

MONSTROUS WAISTLINES

By Z.O.B. Industries

“Monster obesity statistics continued to climb this year...” The harpy newscaster on TV sounded cheerfully unconcerned by the news, though her double chin and thick upper arms were evidence of its truth. “Communities of monster-folk have begun applying for disability due to the difficulty of trying to work while overweight. Looks like integration is going to be harder than we thought! Back to you, Privya!”

The camera flashed to a brown-skinned naga girl, who was eating naan in a fashionable Indian restaurant. “Yes, Helena... As you can **gulp** see, **urrrp**, carbohydrates are irresistible to most monsters, due to our evolutionary history! It’s quite a... **BELCH**... messy issue!”

“We can see that, Privya. Now for the weather!”

Kimihito turned off the TV with a sigh. Papi and Mia were leaning on him as he watched; he’d gotten used to never doing anything without their constant attention, but he didn’t want them getting depressed from watching stuff like this. “Man, that sucks. I guess the human world is really tough on monster metabolisms.”

“Met-a-bo-lism?” Papi cocked her head.

Mia scoffed. “As if we’d ever end up chubby like that. We’re the picture of refinement—right, darling?”

Kimihito frowned. He was not a perfect specimen of manhood, so it wasn’t his place to judge, but the girls of his household *had* been getting pretty plump. Mia was sporting a doughy pot-belly, and Papi’s figure had grown very pear-shaped. He’d tried to get the girls to join a gym, but it hadn’t worked out—the few who weren’t weirdly obsessed with marrying him had short attention spans.

A heavy pair of breasts descended on his head. Centorea the centaur was leaning over the back of the couch, her vast bosom brushing his scalp. She had also gotten chubby, not as much as Mia, but there was a noticeable jiggle to her flanks. “What was that about disability? Surely being fat doesn’t make you unable to work.”

“Well, actually...” He opted out of trying to explain government policies and gave her the Spark Notes version. “If you’re big enough, it makes it hard to work and you can apply for disability. It’s a huge problem in America. If I thought we could get away with it, I’d have all of you apply—we’re broke again.” He chuckled.

“Darling! I am *not* fat! Take that back!” Mia wrapped her coils around him, fuming.

“That’s not even what I sa—*arrrgh!*”

Cerea scratched her chin. *Money for being fat? Humans are so strange.* It seemed absurd to her, but then again, so did most of this world. Disputes weren’t solved with duels, women seemed to have no desire to arm themselves, and her chosen mate kept rejecting her and all the other women instead of

taking a bride like he should at his age. *He's right about the money, though... Even though we've been writing off food as an expense, we're barely breaking even.*

A plan began to form in Centorea's head. "Master, how big would someone have to be to get this... disability?"

"Ack! Devil woman!" Kimihito squirmed out of the scaly coils for a moment. "I don't know, pretty huge, they don't give it to you unless you physically can't work—Augh!" He was dragged back into the snake's embrace, as she smothered him in her bosom and demanded he call her skinny.

Papi jumped on top of the two of them. "Group hug! Group hug!"

Cerea nodded, remembering her Master's empty wallet and the frowny face that popped up every time he opened his bank account online. *Someone has to provide for this place... It's falling apart. And if I have to do that by sacrificing my dignity...* She took a deep breath. Sometimes, you had to make tactical decisions in war that you didn't enjoy. She wouldn't enjoy this one, but someone had to do it. It wasn't as if any of the other girls in the house had jobs, anyway.

"Master," she said, getting her coat off the rack, "where is the nearest... fast food place?"



Centorea developed a habit of showing up at the local McDougald's every day at dawn. Lucky for her, they'd recently developed a vegetarian menu—which was in truth not much more nutritional than their regular menu. McDougald's food was greasy, sloppy, and left her feeling strangely empty inside, as if she couldn't get enough. But Centorea ate it anyway.

"Must... help... Master... **URRRPH.**" She belched and leaned back, her horse-stomach and human half packed with mediocre food for the third week in a row. "This infernal food bloats me like I am common cattle, yet still I want more! What manner of purgatory is this?" She nibbled a french fry, then stuffed a fistful of them in her mouth. "Mmmf. So terrible, but so good..."

"Would you like some more?"

Centorea looked up, cheeks stuffed with fried food, and blinked. A willowy woman with scaly cheeks, in a restaurant uniform, was standing before her with a new tray. Centorea blushed and checked between her massive breasts for more money, but she'd already used all her spare cash.

"That's very sweet of you... But I'm afraid I don't have any more money." A little too late, she reflected spending money to *make* more money was a bit of a shoddy business plan.

"It's no problem! Here, have the surplus. Customers send back crumbled veggie-burgers and bent fries because they're picky, but there's no reason *you* shouldn't have them!" The dragon-girl beamed. "After all, you've got such a great appetite—it would just go to waste, otherwise!"

Centorea squinted at her. “Haven’t I seen you somewhere before?”

The girl laughed, a sweat-drop appearing on her forehead. “Of course not! I’m just a Good Samaritan, here to do my duty!”

“Well... If it’s all going to go to waste anyway... And you even considered that centaurs are vegetarians. How could I refuse?” She took the food and immediately began eating again, her eyes going a little grassy as she went into “grazing” mode. The slender server withdrew, chuckling.

“That cow is one of the biggest obstacles between Mia and I... and I WILL triumph and have her as my bride!” Draco the Dragonewt was the closest thing to a nemesis Kimihito had, and she’d found herself in the perfect position. She’d been struggling to make ends meet at this restaurant while plotting to take down the defenses around Mia, and who should canter through the door? The only swordswoman in Mia’s entire monstrous household. It was perfect.

