

Slobna's Sabotage

The usual feeling of pride that inhabited the Hall of Heroines was noticeably absent as Mind Madame took her place at the meeting table. Flourishing her black mantle and purple cape revealed the tight, blue body suit underneath. She slid her fingers across her bald head to trace the cerulean markings around her cranium. Completing her relaxation ritual, the super heroine turned to address the few members of her team that she had remaining.

Immediate attention was drawn to the behemoth of red-skinned muscle that was Devil Diva. A black tank top was stretched across her broad chest, with a similarly grungy set of short shorts around her hips that was just low enough to give her spaded tail room to wave around. The gargantuan woman stood out further with her pure black eyes and the pair of curved horns sticking out from her buzzcut, black hair. Though her aggressive demeanor was a given considering her demonic heritage, she still managed to channel her rage for the forces of good.

The flapping of feathers turned Madame's gaze towards a woman covered from head to toe in bronze armor. Continuing to ruffle the gold colored wings upon her back, the Avian Avenger dispersed her nerves by adjusting the Spartan-like helmet on her head. Momentarily glancing at the blade on the bird woman's belt that had brought countless victories, Madame breathed easy knowing that the warrior woman was still on her side.

Between the more intimidating heroines sat a much tinier woman with a long ponytail of blonde hair. Though her attire looked to be one of an ace chef with her white coat and black pants, that was merely one facet of Kitacha. While the others had their own way of keeping their nerves at bay, the unassuming woman let her well-trained fingers effortlessly juggle a set of kitchen knives she kept hidden beneath her clothes. Having fought alongside her long enough to

know of the prowess of Kitacha's abilities in combat and creating super natural meals, Madame managed to put her mind at ease as she addressed what remained of the League of Heroines.

"Thank you all for coming on such short notice," Mind Madame began.

"Not like I was doing much else," Devil Diva commented. "Most of the villains have gone over to that gassy fat ass. It's no fun punching bad guys that are covered in so much blubber. Not to mention the smell."

"Hmph," Avian Avenger said, tilting her head up. "It is not about how it feels to fight your opponent. It is about the glory of battling for the sake of truth and justice."

"Yeah, yeah, we've heard that same spiel hundreds of times before," Kitacha said. "Problem is that those kinds of tactics have led to us being down two members."

Madame's expression grew dour. "I am afraid we are now missing three."

The other women looked around the room, all at once realizing that there was one less person at the table.

"Dammit," Diva said, slamming her fists against the table. "Who did we lose this time?"

"We all know Fabulass was lured into a trap over something as insignificant as perfume," Avian spoke. "And the less said about the traitor the better."

Madame momentarily glared at Avian, only to keep herself calm with a single glance at the empty chair at her side.

"I think we all know who that leaves," Kitacha spoke. "However, I'm not entirely sure how it happened. Silicon Maiden is too smart to fall for a similar trap to the one that ensnared Fabulass."

"Unfortunately, that is far from the truth," Madame said, pressing a button on the table to turn on a large monitor on the wall.

The scene portrayed through the footage was of Silicone Maiden entering her research lab. Her identity was immediately confirmed by the set of headphones hung around her neck and the silver colored hair that reached just below her neck. Though she wasn't the flashiest of heroes with her standard blue jumpsuit, she had apparently gained an admirer.

"What the hell?" Diva asked, as she and the others watched an obese woman adorned in a tight, red dress waddle into view.

"This doesn't make any sense," Avian declared. "Why would Silicone allow one of the enemy combatants into her base of operations?"

"Because it is what she likes," Madame commented as the fat woman embraced Silicone in a hug. "This is just one of many secret meetings she has had with larger women to sate her desires. She has been rather careful to do background checks to ensure they were not working with the enemy, but she must have been getting desperate. With the loss of Fabulass, I have to assume she was looking for the first person that could help relieve her stress. Which is what led to this." Pressing another button on the table, Madame turned on the audio to the camera feed.

"This is so nice," Silicone said as she nuzzled her face between her partner's cleavage. "You're just what I need to take the edge off. Let me get out of this stuffy uniform and I can show you some of the special 'gadgets' I have in my bedroom."

Silicone tried to slip out of the woman's grasp, only to be further trapped by her blubbery arms.

"Okay, you can let me go now," Silicone said as she started to wriggle. "Can't really get the fun started if I can't--"

Silicone winced as her one night stand unleashed a gnarly belch in her face.

