

Danganronpa: Perpetuating Slobby Harmony

Even with her pink sweater vest keeping her warm, Kaede still found it necessary to hug her arms tight around her body to stave off the chill going through her. The day had been a rough one to say the least. Being brought in front of a black and white bear accompanied with his five children, the blonde, Ultimate Pianist and the other students had been informed that they would be taking part in a special game. Though a few of the others were quick to ask if this was a kind of killing game, the bear known as Monokuma merely chuckled. Rather than explain what he meant, he merely told them to explore the school to their hearts' desires.

Kaede took the bear's cryptic message as motivation to begin looking for an escape route. Her investigation brought results in the form of subtle signs spread across campus. Considering that most of the clues were obviously made by Monokuma, she was hesitant to drag others into a potential death trap. Unsure of what she was walking into, she braced herself for the worst as she followed the directions towards an unassuming, empty hallway in the main school building.

Approaching a specific locker along the wall, the pianist dialed in the code she had deciphered from a scrap of paper. The few moments of silence that followed made her consider that she might have gotten something wrong. Her decision was proved correct as the lockers slid aside to unveil a large set of black and white double doors. Now more intrigued than ever, she let her curiosity take control as she stepped through the ominous entrance.

What awaited the blonde-haired woman wasn't a death trap or more murderous bears, Instead, she was greeted by an intoxicating aroma that made her step into the red and gold adorned room. She found the source of the alluring scent in the form of a collection of sandwiches placed along a large, round table in the center of what appeared to be a lounge.

Stepping along the black and white tiled floor, she got a closer look at the feast fit to feed the entirety of her class.

Kaede's various concerns were undermined by hungry growls emanating from her stomach. Only now realizing that she hadn't eaten anything since arriving at the academy, she wondered if she was even able to think straight without any energy. Looking over the sandwiches, she tried to rationalize to herself that the benefits outweighed the potential risks. Her decision forced her hand by the time she sat down on one of the plush, red couches to let her slim figure slip into it. Bringing a cautious hand forward, she grabbed a sandwich at random and took a bite.

The initial taste made the Ultimate Pianist's eyes go wide as her tongue was overwhelmed with a delicious taste. Uncaring of the droplets of gravy that poured down her chin in the process, she made short work of the sandwich. Soaking up the leftovers of the meal with the last few chunks of bread, she finally became aware of the unnatural hunger that had pushed her to do such a thing. It was the same feeling that got her reach out to grab another sandwich.

Kaede only stopped once she picked up an unruly gurgling noise echoing through the room. She found the source by following the leftover droplets of sauce leaking from her lips. Looking down to see how her formerly flat mid-section was now sporting a sizable potbelly. Jiggling around the bloated sphere succeeded in both making her realize how much she had eaten and getting her to re-taste the meal through a small UUUURPPP.

Getting up from her seat, Kaede looked over the six plates she had managed to empty out. Putting the platters into a neat stack, she tried her best to clean up her vest from any lingering spills. Wondering what had possessed her to stuff herself like a pig, she silently snuck her way back out of the room.

Closing up the door behind her in an effort to hide her shame, Kaede turned to walk off as if nothing had happened. She was stopped as she noticed the figure of a somewhat familiar face approaching. Though she had only met the Ultimate Detective, Shuichi briefly, his title alone was enough to make her scramble to wipe away any lingering stains on her sweater.

“You’re... Kaede, right?” Shuichi asked, fixing the hat on top his head of black hair as he spoke.

“Y-yeah, that’s me,” she replied, dropping her arms to her side and try to act as innocently as possible. “What brings you here?”

“Same as you, searching for clues. Unfortunately, I haven’t... hold on, you’ve got a little something here.”

Seeing the way Shuichi poked his finger on the chest of his black uniform made Kaede look towards the stain along her bosom. Though she could cover up the smudge with her hand, the sudden movement disturbed her overstuffed belly. On top of letting the bulge peek out from the sweater, the sudden jolt forced an unflattering PHHHHRRRRRTTTT to slip out of her backside.

“Sorry!” Kaede called out as she quickly ran off from Shuichi.

