

(A/N: This is part of a trade with [Jokermask18](#) A.K.A. [JWAPPEL](#).)

Content Advisory! This story contains:

- *F/F*
- *Oral Vore [F/F]*
- *Endosama*
- *Implied Digestion*
- *Belly Stuffing/Bloating And Inflation*
- *Slob*
- *Female Moderate Weight Gain*
- *Transformation*
- *Sweat*
- *Stink*
- *Some Violence*
- *Taunting/Teasing*
- *Female Unrealistic/Excessive/Hyper Gassiness (Burping/Belching And Farting)*

Series: Shrek X Real Life

Characters: Princess Fiona, Cameron Diaz, OC

Synopsis: Cameron Diaz hears that a new Shrek film will have a new Fiona and is enraged at being replaced. She goes to meet the new actress and prove she's still got what it takes. The new actress proposes several slobby challenges to show who deserves the role more. Cameron competes and gets help from a certain ogress.

If you're not into any of the above things, please do not read!

“What the hell do you mean I’ve been replaced?!”

The person on the other end of the line paused for a moment, likely rubbing their ear and checking for potential hearing loss after that furious roar. *“Exactly that. You’re time in the limelight is over Cameron. We’re looking for a new talent to carry our franchise and give professional voice actors a chance to shine.”*

“Bullshit!” The actress shouted. “You just want a cheaper actress!”

“...I can neither confirm nor deny that accusation.”

“It’s not fair! I’ve been playing the character for 20 Goddamn years!” She fumed. “What does this new chick have that I don’t?!”

“Experience voicing more characters than one can count on a single hand, being 20 years younger, having a calmer temper...” The person rattled off.

“I deserve this role more! How are you guys going to change your mind?!”

“Look, Diaz, just because you’re salty that you haven’t had a major film job since the last movie, that doesn’t mean you can take that out on us.” The person replied, coolly. *“Besides, the only way we would even consider casting you in the part again is if the new girl is somehow unable to perform, and that doesn’t seem very likely.”* And with that, they hung up the phone.

Cameron just stood in her living room, processing the torrent of emotions whirling around in her head. Betrayal at having her role taken away from her. Envy toward the woman who received it. Disappointment for losing out on a potential source for money.

But above all else: Rage for how powerless she was to change this.

And the best way she sought to convey that anger was to throw her phone at the nearest wall, leaving a thin gash in the structure. “So, some young punk wants to take my job. I’ll see about that!”

Following a long, stressful car ride, Cameron arrived at the residence of the actress who had ‘pilfered’ her role. Pulling up in the driveway, she exited her vehicle and stomped to the front door, banging on the wooden structure, sporting a gray shirt, black pants, and white shoes. After a couple seconds, the sound of footsteps on the other side could be heard, growing louder until the turning of locks replaced it, and thus the door opened outward to reveal Cameron’s competition.

Towering at six feet tall, the stranger’s oily bronze skin glistened in the Sun. Her thighs were thick enough to touch each other and stretched her black sweatpants to its very limits, Cameron even spotting some small tears on the front. A dome-shaped belly jutted out in front of her, poking out underneath her sweat-soaked beige t-shirt. Resting atop her rotund tummy was a pair of perky C-Cup breasts, the milky cannons nipples pressing against her shirt. Paradoxically, her arms and legs were rather toned, albeit covered with a layer of adipose, giving her a slightly intimidating appearance. The woman yawned and brushed away some disheveled, dirt-colored hair from her eyes. She looked as though she just got out of bed.

At 3:00 in the afternoon.

“Yo,” The brunette greeted with a cavalier wave, her smile flashing yellow-tinted teeth. “What do you want?”

It took a moment for Cameron to regain her composure upon viewing her rival for the first time. She got a whiff of the brunette’s breath and winced. Between the stench of digested onion chili dogs and the piss-colored chompers, Cameron concluded that this woman had a severe case of halitosis, or at least went a few days without brushing her teeth. However, she reminded herself about what she was doing for and got back on track. “I’m here because you stole my role away, and I want it back.”

The actress stayed mute for a couple seconds, appearing to be deep in thought, before she snapped her fingers in revelation. “Wait a minute, you’re Cameron Diaz! You probably heard about me landing the part of Princess Fiona in the new *Shrek* film. Name’s Carla Waters, by the way.”

“Well, Carla, you should know that since I’ve been playing the character for so long, I would make a much better choice to voice her now,” Cameron explained. “The movie execs think that I’m old news, but I’m going to prove I’ve still got what it takes.”

Carla put a crumb-covered finger onto her soft double chin, musing over her choices. On one hand, she earned her position fair-and-square, so she really didn’t need to entertain Cameron’s vendetta. On the other hand, being able to show up the predecessor to her current role would do wonders for her confidence in performing the part, not to mention the good publicity she could score herself and the film for winning. “Alright, let’s have a little competition. First, a gas contest, then a slug eating contest, and finally a martial arts contest. Best two-out-of-three wins.”

