

BAYONETTA: DEMONIC EXCESSES

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Weight gain, flatulence, burps, classy ladies getting huge, hot librarian glasses, mild uglification, slob, body odor.



Another Christmas was arriving, just as cold and gray as the last one. The city was bustling with shoppers, and Bayonetta was enjoying the aftermath of her victory over a demigod... though she couldn't help but feel a little lonely. Her pale, alabaster reflection stared out at her, black spectacles glinting in the light of soft candles throughout the room as she thought back on her exploits.

This time of year, boredom weighed more heavily on her than usual. All her friends were off with family or fighting angels, and she was left to her own devices in the private penthouse suite she'd rented for the holiday. It provided a beautiful view of the city, and contained all the luxuries she could ask for... but there was an emptiness to it.

Gazing around her, the svelte Umbra Witch took in the satin sheets of the bed, the wetbar in the corner, and the stripper pole in the center of the room. The place was clearly designed for some rich salaryman or financial big-wig... the kind of men she typically stepped on for fun. Big, lavish and empty, it cried out for someone to share it with... but who? She wasn't exactly flush with comrades after all the brutal fights she'd been through.

Luckily for the lonely witch, her phone rang. Bayonetta draped herself over the bed, her sequined red gown spreading over the sheets and exposing her black-lace garters and long Ralph Lauren pumps as she answered the old-style rotary device.

"Yes, what is it?..."

"Cereza, darling. How are you doing this fine Christmas Eve?"

Bayonetta smirked. It was Jeanne, her one-time rival and now, close friend. The two of them were alike in so many ways--it made sense Jeanne would be bored during the holidays, as well.

“Oh, just dealing with the doldrums, Jeanne. And yourself?”

“Funny you should say that... I need your help with something. I’ve stumbled upon a rather strange book of spells that I can’t decipher--something I got from Inferno on my last trip there. Would you perchance, be able to help me with it?”

“Why, of course. Bring it over, and we will squeeze the secrets from its pages.”

Jeanne arrived in short order, a personal helicopter dropping her off on the roof. Bayonetta greeted her there, admiring Jeanne’s poise as the red-leather-clad witch approached her.

They were so alike in many ways, and yet, so very different. Each was a statuesque woman of great sensuality and class, each one of them enjoying various material and earthly pleasures, revelling in the riches their witch-powers brought them.

But where Bayonetta was playful and coquettish, Jeanne was standoffish and mysterious. Bayonetta’s short raven-black pixie cut was contrasted by Jeanne’s flowing blonde tresses, as well. They embraced warmly and Bayonetta led her inside, the two of them chatting amiably.

Jeanne scanned the interior of the lavish suite as they entered, admiring the chandelier on the ceiling, the five-star-restaurant-worthy kitchenette, and the plush upholstery on the couches.

“Hmm, nice place you’ve got here... It’s no mansion, but what a lovely hide-away for the holidays.”

“Indeed,” said Bayonetta, sashaying over to the fridge and pulling out a bottle of the finest champagne money could buy. “Care for a drink?”

“Of course. It’s Christmas Eve, after all--we should indulge a little.”

Bayonetta flicked her claw-like fingernail against the cork, and her eldritch strength popped it out effortlessly. Filling two champagne flutes for the two of them, she settled onto one of the leather couches beside Jeanne.

“So, where’s this mysterious tome?”

“Right here.”

Jeanne pulled an old hide-bound book from her handbag, setting it on the table. The title was in Old Enochian, and Bayonetta adjusted her glasses with interest as she examined it.

“The *Malleficus Gastronarium*... Strange, I’ve never heard of such a book. And you say it came from Inferno?”

Jeanne sipped her champagne, nodding.

“Quite so. Supposedly it holds the secret to summoning an incredibly powerful demon of hunger, but I can’t seem to get the incantations to work. I thought maybe if you read them, we could try and summon it together.”

“A demon summoning on Christmas Eve... how scandalous.”

But Bayonetta loved the idea. She’d summoned countless demons--and meat-grinders, and guns, and chainsaws--in her time, but never a demon of hunger.

“This demon... What use is it to us?”

Jeanne shrugged one shoulder.

