

## Futaba's Fartflation

Mementos had always been a strange and dangerous place. That was made all the more evident after the Phantom Thieves had lost their designated navigator behind a mysterious, green door marked with a black and white eye. Rushing in to try and find her, they ended up separated into different spaces as they dove in deeper. Left on their own, they had no choice but to keep pushing through the unknown passages in search of a way out.

"Futaba!" Ann called out, making clacks with her heels as she continued forward. Having pulled down her mask to get a better view, the constant sway of her head back and forth jostled her platinum blonde, twin pigtails;. "I don't know what I'm supposed to do here," she muttered, hugging the red, skin-tight suit covering her body. "She's usually the one in charge of figuring out where to go. How am I supposed to..."

Ann trailed off as she spotted something in the distance. Quickening her pace, she set her eyes on another one of the strange doors ahead of her. Even though she had been through similar passages before on her journey, she was hoping that this time it would lead either to her friends or an exit. Her high hopes were dashed as she drew closer and her nose picked up a powerful odor akin to a dumpster filled with rotting gym socks.

As Ann cautiously opened the door, she found herself in a large, dimly lit room. All around her she could see various types of snacks lined up along the wall. Gingerly stepping around ripped open packages, she made her way closer to the wall of monitors ahead of her. In the glow of the various screens, she could make out an enormous, chunky mass.

Before she could get a look at the fleshy blob, Ann heard the door behind her slam shut. The momentary distraction left her vulnerable to a pair of metallic tentacles coming from the ceiling to wrap around her arms. Hoisted up into the air, she was carried over to the figure.

Though she tried to struggle free at first, she paused once she got a good look at the person before her.

The skin-tight, green and black suit that the woman had worn into Mementos had been replaced with a set of grey sweatpants and white t-shirt covered in numerous stains. The change in clothes had come alongside the need to keep up with her bulged out, 500 pound gut and its various stomach rolls. The flabby belly acted as a shelf to catch the various crumbs that had managed to avoid getting caught in the cleavage of her engorged bosom. Shifting around her double-wide ass cheeks within the confines of her undersized desk chair, the woman pulled Ann in closer to give her a good look at her rows of chins and chubby cheeks.

“Futaba, is that you?” Ann asked.

“In the BWOOOOOOOORRPPP flesh,” Futaba belched out, shaking around her greasy, red hair and black rimmed glasses as her horrifically bad breath overwhelmed her companion.

Recovering from the unruly burp, Ann tried to get a bearing on things. “How did this happen to you? We were only separated for a few hours.”

Tilting her head, Futaba dragged a plump finger down her chins. “Feels like longer to UUUURRPPP me. Then again, time kind of faded away after I found this stash of games and snacks. It’s BOOOUUUUURRRPPP amazing.” With a grunt, Futaba heaved herself out of the ill-fitting chair “The only problem is that they didn’t provide a good place for me to sit. Well, until now.”

With a snap of Futaba’s pudgy fingers, the tentacles lowered Ann away from the unsettling grin on her friend’s face. Brought gently down to the floor, the blonde felt each and every crumb that had managed to escape her friend’s ravenous appetite. Her thoughts of spilled

soda getting caught in her hair was overwritten by impending dread as watched the obese woman hang her buttocks above her head.

“W-wait, hold on,” Ann pleaded, frantically wriggling back and forth in an effort to escape the tentacles’ clutches. “We can think of something else. There’s no way I can support you.”

“I know,” Futaba replied, grabbing the edge of her pants and dragging them down her wide hips. “That’s why I need to do some modifications BWOOOOOORRRPPPP first.”

The unruly belch was the last clear thing Ann heard before the chunky, bare ass came crashing down on her face. Her constant attempts to squirm out of the odorous prison only sunk her deeper between the butt cheeks. Enveloped by cellulite-speckled ass fat and darkness, she felt the mass on top of her start to shake. An unsettling groan echoing around the cavern of flesh was joined in by a whiff of something foul. Something powerful that she had no hope of stopping.

With a grunt, Futaba opened up her colon to unleash a powerful PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT. The strength of the fart pried apart Ann’s lips to force the horrific fumes down her throat. Choking on the rancid flavor, the blonde’s eyes began to tear up just as the expulsion petered off. She didn’t even get half a breath in before another BRRRAAAPPPP came bursting out to fill her mouth once more.