Not stopping until she was far away from the leftover embarrassment and smell of her embarrassing display, Kaede hazarded to turn her head around the corner. Though Shuichi was disgusted by the gas, it served as a proper excuse for why she had taken off in a hurry. As degrading as it was that her own indigestion was her savior, she was going to have to deal with it as the price for hiding her shameful feast.

As Kaede shuffled her way back to her room she kept tugging at her top to try and hide her overstuffed gut. The protrusion and the bubbles rolling inside kept reminding her of the poor

decision she had made. Telling herself that she needed to focus on the more important task of finding an exit, she continued making her way over to her dormitory to let herself digest the heavy meal. Hopefully once she passed all of her gas bubbles, she could leave that moment of weakness behind her.

Sweeping her gaze back and forth across the hall, Kaede double checked to make sure that she was alone. For fear of being ridiculed or worse by her classmates, she found it in her best interest to keep her little secret to herself. Though she could hide the location of what she dubbed the “Gluttony Room” from the others for the time being, she questioned how long that would last. Eventually, some of them would start to question what had caused her drastic makeover.

The Ultimate Pianist’s attempt at a stealthy approach to her shameful secret was hindered as she had to pause and fix her clothing. The main point of her interest was tugging at the hem of her vest in an attempt to properly cover up her chubby belly. She was forced to stop once she felt her breasts trying to use their extra layers of fat to try and rip apart her undershirt. Having to settle with removing a wedgie from her pudgy rear and adjusting her skirt to better fit the extra heft around her hips, she hurried along to the locker to dial in the code.

Upon entering the Gluttony Room, the unease that had afflicted Kaede was immediately washed away. Amidst the fine scenery arose the alluring scent of grease and cheese to get rid of any concerns of her being discovered. Closing up the door behind her, she was able to fully embrace the sights and smell of the multiple pizza boxes that had been prepared for her. Not

wanting to waste any time or bear the burden of her ravenous appetite any longer, she hurried over to her usual spot on the couch.

As she suspected, Kaede's first bite came with a sense of euphoria as her mouth reveled in the cheese and meat that graced her tongue. Gobbling up the slices as fast as possible, her manners gradually degraded the further into the feast she went. By the time she was opening up her third box, her clothes had taken on a fair share of stains and splotches. However, even the feeling of her belly fat spreading further out couldn't get her to stop. Letting herself enjoy a BWOOOOORPPPP roll up her throat, she was prepared to spend the next few hours in blissful gluttony.

Kaede's paradise of indulgence was interrupted as she heard a loud, mechanical click. Freezing with a slice of pizza hanging in her mouth, she watched as the door to the room seemingly opened up on its own. Standing in the doorway with her hands on her hips, the new arrival was one of the last people Kaede wanted to discover her bloated, stain-marked self.

With a smug grin on her face, Miu Iruma made her way into the room. Swinging back and forth the lengths of frazzled, blonde hair that reached past her pink skirt, the Ultimate Inventor tried to absorb the scene in front of her. Fiddling with the goggles on top of her head, she showed off a malicious grin as she finally locked eyes with Kaede.

"So, this is where you've been," Miu said as she closed the door behind her. "Got jealous of how big my tits are so you thought you'd fix it by becoming a fat ass?"

"Miu, it's not what it looks like. Let me BWOOOOOOOORPPPPPP explain," Kaede tried to speak as the perverted, crass woman drew closer.

“And here I thought the scenes you were making in the cafeteria were disgusting,” Miu said, examining one of the emptied-out pizza boxes. “So, if you’re not jealous of my curves, why the fuck are you in here stuffing yourself like a pig?”

“You see, it’s a, um…”

Kaede’s mind struggled to come up with an answer. Though she could think of some responses that sounded reasonable on the surface, she doubted that they would satisfy someone like Miu. While she was desperately trying to come up with an answer to calm the situation, Miu instead decided to escalate matters by shoving her hand into her bloated belly. The results was a rippling BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP bursting out of her chubby rear.

“Ugh, that smells like shit,” Miu said, pinching her nose as she backed away. “When I bring the others in here, I’ll have to make sure they have some of my specially created gas masks equipped. It’ll let them see how gross you are and how brilliant I am at the same time.”

