

## Nagatoro's Slobby Tease

Peeking his head of scruffy, brown hair into the art room, Naoto surveyed the area with his bespectacled eyes. Not seeing any sign of a certain girl, he slipped inside and closed the door behind him. Sneaking over to the corner of the room, he sat down at a desk and opened up his bag. Constantly shifting his vision over to the door just in case, he slowly pulled out the collection of books he had just been given.

Naoto's elation at getting to read the manga his friend had lent to him was soured as he realized what he was holding. Clutched in his fingers was a doujin with the title "Plump Princess Parade." True to the name, on the cover was the image of the titular character wearing a skimpy, red bikini fitting for the heroine of an ecchi story. However, she stood apart by being over 300 pounds with a sizable set of breasts, a flabby belly, and a rear wide enough to completely smother a person's face.

Driven by curiosity, Naoto opened up the book and started to read. Just like he expected, the story was centered around putting the heroine in different scenarios to best show off her body. Each swing of her sword or thrust of her shield came with extra details to the way her body jiggled. Multiple panels were devoted to showing her eating enormous amounts of food to fuel her large belly. Entranced by the bizarrely intricate details, he failed to recognize the sound of someone entering the room.

Just as Naoto was reaching the scene where the heroine's armor began to fall apart, that was when a set of tanned fingers with red-painted nails slipped in to take the doujin from his hands. He couldn't help letting out a gasp of terror as he spotted a familiar girl with silver clips in her long, black hair. Swishing about her blue skirt as she held the book close to her small

chest, the girl peeked over the edge of the incriminating object to give Naoto a mischievous, cat-like grin.

“Senpaiiiiiiii,” she began, flipping open the pages to show off the chubby heroine in all of her pudgy glory, “is this what you’re into? Women large enough to take up two chairs with their fat butt?”

“I-it’s not mine,” Naoto replied, his shaky lie made even worse by the sweat beading down his forehead. “I was... holding it for a friend.”

Nagatoro let out a teasing chuckle. Stepping up closer, she pointed towards an illustration of the heroine’s doughy gut. “Don’t try to hide it. I bet you want nothing more than to nuzzle your face into this land whale’s belly folds.” A shift of her finger forced Naoto’s gaze over to a picture of the Plump Princess’s backside. “Or maybe you want to have your head stuck between these fat ass cheeks? Man, you really are a creep.”

Any attempts for Naoto to further explain himself was undone by the bright red sheen on his face. His flustered expression seemed to properly entertain Nagatoro enough to close the book and hold it out to him. As she waited for him to regain the courage to take it back, her own gaze drifted down to the cover. For just a moment, he saw her prideful look falter as she lingered on the image of the Plump Princess’s impressive chest. This lasted until she tossed the doujin right at his face.

“You really should learn to control yourself, senpai,” Nagatoro teased, unwilling to face him while she said it. “Otherwise the whole school will know you’re a massive pervert. Have fun chasing your chubby princess,” she said, before making her way out of the room.

Left alone once more, Naoto took a deep breath to try and calm his nerves. Finally able to move again, he bent down to pick up the doujin from the floor. As he placed the incriminating

book back into his bag, his mind went wild with the fear of what Nagatoro would do with this knowledge. Trying to mentally prepare himself for what was to come, he put his mind at ease by picking up a pencil and spending the next few hours practicing still life drawings.

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Putting the finishing touches on the drawing of a basket of fruit, Naoto finally took a well needed breath of relaxation. He could hear students outside of the building either on their way home or taking part in extracurricular activities. While he still had time, he intended to make the most of his opportunity to destress with practicing his art. Especially since this was the first time he was able to get rid of the paranoia that had been plaguing him ever since Nagatoro had discovered him with the Plump Princess Parade doujin.

Following that day, Nagatoro had been strangely absent from their usual meetings in the art room. Naoto was slightly concerned that the incident might have been the breaking point to push her away and stop her from teasing him. The bittersweet taste on his tongue from this realization was swallowed up as he got up to find a new canvas to start another drawing.

Moments before Naoto could put pencil to paper, the door slammed open. Knowing by heart who it was, he turned his head to see the expected grin of Nagatoro. What he didn't predict was the sizable potbelly currently pushing out the lower part of her dress shirt and the bag of chips clutched in her hand. As she stepped forward, he swore he could see parts of her gut peeking out in-between the buttons. Unfortunately for him, his wayward gaze did not go unnoticed.

“I knew it, senpai,” Nagatoro said, grabbing her belly and giving it a shake. Letting go of her extra fat, she took a handful of chips and shoved them into her mouth. “This really drives you crazy, doesn’t it?” she asked, the words barely audible through her mouthful of food.

