

The Ultimate Gamer's Slob Cell

The warm weather and bright sunshine of Jabberwock Island did little to offset the grim atmosphere that had fallen upon the students of Hope's Peak academy. Under the threat of a killing game, the classmates had split up to try and find some way to escape. Forced to scour the far reaches of the island, it fell upon Chiaki to explore an area of dense trees.

Pushing her way through the underbrush, Chiaki's dark green cardigan continuously snagged on low hanging twigs, with a few slipping past to scratch up her buttoned down, white shirt. She kept her hood up to prevent the foliage from doing too much damage to her neck-length, light purple hair, although one stray branch caught on the strands that curled near her shoulders. The small gap of skin between her white skirt and black stockings came dangerously close to grazing against a sharp rock. Thankful her short and slender form let her maneuver through a small opening between the trees, she finally found a way out.

Chiaki stepped out onto a beach and locked her pink eyes on the building hoisted atop the sand. For being so remote from the rest of the island, the house looked recently built and well-maintained. Climbing up the steps to the entrance, the first things she noticed were the wooden planks boarded up across all of the windows. A thick metal door stood out from the rest of the structure that would have looked more at home on a futuristic spaceship. Seeing it as the only way to get in or out of the building, she turned the handle and carefully pushed it open.

Stepping into the dark room, Chiaki slid her hand along the wall in hopes of finding a light switch. Her mouth hung open and her eyes glittered in awe as the push of a button whirled to life various game consoles and devices that were illuminated by the light of a widescreen TV. She found herself drawn to the massive bean bag chair placed in front of the screen, its plush, purple fabric acting like a siren's call. Out of the corner of her eye she spotted an open bathroom

nestled between an impressive stash of snacks in a cabinet and a double-wide refrigerator. It was a perfect place for the Ultimate Gamer to make herself at home.

As soon as Chiaki's fingers pressed against the bean bag chair, she heard a loud THUNK as the door slammed behind her. Running up to the door, she tried to pull it open, but it wouldn't budge. Wondering if there was something in the room that could help her pry the boards off the windows, she heard a crackle of static come from the television. Turning around, she was met with the unsettling visage of Monokuma on the screen.

"Puhuhu, I can't believe you really fell for it," the monochromatic bear said. "I'm going to be honest, I didn't think anyone would just waltz in here by themselves, but I guess I overestimated you. Ah well, guess I'll have to scrap the backup plans. Shame, I really wanted to use that threshers."

"What are you going to do?" Chiaki asked. "I thought you wanted to play a game, not outright murder us."

"True, I have no plans of killing you here," he replied. "This is just a means of getting you out of the picture. Something about you just hasn't been sitting right with me. Rather than wait for you to be a thorn in my side, taking you out of the game completely is the next best thing."

"I'm going to get out of here, you'll see. The others will come looking for me."

Monokuma shook his head. "Now you say that, but there's a reason this place is so hard to get to. It'll be a while before anyone happens upon your personal prison. Besides, even if you do find a way out, I doubt you'll want to leave this house anytime soon."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Puhuhu, I'll leave that as a surprise. Have a nice stay."

Monokuma's image disappeared and was replaced with static. Left with only the glow of the television as company, Chiaki scoured the room for a means of escape. Popping open the fridge let her see she was well stocked, although she couldn't quite place the brand of the dozens of 2-liter bottles of soda. Moving her way past the collection of salty and sweet snacks that were stacked high in the cabinet, she looked behind the many shelves of games in hopes of finding a hidden escape route.

Pulling her head back after finding only a blank wall, she stopped as she saw something in her peripheral vision. Bending down in front of the shelf, she ran her finger along the spines of the games until she confirmed that she wasn't hallucinating. Pulling the case from the shelf, she examined the badger with the purple top hat on the cover with the title, "Bonanza Badger 4: Danger Inside the Cosmos" written above him. Chiaki's fingers began to tremble, often hearing of the long forgotten mascot, but never did she think she would be holding a new installment in the series within her grasp. The sheer existence of the game in front of her made her put off any escape attempts in favor of getting a chance to play it.

