

"MONSTER HUNTER: HOLIDAY INDULGENCES"

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Farts, weight gain, flatulence, super-sized nerd girls, obligatory sexy hot tub scenes.



The hot springs of Seliana Research Base were in fine form on the last snowy-gray afternoon of the year. The Handler, brunette and freckled monster-nerd extraordinaire, was overjoyed as she gazed out the window into the snow.

Finally after the whole Velkhana fiasco, she'd have some time to unwind with her Hunter. Just the two of them... in the most romantic setting she could imagine, the steamy and soothing hot-springs behind the Hunter's personal lodge.

Of course, "dressing down" into a festive bathing suit seemed like it would be harder than usual this year. After months upon months of heavy Seliana food, the Handler had gotten... well, rather heavy. It was her own fault, really; she'd always had terrible self-control around food, and in the quiet spell after Vekhana's defeat, she had finally cut loose and enjoyed a feast every day--just like she'd always dreamed of.

There was no shortage of food supplies either, not with the Hunter bringing back dozens of tonnes of monster-meat every few days. Everyone in snowy Seliana was quite well-fed lately... but the Handler put them all to shame.

She had blossomed--some might say ballooned--from a sturdy but slender hundred and forty pounds to an unheard-of, historical four hundred pounds, give or take a few dozen. She was so immense that the Smithy had been called upon to reinforce her chairs, her bunk, every piece of furniture she used. Oddly enough, despite her size she moved with impressive grace and delicacy. Which was a damn good thing, because her body was so immensely wide these days that it required *very* careful maneuvering.

Like now, for instance. As the Handler waddled down the Hunter's back stairs through his gardens, its pots brimming with bright-blue Wiggler Eels, she found her bare feet sinking nearly five inches into the cold mud. Shivering, she pulled her home-spun bathrobe tighter around her.

The snow fell in small, swirling spurts as she heaved her vast, tubby pale body towards the hot springs. Some of the Hunter's pet lemurs scabbled out of her way, squeaking in alarm as what they assumed must be a *very* overfed predator heaved and jiggled towards the steaming water.

The Handler, brushing back her brown hair from her broad round face, checked to make sure there was nobody around. The Hunter wouldn't be back for a few hours... and she really needed a good, long soak in the hot water. Her joints ached from the newfound weight she'd packed on, and while she put on a brave face, she really needed to take that weight off her chubby feet for just a little while.

But there was one problem: None of her bathing suits would fit her. And so, taking a deep breath of cold Hoarfrost Reach air and untying her bathrobe, the enormously overfed monster-researcher let the robe drop to the ground.

In the doorway, the eyes of the Hunter's personal Housekeeper Felyne widened in shock. The Handler was colossal: roll upon roll of whitish-pink flesh decked her sides, her ass broad enough to encompass several chairs whenever she sat down. Dimpled with cellulite and marked with the occasional freckle, her titanic rump wobbled and wiggled as she pushed one elephantine thigh past the other, carrying her heavy load of flesh into the shallower waters of the springs.

She sighed with relief as the warm water flowed over her plump toes... not that she could watch it happening. The Handler hadn't seen her toes in a long time, her juggernaut of a belly dangling and jutting out in front of her far too much to allow her such a luxury. She was an absolute land-whale of a woman, the size of a juvenile Great Jagras, and she knew it. Blushing with embarrassment at the sight of her own naked body reflected in the waters of the pool, she jiggled further in, eager to get to the deep end and take the pressure off her overloaded legs.

The hot waters, steaming and rippling, travelled up her flabby thighs... and she gasped as the liquid slipped under her vast gut and caressed her naked womanhood. The Handler was an extremely sensitive girl, as the Hunter knew all too well, and she squirmed with barely-concealed delight as the spring-waters enveloped her flabby loins, sloshing pleurably against the buried vertical cleft of her femininity.

"Mmm... That's good... Oh, Housekeeper?"

The attendant Felyne meowed and padded out into the yard, bowing to her. The house's resident butler, he was always on-hand to meet her requests... which, to be quite frank, was how she'd gotten so fat. Eventually the Meowscular Chef and the chef of Seliana had turned her away, seeing how bloated she was becoming, but the Housekeeper never once denied her a single morsel. Everything she wanted, he brought to her immediately--much like his master, the Hunter, whose passion for cooking Handler new foods only matched his lust for her growing body.

"Housekeeper... Can you bring me a few Jagras burgers and some Kestodon steak? Ooh, and those new fries they're cooking down at the Canteen? Oh, and some *sake* too, please... All this bathing's gonna make me thirsty! Heh-heh."

She smiled to herself as the Housekeeper nodded and scurried off. She wasn't supposed to drink "on the job," while the Hunter was out on quests, but she would make an exception for the new year. It was a big night, after all--the conclusion of over five years in the New World, for herself and the Hunter. She was ready to party, and when she partied, the Handler partied *hard*.

