

## Slobvaka's Second Scheme

With a slam of her hips, Flabna returned to her apartment with her mind plagued by a deep depression. Shutting the door with another hip check, she maneuvered around licked clean food containers. As she shuffled towards her couch, she began to strip herself of her costume. Dropping a heap of sweaty spandex onto the ground, she plopped onto the cushions to the sound of a vibrating fart. Relaxing in her seat, her gaze drifted towards her discarded outfit. The big, white F painted across the red jumpsuit used to be a symbol of her desire to become a hero. That was back when she was known as Fitna and before her world was turned upside down all thanks to a run in with a certain villain.

Clasping the remote between her pudgy fingers, Flabna aimed at the television. A moment before the screen turned on, she was met with the unsightly visage of her near 1000 pound body. Fatty globes the size of medicine balls made up her breasts, the meaty orbs balanced atop a belly rife with fat rolls and cellulite. Her unkempt, brown hair hung down her rolls of back fat, the strands greasy from her body's abundance of natural oil and her ever degrading hygiene. Shifting her body back and forth, she could hear the couch protest against the weight of her chunky rear. The various creaks of the overburdened furniture were silenced by a loud PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT echoing from her rear. Finally settling herself in, she reached into a side pocket of the couch to pull from her wide array of snack food. Popping open a bag of chips, she let various crumbs roll down her chins as she channel surfed for something to watch.

Between her intermittent chewing and belching, she stopped as she passed by the news. As much as she knew that watching would only worsen her mood, she couldn't stop herself from going back to hear the latest report. Just as she suspected, it wasn't anything good.

“If you’re just joining us now,” the new anchor said, her face plastered in makeup and her hair done up in a tight blonde bun, “I’m Laney Loisa and we’re covering the unbelievable scene that happened earlier today involving the so called ‘hero’, Flabna.”

The feed changed to that of a security camera at a bank. A group of men in ski masks were equipped with guns and carrying sacks of ill-gotten loot. It was a scene typically thwarted by the nearest available hero in a matter of seconds. Right on que, the robbers turned their heads as one of the walls burst open. Raising their guns to shoot at the intruder, their anger turned to fear as they realized who it was.

Flabna watched herself waddle into view, doing her best to put on a heroic smile even as her blubber continued to jiggle from her dynamic entry. While the rest of the criminals ducked for cover, one daring soul tried to pepper her with a rain of bullets. Shirking off the gunfire as it ricocheted off her belly fat, Flabna charged towards her attacker. Slamming into the criminal like a truck, Flabna took advantage of his stunned state to leap up and bring her massive form down on him. The smile Flabna saw on her face made knowing what came next all the more unbearable.

A rumbling noise echoed throughout the feed. The Flabna on the screen made an expression just as fearful as the other robbers. Though she tried to free herself from the bank robber, she couldn’t move fast enough to avoid enshrouding him in a fart cloud. As the foul air filled his lungs, Flabna was pushed to the side by the hundreds of pounds of fat that packed onto his body. Rolling away from him, Flabna turned back to see a blank stare in his eyes with drool running down his various chins. A fart reverberated from his body, sending ripples through his flab and placing a simpleton’s smile upon his face.

“Moments after this incident, the other robbers quickly surrendered,” Laney commented. “While she was able to stop the robbery, it came at the cost of destroying another misguided soul’s life. Medical experts are attempting to reverse the effects, but it is very likely he will be joining the others that have faced the justice Flabna claims to uphold.”

Flabna clenched her pudgy fingers together, fighting off the urge to smash her TV. As much as she hated to admit it, the reporter was right. For all of her bravado about using her morphed body to continue her legacy as a hero, she was doing the very thing the villainess who made her into a slob wanted. Slumping back in her seat, she could feel tears beginning to well up in her eyes.

“While the authorities process the criminals who surrendered on the spot,” the anchor continued, “the slobbified suspect is being transported to the Villain Containment Center. There, the researchers are hoping to add him to the other victims of Flabna’s escapades in an attempt to come up with a cure. A fitting destination considering it’s the very place where the disgraced heroine’s enabler is currently locked up.”

Flabna clenched her fist, her mind drifting back to the sinister villainess that was the root cause of her problems. The last time the two of them met, Flabna had departed with a hollow promise of using her condition for the forces of good. She could only imagine the fits of laughter her nemesis must be having as she watched the results of Flabna’s naïve optimism. Especially considering how easily the villainess could control her own brand of slobby symptoms.