Draco tugged the restaurant’s phonebook out from under the register. If she was going to disarm Mia’s many friends with fast food, she was going to need more restaurant jobs... and much, much more food.



“Hey Rachnee, is Centorea home yet?”

The household’s resident spider-woman was hanging upside-down, building a webbing nest on Kimihito’s ceiling to catch his other paramours in. “That fat cow? No, I haven’t seen her all day. She must be off stuffing her face again.”

“Hey now, don’t be rude.” Kimihito waggled a finger at her. “She’s enjoying herself for once, and she actually gets out of the house, unlike you.”

Rachnee frowned. “Please, darling. As if I need to go outside and subject myself to those obnoxious humans all day. I’d much rather stay in and... play.” Papi wandered by, and was snared by the trap, silk tugging her up into the air where Rachnee waited with a riding crop and a vibrator.

“Hey! Let her down!”

“Ugh... Spoilsport...” Rachnee put away her toys and dropped Papi on his head. He was slammed to the floor, the bird-girl’s crotch in his face.

“Maybe you should both get out more...” he mumbled from between the chubby harpy’s thighs. Papi squeaked and squirmed as his lips moved, and Kimihito rolled his eyes. These women on a damn hair trigger, twenty-four-seven. He really needed to get them laid.

“I’m not going back to that gym. The stupid kobold owner always bothers me to get a membership.” Rachnee dropped down beside them with a crash. After Japan’s recent harsh winter, she’d packed on winter weight in spades: her breasts were bigger, straining her homemade silk bra, and her pale

arms and chitinous legs were thicker and slower. She'd developed a cozy roll of flesh at the bottom of her stomach, and her spider abdomen looked... wider. It had even started dragging on the carpet a little.

Kimihito eased Papi off him, the naïve girl looking a little disappointed that “playtime” was over. “But they pay *you* to go there. It would really help us out.”

“Yeah, well... sweating is beneath my dignity.”

“Is dieting beneath it too?” Mia said from the kitchen, and Rachnee growled at her.

“Easy, easy.” Kimihito was used to playing the peacekeeper, but he was finding it harder these days. The girls were cooped up and getting chubby and grumpy, and he... well, he was finding it harder than ever to avoid the packed quantity of female bodies in his house. Just this morning he'd been smacked by Mia's belly as she slithered down the hall, slammed by Papi's ass as she tried to fly through a skylight, and sat on by Dulla—the household spirit of death—when she proclaimed his demise was near. She was almost correct: immediately after, a noticeably gooier Suu had tried to suck the moisture out of his crotch. With her mouth.

“You girls need to calm down. And I need to go find Centorea.” The centaur had been reclusive lately, disappearing off to the city every afternoon. And every night, she came home absolutely stuffed and carrying bags of junk food. It mystified him: she was usually so modest, but lately she'd turned into... well, kind of a slob.

“No need,” said Mia. “She's home.”

“How do you know?”

“I can feel the ground shaking,” said Mia, smug.

Soon they all could. Heavy hoofbeats hammered the ground outside. The door flew open, and there was Centorea, all sweat and wheezes and jiggling rolls. Her modest button-up shirt was stretched to the limit by pounds and pounds of new flesh; her rack was more insanely large than ever, but it had been joined by a plump, sagging stomach and roly-poly arms that wiggled uselessly as she struggled to balance all the groceries she'd bought. Her horse half had put on weight, too: her flanks were round and soft, and brushed against the door as she entered, even though Kimihito had made it specially wide and custom-built for her and Rachnee. Her ass smacked against the doorframe as she trotted through, and the impact sent hairline fractures running up the wall and into the ceiling.

“Hello... huff, everyone. I b-brought more food!”

“Food! Yay!” Papi and Suu surged forward to tug the grocery bags from her hands, but Mia held back, seeming disgusted. Kimihito didn't mind Centorea's new weight; he'd always preferred thicker girls, even if she was going a bit into extremes. What he did mind was the wanton destruction of property by her gigantic behind.

“Centorea, be careful! We just had that doorway re-plastered...”

“Huh?” Centorea swung around, hooves thumping, and her mammoth rear smashed into the hallway table, crushing it. “Ooops... I'm so sorry, Master... I'm having trouble keeping track of all my 'assets' lately...”

“Oooh, food!” Papi had discovered the grocery and fast food bags. “Papi likes food!”

“Maybe if you didn’t eat like a pig, you could keep them small enough to manage,” Mia chuckled.

Kimihito sighed as a fresh argument broke out between the two Liminal monster-girls. He wasn’t sure what Centorea was up to, but he knew her heart was in the right place: if there was a reason for her behavior, it was probably a good one. He would just have to avoid getting crushed by her enormous body until this all blew over... whatever ‘this’ was.

“Mia, stop bullying Centorea. Centorea, Mia does have a point—you’ve gained a little weight lately. Maybe it’s time we found you, like... a personal trainer or something?”

“A personal trainer?” Centorea blanched, her chins wobbling as she considered the additional costs mounting on their budget. “N-no! I am absolutely fine! I don’t need any training at all—I am a proud warrior!” And she jiggled off to her room, her ass smashing into several doorways and sending cracks through the ceiling plaster. They could hear her huffing and puffing all the way down the hall.

