

Sango's Sweet Potato Shochu

Meandering amongst the trees and bushes of the forest, Sango tried to remain vigilant for any sign of her target. Despite the offers of assistance from her friends, she had insisted that all she would need to take down the demon was her enormous boomerang and the skintight, black suit that clung to her body. Making sure that her dark brown hair was still secure in its ponytail, she pushed through the foliage to arrive at where the creature had last been seen.

The lone wooden shed underneath the moonlight at first didn't seem to have any signs of a demonic infestation. However, Sango's many years of slaying the monsters let her pick up the smell of something living inside the hut. Though it was hard to determine the exact type of demon that lurked inside thanks to the powerful aroma of sweet potatoes in the area, she still pushed forward. Regardless of what horrifying beast awaited her, she was determined to stop it from tormenting the farmers. Preparing herself for a fight, she reared back her leg to kick down the door and rushed inside.

Peering into the dark shed, Sango spotted something sitting on top of a crate. In spite of what the villagers had told her, the supposedly terrifying creature appeared to be no more than three feet tall. Adjusting her boomerang to allow more light to peek in through the doorway, she saw the imp-like being had a muddy, red skin tone. Splotches of yellow were seen across its skin, with a pair specifically highlighting its feminine breasts. As she locked eyes with the imp's golden eyes, she watched its pointed ears flick against its mane of waist length, red hair as it greeted her with a toothy grin.

"Well, well, what do we have here?" the demon said, wobbling back and forth atop her perch. "You're quite an interesting human. What's your name?"

“I am Sango, a demon slayer,” she answered, getting herself ready to act on a moment’s notice. “I’m here to punish you for tormenting these innocent people.”

The imp let out a playful giggle. “That’s hilarious. My name is Yaki and I’m nothing more than a sweet potato demon. I think it’s a bit overkill to try and murder me just for that.”

“Regardless,” Sango said, wielding her boomerang, “I’ve been tasked by the farmers to stop you from stealing their crops.”

Yaki shrugged. “Sorry, but it’s just what I do. If you’ve got a problem with that, then you’re welcome to try and-“

The demon managed to just barely duck down her head as Sango swung her boomerang. The follow up attack was also dodged by the imp, but at the cost of smashing open the barrel she had been sitting on. From the broken container spilled out a collection of sweet potatoes. As the vegetables rolled around the floor, they ended up tripping Sango. Falling to the ground with a thud, she tried to pick herself up only to pause as she saw that Yaki was standing over her.

“Impressive,” Yaki commented. “No one has gotten that close before.” With a wave of her hand, she created a bulbous, red bottle from thin air. “Just for that, I’m going to let you sample this concoction I’ve been working on. It should be an enlightening experience for you.”

Showing surprising strength for her small size, Yaki pushed her fingers around Sango’s cheeks to force her lips apart. Popping the cork off the bottle, the demon proceeded to pour out a bubbly, golden liquor. As the stream touched Sango’s tongue, she could sense the deep flavor of sweet potatoes that identified the drink as shochu. While the taste was good, she could also sense a demonic taint as the droplets slid down her throat.

As the last of the shochu trickled onto Sango’s tongue, she could feel a sort of numbness spreading through her body. Even after the imp released her from her hold, she merely laid there

as she tried to stop her head from spinning. Struggling to sit up, she clutched her head to try and keep herself stable. Though she did manage to get her vision back to normal, it was only to watch as Yaki knocked over another barrel to let a collection of sweet potatoes roll across the ground to join the others.

“Go on,” the imp said, kicking one of the potatoes over to Sango. “You need something to eat to accompany my delectable beverage. It’s the perfect pairing, I assure you.”

“I don’t know what you *hic* put in that drink,” Sango said, using her boomerang for balance as she stood herself up, “but I’m not going down that easily. I’ll end this with one-“

With a twitch of Yaki’s fingers, one of the sweet potatoes flung itself through the air and stuffed itself into Sango’s mouth. Tempted by some unseen force, the demon slayer relented in biting down. Her obedience was rewarded with a delectable flavor that complimented the lingering effects of the liquor. It was also the trigger for an unnatural hunger to take over her movements.

Releasing the hold on her boomerang, Sango grabbed the sides of the sweet potato and pushed the rest of it into her mouth. No sooner did she finish her last bite did Yaki graciously hover another potato in front of her face. Driven by the intense hunger pangs afflicting her stomach, Sango eagerly grabbed at the next serving to continue her feast.