“H-how did you even get like that?” he asked, trying to stop himself from staring at the belly bulge, but always drifting back to it.

“I ate a crazy amount of snacks before coming here,” she said, wiping a stray crumb from her chest. “There were so many snacks to choose from that I just couldn’t pick one.” Holding the bag up to her face, she dumped out the remaining contents into her mouth. Crumpling up the empty bag, she tossed it at Natoto’s head before sliding her palm across her mid-section. “If I take another bite, I think I might explode.”

“That would be pretty bad,” Naoto said, trying to subtly escape as she got closer to him. “Do you need to sit down? I can go grab you some water or-“

“I’m doing just fine,” she replied, taking a step forward to ensnare him between her arms. “You on the other hand look like there’s something bugging you. Maybe your little senpai is getting a little excited at seeing a girl with a pudgy tummy?”

“N-no, that’s not it at all,” he replied, trying to ease himself down by fixing his glasses. “I’m just worried that you’ll-“

Naoto let out a gasp as Nagatoro shoved her belly up against him. The ball of taut flesh practically rolled across him as she shuffled back and forth. Any attempts for him to run off were deemed useless as she locked eyes with him.

“Come on senpai, don’t you want to touch it?” she asked as she bounced her gut against his groin. “You like girls with a bit of extra meat, right?”

“I-I told you, that manga wasn’t mine,” he insisted, his flustered expression only succeeding in pushing her further.

“Really get in there,” Nagatoro said, continuing to assault him with soft belly bumps. “Don’t you want to show your beloved princess how much you love her big, fat BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRPPPP!”

Reeling back from the belch blown into his face, Naoto tried to reorient himself. Not helping matters was the lingering aroma of the various different junk foods Nagatoro had been feasting on beforehand. Looking back down at her, he saw her formerly smug grin replaced with an expression of pure shock. Before he could linger on the look for too long, he was released from her grasp with a rough shove. Falling against the wall, he turned back to see her make a mad dash out the door.

“I’ll catch you later UUUURRPPPP senpai!” she shouted out before disappearing down the hall and leaving him with a bevy of questions.

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Settling down in a booth at his favorite family restaurant, Naoto hoped to spend a peaceful afternoon doodling in his sketchbook. Over the past few weeks, he had been constantly harassed by Nagatoro and her growing belly. In the wake of her initial teasing with the bloated tummy she had moved on to tormenting him with every extra pound of fat she managed to pack on. This constant pestering appeared to all be for the sake of getting him to admit some hidden fetish he insisted he didn’t have.

Subconsciously allowing his hand to drag his pencil across the paper, Naoto let his mind begin to wander in an attempt to figure out her motives. He was used to her teasing, but there seemed to be something different in the sheer frequency that she pushed him around with her extra weight. Even the occasional burps that would follow one of her stuffing sessions would be added to her repertoire of ways to get him to react. Reminded of the awful smell of garlic noodles that had singed his nostrils during one of these visits, he had to momentarily pause to settle his stomach with a sip of soda.

When Naoto turned back to his table, he froze as he glanced at what was drawn in his sketch book. Without even thinking, he had managed to draw up a rough sketch of the Plump Princess. Though it was far from refined, it still boasted the character's rotund figure and revealing armor. The main difference was that somehow her head had been replaced with Nagatoro's long hair and smug grin. Trying to deny whatever inner desires had created the drawing, he attempted to turn away only to be met with a similar sight.

Making her way around the tables, Nagatoro tried not to bump her belly into anyone. Even after moving up a shirt size, the chubby belly could still be seen peeking in-between the buttons. Some of the fat had spread out to even out her body; granting her breasts an extra cup-size and upgrading her backside into a curvy bubble butt. He had a chance to get a closer look at her tanned, pudgy limbs as she managed to make her way over and sit across from him.

"Hey there, senpai," she said, her smile stretching across her chubby cheeks in the process. "What are you doing here?"

"J-just trying to study," he replied, quickly slipping his sketchpad into his bag. "W-what about you?"

"Oh, I'm here to meet up with--"

“Sup, paissen?” Maki said, the tall, orange haired girl pushing back her long locks to show off her smirk in the process.

“Sense is here!” Yoshi exclaimed, the energetic girl’s twin, orange pigtails bouncing with each step. “Get up, I want to sit next to Maki.”

“You head her,” Maki said, pulling Naoto out of his seat. “Besides, you’re the only one skinny enough to fit on the other side.”

Nagatoro furrowed her brow. “What do you mean by that?”