Continuing to dwell on this developed an unorthodox solution in the back of Flabna’s mind. Trying to push the idea down only made it stronger the more she recollected her encounter with the villainess. Unable to handle the flood of memories that came as she inhaled one of her

own farts, Flabna heaved herself off couch and yanked her cell phone from between her cleavage. Dialing the number for the Villain Containment Center, she called up the warden to request a visitation with Slobvaka.

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Pulling the fabric of her suit out from between her ass crack, Flabna continued down the stone steps into the depths of the prison. Behind her she could see the silhouette of the two guards she had passed on the way in, neither willing nor able to leave their positions. Flabna knew their distance from Slobvaka's cell was for safety, but she could imagine that the lingering smell was quite the deterrent as well. With only the feeling of her flab shaking with each step to keep her company, she reached the bottom of the stairs to gaze at the plexiglass cell holding one of the vilest super villains the world had ever seen.

In stark contrast to the extravagant outfit she used to wear, Slobvaka's flab was contained by an orange jumpsuit large enough to act as a parachute. Even with the custom fitting, her body looked ready to burst out at any moment. An opening going down the center of her bean bag chair-like gut showed off her rippling flab and prominent belly button. Greasy strands of black hair partially covered up the hole at the top of the suit, doing a decent job of obscuring a portion of her watermelon-sized tits. While her sheer size was impressive, the true terror of her abilities all laid in her double-wide rear. Looking over the slobby woman's unmistakable visage, Flabna bemoaned the fact that she outsized the villainess.

Flabna's step towards the cell was masked by the sound of a reverberating PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT bursting forth from Slobvaka. While the ventilation system did its job

to keep the majority of the foul air in the cell, a small whiff managed to make its way to Flabna. The scent was horrific, its ability to utterly stupefy a person's mind evidenced by the burning sensation it brought to Flabna's nostrils. Flabna was well acquainted with the gas, having gotten a firsthand experience of seeing exactly what it could do once the villainess used her full power.

Approaching the cell, Flabna knocked against it. "Slobvaka, I've come to talk."

The unkempt mess of hair raised up to reveal a smile that sent a shiver down Flabna's spine. "I knew you'd UUURRP come," Slobvaka belched as she waddled forward. "After hearing what you did to those men, I have to say I am impressed. Although, I fail to see how this goes towards your goal of being a hero."

"I didn't mean for it to happen," Flabna said. "Your curse is what made me like this."

"I may have put you down the path of righteous slobdom," Slobvaka replied, pacing back and forth. "However, you showed me yourself that you have the capability of controlling it. It's a shame to see you like this. So caught up in your ideals of what society is supposed to be like that you fail to see the magnificent gift that I have bestowed upon you."

"Shut up!" Flabna shouted, slamming her fist into the nearby wall and leaving behind a sizable dent. "Say what you will, but you're just as disgusting as the day you turned me into your dumbfounded plaything."

"Ahhh, the memories are flooding back," Slobvaka said, hugging herself as a cloud of her flatulence came spurting out to keep her comfortable. "You were so precious and loyal to me. Not to mention how quickly you were able to overpower the other heroes with your abilities. Quite a shame that it had to end so abruptly."

Flabna chewed on her lip to avoid any further damage to the prison. “I didn’t come here to have you spout nonsense.”

“Of course not.” Shuffling her body around, Slobvaka pressed her chunky rear up against the glass. “You came to hear and smell me spout out something else, didn’t you?”

Grinding her teeth, there were a number of insults Flabna wanted to throw at Slobvaka that she had to keep restrained. “In a way, yes. I want you to show me how to better control my condition.”

Slobvaka scratched her chins, eager to show off her malevolent smile. “Perhaps I could be persuaded to teach you the ways of true slobby society. However, that would require a level of intimacy that my less than favorable accommodations don’t allow.”

“That’s why I have this,” Flabna said, yanking a keycard out from between her breasts.

“I recognize that card,” Slobvaka said, her eyes gleaming with childish wonder. “It’s the very same that’s usually escorted by security in bulky attire meant to keep them immune to my lovely essence. I doubt the warden willingly gave you a copy, nor do I think you have the dexterity to pickpocket one of the guards.”

“I do if they’re sprawled out on the ground unconscious,” Flabna answered, swiping the card through the reader.

“Oh, have you finally put your wonderful gas to good use?” Slobvaka asked, watching her cell door creak open.