"Ugh, what was that for? That almost smells like..."

The disgust on Silicone's face was quickly replaced with abject horror. Though she tried to struggle, her limp limbs were more suited to designing tech rather than a fist fight. Eyes glancing over at the metal suit of power armor that had won her so many fights, she managed to free one arm to reach towards it. Slapping Silicone's hand back down with her own heavy limb, the fat woman grinned with a stupid smile as an ominous groaning sound emanated through the room.

"Cut off the feed!" Kitacha shouted. "No need for us to see this disgusting process."

"No, we must watch," Madame continued. "With her last bit of consciousness she managed to use her neurolink to send this footage to our system. There must be something she wants us to-"

Madame was drowned out by the sound of a boisterous BRRAAAAAPPPP echoing from the screen. The sound came with a rumbling sensation that went through Silicone's captor and sent tremors across her lithe body. Her face crinkled up, no doubt in a reaction to the awful smell that permeated the air. However, her disgust lessened as the tainted air seeped into her body. The look of fear on Silicone's face was gradually overtaken by an idiotic grin as drool began to leak out the sides of her mouth.

Silicone's captor was forced to release her from her hold as the once skinny woman began to bloat up with fat. Stepping back from the growing girl, the obese woman clapped her hands together as she watched Silicone's belly bulge out to stretch the confines of her jumpsuit. The addition of a set of heavy mammaries and equally enormous ass cheeks spelled the end for the skin tight attire. Bursting out of the fabric with her hundreds of pounds of flesh, Silicone relished in her form as she stomped around with her bulky legs.

The constant shaking of her blubbery body inevitably led to Silicone producing a guttural belch of her own. Deeply inhaling the smell of her burp, she grabbed hold of her gut and shook it around to further irritate her digestive tract. Her reward for the act was releasing a prolonged PHHHRRRRRTTTT from her rear that sent ripples through her cellulite-speckled flesh and left her rolling around in laughter. Her constant giggling was only put on hold once the woman that had corrupted her embraced her in a hug to revel in one another's foul air. Before things could get too graphic the camera feed mercifully cut off.

"Dammit!" Diva shouted, slamming her fists hard enough that a massive crack formed on the table. "It was one thing losing that airheaded bimbo, but that nerd was one of our only chances of fighting against those slobby idiots."

"I don't understand," Avian commented. "Why would she want to show us this horrifying scene?"

"Perhaps to show us that the corruption is growing in power," Madame answered. "By the looks of it, the speed of the corruption has increased. Not to mention, I have never seen one of her brainwashed servants ever perform such an intricate task as infiltration. She might be gaining more control over their mental states as well."

"So," Kitacha began, garnering the other's attention by stabbing a knife into the table, "what do we do now?"

"I say we charge into that tubby tyrant's lair to perform a glorious rescue of our comrades," Avian suggested.

"Hell yeah!" Diva exclaimed, pumping her fists. "That's what I'm talking about. We'll show those slobs not to mess with us."

Madame shook her head. “That is practically suicide. I want to recuse our comrades just as much as you do but rushing in recklessly is not going to help us.”

“Yes, but it would help me quite a BWOOOORRRRPPP lot.”

The familiar rude expulsion got the women swiveling their heads back and forth in search of any possible intruders. Their attention was directed back to the screen by the sound of a rippling fart echoing through the speakers. Looming over them on the monitor was the very chubby face of the nefarious Slobna, grinning ear to ear as she looked over the heroines.

“Fitna,” Madame replied, clutching her chest.

“Oh, you should know better now that I no longer go by that name,” Slobna replied, flourishing her locks of long, greasy brown hair. “You may refer to me as Slobna for now, but Mistress after I’m UUURRRP done with you.”

The sound of Slobna’s next foul gas expulsion was drowned out by the clang of metal shutters slamming down on the doors of the Halls of Heroines. While the others knew the futility of it, that didn’t stop Diva from lunging towards the metal to try and break through. Though her rage fueled banging was impressive, it was still no match for the state of the art steel trapping her and the others inside.

“Sorry, didn’t want anyone leaving the party early,” Slobna commented. “Especially after my newest servant went to the trouble of hacking into your system.”

A snap of Slobna’s pudgy fingers pulled the camera view back to show her over 1000 pound mass of greasy flesh contained by a tight, leather catsuit. Standing next to Slobna’s couch-sized throne was Silicone Maiden, staring blankly at the camera as drool leaked down her chins. The saliva trickled across her black jumpsuit, partially obscuring the trademark “S” Slobna used to mark her brainwashed followers.