“This is bad. She’d never do this without a reason.” Kimihito frowned. It was time to call the one person he feared most... the one person with the power to make his life even more absurd than it already was.

It was time to call Ms. Smith.

“Yes, *darling-kun*, of course I can find someone to work on Centorea’s fitness. In fact, I’ve got just the person.” Ms. Smith was having a bath when her favorite monster-exchange host called; she had her sunglasses on, as always, and put a little extra mockery in the *darling-kun* for interrupting her. “She owes me a favor from when she stopped over in this dimension, fleeing her home plane. I think I ought to remind her I can call the Interdimensional Immigration Police at any time... if she doesn’t help you out, that is.”

“Great. Fine. Whatever it takes.” Kimihito sighed as he stood outside the door to Centorea’s room, listening to her chomp and gobble away at what sounded like several dozen pounds of food at once. “I’m worried about her. Does your ‘personal trainer’ have any qualifications? Like, maybe a success rate?”

“She’s more of a motivational speaker... But she’s successful, alright. Because anyone she doesn’t motivate is usually burned to ash. Goodbye, *darling-kun!*” She hung up the phone before Kimihito could respond, and called out to Zombina, who was watching TV in the hotel suite’s living room.

“Zombi-sama! Get me the warp phone!”

“Yeah, yeah... Whatever...” Zombina was munching on a bowl of chips; ever since they’d started a stakeout in the hotel overlooking Kimihito’s home, she’d had nothing to do but snack. As a result, despite her lack of a metabolism, she’d still somehow managed to put on weight. A hefty potbelly of pale and dead flesh sat on her lap—but given that since each of her parts were from different corpses, the fat hadn’t spread beyond that spot. Lazy as ever, she sent her detached hand to go and fetch the phone.

“Stupid Smith... always making me work so hard.” She sat back on a cushion, crumbs covering her unliving cleavage. “One of these days I ought to quit.”

The hand delivered the phone to Smith, who dialed the right number. Lightning burst from the phone and mystic runes glowed on its surface. Unconcerned by this (her magical exposure levels were already at maximum, anyway) Smith put it to her ear.

One dimension next door, a humble house land-line began to ring. A gloved hand descended, plucking the phone from its cradle with high-society delicacy.

“Hello, Kobayashi residence...”



Three Days Later

Centorea’s plan was progressing quite smoothly. Well, as smoothly as fattening herself up like livestock could go. She’d managed to get Rachnee on board by offering to let the spider tie her up, and now Rachnee had been sneaking into her room at night to stuff her far past her usual capacity. Tonight she’d purchased several vegetarian pizzas (with a coupon, of course, and saving the receipts so they could deduct the expenses) and was planning to eat every single one. On top of that she had carrot shakes, several tins of cookies and a huge amount of beer that Rachnee had managed to score off a nearby fraternity.

“You’re sure this will work?” said Rachnee as the centaur took off her shirt, trying to unburden her upper stomach for the incoming meal. Centorea was looking incredibly bloated; she’d been eating heavily all day and her horse-belly was wider and more saggy than ever. She looked exhausted, sleepy, and flushed; the binge eating was starting to get to her. Of course, Rachnee’s predatory instincts got triggered every time Centorea couldn’t fit through a door or stand up without help, so she wasn’t about to *stop* the ‘taur in her madcap plan. It just seemed a little... absurd, for a few extra bucks.

“Of course. Human society allows for this, so why shouldn’t we take advantage of it?” The half-horse rubbed her pale upper gut, kneading it, her tail flicking as she belched.

“You do know that the disability check isn’t that big...”

“I have to help my Master! You protect the house. Mia cooks... well, sort of. Even the stupid dullahan does her part, warning us when the Master’s life in danger. But me?” She sighed. “This world has no place for a warrior. And I can’t get a job or the authorities might stop letting me board with Master. So if I must do terrible things to help... I shall!” She thrust a pudgy finger to the sky, her vast bust jiggling inside its lacey bra-prison.

Rachnee rolled all eight of her eyes. “Pfft. Whatever you say, wide load. Now hold still—I gotta get you nice and tied up before we cram that pizza down your—”

DING-DONG!

Centorea blinked, shocked out of her resigned fugue. “Who could that be?”

“Dunno.” Rachnee frowned. “But she’s interrupting my bondage session.”

“She? How do you know—”

“I put sensory webs up all over the property. I know where everyone is, at all times.” The spider grinned. “And what they’re doing. For instance, Mia is now fondling herself imagining her ‘darling’ getting all up in her—”

“Ugh, cease your perverted prattle at once! Go answer the door!”

“Prude...” Rachnee scuttled to the front door, opening it. On the doorstep was a maid.

Well, *sort* of a maid. She definitely had a maid’s outfit, a frilly thing with an apron that would have looked at home in an otaku magazine. But the large antlers and enormous, thick scaly tail kind of gave her away as something different.

Rachnee froze. As a predator, she was able to sense when bigger predators were near. She hadn’t noticed earlier, too aroused by the idea of wrapping up Centorea’s flabby flesh in a cocoon and teasing her, but now she could tell—this was no ordinary monster-girl hybrid. She wasn’t even a Dragonewt, like that thirsty lesbian who kept stalking Mia. No, this was a *real* dragon... and a very powerful one.

“Hi!” said the real, powerful dragon, bowing low. “I’m Tohru! Ms. Smith sent me. May I come in?”

“Wha... Uh... Sure, yeah. Just try not to wake the house up.” Most of the other many tenants were asleep, though she saw Suu lurking in a corner nearby. “Um. Why are you here?”

