

Danganronpa: Hello Slobby Despair

Waking up on a tropical island in the middle of nowhere was already shocking enough. This left the students of Hope's Peak Academy unprepared to witness two plushies fighting against one another. One was a pink and white rabbit named Usami, with angelic wings and a staff declaring that she was there to foster friendship amongst the group. In direct opposition was Monokuma, a black and white bear who showed off his rows of sharp teeth at the idea of plunging the students into despair. As the two beings fought against each other, the young men and women watching waited to see what their fate would be.

A few hours after the intense conflict, Chiaki left the hotel behind and made her way to the abandoned building nearby. Brushing back her locks shoulder length, light purple hair with the sleeve of her green jacket, the Ultimate Gamer scoped out the structure. Though most people felt the foreboding atmosphere coming off of the structure, the more laid back nature of Chiaki allowed her to fearlessly put her hand on the door knob.

"W-wait for me," called out a timid voice from behind.

Turning around, Chiaki took notice of the long, chopped, purple locks of the young woman. Though her bright white apron identified her as the Ultimate Nurse, she didn't seem to have the best bedside manner considering the nervous look on her face. Chewing on her lips, she raised up a bandaged hand as if to speak only to pull it back a moment later.

"Is something wrong, Mikan?" Chiaki asked.

"I-I just don't think you should go into such a dangerous place by yourself," Mikan managed to stammer out. "E-especially considering what we just went through."

"You have nothing to worry about," announced a regal voice.

Making her way over to the other women, Sonia Nevermind lived up to her title as the Ultimate Princess. Each refined step she took served to emphasize the grace of her breathtaking black skirt and blouse. With her long, golden locks trailing behind her, the large black bow fastened in her hair served as a beacon to direct the others to look at the confident expression on her face.

“If you recall what Usami told us,” Sonia began as she stepped in-between the two, “we have nothing to worry about. If Monokuma ever shows up again, she’s more than capable of beating him off.”

“W-what?” Mikan asked.

“I think you meant to say, beating him up,” Chiaki corrected.

“Oh, what did I say?” Sonia asked.

“Don’t worry about it,” Chiaki replied, gesturing back towards the abandoned building. “Let’s just focus on getting this place cleaned up for the party.”

As the entrance was unlocked, the ominous atmosphere that had been emanating from the structure was replaced by an alluring smell wafting out from inside. Taking the lead, Chiaki stepped inside to find the source. With Sonia and Mikan following close by, she was eventually drawn to the main room in the center of the building. Rather than let the anticipation hang for a moment longer, she forced open the door and was engulfed by an overwhelming waft of something delicious.

Upon seeing the feast strewn about before them, the three girls began to drool. Though no one had appeared to have entered the building, someone had taken the chance to create all of the snacks, drinks, and extravagant meals that would be needed for their party. As Chiaki and Mikan

considered who had gone through the trouble of cooking so much food, Sonia strolled forth to begin picking at a plate of finger sandwiches.

“These are delicious,” the princess commented as she picked up another of the tiny morsels. “Well come on. Try a few for yourself.”

“A-are you sure it’s okay?” Mikan asked as she shuffled forward. “W-we really shouldn’t eat things that don’t-“

Mikan’s strained speaking was given a break as Sonia shoved one of the sandwiches in her mouth. Though she was stunned at first, she only needed a few bites to understand the gift that had been provided for her. With a mouthful of food, she gave the princess a grateful nod before turning her attention towards sampling other parts of the feast.

Watching the other women help themselves to the food, Chiaki lingered on the question of who had prepared the meal. The obvious culprits were either Usami or Teruteru. However, her need to discern the truth was pushed aside once she was drawn in by the irresistible aroma of a meat on the bone sitting on the table. Seemingly pulled along by invisible puppet strings, she picked up the meal and took a hearty bite.

Just like the other women before her, Chiaki was met with a flavor that kept her logic at bay as she ate. Bite after bite, she could feel her body reveling in the hearty meal. At the very back of her mind, she could feel as if someone was whispering into her head to let go of something. Just as she felt like she was about to hit her epiphany, she was brought back to reality by a belch parting her lips.

Reeling back from her belch, Chiaki realized that she was staring down at a bone that had been completely stripped of any remnant of meat. Another UUUURRPP echoing through the room made her turn around to see the reddened face of Mikan, along with several empty plates.

While the two of them were left stunned by their sudden gluttony and gas, Sonia seemed quite proud of herself as she stepped forward and opened her mouth to let out a bassy

BWOOOOOORPPPP.