Cameron blinked in confusion at the mention of that second contest, but nonetheless nodded in agreement. Carla’s mud-hued pupils lit up and she led her inside the house. Cameron got a good look at her backside, Carla’s glutes sticking out as far as her breasts, even with some cellulite being visible through the fabric. Upon entering, Cameron recoiled in disgust as her nostrils were assaulted by a miasma of fetid odors, unknown to her host. Her eyes meeting piles of sweaty clothes littering the staircase to her right. There was no sign of a basket nearby, though. As Cameron continued into the kitchen, her shoes treading over hair-blanketed carpets and floors, the assault of smells grew in intensity. Surveying the new environment, she discovered several sources of the stench, such as a sink overflowing with unwashed dishes and silverware, and a garbage can filled to the brim with trash. When Carla opened the back door, Cameron couldn’t leave the cruel cooking room quickly enough.

Compared to the interior, Carla’s backyard was far less toxic to the nose. On her left was a picnic table, conspicuously topped with platters and lids. To her right was a swimming pool, although rather than water, it was filled with mud. Her curiosity reached a boiling point and she turned to Carla.

“Why is your house a shithole?”

Carla faced Cameron, showing no signs of being offended. “Oh, I’ve been living like an ogre for the past few days to try and get into the role. I’m eating gross food, letting gas out when I feel like, playing in the mud, etcetera,” Carla stated plainly. “Now let’s get this show on the road, starting with the gas contest.”

Cameron scoffed internally, thinking that a gas contest would be child’s play. While her flatulence wasn’t too well talked about, her belches were a thing of beauty. She has proven that she can burp on command on the Jay Leno show, had one of her accidental *Coca-Cola* burps added into the first *Shrek*, and even won the first inaugural *Nickelodeon Kids’ Choice Awards* celebrity burping contest for the Best Burp Award. There were no shortage of reasons for her to assume certain victory.

Carla proceeded to puff up her cheeks and let out a thunderous belch. “*OOOORRRRRRRP!*” The blast of gas carried a consistent bassy pitch as it roared to life. For the next two seconds, the louder-than-average burp boomed into the air, a smell of digesting roast beef augmenting her already rancid breath. When it ended, Carla smiled at Cameron. “You’re up!”

Cameron glared back at her. “You call that a belch? This is a belch!” She taunted, thumping a fist to her chest, and let out a thunderous burp of her own. “*BAAAAAAArrrrrrrrp!!*” Three seconds was how long it took for Cameron’s eructation to run its course, starting with an abysmal pitch that ascended to a heavenly one halfway through. Her belch rang out louder than Carla’s, however it’s scent was severely lacking, considering Cameron had skipped breakfast and actually bothered to brush her teeth today. Nonetheless, she was satisfied with her gaseous outburst when it ceased, sneering at her rival afterward.

Carla quickly swallowed a deep breath of air, her face adopting a look of intense concentration. She bobbed her head back into her neck for a second before bopping it forward emitting another gargantuan burp. “*HYYYYYYYYUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRP!!!*” Once again, the pitch of Carla’s eructation was a monotonous baritone, sounding more akin to a growling lion than a young woman. An aroma of chicken joined her previous beefy fumes to form an even more putrid fog. Cameron found herself flinching at how loud Clara’s belch was, four seconds being the time needed for it to fade out of existence. “That felt good!” She said, patting her belly in relief.

Cameron stared at Carla in shock, bewildered by her nonchalant attitude toward her burp. Then, she gripped her stomach with both of her hands and began gulping down a large amount of air, every inhale causing her belly to expand in her hands. When she felt her stomach reaching its maximum capacity, Cameron pushing down hard atop her stomach, letting rip another monstrous burp. “*baaaaaahhhhhh-UUURRRRRRRRRRRP!!!*” Cameron’s second belch had an opposite pitch to her first, beginning at a soaring soprano and then dropping to a contralto near the back half. In terms of stench, it was a little better than before, drumming up some broccoli dinner from the previous night, but not much else. It matched the loudness of Carla’s last burp, though barely eclipsing Carla’s eructation from a length perspective at four and a half seconds long. As it concluded, Cameron smirked at Carla, thinking that her burp was insurmountable. “Beat that!”

Carla giggled innocently, causing Cameron to arc an eyebrow in confusion. The brunette then clutched her knees and leaned down, bopping her head back as she began swallowing down as much air into her stomach as she could. After a few moments, Carla reeled her head forward, pressed her hands into her stomach, and pushed out a truly wondrous belch.

“*BWWWWWWUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOAAAAAAP!!!!*”

It reeked of day-old meat lovers pizza, amalgamating with her prior aromas to form a trifecta of foul fragrance that forced Cameron to fan the fumes away. Blaring for a total of eight seconds, the immense eructation erupted with enough power to ripple her lips. It rang with sufficient volume to be heard by the surrounding households over their lawnmowers and held a gravelly pitch for its duration. After it ended, Carla thumped her chest to force out any leftover pockets of air.

Meanwhile, Cameron growled, knowing that she couldn't exceed Carla's closing belch. Her failure in what she considered her area of expertise sparking a competitive fire that she wanted to fan into the next events. Rather than actually voice her defeat however, Cam opted to move on to the second half of the contest. "Let's see how the other end works." Cameron declared before letting out a fart. ***FRRRT!!*** Unlike her burps, Cameron's opening fart maintain a constant bassy pitch, rocketing out of her ass at a volume that matched her first belch. It only lasted one second, and displayed a faint scent of red beans. Cameron sneered at Carla as it ended.