“I was sent to help clean up someone’s lifestyle! As a real maid, I am good at these things.” Tohru skipped down the hall, whistling, and Rachnee followed.

“Maids don’t do that...”

“Yes, well, my kind does. And I am definitely a real maid. So there!” She paused as Suu approached and began to swirl up her leg. “Oh, you have a slime infestation. Shall I burn it?”

“No!” Rachnee was no friend of the other creatures, but she did have a soft spot for Suu, who was basically a walking or crawling bondage device. “I mean... she’s our guest. She’s just greeting you, that’s all.”

“I see...” Suu slithered up Tohru’s skirts, and the dragon blushed as the slime’s warm fluids rubbed the inside of her thighs. She squeaked as Suu began massaging her legs, sensing the tension from Tohru being on her feet all day. *So this is to be my welcome to this world... It’s not so bad here after all. Even if they have ‘integrated.’ Ugh, what a terrible idea.*

It was difficult walking with Suu ‘greeting’ her, but she eventually shook off the slime and made her way to Centorea’s room, where Smith had directed her. The pounding of her draconic fist on the door made the whole house shake, and Rachnee flinched. Kimihito came running down the stairs in his pajamas.

“Rachnee! What’s going on? It’s almost midni—” He paused, seeing Tohru. “Oh no, another lodger? We don’t have any spare rooms left... Not even any closets!”

“I’m not a lodger! I’m your new fitness-assistant maid!” Tohru blitzed down the hallway, faster than even Rachnee’s eyes could follow, to shake his hand. “I’ll be staying here until your centaur is as good as new!”

Kimihito paused; the hand gripping his was like iron, despite the silky maid’s gloves. “Hey, now. She’s not broken, just... getting a little big. It’s damaging the house.” He frowned. “Physical... assistant maid? You don’t *look* like a personal trainer.”

“And you don’t look like an alpha male, yet I smell a whole harem of females from various species in your house, all very fertile too!” She grinned toothily. “Each of us has our talents. Look, I’ll just use magic to make your centaur skinny again. That’ll solve everything!”

“Uh...”

“Not that I care or anything,” said Rachnee, climbing up to dangle from the ceiling, “but Ms. Smith says you need a license to practice magic in this world... and I doubt you have one.”

Tohru frowned. Being in this dimension too long was taking her away from her precious, perfect queen, the lovely Ms. Kobayashi. On the other hand, breaking the law might get her stuck here—she’d already broken it once, when she trespassed here on the way out of the world of dragons, before arriving in Kobayashi’s world. The two dimensions were very similar, except this one was crowded with ‘lowly’ monsters like Arachnes, centaurs and lamias—smelly, annoying creatures that Tohru preferred not to associate with.

But it wasn’t like she had a choice. “So be it,” she said, striking a dramatic pose. “I will do this the hard way. It is the duty of every maid to make sure the members of her household are at their healthiest, and their happiest! So look out, extra weight—I, Tohru the mighty Dragon Maid, will blast the flab from the waistlines of those foolish enough to gain it!”

Kimihito yawned. “Yeah... you’re definitely not a real maid.”

“Silence, mortal!” Tohru kicked open the door to Centorea’s room... and was shocked into a blushing silence. Rachnee had tied up her favorite new ‘toy’ before leaving, and Centorea’s nude body dangled from a number of cleverly placed support beams Ms. Smith had reinforced the house with. She was completely bare under the silk, the powerful lines of webbing overflowing with centaur fat. Pink, rosy flesh wobbled and jiggled on Centorea’s human half, and fuzzy brown horse-fat swayed and bulged out of the lower half of the cocoon.

Halfway through devouring what looked like a canoli, Centorea waved. She was embarrassed and helpless, but very determined to finish chewing.

Tohru shut the door, absolutely mortified. “She’s so... *huge!* What is *wrong* with this dimension?”

“Many things,” said Kimihito. “Crash on the couch if you like. I’m going to bed.”



Centorea's "wellness regimen" started the next day at dawn. Tohru, having cleaned the entire house overnight (because dragons didn't need "pitiful mortal sleep," according to her internal monologue) rose bright and early to cook breakfast for her charge.

"Damn that Ms. Smith... I can't wait to get back to my precious Kobayashi... I bet she's miserable without me." She tasted the hollandaise sauce she was stirring, nodded, and poured it over an omelette with spinach and onion. Not the most nutritious meal in the world, but they were going to have to work with baby steps on this one.

Tohru had known dragons to get fat before. Her own dragon form was actually a little fluffy—she needed to shift back and exercise it, sometime. But she'd never seen a mythological creature as obese as Centorea. What could be causing such a condition? "Perhaps she's just poorly educated... Centaurs are such savage creatures, after all."

"My, my, aren't we bigoted."

She turned to find Rachnee lounging in the doorway, her arms folded under her impressive breasts. "You. Shoo, before I find a newspaper. I'm busy here."

Rachnee smirked. She had this dragon's measure now—while the creature was powerful, it was also vain, arrogant, and a little bit shortsighted. "Such a kind houseguest. How will we ever repay you for helping poor Centorea?"

"I suppose you'll have to kiss the ground I walk on, or something." She scooped the omelettes onto a plate and sashayed down the hall, noting as she did the shabby state of the walls and fixtures. "It'll be the highlight of your day."

"No, the highlight of my day is..." Rachnee paused, waiting, for Tohru to open the door. "This."

