

Slobian Subterfuge

Mercia's usually calm and stoic demeanor was noticeably shakier as she stood in the innermost chamber of the United Earth Federation labs. While she had seen her fair share of conflict on the battlefield, what was to come still had her yearning to twist her fingers through her curly, black hair like she was a little girl again. Slowing her breathing to try and keep her heart rate down, she stood at attention as the head scientist approached her.

"Lieutenant Mercia," the man said, fixing his glasses with one hand while the other dug around in the pockets of his lab coat for a notepad.

"Dr. Nomo," she responded, giving him a salute. "I beg your pardon, but where is Dr. Stratt? Isn't she the one in charge of this operation?"

The doctor fell silent for a moment before letting out a deep sigh. "Unfortunately the doctor had to be quarantined after her insistence on testing the procedure herself. The good news is that her sacrifice allowed us to gather more information about what will happen to your bodies during the process."

Mercia once more clenched her fingers. "That is unfortunate, but I and the rest of my platoon are prepared for that inevitability."

Dr. Nomo raised an eyebrow. "Do you speak for them? I find that hardly ethical."

Crossing her arms, Mercia shot back with a death glare. "Doctor, I do believe you are far from judging anything from being ethical considering your work. However, if you wish to confirm my soldiers' resolve, ask them yourself."

Silently walking away, the doctor turned his attention to the one person Mercia both cherished and feared for volunteering in this mission. The sharp features of his tanned skin were outlined by the black follicles of his shaggy beard. His short hair hung just above his forehead

ensuring the doctor could see the resolute look in his eyes. As the doctor looked away to refer to some documents, Jubin used that opportunity to glance over at Mercia and shoot her a small smile in the hopes of raising her spirits. The expression made her heart momentarily flutter, but recalling the mission ahead kept her emotions at bay.

“You are willing to go along with this mission knowing the possible consequences?” the doctor asked.

“If it means putting a stop to this war, then yes,” Jubin replied.

“Very well,” the doctor said, scribbling down on his papers as he approached the next person in line. “And what about you? Are you prepared to do what’s necessary for the mission?”

Ptolem grinned, flourishing his head of shoulder-length black hair. “Hey, if it means getting out of the usual grind of training and no fun, I’m all for it. And if things go bad, I’ll take solace in knowing I’ll no longer have to worry about my bills.”

The doctor gave a weary look to the platoon’s jokester. Mercia had had the same reaction at first to Ptolem’s eccentricities, but he had proven himself time and time again to be reliable despite his behavior. However, the same could not be said for the final member of their group.

“Name?”

“Vune,” the woman replied, unable to stop her fingers from sliding through her long, blonde hair.

“You seem a bit nervous. Are you sure you’re prepared for this mission?”

Vune took a moment to gather her courage, looking towards her comrades for inspiration. “Yes. I...heard that the aliens have a booming entertainment industry. Though I’m still an amateur actress, I think my skills will be crucial to the success of this mission.”

The doctor finished writing on his clipboard and turned around. "I suppose we don't have the luxury of being picky," he said, addressing the group as a whole. "However, the point remains that the four of you have willingly volunteered to mutate your bodies in order take down the Slobian forces from the inside. That being the case, I will give opportunity to abandon the mission. Merely raise your hand and you will be escorted from the premises. Only those who are going on the mission should know about the procedure involved."

The doctor waited for a moment. Then another. Still, no one raised their hand to show their surrender. Nodding his head, he walked over to a control panel and pushed a button. From the center of the room rose up a small table containing a silver box. Unlocking the container with a long string of code, the doctor revealed four syringes containing a mysterious, murky green liquid.

"Wait, that's it?" Ptolem asked. "Those are really all we need to change into those disgusting things."

"Indeed," the doctor replied. "Who would like to be the first to go?"

"We've already discussed this amongst ourselves," Mercia said. "We plan to take them all at the same time."

"It would be rather dramatic," Vune spoke up.

"Plus it might help us to deal with the side effects knowing we have each other to rely on," Jubin added.

"Very well," the doctor said, waving over several other researchers. "We shall administer the serum after you get undressed."

"Understood," Mercia replied, she and the others following the doctor's orders as they stripped out of their jumpsuits.

Standing nude amongst her platoon mates didn't bring a hint of embarrassment for Mercia. If anything, the opportunity allowed her to take in their human features one last time. Everything from Vune's perky curves to the scar across Ptolem's chiseled chest. Perhaps lingering a bit too long on Jubin's lower body, Mercia was broken out of her trance as the doctor held up the syringe to her arm.

"Last chance to back out," Dr. Nomo said, neither Mercia nor the others voicing their disapproval. "Very well, then let us begin."