“Supposedly it can bewitch even the most powerful Umbra Witch or Lumen Sage, entralling them with earthly pleasures.”

“Ha! Sounds like a *real* challenge, for a change...”

Bayonetta chuckled and opened the book. The runes there were simple Goetic summoning circles... but there was something odd about them she couldn’t quite place. Frowning, she felt a strange desire to get the boxes of chocolates she’d purchased that afternoon out from the cupboard.

“Jeanne... Would you mind if I fetched us a snack? I’m feeling somewhat peckish.”

“Of course.” Jeanne nodded. “And I’ll slip into something more comfortable. It was a bumpy ride over, and I’m feeling rather famished myself, especially after reading that book all the way here.”

Bayonetta smiled. Poor Jeanne was always under-nourished, working so hard and focusing on her studies... she needed to learn to *relax* for a change. Indulge herself.

Flicking her wrist out, she used a tendril of her own hair to open the cupboard and pull out several boxes of chocolates. The hair-tentacle pulled them back to the couch, where Bayonetta eagerly opened one and began scarfing them down, one after the other. She continued to eat, almost mindlessly, as Jeanne stripped off her dress and took a shower.

She couldn't help but admire the curves of Jeanne's body through the half-open bathroom door as the woman disrobed and stepped into the luxurious shower... She was so incredibly beautiful, almost as flawless as Bayonetta herself. The two of them used their occult powers to get everything they wanted, but companionship was the one treasure all the powers of Umbra Witches could not give them. Watching her friend's rear quivering as she closed the shower door behind her, Bayonetta felt an uncharacteristic shiver of longing. If only Jeanne were to let her hair down more often...

But she disregarded the feeling, turning back to the book. She couldn't openly admit her attraction to Jeanne--that would have been tactless, classless. And Bayonetta prided herself on being the classiest Umbra Witch to ever strap on a pair of revolver-stilettos.

After much puzzling over the runes, though, she had to admit she was no closer to the secret of summoning this supposed "demon." By this time she'd managed to eat an entire box of chocolates--practically a feast, for a woman of her modest appetites--and had moved on to another. Her manicured fingers were now sticky and slick with chocolate, her lipstick mixed with its sugary residue. There were even a few smears round her mouth where she'd eaten them rather sloppily... but Bayonetta hardly noticed.

"Jeanne... *urp*, pardon me... this book is pure gibberish. I can't make head nor tails of it."

Jeanne emerged from the bathroom in a rather dramatic cloud of steam, clad in a towel, her wet hair cascading down around her in a cloud of tangled blond tresses.

"I thought so too! It's very strange. Almost a perversion of the normal summoning circles." She pursed her lips. "Mind if I have some of those chocolates? I'm *starving*."

"Of course."

Bayonetta handed her the box and Jeanne popped it open immediately. Both of them were now eating steadily, mechanically, without even noticing it. Normally Bayonetta would have found such behavior suspicious... but a curious cloud had descended on her senses. Eating like this just seemed natural, normal. Nothing odd about it. In fact, Bayonetta thought they could use a couple *more* snacks.

Not regular snacks, of course. Nothing so pedestrian as that would do. When she snapped a finger and commanded her hair to retrieve food from the fridge, what arrived was fit for a queen: strips of Iberian ham on a *charcuterie* board, along with several blocks of finest

French cheese. Summoning miniature blades and chainsaws to dice up the cheese and arrange the ham, Bayonetta continued to nibble at a faster and faster pace as she pored over the book.

“Hmm... Hints of a *munch*, **slurrrp** Lumen compulsion spell...”

“Yes, but with extra--**urrrp**--Niddhog mass-increase sigils, very interesting...”

Jeanne, for her part, was eating faster as well. And as she shoveled an entire handful of ham into her mouth, her narrow cheeks suddenly bulging with meat, she frowned pensively.

“Cereza, dear, do you think... mff, **GLLP**... do you think the sigils could be... affecting our minds? **Urrp**.”

Bayonetta sniffed, waving a dismissive and grease-smeared hand at her friend.

“Nonsense, Jeanne... We are the most powerful Umbra Witches in the mortal realm. Such simple scribbles couldn't... **CHOMP**, urrp... affect us...”