After the first dozen helpings of flatulence, Ann realized that trying to break free was only worsening her issue. Each nudge and jostle of the slobby woman served to only further stir up the horrific gas bubbles lurking inside. Sucking down one cloud of gas after another, she tried to keep herself calm and think of a way to escape.

What Ann’s panicked mindset focused on was the sweat forming along her head. Though the perspiration worsened the aroma attacking her nostrils and taste buds, it seemed like it would

make for an adequate lubricant. Trying to keep her mind steady even as more gas blasted her face, she waited for the perfect time and amount of sweat she would need to try and slip her way out. Seizing the moment, she gripped against the floor and began to slowly slide towards where she thought the exit still was.

Ann stopped dead still as she felt something was off. Daring to jostle herself up against Futaba's pudgy had the effect of the fat rubbing up against the red leather of her suit. Able to just barely squeeze a hand out from beneath the wide ass cheeks, she reached out to try and figure out what was going on. She got her answer as her fingers slid across the swollen, round orb sticking out from her mid-section.

The taut, round belly grew even larger as Futaba unleashed another tirade of gas. Ann's muffled screams as the deluge of flatulence continued to inflate her body were drowned out by one BRRAAAAAPPPP after another. With her gut growing with each helping of the rancid fumes, the expanding protrusion began to take up more and more of Ann's figure. It was only once her hourglass shape had been completely enveloped by her rounded form that she was given some release.

The stale air being replaced with the somewhat more tolerable aroma permeating through the room did little to alleviate Ann's fears. No longer blinded by Futaba's buttocks, she was able to get a full view of her distended belly. As much as she wanted to move around her inflated arms to figure out how her suit had managed to stay intact around the expanded orb, her limbs were currently busy being sunken into her form. Mind racing to come up with a way to bring herself down to size, she didn't notice the heavy strides of the person responsible for her strange state until she was hovering right above her.

“A bit on the BWOOOOORRPPP small size,” Futaba belched. “But it should do for now. Hold still.”

Climbing onto Ann’s expanded form, Futaba attempted to make herself comfortable. Each wobble of the slob’s ass cheeks pushed into the reserve of gas lurking within her former companion. When Futaba finally managed to find her perfect spot, the force of her rear being pressed down ended up with a PHHHRRRTTTTT slipping past Ann’s lips.

Comfortably seated on her “chair” Futaba shuffled over to her console and clacked away at the keyboard. While Ann couldn’t see what was on the screen thanks to the mass of gassy pudge atop her, her ears picked up familiar sounds. It only took a few moments for her to recognize the various monster cries and battle music that made up one of Futaba’s favorite games.

Realizing that she was being used as an unorthodox gaming chair did little to help Ann’s situation. Any hope of getting temporary relief for Futaba to get her snacks were foiled as the mechanical arms reappeared to get anything their master desired. Chowing down on snacks and guzzling down soda, the slobby woman held no qualms about making more room for herself by unleashing gas from both ends at a moment’s notice.

Whenever Ann forced her teary eyes to look through the fog of flatulence, she managed to see that the already obese woman was steadily fattening up. The already tight shirt and pants were being stretched to their limits thanks to the plethora of blubber continuously being layered on to their owner. The increasing mass forced the slob to stop playing every few minutes to readjust herself. Even then, she couldn’t fully prevent the sides of her butt cheeks from hanging over the sides of her living chair. With her view of the ceiling being blocked by the encroaching ass fat, Ann looked out towards the door in the hopes of trying to ignore her impending doom.

A glimmer of hope shined in Ann's eyes as she spotted the same green door from before creak open. Walking through the entryway with the black feather of her wide-brimmed hat nearly getting caught on the top, Haru scanned around the room. With her curly, light brown hair waving about with each turn of her head, she seemed to exhibit the same confusion that Ann had when she first entered. Placing a purple gloved hand up against her pink blouse, she eventually glanced towards the odd pair.

"Futaba... Ann... is that really you?" Haru asked.

"PHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT!" is all that came out of Ann's mouth as she tried to speak.

