

# “Hiding Out: A Clone Wars Story”

*By Zaftig Industries*

*CW: Weight gain, teasing, mild slob elements, belly rubs.*



Ahsoka watched from the fringes as the Empire’s patrols marched through the depths of Coruscant. Somehow, the lock-stepping fascists had caught the scent of a Jedi—and Ahsoka was determined not to let them follow that scent to its source.

In the past few days, she had pulled up stakes, withdrawing from all her local friends and the businesses she partook of. She had made a fortress out of the modest Lower Levels apartment she shared with her roommate, securing it with metal shutters, better air filtration and early-warning systems to detect any Imperial “door-knocker” patrols. There was just one problem...

In the course of hiding from the Empire, she had been forced to start living with an unlikely ally. Her credits weren’t enough to pay for the room on her own, and she needed mutual protection... and so she’d turned to an unlikely ally.

Asajj Ventress was waiting for her when she returned to the apartment. The pale Dathomirian, her normally bald pate grow into a modest side-cut, raised an eyebrow as Ahsoka waved a hand, Force-pushing the door shut and sealing the number of locks built into it.

“Long day doing good out there, Tano? Fighting the good fight?”

The orange-skinned Togrutan rolled her eyes, closing all the shutters, and rolling down the metal blaster-proof grates to prevent anyone peeking in.

“I don’t know if you’ve *noticed*, Asajj, but we’re in rather hot water. When you busted me out of that Imperial jail, it really rattled the womp rat’s nest—we’re going to be stuck in here for weeks, waiting out these crackdowns. Maybe months.”

Asajj shrugged. The ex-Sith did not look concerned with this threat to their lives and livelihoods... although, Ahsoka reflected, she didn’t often look concerned by much of anything.

“I once hid from Count Dooku on an ice planet for months as a test of my skills while he hunted me, promising to sever a hand each time he found me. He never did. I think we’ll be fine.”

Ahsoka nodded, trying to reassure herself. It would be fine, she told herself. They were well-stocked with food—Ahsoka herself had purchased several kitchen droids to help with the cooking, since neither of them were particularly good cooks, and Ahsoka herself had gotten a little... out of shape, lately, and much less interested in cooking. The soft potbelly and spare-tire she’d developed since her departure from the Jedi Order jiggled as she did a final perimeter check, making sure their hideout was secure. As for Ventress, Ahsoka knew she was well-stocked with her favorite Corellian ales and her holo-net TV, so at least they would have entertainment. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad.

But a few days later, she was already climbing the walls... as was Ventress.

“Ugh, I’m so BORED!”

Ventress waved a hand and another beer floated over to her, the top unscrewing itself by virtue of her Force abilities. The pale Dathomirian grabbed the hovering beverage and chugged it down, her throat bulging. From across the room, Ahsoka watched her with mischievous eyes.

“You know, you don’t have to drink *every* day, Ventress... It’s making you a bit... Chubby, lately. I hate to say it, but it’s true.”

Ventress paused in mid-chug, giving Ahsoka a suspicious squint. She looked down at herself, as if testing the theory.

True, she was getting a bit of a beer belly lately, with soft gray fatty flesh bulging over the waistband of her leather pants... But that was none of Ahsoka’s business, the nosy little busy-body.

“Oh, really? Psh. I’ll have you know that a fulsome figure is a sign of beauty on Dathomir. Resources are scarce there, and curves are... **URRRP**, rarer still. So if anything, I’m just growing more beautiful, by my people’s standards.”

She tossed her empty beer-bottle into a trash bin nearby which was overflowing with such bottles. The empty bottle bounced onto the floor. Ahsoka clicked her tongue at the lazy Dathomirian, using the Force to lift the bottle into the bin.

“And can you stop leaving trash all over our safehouse? It’s hard enough to live with you, without you leaving the place a total dump!”

Ventress smirked at her, winking.

“That’s what I have *you* for, goody-two-shoes. If keeping the place as clean as a Jedi Temple is your thing, go ahead. I plan to live it up while we’re in hiding—I’m not going to just sit in here and meditate like some aesthetic monk.”

“Ugh, you’re so *intractable!*”



Things went on like this for weeks--Ventress drinking, and eating takeout, and playing Sabbac on the holonet, and generally being an obnoxious presence in Ahsoka's life. It didn't take long before the former Jedi began to scheme against her bloated roommate. Ahsoka was bored, annoyed by Ventress' behavior... and more than a little pent-up, sexually.