Carla just smiled at Cameron in response before hiking up a leg and letting out a fart of her own. ***PHhhhHFFffffFT!!*** Carla's bout of flatulence had a pitch like a roller coaster, commencing at a low altitude before rising up to a plateau, then plummeting into a valley and boomeranging back onto the peak, before finally descending to ground level. Her air biscuit equaled Cameron's in the loudness department, though it pissed all over Cam's fart with a stench of digested cabbage-and-garlic burritos. When the gurgly ass-ripper concluded after two and a half seconds, Carla wafted the wretched odor over toward her opponent.

Cameron took a whiff and her cheeks turned a shade of green after being exposed to the tainted air. Carla laughed childishly at the display, to which Cameron responded by gritting her teeth, squatting down and squeezing. ***PBBBBBBLLLLLRRRRRT!*** Once again, Cameron's butt bomb boomed with an entirely cavernous pitch, though it was quieter than her last fart. The booty-quaking blast lasted for three and a half seconds before stopping, leaving behind an aroma of fermented cheese to blend with her other fart's breeze. When it finished, Cameron locked eyes with Carla, breathing slightly more heavily after her flatulence.

Carla took a deep breath and relaxed her anus, letting out another fart.

SSSssccchHHLLLrrrp!!!! Her backwind bellowed forth from her rectum with the pitch of a brass instrument, which then soared to a higher melody before crashing into a chasm, and lastly ascending to a heavenly whistle. It rumbled almost as loudly as her last belch, the contrast with Cameron's fart only serving to highlight Cam's hushed flatulence. It ceased after three and a half seconds, onions and jalapeno peppers polymerizing with her prior fart's fumes to create a fetid fog which made Cameron's eye water.

Carla smiled smugly at Cameron, who merely glared back at her. Cameron then closed her eyes, clenched her teeth and ripped another fart. ***ppppphhhhhhsssss...*** With a pitch like a steaming tea kettle, Cameron's third fart slid out of her ass with little noise to indicate its presence. It was just audible enough for Cameron herself to hear, though Carla was unable to listen. However, the cloud of ass gas did eventually make its way to Carla's nostrils, and the smell actually made her wave the haze away.

"While that did have a pungent sting," Carla lectured. "Silent but deadly is no way to win a farting contest."

Cameron slumped over, not feeling anymore gas brewing inside her. *Alright, she just got lucky. I'll kick her ass in the next contest... Wait, what was it called?*

Carla motioned Cameron over to the picnic table, removing the lids from the platters to reveal the dishes being served. Cameron recoiled in surprise and disgust upon viewing it, to which Carla giggled. “I did say that the second contest would be to see who eats the most slugs.” Without hesitation, Carla grabbed one of the mollusks and slurped it up. She sloshed it around inside her mouth before swallowing. Cameron gawked at the slug forming a bulge in Carla’s throat as it sled down into her stomach. “See? Just like that. ***UUURRP!***” She explained, punctuating it with an unintentional belch. She took a seat at one side of the table and began to gulp down the slugs, slime dripping from her lips.

Cameron sat down on the opposite side of the table and yanked a slug from one of the platters. Cautiously, she lowered the invertebrate into her mouth. Once it connected with her taste buds, her gag reflex instantly kicked in, a torrent of revulsion surging through her body. It took all of Cameron’s willpower not to simply void her stomach contents on the spot. For a moment, she considered surrendering, surely no role could be worth enduring such a distasteful display.

However, another thought popped into her head, one where she was walled up in her house, watching the premiere of the new Shrek movie. Carla stood on the red carpet, decked out in a vibrant green sleeveless dress that hugged her curves snugly and soaking up praise from the press. She smiled warmly at the paparazzi snapping photos of her, although it belied an insidious sneer that Cameron could have sworn was aimed at her through the television. Then another scene flashed in her head, this showing the blonde a vision of Carla being given a multitude of voice over roles, playing characters that receive top billing and even winning some awards for her performances. Meanwhile, Cameron found herself more and more strapped for cash, forced to tunnel into her savings to survive for she was unable to find suitable acting jobs. Eventually, she would wind up sleeping under a highway overpass, looking up at her successor’s face plastered on a field of billboards, all because Cameron lost this one role.

No, Cameron mentally snapped. *Like hell that’s going to happen.*

With renewed resolve wrought from her completely rational thought process, Cameron choked down her slug, sheer pride fueling her ability to fight the urge to vomit. When she felt her meal sink into her belly, she moved to another, though finding it harder to grip due to the slime coating her fingers. Wrangling the slippery slug, she dropped it quickly into her mouth, swallowing it down as quickly as she could. From there, the process repeated itself, Cameron lifting more mollusks and squeezing them past her lips. The only pauses in her consumption were when she would need to belch out excess air, the eructations ejecting slug slime and saliva from her mouth along with sending the taste of digesting gastropods waving over her tongue. After a few minutes, Cameron cleaned her platter of the last slug, rubbing her now distended stomach as her food rested within.

Well, that was gross, Cameron thought, trying not to fall into a food coma. *But at least I can keep go-*

“*BHHHHHHUUUURRRRRRP!!!!*”

Cameron's internal musings were interrupted by a deep, wet belch, courtesy of Carla. The brunette soothed her belly, currently swollen several platters-worth of slugs and glistening with spit and slime. Cameron's jaw dropped when she saw that every other platter on the table had been licked-clean, except for hers.