Jeanne began to gulp back her champagne... and kept gulping and gulping until the flute was empty. “Are you sure? We seem to be... **BRELLCH**, getting rather unladylike in our manners...”

Bayonetta struggled to focus. She was concerned, of course, in the back of her mind... but the words in the Malleficus Gastronomium were like a whispering friend, comforting her, convincing her nothing was wrong.

Everything's fine... Just keep eating... You've worked so hard, how can you possibly deny yourself at this point in your life? Indulge... Gobble, scarf, glut.

EAT.

Bayonetta blinked. “You... You may have a point...”

She realized she was suddenly holding the bottle of champagne from the fridge. She didn't even remember summoning it to her hand. And now she was tipping it to her lips... drinking, drinking...

She turned as she guzzled to see Jeanne doing the same with a bottle of vintage Malbec from the liquor cabinet. The two women eyed each other, astonished, and nearly helpless as their bodies seemed to act on their own.

It wasn't long before all the fine foods in the apartment were demolished. Bayonetta and Jeanne sat across from each other on the couch, stomachs bulging and distended, their normally immaculate makeup and hairstyles disheveled. Bayonetta's glasses were askew.

"I dare say... maybe we underestimated the book's power," said Bayonetta, with a rich burp tasting of the leftover *escargot* she'd just gobbled with her bare hands.

"I would... **HICCUP**, agree with you there..."

Bayonetta winced as sharp pains in her stomach announced a sound she had not allowed herself to emit in decades... the small, gastric squeal of flatulence.

Frrrrtpppfff...

"Oh, my."

Jeanne blushed, wiping her mouth with a dainty white napkin from the glass coffee table.

"Seems you have some indigestion problems, dear Cerveza..."

But she blanched as her own body gurgled, growled... and vented a similar blast of noxious fumes.

FRRRummmptf!

"That makes two of us."

Bayonetta was breathing heavily, struggling to sit up. She'd fought demons, angels and gods before... but she'd never struggled with anything as hard as she now struggled to hold in her own gas. But it was useless--no matter what she did, no matter what tiny domestic spells she cast on herself, the farts kept coming. Soon the two of them were surrounded by a cloud of hanging stench... which smelled vaguely of champagne and ham.

"We have to... destroy the book," groaned Jeanne. "We can't... Go on like this."

"I agree... B-but.... I admit, I am still peckish..."

Even as she spoke, Bayonetta's hair had pulled out her mobile phone for her, and was dialling takeout. She grabbed at it, but then against her will, she found herself transforming into her battle form--complete with now uncomfortably skintight leathery fabric, Renaissance-style flairs on her wrists, rose-and-thorn patterns on her thighs and stomach, and of course her iconic stiletto cannons, which made her wobble slightly as she stood up, reaching for her phone.

“Oh, no you don’t--”

But it was too late. Over a dozen meals had been ordered across a dozen apps... and as she watched, the Malleficus tome began glowing, and Bayonetta found herself compelled to order *even more*.

Jeanne groaned, still struggling just to sit up. Her gut, swollen and distended under her once-toned abs, sloshed and gurgled with exotic delicacies.

“We have to... Stop it... Urrp...”

Bayonetta found her grease-smearred fingers playing over the phone, ordering even more food against her will.

“I’m trying! Perhaps we just need to... let the compulsion spell... **URRP**, run its course...”

“How long will that take?!”

Bayonetta winced as the rear of her suit fluttered with flatulence. **PFRARRRP...**

“Perhaps... a few hours. But surely... No more than that...”

~**THREE WEEKS LATER...**~



The luxurious apartment complex at the height of the city had seen more delivery in just a few days than most of the city saw in a year. Untold, almost inhuman amounts of food were being funneled to the very top floor, and rumor among the other residents claimed that at night, you could hear strange rumblings and guttural noises from the penthouse suite. There was concern that the building might be collapsing under some terrible weight.

Luckily, Bayonetta and Jeanne weren't large enough to topple the building--at least, not yet. But their constant consumption of food through summoning, ancient spells, and good old-fashioned delivery certainly filled every space in the luscious living space... and even spilled out onto the balcony, with its extravagant hot-tub and rolling wine coolers.

