croft,” Shelly replied. “What can I do for-“

Another PPHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT bursting out of Lara's ass quickly silenced the maid. “Get over here and UUUURRRP feed me. I'm BWOOOOORRRRRRPPP busy concentrating on this match.”

Shelly took a deep breath, her need to mentally prepare herself outweighing the effects of the noxious fumes that filled her lungs. “Yes, right away miss.”

Grabbing onto Lara's love handles, the comparatively miniscule maid began to ascend. The climb across the greasy, sweat slicked flesh was difficult. It was only through Shelly's multiple ascents up the living mound of fat that she was able to make her way up before Lara vented her frustration with a bombardment of farts. Her reward for reaching the top of her master's torso was to further sully her uniform by tightly clutching onto Lara's sweaty arm. With one hand sunken into the pudge to keep a good grip, Shelly began her task.

Begrudgingly sticking her hands into the fat folds, the maid yanked out chunks of food to feed the slobby woman's appetite. Careful not to lose any fingers in the process, Shelly brought the sustenance up to the slob's face to be hastily devoured. The close proximity meant that she was exposed to the splatters of food that left her master's lips as she sloppily chewed and freely belched. On more than one occasion, Shelly had to bury her face into the obese blob's hairy pits in order to avoid the harsh stench of a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPP blasting out at the

apex of one of Lara's games. The maid only left the sanctuary of sweat and stench when Lara belched out an order to continue.

Continuing her work, the usual trance Shelly got in to finish the task was broken as she began to notice something. Lara had been completely obsessed with Unmapped: Draco's Hoard ever since she had returned, but something felt different. The maid still had only the vaguest idea on how the game worked, but she understood enough of the onscreen prompts to know that her master was in the middle of a match amongst the highest ranked players. As Lara's orders for food slowed to a crawl as she put her full attention towards the screen, Shelly saw her chance.

Ever so carefully, Shelly began to inch her way towards Lara's neck. Though her fingers were close enough to the amulet to graze the odd glow surrounding it, she dared not to move any further. She still had to watch and wait for the right time. Every so often she would glance back at the screen to keep a close eye on the score. As the numbers continued to rise, she knew the moment was right when Lara hoisted up her arms in victory.

Pushing through the cloud of body odor that came out alongside a victorious BOOOOOUUUUUURRRRRPPPP from Lara's lips, Shelly lunged forward to snatch the necklace. Straining her weary muscles, she managed to snap the jewelry off of her master's neck. Tightly clutching the amulet in her palm, she braced herself as she came rolling down the large woman's belly rolls. Landing amongst a pile of discarded wrappers, she remained still in wait for the moment she would be bombarded with gas and scorn for her act of defiance.

"Ugh, what BWOOOOORRRRRPPPP happened to me?" asked a familiar, husky voice from above.

No longer fearing retribution, Shelly hesitantly lifted herself up into a standing position. Opening up her eyes, she watched as Lara poked and prodded at her slobby self as if

experiencing it for the first time. In the midst of trying to figure out how these hundreds of pounds of fat were layered onto her body; she crinkled her nose as she got a whiff of the odor that permeated the room and the strands dotting her figure. Becoming further disgusted by a fart slipping out from between her thick butt cheeks, she finally noticed Shelly looking up at her.

“Shelly?” Lara asked. “What UUUUUUUURRRRRRRRPPPP happened?”

“I...took the liberty of removing this from you,” Shelly replied, holding up the inert amulet. “Apologies, but I didn’t know any other way to bring you back to normal.”

“Nothing to be BWOOOOORRRRRRRRPPPP sorry about,” Lara replied. “That thing’s been nothing but trouble since I put it back on in the temple.”

“Were you aware of what was happening?”

“I was still UUUURRRRPPPP conscious to an extent,” Lara explained. “However, I couldn’t control myself. Thank you for BOOOUUUUURRRRRRRRPPPP freeing me.”

A small smile appeared on Shelly’s face. “Thank you, Ms. Croft.”

“Lara is just UUURRRRP fine,” she replied, holding up her pudgy hand. “I think we’ve far gone past BWOOOOORRRRRPPPP formalities at this point.”

“Very well...Lara,” Shelly said, enjoying the ability to speak the name out loud. “Can I do anything for you?”

“Prepare me a bath,” Lara said, trying to heave her hefty form off of the couch. “I need to UUUURRRRRRRPPPP scrub myself down ten times over to-“

Lara came to a dead stop as a rumbling fart forced its way out of her colon. As the last of the flatulence petered off, Lara cautiously sat herself back down. “Um, it might not be the best idea for me to UUUURRRRPPPP move right now.”

“I’ll go fetch a sponge and bucket,” Shelly said, effortlessly bounding over the trash on the floor.

“I suppose that will have to BWOOOOORRRRP do for now,” Lara admitted. “I’ll see about getting a proper UUUURRRPPP bath once I’m back to normal. Oh, and Shelly?”

“Yes?” Shelly asked, stopping in the doorway.

“Thank you again.”

Shelly let the grin on her face spread a little further. “No need, Lara. I’m just fulfilling my duties as your maid,” she said, running off just in time to avoid another fart forcing its way out of Lara.