Popping the disc into the console, Chiaki let herself sink into the cushion of the bean bag chair with controller in hand. Her eyes lit up as the title screen came up, assuring her that it was real. Fingers trembling from excitement, she pressed the start button. Like an excited child, she sent Bonanza Badger jumping through a variety of worlds to collect star shards to help him overthrow the evil Dr. Ignatius Sore. So engrossed with getting every collectable on her way, she was caught completely off guard by the hungry growls coming from her empty stomach.

Pausing the game for the first time in hours, Chiaki ran her hand along her mid-section. Extricating herself from the comfort of her chair, she went over to the stash of snacks to find

something to munch on. Perusing the wide assortment, she settled on a bag of chips alongside a bottle of soda before returning to the comfort of her chair.

Opening the bag, she licked her lips as the smell of various spice sprung up. Digging a hand inside, she pulled out a single chip and popped it in her mouth. She reveled in the amazing taste that graced her tongue, coercing her to pull out an entire handful of chips. Several helpings left a collection of crumbs clinging to her fingers and mouth. Quickly lapping up the misplaced food, she went in for one helping after another. She only stopped her snacking once she worked through half the bag and realized her tongue was feeling parched.

Grabbing her bottle of lemon lime soda, she screwed off the top and heard the satisfying fizz of bubbles escaping. Hoisting the bottle to her mouth, she carefully tilted it back to allow a few drops of soda to slide down her throat. The crisp flavor mixed with the spice lingering on her tongue to create the perfect combination. Lifting the bottle higher allowed her to chug through most of it in a few gulps and let herself fully experience its exquisite taste.

Pulling away the bottle, she paused to take a breath. Reaching out a hand to wipe a lingering drop off the back of her sleeve, she was stopped by a wayward belch parting her lips. Still reeling from the surprisingly loud gas bubble, she almost missed the unruly groaning coming from her stomach. Poking her gut to try and deduce the source of the noise was the final push needed for a squeaky fart to escape from her rear. Wincing at the smell that surrounded her, she pulled the chip bag up to her face to wait for the foul air to dissipate. Once the atmosphere had cleared, she pulled her head out of the bag with a line of chip crumbs lining her face. Peeking at the few remaining chips and her dwindling supply of soda, she got up to grab two more bags and another bottle before returning to her chair to resume playing.

Chiaki was making record time going through the game, taking momentary breaks to stuff another handful of chips into her mouth or satiate her thirst with a swig of soda. The small pauses she had to take to deal with the odd burp or fart should have been a warning that something was wrong. However, she couldn't seem to focus on anything, but beating the game, even as her indulgence of chips and soda made its mark on her body.

As she reached the final boss, she leaned close to the screen. Concentrated on winning, she only noticed the feeling of extra padding beneath her arms once she had delivered the final blow. Letting out a small cheer to celebrate her victory came with an unruly belch that drowned out the victory music.

No longer distracted by the game, she realized her belly button was peeking out alongside a sizable potbelly. Dragging her shirt down in an attempt to cover her protruding gut resulted in her breasts snapping off several of her top buttons. As she continued to try adjusting her outfit, she became aware of a building pressure in her lower intestines. Though she tried her best to hold it in, her colon finally opened up to release a sputtering fart from between her chubby butt cheeks.

Recoiling from the smell, Chiaki bolted out of her chair in search of fresh air. She stumbled about the room, not used to moving around with the extra padding clinging to her arms and legs. Her wayward steps made her trip over an empty bottle of soda and sent her falling into the game shelf. An avalanche of game cases came falling onto her body, the added pudge from her snack session helping to cushion the blow. As the last of the games bounced off her chest and undid another button, Chiaki's eyes became transfixed on a case that had landed directly on her stomach.

Lifting up the game case, Chiaki couldn't take her eyes off the words "Full Death 3" printed across the cover. It was a legendary game that was never supposed to be released, yet had somehow found its way into her clutches. Freeing herself from the pile of fallen games, she tapped her fingers against the case in anticipation of cracking it open and getting to play what so many had longed for.