"Eaugh!" The dragon's screech of fury shook the rafters. Centorea was sitting in the dining room, gorging on an enormous breakfast of microwaved hash browns, breakfast sandwiches, and protein shakes Rachnee had made for her before Tohru woke up. Papi was shoving a chunk of veggie sausage into Centorea's lips, as she appeared to be almost too weak from eating to feed herself.

"What have you done?" said Tohru, rounding on Rachnee. The centaur, meanwhile, took the delay in her caretaker's attentions to gobble down a fistful of fried eggs. She was, if anything, bigger than yesterday—after learning that Tohru was here to 'fix' her, Rachnee had stayed up almost all night feeding her.

"Whoops! I guess your 'charity' isn't exactly turning out the way you wanted, is it?" Rachnee put a finger to her lips. "She's nearly a ton and a half, now. It'll take a long time to work off all that blubber..."

“You ingrate!” Tohru grabbed Rachnee by her top, the woman’s titanic breasts wobbling as she pulled her close. “Every pound that *heifer* puts on makes it harder for me to return to my home dimension! What the hell is your problem?”

Rachnee chuckled. “You’re a bit tense, dear. Maybe I should massage all that energy out of you.” Spider-legs curled around Tohru’s shoulders, rubbing. Tohru grunted—it *did* feel good, but she didn’t trust the spider one bit. Fire curled from her lips as she stalked into the dining room.

“You! Quadruped! Your training begins now. Put down that sandwich!” Centorea whimpered a little, face full of potato products, as she tried to mash a breakfast-pizza sandwich past her lips. She was revolting, enormous, the bulk of her lower body stretching all the way out the side door to the yard. Tohru was amazed she could even stand under all that extra poundage. Her human half looked as if someone had injected her with pure lard, and her horse half was wobbly, saggy and bloated. She wiped crumbs off her double chin as she looked at Tohru, seeking mercy.

“Maybe just a few more **urrrp**, bites—”

“I said, put it down!” Tohru’s tail swiped the sandwich out of her hands. Papi squawked and tried to take off, alarmed, only to bash her head on the ceiling. Rachnee collected her and dragged her off to “nurse her” back to health.

“Have fun training!” she called cheerfully as she disappeared.

“Grr...” Tohru scowled. Centorea’s massive bra was the only article of clothing she had on. “Why aren’t you wearing a shirt?”

“They don’t fit...”

The dragon sighed. Reaching into a pocket dimension with her magic, she fumbled through her old clothes until she found an enormous sweatshirt. “This should do.”

It almost didn’t. They spent several minutes struggling to get the gray fabric over Centorea’s many rolls, bulging “back-tits,” and hauling the lower half of it over her swollen belly. At length she was finally clothed, though she looked more like a sausage stuffed into a casing than a potential weight loss case.

“Good! Now, let’s go inside.”

“But my food’s in here...” Centorea blushed. “Also, I am having a hard time fitting my hind-quarters past Master’s doorways...”

“Easily solved!” Tohru swung her tail and demolished the door to the outside, leaving an enormous hole full of masonry dust. “Come on, big girl! Out you go!”

And so Centorea was slowly and laboriously urged out of her gorging den, into the bright sunshine. It wasn’t an easy process. She moved slowly; her muscles had atrophied quickly in the obsessive quest to over-feed herself, and she cantered along with an ungainly jiggling that slowed her and made her quite out of breath. Below her flanks, the mass of her horse-belly swayed to and fro, sloshing with the mass of her morning meals.

“Okay, pick up the pace a bit,” Tohru said, smacking her rear. “Come on, give me your best power-walk! Er... Power trot!”

Centorea tried—she really did. As obsessed as she was with helping her Master, she was also a proud warrior, and refused to simply give up at first. But she had been softening in her willpower as well as in her waistline, and by the time they reached the end of the street she was exhausted, her sweatshirt riding up over her pale hanging gut. Perspiration dripped from the ends of her pointed ears and her flanks were matted with sweat; she was beginning to smell like a farm animal, as opposed to her usual cleanly self.

“I... can’t... **Hurrph.** Can’t do... it.”

“Yes, you can!” Tohru hopped from one foot to the other, her Lolita-skirts bouncing. “You’re a centaur, you should be able to run for *miles* without getting tired.”

“Thou art... A very strict life coach. I’m sorry; I simply can’t obey.” She wheezed, straightening up, and looked around for anything even remotely resembling food. “Need... Carbs, first.”

“Oh, come on!” A food truck was parked nearby, and Tohru fumed as Centorea wiggled towards it, her massive rump quaking up and down. “How am I supposed to whip you into shape if the only whip you can tolerate is whipped cream?!”

A rather skinny Dragonewt stood behind the food truck’s register, waving a greasy paper plate around. “Churros! Get your churros here!”

Centorea’s mouth watered. At first her “noble quest” to help Master had been one hundred percent altruism, but as she’d gotten fatter and fatter, another motive replaced it for eating: greed. Her stomachs had grown in size, and her appetite had inflated accordingly. Now, she was helpless to resist the lure of hot fresh churros, and she jiggled up to the food truck, her flabby human half smacking the colorful painted side as she leaned up over the counter.

“I shall take... one of everything, please!”

“Dammit!” Tohru was about to fly across the sidewalk to stop her stuffing her face, when she heard the slither of sliding scales approach. She turned to find Mia had followed them from home, her face full of concern. Though nowhere near as plump as Centorea, she’d acquired quite the “hibernation body” over the winter, and Tohru frowned at her.