“NO!” Kaede shouted as she stood up, knocking over a stack of pizzas with her belly in the process. “You can’t do UUURRP that.”

“And why not?” Miu asked. “If you’re not here to get bigger boobs than me, how do I know that this isn’t part of some scheme to murder someone, huh?”

“It’s neither of those BWOOOOOORRPP things. I’m here because… I like stuffing myself.”

Miu raised an eyebrow in interest as she dared to step closer again. “The fuck are you talking about?”

“I can’t really explain it,” Kaede replied as she fidgeted with her fingers. “Getting to come in here and make a complete slob of my-OOUUURPP-self is something that just feels

right.” Glancing over at the remaining pizza boxes, she opened one up and took a slice to offer it to Miu. “Just try it and you’ll UUURPPP see.”

For most of the other students, Kaede was certain they would have denied her outright and try to pull her out of the Gluttony Room. Thanks to Miu’s curious nature, she cautiously pulled out a slice. The initial bite showed promise as the inventor’s eyes went wide with wonder. Downing the rest of the pizza in a couple of bites, she showed her approval as she licked her fingers clean and released a belch directly into Kaede’s face.

“That was pretty damn good,” Miu said as she made her way over to the couch. “Got anymore? With extra UUUURPPP meat?”

“Sure do,” Kaede said, finding herself smiling at the idea of having a partner to join her in her stuffing session.

The collection of delicious food aromas that inhabited the cafeteria were noticeably lessened by the presence of two of Hope’s Peak Academy’s more problematic students. When their degradation first started, they had tried their best to cover up their changes. However, they soon realized how they had to purposefully expose their tendencies to avoid drawing attention to the room that had allowed them to turn into these new versions of themselves. At least that’s what they believed, rather than accept that they just enjoyed getting to indulge their desires outside of their private sessions.

Sitting on one side of the table with her entire ass taking up an entire bench, Kaede was busy stuffing her face with a platter of mashed potatoes and beef. The gravy she had doused her food repeatedly slipped past her lips to trickle down her three chins and besmirch the tight, pink

vest keeping her udder-like breasts in check. From time to time, she had to take her pudgy fingers away from eating to scratch at her exposed, blubbery belly that kept pressing up against the table to scratch against the budding follicles lining her navel.

Seated on the opposite side of the pianist, Miu wobbled her similarly enormous backside back and forth as she enjoyed swallowing up an entire, foot long hot dog. The chili adorning the hunk of meat couldn't prevent her from quickly downing it to add further fat to her 600-pound form. Taking a moment to lean back and lick her lips clean, she showed no remorse as her fingers slid across her swollen bosom and exposed gut; as if trying to rip apart the skin-tight blouse that clung to her folds. The outfit already showed signs of stress beneath her chubby limbs in the form of holes around her arm pits that gave peeks at the sweaty hairs that hid there.

In the wake of the inventor's digestive massage, she showed similar lack of shame as she unleashed a powerful BRRRAAAAPPPPP that surrounded her table with a pungent fart cloud. While the other students were unwilling to get anywhere near the pungent fumes, Kaede continued her own feast in peace. Letting out a deep BOOOOOUUUUURRRPPP, the pianist licked her lips clean of any lingering morsels before unleashing a rancid fart of her own.

Through the fog of flatulence, a single young man dared to venture forth. Keeping his hat over his face, Shuichi kept his teary eyes locked onto the gassy pear. Even as his hair stood on end from the stench, he couldn't sit idly by while the two women let their bodies go to ruin. However noble his goals appeared to be, the moment he got within inches of Kaede he was sent spiraling to the ground as she accidentally hit him with her belly.

"Oop! Sorry UUURPP Shuichi," Kaede said as she hovered over him. "I still have trouble seeing where I'm BOOOUURRP going. Here let me give you a--"

A loud rip stopped Kaede's attempt to bend down and help up her fallen companion. Swinging herself back into a standing position, she could feel the gap in her sweater where her back fat had broken free. Fruitlessly trying to cover up the tear, she furthered Shuichi's torment through a series of rancid puffs of gas that kept slipping out of her rear. Just as the young man was about to pass out from the smell, he was rescued by Miu waddling up to the pianist.