Chiaki managed to get a single step towards her chair before she was stopped by ravenous growls emanating from her stomach. Bringing her attention back to the stash of snacks, she tucked the game case beneath her arm as she gathered up her provisions. Completely unphased by her sudden weight gain and gas problem, she helped herself to whatever looked tantalizing to her tongue. Dozens of snack bags in hand alongside three bottles of soda, Chiaki placed her haul next to her chair and started playing.

Between taking shots at alien demons and searching for secrets, Chiaki would take any chance she could to further stuff herself with junk food. Her tongue never grew tired of the taste, all thanks to the variety of salty and sweet treats she was sure to rotate. Crumbs of various kinds found their way onto her fingers, momentarily getting washed away whenever she decided to suck them off of her fingers.

Each new bag of snacks opened helped to pop off another button from her shirt. A button flew off the top of her shirt and hit the screen, forcing Chiaki to pay attention to the way her chest had swelled up with fat. A weak attempt was made to fix her top, until she felt her skirt begin to rip under the duress of her widening waist. Only now noticing the way her legs were stretching out her stockings and her arm blubber was taking up more of her cardigan, she paused the game just long enough to try and fix herself.

It took a few tries, but she managed to free herself from her plush chair. Standing up she almost went crashing right back down alongside the sprinkle of crumbs that fell from her body. As she stood there, waving her arms to remain balanced, she heard a series of groans emanating from her gut. Even knowing what the noises heralded, she had little opportunity to react as the gas came bursting forth from both sides. A burp rolled out of her maw to make her re-taste her various snacks and pop the last button from her top. Shaking around her exposed, doughy belly and heavy breasts further stirred up her indigestion. What started out as a small gas leak turned into a full blow flatulence explosion as her fart worked with her shaking rear to rip apart her skirt.

As the last of her gas petered out from both ends, Chiaki was relieved to find that she had grown somewhat accustomed to the smell. She could still feel the sheer toxicity of the foul air that surrounded her, but something about it made it more comforting than repulsive. Looking at the sorry state of her outfit, she decided that it was better just to take it all off rather than try to salvage it. It's not like anyone was around to see her.

Sinking her pudgy hands into her clothes, she began to rip and tear away at anything that hadn't already been destroyed by her weight gain. Pulling off her cardigan and snapping apart her bra allowed her breasts the much needed room to sway about and show off their basketball-sized girth. Popping off the last button of her shirt freed her excess belly fat to let it hang between her thighs. Lifting up her foopah to get at her skirt, she struggled and bounced around her expanded derriere to try and remove it. With a series of strained grunts and forced out farts, she managed to tear off the rest of her skirt, leaving only a pair of panties wedged between her butt cheeks. Snapping apart the constrained undergarments, she let out a sigh of relief even as she inhaled the noxious fumes that surrounded her body.

Lazily scratching her bare ass, Chiaki looked at her pile of empty wrappers and soda bottles and decided she was due for another food run. Rather than bother having to continuously get out of her chair, she decided the best course of action was to gather up as much supplies as she could at once. It took dozens of trips, but she eventually had her chair surrounded with enough snacks and soda to keep her fed for a while. The effort left her drenched with sweat, her once well-kept hair showing the damage of her accumulated grease and lack of washing. Wiping beads of sweat from her chubby cheeks, she let her gas freely slip from her mouth and rear. The resulting smell of her exertion was truly awful, but it was all worth it.

Looking through the shelf for her next game, her heart skipped a beat as her meaty paws pulled out a case marked as “Final Quest 17”. Looking over the back of the box, the game touted a huge open world, hundreds of hours of story content, and countless replay value with new game plus options and alternate playstyles. Not wasting anytime, she placed the disk into the console and waddled her way back to her seat. Letting herself sink into the fabric of her chair, she shoveled a handful of pretzels into her mouth and started the game.

True to the box’s claims, the game was an amazing world of varying sights and activities that helped Chiaki ignore the worsening state of her comfortable cell. During various cut scenes and loading screens, she would pop open a new bag of snacks to devour in a matter of minutes. Cream-filled snack cakes, chips coming in a plethora of flavors, candies of various tastes and consistencies, and more all served as fuel for her gaming binge. Every bottle of soda was chugged in seconds, only leaving a few stray drops to fall down her chins and onto her belly. Between each gulp, she was sure to help ease her stomach with a cacophony of burps that echoed through the enclosed space. Freeing up more room with a prolonged PPHHHRRRRRRRTTT, she continued snacking as she lost herself entirely in the fantastical game world.

