

“ALCHEMY, WITH A SIDE OF FRIES”

A Voltron: Legendary Defender Slobfic

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Somewhere outside time and space, in the web of Quintessence holding the multiverse together, Allura and Honerva worked to heal the many broken universes that had been destroyed in the final conflict with Voltron. The two had been working together for almost a year--unbeknownst to the Voltron Coalition and Allura's surviving team-members.

Honerva's alchemy wove through the void of white energy to heal a shattered chunk of fractal realities. "You know... after all this time... I still don't understand why you didn't kill me, Allura."

Well, that's a great way to start an upbeat conversation... The brown-skinned Altean princess sighed. As far as immortal roommates went, Honerva was tolerable enough, but she could be a little... negative. In a way it was fitting: Allura was the positive force in the multiverse after the final battle between Honerva and Voltron. And Honerva herself was the negative side of reality, a dour-faced and grim old maid who had once been the witch for a galaxy-conquering madman.

"It would have been wrong. Even after all you had done... the lives you took... I would not have remained *me* if I destroyed you." She bit her lip, gazing through the tangle of reality-webs around them to peer into the dimension where her old friends lived. The Paladins seemed so happy... even without her. "And my friends would have never forgiven me. I only wish I were down there, to tell them I'm alright... that I'm happy here."

"No, you're not."

Allura turned to her fellow Altean, confused. "What do you mean?"

The old witch smiled, pushing her golden diadem-crown up her forehead. "You're barely

twenty-nine deca-phoebs old, Allura. You deserve more than a lifetime of tinkering with reality, alongside an old hag like me.” She nodded at the timeline Allura was alchemizing. “It wouldn’t hurt you to visit them once in a while, you know...”

“What? N-no... I couldn’t.” Allura looked away, ashamed. “I need to stay here--keep the multiverse healthy, with you.”

“Nonsense. You never got to live your life--always running, always fighting. A warrior... much like my son.” Honerva smiled at the memory of Lotor. “But you deserve to experience pleasure, too. I suspect there was very little of that, while my husband was dominating your galaxy.”

“That’s true.” Allura swallowed, staring into the rushing white light of the timeline. “It’s strange... I miss food and drink almost as much as my friends. I feel so disconnected from their world... so distant. I’d give anything to hug them once more...” Her stomach rumbled. “And get a decent meal. Or three.”

Honerva chuckled. They didn’t need to eat or sleep in this other-place outside of time, but that didn’t mean their bodies had no appetite for food. “The multiverse will be fine. Go and see your friends... and have a snack, you skinny little thing.” She frowned. “However, don’t tamper with their timeline once you’ve entered it. The Primordial Entity still lives inside you, growing--and if it detects a big flux in interdimensional energy, its hunger will awaken. And a creature of void from before time began can get *very* hungry.”

Allura shivered. It was easy to forget about the mysterious Entity that augmented her alchemy to Honerva’s level--easy to forget that she was still host to an otherworldly parasite. “I’ll keep that in mind. I’ll be quick. See you in soon.”

And she reached into the timeline, synchronizing with it at exactly the anniversary of the Paladins returning to Earth. Her body vanished, and Honerva shook her head, sadly amused.

“Safe travels, Princess... and try not to get too peckish, down there.”



Katie “Pidge” Holt put the final touches on her new robot, her beaming face glowing with pride. Brushing back her short brown hair, the slender techie smiled and tapped the robot’s chest hatch. “Much better. Alright, Hospitality Bot, let’s see you do your thing!”

The robot stirred to life, a tiny metallic waiter’s mustache welded onto its lip. It passingly resembled Coran, a nice touch Pidge had enjoyed adding. She never resisted the chance to poke fun at her superiors in the Coalition and its Altean contingent.

“Greetings, Mistress Holt!” The bot’s voice even sounded like Coran, albeit a much more polite and less... *eccentric* version. “What can I serve you with today? My wormholes can summon a feast from anywhere in the galaxy!”

“Good! You’ll be perfect for solving the hunger crisis on Daibazaal.” She patted the machine’s shoulder. “Now, please wormhole to the planet’s surface and begin serving the local--”

A buzzing hum sounded from the corner of Pidge’s workshop. At the same time, a personal wormhole opened... and a familiar, elegant figure emerged into the cramped confines of the robot garage.