"Stop fucking BWOOOOORPPPP around," Miu said as she snatched onto Kaede's arm. "Just get a new one. Come on, I'll help you UUURPP there."

"H-hold on," Shuichi called out as the pair of slobby women began shuffling away. "We should really discuss what your diet has been doing to your--"

With Shuichi's attempt at investigation drowned out by a dual explosion of gas from the two women, they were free to waddle out of the cafeteria. At the time, they were certain that no other students would be willing to follow after them. A side effect of both their gas and their decreasing attention to hygiene was getting more time to themselves. This allowed them to use the excuse of Kaede's ripped sweater vest to give them a chance to make their way over to their usual spot.

"What do you think is in there UUUURPPP today?" Kaede asked.

"Dunno, but I'm hoping it's some monster BWOOOOORRPPPP sausages again," Miu replied; licking her plump lips as her fat fingers dialed in the secret code. "I love the way those thick OOUUURRPPPP things feel going down my throat."

Still finding Miu's traditional form of grossing her out effective, Kaede instead focused on the smell that drifted out of the door as it opened up. While Miu's sausages were nowhere to be found, what they were greeted with were dozens of glass bowls. From within the containers arose clouds of steam that carried with them an aroma that momentarily overpowered the

women's foul gas. Recognizing the smell, the two of them shut the door and waddled their way over to their usual spots.

Once they were able to barely squeeze their backsides onto each of their heavily stained couches, there was nothing that could stop the pair from diving headfirst into their servings of ramen. Despite their earlier binge session in the cafeteria, they still had plenty of room to down the broth and noodles. Each piece of meat that rolled down their throat brought with it the potential to add further fuel to their horrific gas. Belching up a storm between their loud slurping, they were completely lost in their indulgence. So obsessed with their eating, they failed to notice the sound of the secret room's door being opened.

"You can't be serious," called out a familiar voice over the sound of the slob's gas.

Turning their thick necks towards the entrance, Miu and Kaede shuddered at the sight of Maki's crimson red eyes. The woman adorned in a red blouse and black skirt had originally been introduced as the Ultimate Caregiver. However playful her twin locks of long, black hair made her appear, the stern expression on her face bolstered the truth as her former career as the Ultimate Assassin.

"This is where your hideout is?" Maki asked, the glare in her eyes looking strong enough to kill the slob's where they sat. "Kaito and the others are worried about your degrading health while you stuff yourselves into further obesity."

"Fuck BWOOOOORRPP off," Miu belched out. "What else do you expect us to UURRRRP do?"

"You could actually help the others with figuring a way out of this school, for one" Maki shot back, making Miu sink even deeper into her couch. "Or at the very least, bother to take a

bath more than once a week. I know Kibo was looking for you specifically. He thinks that you left a hunk of meat in his chassis the last time he let you open him up.”

“It was just a light snack,” Miu muttered to herself as a small PHHHRRRTTT slipped out of her backside.

“Shuichi was the one who got me to search for you,” Maki continued as she made her way over to Kaede. “He’s been paying close attention to each and every pound you seem content to let swallow you up.”

“I-t’s just a way for us to UUUUURRRPP deal with-“

“Were you going to say stress or your own gluttony?” Maki accused as she stepped up closer to the shaking Kaede. “You’ve been making Shuichi worried sick. I have no idea how he’s going to react when I tell him and the others that you’ve been-“

Maki was interrupted as her act of pressing her finger into Kaede’s belly created a rumbling BRRRRAAAAAAPPPP from the pianist’s rear. The ensuing stench that surrounded the two broke down whatever plan Maki had planned out. Watching the red-eyed woman cough on the fumes, Kaede’s mind raced to find a solution that would allow her and Miu to continue enjoying the Gluttony Room in peace. Without much thought, she allowed the urges of her body to take the reins once more.

“Grab BWOOOORPPPP her!” Kaede shouted out to Miu as she charged towards Maki.

Too preoccupied with trying to get the flatulence out of her system, Maki had no chance to get out of the way as the two slobs grabbed her arms. Thanks to their bulk, Miu and Kaede were able to successfully restrain the trained assassin. Though their blubber ensured that the smaller woman wasn’t going anywhere soon, they didn’t have any idea what they were going to do with her next.