“No. I at least have a semblance of restraint. I may be big, but I can still pull of a sleeper hold.”

Slobvaka shook her head as she stepped out of her cell. “We’ll definitely have to fix that. A true slob must be large enough to-“

The sound of a blaring alarm rudely cut off Slobvaka.

“We can talk about this later,” Flabna said, waddling towards the stairs as fast as her thighs could carry her. “First, we need to get out of here.”

“An excellent idea,” Slobvaka said, reveling in her newfound freedom with a sputtering fart. “Do you have a plan after that?”

Resisting the brain altering effects of Slobvaka’s gas, Flabna kept her eyes trained on the staircase and kept moving forward. “I have a safehouse not far from here.”

“My little pet, that’s not going to work. The other heroes are sure to know about it.”

“Then do you have a better suggestion?” Flabna asked, risking looking over her shoulder.

“I know just the place,” Slobvaka replied with a mischievous smile.

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Hours spent evading police forces and fellow heroes had Flabna feeling like she was about to collapse by the time they reached the city outskirts. Despite her superhuman endurance, she was barely able to keep up with Slobvaka. The entire trip had the villainess bouncing around like an excited school child as she experienced the fresh air of the outside world. In return, Slobvaka tried to share with the city all of her pent up gas. This led to Flabna spending more energy than she expected pushing random pedestrians and guards aside before they could be

corrupted by Slobvaka. Even then, she couldn't ignore the lone man they had left at the prison's outer walls and the way he sprinkled spit against his fat rolls as he let out a boisterous belch.

"Almost there," Slobvaka said, egging Flabna to follow her deeper into the woods.

"Where are you taking me?"

Slobvaka chuckled. "When you captured me, did you honestly think I only had one secret base? Considering how many are against my ways, it's only natural that I'd have a backup hideout."

No sooner did the words leave Slobvaka's lips did she guide Flabna past the tree line to a small clearing. Waiting for them was a dingy shed that would have easily flown under the radar of any heroes. Having learned not to judge things at first glance, Flabna wasn't too surprised to see Slobvaka fling open the door to reveal an elevator ready to carry them underground.

"Right this way," Slobvaka said, pushing herself against the wall to make room for Flabna.

"Wouldn't it be better to go one at a time?"

"I'm afraid we don't have that luxury," Slobvaka replied, gesturing towards the helicopters hovering above the city.

Clenching her fingers, Flabna begrudgingly shoved herself into the elevator. Pressing as close as she could to her nemesis, she felt the elevator door close behind her rear end with only an inch to spare. Wriggling their bodies about, Slobvaka managed to find the control panel and press the button to send them down into the secret base.

Without the moonlight from outside, the elevator's single, dim lightbulb was the only thing illuminating the women's blubbery bodies. Flabna tried to keep herself focused on the task at hand, but that was made all the more difficult by a rumbling noise echoing against the walls. Recognizing the sound did little to prevent the resulting gas cloud from bursting forth from Slobvaka's rear to enshroud them in her gas.

Forced to inhale the stale air, Flabna looked up to see a wicked smile on the villainess's face. Already feeling the mind altering effects of the gas try and take hold in her mind, her thoughts raced for a way to prevent herself from becoming an idiotic slob. In response, her body acted on its own to add its own flatulence to the enclosed space. The mixture of the two stench kept Flabna's mind somewhat clear at the cost of further tormenting her sense of smell. When the elevator doors opened up, Flabna tumbled out onto the metal floor. Gasping for fresh air, she rolled herself around to watch Slobvaka shuffle out with a pleased grin on her face.

"What the BWOOOORRR hell was that for?" Flabna asked.

Slobvaka hit a switch to illuminate a the long, metal corridor. "I needed to test your skills," she replied, sauntering over to help Flabna stand up again. "By the smell of it, I'd say you have quite the potential."

Flabna jerked back her hand. "I want to get this stuff under control. Not let it grow into something worse. Now let's get a move on."

The two of them walked down the hallway side by side, a precaution taken by Flabna to avoid any further gassings. Passing through locked doors thanks to Slobvaka's recollection of security codes, they managed to reach a main chamber eerily accurate to the villainess's original

lair. Walking down a red carpet smeared with a variety of leftover food stains, the pair came upon a gilded throne wide enough to be considered a king-sized mattress.

“So, we’re here,” Flabna said, keeping an eye out for any sign of danger. “What do we do now?”