As Ventress gorged herself on the kitchen droids' food, growing rounder and softer by the day, Ahsoka resisted the urge to feel her up. But eventually the urge got the better of her. When she heard an ominous gurgling from the Sith's gorged gut one evening, she took a chance, trying to make her perverted request sound like a joke...

"Hey, Ventress, that big fat gut of yours sounds a little... upset. Would you like a belly rub, hmm?"

Ventress raised an eyebrow at her roommate, surprised... and pleased. Ahsoka had levied plenty of mockery at her, but this was the first time she'd offered to help the bloated Sith with her new... condition.

But Ventress refused to let Ahsoka joke about such things. She decided to call the Togrutan's bluff, sticking her stomach out and spreading her legs.

"About time you made yourself useful around here, Tano... Sure. Be my guest. But be gentle--if you jostle me too much, I will smite you where you stand. **BWURP**."

Ahsoka smirked at this. Based on Ventress' new softness, she doubted the gorged Dathomirian would be "smiting" anyone, anytime soon.

"Of course, I would never want to interrupt your... recreational eating, after all."

Ventress scowled at Ahsoka for her sarcasm... but spread her chunky thighs, letting her massive belly sag down between them.

"Less talk, more rubbing, Jedi. Get to it."

Ahsoka licked her lips half-consciously as she sank her orange fingers into Ventress' bloated, warm gray flesh, the soft fat of her belly yielding and wobbling at Ahsoka's touch.

"You've gotten so *big* lately..."

She couldn't help it, the words just slipped out.

Ventress rolled her eyes... but smiled, sticking her belly out a little further, as if flattered.

"If my sisters could only see me now... Full figures were such a rarity on Dathomir, so prized among the Zabrak we occasionally mated with. With a body like this, I could have any **URP**, maleI wanted back on on my home planet... Or female..."

Ahsoka nodded, rubbing gently across the swollen, engorged dome of Ventress' belly. She bit her lip with excitement as she listened to the gurgling and sloshing inside it, actively fighting the urge to press her *montral* horns against the massive sphere of fat. She wanted to listen to Ventress digest, so badly... but she restrained herself. If Ventress found out she'd been Jedi mind-tricked into getting fat, the fun would all be over, and Ventress might even start a fight with her. No, she would much rather keep enjoying the "bounties" of Ventress' new behavior... hopefully without tipping her off to what was happening.

Ventress, for her part, didn't seem to mind the attention--in fact, she was reveling in it. Groaning softly and leaning back, she let loose a deep, wet belch, breathing heavily and squirming with barely suppressed delight as Ahsoka massaged her swollen, sore gut.

"I'm glad you've finally submitted to the superior warrior and found your place, Ahsoka... I do so love seeing you on your knees. *Heh-heh-heh...*"

Ahsoka bristled at her cruelty... but smiled, knowing she would get the last laugh. This fat, bloated hog would be her plaything... and once she got big enough, she wouldn't even be able to fight off the former Jedi's lustful advances. She imagined Ventress a massive, bloated slob, and her whole body tingled at the thought.

"What can I say? I like to be of service..."

Feeling adventurous, she reached up to try and squeeze one of Ventress' fattened breasts... but the Dathomirian slapped her away, hissing at her.

"Hands off the goods, Tano. Back to work."

Chastised but still filled with a burning fire of lust, Ahsoka continued rubbing... and Force-levitated some snacks from the kitchen for Ventress to devour. The gluttonous Sith eagerly devoured them.

"Mmm, you're growing strong in the Dark Side, Tano... I can feel your lust. But better keep it to yourself. I'm not interested in your skinny ass, anyway."

Ahsoka found herself a little crushed by this news. But it gave her a new idea. She twisted a hand out of Ventress' sight, using a little Jedi mind-trick to compel the fat lazy jerk to eat more.

"Fair enough... Why don't you have some more snacks, Asajj? You look hungry..."

Ventress shifted awkwardly on the couch, grunting... and snapping her fingers for a kitchen droid, which flew over with a bowl full of cheese-puffs.

"Good point... I guess you are good for something. Speaking of which... Clean up this place a little, would you? It's a mess around here..."

Ahsoka fumed at this request... but found herself standing and reaching for a broom anyway. It didn't even occur to her that

And so a war of wits began between the two... which could only escalate, in the depths of their boredom and pent-up desire.