"Looks like I win," Carla declared, smiling in triumph. Pushing her chair back, she heaved her heavy tummy up into the air. "Now, we move on to the final contest: martial arts."

Cameron lifted her stuffed body out of her seat and followed Carla to the mud pool, all of her burning passion for victory now snuffed out. Carla had so utterly demolished her in two of the contests, so even if she were to win this one, it wouldn't change the outcome. In any case, it's not like she was an expert in combat, as she hasn't felt the need to exercise given her lack of consistent work, and the roles she did land didn't require much physical exertion.

The duo stopped just shy of the pool, Carla dropping into a fighting stance and Cameron not even bothering to defend herself. Carla rushed Cameron and threw a palm strike at her opponent's engorged gut. Before Cameron could regurgitate her slug snack, Carla swung the sole of her left foot unto Cameron's thighs, sending her splashing into the mud pool. Carla squatted down and sank her hand inside the mud, pulling out Cam's head and yanking her back onto dry land.

"Well, looks like I get the part," Carla stated. "Maybe I can talk to the producers and see if they can get you a another part."

Cameron had been in the business for long enough to know what that really meant. 'Another part' was code for 'low-paying bit role that any hack with a functioning brain could perform' and there was no way that she would suffer that indignity. Wordlessly, Cameron grabbed a towel and wipe the mud off of her, then she walked back to her car, ignoring the questions of her actions asked by her rival... no, her superior.

Following a long, stressful car ride, Cameron arrived at her residence. Opening the front, she entered her abode and collapsed into a chair, too exhausted by today's events and burdened by failure to do anything else. The blonde soon felt herself growing drowsy, and eventually she fell into a deep sleep. Hopefully, everything that transpired would just turn out to be a terrible dream when she woke up, right?

Cameron's eyes opened, but she was not in her chair.

In fact, she wasn't even her house.

"Where the fuck am I?!" She screamed, whipping her head back and forth to view her new surroundings.

Her sight was encompassed by large, sturdy trees and lush grass. The canopy above her was dense enough to block out most of the sunlight, casting the forest in a calm shadow. Without a sense of where to go, Cameron decided to simply travel down a dirt path in no particular

direction. After a few minutes of walking, she noticed that the forest was becoming lighter, the foliage above her growing less dense to allow more solar rays passage onto the ground. The blonde took this as a sign that she was getting closer to a clearing of some sort, and wishfully a way out of the forest. More time passed, and the actress eventually came upon what looked like Shrek's house. The sight of such an iconic location caused memories of her time as Princess Fiona to come rushing back, as well as the realization that she lost one of her most famous roles. Cameron tried to get her mind off of that by looking around the swamp to see if anyone was around. She searched the house, the mud pit, and even the outhouse, but there was no sign of life to be found. However, when she checked the pond, Cam nearly gasped in shock.

Wading in the water while stark naked, a human Princess Fiona conducted a search of her own, though Cam couldn't see what she was looking for. Soon, the redhead came to stop and smiled as she evidently acquired her quarry. To Cameron's befuddlement, Fiona then squatted down and clenched her teeth, a bout of flatulence then ripping through the water. Bubbles of gas rose to the surface and popped, releasing their stench into the air. Immediately following this, a fish breached the top of the pond, its belly facing up. Fiona licked her lips and grabbed the aquatic animal, likely going to prepare it for lunch.

"I know you're there, Cameron," She stated. "No need to be shy. You can come on out."

Cam just stood on the shore of the pond, slack-jawed at what she just heard. "H-H-How do you know my name?"

Fiona giggled. "Because you're dreaming. I also know why your depressed and I'm going to train you to take back your role." She explained, extending a hand out.

Diaz mused over her position for a moment before walking over to shake Fiona's hand. "So where do we start?"

"First, I need to gauge how much of a slob you already are," Fiona stated. "A belching contest should be a good indicator of where we need to improve on." Then, she pounded her chest and pushed out a short yet loud burp, similar to the one that she let out in the forest during the first *Shrek* film. "***urp!!!***"

Cameron responded by inhaling a copious amount of air, feeling her belly puff out a bit, and then contracting her stomach to force the air out as a lengthy, deep belch.

"*HWWWUUURRRRP!!*"

"Not bad," Fiona complimented, sniffing the aroma of Cam's belch. "But I'm holding back." The regal figure was then bathed in an ethereal golden light, forcing Cameron to shield her eyes. Inside the illumination, Fiona's form began to morph. Her slender frame thickened into a stockier, chubbier build, her clothes magically expanding along with her. Her skin turned a shade of green, matching the vegetation surrounding the women. The redhead's small nose expanded into a bulbous one and her pearly white chompers became yellow and stained. To complete the transformation, her human ears warped into the elongated trumpet shape that ogrekind was well known for possessing. Once the metamorphosis ended, the light dimmed away, leaving a plump,

smelly ogress standing in the place of the fair human monarch. “Now for Round 2.” She declared, flashing Cameron an asymmetrical smirk and crooked eyebrow.

Cameron returned. “Alright.” She took a sharp breath, then sank her stomach in, emitting an eructation that rippled her lips with sheer force and stunk of broccoli and slugs.

“***BHHHHRRRRRAAAAAAP!!!!***”

“You call that a belch? This is a belch!” Fiona taunted before slapping her belly and launching a burp powerful enough to ruffle Cam’s hair and loud enough to echo throughout the swamp.

“***GHHHHHHRRRRRRROOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAP!!!!***” When the belch ended, Fiona chuckled at her compatriot’s bewildered expression. “Let’s get started on your training.” She motioned Cameron to follow her inside her house, where a massive spread of food had been laid out on the dining room table.

Snails and slugs piled high like mountains, worms and caterpillars strung around like spaghetti, and cooked rats and frogs filled with fungus akin to a turkey filled with stuffing. Speaking of which, an actual turkey also sat on the table, along with a chicken, boar, ham and lobster. Stacks of waffles drenched in syrup resided in the center of the table and a barrel of mead rested on the floor. For dessert, a fourth of the table was taken up by a wealth of pies, cakes, cupcakes, éclairs, parfaits, and croissants. Of course, the feast would not be complete without a cornucopia engorged with several dozen onions. Even the fish that Fiona caught earlier was there, albeit not flayed or cooked in any way. Cameron found herself gulping down drool that filled her mouth upon lay eyes on the buffet, even the stranger delicacies somehow appearing appetizing to her.

“You’ll eat the ogre food first. That way, your body can build up a tolerance to gross things,” Fiona instructed. “Then you can move on to the human stuff. This will also strengthen your body so you can perform martial arts better, as well as give you plenty of gas.”

“Okay.” Cameron obeyed, taking a seat and commencing her meal.

She decided to start with the gastropods, picking up a fat, slimy slug and slurping it up. To her surprise, it didn’t taste bitter when it went down her throat. In fact, the slime gave it a sweet flavor, one that she retasted after letting out a satisfied belch. The blonde then sampled a snail to see if it was any different. Grabbing one by the shell, Cam sucked its body out of its carapace, grinning as a tangy feeling tickled her taste buds. With a gulp and a burp, Cameron was hooked on these munchable mollusks, scooping up more slugs and snacking on snails, shoving them into her mouth at a rapid pace. All the while, slime from the snails and slugs oozed from her lips and dripped onto her shirt and pants. Eventually, all that remained of the gastropods was a small puddle of slime and vacant shells, her lips stretching into a contented smile as she belted out another powerful belch.

Cameron then moved on to her next course, worm and caterpillar spaghetti with beetle meatballs. At first Cam grabbed fork to stab and twirl the arthropods and annelids before bringing them to her lips, but then she pondered something else. If she was going to act like an ogre, then why do something as civilized as using utensils? Upon reaching that conclusion, the blonde tossed the silverware aside and opted to shovel the invertebrates down her gullet with her own two hands,

much to Fiona's delight. Her cheeks bulged with every ingestion of the worms and beetles, Cameron gobbling them up so fast that she barely bothered to savor their flavor. From what she could gather, the worms and caterpillars were rather chewing like noodles, and the beetles were crunchy like nuts. The beetles in particular gave her a bout of flatulence, her butt blasting fart after fart to fill the house with her bodily odors, not that she or Fiona seemed to care. Soon the spaghetti fully joined the mollusks in Cam's stomach, the blonde ripping a splattery fart to signal her satisfaction.

Cameron moved on to the last ogre food, ogling the fungus-filled cooked rats and frogs with gluttonous intent. Once more forgoing the use of utensils, she sought to lift a rodent and squeeze the mushrooms and mold into her mouth like toothpaste. Then, she threw the rat inside and chewed it up along with the fungus. After swallowing, she did the same with the frog, dry fungi gushing into her mouth before being masticated alongside the amphibian. Cam's throat swelled like a frog as she gulped down her food, the actress smirking at the comparison. The last rat and frog were swallowed simultaneously, this time with the fungus still stuffed inside them. Her cheeks ballooned like a chipmunk's as she crammed them in her mouth, eliciting a giggle from Fiona and subsequently an eye roll from Cameron herself. When she gobbled the pair down, Cam put a hand on her throat to make sure it wasn't too burdened by its load. She took a moment to pet her gut, now pooching out slightly from the filth she devoured, and ripping a coterminous belch and fart that further polluted the already foul hovel that Fiona called home.

Having finished her ogre cuisine, Cameron advanced to the turkey, tearing off the drumsticks and sucking the cooked skin and white meat off the bone, before shoving the bone down her gullet as well. The stuffing was next, Cam using her tongue to scrape and lick every last crumb from within the turkey. Lastly, the turkey itself was torn into, Cameron's jaw crushing up the hide, muscle, fat, and even skeleton until there was nothing left. The other poultry was attacked afterwards, Cameron repeating the same tactics used on the turkey to take down the chicken. First, the legs were ripped off and gobbled up, followed by the main body of the chicken as it had no stuffing inside to pilfer. Like the turkey, no trace of the chicken's existence remained when Cameron was done. The boar met a similar fate, starting with the apple being plucked from its mouth and popped into Cameron's. After that, Cameron wrapped her lips around the swine's head, using her no-longer-pearly whites to cut it off at the nape. When she finished decapitating and gulping down the head, the actress ripped apart the body, spit and juices splattering across the table as she tore the animal asunder. Fourthly, another piece of pork, this being a smoked ham stood in her way, though not for long. Compared to the full pig, a mere leg cut was child's play to consume, as Cam chomped through the pork in a manner of seconds. Now, only the lobster remained to oppose Cameron, who split apart the carapace of the crustacean bare-handed. Liquid butter was poured on the innards and Cameron wasted no time clawing the meat and stuffing it in her face. Soon, the lobster was utterly disemboweled and Cameron punctuated her carnivorous consumption with another ghastly belch, this one sending a visible trail of green smog soaring through the air.