Through the use of her own hunger and the imp’s assistance, Sango began to eat her way through the vegetables she had been hired to protect. In spite of the voice in the back of her head trying to get her to stop, she couldn’t prevent her mouth from mercilessly chewing on anything her greedy fingers to get a hold of. In a haze of her indulgent binging, she seemed to lose sight of Yaki in favor of keeping her attention on the sweet potatoes. She only truly came back to her senses once she crawled inside of the overturned barrel to find it completely empty.

Pulling herself out of the container, Sango tried to look around the shed for any sign of the demon. She paused as she felt something press against the side of the barrel. A few more shifts of her body clued her into the sudden tightness afflicting her suit. Lowering her gaze, she found the source of the issue in the slight bump currently distorting her once flat mid-section.

Only now realizing just how much she had eaten, Sango pressed a curious finger into the bulge. The soft prod made an ominous groaning noise echo through the shed. Though she tried to remain as still as possible to avoid provoking the stuffed gut any further, something came up behind her to push her towards the barrel. As her stomach pressed into the wood, the groans from inside of her body culminated into a BWOOOOORPPP parting from her lips.

“Pretty lackluster, all things considered,” Yaki commented, making a shade of red appear on the demon slayer’s cheeks. “Then again, that was one of my weaker doses. You still show a lot of promise. We’ll have to see how you react to my more powerful brews.”

“That’s UUURRP enough,” Sango said, gritting her teeth to try and fight through her humiliation. “I’m putting an end to this right *hic* now.”

Yaki, let out a chuckle. “Oh I’m just getting started.” Sauntering her way over to the entrance, she gave a wave of her hand. “Come on then. Catch me if you can,” she said before darting off into the night.

Grabbing hold of her boomerang and adjusting her suit to try to accommodate her belly’s extra heft, Sango attempted to give chase. She was prevented from going further as she stumbled trying to get out the front door. Managing to grab hold of the entryway to keep herself from falling, she tried to keep herself steady. Unfortunately, her belly didn’t agree with her plan as it continued to slosh around. Forced to let out another unruly belch to relieve some of the bubbles she had stirred up, she carefully stepped over the threshold and ran off into the forest.

Intent on catching up with the imp as fast as possible, Sango put her training to good use by bounding between the trees. The maneuver granted her astounding speed, but it had the adverse effect of further stirring up her digestion. Forced to deal with a seemingly endless outpour of burps, she used the smell of liquor clinging to each expulsion as motivation. Pausing to let out a hiccup and adjust her suit around her bely bulge, she was dead set on putting an end to Yaki's mischief.

Before Sango could set off again, a familiar odor beckoned for her to follow in a certain direction. Recognizing it as more of the tainted liquor from before, her belly let out a ravenous moan to try and get her to move forward. She was reluctant to further flood her body with the tainted shochu, but she was certain that her target would be nearby. Taking caution not to fall into any traps, she carefully slipped her way through the bushes.

The source of the aroma became clear to Sango as she spotted a single barrel placed in the center of the moonlit clearing. Atop the container was yet another bottle of the imp's liquor, but no sign of Yaki herself. Trying to play up the act, Sango shuffled her way over to the barrel and picked up the bottle. Popping open the cork, she slowly brought the shochu to her lips as if she was about to drink it. All the while, her eyes scanned the area for flashes of red to give away her target's position. She had little doubt that the demon would be nearby to ambush her.

So focused on looking out at the surrounding foliage, Sango didn't bother to realize just how close she was putting the liquor to her face. The bottle's proximity allowed the aroma of the shochu to drift up into her nostrils to reawaken her earlier thirst. She ended up nearly drowning herself as she began to pour the booze down her throat. Forced to drink the torrent of sweet alcohol, she peeked past the bottle to see the imp had somehow gotten right in front of her. With

a wide grin on her face, Yaki seemed content to merely stand there as the demon slayer further filled her gut with liquor.

“My, my,” Yaki commented as Sango stumbled away. “For someone who plays the part of the noble hunter, you’re quite the booze hound. It’s almost like you want me to pump you full of my delectable potato brew.”

“Shut BWOOOOOORRRRPPP up!” Sango belched out, taking a moment to wipe her lips clean and toss the emptied bottle into the forest. “I’m putting an *hic* end to this.”