"Ugh, that smell," Haru replied, trying to wave away the reused flatulence.

"It's all part of the BWOOOORRPPP curse," Futaba claimed as she heaved herself off of Ann. "When I entered this UUUURRPPP room, this weird shadow came in and transformed me into this," she added on, pinching her fingers around her bountiful belly fat. "Ann tried to help, but then it went and turned her into this gas bag."

"That's absolutely awful," Haru said, waiting until a BRRRAAAAAAPPPPP from Futaba's backside dissipated before getting closer. "Hold on right here. I'll try to find the others so we can--"

"BOOOUUUUURRRPRPPP no!" Futaba belched out. "You'll just get lost in that maze again. I need your help now with something."

"O-okay. What do you need?" Haru asked, unable to heed the words of warning from Ann as they were farted out from her lips.

"Just get over here," Futaba said with a wave of her pudgy hand. "You'll understand soon UUUURRPPP enough."

Try as Ann might to tell Haru about the impending danger, all that came out was more regurgitated farts. The blonde could only watch as the brown haired girl forced herself through the noxious fumes to approach the console. As Haru got close to the slob's trap, she spent another moment looking over Ann's inflated form. Now up close to the expanded blonde, she managed to get a good look at the distraught look on her puffed up face. Seeing the way Ann's eyes shifted away towards something looming behind her allowed Haru to move out of the way just before Futaba could send her sprawling to the floor with a bump of her backside.

"Hold BWOOOOORPPP still," Futaba said, wiping the sweat from her brow.

"Futaba, tell me what's really going on here," Haru demanded as she pulled out her axe. "If you really are her."

"Oh it's really UUUURPP me," Futaba replied, resting against Ann's body to try and regain her stamina. "And you're being a really bad friend for abandoning me in my time of need. Guess I'll have to BWOOOOORRRPP do things the hard way."

Clapping her pudgy hands together, Futaba called forth a series of mechanical arms. As the tendrils rushed towards Haru, she managed to take them down with a few swings of her axe. More of the limbs were kept at bay thanks to her Persona coming out to cover her back. Even so, it was only a matter of time before the countless tendrils found their mark.

Haru came to a sudden halt as one of the arms managed to grab her wrist. Bringing up her axe to try and cut herself free, left her open to another one zooming in to restrain her free arm and make her drop the weapon. In the chaos of her legs being bound by the tendrils, she was forced to dismiss her Persona. No longer able to defend herself, she was carried back over to the console and held a few feet in the air.

“Ugh, just sitting on your face would be such a BWOOOOORRPP pain,” Futaba lamented as she scratched her ass. “Thankfully I have something for this.”

Grabbing the edges of her pants, Futaba completed what her thick thighs had already started. With a few grunts and errant farts leaking out, she managed to completely tear apart the fabric. Ripping off what remained of the pants, allowed the meat around her legs to jiggle uncontrollably. In addition to pushing out another fart cloud to torment Ann, the fabric’s destruction gave her ample thigh meat room to jostle around. Just as the shivers managed to cease across her ass cheeks, she grabbed hold of them and spread them apart.

Commanded by a whistle from their master, the tentacles brought forth a long, winding tube. Without a hint of hesitation, Futaba stayed in place as the hose was pushed up her anus. Voicing her approval with a belch, she swiveled around to point a finger towards the awestruck, open mouth of Haru.

Before the much smaller woman could have a chance to fight back, the tentacles shoved the other end of the tube down her throat. Ann could only watch as Futaba purposefully shook around her belly to stir up the bubbles inside. With a grunt, the slobby woman released the gas in the form of a reverberating PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTT. Though the smell was slightly hindered by the tube, it still managed to rush through the compact space. Haru revealed the exact moment that the foul gas reached its mark as her eyes grew wide and tears started to slide down her cheeks.

Futaba showed no mercy as she let out one rancid BRRRRRAAAAAAPPP after another. After just the first few pumps of farts, Haru’s body was starting to expand to contain them. The once regal looking thief’s outfit became distorted as it stretched to contain her swelling belly. Just like Ann, she began to take on a more spherical shape with each helping of Futaba’s farts.



Thanks to the more direct method of force fed flatulence, it didn't take long for her to eclipse the size of the slob's first victim.