Aside from the occasional break to use the bathroom or shut her eyes for a short nap, Chiaki was busy experiencing everything the game had to offer. The loose crumbs that tumbled from her mouth were caught on her sagging bosom. Periodically she would have to pause the game to clean up her chest and pick off the leftovers from the beach ball-sized mammaries. The deluge of unhealthy food and lack of activity had made her once flat rear into a pillowy set of flesh orbs that were gradually outgrowing her chair. Every so often she had to further spread out her thick legs to allow her belly to sink further towards the ground. The various dips and fold of her enormous gut acted as a natural blanket to trap the warm air of her flatulence around her. Growing to a size that would have been more akin to a small rhino, Chiaki's worsening digestion did its best to keep pace.

Each breath she took seemed to be punctuated with a gnarly belch, helping her to savor the variety of snacks. The farts that burst forth from her rear unhindered acted as a personal air freshener that ensured she was always surrounded by an aura of stink. Combining the abundance of her gas output with the tropical weather outside made her body constantly slick with sweat. Rather than get up to attempt to wash herself, Chiaki was perfectly fine sitting in her chair with misplaced drops of soda dribbling down her chest as her only semblance of cleaning.

Regardless of how big or gassy she became, Chiaki didn't stop to consider what was happening to her. The fat and filth encasing her once petite form were like a comfortable veil that kept her in a docile state. It truly felt like she could spend the rest of her life in the beach house, eating whatever she wanted and playing games until the heat death of the universe.

Chiaki's marathon of gaming came to abrupt end as she heard a series of knocks coming from outside. She had heard the noise hours beforehand, but she had assumed it was from the

TV. Again the knocks came, but she was simultaneously too lazy and too entranced with stuffing her face with a bag of chocolates to answer the door.

The sound of metal slamming open nearly made Chiaki choke on her drink. Struggling to turn her thick neck towards the door, she strained her eyes to see through the natural light. Gradually getting used to the increased visibility, she saw Hajime standing at the doorway with the rest of her classmates behind him.

“Hey, BWOOOOOOORRP hey,” she said, waving a cheese dust encrusted hand towards him.

“Chiaki, are you alright?” Hajime said, unsure if he should be staring at her mound of bare flesh.

Thinking for a moment, Chiaki scrunched up her face and let a reverberating fart loose. “I’m feeling alright. Why do you ask?”

Hajime winced at the smell, the rest of the group ducking out of the doorway to avoid the encroaching cloud of foul air. “We’ve been looking for you everywhere,” he said, forcing himself to step inside. “This is where you’ve been?”

“UUURRP yeah,” Chiaki replied. Grabbing hold of her well-used bean bag chair, she heaved herself into a standing position. Straining her legs to lift her 700-pound self, she managed to waddle her way over to Hajime. Bumping her belly into him, she had to crane her neck to look down upon her comparatively tiny friend. “It wasn’t all bad though. I had plenty of games to play and Monokuma kept me well-fed.”

“Chiaki you’ve been gone for over two weeks.”

She scratched her chins, trying to recall how long she had been trapped inside the house “I didn’t notice,” she finally said, punctuating with a rancid fart.

Powering through the aura of stink that surrounded Chiaki, Hajime grabbed her hand. “Come on. Let’s get you back to the main house and get you cleaned up.” His attempt to pull her away was futile, unable to move her mountain of fat even an inch.

“I’m fine right BWOOOORRRP here,” Chiaki replied, her belch sending Hajime reeling back. “There’s still so many games I haven’t tried yet. If you want, I’ll let you play them once I’m done.”

“Chiaki wait-“

Slamming the door on Hajime, Chiaki waddled her way back to her chair. Sinking her massive rear into the cushion, she popped open a fresh bottle of soda. Spreading herself out and pushing out a fart to rid herself of the fresh air that had seeped into the room, she got herself comfortable to continue living peacefully in her sloppy, gamer paradise.