The injection was short and sweet, Mercia barely feeling the needle pierce her skin. As the serum was pumped into her veins, she waited for the moment things would start to change. Pulling away the syringe and stowing it with the others, Dr. Nomo and his assistants scurried back to a safe distance. Mercia couldn't really blame them.

Mercia's body began to shudder as an intense heat spread out from where the serum had been injected into her arm. Holding onto her sides, she began to let out heavy breaths that joined in with those of her comrades. The deep exhales eventually turned into a series of rolling belches, each one becoming louder with each release. Amidst dealing with the lingering fumes of one of her burps, she turned her gaze downwards in time to see her flat stomach begin to bulge out.

The swelling mass of fat overtaking her torso spread its way across her body to even her out. Muscles along her arms were replaced with pudgy blubber to go along with her bulky legs and thick thighs. Her breasts noticeably drooped under their own weight, surpassing the size of a pair of melons within a matter of seconds. Continuing to shiver under the effects of her changes, it came as no surprise to her as a rippling fart burst out of her backside just as her butt cheeks

swelled to meet the massive proportions of her bosom. Though the sudden weight gain was alarming, she knew it was just step one of her transformation.

Droplets of green goo began to stream out of her sweat glands, in the process further mutating her. The emerald coloring sunk into her flesh, permeating every inch of her body from her chubby cheeks all the way towards the extra pair of arms that emerged from beneath her original ones. Waving about her extra appendages to get a feel for them, she raised up her pudgy fingers to examine the shade of dark green that had taken over her hair. Her reach was blocked by a pair of bulbous antennae that emerged from her scalp and dangled in front of her view. Just as she reached out to grasp at the dangling feelers, she let out a mix of a gasp and a belch as a mirror slid in front of her. Staring in disbelief, she blinked her three, glossy black eyes in response to seeing her full, Slobian form in all of its disgusting entirety.

Turning away from the researcher holding the mirror, Mercia checked in on the rest of her crew. Just like her, each of them had been changed into gooey blobs that reeked of the aliens' heavy musk. Aside from an equally bulging belly, Vune stood out from Mercia with a blinding shade of pink goo around her body, bubblegum colored strands of hair, and a pair of breasts large enough to smother a person's head between. Making good use of his pear-shaped figure, Ptolem's exploration of his slimy, blue body came with a fart vibrating out of his blubbery ass cheeks to send ripples through his form all the way up to his head of cerulean hair. Turning away from Ptolem's gassy outburst led to Mercia staring into the sludgy, yellow mass that was Jubin's body. Gazing over his form, she accidentally let her gaze linger a little too long on the sizable manhood dangling beneath his undercarriage. Just as he was beginning to notice her stare through his curtains of mustard shaded hair, she managed to turn away and meet eyes with Dr. Nomo.

“You all appear to be above the 300 pound mark,” the doctor said, his face obscured by the gas mask on his face. “A little on the small side for Slobians, but it should play well with the trap we have set.”

“What is the BWOOOOOORRRRP status on the transport?” Mercia asked, clenching her fingers as the sound of her belch echoed through the chamber.

“The prisoner vessel is being fueled as we speak,” the doctor answered as he moved around to record the vitals of Mercia’s comrades. “Should everything go as planned, the four of you will be taken into Slobian custody as rescued refugees. After that, it will be up to you to infiltrate their higher ranks and find some way to take them down.”

“Understood,” Mercia replied, trying to salute, only for her stoic demeanor to falter in the aftermath of a loud BRRRAAAAPPPPP escaping from her rear. Glancing over her shoulder, she was horrified to discover that Jubin had been standing right behind her. “I’m sorry, I didn’t meant to-“

“It’s UUUURRRP okay,” Jubin said, his antenna flailing about from the sudden burp. “It’s to be expected considering we’ve become the BWOOOOOORRRRP slobbiest creatures in the galaxy. We’ll just have to deal with it. Don’t worry, I’ll be with you every step of the way.”

Shuffling forward, Jubin clasped his pudgy fingers around Mercia’s. A sheen of red shined through the green coloring on her cheeks, spreading all the way up to her antenna. Before she could linger on a well of urges beginning to fill her slime slicked womanhood, she swiftly turned and bumped Jubin back with her butt.

“That will be all for now, UUURRRP soldier,” she said, unable to look into his trio of eyes. “We must prepare for the mission.” Waddling away, she winced as another fart came

slapping out of her body to add to her already atrocious aroma. “The human race is counting on us.”

Mercia had hoped that at some point she would have gotten used to her less than appealing form. However, over the course of the month it took to get everything with the mission set up, there wasn't a day that went by that she wasn't revolted with her pudgy form or her horrendous gas. HQ had given her and the others food that was supposed to keep their digestion in check, but they were never able to find a combination that would stop them from spouting gas at all hours of the day. At the very least, it meant she and the rest of her crew would be well disguised by the time the Slobians took them from the prison ship.