Yaki let out a chuckle. “Well go ahead then. Swing away. I’m right here.”

Even though Sango was aware that the demon was goading her, the effects of the shochu were already impeding her judgement. Rearing back her boomerang, she swung it like a basic club to try and swat the imp. Leaping backwards at the last moment, Yaki got to watch as the massive weapon made short work of the barrel.

Barely able to keep her balance as she finished the swing, Sango turned back in the hopes of seeing the imp beaten and battered. Instead, what she saw was another pile of sweet potatoes scattered amongst the barrel’s splintered wood. The sight of the vegetables momentarily made the alcohol running through her veins take control. Feeling her ability to resist growing weaker, she allowed the boomerang to slip from her grasp as she darted towards the potatoes.

Getting down on her knees, Sango fell back into her earlier fervor of greedily filling her gullet. As much as her logical side tried to get her to stop, her hands kept grabbing at the potatoes with reckless abandon. Every morsel she swallowed made her gut lurch further forward within the confines of her suit. The fabric became tighter with each bite, showing off the entire surface of the spherical potbelly in the process. Even if she could acknowledge how much her swollen

gut made it look like she was pregnant, there was nothing she could do to prevent herself from eating every last delectable vegetable.

Chowing down on the final potato, Sango achieved a moment of clarity as she swallowed the lump. Grasping at her bulged out mid-section, she could feel a collection of bubbles swirling around inside. Each light poke and prod would force either a belch or hiccup to leave her lips. While it was humiliating, she had to hope that it was doing something to ease her digestion. That lasted up until she pushed in a little too hard and a squeaky fart slipped out of her rear.

Sango froze as still as a statue as the small blast of flatulence rang in her ears. Even as the awful odor drifted up to her nose, she wouldn't dare move a muscle. This left her fully open to Yaki running towards her at full speed to tackle her gut. In the wake of the resulting BRRRRRAAAAAPPPPPP rippling out of Sango's ass, the imp continued to lovingly caress her belly.

"Absolutely marvelous," Yaki commented as she massaged the globular gut. "So big and sloshy with so many fun sounds. You're just the person I've been looking for."

As the imp continued to rub the demon slayer's bloated belly, a particularly loud fart escaped the demon slayer's rear. The expulsion was just as disgusting as the last one, but something about the tone and the vibrations triggered something inside of Sango. Unintentionally, an idiotic laugh left her lips along with a drop of drool. Before she could succumb to this strange sensation, a glance at the diminutive creature currently groping her gut brought her back to her senses.

Shaking her head, Sango tried to remember her mission. With her boomerang far away and at the risk of hitting her own gut with her katana, she had to improvise. Gritting her teeth, she unsheathed the retractable blade from her wrist and swung. Although her sloppy attack

missed the imp and broke the weapon against the ground, it did manage to force the demon to back away.

“Hmm, guess you’re not fully in the mood yet,” Yaki remarked, casually strolling back into the woods. “Not a problem. Just a few more doses should put you in the right mindset. Feel free to take your time. The night is still young.”

Feeling her bloated belly lurch at even the smallest movement, Sango was forced to cradle it with one arm as she stood up. “This is *hic* humiliating,” she said, beginning to shuffle her way over to her boomerang. The moment she tried to bend down to pick it up, a boisterous fart escaping her rear tried to dissuade her. She was fully convinced to leave her trademark weapon behind as the imp’s laughter could be heard echoing far off in the distance.

“That’s UUUURRRRP fine,” Sango said, forced to turn her back on her boomerang. “I don’t need *hic* it to take down a creature like her.”

Mostly driven by rage, and partially by her belly’s desire for more shochu, Sango set off into the woods. Any attempts to find signs of the imp were put to the sideline in favor of the much more urgent problem of trying to walk in a straight line. She only managed to keep herself set on her main goal through a combination of gritting her teeth and clenching her free hand around the hilt of the katana on her waist.

Sango’s resolve started to falter the more the sounds of the forest were swallowed up by the various sloshing noises made by her gut. Moving a little too fast subjected her to another series of gas bubbles rolling up her throat to intersperse her hiccups with loud belches. Stumbling over to a tree to use a free hand to gently massage her gut, her attempt to calm it down only resulted in more gas billowing out from her backside. Yet again, she caught a giggle leaving her lips at the rude noise.