“This shouldn’t be possible,” Kitacha pointed out. “Anyone who falls victim to your plague is supposed to be reduced to a blubbering idiot.”

Slobna’s malicious smile grew wider. “Like my former mentor used to say,” she began, eyes focusing on Mind Madame, “things tend to improve once you get some training in. I’ve learned how to BWOOOOORRRP manipulate my minions’ minds enough to give and take their intelligence at my leisure. Isn’t that right, Silicone?”

“Yes, UUUURRRRPP mistress,” Silicone replied, shivering in joy as Slobna graced her with a sputtering fart.

“She’s really enjoying herself,” Slobna continued as Silicone took a deep whiff of her noxious fumes. “I find it so harsh to take BWOOOOORRRP away her simplistic ignorance to get her to make new toys to further my goal of worldwide slobification. That being the case, I do hope you appreciate the things we did to your little club house. Especially the hard work we put into overhauling your UUURRRP ventilation system.”

Snapping her pudgy fingers once more, Slobna ordered Silicone to retrieve a remote from her vast valley of cleavage and hand it over. Pressing a big red button at the top, Slobna lost herself with laughter as she and the other women heard the air conditioning system in the building go into overdrive. Turning their attention towards the vents, the heroines began to back up upon seeing a dark green mist begin to seep out.

As the fog inevitably enshrouded the group, they were treated to the horrendous odor that accompanied Slobna’s corruptive influence. A few whiffs were all it took to swell the athletic women’s mid-sections into sizable guts. Watching her and her teammates develop potbellies to go along with the rest of their fattening forms, Madame Mind let her powers flow freely from her hands. Her influence managed to stop the corruptive gas in its tracks. While she and the others

were still carrying with them an extra fifty or so pounds of flab, she had managed to put a halt to their degradation.

“Ah, I see you’ve BWOOOORRRP learned a few new tricks as well,” Slobna commented.

Madame Mind remained silent, trying to focus all of her thoughts on keeping her and the rest of her team from giving into the villainess’s influence.

“Where did all that bravado go?” Slobna teased. “Is this really all you can do? Guess I’ll just have to turn up the gas.”

“Do your worst foul woman!” Avian Avenger shouted out.

“Yeah, come down here and fight us, you damn coward!” Devil Diva added.

“Silence you two,” Kitacha spoke barely louder than a whisper. “This is just what she wants. More of her air getting into our systems to corrupt us further. We need to keep conversation to a UUURRP minimum.”

Covering her mouth at the sudden burp, Kitacha made her point as she glared at her more muscle-bound companions.

“Awwww, you’re no fun,” Slobna teased. “Come on. Suck it in. It’ll make the process that much BWOOOORRRP faster. Come on devil girl, I know you have a bunch of things you would like to say to me. Or are you really a wimpy little angel behind all that meat?”

Diva managed to hold back her rage, trying to copy Madame’s meditative state to avoid letting Slobna’s words get to her

“Hmm, not even the muscle head is giving in,” Slobna pondered as she leaned over to let out a monstrous fart. “Guess I’ll have to resort to more drastic measures. Silicone, would you kindly unleash your little pets?”

“Yes BWOOOORRRP mistress,” Silicone replied, pulling out another control pad and slamming her pudgy fingers across the buttons.

The whirring of machinery gave a split second warning to the heroines of the oncoming attack. Mechanical arms meant to act as the building’s security system instead directed their steel fingers towards the very people they were meant to protect. Diva and Avian began to swipe at the many tendrils, their brute strength making quick work of them. Kitacha didn’t have the pure power, but her dexterity let her easily dodge each of the attacks. While their skills were impressive, it meant little when they realized that Madame Mind was left as a sitting duck with all of her energy being focused on protecting them.

All at once the tentacles turned their attention towards the defenseless heroine. While Avian and Diva managed to stop some of the barrage by tackling the tendrils, it still left enough of them to pose a serious threat to Madame. Moments before the tentacles hit their mark, Kitacha flung herself in the way and was ensnared for her troubles.