The tentacles keeping Haru in place were forced to let go as her limbs were sucked into her globular figure. With nothing keeping her aloft, she started to fall to the ground. The drop took much longer than expected as the hot air inhabiting her bloated body inflicted her with unnatural buoyancy. The fall was a soft one thanks to the slow speed and ample padding. However, it did come with a few puffs of gas leaking out from her own backside in the process. With several more gaseous belches removing the tube from her lips.

For a few seconds, the momentary pause of the gaseous feast gave Haru a chance to get a hold of her situation. No longer bound by her captor, her eyes focused on the green door. Seizing the opportunity, she flapped around her arms in order to send herself rolling towards the exit. The hope that pushed her forward and gave Ann a chance to cling on to the idea of escaping came to a jarring halt as the brown haired girl's reward was bounding off the entryway.

"That was a BWOOOOOORRPP close one," Futaba said, commanding the tentacles to re-insert the fart feeding tube as they dragged Haru back over. "You nearly weren't big enough. I'll have to UUUURPPP fix that."

Giving her belly a good smack resulted in Futaba unleashing a minute long PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT. Haru's already large form nearly doubled in size as she was pumped up with the foul fumes. Limbs sinking deeper into her form ensured that further escape attempts would be stopped before they even began. As her head was swallowed up, her muffled cries took on a strange tone that left Ann concerned about what kind of damage was being done. When the fart finally petered off, the shadow of the inflated Haru loomed over the slobby woman and her expanded teammate.

“Don’t BWOOOORRPPP worry,” Futaba said as she loomed over Ann. “I didn’t forget about you. Can’t have uneven UUURRPP seats after all.”

With another whistle, Futaba ordered the tentacles to remove the tube from Haru’s mouth. Too busy shuddering at the loud PHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT that escaped Haru’s lips, Ann left herself vulnerable to having the nozzle shoved into her mouth. Glancing over at Futaba, she watched as another rumbling fart sent tremors through her pudgy form. Try as she might to will the foul air away, she was still forced to taste the rancid gas as it blew down into her belly.

Rapidly swelling once more, Ann braced herself for whatever torment her increased size would bring. As her hands and feet were swallowed up completely and her body made rubber noises as she continued to stretch, she felt a strange sensation go across her skin. When the feeling started to spread across her growing body more and more, she began to recognize it as a strange kind of pleasure. Everything on her logical side begged her to resist giving in to such a depraved form of desire. That lasted until she matched Haru’s size and her head became puffed up like a balloon.

Ann got an overwhelming taste of her newly sensitive body as Futaba was hoisted on top of her. Each shift of the slobby woman’s ass cheeks sent a wealth of vibrations going through her form. Her euphoria increased as she allowed some of the gas inside of her to leak out. Letting her own BRRRRAAAAAAAAPPPP echo through the room, she settled in as Haru was brought in to make up the rest of Futaba’s chair.

A moan managed to mix in with one of the farts the escaped from Anna’s swollen cheeks. Moments later, she heard the sound repeated as Haru’s head was rolled next to her. Able to see the rising desire in each other’s eyes, they began to lose the disdain they felt with the gas swirling around in their bodies. When their captor got in position and covered their inflated

forms with a rumbling PHHHHRRRRTTTTT, they answered back with their own expulsions as they reveled in their new status as Futaba's fart cushions.

Time seemed to fade away as the trio enjoyed the bizarre situation. For Futaba, that meant continuing to allow her tentacles to stuff her face with as many snacks as possible. The slob's steadily increasing weight put further strain on her living cushions with each pound she gained.

While the inflated balls of gas managed to stay in place, the encroaching fat around Futaba's bosom proved to be too much for her top. A loud ripping noise momentarily overcame the deluge of gas coming from the three women. In the wake of her interruption, her breasts came slamming down against her gut. The force pushed out a torrent of gas from her backside to envelop Ann and Haru. Sucking up the fumes with their nostrils, the inflated pair returned the favor with their own expulsions.