Rather than answer the question, Maki merely shoved Naoto onto Nagatoro’s seat. The impact of him pressing into her pudgy form forced her up against the adjoining wall. The sudden pressure sent a gas bubble rolling up Nagatoro’s throat. Though she tried to suppress the belch by holding her hand against her face, the small amount that managed to leak out didn’t go unnoticed by the other girls as they sat on the opposite side of the table.

“Oof, that really reeks,” Maki commented as she got a whiff of the burp. “What did you eat?”

The momentary look of embarrassment on Nagatoro’s face was replaced with a sly look as she glanced over towards Naoto. “This perv thought it be great to know what it’s like to have a girl burp all over him,” she said, giving him a bump to the back. “Maybe he’s trying to see if he can get any grosser.”

“Gross gross!” Yoshi piped up.

“Well, whatever the case, let’s get something to eat, I’m starving,” Maki said, waving over one of the servers. “Don’t worry Paissen, I’ll make sure Nagatoro has more than enough food for you.”

“Yeah, get the big belly burps!” Yoshi added.

“Heheh, yeah,” Nagatoro nervously laughed, unwilling to meet the gaze of the others.

A short while later, the servers returned with a spread consisting of one of everything on the menu. This ranged from fries to chicken tenders, to greasy burgers dripping with a variety of condiments. While Maki and Yoshi helped themselves to some of the smaller dishes, they watched to see what Nagatoro would pick. Though they didn’t say it out loud, there was the unspoken challenge of seeing just how far her appetite had developed alongside her body mass. Rather than surrender, she reached for a plate of onion rings and began to dig in.

Owing to her belly’s added size, Nagatoro managed to easily finish off several plates in quick succession. As she devoured one bite after another, Naoto couldn’t help himself from watching on in awe. Noticing the way he stared at her, she kept him at bay by constantly blowing her belches right in his face. In addition to providing her own enjoyment, the other girls seemed to get a kick out of each and every blast the chubby woman directed towards him.

Nearing the end of the feast, Nagatoro was forced to slow down in order to massage her stuffed belly. Chowing down on the last few bites of a burger, she greeted the rumbling coming from her stomach with sick glee. Recognizing what the sound meant, Naoto attempted to get out of the booth. His escape attempt was foiled as she grabbed his wrist and pulled him in.

“Come on, senpai,” Nagatoro said as she rubbed up against him. “Don’t you want to see what this big, fluffy belly can do? I got a pretty gnarly burp rising up just for-“

Nagatoro’s mood deflated to match the sound of a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPP emanating from her rear and lifting up the hem of her skirt. For a moment, the four of them merely sat in silence. As the odor began to drift its way into their nostrils, a red sheen appeared on the pudgy woman’s face.

“I need to UUUUURRRPP go!” Nagatoro shouted out, shoving Naoto aside in the process of her running towards the exit.

Feeling the lingering warmth of Nagatoro’s release and the softness of her rear against his face, Naoto watched as she bolted out the door. Unable to recall ever seeing her so humiliated, he turned his gaze towards Maki and Yoshi. Their usually gleeful attitudes shuddered under the angry glare he cast their way.

“Why did you do that to her?” he asked. “I’m sure you’ve noticed that she’s been having issues with her body lately. Not to mention her digestion issues.”

“Hey, it’s not our fault,” Yoshi said, throwing up her hands.

“Yeah, Hayacchi asked us to help her stuff herself like that,” Maki added. “She said it was all part of some master plan she had.”

“What in the world are you talking about?”

Maki shrugged. “No idea. She spends all of her time with you, so I thought you would know better than us.”

The comment made Naoto look down at his bag. Seeing his sketchbook sticking out, he was reminded of the incriminating doodle lurking inside. Sucking in his guilt mixed with Nagatoro’s lingering fumes, he placed his money for the food on the table and stomped out of the restaurant.

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Every few seconds, Naoto found himself looking over his shoulder to see if anyone had entered the art room. The club had become abnormally quiet in the wake of Nagatoro’s little incident in the restaurant. He had seen her in passing at school, but never more than a few

moments. It seemed like she was doing everything in her power to avoid him. At first, he tried to convince himself that this was all part of her little game. At any moment, he expected her to turn the tables on him just so she could savor in his humiliation. This idea became weaker as he drew upon his third week straight of her not coming in to tease him.

Putting down his pencil, Naoto pulled out his phone. Scrolling through his messages, he eventually found his last correspondence with Nagatoro. It was an image taken up entirely by the girth of the pudgy belly alongside some teasing comments. On the very edges of the screen could be see her heavy breasts and thick rear. This all came alongside a rude audio recording of one of her belches. Pressing play to hear the UUUUUURRRRPPP once more, he thought back to a short while ago when she found her developing gas problem as just another tool for playing around with him rather than something she was ashamed of.