“You. What do you want? I’m working, here.”

“Doesn’t look like it.” Mia raised an eyebrow at Centorea, who was gobbling down churro after churro, crumbs tumbling into her titanic cleavage to be lost forever until her next meal-delayed bath. “I just wanted to say hi. I don’t believe we’ve met. You’re the... lifestyle instructor?”

“You could say that.” Tohru sighed. “Actually, I’m a maid. And I can’t get home to my mistress until Ms. Smith is satisfied I’ve turned this tub of guts into a functioning centaur.”

“Yeah, I’ve been wondering... Centorea’s not normally like this.” Mia frowned; the dragonewt behind the counter looked awfully familiar, but she couldn’t place him. “I know you just got here yesterday and see her as a pig. So do I—she’s really let herself go. But what I can’t figure out is *why*.”

“Eh?”

“She’s usually very disciplined. She used to get up for sword training every morning at four AM. Woke me the hell up with her shouting and swinging.” Mia scowled. “Now I sleep through the night, but she breaks all my favorite chairs with her ass and eats all the food in the house. Something is up.”

The two reptiles glanced at each other, and a surreptitious alliance was formed. “Hmm. I might have an idea,” Tohru said. “But she’s not going to like it...”



Midnight: the witching hour.

Centorea’s phone buzzed an alarm and she groaned, rolling over in her enormous bed to slap at it. *Time to eat for Master... Ugh, this plan is so hard.* First she’d had to humiliate herself by overeating; now the misguided Ms. Smith had foisted an unwanted personal trainer on her. *If they knew my quest was noble... If they could understand I’m just trying to help Master...* Her stomachs growled, and she groaned. Now that she was bigger, so much bigger, her appetite flared up more often—and the limited exercise today had made her even more hungry. She was eager to make back the calories she’d been forced to spend waddling around with Tohru.

Heaving herself slowly and laboriously out of bed, her hooves smacking the floor, she carefully righted herself. All the sheer fat on her body made her very top-heavy and unsteady, especially when trotting; she had to move rather carefully nowadays to keep from crashing over on her side.

She wobbled into the hallway, her bulging flanks brushing the doorway, making a soft *sshhh* sound in the dark. Centorea peeked around; none of the other Liminals were awake, and she trotted carefully towards the kitchen. Her stomachs churned and rumbled, demanding food.

Her nobility was still intact: she was still sticking to the plan. But there was a large part of her, now, that simply *needed* those piles and piles of junk food. It filled some void, in her, that her training and warrior nature had never been able to fix. If she were to go to a psychologist, he might have said she was doing this as an expression of extreme sexual frustration: centaurs were passionate creatures, and she had been constantly clit-blocked by the other members of the house for years now. And so, the only way she could channel this frustration was to eat. A lot.

She squeezed into the kitchen, her newly massive body delicately maneuvered around the counter and towards the fridge. She opened it... reached in... and her hand was snared by a loop of half-invisible silk.

“What foul devilry is—Eek!” Her tail flicked in surprise as a net of webs pulled her clean off the ground, flabby horse-legs kicking, her bathrobe flying open to reveal her enormous gut and breasts. Lights flicked on and Rachnee dangled beside her, reaching out a clawed hand to poke her middle.

“Naughty, naughty. You keep sneaking meals like this, you might get fat...”

“Release me post-haste, traitor!” Centorea whimpered. “I though you wanted to help me with... with...”

“With what?” Tohru emerged from behind a rice-paper screen, her arms crossed. With her was Mia, rubbing her eyes and looking exhausted.

“Don’t bother lying,” said Rachnee, spinning more webs to bind Centorea’s legs so she didn’t kick holes in the wall. “I already told them your master plan.”

“Wh-what? How could you?” Centorea struggled, but Rachnee’s skills were excellent; even now loops of silk closed around her breasts, squeezing them viciously and distracting her from her situation.

“Centorea, you didn’t have to do this,” Mia said, sighing. “I mean, I’ve enjoyed watching you turn into a blob. But you know Ms. Smith will bail us out if we ever run out of money. We’re not going to end up on the street again, like most of us were when she found us.”

“You don’t know that!” The centaur blushed as the webs grew tighter. “I only wish to help Master! The rest of you are only interested in... in his body! Thou art all a bunch of harlots!”

Rachnee chuckled, reaching a spider-leg around to tickle Centorea’s hindquarters. “Watch who you’re calling a harlot... Or I’ll show you how much of a slut YOU can be.” The clawed limb descended between Centorea’s hind limbs, rubbing gently. Centorea gasped and squirmed.

Tohru sighed. “Well, there’s two options here. One, I work you until you slim down—which could take months. I don’t have months. Miss Kobayashi might meet someone else by then!” She walked over to Centorea, pinching the centaur’s dangling brown horse-gut. “Fortunately, I’m a genius. And I have an idea...”

Mia raised an eyebrow. “What?”

“You’re not going to like it.”

“Don’t keep us in suspense,” Rachnee said, yawning. “Besides, it’s late.”

“I checked Centorea’s disability papers. The plan would have worked... but why get one disability check, when you could each get one?” Tohru grinned viciously as Mia recoiled. “Yes, that’s right. You could all get fat. Then they HAVE to shower you with money! It’s brilliant, absolutely brilliant! You may thank me now.”

“Ew, that’s ridiculous! My poor figure...”

Tohru looked her up and down, biting her lip. “Hey, your figure isn’t exactly flawless to begin with. Might as well sacrifice the rest of it...”