As ideal as the position seemed, the force of Futaba's ass bearing down on the gas bags pushed some of the flatulence out of their bodies at a slow pace. While the need for another inflation session would be in order to accommodate Futaba's over 1000 pounds of fat, she was content for the time being. Snacking on whatever food her mechanical helpers could bring her and lounging around on her living seats as she dove into her game was like paradise to her. However, the feeling that she was still missing something came moments before the door opened up once again. Thankfully for the new arrival, the sound of her entrance was covered up by the cacophony of gas.

"Who is that?" Makoto asked herself, the young woman with short, dark brown hair carefully sliding into the room. "And what are those weird orbs she's sitting on?"

Hearing the unruly noises of farts, burps, and strange moans, Makoto found it wise to keep herself hidden for the time being. Sliding along the wall and using the various piles of empty snack foods for cover, she kept her vision trained on the strange sight in the center. As she neared the other side of the room, she finally managed to see the greasy, red locks and bespectacled eyes of Futaba. Though she wanted to say something, something about the empty gaze in the hacker's eyes said that something was wrong. Unfortunately, this unsettling feeling didn't give her enough of a warning before one misstep sealed her fate.

Stumbling over an empty soda bottle, Makoto was sent sprawling out onto the floor. Though her black, leather armor had allowed her to remain inconspicuous against the wall, it stuck out like a sore thumb amongst the multitude of colors making up the variety of empty snack containers. She realized that she had been spotted when she heard the shift of Futaba's blubbery body. Looking out to see the unsettling grin on the slob's pudgy face and hearing the moans from her indisposed teammates left her open for the tentacles to snatch her up.

"Futaba, this isn't you," Makoto shouted out as she was hoisted towards the obese woman. "You need to fight whatever's controlling you."

"I don't see BWOOOOORRRPPP why," Futaba belched out. "Especially since it's been so kind to give me everything I need. Snacks, drinks, and best of UUUURRRPPP all, enough friends to keep me comfortable."

A tube wound its way back into Futaba's anus just as another slipped past Makoto's lips. Grinning at her supposed friend the entire time, the slobby woman unleashed the torrent of flatulence that never seemed to run out. Through a bombardment of rapid BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPs and PHHHHRRRRTTTTTTs Makoto was subjected to the otherworldly odor of the gas as it blew across her tongue to change her body like the rest.

The black leather of Makoto's outfit grew taut around her swelling belly. Even as the growth grew twice as large as her body, the material managed to keep up with each pump of flatulence. With her figure being distorted by her more rounded appearance, the outfit managed to stay intact. Looking towards the other inflated women, she surmised that this was all another part of the gas's effects.

Makoto's growing form was accompanied by increasing confusion as she spotted another pair of tubes descending from the ceiling. Pausing for a moment to spread out her butt cheeks, Futaba allowed the extra hoses to be shoved into her asshole with little difficulty. With the nozzles properly positioned, she ordered her obedient arms to bring the other ends into the mouths of her already subdued gas bags.

"Can't forget about my other BWOOOOOORPPP cushions," Futaba remarked. "Don't worry. You'll still get the bulk of the attention to ensure you're UUUUURRPP evened out."

True to the sloppy woman's word, she managed to send one more deluge of gas down Makoto's tube before starting with the others. Watching Ann and Haru expand even further, Makoto was terrified to hear the moan-like noises interspersed between the blasts of foul air that slipped out of their holes. So focused in on the tremors of pleasure going through the duo's expanded forms, she lost track of just how large she was getting herself.

With her head ballooning up with the rest of her car-sized body, it was only a matter of time before Makoto experienced the same sensation as the other women. Knowing the kind of fate that awaited her, she tried her hardest to suppress the urges as long as possible. She tried to focus on how disgusting her tormentor's near endless gas was. Centered herself on the problems caused by her plumped up fingers and toes getting sucked up by her rounded form. Biting down

hard on the tube and incidentally increasing the flow of farts, she did everything in her power to resist becoming a gas-obsessed orb.

“Wow, you’re pretty UUUURPP tough,” Futaba commented. “Guess you’ll need some extra help.”

Clapping her pudgy hands together, Futaba had the tentacles bring Makoto down to the ground. Climbing atop her recently expanded friend, the sloppy woman put her elephantine ass cheeks to good use wobbling them back and forth across the taut sphere. With the intense weight pressing down on Makoto, the gas contained within began to leak out with a reverberating PHHHHRRRRRTTTT. In the process of being pushed and shoved, the resolve Makoto so desperately held onto began to fade away. No longer able to take the overwhelming stimulation, the black leather-clad balloon showed her surrender with a whimpering moan.