Pidge’s jaw dropped as the toned, oak-skinned silhouette of Allura entered the light of her welding torch. “Pidge... It’s good to see you. How’s your work going?”

“A-a-Allura!” Pidge dropped her welding torch, which promptly set her boots on fire. By the time the two of them were done dousing the flames, they were both sooty and sweaty-faced... but that didn’t stop them embracing in a powerful hug.

“Princess, it’s so great to see you!” Pidge pulled away, eyes full of joyful tears. “I have to go tell the others right away! I can’t believe you’re really *back!*”

“Hold on... I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“What? Why not?”

Allura bit her lip. Despite her rush to return to the Voltron Coalition and her friends, she was now getting cold feet. What if Lance didn’t want her back? What if he had already moved on, and found someone else? She hadn’t dared to spy on him, in case the sight of a new wife or girlfriend might break her heart all over again.

“I... There are some things I have to take care of, first.” She blushed as her stomach growled. On her shoulder, her squad of Altean mice squeaked and scattered, convinced a large growling predator was nearby. “For instance, a snack. I’m absolutely ravenous.”

Pidge nodded. Allura wasn’t usually the “snacking” type, as evidenced by her Amazonian figure, but it made sense being stuck in the end of all time and space might make someone a bit hungry. “Sure. Lucky for you, I’ve got the perfect tool for that. Hospitality Bot, get us some lunch, please!”

The robot bowed, and Allura raised an eyebrow as it saluted her. “Abso-flipping-lutely, Mistress Holt! Human food or Altean?”

“Both, please.”

In a short time, the Bot had produced a small smorgasboard from its personal wormholes, generated by the quintessence field inside its body. Pidge suggested they retire to her personal quarters, next to the workroom, to eat their meal in peace away from the heavy machinery she spent her life working on.

And what a meal it was. Fresh, perfectly sliced picnic sandwiches with mayo, mustard, turkey and everything in between filled Pidge’s stomach even as Allura slurped down Altean food-goo and the occasional Earth chocolate. The Bot was happy to comply with both of their demands for seconds... and thirds. But when Pidge leaned back to announce she was full, Allura shrugged and remarked she easily could eat more.

“Really?” Pidge eyed Allura’s middle, which was bulging slightly under her old Blue Lion pink pilot’s uniform. “How long were you in that end-of-times bubble, anyway?”

“I’m not sure. Reality didn’t work normally in there. I’d say... at least a year. Maybe more.” Allura grabbed a watercress sandwich off the tray the Bot offered her and chomped down, crumbs smearing her chin. “It left me rather... famished.”

“I can see that. But shouldn’t you slow down? I mean, your digestion may not be able to handle this much human food...”

Allura bristled. “That’s not a problem. I can simply shapeshift my organs to accommodate it,

using alchemy. Honerva has taught me quite a lot about Alteans I never would have known otherwise.” She concentrated, and then squeaked as her stomach ballooned outward, distended. “Oof! You humans have a... *very* long digestive tract, compared to Alteans.”

Pidge squirmed in her seat. “This is a little... weird. I forget how hanging around Alteans always got kinda confusing. Biologically speaking.”

Allura chuckled. “I felt the same way about humans, at first.” She scarfed down another sandwich, feeling self-conscious as Pidge’s eyes widened. “Whaff is it?”

Pidge shrugged. “I don’t know--your body might be reacting weirdly, to being back in our timestream. Aren’t you worried about... gaining weight?”

Allura scoffed. Humans and their ideals of beauty--they never could wrap their minds around Altean women, who didn’t fit into the strict cultural mores of Earth. “One moment. I just have to... step out, for a second.”

She exited the time-stream, returning to the other-place from whence she could see Pidge’s confused expression as the departure wormhole closed. “It’s not that I don’t like your line of questioning,” Allura muttered to herself, mouth set in a hard line, “but I wanted our reunion to be a little less... *critical*, Pidge. Especially if I’m going to see Lance soon, I need to feel confident. And I don’t need your... petty Earth beauty standards getting in my way. No offense, Pidge--I love you all very much, but I’m also starving and I don’t want to be *nitpicked* over my eating habits after a year in the void!”

She rubbed her chin, wondering how to get Pidge off this line of inquiry without being rude. *I suppose I could edit the time-stream... Just a little bit...*

Honerva had warned her not to, but Honerva was also very old and a little doddering, having lost her mind several times over ten thousand years of existence. Allura didn’t think one little alteration to the timeline would hurt.