Seated in a lounge on a Slobian vessel, Mercia immediately took notice of the more lavish features that were nowhere to be seen on standard military vessels. Soft pillows were scattered about the place, providing more than enough places to get comfortable. The walls were lined with screens of various kinds, each one linked to a vast library of entertainment choices to browse at their leisure. At the center of this decadence stood a table covered in Slobian delicacies. Knowing what over indulging their bodies could do, Mercia and her crew had managed to resist their ravenous bellies to avoid exacerbating their conditions.

The group's attention was drawn to the large pair of sliding doors on opposite end of the room as they opened up. The entryway's wide size was deemed appropriate considering the massive, purple Slobian making its way over to them. A set of enormous orbs hanging off of the alien's torso made it hard to discern its gender, but a single glance at the thick member sliding across the floor was enough to identify the creature as Gorthax, a high council member of the Slobian ruling class.

“Hello so good to BWOOOOOORRRPPP have you aboard my ship,” he said, waving about his long ponytail of braided, lavender hair as he spoke. “I do hope the accommodations are to your liking.” He paused, letting out a grunt as a thunderous fart spurted out. “Especially after the humans treated you so viciously. You’re practically slime and bones.”

“Thank you very UUURRRP much for your hospitality,” Mercia replied, having trained herself to let her burps freely come out to adhere to Slobian etiquette. “We are eternally grateful.”

“Oh don’t thank me yet. I won’t consider this BWOOOOOORRRRP rescue mission a success until I properly reintegrate you into our UUURRRRPPP society.”

“How kind of you,” Mercia said, forcing herself to maintain a warm smile even as a fart squeaked out of her rear. “We are more than willing to work to pay you back for your trouble.”

Gorthax began to lose himself with laughter, his entire body rippling as gas came spurting out unhindered. “I will have nothing of the sort in my abode,” he replied. “I do have some work in mind, but not the manual labor those earthlings had you do. For now, please eat. You have to regain your BWOOOOOORRRRP strength.”

Mercia turned to the side, once more gazing at the unhealthy smorgasbord. “I do appreciate your UUURRP kindness, but I’m not that hungry at the moment.”

“Nonsense,” he said, flicking his four wrists in the process. “I’m sure you and your fellow survivors are absolutely UURRRP famished. Heh, at the very least, those two seem to be.”

Turning her hefty body around faster than she could have ever imagined, she managed to lock eyes on Vune and Ptolem as they descended upon the feast. Either remembering their training or giving into their Slobian urges, the pair showed no mercy in devouring each and

every morsel of food in their wake. Their messy eating was accompanied with equally rude burps and farts that echoed throughout the chamber. Left in awe at the display of pure hedonism, it came as a complete surprise to her as she watched Jubin shuffle his way towards the table.

“Come on BWOOOOORRRP honey,” he said, playing into their falsified identities as a married couple. “Our host did say to eat our fill.”

Without waiting for Mercia to respond, Jubin dove his head face first into a bowl filled with a strange, black goo. Finished slurping up the liquid feast, he lifted up his head to lick his lips clean and release a pungent belch. Shivering as he let loose a loud BRRRAAAAAPPPPP from his rear, he beckoned her over with one hand while his other three grasped for the next thing to shove into his mouth.

Repeating in her head that it was all for the sake of the mission, Mercia begrudgingly made her way over to the table. Letting her glossy eyes wander across the spread, she eventually settled on something that looked like a burger made up of several layers of different meats. Pushing the sandwich into her mouth before she had time to linger on the pool of sauces below it, she couldn't have prepared herself for her body's reaction to the heavenly flavor.

She began to shiver, both from her unbridled joy at the tasty treat and a collection of bubbles rolling out of her throat. As the burp died down, her chubby limbs got to work stuffing as much food past her lips as possible. Everything she ate was just as delectable as the last, each one having the nasty side effect of making her gas become more frequent and rancid.

Through this mire of hedonistic indulgence, she was caught blindsided as she ran into another mound of doughy fat. Lifting up her head, she found herself staring into Jubin's eyes. The two of them remained still, even as a pair of farts thundered out of their rears to enshroud them in an awful stench. Continuing to let their gazes linger on one another's bodies, Mercia

began to feel something stir in her nether region. Just as she felt Jubin's girthy cock press up against her thigh, a sound of applause brought her back to a momentary sense of control.

"Impressive, very UURRRPP impressive," Gorthax said, continuing to slap his hands together. "That was quite the show. Can't say I've seen many Slobians eat like that."

"Just doing what comes naturally," Mercia said, shuffling away from both Jubin and her impure thoughts.

