

Supersized Chicken Thighs

(title is a WIP)

Tags: Kiara, hyper pear, masturbation, NSFW, slob (gas, sweat, grease, messy eating)

“Nooo! You little shit!” Kiara wailed. She was only 90 minutes or so into Dark Souls, and while she had gotten her mitts on a Zweihander (it was a German sword and Calli told her it was a good weapon so she just rolled with it) she still hadn’t really figured out plunge attacks yet and was struggling pretty badly against the Taurus Demon. “That was so fucking rigged,” she snarked while checking her phone, “just a couple more hits and I would’ve had him.” Opening Ubersheep, she saw that her order was just a few blocks away.

“Chotto matte, I think I’m gonna go uh, grab something to eat,” she fibbed to her chat. “just to help calm my nerves before I try again, you know? You guys behave while I’m gone!” The phoenix began to lift herself from her chair, only to discover she was stuck.

“Ugh, *Scheißkerl...*” she muttered to herself as she pushed down against the arms of her seat. They clung tightly to her enormous hips, and layers of grease and sweat glued her gargantuan ass to the cushions.

“Nnnhhh...”

squelch!

“uuuUUGH...”

schlorp!

“come... ON!”

squish!

“NNNHHH!”

shluurrrPLOP!

After finally breaking free from her plastic throne, Kiara began the long and arduous trek from her streaming room to... her front door. Unfortunately, she was too tilted from both the game and her struggle against her furniture to realize she hadn’t muted her microphone.

Clap.* *Creak.* *Clap.* *Creak.* *Clap.* *Creak.* *Clap.* *Creak.

As the KFP heard the rhythmic clapping of Kiara’s asscheeks fade out into the distance, harmonized with the padding of her soft bare feet against the polished wood floor, concerned messages about her not being muted or her shortness of breath petered out. In their place came the odd comment about her overeating and quips about how “dummy thicc” their Tenchou was.

Little did they realize just how many magnitudes *beyond* “thicc” she had grown in recent months: not only did Kiara seldom wear pants at home anymore – few things besides size XXXL sweats even fit her comfortably anyways – but even her panties functioned more like a thong now, one holding on for dear life between two layers of rippling assmeat at that. The flesh of her thighs engulfed her calves just as much as her cankles did her feet, her toes barely sticking out

from underneath a layer of thick blubber. And though it could never dream of catching up to her ginormous lower half, her gut had grown generously as well, pushing out just a few inches past her breasts.

huff Unnhh..." Kiara wheezed as her hips, almost as wide as she was tall, brushed against the frames of the doorway. The oily, meaty tree trunks that were her thighs squelched and grinded against one another with every step; the gap between them had long since become not only nonexistent, but practically negative.

After a minute or so Kiara reached her living room, and was greeted by Chonkers and Smoothie. She glanced at their bowls to confirm they had eaten – as much as the phoenix neglected her own hygiene, her kitties were practically spoiled rotten – and hobbled over to the front door as they scurried over to paw at her folds. Kiara creaked the door just the slightest bit open, angling herself so the delivery guy would only see her sweat-stained NewJeans shirt and *possibly* a small bit of her potbelly poking out underneath.

Fucking hell, she thought to herself as the driver walked towards her porch, bag in hand, and her canklles wobbled from her cats trying to use them as emery boards. *If only I could still bend over instead of doing this dumb routine.* Her upper half at least looked... *normal* enough that the kid wouldn't tell from first glance how she'd let herself go, and for that Kiara was thankful.

"Ugh, thank you!" she exclaimed while reaching for her meal. Unfortunately just as she grabbed it, the intoxicating smell of fried chicken struck her nostrils, setting off her eager stomach like a smoke detector sensing steam:

****grrrLOOORrrrgLMRRgrruoooIIRRG!****

"Eee!" The phoenix yelped as her face turned bright red, her meticulous strategy to avoid embarrassing herself in front of this stranger now thwarted by her almost primal hunger. "I'm so sorry I-I just remembered I have something important to do!" she exclaimed while hugging the bag close before she slammed the door in the confused man's face. Trotting back to her room as fast as her fat legs would let her, Kiara whimpered as her stomach gurgled and growled as though she were starving, hunger pangs surging throughout her body. She had never felt greater shame in her life.

The runback miraculously only took thirty seconds, and by the end she was panting and wheezing as she waddled back to her setup. As Kiara carefully sat back down her blubbery cheeks practically engulfed the poor seat in assflesh, and it creaked as though in pain as she grinded her caboose even deeper in.