“What is *hic* wrong with me?” Sango asked, staring down at her potbelly to hear its response in the form of more, ominous groans. “Why am I UUUURRRPPP struggling against such a tiny, weak, *hic* funny, er, I mean BWOOOOORRP vile creature?”

Sango’s open questions gave way to another fart as it slipped past her butt cheeks. A moment passed where she allowed a small laugh to leave her lips only to be interrupted by another hiccup. Fearing what the vile liquid inside of her was doing to her mind, she took the release as a sign that she needed to get moving before things got any worse. Pushing off of the tree and clutching her gut, she started treading off down the path. However, she only managed to make it a few feet before she was stopped once more.

The demon slayer’s various conflicting thoughts ran up against the all too familiar aroma that drifted through the air. She saw the source in the form of yet another barrel of sweet potatoes lying on the side of the road. Atop the tempting container was yet another one of the imp’s bottles. It was an obvious trap. No doubt Yaki was hidden somewhere nearby to trick Sango into further corrupting her body.

Rather than retreat, Sango let out a huff. Somewhere in her booze-addled brain, she came up with the idea that she would beat the demon by playing along with the game. Rather than wait for the food to come to her, she was more than willing to stomp her way over to help herself. Seemingly uncaring of the way her exposed belly button jiggled with each step, she sat down in the middle of the dirt path with a BRRAAAPPPPP rippling out of her rear. She was easily able to ignore the smell and funny noise of her gassy expulsion as she focused on uncorking the bottle of liquor.

Holding the shochu over her head, Sango let the sweet liquor trickle down into her throat. The more she drank, the sloppier she became with her aim. More than a few times, the stream

missed her mouth completely to drizzle across her chest. Even if she didn't get it all down her gullet, the effects were enough to get her to move on to opening up the barrel to continue binge eating.

Messily stuffing her face, Sango still believed that she was still enacting some grand act of rebellion against her tormentor. So full of herself and booze, she didn't even hesitate to let out a roaring belch as if it were a battle cry. As fearsome as she was chewing and hiccupping through her feast, her visage faltered as more farts began to slip out of her rear. Finding simplistic joy in the way the vibrations spread through her, she purposefully pushed down on her gut to force out more gas. Cackling like an idiot as another BRRRAAAAAAPPPPP rippled out, her jovial mood lessened as she realized that she had run out of potatoes again.

“Enjoying yourself?”

The teasing question made Sango roll to the side to see Yaki standing a few feet away. The sight of the imp's smirk gave the demon slayer the strength needed to compose herself. Carefully unsheathing her katana to avoid tearing her suit any further, she began to make her way over to the demon.

“Oooh, what do you think you're going to do with that?” Yaki teased. “Cut up your little indulgences into bite sized pieces?”

“Enough of *hic* this,” Sango said, trying to wave around her sword in defiance, only to have to hold herself back at the sound of fabric beginning to tear. “You might have UUUURRRPP hindered me, but I've been through worse. Mark my *hic* words, by the end of the night your BWOOOORRRP head will be hanging from the village's-“

Sango's noble speech was completely overshadowed by the cacophonous sounds coming from her lower intestines. Even with her constant expulsions, she had failed to properly take care

of the numerous bubbles building up in her back end. Feeling the pressure become stronger with each passing second, she desperately massaged her gut in the hopes of calming it down.

Yaki let out another chuckle. “This is what a noble demon slayer is supposed to look like?”

“Shut *hic* up,” Sango shot back, too preoccupied with massaging her belly to notice that she had dropped her katana. “This is just a BWOOOORRRP set back.” Though she tried to continue, she was forced to pause to allow a bellowing UUUUUUUURRRRRPPP to roll up her throat. “There is nothing *hic* you can do to stop me from... from...”

Sango’s words trailed off as the pressure finally became too much for her. With her speech devolving into a pathetic whimper, she had no choice but to let the gas flow free. Within moments of releasing her hold, a trio of boisterous farts erupted out one after another to surround her in noxious fumes and strip her of her dignity. Trying to work through the humiliation of her sorry state, she turned back towards Yaki in preparation of an onslaught of insults.

Sango’s mouth hung open as she spotted a sweet potato dangling between the imp’s fingers. Unable to control the drool leaking from her lips, she heaved herself and her watermelon-sized gut up into a standing position. “Hold *hic* on there,” she called out, clumsily waddling her way after the imp and nearly tripping over her own katana lying in the dirt.