“How was that?” Sonia asked. “Did I do a proper job of showing my appreciation for the meal?”

“N-no, what you just did was a burp,” Mikan nervously answered. “I-it’s impolite, but also a n-natural part of the human body.”

“I think we ate a little too fast for our stomachs to handle,” Chiaki pointed out. “Let’s go get the others so we can finish setting up the party.”

“Absolutely,” Sonia said, making her way towards the entrance only to be stopped by Mikan grabbing her wrist.

“C-could we have a bit more food first?” the nurse asked. “I’m... still a little hungry.”

Coerced by the pleading look in Mikan’s eyes and a pair of hungry growls from their stomachs, Sonia and Chiaki obliged in giving the feast a few more taste tests. This idea lasted up until they had eaten up over half of the entire spread. Rather than present the meager amount as suitable for a party, the trio silently went about finishing every last bite. In any case, making a replacement feast would keep Teruteru busy with doing something other than being creepy.

When not participating in a variety of events under Usami’s plan to spread friendship and love, the students were free to roam across the various islands that made up the resort. One of which exemplified the most basic of pleasure of a tropical vacation. This came in the form of the expected private beach that was overlooked by a house perfect for hosting a variety of parties. At

the time, the island's various offerings were considered easily ignored distractions to Chiaki as she made her way to her true goal.

The Ultimate Gamer was forced to stop upon seeing a pair of figures in the distance. At the front of the pack was Akane, looking as fit as ever with her long, brown hair flipping in the wind. Running behind her was the imposing figure of Nekomaru, doing his best to shout out words of encouragement to keep her motivated. Their impressive sprint across the resort came to a halt once they drew near Chiaki.

“Hey, where are you heading?” Akane asked as she ran in place.

“I was meeting up with some UURPP other students to check up on a lead on how to leave the island,” Chiaki replied.

“Good luck to you then,” Nekomaru said, getting Akane running forward again with a blow of his whistle. “If that doesn't work out, feel free to join us sometime. No offense, but I think you need to be a bit more active.”

Sending the other two off with a gentle wave, Chiaki paused for a moment to stare down at the pudgy belly that had earned the less than pleasant comment. Pinching at her bulged out mid-section, her eyes traced over the extra heft around her bosom that stretched out her dress shirt. Taking a moment to adjust her skirt in the hopes of hiding her bubble butt, she proceeded towards the diner for her meet up.

The secrecy of the event was put at risk by the sight of Mikan standing near the entrance. She seemed to be frozen in fear; spending her time anxiously kneading at her chubby belly while tugging at the hem of her skirt to cover up her similarly larger backside. Jumping at the sound of Chiaki's footsteps, she put a shaky hand against her more pronounced chest in an effort to calm herself down.

“Why aren’t you inside?” Chiaki asked.

“I-I was going to go BWOOOORRP in,” Mikan belched back, her breathy carrying along some of the bacon they had devoured a few hours prior. “B-but then I thought I heard someone.”

“It’s probably just Sonia,” Chiakia said, walking up alongside Mikan.

“B-but what if it isn’t? What if it’s someone else like Hiyoko coming to insult our fat and... other issues.”

Mikan’s shaking form found some much needed stability as Chiaki grasped her hand.

“Then we’ll go in together,” Chiaki replied, waiting to see a small nod from the Ultimate Nurse before stepping inside.

Just as Chiaki had predicted, the mystery guest was none other than Sonia. Although, it was hard to confirm that with most of the princess’s face being obscured by a triple stack cheeseburger. As Sonia ate through the greasy sandwich, droplets leaked from her mouth to splatter against the tear in her dress showing off her engorged cleavage. Condiments leaking out of the back of the burger found their way onto the rounded belly jutting out several inches from her mid-section. So lost in enjoying the last few bites of her meal, she didn’t seem to notice the other girls. That was made very apparent as she finished off her feast by leaning to the side to let rip a PHHHHRRRRRTTTT from her thicker backside.

“Oh!” Sonia said upon hearing Chiaki and Mikan coughing on her fumes. “Excuse BWOOOOORRRPPP me. I didn’t know you were there.”

“I-it’s fine,” Mikan tried to speak through teary eyes. “A-a fart is a natural part of the human body that you shouldn’t feel ashamed about needing to relieve yourself of-“

Mikan winced as a squeaky PHHHRRRTTT escaped her own rear. Covering up her face, she attempted to run towards the door. Blocked off by Chiaki, she returned back to the booth with Sonia.

“Where did you get that burger?” Chiaki asked.