"Hmmm, I think I have an idea for the two of you," Gorthax said as he scratched his chins. "Ah, but that can come later. I'm sure you're more than ready to rest, relax, and BWOOOORRRP propagate."

Mercia paused, allowing one of her farts to echo through the room. "I'm sorry, what did you say?"

"He said, he wants us to fuck like there's no BWOOOOORRRP tomorrow," Ptolem replied, showing little shame as he squeezed Vune's breasts.

"Mmmmph, do you have some private quarters?" Vune asked, returning Ptolem's gesture by sinking her fingers into his meaty rear.

"Don't see why you can't do it here, but I'm sure you just want to make it a bit more UUURRRPPP intimate after being locked away for so long," Gorthax replied. "I'll go ahead and have your rooms put together. If you'll excuse me." Leaving behind a parting cloud of gas, he waddled his way out of the door.

"What was that all BWOOOOORRRPPP about?" Mercia asked, staring daggers at the frisky duo.

"Sorry," Ptolem said, letting out a moan and a fart as Vune slapped his ass. "Just blending in with the culture."

“I have to admit, it’s pretty UURRRRP liberating,” Vune added, deeply inhaling his fumes.

“That’s just the Slobian genes talking,” Mercia pointed out. “It’s in the best interest of the human race to keep those urges in UUURRPPP check.”

Mercia’s rage was momentarily sated as Jubin placed his hand on her shoulder. “Don’t get too angry with them,” he said. “Not like they have much of a BWOOOOORRRRPPP choice. Think of it as keeping up appearances long enough to find something useful for our cause.”

Just as she began to feel her body tingle again, Mercia slid out of Jubin’s grasp. “R-right, good work soldiers,” she stammered out before waddling away from him. Secluding herself to a corner, she attempted to force out the rest of her gas and hopefully her urges alongside it.

When Mercia pictured her life amongst Slobian society, she imagined that it would be living in a ramshackle hut with no doors and crumbling walls. What she hadn’t planned on was being put up in a luxury apartment in the classiest part of the capital city. To go with the lavish bedding, elaborate entertainment center, and various devices intended to make her life easier, she had been given a kitchen that was constantly being re-stocked.

Waddling her way towards the fridge, she pressed a button to open up the doors. As she suspected, the delivery drones had doubled her supply once more. As much as she wanted to request for them to lessen her portions, she knew it would be futile. After all, her current job position facilitated her being a complete glutton at all hours of the day.

Shuffling herself around, she heaved her massive form through the halls to make her way to the living room. Waiting for her above the enormous TV was a plaque bearing her name in gold letters. The trophy was one of many she had earned through her burgeoning career as a

professional eater. Slobians treated her like an ace athlete; a bittersweet victory considering the side effects of devouring so much food on a daily basis.

She had easily doubled in weight since she had been taken in by the Slobians. Nowhere was this more evident than when she allowed her fingers to sink into her mass of belly fat. Continuing to probe the very thing that had earned her the expensive roof above her head sent ripples across her flabby form. Knowing there was little she could do to stop what was next, she leaned her head back and allowed a belch to come bursting out to send her heaving breasts into a cascade of violent jiggling. Not to be outdone, her doughy ass cheeks went through a similar series of tremors as a rippling fart came bursting out with a loud BRRAAAAAAAAAPPPP. While the sensation of her blubber jiggling about and the noises were bad enough, she found it most worrying that she was starting to get used to the rancid aroma.

Between the bursts of gas, Mercia's ears picked up the sound of someone knocking on the door. Glancing over at the clock on the wall, she nodded her three chins as she recalled her duty for the day. Waddling her way over the entrance, she pulled it open to reveal Jubin standing before her.

"Sorry about the BWOOOOOOOORRRPPP smell," she belched, stepping to the side to allow Jubin to squeeze his equally fatty body inside.

"Don't UUURRRP worry about it," he replied, washing away Mercia's lingering fumes with a blast of gas from his backside. "Any word from Vune or Ptolem?"

Mercia let out a huff as she closed the door behind him. "No actual words. Just the usual noises of gas and moaning."

Jubin let out a slight giggle. "Well, you can't blame them. Not their fault their bodies are BWOOOORRRPP perfectly suited for Slobian pornography."

“I at least take UURRRP solace in the fact that the Slobian adult entertainment industry is so highly regarded. Should help them get closer to the politicians.” Mercia vented some of her frustration with another fart cloud. “Well, as long as they keep their hands off of one another for more than a minute and do something productive.”

Seeing Mercia stomp her foot, Jubin gestured her over to join him on the couch. Moving without thinking, she sat down next to him. It was only once she felt his body slump against hers did she realize her mistake. Glancing beneath Jubin’s fat rolls and gut, she could see the very tip of his cock beginning to peek out. Once more she was assaulted by a series of urges that had plagued her at every turn, yearning for her to give into her desires.