She wasted no time in opening the bag and going to town on both extra-large buckets. Thankfully the trip to her front door and back left her too tired to truly pig out, but she still had little regard for any table manners, constantly smacking her lips and moaning with every single juicy bite, licking her hands and fingers clean and wiping the saliva off on her chest, fondling her breasts in the process.

"Mmmh! Hnnf~!" It was a far cry from the much more dignified idol she was just months prior. When she first decided to start taste-testing her own chain's food it was just a simple cost-cutting measure. She had never imagined that it would lead to such a descent into gluttony, but here she was. High on her own supply. Eventually in her haze she caught a glimpse of her chat. Half a dozen of the comments she saw were about mukbang or questioning what kind of "snack break" she was having. It finally dawned on her what had happened, and in another panic she hit the mute button and began frantically typing.

"OMG I THOUGHT I WAS MUTED :_yab:" Kiara typed in her chat. She was back in panic mode now. Her vision was blurring and she could barely breathe. A familiar scent hit her nose again as her eyes turned to another drumstick. She seized it and sank her teeth through the crispy skin and into the tender white meat almost by instinct.

CRUNCH. Eating was the only thing that could give Kiara solace in a moment like this. **CHOMP.** And now that she was certain no one could hear her, she really had no reason to hold back.

"HRK!"

"GLMF!"

"Sho... (NGH!) **FUCKING** GOOO-hoo-hood..."

Handful after handful of greasy fried chicken, gravy-soaked potatoes and tangy coleslaw went into her mouth. Kiara was barely taking time to chew or even savor anything this round. Now that she had food in her mouth her embarrassment very rapidly gave way for mindless bliss, as every last bite descended into her happily moaning gut to get processed into even more padding for her *derriere*.

blorch* *slosh

"HMMMMH~"

glorp* *grrrrllllgllrrrr...

In the heat of the moment Kiara swore she outright felt her bottom half undergo a growth spurt, her bulk subsuming her poor, ill-fitting chair even more like a huge, meaty amoeba devouring a smaller microbe. If it weren't for her fans waiting in the background she would probably start feeling herself up on the spot.

After emptying both buckets Kiara lay back as though she was in an afterglow, wiping her mouth clean on her sleeve. She glanced back at chat, and to her surprise she saw that some people actually *enjoyed* what little of her "snack break" they had heard. Regaining some of her lost composure, she put her headphones back on and unmuted her mic.

"Heh heh, sorry about that. I uh, could've sworn I'd muted before I left." Kiara explained nervously. "Mukbang stream when?" ummm... I'll think about it... Let's just get back to the game for now." her stomach let out another growl at the idea of even more food, and while her mic couldn't pick it up the feeling made her a bit anxious again.

Kiara hoped focusing on her stream would placate her digestive tract as it dealt with what she had already fed it. A fair bit of time passed, during which Kiara beat the Taurus Demon and powered her way through the Undead Burg. Occasionally her stomach would growl or gurgle again, but it was faint enough that it could be masked by her yapping or the gameplay. Before long she found herself hitting a wall again: she had made it to the Bell Gargoyles, but she was dangerously underleveled. And the more agitated she got from one death to the next, the louder her gut got. In the middle of an especially good run it practically snarled at her, and she dawned on her that it wasn't growling from hunger anymore, but from something else. Something silent, but deadly.

****pffft!****

"Nngh," the phoenix grunted as a silent gust of wind shot out of her rear end. Kiara shifted the mountain of flesh that was her butt and hips side to side, figuring she could contain the noxious buildup within her intestines at least until she beat the Gargoyles. The arms of the seat started to bend as her girthy hips pushed harder and harder against them.

****glOOOeEEeeEEooOLg!* *frrRRRRRnt!****

"Ah~!" the chicken clucked as her cheeks began to flap from the larger burst, sending ripples throughout her mass. Splitting her attention between the boss fight and suppressing her fart had pulled her out of the zone, and she took a direct hit from an axe.

****mmmmmmglllRRRRRp!****

"**YOU DIED**" the ever familiar popup graced the screen once more as Kiara took a second blow. "*Unh...*" she groaned. Thinking it was in response to the game, her chatroom lamented how close their Tenchou was to vanquishing the Gargoyles.

****fbrbrbrbrbrbrt!****

"No... please..." she whined.

****frbbbblBLBLRRRRBBBBBLBLPPPLLLLLT!****

"AAAH!" Kiara hunched forward, clutching her desk as though her life depended on it as the dam finally burst, flooding the room with a torrent of hot, rancid gas. Her cheeks were vibrating and wobbling uncontrollably. She pawed frantically for her mouse and tried to click the mute button, hindered at each step by her body twitching and spasming.