So she reached out with alchemy... and altered Pidge’s past. Just a little. Just enough to make their conversation more... *equal*.



In a slightly different version of the same day, on Earth...

Katie “Pidge” Holt struggled to buckle up her uniform in her room, grunting and straining. It had been a year since Allura left, and like the rest of the team, she missed the Princess more every day. But in Allura’s absence, the team had gotten a little... lazy. Decadent, one might say.

Between Hunk’s cooking and her new Hospitality Bot, Pidge had been over-indulging lately, a rarity for her. But she had to test the Bot’s food to make sure alternate-reality-acquired food was viable, and of course she would never turn down Hunk’s feasts. The man was a wizard with ingredients, even if he wasn’t the smartest pilot in the giant composite robot that was Voltron.

But the results were kind of... well, frustrating. Pidge had always been a skinny girl, growing up on a diet of gamer-fuel and the occasional protein bar as she focused on her studies. Now, however, she had been inundated in calories for months as the war-efforts wound down and Shiro took them all off active-duty.

“Come on... Just... Buckle, dammit!” She stumbled backwards as she fought to get the thing done, HospitalityBot standing by with a condescending look on its metal features.

“Does madame need assistance restraining her... girth?”

“Madame is *just fine*, thank you!” She tumbled into her bookshelf and squawked as she was buried under a pile of books. “Ack!”

A purple flash of light and a crackling noise announced the opening of a wormhole in her untidy, food-wrapper-bedecked bedchamber. Pidge lifted a book off her head, blinking as a familiar shape emerged from the wormhole...

“*Allura!*”

They embraced once again--the first time for Pidge and the second time for Allura. As they did, Allura noticed the softness of Pidge’s middle bulging against her, and blushed.

I can't believe I did this to her, just to make our reunion less awkward...

But it was fine--everything was fine. She was back with her friend, and now she could satisfy her hunger in peace, without judgment. At last.

A few minutes later they were scarfing down Altean and Earth food alike, happily jawing about the old days. This version of Pidge was much less shy about weight issues--Allura saw her cram down a whole cupcake as if it were the most natural thing in the world, cheeks bulging, and let out a huge belch afterward.

“**HURRRURRP!** ‘Scuze me.” Pidge blushed. “I may have, uh... picked up some of Hunk’s table manners, after you left.”

Allura sighed. “Yes... I can see how my sudden, *urp*, departure might have impacted you in such a way.” She was surprised to find her own mouth emitting a gaseous little burst of noise--it was unbecoming for a princess, but at least the two of them were *equally* gross together. The idea made her smile ruefully. How prudish she’d once been...

“It’s not your fault. I was just... kinda lonely, after breaking up with my girlfriend. The hours we work for the Coalition are pretty rough, and... well, after we lost you, we all had to pull double patrols just to keep galactic--**URP!**--peace going.” Pidge smiled bashfully, brushing her messy auburn hair away from her glasses. “I might have uh, fallen back on food a little to cope.”

Allura felt her spine tingle with concern. Glancing over to Pidge’s dresser, she saw the happy photo of Pidge and her girlfriend at a Clear Day celebration was... gone. It had been here not ten minutes ago, before she altered the timeline with alchemy...

It’s fine, she told herself, reaching for another potato chip from the bowl Pidge had helpfully poured for her. *She’s doing fine. She’s the picture of health--my tampering didn’t make her life worse. Quite the opposite--now we can get along without arguing!*

Pidge scratched her stomach through her too-tight pilot’s suit, opening a mini-fridge under her bed. “You want some soda? I started drinking this weird Galran soda, it’s like pure bottled anger, it tastes great.” She hastily shoved a dozen empty bottles of said soda under her bed, trying to act casual. “I’m actually, um, buying it in bulk lately...”

Allura winced. She hadn't expected this much of a ripple in the timeline, simply from one minor tweak--perhaps she should try and fix it...

Yes, of course. I'll just reset everything to the way it was before. That should fix this. But when she went to get up and leave, she found herself less... mobile than expected.

Altean biology was very elastic, designed to allow them to fit in with other species like chameleons. Hunk's long-ago analysis that Alteans "looked like space elves" was mere coincidence--they were actually a very adaptable bipedal mammalian species. But their elastic physiology meant overeating produced... unexpected results. Another reason they had developed a warrior-nobility ruling class, to prevent overindulgence and maintain vigilance.