With a smug grin on her face, Futaba rewarded her latest addition with another deluge of farts. No longer capable of holding herself back, Makoto responded with muffled, euphoric cries as she eagerly ate up the gas. Hoping that her gracious host would understand her feeling through the uproar of PHHHHRRRRRTTTTs slipping past her plumped up lips, she accepted her fate as a being noting more than a gigantic fart balloon.

As much as she enjoyed the sensation of rolling back and forth across her newest addition, Futaba knew that it would only be a matter of time before she outgrew this one as well. Under the orders of their master, the tentacles came down to gather up the three, gas-filled girls. Pushed up into a pile, the women took great joy in rubbing against each other’s taut forms amidst sharing in each other’s recycled fumes. A collection of moans erupted from the girls as Futaba was placed upon them with the help of her mechanical arms. Balanced on top of the trio with her

chunky backside, the slobby woman found extensive enjoyment in the act of feeling their tremors of pleasure cascade through her form.

“This is BWOOOOOORPPP perfect,” Futaba said, rounding out the group with a few more bombardments of stink bombs. “Now I should have everything I UUUURRPP need to take down that boss that’s been giving me so much trouble.”

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“Ugh,” Kawakami said, using one of the rags from her bag to block her nose. “Whatever I’m walking into, it’s probably far beyond my job description.”

The teacher who moonlighted as a maid had some difficulty dealing with the odor coming out from the crack in the door. She was only there, dressed in her black and white frilled uniform, in order to clean up after one of Joker’s messier friends. While she had been willing at first to assist in any way that she could, there was the feeling in the back of her mind that she should just call it a night and head home. Fixing up her black hair to make herself look at least somewhat presentable, she knocked on the door only to find it unlocked.

Stepping inside of the apartment, Kawakami immediately regretted her decision as she got a full dose of the noxious fumes inside. Still pushing herself forward, she had to be careful not to trip over the various piles of empty snack packages. Following a trail of ripped open candy wrappers brought her towards Futaba’s bedroom. The space was filled with shelves of games and a high tech computer, but those were nothing compared to the singular, green door placed in the middle of the floor.

As if drawn in by the strange, black and white eye on the strange object, Kawakami reached a hand towards the knob. Before her fingers could reach their target the door opened on

its own to reveal a chamber of empty food containers, a wall of monitors, and an even worse aroma. Despite finally listening to her rational side and turning away to run, her escape attempt was thwarted by a metal tendril sticking out to grab her by the arms and pull her inside.

Hoisted into the air, Kawakami was left stunned by the sight of the tons and tons of fat making up Futaba's body. Looking over the enormous breasts and equally behemoth buttocks, she spotted more of the discarded food packaging shoved in between her fat folds. Reaching the peak of the mass of blubber, her eyes managed to focus in on the malicious, pudgy grin of slobby woman.

"Perfect BWOOOOORPPP timing," Futaba said, waving a gigantic, fat-laden arm towards Kawakami. "I was about due for another UUUURRPPPP cushion."

Brought closer to the ground, Kawakami was able to see the collection of house-sized orbs keeping Futaba aloft. Though she couldn't make out what the multi-colored orbs were at first, she gradually managed to pick out the familiar, albeit ballooned up faces. The realization of what the spheres were made the ensuing cacophony of farts and moans from them all the more unsettling. Thankfully for her, she didn't have to linger long on the fact that the Phantom Thieves had been turned into enormous gas bags thanks to the tube that pushed passed her lips to blow a cloud of flatulence inside of her.

Having gotten quite used to the task, Futaba was able to easily swell up the maid. The initial fear and panic finished around the time that Kawakami reached half of the other spheres' size. For the rest of her expansion into a rounded orb of black and white lace, her panicked cries were replaced with her own moans mixed in with mouth farts. Shoved up against the indisposed Phantom Thieves, Kawakami reveled in the vibrations and the knowledge that she had become the latest addition to Futaba's beloved fart cushion collection.