The former grace Sango showed running through the forest was completely absent as she drunkenly stumbled after Yaki. Every few feet, she would accidentally run into the trunk of a tree, belly first. The impact was swallowed up by her swollen gut, but at the cost of further slowing her down with a deluge of gas from both ends. Regardless, the outbursts helped to entertain her drunken self, as well as her gracious host.

“My, my, I never expected my booze to affect a human like this,” Yaki commented as she floated backwards through the forest. “This isn’t even my strongest stuff and you’re already tripping over yourself to get more. I wonder if I might have gone too hard on the added essence of gluttony.”

“What are you *hic* talking about?” Sango asked, getting barely close enough to graze her fingers against the imp.

“Whoops, can’t let the game end early,” Yaki said, dashing away to get back to a safe distance. “Especially since you haven’t eaten even half of the delicious food I have in store for you.”

“You BWOOOOOORRRRPPP have more?” Sango asked, her belly jiggling like crazy as she tried to keep up with the imp.

“Of course,” Yaki replied with a grin. “More than enough to stuff a demon slayer like yourself silly.”

The utterance of her title brought a modicum of sense back to Sango’s face. Catching herself from stumbling into another tree trunk, she centered her focus on the imp. For lack of a better way to slow down the demon, she decided to defy her tormentor by tossing a rock in her direction.

“Hey, not so rough,” Yaki reprimanded. “Bad girls don’t get tasty treats.”

“I’ve *hic* had enough of your ill-gotten BOUUURRRRPPP treats,” Sango said continuing to stomp towards the imp. “I don’t UUUUURRRRPPP care how good they taste, it’s nothing more than *hic* stolen property. The only reason they *hic* tastes good, is because of the hard work of the BWOOOOORRRPPP farmers.”

Yaki glared at the approaching demon slayer. “Excuse you, but my treats are more than just standard human fair.” Daring to fly up to Sango, she jabbed her finger into the sloshing stomach to make the slayer stop in her tracks. “You don’t find it strange that you’re still able to move even after making a complete pig of yourself? That’s because my special brew is directly changing the sweet potatoes you devour into the potent gas bubbles you keep spouting out. If it wasn’t for my craftsmanship, the only way you’d be moving around right now is by rolling along the dirt like a ball.”

“That’s not BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP true,” Sango said, her face turning redder than her ripped apart sash as Yaki continued to poke her belly. “This is *hic* all because of my training as a demon slayer. It’s those very same UUUUURRRP skills that will spell the end for-“

Sango let out a yelp as the imp rammed both of her tiny fists into her bloated belly. The impact forced a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP to echo through the woods as gas poured out of her backside. Though Sango attempted to remain in control, her resistance wavered as the imp pushed out another fart with a secondary barrage. As a third PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT rippled out of her rear, Sango found herself once more succumbing to the simplistic bliss of her inebriated state. With a dumb smile on her face, she resumed trudging after the imp.

“Yes, that’s right,” Yaki said, beckoning her plaything forward. “Keep coming. Be a good human and I’ll give you all the tasty treats needed to turn you into a bloated, gassy mess for months to come.”

Still at the whims of her booze provider and appetite, Sango blindly followed the imp through the woods. Thanks to her latest feast, it became that much more difficult for her to squeeze through the small gaps between the trees. Barely moving past the fauna led to the expected outcome of her belly constantly being shaken around. The constant giggling and

hiccups leaving her lips from the gas that billowed out helped to make her ignore the tears that formed each time her clothing got caught on branches and twigs.

The demon slayer's drunken stumbling through the woods hit a bit of a snag as she tried to run through a thicket of bushes. Pushing her way through the foliage, she spotted a streak of red ahead that made it appear as if Yaki was just a few feet away. However, she was left unable to see for herself thanks to the bush's limbs tightly gripping her sides.

With her source of drunken glee just out of reach, Sango struggled to free herself. For just a moment, her mind was able to think back to the group of friends she had left behind. At the time, she had assured them that she would easily take down the imp without much trouble. In the mist of her hazy thoughts, the idea appeared that she should have gone back to get their help. Not to ease her digestion or keep her straight, but to ensure that she could capture the imp and get all the tasty shochu she could drink.

"What's taking you so long?" Yaki asked as she floated over to Sango.

"I'm *hic* stuck," Sango replied, letting a belch fly right into the imp's face.