Allura's middle was... distended. Swollen with Pidge's junk food, it flopped and wobbled on her lap, pinning her down. She grunted and blushed as she heaved herself off Pidge's couch, which had a well-worn dent in its center from the programmer's plump ass.

"I believe I may need to... **URP**, use your bathroom facilities."

"Sure, sure. Right over there." Pidge turned on her TV and began chugging a fresh soda, watching an Altean-human romance drama as Allura heaved her bloated stomach into the bathroom. She didn't need to go at all, of course--Alteans could hold in bodily waste for months if they so chose. But she *did* want to make a few changes to this timeline.

But when she summoned up her alchemy, reality around her flickered and vibrated. The timeline was becoming unstable--just as Honerva had warned her!

Just focus, she told herself, struggling to ignore the churning in her guts and the buildup of gas in her intestines. After a year of eating nothing but the energies of the void, she was feeling sweaty, exhausted and bloated from her little feast. It had been delicious... but was it really worth it?

The white-haired princess closed her eyes, ignoring the gas gurgling in her alien guts. *Just remember how Pidge was before. The two of you might have disagreed, but that's part of having friends... Time to swallow my pride and be the "fat one" of the group, I suppose.* She sighed with disappointment. Lance would be so disgusted...

But when she finished alchemizing and opened her eyes, an unexpected result appeared in the bathroom mirror.

Allura froze. Where before she'd resembled a heavily pregnant Altean, now she looked as if she'd been scarfing down delicacies for *years*. With chubby cheeks distorting her Altean face-stripes, and a thick double chin ruining the effect of her razor-thin face, she barely recognized her own features.

Uh oh. Maybe I forgot some of my alchemy equations...

The rest of her was no better. Her slender, muscular frame had widened into a soft, motherly physique--wide hips, a truly impressive shelf-rump, and a decadent pot-belly that hung off her frame like a sack of jiggly flour. She was affronted to discover her breasts were sagging too, from the weight that had suddenly been added to them.

By the ancestors... I'm practically the size of Hunk! Distressed, she waddled to the bathroom door--already annoyed by how her thighs rubbed together, overheated and creating friction--and peeked through. Hopefully, her equation had at least fixed Pidge's personal history...

But no. Instead of the mildly tubby Katie Holt she had been snacking with minutes ago, now an enormous, almost bovine young woman sat wheezing and gobbling cheese-snacks on the heavily dented couch.

"Mmm... Thaff not right at all. Alteans don't even *look* like that!" True to form, Pidge was criticizing the scientific accuracy of the soap opera she was watching. Shovelling what appeared to be spoonfuls of Altean food-goo into her mouth, her face sweaty and moon-like in the glow of the TV, Pidge was a slightly unnerving sight to behold.

And yet... Allura realized that in *this* timeline, the modified one she'd tinkered with too many times, she really *was* the skinny one. And the more feminine one. Pidge's body was a belly-heavy mass, her gut rolling over her chunky knees and oozing out of the many rips and tears in her uniform. Belches and burps constantly leaked from the corners of her flabby lips, and her glasses were fogged with condensation. Even her skin looked more pale and sunless, as if she'd spent months doing nothing but laying around in her quarters and gorging.

"Allura, are you... Done with the can? I gotta... **HURRRupppfff**, I gotta answer the call of nature..." Even her voice was deeper, a rumbling baritone due to the sheer size of her bloated torso. There was one upshot to Pidge's new enormity--under her uniform, the plump mounds of two modest but hefty breasts showed, the first time in Allura's memory the girl had *ever* been anything but flat.

“Yes, yes, all done.” Allura emerged, huffing and puffing a little as she smoothed down her skirt. “I think, uh, I think the bathroom got smaller... Did they remodel the Atlas or something?”

“Yeah, I’ve been--**URRRP!**--noticing that.” Oblivious to the changes in her own body, Pidge waved a dismissive, chubby hand. “Whatever. If they want to cut costs, they could’ve talked to me. I’ve got all sorts of... **BELL**Ch, schematics for efficiency. But nobody seems to want to visit me anymore.”