“It was here when I arrived,” Sonia explained. “I wish I could meet whoever made it. Both to thank them and to see if they could make you two some.”

A ding echoed through the diner to draw the women’s attention towards the counter. Waiting for them there were three burgers similar to the one the princess had just finished. The arrival of mysterious food had become a common sight to them over the course of the past week. Whoever was constantly providing them with these meals obviously had some kind of motive. However, they were unable to question the mystery chef’s intentions under the effects of the delicious aroma that drifted toward their table.

Snatching up the burgers and bringing them back to their seats, the group did their best to answer the call of their hungry bellies. In a matter of seconds, they had splattered their clothes with layers of grease and condiments just like Sonia. Feeling the fabric of their outfits strain against their expanding flesh didn’t stop them from finishing off the sandwiches. The same held true even as their bites were interspersed with burps.

As the women reached the last morsels of their meals, they all grew aware of the ominous rumbles coming from their guts. Sonia was the first to lose her internal struggle; forced to release the pressure in the form of a small BRRRAAPPP. Mikan followed suit, with her rude expulsion bringing a red tint to her food-smothered cheeks. Upon the release of a PHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT from Chiaki’s rear, they were forced to frantically squeeze their

way out of the booth and make a run for the exit to escape the noxious fumes. Their quick escape came moments before a sinister cackle emanated from behind the service counter.

Passing by the third island's hospital, motel, and movie theater, Chiaki and Mikan tried to keep pace with their fellow students. This was easier said than done thanks to both of them having to lug around over 300 pounds each. In the three weeks that it had taken for them to put on the weight, a near religious routine of binge eating and doing little exercise had made the walk into a grueling challenge. Their pace was further slowed by the desire to not destroy the clothes that Usami had recently created to try and deal with their steadily increasing weights.

A rip echoing through the air made Chiaki stop in her tracks. Carefully looking over her shoulder, she saw the small tear down the middle of her skirt that showed off her pudgy rear. A similar sound brought her attention back towards her front where her D-cup breasts were once more trying to break free of her shirt. Though she tried to cover up her cleavage window with her jacket, there was only so much the garment could do against the sheer girth of her belly.

Amidst the sounds of Chiaki's grunting and accidental farts from her struggle, she heard a much louder rip up ahead. Forcing herself to waddle forward, she spotted Mikan laying face up on the ground. The leftover effects of the Ultimate Nurse's fall could be seen in the way her belly and breasts jiggled around to widen the holes in her clothing.

"Are you UUURPP okay?" Chiaki asked as she held out a pudgy hand.

"Y-yeah," Mikan replied, eagerly accepting the assistance. "I-I just tripped over my-"

Mikan was silenced by a blubbery BRRRRRRRAAPPPP rumbling out of her chunky backside.

“S-sorry,” Mikan said, a flush of red adorning her chubby cheeks.

“It’s okay,” Chiaki replied as she helped Mikan back to her feet. “Come on. Let’s get to the BWOOOORRPP show.”

Holding onto each other for support, Mikan and Chiaki made their way over to the Titty Typhoon. Making good use of their bellies to push open the doors, they managed to enter the music venue just before the show was about to start. Though they tried to remain inconspicuous as they settled into the back of the group, their arrival didn’t go unnoticed.

“What’s a filthy pig like you doing here?” Hiyoko asked. The moment of hesitation made the pint-sized girl clad in an orange kimono shove a hand into the fattened up Mikan’s gut.

“I-I’m here to see the UUUURRPP show,” Mikan belched back, her girth doing little to prevent the much smaller woman from pushing her towards the wall.

“Can’t see how we’ll be able to focus on the performance with your filthy pig body stinking up the place,” Hiyoko said, her poking only stopping once a squeaky fart from Mikan forced her away.

“We’re free to enjoy the show like anyone else,” Chiaki stated, stepping in-between the two girls.

“Ugh, just don’t get anywhere near me,” Hiyoko huffed as she forced her way to the front of the crowd.

“All riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiight!” Ibuki cheered, getting Chiaki, Mikan, and the others to focus on her twin-spiked hair and loud attitude. “As promised, I’m here to give you a one of a kind performance. But I can’t do this all by myself. Let me bring out my co-performer, the Ultimate Princess, Sonia Nevermind!”

Ibuki's introduction was followed by something heavy and bulky charging its way onto the stage. When the spotlight finally shined down on Sonia, it seemed to be just so that everyone could see the stress her fattened form was putting on her dress. In spite of the numerous eyes staring at her exposed cleavage and the opening that showed off the fuzz surrounding her exposed belly button, she still gave a small bow. Pausing just for a moment to pull her skirt out from between her ass cheeks, she gave Ibuki the nod to proceed.