"That's unfortunate," Yaki replied, reveling in the lingering odor of the demon slayer's burp. "Don't worry, I'll help you out."

With a wave of her hand, Yaki summoned up another shochu bottle. Sango opened up her mouth immediately to allow the demon to pour the liquor down her throat. While the drink was enjoyable, it couldn't fully stop her stomach from growling for something more solid to fill it. Ears twitching at the sound of her victim's hunger pangs, Yaki was more than happy to oblige by momentarily stopping the flow to stuff a sweet potato into Sango's mouth.

In order to keep up with Sango's drunken desires, Yaki was forced to swap between pouring out liquor and feeding her more sweet potatoes. In turn, Sango was more than happy to

appease her captor by unleashing a torrent of gas to keep them both entertained. Before she realized what was happening, several dozen potatoes and three bottles of booze had been devoured. However, it still wasn't enough.

“BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRPP more,” Sango belched, moments after she licked up the last few drops of shochu from her lips.

“What was that?” Yaki said, holding out an ear.

“Can I *hic* have more? UUUUUURRRRP please?” Sango begged, letting drool seep out the corners of her mouth.

Yaki scratched her chin for a moment. “Hmm, I could... but it will take some time to prepare.” Grabbing Sango's bloated belly, the imp gave it a good squeeze to produce a squeaky fart. “Sit here and stew in your gas for a bit while I get everything ready.”

“BWOOOORRRRRPPP wait!” Sango shouted out as the imp floated away. “I *hic* still want more!”

Feeling like her slurred words were falling on deaf ears, Sango did everything in her power to free herself. Frantically shaking her drunken form around, she produced an onslaught of gas bubbles that ensured the bush was embedded with the smell of her farts. At the peak of her desperate shaking, she managed to force a large bubble to slide down her gut. Unwilling and unable to hold back the pressure for more than a few moments, she gave one last push to unleash the storm inside.

For a full minute, a prolonged PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT rippled out of her backside. At the very tail end of the expulsion, the seat of her pants finally gave out and ripped asunder. No longer blocked by the skintight fabric, her ass was free to spout out its noxious

fumes unhindered. The combination of the sense of relief she felt from the release mixed with the force of her flatulence finally managed to free Sango from her restraints.

Stumbling forward with the few, tattered remains of her suit clinging to her bloated form, Sango tried to remember what was going on. Her thought process was interrupted by a few follow up farts spurting out from her backside to entertain her inebriated state. While her mind couldn't recall why she had been so eager to free herself, her belly was sure to put her on the right path thanks to a series of gluttonous growls. Able to pick up a whiff of something delicious amidst the miasma created by her gas, she held aloft her barrel-like belly with both of her hands as she waddled through the forest.

Sango's drunken stampede eventually transitioned from stomping on fallen leaves to trotting through a dirt field. Off in the distance, she could see a series of lights that seemed to call out to her. Her pace increased as she managed to hear various voices that gradually grew loud enough to be noticed amidst her various expulsions. Driven by the assumption that more food and drink would be waiting for her, she continued to waddle forward in spite of what little remained of her rational mind screaming for her to stop.

The demon's slayer's clumsy stumbling brought her towards the center of town. Drawn out by Sango's sight, sounds, and smell, the denizens piled out to see what was going on. So obsessed with fulfilling her gluttony, she paid little mind to the awestruck gazes and unkind words that were passed around. All that mattered to her was keeping her eyes peeled for her next meal.

Sango's hazy vision became crystal clear the moment her nose picked up a heavenly scent from nearby. Charging like a wild hog, she ended up slamming belly first into the side of

the shed. The resulting BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP that emanated from her rear was enough to keep the villagers at a far distance to leave her undisturbed.

Reeling back from the crash landing, Sango wobbled back and forth to keep herself standing. Enduring the barrage of belches that rolled up her throat in the wake of the crash, she let her gaze linger on the small wooden building. The structure seemed oddly familiar to her alcohol-addled brain. Hidden by her inebriated state was the memory of her more put together self informing the villagers to use the shed as a way to hide their precious crops from the demon. While drunk Sango had no hope of recalling this information, she didn't need to thanks to the aroma drifting out from the structure.

