

Shokugeki no Slob: The Third Feast

Hisako stepped out onto the balcony to bask in the mid-day sun. The cool breeze blowing through her short, pink hair brought a much needed sense of relief after everything she had been through. For the past month, she had been staying inside Erina's house in hopes of reversing the effects of a vile spirit's handiwork. Still in disbelief that she had somehow managed to undo a majority of the damage done to Erina, Hisako was left to wonder how the other girls that had fallen to the Slovenly Chef's clutches were doing.

A pleasant chime interspersed the chirps of birds nearby. Reaching into her pocket, Hisako silenced the ring tone as she put the cell phone to her ear. "Hello, this is Arato Hisako."

"Glad to hear your voice again. It's me, Fumio. I'm calling to see how things are going on your end."

The Polar Star Dormitory caretaker's voice brought a smile to Hisako's face. "Yes, everything is going just fine. Erina's progress is going smoother than expected. Given enough time, exercise, and proper dieting, she should be back to normal within the next two months."

"That's great to hear. I've had my hands full trying to get the others back to their old selves. Weight loss is pretty simple and digestion problems can be cured with proper medicine, but I still hear them calling out for that freak of a chef in their sleep. I think they're still trying to recover from the brain wash he gave them with his weird food. They're making progress, but it's slow."

"Fortunately Erina hasn't shown any signs of regressing to her...less palatable mindset. She's so grateful she's even making a special meal for me to celebrate."

"Oh that's good news. I can't wait to see...oh hold on, someone's at the door. I think it's that Nao girl."

Hearing the name of the creepy girl alone was enough to send a shiver down Hisako's spine. "What is she doing over there?"

"She's still trying to get that chef's spirit out of Yukihiro's body. We still have him locked up in the shed, but his constant spouting of his grand revolution is starting to get on my nerves. Hopefully Nao can finally knock that ghost out of him, or at the very least make him shut up. I'll try calling you later once she's done."

"Thank you, let me know how it goes."

"Will do."

As Fumio hung up on her, Hisako let out a sigh of relief. She put away her phone with the pleasant thought that eventually everything would be back to normal. A light tap on the door behind her made her turn away towards the scenery of the academy.

Hisako put on a soft smile as she saw Erina staring back at her through the glass. The golden blonde hair of the owner of the infamous god tongue was one of the few features that remained from Erina's old body. Despite having grown to adore Erina as the most important person in her life, Hisako's expression faltered a bit as she noticed the grease she had tried so many times to get rid of clinging to the strands laid across Erina's chubby cheeks.

Thanks to a strict diet and regular exercise, Erina had managed to squeeze herself into an extra-large uniform. While she was happy with Erina's progress, Hisako found it hard to deal with the sight of her dress shirt getting sucked up by her prominent belly rolls. The way Erina's jacket was tightly wrapped around her engorged breasts was anything, but flattering. As Erina pushed open the door to step out onto the balcony, her pleated skirt ruffled against her wide hips. Hisako found herself glancing at Erina's plump butt hanging a few inches below the skirt, well aware of what kind of damage it could do.

“What are you doing out here?” Erina asked.

Hisako shook her head to break her vigilance of Erina’s various body issues. “Just wanted to get some fresh air.”

“It is a wonderful day outside,” Erina commented, placing her pudgy hand along the railing. “Something about it just feels right. As if there’s a wind of change blowing around the entire school.”

Hisako tilted her head. “I’m not sure I understand what you’re talking about.”

“It’s nothing,” Erina replied, turning back towards the door. “I came out here to let you know that the food is ready.”

“Excellent,” Hisako replied, happily following Erina into to the dining room.

Waiting for Hisako was a dining room decorated with the best furnishings the prestigious Nakiri family could afford. While the dining table was long enough to support a full dining party of twelve, only a single chair was placed at the head of the table. Hisako peeked at her dining spot as they walked over, wondering what could be hiding beneath a silver cover. Taking her spot at the head of the table, she lifted off the cover to find a seemingly simple bowl of stew.

“Stew?” Hisako asked, finding the dish odd for Erina’s usual repertoire of cooking.

