

Full Stream

Georgia Tucker, known to her audience by the sobriquet GabbyGames, clicked her mouse and tapped at her keyboard under the glow of a ringlight. The screen she streamed to the world, or at least, the few hundred fans who had joined the stream, was divided in half. The top half showed the game she was playing, a very old isometric game called *Populous*. On Gabby's stream, tiny people, a few pixels high, wandered about, merged into small buildings, which grew into larger buildings.

"You know," Gabby said. "I've said for a while now that the whole 8-bit retro thing is kind of played out, but there's a certain something these actual old PC games have that the new ones don't."

She unwrapped a miniature Reese's cup and tossed it into her mouth, watching the chat on her screen light up with "what?"s and rapid debates over retro-style games, with mentions of *Stardew Valley* and *Dead Cells*.

Gabby grinned. "Really crappy controls!"

She ate another piece of chocolate and peanut butter while her fans spammed the chat with both laughing emojis and outrage.

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding. This one's not too bad. Definitely better than that time I tried the original *Fallout*. Alright, time to get a few Heroes going so I can finish off this Red bastard..."

The bottom half of the stream showed Gabby herself. A gorgeous woman with olive skin and a pert nose, who just happened to be just over four hundred pounds. As of the last time she stepped on a scale. Over a year ago. Gabby's jet-black hair fell in waves over her hammy shoulders to frame her full cleavage. She knew her girls were one of the main reasons she was able to earn enough money streaming to avoid the horrors of the outside world. As she'd gotten fatter, they'd only grown bigger, so it was a win-win.

Speaking of wins, Gabby munched on her candy as her populace swept through her computer opponent, destroying the last of their buildings. Cheering emojis filled her chat, and she reached for the stack of pizza boxes just out of her camera's frame.

The top box held one lonely slice, and she knew the two beneath it were empty. Gabby's stomach grumbled in frustration despite being far from empty. She took a huge bite of the cold slice anyway, smiling up at her camera. "What do we think, chat? Another round of this, or something else? I've got a few cozy games to try out, though I might need a break to order more 'za."

As if on cue, Gabby's digital doorbell rang. She clicked the doorbell app on her computer. The video feed outside her apartment door loaded just in time to see the legs and shoes of someone walking away. And at the bottom of the screen, a stack of three more pizzas. Thank the goddess for contactless delivery.

"Wow, whoever sent those has perfect timing. I'll BRB."

Several states away, a petite blonde leaned forward in her computer chair. This was one of the moments for which Daisy waited during every Gabby stream. In one quarter of her ultrawide monitor, her Discord app was open to a server called GabbyFans, and a private channel even Gabby couldn't see.

🌻: It's happening!

BobRoss420: Yes it is.

Peasant17: What's happening?

BobRoss420: Are you new? She's getting up.

🌻: 😊😊😊

On the stream, Gabby pushed back from her desk. Everything jiggled, everything wobbled. Daisy had watched her goddess grow from chubby to fat and blow straight into obese. Her body clenched, her pussy throbbed, and she ground her thighs together as she stared.

Gabby put her plump hands with their sausage-like digits on the armrests of her extra-strength computer chair. Hera above, even her fingers were getting fat. Daisy slipped a hand into her sweatpants, teasing herself through her panties.

Gabby heaved herself upright, and the stream camera filled with her rolling, layered belly, puffed up round with everything she'd already eaten on stream. Daisy increased her pace. Her eyes wanted to close, but she forced them open so she wouldn't miss a moment.

Gabby waddled away from the desk. Her pants could have held at least three of Daisy in each leg. Daisy's eyes flicked back to Discord as the chat moved.

Peasant17: Whoa...

BobRoss420: Right?

Achilles: What am I missing?

BobRoss420: Bro, are you not watching the stream?

Achilles: 🙄 I had to work late

Achilles: What's she wearing?

BobRoss420: That purple tank top and a pair of jeans

BobRoss420: Tho I don't think those jeans will be around much longer

Achilles: 🙄🙄🙄

Bob's message sent Daisy right to the edge. She imagined the button she couldn't see past the spill of Gabby's belly popping off as she stuffed herself with pizza. It probably wouldn't happen on stream, but the thought of her goddess struggling to get those jeans buttoned again in a week or two...

Daisy made a mess in her computer chair as Gabby lumbered back into view, already to the crust of her latest slice.

BobRoss420: I'll DM you some screenshots @Achilles

Achilles added a 🙏 to the message.

After cleaning herself up, Daisy watched Gabby eat, focused on her pace. Bob had ordered the pizza, so it was her turn. She should probably wait ten minutes or so, given the average delivery time, but she tabbed over to the website anyway.

The website was her baby, a set of services linked together that allowed Gabby's fans to order delivery anonymously. She'd had to convince Gabby to link her account with the site, but it was all encrypted; even Daisy didn't know where Gabby lived. Having it narrowed down to one city made Gabby a little hesitant, but the promise of regular "snacks" during her streams had made it a pretty easy sell.

Peasant17: How big is she?

BobRoss420: Last we heard, over 400

Peasant17: 🤔

🌻: That was over a year ago.

🌻: What do you reckon, Bob?

BobRoss420: The way she shovels down pizza, gotta be close to a quarter ton

🌻: 😭😭😭