With Ibuki wailing on her guitar, everyone in the crowd waited to see what her partner would add to the song. The Ultimate Musician proceeded to dance around the pudgy princess, seemingly uncaring of the sweat stains lurking within Sonia's armpits. As the song neared its first chorus, the princess put a wide smile on her chubby face. Opening her mouth wide, Sonia proceeded to unleash a powerful BWOOOOOOOORRPPP.

In the wake of the massive belch, the rest of the students let out a cheer. As the song continued, Sonia was able to continuously add her gassy expulsions at the perfect time alongside Ibuki's guitar. While most of the group saw this as just a unique type of performance, Chiaki and Mikan took something different from the act. Seeing Sonia revel in getting to show off her fat and gas, they got a desire to share in that same feeling of liberation.

Given full reign of the amusement park, the students of Hope's Peak Academy were eager to make the most of it. A number of them were taking poses in front of the castle while Mahiru took their picture. Tanaka had led a group to the haunted house, only to be disappointed to find nothing more than Usami's quaint home. Thrill seekers such as Akane took multiple trips on the roller coaster, giving them a chance to whiz by the park's various sights. Strangely

enough, no one seemed to want to go to the funhouse due to a strange, ominous aura that emanated out from it. Even stranger was the sight coming from the park's various concession stands.

With cotton candy clutched in one hand and a large soda in the other, Chiaki kept her eyes peeled for her next target. Considering that she was lugging around over 500 pounds of fat, she had to be careful to conserve her energy in order to move her thick thighs. Each step ended up riding up more of her skirt to show off her double wide rear, with the odd fart spurting out to strain her thong-like panties. The constant jiggling of her flabby belly ensured that she was able to make room in her stomach for more food thanks to a constant stream of belches rolling up her thick throat.

Pausing to wipe droplets of soda off of her udder-like breasts, Chiaki spotted Sonia's equally large body. Just like her, the Ultimate Princess had wreaked havoc on her newly created clothes to leave multiple holes to show off her fat. More concerning was the greasy sheen that had appeared along her once silky smooth ponytail of blonde hair. Alerted by the abrupt PHHHHHRRRTTTT from Chiaki, Sonia turned around to show off her oily, pudgy face chowing down on one of the many corndogs clutched in her pudgy hands.

"Hey BWOOOOOORPPP hey," Chiaki greeted as she waddled forward.

"Oh, good to UUUUUURPPP see you," Sonia replied in-between bites. "Are you having a well time in the park?"

"I think you mean a--"

Pausing for a second to allow a BRRRAAAAPPPP from Sonia's backside to peter off, Chiaki resumed.

"-a good time. And yes, I am."

“That’s good to hear,” Sonia commented. “Have you seen Mikan? We split up after emptying out the BWOOOORRPP funnel cake stand.”

“No, but at our sizes it’s not like she could go-“

“OUT OF THE WAY YOU FILTHY PIG!”

The tiny yet terrifying voice brought Chiaki and Sonia’s attention to a stand that they had yet to visit. Waddling their way over, they spotted the expected, disheveled orange kimono of Hiyoko. The small woman was currently trying her hardest to get the attention of the much larger lady currently balancing her double-wide butt cheeks on a pair of stools.

Growing frustrated at the lack of attention her usual method of screaming out insults was getting, Hiyoko lifted up her kimono to give the blob a swift kick. As the tremors cascaded through the woman’s back flab and shook around her long, oily plum hair, she slowly began to turn herself around. Forced back by the woman’s bulged out belly, Hiyoko got a full view of the massive opening in the center of the white apron that revealed most, if not all of Mikan’s heaving chest. The size and smell that had enveloped the once shy nurse were of secondary concern to the Ultimate Dancer, who was currently more focused on the mouthful of gummies contained within Mikan’s chubby cheeks.

Swallowing her meal, Mikan looked down at Hiyoko. Though typically the sight would have turned her into a shaking mess, it wasn’t only her appearance that had changed. “What BWOOOORPP is it?”

“Stop making yourself even fatter and grosser by eating up all of my gummies,” Hiyoko demanded, her angry glare faltering under effects of the Ultimate nurse’s belch.

“Hmm,” Mikan hummed as she dragged a finger along her chins. “Maybe after I’ve eaten a few more,” she said before turning back around to open up a new bag.

“Hey! Don’t ignore me!” Hiyoko shouted as she pounded her fists against Mikan’s back blubber.