*Several weeks later...*

Ahsoka rolled out of bed at noon after another long night of partying with Ventress. She groaned as she caught sight of herself in her bedroom's full-length hovering mirror.

"Oof... I need to lay off, or I'll end up just like that greedy, fat blob..."

She was certainly looking more out of shape lately; her willowy, orange frame had softened at the edges, growing rounded and plump, swollen on beer and cheap takeout food. Her stomach bulged and sagged out over her miniskirt when she tugged it on, and her small leather top overflowed with orange tit-flesh. Even the back of her top was bulging with soft, plump back-fat.

"Yikes..."

It crossed her mind to wonder whether Ventress had been influencing her mind, in the same way she'd been influencing her roommate's. But she'd seen no sign of Ventress using any Force tricks on her. No, this fat was from Ahsoka's own gluttony, plain and simple.

Sighing heavily, Ahsoka went into the hallway of their cramped Coruscant apartment... where she found an amusing sight.

"Ahsoka! Finally. I thought your lazy ass would never wake up. Help me out here--we've got a problem."

Ahsoka snorted as she saw what the "problem" was. Ventress was halfway out of the bathroom... but the tiny doorway to that room, tragically, now seemed a bit too small for her

girth. Ventress was firmly wedged in the doorway, her massive blubbery hips shaking and jiggling as she struggled to escape her predicament.

"What are you giggling at, you little *fool*? Get over here and help me!!"

Ahsoka felt herself growing hot under the collar as she cozied up to Ventress, reaching into the gap of the doorway to try and push her obese roommate free. But it was no use--the bloated, overfed Dathomirian was firmly trapped in the doorway. She had eaten herself so fat that escape would be impossible, without some kind of lubricant.

"Stay still, Ventress, don't hurt yourself. I think there's some butter in the fridge..."

"Butter?! I would never subject myself to such a humiliating--"

But Ahsoka was already on her way to the fridge, humming cheerfully, her gloom about her own chubby pot-belly disappearing. What did a few pounds matter, when she had this massive whale to compare herself to? And the fatter Ventress got, the happier Ahsoka was... because not only did she have her revenge on a former enemy, she was also able to enjoy every inch of her roommate's body under the guise of "helping" her.

Not that Ventress was oblivious to Ahsoka's aroused curiosity. She referred to Ahsoka as "Pervert" more often than not, these days... but she was so arrogant that she assumed she could maintain the upper hand over Ahsoka easily. Something that became more and more difficult with every pound that Ventress gained.

"Alright, I've got the butter... Bend over a little..."

Ventress grumbled with irritation as Ahsoka reached between her folds and rolls, greasing them up so that the fat Sith could attempt escape once again. But after Ventress' huge, blubbery hips were fully greased, the gluttonous heifer heaved her massive body to and fro... and it remained stuck. Ahsoka, however, got to watch with fascination as every inch of Ventress quivered, wobbled and shook.

"It didn't work!"

"Here, stop struggling. Let me try something else..."

Ahsoka closed her eyes and concentrated. It had been a while since she'd used the Force for anything but feeding Ventress and mind-tricking her into eating more... but she found her

rhythm easily, extending her senses into the universe, feeling the flow of the Force all around her.

Exerting her will, she cupped Ventress' huge buttocks with the Force, and pushed... and pushed, and pushed.

**PLAP!**

Ventress popped loose with a wet, buttery plopping sound... and shot forward, her huge frame crashing into Ahsoka and carrying them both to the ground. Ashoka was suddenly smothered in nearly four hundred pounds of soft, heavy Dathomirian fat, an experience she did not mind at all. Ventress was warm and sweaty, her body musky with the sheer amount of soft, warm fat jiggling all over her frame.

Ventress spluttered and frothed with annoyance, rolling off Ahsoka and struggling to stand... which, eventually, she did. With lots of difficulty.

"*Huff, huff...* You little fool... I bet you did that on *purpose*, to get me on top of you... You're such a little deviant..."

"Oh, stop complaining. At least you're free, aren't you?"

"Free... And hungry. Go fix me lunch, you little Jedi brat. I'm starving!"



Ahsoka struggled with her urges daily, trying not to gawk at Ventress' steadily widening and softening ass... but one day, an opportunity for ogling arrived that was so unexpected it proceeded to live rent-free in Ahsoka's head for weeks.