Despite her gases wafting around her, Cameron would still single out the aroma of the golden-brown waffles perched in the middle of the table. She yanked the plate over to her and crammed the fluffy squares into her maw. Syrup and butter coated her hands drizzled onto her clothes as more and more waffles were eaten. Each waffle possessed a starchy flavor, complimented

perfectly by the butter's smoothness and the syrup's sweetness, sending a rush of pleasure across Cam's taste buds. Over the course of a few minutes, the towers of waffles were demolished, leaving Cameron rather parched. Then, she spotted the barrel of mead standing on the floor to her left and sought to quench her thirst. Lifting the barrel with stunning ease, Cameron tilted the opening toward her mouth and let the alcoholic beverage deluge into her stomach. With the skill of an expert drinker, Cameron guzzled the mead with need to pause, feeling it fill up her belly like a water balloon. Once the fluid had been drained, Cam dropped the barrel and toyed with her bagging belly, giggling as it jiggled and sloshed with all the liquid it housed drenching the solid food within.

After another roaring belch, this one raining saliva and hazing alcohol around the dining room, Cameron commenced her attack on the desserts, first gunning for the pies. Pumpkin, apple, banana cream; the variety of pies that Cameron planted her face in and scarfed up the contents of were as vast as the calories contained in them. When the last of the pies was devoured, Cameron went for the cakes, pleased at their having equal diversity to the pies so as to prevent the eating from getting monotonous. The array of chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, and other miscellaneous cakes were swiftly consumed as Cam gobbled them up like a pig in a trough. Subsequently, she blazed through the cupcakes, throwing them into her mouth, wrappers and all, triturating the frosting and wrappers before gulping them down. The éclairs were her next target, Cameron squirting the filling into her throat before flinging the pastries itself past her lips. Parfait after parfait were then shoveled inside Cam's maw, the rich cold dessert slurped out of their tall glasses. Finally, the croissants found themselves munched to bits by the actress, their dry taste serving as a nice contrast to the previous desserts' moisture. Yet another eructation erupted from Cameron, this one having the rainbow-colored haze swirling throughout the room.

Now for the ultimate course, Cameron reached out to obtain the onion-filled cornucopia and the fish. However, a hurdle prevented her from reaching it: her own stomach. With a current diameter of three feet, Cameron's tummy looked downright cartoonish. No matter how much Cam pressed forward, her fleshy cushion would not yield passage for her. Just when was about to throw in the towel, another idea struck her. Changing her position so her right side was facing the table, the blonde managed to just barely grasp the cornucopia and fish. Like a cup, Cameron tilted the cornucopia over, allowing the onions to descend her esophagus, none of them being chewed in the process. Once every onion was eaten, Cameron tossed the cornucopia aside and focused her attention on the fish, the marine animal still reeking of Fiona's fart. At this point though, Cameron was too lost in her own gluttony to care and simply sucked the fish past her lips.

With her entire feast consumed, Cameron laid back in her chair, clothes marred in a myriad of food and drink stains, though something about her physiology felt...softer. She poked and prodded various parts of her person, noticing a change to her physical appearance for the first time since she began eating. Her body digested the food far more quickly than any realistic metabolism would allow, causing her face, belly, butt, and breasts to swell up with fat. However, the protein in her various meals also strengthened her musculature, her arms, hips, and thighs growing more toned and veiny to support her blubber. At least that would explain how she was able to lift the mead barrel so effortlessly.

“How do you feel?” Fiona inquired.

Cameron was about to comment, but was interrupted by a bubble of gas surging blasting past her lips and another one flapping out of her ass. The belch blew Fiona back a few feet and the fart carried with it the scent of her feast marinated in stomach acids.

“I’ll consider that a yes.” Fiona said with a smirk.

“Now what?” Cameron questioned, massaging her globular gut to coax out more gas.

“There’s one last thing that you need to do to complete your training,” Fiona said. “You need to eat me.”

Cameron’s eyes widened at the statement. “C-Could you repeat that?”

“You need to eat me,” Fiona complied. “That way, you’ll absorb my slovenly attributes and be enough of a slob to earn your role back.”

Ordinarily, Cameron would question this further, but given the strange day she was already having, as well as the fact that she was still dreaming, the actress was willing to humor her host for a little longer.

“Sure, how do I do it?”

“For starters, you need to unhinge your jaw like a snake,” Fiona said. “Like this.” The redhead then proceeded to dislocate her own jaw as an example, the upper and lower part separating with an audible popping sound.

Cameron followed the ogress’s lead and achieved the same result. Fiona relocated her jaw and grinned. “Great. Next, I’ll stick my head inside your mouth. You can gulp me down after that.”