“Yes,” Erina replied, pressing her belly against the back of Hisako’s chair as she pushed her seat in. “I wanted to try something a little different. Let’s call it a proper way to thank you for all of the hard work you’ve done for me. Because of you, I can finally get both myself and this academy back on track.”

Rather than question the act of gratitude, Hisako picked up her spoon to try out a small amount of the stew. As the broth hit her tongue, her mind raced to uncover the various ingredients that made up the strong flavor that tantalized her taste buds. Spurred to both uncover

the source of the meal's secrets and properly appreciate Erina's cooking, she went in for another spoonful, followed by another. So enamored with filling her mouth with the delicious mix of meat, vegetables, and broth, it came as a surprise when she emptied out the entire bowl.

"I take it you enjoyed your meal?" Erina asked, a sly smile on her pudgy face.

"I don't think I've ever tasted anything like it," Hisako replied, dabbing her lips with a napkin to clean off the residue of the stew. "Even after everything I've learned through my studies, I'm finding it hard to determine what you put in the broth. Is it some kind of spice? A special preparation technique? Maybe you threw in BWOOOOOOORRRP!"

Hisako went silent as she clasped her hand over her mouth. "Excuse me that was so unlike me."

"Nothing to worry about," Erina said, placing her fat fingers on Hisako's shoulder. "It's to be expected considering what I included in the stew." Pressing her head against Hisako's cheek, Erina took a whiff of the lingering burp. "By the smell of it, everything seems to be working just as I've planned."

Confused and disturbed by Erina's behavior, Hisako's eyes wandered back to the empty bowl. Staring down at the container, she saw a glimmer of something at the bottom. Swiping her finger against it, she brought it up to her face to examine the substance. Taking a close look at the greyish pink sauce, she tried to recall where she had seen it. Her heart skipped a beat as she realized what she had just put into her body.

"How did you...mmmph!" Hisako clutched her stomach as she was bombarded with a combination of hunger pangs and building pressure in her intestines. A squeaky fart pushed its way out of her rear to lift up her skirt. The rude act relieved some of the pressure, but Hisako's stomach still emanated with ravenous growling.

“Just as I had hoped,” Erina said, watching her assistant struggle to contain her gas. “When the Slovenly Chef entrusted me with his formula, I knew I could improve it. Now it’s time to put it to the test.”

Walking over to the kitchen entrance, Erina flung open the door to reveal several serving carts. Dragging two of them over to the table, she pushed aside the empty bowl of stew to place a plate of fried chicken wings doused in the same greyish pink substance. “Eat up. The slob solution is sure to reveal to you the wonders of the Slovenly Chef’s cooking in no time.”

“I’ll UUURRP never turn into one of his degenerate slaves,” Hisako belched out.

“We’ll see how long that lasts,” Erina replied, picking up one of the wings.

The greasy chicken wing was pressed right up against Hisako’s lips. While she tried to resist, the irresistible smell of the sauce and fried meat made her mouth water. Slowly her lips were pried open, subconsciously answering the call of her hungry stomach. Sinking her teeth into the meat, any sign of rebellion was washed away by the otherworldly flavor that graced her tongue.

Snatching the wing from Erina’s hands, Hisako proceeded to strip it clean in a matter of seconds. Barely pausing to let out a belch and lick sauce off her lips, Hisako grasped several more wings to devour. Leaving behind only bones on the plate, Hisako eagerly accepted the bowl of chili Erina offered her. Heaving the bowl up to her mouth, she guzzled it all down with drips splattering the front of her uniform. Slamming the empty bowl onto the table shook Hisako’s sizable potbelly. Rather than question how she was able to gain so much weight in such little time, she was more concerned with ripping a foul fart as her eyes darted across the room for more food.

“There, there,” Erina said, pulling over several more food carts. “No need to worry. I’ve gone to the trouble of making plenty of food. For you and myself.”

Haphazardly placing the various meals along the table, Erina hurried back to her seat. Grasping her first plate, she glanced at the pile of empty dishes Hisako had already gone through. The woman who once prided herself on being Erina’s efficient secretary had tossed away her dignity to further plump up her belly as it burst off more buttons of her blouse. Stray droplets of the slob sauce leaked down her two chins to splatter against her blazer and slip between her growing cleavage. Taking a moment to watch the seams of Hisako’s skirt split to make room for her thickening rear, Erina joined in the feast.