Though the tiny woman’s pummeling did no damage to the nurse, it did the trick of riling up Mikan’s digestions. Hiyoko’s pounding stopped a little too late after hearing the ominous rumbling coming from her go-to bullying victim. Without a hint of remorse, Mikan unleashed a powerful BRRRRAAAAAAPPPPP. As the pungent fart blasted a hole in the back of her pants, the full aroma of the gassy outburst was directed straight towards her tormentor. Tears streaming down her face from the smell, Hiyoko was forced to run and seek out a much needed bath to rid herself of the aroma that had been imbedded in her flesh.

“That was UUUURRPPP impressive,” Sonia commented as she and Chiaki shuffled towards their sloppy companion.

A slight blush and a smile appeared on Mikan’s cheeks. “O-oh, thank you,” she said, dragging her fingers through her unkempt locks. “I’m just doing what comes BOOOUUURRPP natural to me.” Reaching behind the booth, she grabbed a handful of candy bags and offered them to the others. “Would you like some?”

“Thank you,” Chiaki said, putting out a noxious fart cloud of her own as she heaved herself onto two of the chairs.

“Yes, this is most friendship,” Sonia commented, taking up the other position.

Too enamored with trying out the candy, Chiaki didn’t bother correcting the princess. As the trio stuffed themselves with sweets, the constant barrage of gas they created wore down at the seams of their clothing. In spite of more of their flesh peeking out, they continued to indulge in their sweet feast and the strange comfort of pressing their gassy, blobby forms against one another.

At first, Chiaki thought this feeling as merely enjoying a meal amongst her companions. As she caught more glimpses of the sweat-slicked hair sticking out from her friend's flesh, strange idea lingered in her mind. Putting it off as just an errant thought, she dismissed it with a belch before helping herself to a collection of chocolates.

For the tropical paradise that was Jabberwock Island, it was hard to maintain an upbeat attitude upon visiting the military complex. Worse than the abundance of tanks, helicopters, and other forms of ordinance was a warehouse filled to the brim with merchandise of the psychotic bear that had threatened to destroy their peace. For obvious reasons, most of the students didn't spend time on this island unless they absolutely needed to. That didn't stop a certain trio from using the place as one of the many sources to feed their addictions.

Grabbing her final bowl of ramen from the stand, Chiaki lifted it to her mouth and began to guzzle it down. Lacking both utensils and manners led to more than a few droplets sliding down her three chins to splatter against the cleavage of her H-cup breasts. It was only through the grace of the triple, extra large hospital gown that her hefty, 700 pound belly was she able to avoid the downpour. This still left a sizable puddle below to spread out and tickle the plump toes of her thick, hair-riddled legs.

Amidst reaching towards the hole in the back of her gown to reach her chunky backside, Chiaki let out a satisfied belch as she gave the meaty mounds a good scratch. The blubbery BRRRAAAPPPPPPP that spurted out wasn't an accident. Letting the fumes surround her form, she took a deep whiff to appreciate the noxious odor. Having far gone past reviling her gassy

expulsions, she had grown to appreciate them as simply a sign that she was truly enjoying her time on the islands. And she wasn't alone.

Chiaki barely managed to get her hand out of the way before someone just as large and greasy as her slammed into her backside. Even before hearing the deep whiff and belch that followed, she was already expecting the mop of unkempt, plum hair that was scrubbing against her ass fat. Having gotten her fill of her fellow slob's flatulence, Mikan lifted up her thick neck to show a pleased, almost euphoric smile on her face.

"That was BWOOOOORPP amazing," Mikan commented, graciously accepting Chiaki's outstretched, sausage-like fingers in order to stand herself back up. "That ramen came from this booth?"

"UUUURPP yeah," Chiaki replied, gesturing toward the dozens of bowls behind her. "But I think we can do better," she added as she lifted up her blubbery arm to scratch at her hairy pit. "These needed more BOOOUUURRRPPPP garlic."

"A booth I found a little while UUURPP ago had way too much," Mikan commented, sliding her hand along the surface of her own stretched out gown to demonstrate the stains left behind by her visit. "Don't get me wrong, I was able to BWOOOORPPPP finish it, but I would enjoy some variety."

"We can continue our search later," Chiaki said, leaving a powerful PHHRRRRRTTT in her wake as she waddled away from the stand. "Let's meet back up with Sonia."

"Oh, are they finished?" Mikan asked, her excitement showing in the thunderous BRRAAAPPPPP that slapped out of her thick rear.

"We'll see," Chiaki said, digging her gown out from between her fat folds before shuffling off with Mikan in tow.