“You’ll see,” Slobvaka replied, walking past the throne towards a back door. “I have somethings to prepare before we start your training. Have a seat while I get ready.”

Left to her own devices in the villainess’s lair, Flabna took up her host’s gracious offer. Slumping down in the throne helped to ease some of the weariness in her body. While the chair was comfortable, it had the adverse effect of leading Flabna’s mind to recall the last time she had seen it. She could still remember how cocky she had been upon seeing the slobbered up henchmen under Slobvaka’s control. All it had taken was a single whiff of their flatulence to take down her fit body and bring her into the villainess’s containment. Spending some time as one of Slobvaka’s minions had given her more than enough firsthand experience to know what they were capable of. Even more so as she recalled the training sessions Slobvaka had put her through to fatten her up and ensure her gas was powerful enough to spread her plague of stupidity, obesity, and gas problems. It had all started with a gassing from the villainess herself and a very active feeding tube, the sound of the latter still loud in the back of Flabna’s head.

The whirl of machines springing to life above finally got Flabna to open her eyes to see a hose descending from the ceiling. She recognized the long tube as one of the many Slobvaka had used to fatten up her henchmen to meet her standards. As the feeding hose drew closer, Flabna’s nose picked up the unmistakable stench of the rancid feeding liquid that lurked in the storage vats above. Just as she was about to leap out of the throne, a series of restraints locked around

her wrists and legs to keep her in place. Though she tried to turn her head away from the tube, a pair of familiar, pudgy hands wrapped in leather grasped her chins and forced her mouth open to receive the nozzle.

“I can’t believe it was this easy,” Slobvaka said, looking more like herself in her leather jumpsuit and a collared cape upon her shoulders. “You were so eager to gain control of your powers that you failed to avoid such an easy trap. It makes me feel bad about having to drain your intelligence to make you my loyal pet again. Well, almost.”

Reaching beneath the armrest of the throne, Slobvaka pressed a button to release the load from above. A surge of feeding sludge came pouring down the tube to force itself down Flabna’s throat. Under the threat of drowning from the rancid liquid, she was forced to drink every drop.

Looking past the nozzle and her chins, Flabna’s eyes went wide as she beheld her already massive belly swell with weight. As the slobbifying brew chugged down her throat, she could feel her suit begin to rip asunder from her growing flab. A loud ripping noise preceded the release of her breasts from their confinement to let them rest upon her gut. Though the throne was built to hold someone like Slobvaka, Flabna’s widening rear was beginning to overflow over the sides. Her back flab bursting out of her suit coincided with an atrocious cloud of flatulence that could have easily knocked a crowd out with its smell. Amidst the destruction of her suit, her fattening into an elephant sized-woman, and her building gas, Flabna had to reserve her energy for fighting against the worst part of Slobvaka’s conditioning.

Flabna’s mind was assaulted by a series of voices that called out for her to give in and accept her new role as the villainess’s servant. The more the deluge of slop slid down her tongue, the closer she got to regressing to the slobby simpleton that Slobvaka deemed her pet. Each bout

of flatulence that escaped her chunky rear further filled her head with the influence of the vile woman. It took all of Flabna's willpower to remain in control, straining herself to use the techniques her mentor, Madame Mind, had taught her. Her will power inched ever closer to its breaking point as Slobvaka waddled around the throne and pressed herself against her belly.

"This is just BWOOOOOORRRRP perfect," Slobvaka belched, adding her own flavor of gas to Flabna's torment with a prolonged PHHRRRRTTTTTTT. "Time has made my feeding serum all the more potent. Soon, you will regain your rightful place as my loyal servant, and we can show the world the beauty of being a slob." Climbing across Flabna's bare flesh and brushing aside what remained of the heroine's outfit, Slobvaka pressed her comparatively small bosom against Flabna's heaving sacks of meat. "All you need to do is give in and let your mistress take care of everything."

"Mmph," Flabna said, getting her defiance across with a shake of her head.

"You can fight it as long as you want," Slobvaka said, gliding her fingers along Flabna's chins. "However, I will win in the end. I'm the one in control here and there's nothing you can do about it. Accept your destiny as my beloved, slobby pet."

In response to the coddling words and gentle caress of Slobvaka, Flabna's body began to give into temptation. Part of her old self latched onto her latent, hedonistic desires of being a fat slob. As the feelings flooded her mind and threatened to overtake her very being, something new began to develop. It was a strange sensation that appeared to have come from thin air. However, it was just the thing Flabna needed.