“Don’t worry about me!” Kitacha shouted as her body was lifted up to the vents. “Just figure out a way to beat these things before-“

The rest of Kitacha’s speech was hindered as the tendrils squeezed around her chest. Left gasping for air, the metal hands were happy to assist her by placing her gaping mouth up against one of the nearby vents. Forced to suck in the tainted air straight from the source, no amount of Madame’s mental powers could prevent Kitacha from falling prey to Slobna’s influence.

The tentacles wrapped around the super powered chef began to stretch and distort as her body took on hundreds of pounds. Her belly was the first thing to breach the metal binding, the blubbery gut showing little signs of slowing its increasing mass. Next came her chest, leaving her beachball-sized breasts to jiggle around nearly as much as her multiple chins. Piercing

though the metal with her expanding derriere, Kitacha was finally released from the tendril's grasp and sent plummeting to the ground.

Kitacha's added girth greatly softened her impact. Though she was unharmed, the crash jiggled her body to rile up a collection of gas bubbles inside of her. Sitting up to allow her belly to droop between her legs, she rested her pudgy fingers against her gut as she let loose a loud BWOOOOOOOORRRRPP from her plump lips. Moments after wiping the drool from her face, she leaned to the side to allow a reverberating fart to further stink up the room. While the rest of her team winced at the awful stench, the smell and sound put Kitacha into a fit of idiotic laughter.

"Awww, look how happy she is," Slobna commented over the sound of Kitacha's barrage of belches. "Don't you think the three of you would be much better like that?"

The remaining trio remained silent, letting the sound of their teammate's gas echo through the room.

"No takers? A pity, but UUUURRP understandable. Very well, I guess we'll have to do things the hard way."

Raising up her hand, Slobna snapped her fingers once more. Looking around the room, Madame was sure that they had taken care of any remaining security tentacles. Letting her gaze linger on the pile of scrap metal that was scattered around Kitacha's body, she tried to figure out what the slobby villainess had planned. The longer she stared at her corrupted teammate, the more she noticed how much smaller she was in comparison to Slobna's usual slobby slaves. As she continued to ponder, she realized too late the reason why as Kitacha got up on her bulky legs and made a mad rush towards her.

Avian and Diva were quick to react, managing to block Kitacha's initial onslaught. However, they were forced to back away as they heard a series of unruly rumbling noises from the slobby chef's gut. Managing to toss her to a corner of the room, they watched as she unleashed an explosion of tainted gas that would have spelled the end of their coherent thoughts.

"Don't run from BWOOOOOOOORRRRP me," Kitacha belched, picking herself up off the ground. "We're friends, aren't we?"

Once more Kitacha took off running, her eyes dead set on Madame. She only managed to get halfway there before Diva and Avian slammed her to the ground. Wanting to avoid any harm to their comrade, the musclebound heroes worked quickly to wrap the remains of the metal tentacles around Kitacha. Though their planned worked, it came at a dire cost.

Squeezing a little too hard to ensure Kitacha was wrapped up tight put the Avian Avenger in the direct path of the obese cook's rear. The pressure placed on Kitacha's digestive tract unleashed a horrific cloud of flatulence. While Diva had plenty of time to get away, Avian was too close to the blast zone to avoid getting a mouthful of flatulence. In a last ditch effort to escape her fate, Avian furiously flapped her wings and went airborne.

As Avian reached out towards the steel covering up the windows, she and the others watched her as her fingers plumped up. Her wings began to beat like a hummingbird to try and keep herself aloft as her gut bulged with added weight. Loud clangs echoed through the room as her armor was popped off piece by piece, leaving nothing left to support her sagging bosom and equally enormous butt cheeks. Face turning red from the strain of trying to keep herself in the air, she lost all control of her body as gas came pouring out. With a mix of angry grunts intermixing with her burps, she let her gaze drift towards her two remaining teammates. She managed to mouth out the words "I'm sorry" before she was brought slamming to the ground.

No longer able to lift her up even an inch, Avian's wings were left to rest against the once proud warrior woman's expanse of back fat. As her body continued to expand, she took on the figure of an overly plump pear. With her butt cheeks spreading further and further across the floor, her fingers took the opportunity to squeeze her bountiful ass fat. Grasping her battle worn helmet, she tossed it to the side of room to allow her hands to freely brush through her locks of grease-soaked, red hair. Finding simple pleasure in the act, she couldn't stop an idiotic laugh from leaving her lips as her entire body vibrated from the release of a prolonged PHHHHRRRRRTTTTT from her anus.