Easing herself into the far end of the pool, the overweight young woman grunted in almost sexual satisfaction as the warm waters swallowed her vast body, allowing her to bob pleasurably in the gentle mineral-currents flowing from underground. She tied her hair back, setting her research goggles next to her on a large rock.

"Ahhh... Now *this* is the life..."

At first she'd been worried about her new weight--she'd exploded out of several garments before the Smithy caught up to her gaining, and began producing new gear for her on the Hunter's demand. Her gluttonous lifestyle had worried her deeply: what if the Hunter didn't like her bigger? What if he found her *ugly*?

But she needn't have worried. It quickly became apparent the Hunter was more and more enamored of her the bigger she got. His trademark beetle-shaped helmet would swivel in her direction every time she tore into a greasy chicken leg, and he would linger with barely concealed lust on her expanding thighs and buttocks. Encouraged by his positive reaction, she had thrown herself into eating with new gusto... and it showed. It really, really showed.

They'd become lovers almost accidentally, after a training accident in the Ancient Forest left the obese Handler passed out from exertion. Nursing her back to health, the Hunter had instructed her never to over-exert herself again... and she'd taken his teachings to heart, never lifting a finger if she could avoid it. Needless to say, she hadn't exercised even once since that day. Why bother? Her biggest asset was her mind... followed closely, of course, by the immense breasts she'd grown in the course of her rampant gorging.

Gazing down at them, the Handler bit her lip with barely-concealed pleasure. The rest of her new body was difficult to adjust to... but these enormous, swollen, pendulous mammaries were *very* much to her liking, their doughy spherical masses bobbing in the mineral waters as she watched. There was a small dusting of freckles on each one, which grew more intense in the middle of her chest, in her canyon-like cleavage.

“Ahh, thank you...”

The Housekeeper was back with her food and her *sake*... She tore into the Kestodon Burgers with gusto, slurping and slopping at the rich meat. Soon she was satiated, but she kept eating anyway, simply for the joy of eating. ‘When in doubt, take a bite’ was her motto, after all. Whenever she doubted if she could eat more, she simply tried to do so. And most of the time, she succeeded.

“Gllp... munch, URP, blch...”

It was no secret, either, that in the course of her gluttony she’d grown a little more... gassy than usual. Rapidly filling herself with bread, cheese and rich red meat did not do wonders for her digestive system, and she found herself belching loudly into the steamy air as she ate, tell-tale rumbles from her rump signalling to her that gas would soon emerge from her other end as well.

And why not? The Hunter wasn’t here. A woman could do as she liked when she was enjoying her own company... not that she could *really* “enjoy herself,” the way she would have preferred. Self-stimulation and self-pleasuring had ceased being possible for her about a hundred pounds ago. She needed the Hunter’s assistance to get off now, a situation that was a little frustrating for a girl with a libido like hers.

Because while the Handler was modest, shy and sweet, her protective exterior of kindness and empathy concealed a ravenous depth of lust. Her love for food and sex alike were virtually insatiable... although she had recently learned just how *difficult* sex could be, at her colossal size. The Hunter had been forced to commission special equipment just to lift up her enormous belly during coitus, and she was embarrassed to admit she found the “mechanical help” kind of fun. It made her feel like a captive monster, subdued in the wild and trussed up for the Hunter’s sole pleasure.

At the memory of their many intimate moments together, the Handler sighed with glee and took a sip of her *sake*. The heady rice-wine burned its way down her throat, and with the eagerness of a born glutton and party girl, the Handler immediately wanted more. She had gulped her way through a whole jug before it started to really hit her, and she realized that in her distracted guzzling, she’d gotten *quite* drunk.

“Mmm... Get back quickly, you big **urrrp** stud... I've got some **BHELCH**, some new field research for you to do...” She giggled to herself. “On my big, fat ass... **urrrpf**.”

Then there was the sound of a door closing... and footsteps, humanoid footsteps, on the back porch. The Handler's eyes widened. She was nude, completely nude, and while she didn't mind showing off a little to her lover, she was also stuffed and totally sloshed. This was no way to greet her beloved!

But when the Hunter came around the corner dressed only in his festive Fifth-Fleet-themed bathing trunks, all her concerns melted away. He was gorgeous... heavily muscled, somewhat scarred in places but still the absolute picture of virile masculinity. He set his helmet aside--it was always the last of his equipment to come off, regardless of the situation--and waved at her from the far side of the pool, drinking in the sight of her huge nude body heaving and wobbling in the currents.

“Having fun?...”

In a half-assed attempt at modesty, the Handler covered her chunky bobbing breasts, blushing under her freckled cheeks.

“Pard! I thought, um, I thought you'd be out longer...”