With the help of a boisterous BRRRAAAPPPPPPP coming from her jiggling rear, Flabna used the muscles buried beneath her fat to jerk herself forward. The motion sent Slobvaka

toppling over and landing on her plump posterior. No longer under Slobvaka's direct control, Flabna used her surge of adrenaline to snap apart her restraints and heave herself out of the throne. Wobbling back and forth to keep herself balanced, Flabna forced out the feeding tube with a loud belch.

Left with a dribble of slop going down her chest and onto the floor, Flabna turned her attention towards the fallen Slobvaka. Dragging the hose with her, she managed to stop the obese villainess from getting up by sitting down on her belly. Leaving a trail of flattening sludge along Slobvaka's body, Flabna crawled across her form to meet face to face.

"What do you think you're doing?" Slobvaka asked.

"Giving you a taste of your own medicine," Flabna replied before shoving the feeding tube into Slobvaka's mouth.

Flabna stepped back to watch as Slobvaka's body expanded to new, lofty proportions. The tight leather outfit was no match for her rising weight as it ripped more and more with each pound packed onto the villainess. Observing the immobile Slobvaka flail her arms in a feeble attempt to stand up and escape her retribution, Flabna allowed a malicious grin to spread across her face. Content with the knowledge that the vast reserves of slop would be enough to keep Slobvaka growing for a long time, she swiveled herself around to return to the elevator.

Her exodus from the lair was put on hold as a reverberating PHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT came blasting out of Slobvaka's colon. The atrocious smell brought Flabna's mind back to her time of servitude. Waddling her way around to glance back at Slobvaka, she once again felt strange desires spring into her mind. What remained of her integrity tried to appeal to her conscience, begging her to reconsider what she was about to do. However, her dignity could do

little to override the fact that Flabna had broken a villain out of prison and slobbified an innocent guard in the process. Having already fallen so far, she saw no point in trying to delay the inevitable.

Shuffling back to Slobvaka, Flabna crawled along her body and popped out the tube. In response, the villainess let out a gnarly belch that stunk of the fermented slop that had been pouring down her throat. Letting herself deeply inhale the fragrance, Flabna showed little restraint in revealing her toothy smile.

“Why did you BWOOOORRRRPPP stop?” Slobvaka asked.

Flabna dragged her finger down Slobvaka’s chin to get a sample of the leftover sludge. “I’ve made up my mind about UUURRRP something. After all this time fighting it, I think you have the right idea. This world may not like it, but I BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPP want to show them the true bliss that is being a slob.”

Slobvaka mirrored Flabna’s expression. “I’m glad to see you’ve finally seen the UUURRP light. Help me up and we can begin our plans to conquer the world as slobby rulers.”

The villainess’s proclamation was quickly put down as Flabna slammed her ass down on her belly to produce an explosive bout of flatulence. “Sorry, but that’s not my ideal world,” Flabna replied, reveling in the noxious fumes. “There’s only room for one BWOOOORRRP slob queen. However, I would be willing to take you on as my second in command.”

“L-like a partner?”

A loud belch bursting out from Flabna’s mouth dashed the villainess’s hopes. Still reeling from the lingering burp cloud, Slobvaka realized too late that Flabna was shifting her body

around to a very specific position. She could only watch as the supposed heroine lifted up her massive rear and hovered it over her face.

“I don’t need a partner,” Flabna said, taking swigs of slop from the still leaking tube. “However, I wouldn’t mind having you as my loyal pet.”

Slobvaka’s scream became muffled as Flabna’s ass came slamming down on her face. With her former nemesis pinned beneath her, Flabna guzzled down the disgusting sludge until she heard a familiar rumbling noise. Ensuring her anus was pressed right up against Slobvaka’s mouth, Flabna gave her belly a hearty slap to unleash the storm within.

What started out as a squeaky fart gradually became a billowing barrage of flatulence that chased down Slobvaka’s meal with its intoxicating aroma. By time the fart petered out, Flabna found herself chuckling at the way the villainess struggled to free herself from the butt cheeks clamped around her face. Taking another swig of slop, Flabna followed up with another bout of gas to continue molding her former nemesis into her desired form.

Flabna cared little about the way the slop further fattened up her body to match the size of Slobvaka. The disgraced heroine reveled in the way her body’s odor increased with each outburst of gas. Even more fulfilling was the feeling of her bountiful flab being shaken around by Slobvka’s numerous attempts to break free from her grasp. So lost in her cycle of feeding, fattening, and farting, it took her a moment to realize that Slobvaka had stopped moving.