"It appears bird brain's days of flying are over," Slobna commented. "At least until I properly train her to make her fit to serve me. Might make some changes to her costume as well since she's doesn't really embody the glory of a BWOOOOORRRP eagle anymore. Perhaps a chicken costume would be more fitting for her once I--"

"SHUT THE HELL UP!" Devil Diva shouted. "I'm tired of listening to you spout your BWOOOOORRPPP bull shit!"

"Is that so?" Slobna asked, barely stifling a chuckle. "And what exactly are you going to UURRRP do about it? You're stuck in there and I'm out here. For all you know I could be right outside your front door. A shame that you can't put those big, beefy BWOOOOORRRP arms of yours to good use."

Diva let out a grunt of frustration, accidentally letting slip a puff of flatulence in the process. "When I get my UURRRP hands on you, I'll make you regret betraying us by punching each and every BWOOOOORRRP pound of your fat ass until it resembles raw meat."

"Diva please, you need to UURRRP stop," Madame said, risking further corruption to try and get her teammate to calm down. "This is just what she wants."

“Then I’m going to give it to her,” Diva replied, relentlessly slamming her fists against the sealed door. “If I can just make a path out here, you might be able to escape before we both BWOOOORRRRPP change into those things.”

Slobna let out another laugh, her body becoming wracked with excitement and bouts of gas. “By all means, do go ahead. Should be quite the show.”

Trying to ignore Slobna’s taunting, Diva continued to pummel her fists against the metal barrier. Though she was making progress, it wasn’t without the high cost of making her breathe in more of the tainted air with each inhale. Despite being left immobile, Kitacha and Avian freely let loose their own gas to further infect the air with their slobby master’s influence. Knowing what was about to happen, Madame could only watch as Diva charged right into Slobna’s clutches.

The demonic woman’s furious grunts eventually became overshadowed by her guttural belches. Drool began to leak from her gritted teeth to trickle down her multiple chins and dive between her massive mammaries. Each slam of her fist brought with it a series of ripples that spread through her blubbery limbs to shake around her gigantic gut. The end result of this constant shaking was a deluge of flatulence slapping its way out of her expanding rear to accelerate her degradation.

Focusing all of her mind power, Madame tried to hold back Slobna’s influence over her last remaining teammate. This struggle between ferocity and lethargy was made evident throughout Diva’s body. The fat around the demon girl’s form mixed with her leftover muscles to create a figure that looked perfectly suited for a sumo ring. Though physically her body was resisting Slobna’s effects, Madame realized there was little she could do once she glanced at the blank stare in Diva’s eyes.

Gradually Diva stopped pounding against the barricade. Stomping her bulky legs away from the hole she had made, she allowed her strongfat body to show off the entirety of her bulky, red mass. Adopting a stupid smile similar to her fellow comrades, she began to slowly shuffle towards Madame Mind.

Focusing her vision on Diva's heavy strides, it took Madame a few moments to recognize the sound of Avian's feathers fluttering. Turning her head to the side, she was horrified to see that the bird-based heroine had managed to lift her heavy form off of the ground by a few inches through the use of a pair of fattened up wings. Too busy swiveling her head back and forth between the two women, she was left completely unaware of the fact that Kitacha had freed herself from her restraints until the chef slammed her enormous gut into her back.

Kitacha's tackle acted like a beacon for the other heroes to do the same. One after another, Madame's former allies slammed their hefty forms into her in an attempt to break her concentration. No matter where Madame turned, her face became smothered between the collection of engorged breasts and flabby bellies. In addition to making it hard to focus, the constant shaking of their bodies riled up their already unstable digestive tracts. One after another the sloppy idiots unleashed their gas, enshrouding Madame in a rancid mist of their burps and farts.

"Come on, give it up," Slobna said, having to shout to be heard over the sound of her minions' expulsions. "Look at how much BWOOOORRRP fun they're having. Don't you want to join them? You'll be much happier. Well, not like you have much of a UUUURRRP choice anyway."

As much as Madame wanted to repel the attack, she could feel her defenses weakening with each passing second. The fight was truly lost as a sudden pounding of Diva's bulky belly

against her mid-section forced the brainy hero to let out a gasp of air. Sucking in a generous helping of the tainted gas, she knew it was only a matter of seconds before she too was corrupted.

Watching her body began to swell with a surplus of weight, Madame's brain went into overdrive to try and figure out a way to save herself. Falling back on a last resort ability, she sectioned off the conscious part of her mind and put up a barrier. She managed to seclude her inner self moments before her blubber ripped her costume asunder. Though she no longer had control over own body, she had a front row seat to see what exactly Slobna had planned for her.