“Sorry, but I don’t have any UUURRRP useful intel on Slobian tactics,” Jubin said, not noticing that Mercia’s gaze was elsewhere. “If I could only get a little deeper into their upper class,” he continued, releasing a blast of flatulence that enshrouded the two of them, “maybe I could-“

“J-Jubin,” Mercia began, her hands reaching out to grasp his body. “I need some help.”

Jubin tilted his head. “Why? Do you have a plan of attack?”

“No. It’s just...I...”

Mercia paused, fighting internally with her sense of duty and her Slobian urges trying to push to the surface. This internal struggle was exacerbated as her quivering body released a pungent fart cloud from her rear to make it harder to think. Shivering from the overflow of hormones in her body, she began to lean forward only to have Jubin grasp her body.

“Mercia,” he said, looking her right in the eyes, “if there is anything you need me to help with, just let me know. We’re teammates after all.”

Swallowing her pride, Mercia blurted out, “I need you to fuck me!”

Jubin gave her a blank stare. “Could you repeat that?”

“I can’t take it anymore,” she said, burying her face in her hands and her antennas became bright red. “The longer I stay in this form, the more it calls out for me to UUURRPP fall into the same hedonistic ways of those despicable aliens.”

“If that’s the case, is giving into those desires really a good idea?”

“Probably BWOOOORRRP not,” she belched, too distressed to care that the burp blew right in Jubin’s face. “But I don’t know how else to stop it. Maybe if I just give in once, it’ll give me a chance to actually concentrate on the mission.”

Jubin and Mercia remained silent, with only the sound of their bodies expelling gas filling the apartment. Absolutely ashamed of her confession, Mercia waited for the moment Jubin would rightfully scold her for making such a bizarre request. However, the reprimand never came. Instead she felt his pudgy fingers crawl beneath her belly and between her legs. Stopping with one of his hands pressing up against her womanhood, he gave her a look. Though he didn’t say a word, his expression conveyed what it needed to. Clenching her fingers, Mercia nodded her head.

The lust that had been building up inside of Mercia was given some release upon feeling Jubin’s fingers flick against her womanhood. Though the stimulation was small, it was all that was needed to make her body shiver and a moan escape her lips. Following her noises to find her weak points, he continued to poke and prod at her dripping pussy to get her closer to her climax.

Jubin was momentarily stopped as Mercia lifted up his belly and dove a hand between his legs. As he continued to explore her vagina, her own fingers got to work rubbing and stroking his rigid member. The duo recklessly gave into their base desires, with euphoric cries and blasts of

gas coming out more frequently as they increased their speed. Reaching their finishes almost simultaneously, they let out a pair of cries as their juices spilled across the rug.

Slime oozed down their bodies as they breathed heavily from the small amount of physical exertion. Releasing their holds on one another's genitals, they once more turned their heads to look one another in the eyes. Mercia's theory had been proven wrong. If anything, the small sexual gratification only worsened the pair's need to give into their urges. Unfortunately for them, it was already too late.

Without warning, Mercia and Jubin slammed their bodies against one another. Letting their hands roam across one another's bodies, they let their tongues intertwine as they finally showed off the passion they had been keeping from one another long before they were turned into Slobians. Continuing to kiss and grope sent their bodies' gas production into overdrive. The plethora of rancid fumes spouting from their jiggling rears and the burps being passed between their lips were the final push needed towards the point of no return.

Though it took some effort to get into position, Jubin managed to maneuver Mercia's body about until the tip of his cock was resting against her womanhood. Receiving a nod from his partner, Jubin slid his member inside of her as far as it would go. Releasing a euphoric moan from the mere act of insertion, Mercia wrapped her topmost arms around Jubin's thick neck and grunted for him to move on.

Holding onto Mercia's thighs with his lower hands, Jubin began to thrust his hips back and forth. The constant motion sent their fat rolls into a flurry of jiggling, with each shove being accompanied with the loud slap of their bellies slamming together. With his lower arms concentrating on keeping him on track, Jubin's upper limbs were free to squeeze Mercia's breast. Returning the favor, Mercia used her lower hands to reach past his wide hips and squeeze his

butt cheeks. Working alongside Jubin to ensure each penetration was as deep as possible, Mercia could feel her body reaching its limits. Moments before she succumbed to the well of pleasure, she gave one last shove to press his face right against hers. As Jubin's cock filled her womanhood with his seed, the two of them shared their lingering ecstasy with belches being passed between their lips.

Pulling away from one another, they stopped to stare at each other's faces. They both knew they had done the unthinkable. Doubtless they had neglected their duties as the heroes of Earth, they pondered how they could break free from the shackles of their Slobian forms. This moment of introspection only lasted until Jubin's member became erect once more and Mercia pulled him back down to continue their dive into depravity.