Pressing the play button over and over again, Naoto tried to figure out the scrambled thoughts in his head. Every repeat of the guttural belch was accompanied by the lingering feeling in his body of how good it felt when she used to press up against him. Enlarging the size of Nagaotoro's belly picture, he tried to get it to reveal to him the secrets of both how to fix her issues and deal with his own inner issues.

Naoto's moment of self-reflection was halted by something out of the corner of his eyes. Peeking up towards the door, he could see the edges of a familiar belly sticking out from the hallway. Recognizing the red nails attached to the plump fingers, he considered just letting her assume that he hadn't noticed. Rather than delay the inevitable, he pressed his finger against the play button once more.

The sound of the recorded belch managed to get Nagatoro to reveal her pudgy face and three chins. She froze as she realized that Naoto was staring at her. Sheepishly shuffling into

view her attempts at controlled movement only resulted in her blubber jiggling against the restraints of her undersized clothes. Relief came in the form of the top few buttons being undone at the cost of leaving a majority of her melon-sized tits cleavage on display. More buttons were left unclasped at the bottom to allow her doughy gut to shake with each minor step. Her advancement stopped as a wayward PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT from her thick rear fluttered her skirt and showed off how her thick thighs were rubbing against one another.

“What are you doing here?” Naoto asked, trying his best to ignore the heavy aroma that drifted into his nostrils.

“I UUUUURRRPP heard something coming from this room,” Nagatoro admitted, not wanting to directly look him in the face at first. “It sounded kind of like BWOOOOORRRRPPP me. I thought it was another one of the students making fun of my... issues.” Chewing on her fat lips, she eventually built up the courage needed to look towards him. “What I find is you replaying that UUUURRPPP message over and over again. Why?”

“I’m... not exactly sure myself,” Naoto admitted. “Maybe you were right.”

“About what?”

Too far in to stop now and knowing that a lie would only make matters worse, Naoto worked up the courage to reply properly. “That I... kind of like this new you.”

A shudder going through Nagatoro’s body forced a squeaky fart to slip out from between her butt cheeks. “Senpai, are you saying you find all this fat and gas... attractive?”

“Yes,” he replied, stomping forward to both make his point and work through his lingering nerves. “I didn’t at first, but seeing you as you are now, I can’t deny it any longer.”

The silence that followed Naoto's admittance didn't help his nerves. As the seconds passed and his face grew redder, he pleaded for something to happen to end the awkward moment. He got his wish as Nagatoro waddled up to him and pressed her belly fat against him.

"Grab it," Nagatoro commanded.

Rather than question her, Naoto did as commanded and took hold of her gut. Though it was merely a soft pinch at first, the revelation that she wasn't scolding him for touching was enough to get him to continue. Getting a bit braver, he moved onto taking handfuls of her fat to feel between his fingers. Just as he was about to let this feeling overtake him, he was brought back to reality as he met Nagatoro's stern gaze.

"Well, do you BOOOUUURRRP like it?" she asked.

"Y-yeah, it's really soft," he replied.

A smile stretched across Nagatoro's face. "You would, you massive perv," she commented, doing little to stop him from groping at her belly folds. "Well come on. There's a lot more meat to get your hands on."

Rather than wait for Naoto to move on his own, Nagatoro sped up the process by grabbing hold of his wrists. Bringing his arms upwards, she managed to place his palms up against her breasts. Moving his limbs back and forth, she eventually let go once he took the reins. The soft, pillowy feeling of her bosom was somewhat undermined by the smell that attacked his senses as she let out a BWOOOOOOOORRRRRPPP directly at his face.

"How about that?" she asked with a smirk.

"I-I think it's great.

"My boobs or my burp?"

"...both."

Nagatoro's smile grew even wider as she once more guided Naoto's hands. This time, her target was to try and get him to reach around her hips. When she wasn't able to surpass the width of her waistline on her own, he managed to pick up on her desires to finish the job. Though he had to fumble with her back fat for a moment, he found what he was looking for as his hands slid up against the chunky mounds.

Chewing on his lips, Naoto proceeded to let his fingers sink into Nagatoro's ass fat. As he continued to grope the meaty cheeks, he could hear a mix of burps and small gasps leaving her body. Just as she was getting comfortable with feeling up the soft mounds, that was when his ears picked up an ominous, yet familiar rumble. He had all the time he needed to run out of the way, but he stood firm. Bracing himself for the worst, he continued to fondle her butt up until the bubbles inside of her gut reached their breaking point.