Stomping her way over to the door, Sango tore it off its hinges. Driven by the stronger smell drifting into her nose, she attempted to squeeze through the tiny entryway. Though she momentarily got her gut stuck on the threshold, it was swiftly resolved with another series of frantic struggling accompanied by an onslaught of gas. Freeing herself and part of the wall in the process, she staggered forward to make a break towards the barrels of sweet potatoes.

Smashing the collection of barrels against the ground, Sango sat herself down to begin eating up the tasty morsels that fell out. In spite of her earlier binge sessions, each of the potatoes was even more delectable than the last. The only time that she stopped chewing was to either let out an earth shaking belch or laugh at the barrage of farts rippling out of her rear.

Sango was forced to slow down as she began to yearn for something to wet her parched throat. Right on cue, a bottle of her precious shochu rolled through the door to stop at her feet. Eagerly popping off the cork, she chugged down the delicious liquor in a matter of seconds. Tossing aside the emptied out bottle, she showed her appreciation through the use of a prolonged

BOOOOOOOOOUUUUURRRRRRRRRPPPPP erupting from her lips. The display was more than enough to earn her another bottle from her gracious supplier.

“So this is where they were hiding their stash,” Yaki commented, watching with a pleased smile as the demon slayer continued to eat and drink her fill. “I figured they were hiding their best stuff far away from the fields.” Noticing that her “pet” was running low on potatoes, she helped her out by toppling over another barrel. “Thank you for both being a taste tester for my brew AND giving me enough supplies to continue my work.”

“I *hic* did BWOOOOOOORRRRPPP good?” Sango asked, before sloppily pouring liquor into her mouth.

“Oh, you did excellent,” the imp replied, floating down to rub the demon slayer’s bloated stomach. “Makes me excited to try out other concoctions on-“

“H-hold it right there!”

Turning away from her precious feedee, Yaki was greeted with the sight of a group of villagers standing right outside of the shed. In their hands were a myriad of different farming implements such as rakes as scythes. The grip on their tools made it appear that they were ready to take matters into their own hands. The nervous expressions on their faces as they laid eyes on the demon said otherwise.

“Well, well, it’s about time you showed up,” Yaki teased, a single step forward enough to make the mob shudder. “Finally got tired of sending other people to take care of your problems, huh?”

“Y-you’ve tormented us enough,” the old man at the front said, his hands shaking like a leaf in the wind. “D-don’t you dare hurt that poor woman or else-”

“I’m not doing anything bad to her,” Yaki interrupted, her words lacking proof as Sango wolfed down a handful of potatoes at once. “But if you want this drunken gas bag so bad, I guess I should give her back.”

Sauntering up behind Sango, Yaki pressed herself against her back. The small bump was enough to put the drunk’s feast on hold as a hiccup parted her lips. Reaching around Sango’s waist, the imp grabbed what she could of the enormous gut. Sinking her hands into the sizable bulge, the demon proceeded to grope and squeeze the abundant flesh. As she shook around the gut, the shed filled with the sounds of both the booze sloshing around inside and an ominous rumbling noise.

“Hold it for a bit longer,” Yaki whispered, the order managing to pierce through the demon slayer’s hazy thoughts. “Be a good girl and wait until I say go.”

As if under the effects of mind control, Sango obeyed the imp’s command. With the pressure building, she had to resist every urge to let loose the storm brewing inside of her belly. Her pain was eased by the constant kneading of the tiny woman’s fingers against her gut. Just as she felt like she was about to burst, that was when Yaki mercifully gave her the order to let loose with everything she had.

Opening up her mouth and colon, Sango unleashed a bombardment of burps and farts. The various BWOOOOOOORRRRRPPPPs from her mouth and PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTs from her rear were powerful enough to be felt throughout the village. Those unfortunate enough to be standing nearby were subjected to the resulting odor that filled up the shed and spread out the door. Driven away by the rancid fumes, the mob dropped their tools and ran off with their hands tightly clamped against their faces.

“Hmm, such a ripe aroma,” Yaki hummed, taking a deep whiff of the lingering aroma.

“I *hic* did good?” Sango asked, taking a moment to wipe the drool from her face.

“Very good,” Yaki replied, tossing another bottle of shochu towards Sango. “You’ve more than earned this.”

Showing off her gratitude with an idiotic grin and squeaky fart, Sango popped open the bottle and began to drink. Guzzling down booze and scarfing down what little remained of the potatoes, she completely lost track of time. While her senses became blinded by her own, unhinged hunger, she managed to always look back to see the pleased grin of the imp watching her eat and drink to her heart’s content.