Slowed down by both their weight and a consistent need to feel up each other's blubber, Mikan and Chiaki eventually made their way over to the Sea King Industries building. Stepping inside, the fat women were given some much needed relief from their perspiration as they were hit by the air conditioning. Though it didn't do much for the lingering odor, they appreciated more than dreaded smelling of sweat and gas. It was proper etiquette after all when they were meeting with the final member of their sloppy trio.

There was a gleam in Chiaki and Mikan's eyes as they beheld Sonia. The steel, couch-sized chair positioned beneath her double-wide buttocks ensured that the Ultimate Princess was kept comfortable. Fitting the regal woman, her chair was outfitted with extravagant, gold plating to contrast against the various food and sweat smudges that littered her gown. Brushing aside her oily, blonde locks, Sonia rested her hands against her protruding breasts in order to give a proper hello.

"Greetings BWOOOOOOOOOORRRRPP friends," Sonia said, looking quite pleased with herself.

"Is it finally UUUURRPPP ready?" Mikan asked.

"Should be soon," Sonia said, going against her royal lineage to scratch at the hairs peeking out from the holes around her belly button. "Let me check with my BOUUURRPPP assistant."

Clutching her thick fingers along her armrests, Sonia pushed at the reserves of gas inside of her gut. This culminated in an impressive, lingering fart that shook the building itself. As the powerful gas cloud surrounded the chair, it forced a young man with spiky, purple hair to step out from behind the chair. Emerging from the fog of farts, clad in his usual green jumpsuit, the expression on Kazuichi's face was not of disgust, but of euphoria.

“You’re just in time for the first test run,” Kazuichi proclaimed as he held out a remote control.

With the press of a button, the once stationary throne was hoisted up by wheels that emerged from the bottom. Jiggling the joystick, Kazuichi managed to drive the princes around the room. Hearing the gasps of awe from her fellow slobs, Sonia gestured for her servant to guide her over to her friends before coming to a halt.

“Don’t BWOOOOORPPP worry,” Sonia said as Kazuichi ran up to her to hand over the remote control. “He made some for you as well.”

With a wave of Sonia’s chunky arm, she gestured towards the pair of silver thrones nearby. It filled her with joy as she watched them heave their obese forms into the high-tech mobility scooters. Whatever joy she could bring forth from watching them enjoy their new toys was partially hindered by the hungry rumble she heard from her stomach.

“Kazuichi,” Sonia began, forced to pause to let a BRRRAPPP spurt out, “go get us some food. Perhaps something UUURPP sweet from the amusement park to celebrate the occasion.”

“You can count on me,” Kazuichi replied before running off at stop speed.

“How long do you think that will BOOOUUURRRP take him?” Chiaki asked.

“A while,” Sonia replied. “Even with the car he got running, it will be some time before he UUURPP returns.”

“Does that mean that we can do… those things before he BWOOOORRPP returns?” Mikan asked.

With a husky laugh, Sonia steered her chair over towards Mikan. “No need to be so nervous about it,” Sonia said as she clutched her fellow slob’s chins. “After all, it’s what we do whenever we’re not eating or sleeping.”

Watching Sonia lean in to share a burp with Mikan via a kiss, Chiaki directed her own chair forwards to get in on some pre-meal fun. With the trio reveling in their own hedonism, the outside world seemed to disappear for them. This included leaving them ignorant to the young man at the door who stared at their display of indulgence with a burning desire to save them from their own urges.

Chiaki led the group with her well-used mobility chair carrying her over 1000 pound body forward. As she sped towards the central island, the tropical wind brushed across the expanse of her exposed, sweat-slicked hair and flab. With one pudgy hand working the control on the armrest, the other was preoccupied with grazing against the follicles surrounding her deep belly button.

Extracting some crumbs from her previous meal, the slobby, Ultimate Gamer brought up to her chubby face to keep her appetite at bay. The jiggles that went through her three chins migrated their way downwards to jostle about her set of beachball-sized breasts and threaten to pop them out of the thin, green bikini that was barely obscuring her nipples. The constant motion meant that as soon as she swallowed, she was able to come up with a roaring BWOOOOOOORRRPP. Not to be outdone, the elephantine ass cheeks that were close to overflowing her couch-like chair unleashed a pungent PHHHHRRRRRTTTT. Though she was slightly disheartened that she couldn't fully enjoy her fumes as she sped by, she was content to let her fart blow back towards her friends turned very close partners.