At the peak of her pressure, Nagatoro pulled Naoto into her gut to set herself off. What resulted was a minute long, prolonged BRRRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPP that sent tremors across her body and transferred into his comparatively tiny figure. Held tight by her blubbery arms and with his head pressed up against her breasts, there was little he could do as he was enveloped by flesh and fumes.

"Don't you just UUUUUUURRRPPPP love it, senpai?" Nagatoro asked, leaving him unable to respond as she hugged him tightly against her body. "You get to enjoy being with a girl as fat and BWOOOOOORRRPPPP gassy as me."

"Yeah, must be my lucky day," Naoto replied, his response drowned out by the fat pressed against his face and another fart billowing out of Nagatoro's rear.

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In the wake of Naoto's confession, Nagatoro had seemingly returned to her old self. However, she was still several hundred pounds heavier with no intentions of going back down to her original size. There was also the constant issue of her riled up digestion that would take quite a bit of time to get under control. However, what really mattered was that her routine was mostly back to normal. This included spending her time after class having some fun at her senpai's expense.

"You're not peeking, right UUUUUURRRRPPP senpai?" Nagatoro called out from behind a privacy screen.

"N-no," Naoto answered, unwilling to speak about the few times he caught a fleeting glimpse of her flesh as she was changing. "What are you putting on anyway?"

"I told you, it's a BWOOOORRRPPP surprise," she replied, her voice giving way to the distinct sound of metal being moved around.

"I don't know why you're going so far with this. Is just a portrait. Just you in your usual clothes should--"

Naoto's was interrupted by an abrupt PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT rumbling out of Nagatoro's rear. While an outside observer would assume that this was nearly a coincidence, he knew better. Going along with her raise in self-confidence came a semblance of control over her body's chaotic gas output. It had come in quite handy whenever she needed to make room in her belly for more food or to tease the one person she knew couldn't get enough of her sloppy form.

"Alright, I'm all BOOUUUUURRRP ready," Nagatoro announced. "Turn around, senpai and close your eyes."

Once more finding it easier just to go along with Nagatoro's plans, Naoto did as he was told. Hearing her telltale, heavy set stomps, he braced himself for whatever she might do.

However, no amount of preparation could help him with the tingle that spread through his body as her belly pressed into his back. The sheer amount of fat that he felt momentarily made him think that she had gone a step too far and gone completely naked. However, he was proven wrong by the feeling of something hard encasing her typically soft breasts.

Turning around to confirm his suspicions, Naoto was thrown back by a belch from Nagatoro's lips. Staggering back to recover, he eventually managed to focus on the true nature of her costume. The two piece swimsuit-like outfit made out of red metal had just enough coverage to keep her breasts and womanhood modest. The skimpy attire was complimented by a shield in one hand, a fake sword in the other, and a familiar looking, gold colored, plastic tiara placed on top of her head.

"That's what you get for UUUURRPP peeking," Nagatoro said, fluttering back her cape as she pointed her hammer at Naoto.

"Is that from Plump Princess Parade?" he asked.

"You mean that UUURPPP pervy magazine you had that started all of this?" she replied, gesturing towards her obese form and receiving a nod in response. "The very same. Figured you could practice drawing the real thing rather than having to rely on BWOOOOOORRRPPPP illustrations alone."

"I've been making do," Naoto muttered, recalling back to the day Nagatoro had discovered his online gallery of illustrations he had made to fully explore his appreciation for larger females. "Anyway, are you sure you want to do this?"

"I'm wearing the costume, aren't I?" Nagatoro replied. "Now come on. This bikini isn't very BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP comfortable, and I keep getting a wedgie."

"Right, let's get started," Naoto said as he picked up his pencil and approached his easel.

“How’s this?” Nagatoro asked, striking a pose with the shield held close to her chest and the sword held aloft.

“Hmm, I don’t think it’s quite what I’m looking for,” Naoto replied. “Maybe something a bit more dynamic with the cape. Maybe I can ask to borrow a fan from-“

“Don’t worry senpai. I’ve got this.”

Shoving the shield into her gut, Nagatoro managed to rile up the massive amount of food she had wolfed down beforehand. In response, her body unleashed a powerful fart that billowed out her cape. While it was a crude solution, it was just the thing that Naoto needed to get started.

Putting his hours of practice to good use, Naoto got started on sketching Nagatoro’s plump form. Well aware that he would be scolded for not giving his all, he tried his best to capture the details of every inch of her body. He made sure to put special attention on her face to properly capture the confident grin that he had sorely missed. The sight of the smile on her chubby cheeks was something that more than made up for the constant sessions of being bullied and gassed out by the slobby woman.