Currently, Jeanne was occupying the hot-tub. Well... More *overflowing* than occupying, truthfully. After weeks of bingeing, her size slowly enhanced by the evil tome's sorcerous influence, she had become a true demon of gluttony.

Easily half a ton of woman, the once demure and proper Jeanne was a heaving mass of pale fat, her body so gorged and bloated she more resembled Jabba the Hutt than the *femme fatale* she had been before. Her clothes were discarded, far too small for her; by the side of the tub lay her red-leather costume, complete with high heels.

Filling the tub to the brim with her new body, she snored loudly, deep in the sleep of a fattened hog with no cares in the world.

A heavy *crash* from nearby shook her awake, however, and she snorted and burped her way out of sleep.

“Buhh... Whash' that? **URRRP.**”

Gazing down at herself with a distant look of disgusted disappointment, she struggled once again to summon her magic to change her shape and size... but she was so *tired* all the time now, and so *full*. It was easier to just stay in the tub, she decided; her massive belly, a dome stretching before her and completely burying her long legs, was demanding more food anyway.

She reached into the wine-cooler beside the tub and popped a cork off a bottle of champagne; lifting it to her lips, she guzzled greedily, booze slopping down the sides of her newly-formed jowls. As she drank, she caught her reflection in the all-glass doors of the balcony, and groaned around a mouthful of liquor.

“Uggh... Need to... *Shtop* thish...”

But she couldn't. All she could do was indulge, over and over, as if some kind of curse was upon her. She'd tried every spell she could think of to get rid of the endless hunger, but it was no use--the book had her in its clutches.

If only she hadn't answered Bayonetta's summons... if only she'd never come here. No one knew what had happened to them--they'd been unable to contact any friends, since the eating began, too preoccupied by their own gluttony to even dial a phone number without getting distracted. They were sinking into the depths of filth and depravity all on their own.

And if she were honest with herself, Jeanne didn't *want* anyone to see them like this. Once she had been a powerful witch, a queen of seduction and battle-magic. Now...

“BRUHHHLLPppch.”

Now, she was a pig. A massive cow. And Bayonetta...

Bayonetta was even worse.

“Jeanne...”

Oh gods, thought Jeanne, she's coming. Better hold my nose...

But try as she might, she couldn't raise one of her flabby arms to do it. She was simply too tired... too lazy... and too preoccupied with eating and drinking.

As she finally drained the bottle of champagne dry, her colossal gut gurgling and sloshing in protest, she found a platter of cocktail shrimp drifting by on top of the bubbling hot-tub waters. Groaning in almost visceral disgust at her own greed, she reached out, her fat long-nailed fingers fishing through the shrimp and lifting a fistful to her face.

“MNCH, grllp, crnnch, grrlph, grrk...”

She consumed the entire crushed mass of shrimp whole, without even removing the tails. Her makeup was running in the steaming humidity of the hot-tub, which she probably couldn't leave if she wanted to, so she simply pawed at her eyes with one flabby palm to get the mascara out of her vision.

Thud... Thud... THUDD.

The hot-tub water rippled and the wine-cooler shook on its wheels. Inside the penthouse, a massive shape approached, a colossus of flesh with a vast belly carried ahead of it. A foul stench came in its wake, like the reek of a tomb in the darkest depths of Infernus.

Ughh, thought Jeanne, she REEKS... Take a bath, you fat bitch...

But, of course, the shower was too small for either of them now--and Jeanne had permanently ensconced herself in the hot-tub. So Bayonetta hadn't bathed for days... and all of her personal-hygiene spells seemed to be forgotten, so obsessed she was with eating and drinking herself into oblivion.

“Jeannnne...”

The deep, basso groan of her friend made Jeanne wince. Bayonetta had once been the envy of all the Umbra Witches, a flawless and immaculate queen of darkness and forbidden knowledge. Now...

Well, now she was something quite different.

The vast belly came first, mashing through the gap in the huge sliding-glass doors that led out onto the patio. The greasy, flabby gut still carried traces of Bayonetta’s old costume on it, strips of leather that clung to her via magic when any normal garment would have long since exploded. Sweaty pale skin, hanging and wobbling, assaulted Jeanne’s eyes as Bayonetta struggled to force her titanic gut through the door. As the largest part of her, it was the most difficult portion of her anatomy to move, even with magic.