“I came back early. Thought I'd see my little puff-ball before dinner tonight...” He grinned. “Though I'm getting a lot more of an eyeful than I expected...”

She snorted, grinning. “Stop messing around and get in here, so I can...” She hiccuped, her huge breasts jumping out of the water and splashing back down again. “So's I can... greet you proper. **Urrrp**.”

He raised an eyebrow as he waded into the pool, his eyes landing on the empty *sake* jug beside the pool.

“Have you been... drinking?”

“What? P'shaw.” A lock of hair fell over her eyes, and she blew it away with a sputtering, booze-scented breath. “I'm not wasn't... Wasn't drinking. **HIC!** I just, had a little drink. That's different from *drinking*, Pard.”

“Oh, I see. Well, that's fine then.”

He eased into the deep waters, grunting with satisfaction as his sweaty body was enveloped by the warm rippling liquid. The Handler had to resist the urge to salivate as she watched him spread his muscular arms, sitting tantalizingly just out of her reach.

“In fact,” said the Handler, a little defiantly, “I might have *another hic*, another drink. It’s New Year’s Eve, after all...”

The Hunter smirked. “That, it certainly is.”

His bloated beau needed no further encouragement. “Housekeeper--URP! Fetch me s’more food... and *sake*. Lots more *sake*.”

Their feline employee hurried to obey, and the Hunter edged a little closer to his immense crush, Handler’s eyes tracking every single bulge and flex of his muscles as he moved.

“So... Enjoying yourself?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact I am. I’m not *all* work and no **HURRRP** play, you know...”

“Is that a fact?” He leaned in, the cords on his neck standing out. “Then I think you’ll enjoy this little... addition I made to the bathering-pools.”

He lifted a false rock on the side of the pool, and pulled a monster-bone lever into the “ON” position. The water churned, and hidden nozzles began to blast streams of warm water and bubbles up from the bottom of the pool.

There were quite a few nozzles, and the Handler--to her sudden surprise and pleasure--happened to be sitting on several of them. A stream of warm liquid jetted up between her gargantuan thighs, rippling the fat of her thick legs... and coursed right over the fuzzy fold of her womanhood.

“OooOOH my gosh!”

The Hunter winked. “Like it?”

The Handler’s eyes shot wide, and she practically *purred* with delight as the steady hydraulic pressure hummed over her groin. “Y-y-yes... By the Sapphire Star, that’s so... Ngh, so nice... **Urrrrp**...”

“Mmm, good. Here, let me turn up the pressure a little...”

The Handler swallowed nervously. As sexually liberated as she was, it felt very strange to be effectively water-masturbated in front of her partner.

“Oh you don’t have to... do that...”

CLICK. Whoosh...

"It's really not... You don't have to *woahhhh*," the Handler moaned as the jets intensified.

Her eyes nearly crossed in a spasm of sudden pleasure as the jet of warm water onto her chubby clit drove her to the edge of orgasm... and finally beyond it, her obese frame quaking and her chunky fingers gripping the rock edges of the pool as sensual pulses of pleasure shot through her body. Inside her flabby chest, her over-burdened heart thudded and thumped as the sheer pleasure drove her entire system into overdrive.

"I thought you would like it," said the Hunter, sidling a little closer to her. "Anything *else* you might need, my pretty little Paolomu?"

"Huff... Huff... **Urrrp...**"

Overcome with pleasure, the Handler could only drool openly and struggle to contain her mounting waves of orgasm as the jets continued to assault her rapidly-swelling clit. Spreading her gelatinous thighs, she grunted in animal-like enjoyment as the motion allowed even more jets to hit her battered, aroused loins.

"Y-yes... Yes, I **hic** I need one more thing..."

"And what's that?"

The Handler's eyes came back into focus, and when they did, the Hunter saw something behind them that was genuinely more frightening than any monster he'd ever faced. It was the soul of a true hedonist, a glutton for pleasure whose greed for stimulation knew no bounds. He knew in that instant that she would keep him up for *hours* after midnight tonight, as she often did when she'd been drinking or got into the Anajanath musk aphrodesiac they kept as a marital aid.

"You," breathed the Handler.

Her flabby face was pink with exertion but full of ravenous need, as her hands gripped the Hunter and hauled him towards her with surprising strength. Soon he was straddling her broad, boulder-sized belly, his manhood prodding her navel with a little lust of his own, as her fingers roamed over him, dripping with water as they explored his body.

"I need *you*," she groaned, and pulled him in for a booze-scented kiss.

The Housekeeper, emerging from the back door with more food and liquor, turned away with a bashful *meow* as the Hunter's callused palms came to rest on his beloved's doughy chest.

Some events deserved a little privacy, after all.

[QUEST COMPLETED!]

[RETURNING TO BASE...]