Outside of the penthouse suite, Mercia could hear the crowds below cheering to celebrate the Slobian holiday. All throughout the streets the slobby aliens expressed their high spirits in their typical fashion. Between cheers for the independence of their nation, the Slobians released cacophonies of gassy expulsions when they weren't stuffing their faces with foods from the various vendors spread across every corner. If Mercia concentrated her view hard enough, she could see the large gathering in the center of town where the Slobians were sharing more than just good will with one another. Any disgust she could muster for the act of debauchery was swept away as she recalled what she had accomplished during the past six months.

Shuffling across the floor, the mountain of meaty, green goo-slicked flesh she called her body slowly moved her through the suite. The wild jiggling of her massive mammaries and elephantine rear had become as natural as breathing to her by the time her body had surpassed the 1000 pound mark. Despite the massive size, her bulky legs proved more than capable of

moving her around with little difficulty. Letting her 20 fingers run across her body, she couldn't help shivering as she got to explore every crevasse of her fat rolls to take pride in the mass that had earned her such a high reputation amongst the Slobian competitive eating scene.

Nearing the living room in the suite, she decided to freshen up her body odor with a batch of fragrant flatulence that freely spewed out of her rear. Reveling in the atrocious odor, she opened up her mouth to add a series of guttural belches to the mix. The burps reeked of the massive feast she had eaten mere hours before as part of the championship match. Her latest victory had increased her already vast collection of wealth and accolades to staggering heights. However, there was still one Slobian that managed to match her insatiable appetite.

Finally making her way towards the couch, her first goal was to let her three eyes gaze across the expanse of yellow flesh that was Jubin. He was practically the same weight as her, with only a few pounds keeping her ahead in size. Despite this, Jubin still beat out Mercia's sagging tits with his prominent man boobs having a little extra heft to make them sag against his gut. Taking her place next to him on the couch, she showed little hesitation as she cuddled up to him and squeezed his ass cheeks to force out one of his legendarily awful farts. The two of them relished in the awful stench, the opinion being shared with their two guests.

Vune and Ptolem had taken to the life of professional porn stars like fish to water. Sure they had the bodies to attract any Slobian they wished; however they proved their true worth through other means. Ptolem's made up for his blue body being the smallest of the group by puffing out his chest with the knowledge that more than once he had gotten them to laugh at one of the jokes he had written for his various films. Vune's engorged, pink-colored hourglass figure was admirable, but not as much as the way she was able to tug at heartstrings by putting her all into her performances.

“Sorry if we were a little BWOOOOOORRRRPP late,” Ptolem belched. “You know how these holiday orgies tend to stop up traffic.”

Vune snagged up the attention with an abrupt PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTT from her rear. “No, the fault is mine. If we didn’t get dragged down by my latest shoot, we would’ve had a UUURRRPPPP chance to leave on time.”

“No need to BWOOOOOOORRRRPP apologize,” Jubin said, returning Mercia’s earlier gesture by letting his fingers sink into her plump tit flesh. “It’s those jobs that have gotten us so close to achieving our goal.”

Leaning over to the side, Mercia released a thunderous fart from her rear and gave a small kiss to Jubin’s chubby cheek. “Although I hate to admit it, we can afford to be a little laid back. Especially since our UUURRRPP goal is within reach.”

Upon seeing that she had grabbed the groups attention, Mercia heaved her hefty form into a standing position. “I was contacted by BWOOOOOOOORRRRPP Gorthax moments after I won the competition.” Shuffling herself around, she paid little mind to another bout of flatulence slapping out of her rear to enshroud her teammates in her stench. “He wants us to attend a party tomorrow filled to the brim with Slobian officials. This will be the perfect time to UUURRRRRPPPP bring our plan to fruition.”

“So that means the mission is almost over?” Jubin asked.

“Indeed,” Mercia replied.

“Good to hear,” Ptolem began, spreading himself across the couch to the tune of a loud BRAAAAAAPPPP. “Although it’s I kind of a shame. I think they were about to give me my 12th award for artistic achievement.”

“12? I’m only on number UUURRRRP seven,” Vune spoke up.

“I’m sure we can take a few of them with us,” Jubin commented. “Not like we’re at a loss of storage space,” he added, lifting up his various belly rolls.

“This also means that we will be saying goodbye to these bodies soon,” Mercia said, watching the expression on her teammates’ faces lose some of their luster.

“I knew this was coming,” Ptolem said. “Not that it makes the sting any easier.”

“I do admit, I’ve grown used to BWOOOOOORRRRP eating, relaxing, and fucking whenever I want,” Vune added, her increased confidence put on full display.

Mercia turned back towards the group once more and gestured for them to stand. “Which is why we’re going to make good use of this night.”