“Why, you fire-breathing bitch! That’s the last straw”

Tohru was tackled into the living room. Rachnee watched, fascinated, as dragon maid tussled with lamia. The dragon was clearly pulling her punches, but it was still an interesting fight to watch.

Centorea wiggled a little, the folds of her fat flopping and swaying. “Excuse me... Rachnee?”

“Yes, dear?”

“Are you going to let me down?”

The spider considered this... then she saw the open fridge door and its mother-lode of food. A nasty grin spread over her face. “No, I don’t think so. You’re looking a little skinny lately... I think you need a snack.”

When Kimihito came downstairs to find out what the hell the racket was about, he discovered a catfight that had crushed half the living room furniture, and set the rest on fire. And over his head, dangling from the rafters, a half-naked morbidly obese centauress was being stroked to orgasm by an oversexed arachnid, spider-limbs feeding her leftover rice balls.

Eyes bleary, he speed-dialed Ms. Smith, put the phone on speaker, and went back to bed without saying a word.



The disastrous scene was quickly cleaned up by Smith’s enforcement crew. Tohru, having failed as a life coach and as a maid, was deported back to her world. Centorea gave up on her scheme after Rachnee outed her to Kimihito, but couldn’t seem to lose the weight—apparently, her formerly metabolism was truly buried under mountains of flab. The other monster girls didn’t mind: fall was coming, and in the chilly weather Suu and Papi enjoyed cuddling up to Centorea, nestling in her fat rolls for warmth. Mia joined them; the experience had brought her closer to the centaur, mostly because she now no longer considered her a romantic threat.

There was just one more thing to clean up.

In the early dawn, a food truck rolled up outside Kimihito’s house, its license plates suspiciously painted over. Draco the dragonewt began setting up shop, firing up the ovens, secretly pleased with the cooking skills she’d acquired over several months on the lam. Once she fattened up the *rest* of the house by sheer proximity, they wouldn’t be able to stop her—Mia would belong to her at last!

To her shock, Mia was her first customer. Wrapped in a sweater and mittens against the cold, the lamia slithered up outside the food-truck and asked for falafel. “Make it extra hot,” she added with a wink.

Draco, fighting a nosebleed, did as asked—even though she didn’t have any falafel in the truck. Whatever, it wasn’t like Mia was the brightest bulb—meatballs in pita would do just as well. But when she turned around to offer the food to the girl, it wasn’t Mia standing there: it was Doppel, the strike-team shapeshifter, a gun in her hand.

“Put down the falafel, and step out of the truck please,” she said cheerfully.

Draco did as asked, her wings twitching. Zombina met her outside the vehicle, cuffing her and shoving her against the wall of the house.

“Hey! Get your cold dead hands off me!”

“Oh, I’m sorry. Are you sensitive to cold?” Zombina said, reaching a hand around and squeezed at Draco’s A-cups. “Wow, no wonder you pass for a guy...”

“This is sexual abuse! I’m calling the Liminal Rights Commission!”

Ms. Smith stepped around the truck. “You can call them from jail. I found 40 gallons of weight gain shake in the warehouse where you got that truck—all empty. Looks like you have some very special recipes in there, huh?”

“Grr... You bitch. I will have my Mia! I *will* have her!”

“You’ll have two to four years for endangering a liminal host’s home, is what you’ll have. Good thing that dragon I hired caused enough of a fuss that you thought you could park out here and not attract attention...” Smith pushed her glasses up her nose. “Ufufufu... All according to *keikaku*.”

[Author’s note: “keikaku” means “plan.”]

Terrified, Draco began to thrash. “I can’t go to jail. I can’t! Do you know what they’d do to me, with this beautiful androgynous body? I’m too beautiful for prison!”

Smith snorted. “Tell you what. I can work out a plea bargain with the Supernatural Immigration Agency, if you do something for me.” She pinched Draco’s cheek. “As you are no doubt aware, obesity’s a big problem in the monster-person community. We need a test case—somebody to use as a guinea pig, study the effects of sudden and dangerous weight gain.” Smith grinned. “And you’re looking pretty skinny...”

Draco howled at the sky as she was shoved into the back of a black minivan. “My figure! Noooo!”

Meanwhile, Mia watched from a window slightly coated with frost. “Justice is served... with a side of fries. Nyehheh.”

“Mmf... Mia, what is it? What’s going on?” Mia’s chubby tail pushed Kimihito back beneath the sheets.

“Hush, darling. Go back to sleep. It’s just monster-town.”



“I’m hooome!”

Tohru kicked open the front door, gleefully striding into Kobayashi’s apartment. Instantly she almost slipped on a banana peel; only the dread of becoming a cliché saved her from the fall. “Wha— what the hell?”

The place was a mess. Soda bottles, takeout containers, and Kobayashi's ever-present beer cans were strewn about the hallway, bags of trash piled up next to the door. It smelled like a landfill, and worse, the lightbulbs had burnt out. With Tohru gone, apparently no one had bothered to replace them.

She staggered through the filth, pulling up her skirts, and peered into the living room. What she saw made her shriek with surprise.

Mess—everywhere, there was mess! Dishes overflowed the sink, the open fridge door stank of decay, and the recycling bin was so stuffed with crushed beer-cans that the aroma resembled a brewery. Tohru picked her way over all of it, furious. Hadn't Fafnir or Lucoa stopped by to fix this nonsense?! Hadn't *anyone* cared?