Allura looked away, ashamed. She’d turned her friend into a massive butterball, and all for the sake of her own pride. But Pidge looked truly miserable. Almost immediately, she began wondering if she could tamper with the timeline again, maybe bring that cute little girlfriend of hers back with a rather *open mind* about Pidge’s size...

Before she could do anything, though, the red-alert alarm sounded.

“Warning! Warning, this is not a drill!” Shiro’s voice echoed through the Atlas, summoning all the Paladins to the bridge. “All paladins report to me, at once! We have a potential disturbance to galactic peace!”

Pidge groaned. “Ugh, not again... This is like, the third time this week...”

Allura frowned. She had never known Pidge to shy away from a conflict, not even once. The girl usually had infinite spunk... but all this gluttony seemed to have quenched her fighting spirit. It made sense--Alteans had similar legends of soldiers gone to pot, cautionary tales that helped to keep their empire vigilant and hard-working. Maybe even a little bit obsessive, about their figures.

“Come now. That’s no way for a Paladin to behave. Up you get!” Altea waved a hand, rising to beckon Pidge forward, but the overweight Paladin refused to budge.

“I already stood up like, **urrrrp**, twice today. Do I haaave to?...”

Her whining tones made Allura scowl with distaste. “You saved the universe from the Galran Empire countless times. You dueled a mech made of pure quintessence at the center of the multiverse. And you’re worried about... getting off the couch?”

Pidge whimpered. “H-hey, my energy isn’t what it used to be, you know? I’m a bit... **URRrrrp**, I move a little slower than I used to. There’s no need to be insensitive...”

“Insensitive! Why, you...” Allura crossed her arms. “The galaxy could be in danger! You *will* report to the bridge, soldier!”

“Alright... *fine*.” Grumbling like the whiny teenager she was--Allura always forgot how youthful Pidge could be, sometimes--the brunette struggled to rise from the couch. But to no avail. Her sheer mass pinned her to the stained, food-splattered fabric, her face growing redder and redder as she fought against gravity to rise.

“Rrrgh... Dammit...”

Allura proceeded to face-palm. *I can't believe this. It's shocking that any version of Pidge could be so lazy and weak... Even a version I accidentally created myself...* All the same, she couldn't just leave the girl here to her fate. She had a responsibility to the Coalition, who didn't even know yet that she'd returned. If she left Pidge here to wallow in her piggish sloth, the whole Coalition might start to fall apart.

“Please don't tell me you're stuck...”

Pidge huffed, puffed and pouted, her flabby cheeks beet-red and streaming sweat. Her glasses were nearly completely fogged up. “Allura, c-come on... I can skip this one mission... I still have so much soda to drink... They say you might win a prize if you drink them all...”

“Oh, no you don't! You're coming with *me*, young lady!” Allura grabbed her protege by the wrist and heaved, noticing in the process how sweaty and hammy Pidge's skin was. It was as if someone had encased the girl in a spacesuit made entirely of lard. She leaned back with all her considerable strength, but Pidge remained wedged into her seat.

And that wasn't all. Pidge's eyes widened with horror as a gurgling sound emerged from the lower folds of her belly. “Uh, Allura, I'm not so sure this is such a good idea...”

“Rrrrgh...” The princess grabbed Pidge's other wrist, heaving and hauling. “W-why?”

“Because... I've kind of developed this problem lately...” Pidge's face bunched up, and she farted, a thick cloud of stinking miasma rapidly filling the room. “S-sorry... It just happens when I'm stressed out... by anything...”

“Eugh!” Allura covered her mouth, eyes watering. She was disgusted, of course--but also ashamed. After all, Pidge wouldn't be in this condition if not for her. And if she tried to tamper with the timeline again, it might spiral out of control.

And there was another problem... the Entity inside her was stirring. It was full of dark hungers, but this time it wasn't her appetite that the creature inflamed. It was her libido.

Not now, damn you...

The pre-universal monster stirred her loins, making her fuzzy-headed and distracted. Allura tried to shake it off, but she found herself staring at Pidge's flabby chest, the twin saggy mounds of her bosom jiggling and heaving as the two of them struggled to get the girl off the couch. And the whole time, Pidge's intestinal troubles were only getting worse.

“URRRRrppph... Ugh, you're sh-shaking me like a soda can...” **BRRRfrrrappt.**

Ignoring the increasing mugginess in the room, and her own horrified nostrils, Allura shifted tack. She moved behind Pidge, drawing her bayard, its pink-and-white curves glowing with energy.