As roommates, the two of them were forced to share a bathroom together... and because of the unique nature of their arrangement, they often argued over shared spaces like the shower, bathroom mirror and sonic-scrubber tools. One morning, Ahsoka had disrobed and wrapped herself in a towel, heading for the shower... only to find it already occupied.



The bulkhead door to the shower was open, warm humid steam spilling from the doorway. Ahsoka scowled as she stepped over the threshold, hearing the telltale splashing and shuffling of Ventress' bulk behind the curtain.

Ahsoka opened her mouth to scold her roommate for infringing on what clearly Ahsoka's hour to use the shower... but then she noticed something that made her breath catch in her throat. The bathroom mirror wasn't entirely fogged, and one slice of it gave a perfect view, reflecting a gap in the shower curtain... and allowing Ahsoka to see just how enormous Asajj had become.

Revealed nude and dripping by her reflection in the mirror, Asajj was a massive tubby shape covered in soft, flabby gray rolls of flesh. The tattoos around her dark lips had nearly been overtaken by plump jowls, her upper-arms wiggled and wobbled as she worked body-wash into her armpits and between her massive, hammy, jiggling thighs. She was humming something, maybe an old Dathomirian dirge, as she lifted one leg--and pulled her huge, dangling belly out of the way--to scrub her inner thighs and the space under her massive gut, where her plump pussy sat in a round soft bulge of overfed flesh.

Ahsoka felt her montral head-horns tingling as she watched her former nemesis, now roommate, wash up every inch of her fattened frame. She really should do something, she thought absently, Ventress was getting WAY too fat lately.

Except... Ahsoka loved it. She was addicted to the sight of the obese ex-Sith, hooked on every bulging fold of fat and wobbling roll. Even now, she practically drooled as Ventress pulled up her side-rolls to wash between them. Ahsoka could barely restrain her urge to climb in the shower with Ventress, although she was sure she would get the brush-off like she always did.

But then... before Ahsoka could turn and leave, Ventress put aside her soap and stepped out of the shower, fully nude.

Catching sight of Ahsoka, she paused, scowling. She made no attempt to cover herself, instead simply putting her chubby hands on her wide, flabby hips and staring the former Jedi down.

"Mmm, having fun spying on me, are we? I thought you Jedi were above such lecherous behavior..."

Ventress acted like it was no big deal... but Ahsoka could tell she was genuinely shocked. Maybe even a little insecure. Ahsoka, for her part, spluttered out a half-hearted denial.

"N-no, I would never do that, I was just, uh... Just waiting for the shower..."

"Uh huh."

Ventress grabbed a towel and slung it over her shoulder, still acting nonchalant... but Ahsoka could see her blushing as she covered her soft, doughy breasts with one arm, hiding the dark-gray nipples there from sight.

"Well, look all you want, Ahsoka... But don't touch. As they say."

And she sashayed out of the bathroom, deliberately shoving Ahsoka aside with her colossal, tubby ass as she went. Ahsoka nearly fainted with lust, and found herself leaning against the wall, struggling to get ahold of herself.

"Wow. I... Just... Wow."

And unable to help herself, she peeked out into the hallway, watching Ventress' fat ass jiggle its way down the hall to the living room... where the heavy WHUMPF of Ventress settling onto the couch sounded.

Ahsoka, unable to face her nude roommate in their shared public space, decided maybe it was time for *her* to take a shower. A nice long one. Maybe even a cold one.

Because... damn, that image of Ventress' wobbling gray cheeks was going to live rent-free in her mind for a long, long time.



*Another few months pass...*

The gluttony, and deviancy, continued. Ahsoka found that Ventress' arrogance grew in proportion to her size--the bigger she got, the more bossy and cruel she became. Ahsoka found herself scurrying around doing the obese Sith's bidding quite often, most of the day in fact, as Ventress became more and more gluttonous and eager to push around her ex-Jedi "underling."

"Ahsoka! More cake!"

"Coming..."

In their cramped apartment kitchen, which was now loaded with empty food containers and overflowing trash cans, Ahsoka struggled to balance multiple trays of cake on her arms. Eventually, she gave up and simply tapped into the Force, levitating them.