Though Chiaki was incapable of turning her thick neck backwards, she was reminded of Mikan's presence as she heard the deep inhale. Making use of the sideview mirror installed in

her chair, she was able to gaze upon the plum, purple bikini keeping the Ultimate Nurse's equally massive bosom under control. Despite this, a powerful BOOOUUUUURRPPP erupting from Mikan's lips made the breasts jiggle against her jutting gut and tickle the wiry, plum follicles sticking out from her arm pits. In the wake of her own massive rear unleashing a powerful BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPP, Mikan let out a satisfied sigh as pushed her own chair to keep up with Chiaki.

Looking towards the other side mirror, Chiaki spotted Sonia's familiar, greasy blonde locks. The dulled, golden color of her hair matched up with the dingier nature of her once regal throne. Even with Kazuichi's constant maintenance, the vehicle struggled under the duress of her massive weight and the constant spills during her feasts. Even now, crumbs from the greasy burger she was eating bounced off against the gold-colored, stain soaked bikini adorning her tits. Though Chiaki had seen the matching undergarment be squeezed up the princess's thick thighs, it, like all of the other women's lower clothing, had been snapped apart under the duress of their gigantic gassy rears.

"Why are we BWOOOOOOOOORRRRP coming here again?" Sonia asked, using her free hand to shamelessly scratch at the bush of hair around her womanhood.

"Yeah," Mikan spoke up to try and be heard of the PHHHHRRRTTTTT that she sputtered out. "We could have just stayed back at the UUURPPP hotel to keep eating and--"

"There he BOOOUUUUURRPP is," Chiaki belched out as they neared their destination.

Standing not too far from the others was Hajim, recognizable with his spiky grey hair and green tie. Though the young man in a dress shirt was a welcome sight to Chiaki, she and the other slobs were more concerned with the mass of stone behind him. Chiseled into the structure were four heads of the psychotic bear that had attempted to disrupt their island paradise. Rolling

up close enough to see the eyesore of a landmarks' plaque reading "Monokuma Rock" the girls immediately turned to Hajime for answers.

"Hey BWOOOOOOOOOOOOORRPPP hey," Chiaki greeted with a wave of her pudgy hand. "What did you call us for?"

"I've been looking around the island for quite a while now concerning your condition," Hajime explained. "It's not natural."

"Gas and UUUUUURRPPP weight gain are perfectly natural," Mikan countered, expressing her point through the use of a rippling FRRRRPPPPP from her backside.

"Not at the rate you three have been going," Hajime replied, bring a cloth to his face to try and block out the smell. "We've only been here for two months."

"I owe it to our BOOOOOOUUUUUURRPP skills as badass slobs," Sonia declared, her strange use of words covered up by another thunderous fart from her rear.

"As the three of you got bigger, this thing started to grow as well," Hajime said as he pointed towards the structure. "No one wanted to deal with it since we assumed it was a trap left behind by that bear, but I think if we want to chang you back, it's the only way we can--"

A powerful PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTT slapping out of Chiaki managed to silence her supposed friend. Rushing towards him and engulfing him in her fumes, she came to a halt just as her belly ran into him. While he was still reeling from the slam and smell, she leaned forward in her seat to loom over him.

"I appreciate you trying to UUUUURRRRPPPP help, but we're fine with the way we are," Chiaki explained. "Now if you'll excuse us, we need to get back to the hotel. We're getting pretty BWOOOOOORRPPP hungry."

Just before Chiaki could turn away from Hajime, she and the others' attention were drawn to a powerful rumble going through the ground. When none of the girls owned up to creating the tremor, Monokuma Rock claimed responsibility as a hole opened up towards its base. From the newly made cave, a long red carpet rolled out towards them. At the very end of the fabric was an open invitation that read, "Please join us for feast and fun at Monokuma Rock!"

"Chiaki, you can't be serious," Hajime said as he watched her start to roll towards the opening.

"I don't feel like UUUURRPPP going all the way back to the hotel anyway," Chiaki explained.

"Yeah, it's your fault that we were BWOOOORPPP called out this far anyway," Mikan added as she followed the same trail.

Taking up the rear, Sonia purposefully bathed Hajime in a plume of flatulence. "Perhaps use this time to learn how to better UUURPPP treat royalty."

Leaving Hajime in their wake, the trio rolled off into the depths of the structure. As soon as Sonia managed to slip inside, the stone slab shut behind them to leave them in darkness. Moments later, a bright light turned on in the ceiling to show off what appeared to be a courtroom. While it was impressive, what really stood out to the trio was the large amount of mattresses in the center that were surrounded by a feast large enough to feed even their ravenous appetites.