The surge of flab packed onto Madame's figure forced her corrupted comrades to back away from her. Her belly fat pooled across the ground, developing a plethora of fat rolls in the process. The impact of her wrecking ball-like breasts against her gut was more than enough to push a gas bubble up her throat to let a prolonged BWOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRPPPP jostle her multiple chins and shake her plumped up cheeks. Being pushed back by her own burp forced Madame's body to slam its elephantine rear against the ground. The sensation of her thick ass cheeks hitting the floor was more than enough to further taint the air with a minute long PHHHHHRRRTTTTTT bursting out of her anus. Though Madame herself was disgusted at the immobile blob of gas and fat she had become, the few brain cells that still controlled her body were more than happy to spread an idiotic smile across her face to relish in her new form.

"Excellent," Slobna said, clapping her pudgy hands together. "Just excellent. I'll be along shortly to BWOOOOORRRPP pick the four of you up. In the meantime, do be sure to enjoy yourselves. I want that place to absolutely UUUUURRRPP reek by the time I get there. Am I understood?"

“Yes BWOOOOOORRRRPP mistress,” the four corrupted heroines replied before coming together to fully experience one another’s sloppy forms.

“Silicone Maiden, UUURRRP report,” Slobna commanded from the comfort of her throne.

Freeing herself from the loving embrace of the woman that had originally converted her, Silicone Maiden waddled her way up to her master. Rummaging through her plethora of fat rolls, she managed to pull out a clipboard. “Where would you like me to BWOOOOOORRRP start?”

Slobna grinned, expressing her excitement with a well-timed fart. “Give me an update on my latest recruits.”

“Devil Diva is currently in the UUURRRPPP process of breaking through the outer barrier of another shelter.” Leaning over to the side, Silicone let out a squeaky fart to relieve some gas and refresh her aura of stink. “Once she’s broken through, Avian Avenger will swoop down to BWOOOORRRP crop dust the people inside.”

“And what of our base’s latest addition?”

“I am happy to UUURRRP report that Kitacha is hard at work developing new foods designed to have a surplus of calories and drastically increase gas production.”

“Very good,” Slobna said, heaving herself off of her throne and waddling towards Silicone. “That will be all for now. You can go back to playing.”

With a release of a thunderous fart cloud from Slobna’s rear, any signs of intelligence in Silicone’s eyes were lost. No longer burdened with higher thinking, Silicone turned on her heels and stampeded back towards the arms of her lover. Giggling at the sight of the obese women

relishing in their hedonistic forms, Slobna left them with a one last bombardment of flatulence before she turned her attention towards her most prized possession.

Spread out along a series of cushions was a mass of thousands of pounds of flesh formerly known as Madame Mind. Pleased with the efforts of Kitacah's cooking to make the heroine so large in such a short amount of time, Slobna began to crawl along the expanse of flab. Making side trips to pick crumbs from between Madame's cleavage and get a direct whiff of the gas wafting out of the immobile blob's rear, Slobna eventually made her way up to Madame's face. Sitting her ass down atop Madame's cleavage, Slobna leaned forward to stare into her former mentor's blank eyes.

"I know you're still UUURRP in there," she said, Madame's body unmoving as a line of drool poured down her chins. "You trained me long enough for me to think you have some kind of trick to BWOOOOOORRRP keep yourself from fully giving into my influence." Shuffling herself forward, Slobna slid her plump fingers along the surface of Madame's cranium. "No need to reply. Not like you can do much to me anyway. I just hope you enjoy the ride. I'll even get UUUUURRRPP Avian and Diva to carry you through the streets once my conquest to conquer the world is complete."

Leaving Madame with a kiss to the cheek, Slobna rolled off of her and landed with her feet on the ground. "Whenever you're ready to talk, I'll be here to listen. I'll obviously know where to BWOOOOOORRRPP find you."

From the perch inside of her own brain, Madame Mind watched as Slobna waddled away to help herself to another session of binge eating. As much as she wanted to admit it, the slobby villainess was right. There was little she could do besides remain a passenger in her own body as the world crumbled beneath Slobna's heels. Even still, Madame kept up hope that the day would

come where she would have a chance to save the Earth from becoming a world drowning in gas and fat under the rule of a slobby tyrant.