Fiona stripped down to her bra and panties, walked over to Cameron, and shoved her head past the blonde’s lips, causing Cameron’s cheeks to swell. Once inside, Cam instinctively swallowed, sending Fiona’s head into her bulging throat, the ogress’s breast now privy to a fondling from Cam’s tongue. Wielding her enhanced strength, Cameron used her hands to grab Fiona by the ass and cram more of the regal figure within her maw, Fiona’s head penetrating the sphincter and now residing in the belly. Another gulp and Cameron was now savoring the flavor of Fiona’s midriff, moaning gleefully at its sweat-soaked taste. With Fiona halfway inside, Cameron heaved her legs up and allowed gravity to command the ogress’s lower section to slide down Cam’s throat. When Fiona was fully ingested, Cameron huffed and wheezed for a bit before feeling a deep gurgle emanating from her belly. Said gurgle grew in power, shaking her flabby frame like gelatin, and then it traveled up her esophagus. She could tell what this meant by greatly underestimated the ferocity of her eruption.

“***BWWWWWWWWWRRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOP!!!!!!***”

Cameron's eructation was of such unGodly magnitude that it transcended any and all laws of reality, so powerful that it formed cracks and rips in the entire dreamscape. Soon after, the blonde's fantasy was literally shattered, leaving only herself floating in a void of nothingness.

Cameron's eyes opened, and she was in her chair.

However, her body was different from when she first went to sleep.

"What the fuck happened to me?!" She screamed, gawking at her new physique. Then, the memories of her dream flooded into her mind, replacing her rage with confusion. "Wait a minute. If that wasn't real, then how did I turn up like this?" She got out of the chair and lifted it over her head with ease, proving that her strength was no illusion. "Maybe she was right about me needing to eat her to become a bigger slob," Cameron concluded, her thoughtful expression quickly morphing into a vengeful sneer. "And I know just how to test it."

The next day, Cameron rushed over to Carla's house, finding a note on the door that said 'Come in'. Marching through the entrance, her nostrils were again pervaded by the miasma of fetid odors, but now she hardly showed any reaction. The dilapidated aspects of the house no longer repulsed her, in fact they even gave her some ideas for remodeling her own home after her business here. Cam opened the back door, seeing that the picnic table was once more topped with platters and lids, doubtlessly filled with more scrumptious slugs. She found Carla, the young upstart making mud angels in her swimming pool, eyes closed to the blubbery blonde before her.

"Hey, Carla!"

The shout brought Carla out of her peaceful stupor and she gasped upon laying eyes on Cameron new form.

"Cameron, is that you?!" The brunette exclaimed. "What happened to you?!"

"I had a really good nap," Cam summarized. "And I want a rematch!"

"But I already won," Carla reminded. "Why would I do that?"

"I wasn't at my best before," Cameron elaborated. "And I know that you want to see who's the bigger slob now."

Carla mused over her options. For one, she had won her role fair and square, so she had no reason to accept the challenge aside from bragging rights. For another, those bragging rights could also be good publicity. After all, who else could truthfully claim that they had not only beaten Cameron once, but again when she had apparently undergone a metamorphosis where she became a much bigger slob? The job opportunities would be pouring after that.

"Alright, I'm in," Carla agreed. "Same rules as last time."

"Fine by me," Cameron accepted. "I won't lose again."

“Time for the gas contest. I’ll go first.” Cameron pressed her hands on her hips and sucked in a swift breath of air, compressing her tummy to push out the opening belch. “***HYUURRRP!***” As far as first burps went, it was nothing special, lasting for one-and-a-half seconds exactly and being just loud enough for Carla to hear. It carried a flat low-pitch and smelled like a burrito stuffed with garlic, beef, and onions. When it ended, Cameron motioned for her competitor to go.

“You call that a belch? This is a belch!” Carla retorted, following up by taking several sharp inhalations and putting a hand to her chest, coaxing out a burp of her own “***BRRRRhhhh-eeeeUUUUP!!!***” For the second belch of the contest, she came out swinging, the expelled gas bearing the scent of deep-fried cheeseburgers and spoiled milk. The roaring eructation scared away a group of birds resting in nearby trees with its loudness. During its three second duration, the belch scrapped the depths of pitch before elevating to a heavenly soprano, which then tumbled into a subterranean pit.

Cameron rolled her eyes at the display, an underwhelmed frown etched onto her face as she gulped down a copious amount of oxygen. Her already protruding gut pooched out even further until there was no more space to hold all of the air, and with that, Cam socked her fist into her stomach, sending a maelstrom barreling through her esophagus at full throttle.

“***BWUWWWWWWUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOAAAAAA
AAAAAAP!!!!***” Cameron’s boisterous belch possessed so much power that it made everything shake, Carla having a hard time keeping her balance as the burst of gas rung for a grand total of ten seconds. A monotonous tunneling pitch made her eructation sound like an ogre roar and its loudness drowned out the surrounding symphonies of neighborhood leaf blowers. The burp contaminated Carla’s backyard with a fog fueled by expired hotdogs wedged between molded wheat buns, a gallon of soda, and ghost peppers, potent enough to make even Carla’s eyes water.

“Fine, you have improved,” Carla conceded through fits of coughing. “But let’s see by how much.”

Cameron picked up what Carla was putting down and massaged her ass, coddling out the first fart of the contest. ***prrrRRRRrrrt!!*** This bout of flatulence began with a pitch as high as a kite, which then lost altitude and plummeted to the gravelly ground, before regaining its former soaring position. It was slightly louder and longer than her first belch, able to be clearly heard by Carla and lasting for two seconds. The smell leaking from Cam’s ass was like beans slathered in hot sauce, lubricated with anal sweat.