Pidge swallowed. “What are you URRp, doing Allura?” **Frrumptff.**

Allura held her nose as she summoned her pink energy whip. “I'm doing... what's best for you...” *You little slobby butterball*, she thought darkly, then realized it was the Entity bringing such cold sexual cruelty into her head. Had Honerva felt like this when destroying the multiverse? It was quite a rush...

“Allura, don't--my skin is really sensitive, I get bedsores a lot--”

Wh-CHHH! Allura's whip slammed into the top of Pidge's huge, flabby ass and the girl squealed like a stuck pig... and miraculously, bolted to her feet.

“Ow! That *hurt*... Oh hey, I'm up.” She grinned a little stupidly, rubbing her heavily stained sweatpants. “Thanks, Allura.”

“Don't... mention it.” *By the Ancients, she stinks.* When Pidge was sitting down, the couch had acted as a blast shield, containing her stench. But now that she was up, her reek spread throughout the room: a mix of body odor, stale Fritos and what little shampoo and perfume were left over after

weeks of nonstop, bovine gorging.

“Alright. I don’t think I can get into my uniform, but **urrrrp** I can at least show up. Assuming I can... get out the door.” Pidge looked warily at the narrow archway, which hissed open as she waddled up to it. “I, um, I haven’t left my quarters in a few months... except to order more snacks?”

“A few *months*?” Allura was profoundly disturbed. This was nothing like the bright, bubbly Pidge she’d known--the timeline shift had changed her entire personality! And something within her actually *liked* this new Pidge. She was so vulnerable, so naive, and it seemed the nonstop eating had even lowered her I.Q., making her a lazy TV-addicted mess.

Someone needs to put her in her place... Spank her fat ass until she’s learned the errors of her greedy, piggy ways. Allura shook off the thought--such things would help no one. And it was all just the Entity speaking--not her. No, she was nothing like that.

... Was she?

Pidge nodded. “Alright. Here goes--*oof!*” As she staggered forward to squeeze through the gap, she tripped on a forgotten pizza-box she’d left on the floor, greasy slices of day-old pizza flying into the air as the massive girl crashed down... wedging herself horizontally in the doorway.

Allura’s fists clenched with frustration. Pidge’s bulk was so extreme she occupied the entire doorframe--only the top was left with any kind of gap at all. Her fat rolls oozed out to either side, enveloping the door, and oozing into the gaps of the ship’s architecture. When Allura stepped forward to try and push her through, it was like shoving and hauling on a boulder made of gelatin. Pidge was firmly stuck. And all the excitement wasn’t helping her digestion....

Frrrt! FrrrRRRAPPT! FRUMPTFF!

Allura gagged and finally had to activate her uniform’s helmet to clear the smell. This was only partially effective--even through the suit’s air filters, she could *still* smell the musky stench of the obese Pidge. A combination of sweaty skin, musk and pure offal confronted her nose, and she came close to puking in her helmet.

Stay strong. She’s my friend... And I need to help her.

The bridge alarm was still going off. Allura bit her lip, staring down at the bloated mass of

Pidge's flattened, square-ish ass. The colossal pale cheeks were oozing out the top of her sweatpants... and Allura was suddenly filled with a desire to see those cheeks fully exposed.

She knew it was the Entity, starved for sexual attention after millions of years of slumber. But she couldn't help it. She grabbed the hem of the pants and hauled them down, the fabric ripping.

Pidge squealed. "Wh-what's happening back there? Allura..."

"I'm just, uh, removing extra layers so we can squeeze you through." Allura's face was blazing with flushed arousal--Pidge's enormous asscheeks were on display as if she were a pig at market, quivering and slapping against each other. Slowly, she reached out to pry them apart.

Pidge whimpered. "*Allura...*"

"This is just... just an Altean flexibility exercise, okay? It's, uh, it's not sexual or anything." She slipped a gloved hand between Pidge's cheeks, sliding her hand down... down, to the patch of brown fuzz at the bottom of the girl's chunky FUPA, her fingers tickling the gap there. "When you relax your whole body, you become more flexible... And this is, well, the best way to relax all at once."

"What do you meaaaOOOH." Pidge's eyes shot wide, her glasses falling off as Allura spread her labia and began stroking the girl's puffy, desperately lonely clitoris, flicking and teasing it. The Paladin's eyes rolled back--she hadn't had any sexual attention in nearly a year, buried as she was in self-pity and fat rolls.