Following her lead, the others waddled their way into the master bedroom. Squeezing past the entryway treated them to the luxurious view of the sleeping area, a series of king-sized mattresses pushed together in an effort to make their enormous forms comfortable. While the various blankets and pillows covering the bed were more than adequate for getting a good night’s rest, the four of them knew that sleep was the last thing they had in mind.

Once more taking the lead, Mercia grabbed Jubin’s wrist and dragged him over to the bed. Pulling him into a hug, she brought the two of them crashing down onto the mattresses. Sharing with one another the burps they had saved up for this occasion, they let their hands further her explore their fattened forms to memorize every inch of their slobby selves.

Jubin and Mercia’s make out session was put on a pause for a moment as Ptolem and Vune rolled onto the bed. Skipping most of the foreplay, the two of got right work dealing with one another’s genitalia. Ptolem showed off the elasticity of his thick neck as he dove face first into her womanhood to lick up her juices. Though Vune could not recreate the same act, she was able to show off her skills with a cock thanks to Ptolem’s alien member stretching out to shove

past her lips. Their combined skills and stamina left Mercia and Jubin to stare in awe at their prowess. Urges hitting their apex as they watched the pair reach their first orgasm, Mercia and Jubin decided to go one step further.

Rolling Jubin onto his back, Mercia showed off unbelievable dexterity as she maneuvered her body into position. Hovering with her dripping pussy over his cock, she came slamming down to sink the girthy member as far in as it would go. The loud smack that echoed through the room as their bodies slapped together paled in comparison to the resulting fart clouds sprung from their rear ends. Their libidos further heightened by the heavy aroma of their gas, their antennas glowed bright red to signal that they were more than ready.

Using the muscles hidden beneath her thick layers of fat, Mercia began to gyrate her hips up and down. Though she had experienced it many times before, the sensation of diving Jubin's manhood inside of her never truly lost its allure. Jubin showed off his similar feelings of pleasure as his mouth constantly spewed out cries of ecstasy between his bassy belches. Feeling their bodies quiver as they got nearer and nearer to release, Mercia gave one last shove to reach orgasm as she felt Jubin's cum fill up her insides.

Slumping off of Jubin's body, Mercia took her time to bask in the leftover euphoria. Sucking up the lingering stench of their lust and gas, she slowly managed to pick herself up into a sitting position. Just as she was about to crawl back towards Jubin for another round, she felt a set of hands grab onto her shoulders.

"Looks BWOOOOORRRRPP fun," Ptolem said. "Mind if I take you for a ride?"

Rather than be offended, Mercia returned the gesture by turning her head to the side to bury her face between Ptolem's sagging pecs. "Sure, I can go for another round."

“Then, would it be alright if I have a turn with you?” Vune asked Jubin, showing little hesitation as she let her head rest against his butt cheeks.

“Sounds like a plan,” Jubin replied, further enticing her with a loud BRRRAAPPPPP directed at her face. “Shall we change things up a little?”

“I’m always up for BWOOOOORRRPP suggestions,” Ptolem replied, he and the others listening intently as Jubin described his idea.

Moving with a militaristic precision they hadn’t used since leaving Earth, the four took their places along the mattresses. For Vune and Mercia, that meant kneeling down and leaning forward to have their limbs keep them in a crawling position. Wriggling her antenna to fully commit to what the Slobians called the ant position, Mercia watched with a gleam in her eyes as Jubin shuffled his way into Vune’s backside. Soon after, Mercia felt Ptolem’s member slide up against her ass, greeting the throbbing cock with a puff of flatulence from her colon. Taking a few moments to get the tips of their dicks lined up with the women’s holes, Ptolem and Jubin waited until the girls nodded their heads.

Mercia and Vune moaned into one another’s faces as their partners shoved their cocks into their assholes. Wasting little time, Jubin and Ptolem began to vigorously shift their hips back and forth. Between the squishing sounds of their bodies being pushed together and the gas slipping out from their anuses, Mercia and Vune released a near endless torrent of burps and euphoric cries. Powering through the unearthly pleasure, the two women gradually pushed themselves forward to have their faces meet.

Showing not even a hint of hesitation, Mercia and Vune exemplified the free spiritedness of Slobian sex practices as they locked their lips together. Though Vune had done the act multiple times, Mercia shivered at her first session of making out with another Slobian female.

The taste of Vune's burps dancing across her tongue paired well with the constant attention her gassy hole was given by Ptolem's raging cock. Embracing Vune with her front arms as the session reached its apex, Mercia looked up to see Jubin's face clench and his bulbous antenna turn a bright shade of red.