She found Kanna on the couch, munching from a bag of chips. The juvenile dragon was looking quite out of shape: she had a glazed look in her eyes, even more so than her usual jaded expression, and she was mowing down chips with steady deliberation. Tohru snatched the bag out of her hand.

“Hey! What are you doing, just sitting around watching TV? You should be in human school!”

Kanna shook her head. “Want... chips.” She struggled to grab them, and rolled onto the floor, her newly tubby body too atrophied to adapt to the sudden shift in gravity. She simply laid there, belly out, looking depressed.

“No more TV,” Tohru insisted. “Now where's Ms. Kobayashi—”

“Right... **UrrRP**, here. Hey, it'sss Tohru! Hi, Tohru.”

The dragon maid turned to find the love of her life, the venerable and nerdy Ms. Kobayashi, leaning on her bedroom door. At approximately two in the afternoon, she was drunk; her cheeks were a shiny apple-red, and they were a lot bigger than Tohru remembered. So was the rest of her—Kobayashi looked to have gained at least sixty pounds since Tohru had left, maybe more.

But that's impossible! It's only been a few days!

“I'm so glad you're... **Bluhrrrp**, back. Isss been a mess without you.” Kobayashi gestured at the house, and Tohru understood: after growing dependent on the dragon's cleaning skills, when Tohru had left Kobayashi had rebounded *hard* into her old bachelorette ways. Even the woman's glasses were clouded with grease. Yet, that still didn't explain how she and Kanna had gotten so enormous—or how there was multiple weeks' worth of trash piled in the hallway.

“Ms. Kobayashi,” she said, blushing as she tried to ignore the beer-belly that flopped over her love's waistband and pushed up her shirt, “I will fix all of this for you. But first I must remind you of the principles of a healthy lifestyle—”

“Healthy? Pfft, fuck that.” Kobayashi waved away the suggestion, staggering a little. “Isssh not like I'm ever gonna get *married*. I can eat whatever I want! Right, Kanna?”

“Right,” mumbled the tubby fey dragon from under the coffee table, where she had crawled to retrieve a chip. From her squirming and the wriggling of her chunky legs, Tohru realized she was stuck. Ignoring the tiny squeaks coming from below the table, she turned to confront Kobayashi.

“Ms. K, I have been all over the magical dimensions today. I'm super *duper* tired. And I come back to find out that you've been endangering your fragile human lifespan with beer and junk food!” She stepped forward, prodding Kobayashi's midsection. It was like sinking her gloved finger into a mass of

pale dough—not nearly as soft as that bloated centaur, but getting there. The thought of her beautiful Kobayashi getting that fat repulsed her.

But then again... Centorea hadn't been able to *go* anywhere, had she? If Kobayashi was that fat, Tohru could keep her close all the time: wash her, caress her, even attend to her womanly needs without ever leaving her side... *Wow, that would be kind of nice—*

Kobayashi, her stomach jostled by the rude prodding, belched in Tohru's face. The burp smelled of sushi, beer and bad life decisions. *Okay, no. This stops now.*

She picked up Kobayashi, easily due to her dragon strength, and brought her to the bathroom. There, she ran a warm bath, tried to ignore that Kobayashi was motor-boating her breasts, and gently lifted her mistress into it—clothes on. “There. Sit in that for a while and sober up.”

“Mmm... Warm is nice.”

“Yes, very nice. Please don't puke in it.” She went out, dislodged Kana from under the coffee table, and used magic to clean up most of the house. The rest she swept, vacuumed and sprayed with stain remover. She opened all the curtains, the windows and even the front door, to get the smell out. She turned on all the lights. By the time she was done, the place wasn't so horrible anymore, and looked almost like its old self. Too bad she couldn't say that of Kobayashi. How she'd put on months' worth of fat in only a few days was—

Tohru slapped her forehead. *Stupid, stupid!* Time ran differently between the dimensions. A year here might be only a few minutes in the fairy dimensions, or vice-versa. She had completely forgotten about that when Smith had blackmailed her. And of course, with her gone for months, no limiting influences on Kobayashi's alcoholism or Kanna's childish greed... *They both got lazy, messy and fat. It figures.*

She sighed, re-entering the bathroom and pulling off her clothes. Kobayashi watched her, still sloshed. “Whatchoo... doin? Damn, you got big tits.”

“Yes. It makes for a better human disguise.” She slipped into the water nude beside Kobayashi, the steam rising and calming her, hot water sliding over her tail and legs and buoying her breasts. “Ahhh. That feels good.” She found her hand resting on Kobayashi's gut, and left it there. “Ms. Kobayashi? Can you promise me something?”

The salary-woman hiccuped. “What ish it?”

“Please don't drink so much. It's bad for you.” She patted the white dome of her mistress' beer-belly, watching it undulate gently in the water. “It makes me worry.”

“Psh... Okay, okay.” Kobayashi pulled her close, and Tohru shivered with delight. She would never take advantage of Kobayashi, that would've been dishonorable, but she was certainly tempted. “I'll slow down. I eat way too much junk food when I drink, anyway. *Hic.*”

“Yeah, I noticed that.”

“Mmf. S'pose you want me to lose the weight, too.”

“Actually...” Tohru grabbed a fistful of belly, squeezing gently. “Keep it.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.” She bit her lip. “Means you can’t run away very well.”

“Tohru...”

“Y-yes, mistress?”

“You’re creepy.”

The dragon sighed and snuggled up to her bloated queen. “I know, Mistress. I know.”

THE END

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