As the last of Kaede's recent outburst faded away, the smell of ramen drifted up to her nose again. Looking nearby, she spotted one of the bowls that had somehow managed to avoid her and Miu's hunger. As tempting as it was to guzzle down the ramen to help with her panicked state, something told her that the room had purposefully left it there for another reason. Grabbing the bowl with her free hand as her other arm was holding onto the squirming Maki, she got an idea.

"Miu, open her UUUURPP mouth," Kaede belched out.

"I'm a little OOUUURRPP preoccupied here, cow tits," Miu replied as she struggled to keep Maki in place.

"I don't know what you two are planning to do," Maki said as she began to slip out of the women's grasp. "But once I'm free, I'll make you regret-"

Once more Maki was interrupted by a pungent fart blasting out of Kaede. The difference was that this release had been on purpose to throw her into another coughing fit. The constant hacking provided Kaede with the opening she was looking for to bring the bowl to the assassin's lips and start pouring.

Maki's initial struggle against the force feeding couldn't prevent the broth and noodles from slipping down her throat. The moment her mouth swallowed up a hunk of meat, her wriggling weakened as she got to experience the flavor. Sitting still as more of the bowl was tilted towards her, she began to gulp down the meal of her own free will. As the other girls hazarded to release her from their grasp, she took the ramen in her own hands to finish off the last few noodles.

A loud clang rang out through the room as Maki's empty bowl was dropped to the ground. The sound was followed by a small BWOOOORRRPP leaving her lips that was nothing

compared to the outbursts of Kaede and Miu. Even still, the belch forced her to re-taste the delicious flavor on her breath. When the sensation faded, it was replaced with an overwhelming desire to get more.

Noticing the hungry look in Maki's eyes, Miu put a grin on her chubby face as she pushed a bowl over to her. Upon picking up a whiff of the broth, Maki snatched up the helping to begin guzzling it down. Moments after finishing her latest serving of ramen, Kaede was there to offer up another to continue the feast. One after another, the assassin gave herself into this new hunger as she snatched up each bowl that was offered to her.

Upon the completion of her 12th serving, Maki brought herself down onto one of the spare couches. Leaning back in her seat, she massaged the sizable potbelly that had pushed out from beneath her top over the course of her feast. The sloshing orb produced more burps from her lips, but the true sign of her defeat came in the rude PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT that slipped out of her rear to flutter her skirt.

Despite her bloated belly and gas, Maki still found herself unable to resist reaching for another bowl. Looking away from Maki's continued eating, Kaede hazarded to share a similar grin with Miu. Waddling their way back to their couches, the two of them hurried to grab ramen for themselves before the newest member of their group ate it all.

Like he had done multiple times over the last month, Shuichi roamed around the halls in the hopes of finding a clue. Though these walks had initially been a routine intended to find an escape route, they had taken on new purpose. Many of the other students were relieved to be rid of their more gluttonous and gassy classmates in order to make the cafeteria usable again.

However, the Ultimate Detective had managed to find at least two others who were willing to join in on the search.

With Shuichi leading the front, Kaito took on the task of inspecting every door and lock on their way. As much as the spiky haired young man said it was all based on his astronaut training, it mostly just looked like he was kicking at various objects. Even through his frustration, he managed to keep an eager smile that frizzed his goatee with every “investigation” he attempted. Seeing Kaito’s jacket flap as he tried to intimidate a broom closet gave some much needed levity to situation.

Kibo’s approach to the task was more methodical with his scanners going over each and every inch of the corridor. The white hair of the Ultimate Robot stood on end as he continuously let electricity flow through his body. Aside from putting a glow to his black, metallic body, the energy output was meant to increase the power of his scanners.

Too busy admiring how much effort his friends were putting into the search, Shuichi almost didn’t notice the smell that drifted into his nostrils. He came to full attention once the odor hit him hard and made tears well up around his eyes. As horrific as the stench was, it was the first sign that they were on the right track.

“Shuichi are you-GAHHH that reeks!” Kaito shouted out.