Jubin cumming inside of Vune set off a chain reaction, making the pile of pink flesh part from Mercia as she was overcome with her own release. No longer muffled by Vune's lips, Mercia was free to let out a mix of a belch and a moan as one last shove from Ptolem was all it took to bring her to her own climax. Slumping against the mattress with her energy drained, she managed to get Ptolem to orgasm as a fart came spurting out of her rear to give his member the last push it needed to overflow her anus with cum.

The four Slobians collapsed into one another, sharing amongst themselves their gas and lingering shivers. Poking her head out above the collection of satisfied flesh, Mercia couldn't help her mind from dwelling on the fact that this wonderful congregation would all end shortly. Once more lying back down onto the mattress, she managed to roll her way over to Jubin just in time to catch one of his burps with her mouth. Locking their lips together for another kiss, she mentally prepared for what she would have to do for the sake of her comrades.

It was a strange feeling of disgust and pride as Dr. Nomo spotted Mercia and the rest of her recently returned team. Since he had last seen them, each of the transformed soldiers had surpassed the 1200 pound mark. Looking over the various mounds of goopy, slime-covered flesh, the good doctor forwent usual safety procedure to leave his face bare to show off his eager smile.

"So glad to see you again," Dr. Nomo said as he addressed Mercia.

“The feeling is BWOOOOOORRRRPP mutual,” she replied, making him regret leaving his mask behind by letting the burp waft into his face.

Dr. Nomo covered his nose with his sleeve. “Were you able to recover anything useful from your trip?”

“Indeed, we have something that will UUURRRP change the tide of the war entirely. Jubin, hand the doctor the BWOOOOOORRRPP box.”

Nodding his chin in confirmation, Jubin reached between his various fat rolls and rummaged around. Letting out a plethora of nasty farts in the process, he eventually managed to yank out a small silver box. Shaking off the excess slime clinging to the container, he handed it over to the doctor.

“What is this?” Dr. Nomo asked.

“A Slobian BWOOOORRRP weapon,” Vune answered.

“It’s the culmination of the Slobian-“

Ptolem paused, letting an earth shaking BRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP erupt from his rear to disgust the doctor and jiggle his body around.

“Excuse me. I meant to say it’s the culmination of the Slobian’s greatest UUURRRPP technologies.”

“Excellent, excellent,” Dr. Nomo said, backing away from the errant gas cloud with his fingers clenched around the box. “Be patient and we’ll get you back to your old bodies in no time.”

“I appreciate the gesture,” Mercia began, releasing an equally pungent fart from her rear, “but I think it would be in our best interest to stay in these BWOOOOOORRRP forms for the time being.”

“What makes you say that?” Dr. Nomo asked, too busy fondling with the small, gold pyramid he had pulled from the box to notice the malicious grins on the transformed soldiers’ faces.

“Because they are the UUURRRP epitome of the glorious Slobian Empire.”

Dr. Nomo’s slacked jaw look of fear left him open to receive a blast of gas from the pyramid in his hands. Falling to the floor, he watched as the device continued to spray out noxious fumes that rapidly spread throughout the facility. Though he tried to stand up, he was hindered by his body packing on hundreds of pounds and his flesh becoming covered in grey slime. Crawling around on his four arms and wriggling his antenna, he turned his trio of glossy, black eyes to stare at Mercia towering over him.

“What have you BWOOOORRRP done?” Dr. Nomo asked.

Mercia smirked before turning around and bombarding the doctor with her flatulence. “Just doing what the Slobian prime minister wanted. That device contained a UURRRPPP reverse-engineered version of your serum. It’s sure to turn the entire population into Slobians like us in a matter of days.” Shuffling herself back around, she picked up the doctor and carried him over to the rest of her group.

“No need to BWOOOORRRRP fear doctor, you’ll see what we mean shortly,” Jubin said.

“Yeah, especially once we get a chance to share the special features of these bodies,” Vune added, releasing another pungent fart cloud to sink the stench into the doctor’s pudgy flesh.

Dropped to the ground amongst the four Slobians, the doctor felt his body shiver as he inhaled the gas. The concern in his mind was swept away from an inundation of urges. Releasing

his own gas from both ends as he felt his girthy cock throb between his legs, he looked up to see Ptolem offer him a hand up.

“Don’t worry, we know how to BWOOOOORRRPP take care of that,” Ptolem said, helping Dr. Nomo to his feet.

“Come along UURRRP now,” Mercia said, gesturing for the group to follow her with the doctor in tow. “We still have a lot of work to do.” Entering the corridors filled with people being transformed into Slobians like herself, she parted from the rest of the group. “Bring the doctor to our private quarters. I have to go find Dr. Stratt. Last I BWOOOOORRRPPP heard, she had surpassed over 3000 pounds. No doubt she’s going to need some UUUUURRRRPPP help to catch up on all the wonderful things afforded to her as a proud member of the Slobian Empire.”