“Not bad, but see if you can top this!” Carla boasted, raising a leg and trumpeting forth her own ass blast. ***PLLLLLBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRT!!!!*** This fart blew with the scent of maggot-infested steak and dog food, wilting away the grass beneath her. It funneled past her intestines for four seconds, an even low pitch blowing from her booty. Some neighbors even cranked their heads to view the source of the noise, a testament to the fart’s loudness.

Cameron merely sneered and squatted down, allowing another gale of backwind to rip through her derriere. ***pbbbbbbbbbbbbbb-LLLLLLLLLLLLLL-aaaaaaaaa-RRRRRRRT!!!!!!*** To

call this howling hurricane a simple ‘fart’ would be akin to naming a tsunami a ‘splash’, Cameron’s corpulent form quaked from the pure power of her ass gas. One sniff of the foul fragrance nearly caused Carla to blow chunks, the remaining greenery in her backyard withering away in the face of Cameron’s shit-scented brown fog. It commenced as a high-flying pitch before sinking to a cavernous depth, then rising to an even greater height and finally falling to the nadir. The neighbors had to shield their ears to prevent hearing damage from the eight-second-long air biscuit, thankful when it ended at last.

“Alright, you win the first contest,” Carla admitted. “Now, onto the next one.”

Cameron and Carla went to the picnic table, taking a seat on opposite sides and removed the lids from their respective platters, confirming Cameron’s assumptions of there being mounds of slugs housed inside. Without another word, the contestants began to dig in, each taking their own approach to their consumption. Carla sought to speedily slurp up her prey, her finger moving like lightning as they picked up a slug, brought it to her mouth, and reached back for another while she swallowed her current quarry. The brunette made certain not to waste a second. Meanwhile, Cameron went for the brute force method of gulping down the gastropods. Clawing at multiple invertebrates at a time, Cameron unhinged her jaw and crammed them all into her maw, their lubricating slime making it easier to ingest them. Her cheeks looked downright comical as they inflated with every handful of slugs being stuffed past her lips. Both of them attacked their meals with no sense of hesitation or breaks, the duo holding in their gas to avoid belching and allowing the other to take the lead.

A swirl of emotions whirled through Cameron’s head. She felt proud beyond words for winning the gas contest after being so thoroughly demolished the first time. That pride was magnified now that she was able to eat scores of mollusks and be hungry for more after barely being able to polish off a single platter previously. Her training with Fiona really paying off! On the other hand, she was surprised at how Carla was still able to keep pace with her in spite of her metamorphosis. She was certain that this competition would be more one-sided, but Carla and her had devoured around the same number of slugs, with the number of unopened platters able to be counted on a single hand. This match had truly come down to the wire, and as their bellies filled up with more succulent slimeballs, the urge to expel the air imprisoned within climbed. A woman had to bow to the building pressure at some point and eventually one did.

“***GLLLLuuuuuuRRRRRP!!!!***”

A thundering eructation ejected from the pits of Carla’s gut, her lips undulating before the burp’s force. It matched the loudness of her final belch from the first gas contest and the pitch was a low coralto with a dizzying soprano peaking in the middle third of the burp. The gaseous eruption carried the stench of digesting slugs mingled with the odors of all her previous belches and farts from yesterday’s and today’s contests. Her beastly belch far lasted for three seconds, which would ordinarily be quick for her.

However, three seconds was more than enough time for Cameron to clinch victory.

As Carla blasted her belch, Cam seized the opportunity and lifted the final platter to her mouth, tilting its contents into her mouth. She thought back to Fiona's instructions for eating her and dislocated her jaw to inhuman proportions, sending the platterful of slugs plummeting into her tummy in a single gulp. By the time Carla's belch ended, Cameron showed the vacant platter to her and gave another piece of evidence as to the slugs whereabouts.

“*BLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRP!!!!*”

With one flex of her stomach muscles, Cam launched an ogre roar of a belch, blowing Carla's entire body away from the table with its power and being loud enough to echo throughout the neighborhood. For eight seconds, it exploded with a consistent abysmally deep pitch. Like Carla, Cameron's eructation also reeked of dissolving gastropods amalgamated with her prior fits of gas over the two days' contests, which given her current state, made the burp far more potent than Carla's.

The brunette just couldn't take it anymore. The scent was too much for even here desensitized nose to handle. Using her remaining strength, she bolted to the nearest trash can and void her meals over the past day into it, nearly making the container overflow. And with that, she fell unconscious.

Pleased with her work, Cameron, leaned back in her chair and patted her belly, ripping gas from both ends. “I guess this means I win the fighting contest by default.”

The next day, Carla had called Dreamworks and declined the role as per the agreement with the blonde and Cam was currently in talks with one of the agents about playing Fiona.

“Are you fucking kidding me?!” She shrieked into her phone. “You're *still* not picking me?”

“*Correct,*” The agent answered following a check up on their ears to detect hearing loss. “*You were told that you would be considered to play the role of Fiona should Carla back out, not that you would actually get it.*”

“Who did you pick this time?”

“*An actress who also played Fiona,*” The agent said. “*She voiced her in the video games and we felt that it was time that she got a job in something bigger. Her name is Holly Fields.*”

Cameron's eye twitched. “Thanks for the head's up.” She unceremoniously ended the call and went to put on some clothes, seeing as she was in the nude up until this point. *Time to pay a visit to this 'Fields' chick...*