“Agreed,” Kibo replied pinching his nose and trying in vain to turn his smell receptors down to their lowest setting. “They must be nearby.”

“But there’s nothing here,” Shuichi said through a cloth pressed against his face. “All we have is a row of lockers.”

“Then let’s open them up,” Kibo suggested.

“No luck. They’re locked up tight just like the others.’

“No problem,” Kaito said as he strode up to the locker. “Just needs a bit of space age ingenuity.”

Before the locker could feel the full force of Kaito’s fist, it seemed to wisely open up on its own. Following their comrade’s example, the other lockers spun their dials to allow the entire wall to slide out of the way. The already powerful odor the trio were dealing with increased tenfold as they gazed upon the set of black and white double doors in front of them. Fighting against his own common sense and impending dread, Shuichi forced himself to push through into the next room.

Choking on a fresh cloud of rancid gas, Shuichi looked up to see the chubby face of Kaede caressed by long locks of greasy hair. As happy as it was to see her again, his excitement was undermined by the sight of her massive, bean bag chair-sized breasts held back by a skimpy, black bikini. A similarly revealing thong was stretched around her wide hips to allow a peek at the tufts of blonde pubic hair sticking out from her groin. The impressive sight of her ass cheeks taking up the entirety of a king-sized mattress was nothing compared to the overwhelming girth of her enormous, hair-riddled, 1000-pound belly. Too busy staring at the way she stuffed her face with a triple-decker cheeseburger, it took the sound of a powerful belch to make him realize that she wasn’t alone.

Turning towards the source of the loud burp, Shuichi and Kibo watched as the leftovers of the release sent tremors through Miu’s flabby body. Like Kaede, her hairy, unwashed mounds of fat were only clad in a bright pink bikini top and thong. Though this did leave her fuzzy navel exposed it was saved from the downpour of chili leaking from her mouth. The various bits of meat and beans instead found themselves getting stuck within the crevasse between her pair of breasts that easily eclipsed Kaede’s sizable bosom. The only thing that could rival her meaty tits

as they tried to escape from their fabric prison was her equally chunky rear. However, it still wasn't the largest pair of butt cheeks in the room.

All at once, the men turned their attention towards a rumbling PHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT. Following the sound and smell, Kaito was the first to see Maki's titanic ass cheeks pressed down on two mattresses. As the last of the gassy outbursts came pouring out, its effects made the sweat slicked hair on her head stand on end. When the long locks finally settled down, they hung down past her blubbery arms to mix with the follicles peeking out from her pits. While she was dressed in a red colored version of the same outfit worn by the other slobs, she didn't have nearly as large breasts or belly rolls to show off. Instead, the majority of the mass had concentrated on the behemoth buttocks that trembled in preparation for another room shaking fart.

"Wait, is that BWOOOOOORRPPP Shuichi?" Kaede asked when she finally noticed him.

"And UUURPPP Kaito," Maki pointed out, her earlier outburst giving way to a red flush as the young man stared at her unwashed flesh.

"Perfect OUUUUURRPPPP timing," Miu said as she pointed a plump finger at Kibo. "You came just in time to give my sweaty fucking UUURPPP pussy a wipe down. Get to it."

"You three have been in here the entire time?" Shuichi asked as he took control of the conversation.

"Yeah, it's great!" Kaede replied, her excitement demonstrated with a BRRRAAAAAPPPPP blasting out of her rear. "All we have to do is ask and food is BWOOOOOORRRRPPP brought to us."

"That explains how you got this big," Shuichi replied, having to crane his neck up to take in the entire size of the Ultimate Pianist. "Come on, we need to get the three of you out of here."

Kaito already came up with an exercise routine he claimed could help you lose weight fast. Kibo even has plans to make a bath out of the swimming pool for you.”

“NO!” Maki called out, her sudden shift bringing forth another deluge of flatulence.

“What do you mean no?” Kaito asked, wincing as he was assaulted by the fumes.

“We can barely fit through the fucking BWOOOOOORRPPP door for one thing,” Miu commented. “Second, our host said she’d bring us some UUUUUURRPPPP dessert soon.”