Finally rolling off of Slobvaka, Flabna managed to get herself standing only by the grace of her super strength. Stomping towards the villainess, she squatted down to make sure she hadn’t completely destroyed Slobvaka in the process. Seeing the blank stare in the villainess’s

eyes and the drool running down the sides of her mouth, Flabna got ever closer. Her examination came to an end as a guttural belch reeking of her own farts came forth from Slobvaka's mouth.

“Me do UUUUURRRPPP good?” Slobvaka asked, a blank stare in her eyes and her plump lips quivering.

In response, Flabna leaned down to nuzzle her face against Slobvaka's neck. “You did wonderful, my pet,” she replied, hearing a pleased hum in return. “I can see why you were so enamored with making me like this in the first place.”

Pulling away, she offered a hand to help Slobvaka stand up. Grasping her wrist, Flabna strained her overburdened muscles to get her servant on her feet. After a bit of struggling, she managed to complete the task and was rewarded by a bout of flatulence being pushed out of Slobvaka as her flab jiggled like jello.

“What me do BWWOOOOORRRRPPP now?” Slobvaka asked.

“We plan,” Flabna replied, gesturing for her loyal pet to follow. “I intend to make a few adjustments to your original scheme to make it work.”

“Okay, Flab Girl.”

Flabna stopped in her tracks and let Slobvaka run belly first into her behind. “Call me mistress,” she said, gracing her servant with a bout of flatulence to hurry her up.

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“If you're just joining us,” Laney Loisa said to the cameras in the studio, “we were recounting the dreadful events that happened a mere month ago. Ever since she released the vile

Slobvaka from her containment, Flabna has somehow managed to go into hiding with her former nemesis. Authorities are on the lookout for any leads to prevent the duo from returning to their crusade of disgusting slobbiness. If you have any information that can lead to their arrest, please contact the studio at-

The rest of Laney's speech was cut off by a series of rude noises echoing throughout the studio. As the sounds of flatulence petered out, they were replaced with the rumblings of heavy stomps coming down the hall. The various noises came to an apex as double wide doors were pushed aside by a pair of bellies the size of barrels waddling their way through.

Remnants of security officers' uniforms still clung to the fragrant fatties' bodies; pieces of fabric stuck to their chests by the drool dripping down their chins. A horde of similarly sized slobbs came waddling into the room, each one a former studio employee who had been corrupted by the same gas that was spewing out from their mouths and rears. While the rest of the crew was being overtaken and turned into hedonistic idiots, Laney hid under her desk with a gas mask fastened around her face. Her cowardice granted her a few moments of false safety before a pudgy hand grabbed her by the back of her blazer and dragged her out.

Held against the fat rolls of her former producer, Laney was carried over to the center of the room. Screaming and yelling for help only managed to treat her to a small taste of the rancid air that was being held back by her mask. Her pitiful punches and kicks did little to dissuade her brainwashed producer from bringing her before the leader of the slobbs.

Straddled across the back of a massive, nude Slobvaka, the hero formerly known as Flabna was almost unrecognizable. To go with her added girth and change in mindset, she had adorned herself in a black jumpsuit with plenty of openings to show off her deep cleavage and

bountiful blubbers. Painted down the center of her belly was a white S that had taken over the space of her former insignia.

With a snap of her fingers, Flabna commanded the producer to lift Laney up to her face to see her wide smile across her chubby cheeks. “Apologies, I don’t think we’ve BWOOOOOORRRRP met in person,” she said, relishing in the way the reporter continued to struggle. “You’re the one who sought to turn me into a villain you could spout insults at.” Flabna reached out to grasp Laney’s mask. “Well, I have good news. I have become the very thing you said I was. The pure personification of a disgusting slob,” she said, lifting off Laney’s gas mask with a single tug.

“Flabna please,” Laney said as foul air seeped into her body and began to fatten her up. “I know I said a lot of bad things, but you’re still a pure hearted hero at the end of the UUUUURRRRPPPPPPP.”

“I’ll be having none of that,” Flabna replied, relishing in the idiotic smile that spread across the reporter’s fattening face. “From now on, I go by the name Slobna. However, you can call me mistress. Just like the rest of the minions that will help me share the wonderful life of a slob with the entire world.”