Her fancy plating arrangement would, after all, soon be decimated by her bloated roommate--there was no point in being fancy about it. At this stage, she was perilously close to simply building a massive funnel, shoving it into Ventress' slobbering mouth, and dumping food into it--a prospect that made her *montral* head-tails tingle with delight.

But doing something like that would give the game away. Ventress had to believe she was in control... so that Ahsoka could continue feeling up that massive, overburdened, colossal flabby belly of hers.

And what a belly it was. As she walked into the living room, the whole place filled with hovering food platters and buzzing droids fetching Ventress more drinks, the swollen Dathomirian sitting on the ruin of the couch in the center of the room beckoned to her with one flabby arm.

"You're so... **URRP**, slow, Ahsoka! Hurry up. I'm *shtarving*..."

In the weeks and months since she'd gotten Ventress fully addicted to her new, Jedi-mind-tricked appetite, Ventress had grown utterly enormous. At nearly six hundred pounds, she was a porcine, bloated mass of fat, her huge belly oozing down between her legs and nearly touching the floor, rolls of gray flesh wobbling as she shoved another Rylouthian churro into her mouth, crumbs splattering all over her flabby cleavage. Her whole front was smeared with sauces and food-splatters, seemingly unconcerned about her unseemly appearance.

Her arms dangled with excess fat, her bosom was a swollen and saggy blubbery pair of udders, and her massive ass overflowed the ruins of the couch, cellulite-covered bulges jiggling and heaving as the obese Sith gorged herself with reckless abandon.

"Yes, Asajj, here's your cake... Be careful you don't choke on it..."

Ahsoka winked cruelly at Ventress and the fat Sith scowled at her. Even though her body was caged in mounds of fat, her mind was still as keen and vicious as ever, and the rivalry between them hadn't cooled one bit. Ashoka's attraction to Ventress notwithstanding, they were still firmly in passionate love-hate for each other, Ventress indifferent to Ahsoka's amorous attentions or merely allowing it, while Ahsoka for her part tried to cop as many feels as possible off the gorged Dathomirian's vast, alluring fat body.

"My stomach aches... Grant me some relief. Immediately."

Ahsoka's body trembled with delight. Touching Ventress' obese frame was such a decadent, forbidden joy to her that she nearly stumbled in her hurry to fetch the massage oil.

When she returned, Ventress was groaning and rubbing the top of her stomach.

"Hurry *uuuup*... **UORRP**..."

Ahsoka lathered some oil into Ventress' huge belly... but when she sank her hands in to grab fistfuls of fat, maybe a little too eagerly, she felt a pressure closing around her throat, pulling her upward, her feet lifting off the ground. Ventress was force-choking her, as one might grab a dog by the scruff when it misbehaved.

"Stop groping me, you little pervert, and do your job..."

Ahsoka nodded... and did her her best not to show that getting gently choked-out was sort of turning her on.

Ventress released her hold on the Togrutan, and Ahsoka gasped as she dropped to the floor. This time, when she reached out to touch Ventress' belly, she was gentle and worshipful, rather than eager and lustful. Ventress seemed to appreciate this, laying back and grunting with pig-like satisfaction.

"That's better... **URRP**... Nice and slow. Rub in circles. Maybe if you're very, VERY good... I'll let you grab my ass when you're done. Heh heh."

"Yes, Mistress."

Mistress? When had she started thinking of Ventress as her mistress? No matter--she had a job to do. She rubbed in slow, steady circles, feeling the sheer weight of Ventress' belly, the massive heft of it, feeling the gurgling from within as huge amounts of food slowly digested. It was an absolutely heavenly experience, an erotic thrill. She struggled not to drool over the massive slab of fat in front of her, working her orange fingers deeper and deeper into the bloated mass of flesh.

Above her kneeling form, Ventress smiled in smug satisfaction. Hidden by her belly and her rolls of fat, her right hand was crooked in the classic gesture of a Force mind-trick. Months ago she had figured out what Ahsoka was doing... and allowed it, letting the little pervert turn her into a massive glutton. And she'd been doing a little brainwashing of her own--turning up

Ahsoka's libido, her willingness to serve, her desire to bend the knee for her superior, obese Sith mistress.

Now Ventress had a willing, eager servant to stuff her silly and massage her anytime she wanted. She could live out the rest of this lockdown in comfort... And who knew? Maybe she would retain Ahsoka's "services" even after the lockdown was lifted.

After all... Good help was hard to find, these days.

**-END-**