Without a word of discussion, the women abandoned their chairs as they waddled towards the spread. Being the first one to reach the feast, Chiaki started things off by leaving the more extravagant meals aside in favor of popping open a bag of chips and enjoying their cheesy goodness. Mikan came next, her indulgence of choice being one of the many bowls of ramen

making up the spread. Giving her overburdened throne a much needed rest, Sonia joined the other slob by unwrapping the foil from a burger and gobbling it up in just a few bites.

The enormous amount of food going down the girls' gullets made short work of their strained bikinis. The popping of the fabric brought a momentary pause to the feast, but it didn't take long for them to brush away the scraps of fabric before resuming their gluttonous indulgence. With nothing keeping them held back, the slob's meaty mammaries were free to slap against their bellies at the slightest motion. The constant pounding provided more than enough of a catalyst for their gas surplus. Though they managed to work through the outpour of burps and farts as usual, the closed space of the room meant that their usual interruption came much quicker than usual.

In-between sucking her fingers clean of crumbs and figuring out what to eat next, Chiaki was stopped by an all too familiar pair of cheeks sliding their way into her butt crack. Without a moment of hesitation, she unleashed a powerful FRRRRRAAAAAAPPPP. In the wake of the prolonged fart, she heard Mikan let out a satisfied sigh between eagerly sniffing up the foul fumes.

As Chiaki continued to feed Mikan a stream of flatulence, she felt a few bubbles rise up her throat. Just before she could let her belch burst out, it was partially stifled as Sonia lunged forward to lock their lips together. Letting the BWOOOOOOORRPPP roll into her, the princess returned the favor with an even more powerful UUUUUURRRPPP. Their bodies rippling from the exchange of belches, they abandoned their food for a moment to fully give themselves to their other urges.

Parting from Chiaki, Sonia took a seat on top of Mikan's face. Feeding the nurse more rancid farts, the princess raised up her arms to fully unveil her sweaty pits. Diving beneath the

blubbery arms, Chiaki tried to soak up every molecule of sweat she could. Pulling away and dragging her face down the trail of follicles along Sonia's belly, she got herself ready to make the final plunge towards the bushel of pubic hair.

The trio's indulgence of stink was interrupted by a loud, creaking noise echoing through the room. With Sonia shifting aside to give Mikan a better look, the three women watched as one of the walls lifted up to unveil a long, dark corridor. From within the new opening, a stench stronger than even their own came forth to herald the arrival of a familiar looking bear.

"Puhuhuhu," Monokuma giggled as he put a claw to his face. "You three really let yourselves go. Then again, I guess you can thank my little food additives for molding you into the blobs you are now."

"You're responsible for our BOOOOUUUUURPPPP changes?" Chiaki asked.

"As much as I would like to take all of the credit, I couldn't BEAR to let the true mastermind behind your makeover go uncredited." He paused as a series of heavy stomps approached from the corridor. "Ah, there she is now. May I please introduce to you, the Ultimate Despair, Junko Enoshima!"

Scrambling out of the way to avoid getting crushed by the massive, blubbery legs, Monokuma gestured towards the enormous woman waddling her way into the room. She was easily twice the height of the other women, without even considering her twin, frayed pigtails of strawberry blonde hair. The sheer girth of her over a ton of fat was shown off in her enormous belly covered in thick follicles of body hair. Coming to a halt before the other women, she rested a pudgy hand against her set of couch-sized breasts. Spreading her stance as much as her thick thighs would allow, she made the most out of her behemoth backside as she spurted out an impressive FRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP.

“Are you BWOOOOOOORPPP impressed?” Junko asked as she watched the other women eagerly suck up her fumes. “You can be just as big, UUUURPP gassy, and carefree as me if you’d like.”

“What’s the BOOOUUUURRRRPPP catch?” Chiaki asked.

A wide smile appeared on Junko’s chubby face to coincide with another PPHHHHHRRRRTTTTT rumbling out. “Just follow my every BOOOOUUUURRRPPP command to slip into new depths of sloppy UUUURPP despair.”

“I-I’m BWOOOORRPPP in!” Mikan shouted out.

“Me too,” Sonia added, her own blubbery BRRRRAAAAAAPPPP looking pathetic in the wake of Junko’s earlier release.

Scratching at her chins, Chiaki considered the offer for a moment. Waddling her way towards the giant woman, she glanced over at the trays they had licked clean of food. Another barrage of her own and the others gas filled her senses with a plethora of horrendous odors. Eager to get more rancid aromas in her and show off her devotion, she freely pressed her face into Junko’s gut as a way to say hello to her life of sloppy despair.