****bIRFFLLRRBLLTCH!****

"Mmmhh—" Kiara whimpered. "*F-fuck~*" she panted as her tongue rolled out of her mouth.

****PHBLLFLFRRBRBRBRBRBRP!!****

Every blast from her rear was louder, wetter, and bizarrely enough, more stimulating than the last. By the time she was able to hit mute again, chat was absolutely losing it:

> *imagine the smell :peach: :dash: :nose:*
> *Why is this making me hard*
> *too much taco bell last night wawa???*
> *OH YES, QUITE PUNGENT MY DEAR :_ohoho:*
> *RIP headphone users*
> *holy shit is she having an orgasm?!*

The feeling of utter degradation shot through Kiara like a .44, but at the same time her lizard-brain was practically ablaze; her left hand – almost of its own accord – slid between the warmth and softness of her glistening, doughy thighs with a loud **SQUISH**. While she pleased herself, her spare hand cupped itself around a portion of her engorged yet relatively tiny belly, her fingers sinking into the flab as she shook it up and down.

Kiara's body quivered as waves of bliss rippled, both literally and figuratively, throughout her body. Folds of skin and flesh slapped against one another as she faintly kicked her legs back and forth, her chubby toes wriggling like fat little worms. Her poor chair, on the other hand, was nearly screaming in agony as she writhed in the throes of passion.

bloRFFLOORBLLRLRT!

"Ah! Ah! OH~!"

Kiara had wanted to tell herself this was purely a physical response – some bullshit about all her wobbling fat rolls brushing against her labia or something. But as she approached climax it got harder for her to deny what disgusted her more than being such a fat slob: *that she enjoyed being a fat fucking slob.*

After years of *seiso* idol-dom, something about surrendering to the more basic instincts to feed and fuck; the catharsis of being able to break wind, and potentially even relieve herself on the spot; about feeling larger and larger clothes tear or burst, trying in vain to contain her nigh-gelatinous bulk... it all felt so *freeing*, so *erotic*.

"Ngh-! Hhgh-!" As another wave of gas fired out of her Kiara finally came. A sudden *jerk* of her body accompanied the discharge of fluids all over her inner thighs, and sent an even larger ripple through her assmeat.

CRACK* *SLAM

And what a more appropriate moment for her gaming chair to finally give up the ghost, sending nearly a literal ton of phoenix meat plummeting to the floor as it snapped into pieces. Kiara was too blissed-out to care as she plopped onto her back, spreading her legs as far as she could to both better access her reeking pussy and let out even more gas.

BLLFFFRRRRRT!

"AAAHHHH!"

SHLRRP!* *FPBBLBLBLBLPT!!

“OOHHHH!”

PHBLLLORRBLLT!!* *SQUELCH-

“FUCK-”

The entire room had erupted into a cacophony of wet trumpeting and squelching and blissful moaning. For five solid minutes Kiara lay there, violently cumming and ripping ass and wobbling on the floor like a pile of spilled jello. The stench of half-digested poultry was beginning to seep into the rest of her house; her room was well on its way to becoming a biohazard area from the smell alone.

pffrRRRNNNT!

“HNNGH~...” the phoenix was beginning to slip into the little death. The strength of her flatulence was the only thing keeping her awake.

“UGH... HA... hah...”

It didn't take *too* long however for post-squirt clarity to kick in, and it dawned on Kiara that she wouldn't be able to lift all of her bulk up on her own. Luckily her phone was in reach, and after grabbing it she began looking through her contacts.

“*tsk* *Another* chair?” Jenma snarked. She'd become accustomed to this routine ever since Cover and Kiara had accomplished the unthinkable feat of making KFP into a real fast food chain.

“Yeah...” the Austrian groaned. “If you're too busy to come over just... idunno, kill the stream.”

pffblrblrrrrt!

Kiara bit her lip as one final fart ripped out, and began to tenderly grope herself. Self-loathing and afterglow intermingled inside of her as her hands sank into her greasy body.

“I'm just... *haaa... gonna have some me-time...*”

“S-sure thing.” Jenma cringed as she hung up. *I don't get paid nearly enough for this*, she thought to herself as she set the ~2-hour VoD to private. *C'est la vie, I suppose*. She stood up, pulled her shirt down to cover her own muffin top, and set off to get the stretcher.

Can't really blame 'em though. Those girls make some damn good chicken.