Sango was mercifully spared from the full brunt of the sunlight peeking through the window thanks to her disheveled hair blocking her view. Plagued with a splitting headache, she very slowly picked herself up off the dirt floor. Clutching her forehead, she tried to desperately recall the events from the previous night. Forced to deal with an absolutely awful hangover, at the moment all her body seemed to want was to go back to sleep.

Relief came to the demon slayer in the form of someone handing her a cup of water. Greedily downing the drink, the cool liquid managed to ease some of her pain. Brushing her lips clean, her vision began to clear just as a few droplets trickled down her chin. In an instant, her eyes shot wide open as she found herself staring down at her massive, bloated belly.

As Sango looked over the few pieces of fabric that had managed to remain stuck to her flesh over the course of the evening, the memories of her drunken binge session came back to her in full force. If she needed a further reminder, it was given in the form of a loud BRRRAAAAAAAPPPP erupting from her rear to singe her nostrils with its pungent fumes.

Reeling from the lingering odor of her gas, she didn't notice a set of small fingers reach for her gut. She only became aware of Yaki's presence once the imp pushed into her belly to force out a BWOOOOOOOORRRRRRPPP from her lips.

"Hehe, that was great," Yaki cheered, offering Sango up another glass of water. "Guess the gas grew even stronger after being given a chance to sit overnight."

Looking between the imp and the cup, Sango scratched her head in confusion. "Why are you UUUURRRRPP doing this?"

"Because it doesn't take a genius to figure out that you're not exactly in the best condition right now," the imp replied, getting Sango to accept the water after a few more nudges.

"I meant BOOOUUURRRRP why are you helping me?" Sango asked, pausing to let another fart rumble out. "Are you trying to BWOOOOOORRRRPP fatten me up to be a meal later?"

A shudder went down Yaki's spine. "Ew, no. Humans are disgusting. I have no idea why the other demons like them so much. Sweet potatoes and booze taste much better."

Sitting herself down, Yaki rested her head up against Sango's belly. "As for why I'm helping you, that's because I want to play with you again."

Sango nearly choked on her water. "UUUUUURRRRPPP what?"

"I've never had so much fun before," Yaki replied, gently rubbing her palm against Sango's gut to force out another fart. "It felt so good to watch someone enjoy my shochu. Not to mention, the way you acted as you stumbled around the forest was absolutely hilarious."

"It wasn't very UUUUURRRRPPP fun for me," Sango replied, chewing on her lips as flashes of her drunken feast flashed through her mind.

Turning herself over, Yaki rested her chin against the bloated belly, sloshing around the booze still lingering inside. “Say what you will, but liquor has the tendency to reveal what people really think. By the way you acted last night, I’d say you were long overdue for some stress relief.”

“That’s not-UGH!”

Clutching her forehead, Sango tried to ease the pain. Opening her eyes again, she was greeted by another glass of water. “This still doesn’t BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP excuse your actions,” Sango said, accepting the cup and the BRRAAAAAAAPPPP vibrating past her butt cheeks. “The villagers will be UUUUUUURRRRPPPPP looking for you.”

“And I’ll be long gone by then,” Yaki replied. “YOU should be the one worried about them. As I recall, you were responsible for eating through their crops.”

“Under your UUUUUUURRRRPPPPP influence,” Sango whispered, trying to remain calm to avoid provoking her headache. Her plan worked up until she was assaulted by a reverberating PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTT that singed her nostrils with the foul air.

“Keep telling yourself that,” Yaki said, forcing another belch from Sango’s lips with a slap to her belly. Taking a moment to enjoy the lingering odor, the imp picked herself up and strode towards the door. “I’m going to leave for a while, but I’ll be sure to see you again. I have plenty of other concoctions to try out and could always use a taste tester like yourself.”

With a grin and a wave, Yaki exited out the door and flew off towards the forest. With no hope of chasing down the demon in her condition, Sango was forced to sit and rest. Gently rubbing her gut to try and force out any lingering gas, she couldn’t help thinking about the imp’s words. Try as she might to deny the drunken mess she was, there was a part of her that found relief in getting to so freely drink and eat without a care in the world. Putting it off as just

leftover effects of her drunken binge, she took another drink of water in the hopes that she would eventually be able to work off her headache, as well as the enormous, sloshing belly sunk between her thighs.