“I doubt that you need anymore,” Kibo bluntly stated, more out of concern rather than insults. “Shuichi, if we go back to my room I think I have a way to boost my power enough so that I can drag the girls to the-“

A loud TINK pierced through the girls’ gas shortly before Kibo dropped to the floor. Before Kaito could run over to check on him, he similarly collapsed. Lost between helping the fallen men and convincing the slobby women, Shuichi was left completely open to a small, sharp prick on the back of his neck. Falling to his knees, he managed to yank out the dart moments before his vision went black.

An explosive PHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT is what finally arose Shuichi from his unconsciousness. Picking himself up through a fog of miasma, the first thing he noticed was that he was completely naked. Second, that he was spread out along something soft, fuzzy, and reeked of a sweaty changing room in the back of a restaurant. Still trying to shake off the grogginess and figure out what had happened to him, it took the roar of a deep OOOUUUUURRPPPP to get him to recall what he had seen before.

Tilting his head up, the detective once more looked upon the chubby face of Kaede. Looking back down at his supposed “cushion” he realized that he was laying across her blubbery, hairy belly button. In a panic of embarrassment, he attempted to roll down the sweaty flab rolls. However, he was stopped as a pair of pudgy fingers gripped his torso. Dragging him upwards, she sandwiched him in between her breasts in order to leave his face directly in front of hers.

“Good, you’re finally UUUURPPP awake,” Kaede belched out. “I was... getting a little jealous of the other girls.”

The comment came moments before Shuichi heard another roaring blast of flatulence coming from nearby. Turning his head to the right, he witnessed the moment that Kaito’s body was pressed beneath Maki’s enormous backside. As the assassin let loose with another rancid BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP, Shuichi fully expected Kaito to get knocked out. Instead, the young man let out what sounded like a euphoric moan as he endured the vibrations and stench of the release.

Shuichi had to turn away from the sight to his closest ally getting sucked up into Maki’s butt crack at the sound of belch that nearly shook him free from his unorthodox restraints. The lingering tremors of the burp cascading through Miu’s body threatened to knock Kibo off of her fully exposed body. Once the shaking stopped, the nude robot man continued his work of sifting out the various crumbs and leftovers buried within her sweaty folds. His reward for cleanup duty was getting a chance to be trapped within her undercarriage just as she let loose with a powerful BRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP.

“Kaito, Kibo, what’s gotten into you?” Shuichi tried to call out over the gassy outbursts.

“They realized the perks of loving a slob UUUURPP girl,” Kaede responded, bringing his attention back to her. “Here, let me show you.”

Slipping Shuichi out from her tits, Kaede pulled him closer to her face. Though he tried to struggle free as he got a whiff of the greasy odor coming from her unwashed hair, he stopped squirming as she pressed their lips together. With the hundreds of pounds of blubber backing her up, she was able to keep him in place as a bubbling noise grew louder from within her stomach. With no chance of getting away in time, he was forced to take on a full forced BWOOOOOOORRRPPP as it came rolling up her throat and into his mouth.

Forced to suck down the rancid belch, Shuichi felt his body go limp. Taking advantage of his surrender, Kaede continued their sloppy make out session as she pressed him closer to her flesh. The embrace ended up pushing bubbles further down her digestive tract to surround the two of them in a miasma of her flatulence. The fog further enamored her with her sloppy self while simultaneously making her partner understand why she had chosen to live in the Gluttony Room.

The initial disgust Shuichi felt upon discovering the sloppy hideaway diminished with each second he spent in Kaede's clutches. At some point, he even allowed his hand to willingly squeeze onto her sweat-slicked, meaty mammaries as he eagerly sucked up the fumes that assaulted his nostrils. His acceptance was rewarded with feeling the brush of her armpit hair as she ensured his entire face was covered in her kisses, sweat, and stench. Lost in this strange indulgence, he lost track of time for how long he remained there.

A sliver of clarity came back to Shuichi as he heard a mechanical whirring coming from behind one of the walls. Having received enough attention for the moment, Kaede allowed her partner to swivel his head around to see the wall raise up to reveal a new, much wider entrance to the lounge. Through the passageway stepped out the familiar, black and white bear Monokuma and his Monokubs. Rather than torment the group with his wide grin, he and his underlings were

preoccupied with pulling on ropes to drag in something that barely fit through the dimly lit corridor.