Finally she seemed to lose patience, and simply teleported onto the balcony, her body swirling back into existence in a tornado of rose-petals, shadows and swirling hair. As her colossal weight settled onto the boards of the hot-tub deck, they creaked and groaned beneath her.

“Jeane,” puffed Bayonetta, wheezing from between her two enormous slabby cheeks, “we’re out of... *huff*, out of wine again.”

Jeanne gagged as Bayonetta’s stench followed her--a thick, strong cloud of musk and flatulence that carried only a trace of the woman’s old perfume.

Bayonetta stood unsteadily on two colossal, overburdened legs that hung with folds of pallid meat, her face a wreck of dangling fat with her librarian-like spectacles still perched absurdly on her sweaty blushing jowls. Her bob-cut was plastered to her chunky neck by sweat. Her plush lips had grown flabby and inflated with flesh, and her once-beautiful eyes had acquired a pig-like glitter, set deep into her obese face.

Impossibly, her gun-heels had not shattered under her weight, which must have easily reached two-thirds of a ton under the foul influence of the book she now carried under her arm like a security blanket. The rest of her costume was stretched absurdly thin around her, portions of her fat flesh hanging out and swaying ever time she moved. Her navel, deep and cavernous, was flecked with crumbs and decorated the very bottom of her belly-apron, which had long since grown past her knees.

“Then order... **HURRRP**, some more,” Jeanne groaned.

She scratched pensively at her own neck-folds as she absorbed the unholy sight of Bayonetta's countless blubber-rolls. *Gods*, the woman had gotten fat. Jeanne was obese, but Bayonetta was *truly* fat, in a way that offended the senses. At least Jeanne had kept some of her unearthly beauty, hidden beneath her flab as if her looks were in exile, waiting to return.

There was no such hope for Bayonetta. She was a true pig now, body and soul; she hadn't said a word that didn't relate to eating for roughly a week. Yet she still had the brash confidence of an Umbra Witch: she waddled with a loose, easy gait, as if she'd been born into her massively bloated body. In a way, she *wore* her fat with a pride that Jeanne envied. It was a source of contention between the two obese witches.

"There's... no more," belched Bayonetta, swaying on her gun-heels. "We... cleaned out every liquor store in the city."

"Then... **URRRPH**, summon some," whined Jeanne. "There must be some left in Paradiso..."

"Not a drop. **BRELCH**. We've... we've drunk Heaven dry."

"Purgatorio?"

"Nothing... URP, there either."

The two witches paused, each breathing heavily, hog-like grunts emanating from the backs of their throats as they considered what to do next.

Finally, Jeanne sighed.

"I guess we have to... **URRRP**, call him now, don't we?"

Bayonetta let out a slow, wet fart, wincing helplessly as her body released the gas without her permission.

"Yes..." **FRRRRUMPTFF**. "I suppose we do. He's the only one... **URRRP**, who's close enough to help."

Jeanne whimpered as her own body farted despite her wishes, the hot-tub bubbling with gas bubbles. Her long blonde hair, matted with food-stains and dangling into the water, was buoyed and tossed by her flatulence.

"Just... Do it. I don't even care about the **BHULCH**, embarrassment factor anymore. We have to... Stop this."

Bayonetta nodded, and reached beneath one flabby spandex-clad breast to pull her sweat-covered cell phone from its home there. As she did, she found a single *caviar* egg in her cleavage, and popped it into her mouth, still desperate for food.

But hopefully this nightmare would be over soon. Hopefully their friend would help them... Assuming he didn't laugh himself to death, first.

She dialed the number, legs wobbling as she struggled to stay standing... and her gun-heels finally imploded, collapsing into chunks of useless metal beneath the weight of her titanic ass, enormous belly and fat-laden thighs.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, a strongly New York-accented man picked up the call.

“Hello? Whose ‘dis?”

Bayonetta swallowed the *caviar* egg... and, for the first time, her pride.

“Enzo... we need--**BURRRPpp**--a favor.”



-END-