But now... now, Allura played over her loins like they were a royal court instrument, bringing her higher and higher with every trembling touch, every delicate tweak of Pidge's fat cunt. Allura herself was only passingly familiar with human genitals--she'd only seen them in books, after all. But she was committed to the Entity's desires now. It moved her hand, her eyes glowing with its energy as she gave in to her darkest self.

Pidge, meanwhile, was starting to lose her mind. She'd been depressed, lonely, sad and bored... and then her old friend had showed up, and she'd *always* been a little attracted to Allura, you'd have to be crazy to *not* be attracted to Allura, and now the most beautiful princess in the galaxy--okay, she was fatter than usual, but still super hot--was fingering her clit. Pidge, despite her awful situation, was momentarily in hog-heaven as Allura drove her closer to climax.

But, of course, none of this stopped the escalating noise and stench of Pidge's farts. Fed up

with the constant squeaking and blurting of her rumpcheeks, Allura moistened her other hand on Pidge's sweat and slipped three fingers between Pidge's cheeks.

The girl's jaw dropped. "Allura, is this... Part of the... Technique?"

"Yes, of course," said Allura, her voice choked with lust and gone flat with the Entity's evil influence. And she tickled the rim of Pidge's asshole, teasing the edge of it, the flabby donut under its hint of fuzz contracting at her touch. Then with her well-lubricated fingers, Allura slowly worked her way into that gently flexing round hole... plugging up Pidge's ass, and preventing her from farting while Allura did her sinful work.

As a result, lots of gas started building up. Pidge's belly swelled slowly, the broken-down carbs in her colon having nowhere to go. She squirmed and gasped as Allura began gently ass-fucking her as well as teasing her clit, the girl's eyes crossing in a moment of obliterating pleasure.

"F-f-fuuuuck... **URRRRRP!**"

Yes, that's it. You little cow. Submit to me... ALL shall submit to me, and my desires. Allura was deep in the throes of the Entity's control, and when Pidge's asshole clenched around her questing fingers and the girl's pussy flowed heavy with juices, she grinned.

Cum for me, and be mine...

Pidge finally did cum. But when she did, her anus flexed so tightly it forced Allura's hand out--and then her gas was free to escape.

BLARRRRRRPPFFFFffffff!

The blast of concentrated flatulence knocked Allura back into the wall, jarring her and shaking off the Entity's control. Suddenly, she was herself again, and utterly mortified.

She rushed to Pidge's side, gently trying to tug up her pants. "Oh, Pidge--I'm so sorry. The dark energy, it compelled me..."

Pidge was grinning widely, her entire body soaked in sweat. The blast of gas had actually propelled her like a deflating balloon, and had squeezed most of her out into the hallway. With a grunt and a shove, she managed to pop out the rest of the way, slowly struggling to stand.

“It’s... Fine... **URRRp**, I needed some action anyway...”

Allura raised an eyebrow. *This is certainly a very different Pidge than I remember...*

The huge girl, once Allura had helped her up, leaned against the wall with her chest heaving. “Wow. No one’s ever made me feel like that.” She squinted suspiciously at Allura. “There was nothing Altean about that technique, was there?”

The woman blushed. “I believe I found it in your species’ ‘Kama Sutra’ text, actually.”

Pidge snorted. “Makes sense.” Her over-used Hospitality-Bot rolled around the corner, curious to see what all the fuss is about. “Hey, buddy. What happened to the alarm?”

Hospitality-Bot shrugged. “Seems as if the other Paladins dealt with the threat, madame! I presume they’ll be along shortly to see if you’re alright...”

Pidge and Allura glanced at each other. Pidge’s sweatpants, half-shredded and matted with sweat, chose that exact moment to slip down around her cankles again.

Allura shrugged. “I guess we, uh... have a little explaining to do.”

Pidge sighed. “I guess we do... Hey, can you get those for me? I don’t bend over very well...”

Allura helped her, tying off the sweatpants’ string over Pidge’s vast belly so they wouldn’t fall again. Her hand lingered on that massive gut, feeling its warmth, its comforting energy. The two shared a long, uncertain look.

“Well,” said Pidge, wincing as she broke wind once again. “Time to face the music.”

FRAAALLLPT.