Riding upon a cart sat a woman twice as large as the other slobs. Her bare flesh was a mess of leftover stains and blue tufts of hair. Squeezing her wide rear through the threshold, she added her own rippling PHHHHHHHRRRRRRTTTTT to the already foul atmosphere. As the door closed behind her to seal in the stench, a spotlight shined down as if to highlight the sheen of her over 1000-pound gut. With her multiple chins jutting out to slide up against her sagging breasts, it was nearly impossible for Shuichi to see the wicked grin on the bespectacled face of Tsumugi.

“I came UUUURRPPP down here to help,” the blue-haired woman began, “but it looks like you BWOOOOORRPP three were indoctrinated easier than I thought.” Scratching at her tufts of armpit hair, she let loose with another BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPP as she collected her thoughts. “Shame. I was looking forward to using my OOOUUUURPPP cosplay abilities too.”

“What do you mean?” Shuichi weakly asked.

Rather than explain, the Ultimate Cosplayer raised up her pudgy hand and snapped her fingers. As the sound echoed out, Monokuma and his cubs frantically sped around her flabby figure. When the dust settled, her body was clad in a tight fitting, purple blazer and her hair had been changed into a shade of vibrant lavender.

“I thought that this BWOOOOORRPPP form would be more to your liking,” Tsumugi said with an altered voice as she raised up her gloved hand. “She was another UUUURPPP detective.” Pausing for a moment to spurt out a fart and pick her tie out from between her tits, she continued, “I do have other options too.”

Another snap of Tsumugi's fingers got her helpers moving again. This time, the bears' efforts showed in the form of a long dress being stretched around her hefty form. Any regality of the outfit and the red ribbon on her chest were swiftly undone by a belch that sprayed saliva across the front of her torso.

Even as a fart billowed out to lift up the back of her skirt, Tsumugi waved around her locks of platinum blonde hair. "Perhaps something a bit more royal is to your BWOOOOOORRPPP tastes?"

Another quick change left Tsumugi in a green blouse and black skirt. "Or m-maybe you want something very BWOOOOOORRPPP different," she said, the meek look on her face and head of soft, chin-length brown hair feeling like it was hiding something else. "Whatever it takes to make you and our UUUUURPPP viewers happy."

"Wait," Shuichi began, having to wait for one of Kaede's farts to peter off, "what viewers?"

"The people who desire to see UUUUUURRRPPPP women get as big and slobby as possible," Tsumugi replied, her fingers busy playing with her newly acquired black and white hair horns. Beating against the purple ascot wrapped around her neck, she managed to let loose with a deep BWOOOOOOOOOOORRRPP that would fit perfectly in a death metal band. "That's how these games have played out for years. We started off as a killing OOUUUURRRRPP game, but we kept having to change our plans."

"You've been manipulating people into this?" Shuichi asked, his attempt to gesture towards Kaede and the others hindered by the pianist pressing him between her breasts again.

“Oh, w-we’ve gotten their agreement BWOOOOOORRPPP beforehand,” Tsumugi insisted, fixing the rounded glasses on her face while fishing her pair of braided, purple hair from out of her back flab. “I-it’s following the UUUURPPP mission statement of our founder.”

Though Shuichi’s face was muffled by Kaede’s fat, his question was heard loud and clear. With yet another finger snap, she got Monokuma and the others moving. Her recent costume change left her with a pair of frazzled, blonde pigtail held together by black and white, bear hair clips. The contrasting color was matched by the dark colored blouse stretched around her gut and the white tie laid across her cleavage. Straining her red shorts with another BRRRAAAAAPPP she leaned forward to show the demented smile on her face.

“All for the sake of the Slobby Queen of OOOOOOUUUUURRPPP Despair, Junko,” Tsumugi announced as her form was pulled further into the room. “Here, let me give you a more thorough BWOOOOOORRPPP demonstration,” she belched, signaling to the cameras to get ready to record the massive, gassy orgy that the audience had been craving to see.