The pair of women went through the collection of food like a pair of starved animals. All forms of manners were thrown out the window as they concerned themselves with stuffing themselves. In no time at all, Hisako began to mirror Erina’s own body in size, each bite adding another rip or tear to her uniform. Amidst her burgeoning flab, prickles of unruly, pink hair began to sprout up beneath her armpit and around her belly button. Not to be outdone, Erina hurried her way through several more dishes to burst her fattening form out of her constraining uniform.

Over the sound of frantic eating and clothes being ripped apart, the girls freely let gas pass from both ends. The remnants of Hisako’s skirt were blown away by a boisterous fart that filled the room with a noxious odor. Erina finished off a handful of sausages with an echoing belch that did the job of popping off the last few buttons needed to let her breasts and belly sway about freely. Pushing aside the tattered remains of her blouse, Erina revealed the trail of hair leading from center of her belly down to her fragrant nether region. With both of them tearing through the remnants of their outfits with their obese forms, they reveled in each foul gas

expulsion. The horrid stench acted as a thick miasma that encouraged them to continue falling into a life of complete hedonism.

With only a bowl of chocolate pudding remaining, the girls retained enough of who they once were to agree to share it. Diving their heads into the mix, they pressed their chubby cheeks against one another as they slurped up every last drop. Leaving the bowl licked clean, the two of them raised their heads up to burp into one another's face.

"What do you think now?" Erina asked, leaning forward to lick a stray drop from Hisako's cheek.

"It's just as wonderful as you said," Hisako replied, her eyes glazed over as her mind was fully taken over by the Slovenly Chef's influence. "So much delicious food. The wonderful feeling of blubber embracing my body." Leaning over, she let loose with a sputtering fart. "And the smell is just divine."

Reaching across the table, Erina wrapped her blubbery arms around Hisako's body. "I am so glad that you have finally seen light and have decided to join me in the pursuit of true beauty and happiness."

A pair of hungry growls emanated from the girls' doubled over stomachs.

"Can I please have some more food?" Hisako asked.

"Of course," Erina replied, taking Hisako by the hand as they walked towards the kitchen. "Just make sure you save some room for later. This is just the beginning of a day that will go down in history, not only for Totsuki Academy, but for the entire world."

An unsettling atmosphere weighed heavily in the Elite Ten's meeting room. The women gathered there were all aware of the meeting's purpose, yet none of them wanted to bring it up.

In the form of both a blessing and a curse, Alice Nakiri's unmissable presence was a reminder of the awful secret of the Academy that had been uncovered that they needed to bury.

For lack of any other fitting clothes, Alice's had squeezed herself into a chef's outfit. The once pristine white attire was besmirched with numerous food stains from her time under the Slovenly Chef's control, a splatter of various colors and consistencies across her prominent bosom. Grease clinging to her hair gave the white strands an unhealthy sheen similar to the pits of white that peeked through tears in her sleeves. Fabric was sunk in between the rolls of her belly, the bulging gut threatening to burst at any moment. As Alice turned around to pull over the chalk board detailing the makeup of the slob serum, the room paid attention to her wobbling rear. The plump posterior attributed to Alice's bottom heavy physique and the kind of destruction she could cause after a meal.

Noticing the strange gaze of her classmates, Alice turned around with a friendly smile. "Is something wrong? You haven't taken a sip of your tea. There's a lot to go over so it's best you give yourselves proper hydration beforehand. Besides, I made it special to thank you for taking on this less than tasteful job."

Alice's words broke the bespectacled Nene's cold, pink-eyed gaze. Sitting up straight in her seat, she gave a gentle nod towards Alice as she fixed her thin, dull green pigtails behind her head. She picked up her cup along with the others and took a small sip. The taste was superb, expected coming from the chef that specialized in molecular gastronomy.

Putting her cup back down, Nene cleared her throat. "To put it simply, a spirt of a long expelled student nicknamed the Slovenly Chef is currently inhabiting Yukihiro Soma's body. Using him as a vessel, the chef proceeded to create a serum that could turn women into, for lack of a better term, slob. In the short span of a month he was able to turn six students of the

academy into slobs. His ambitions were halted when the caretaker returned from summer break and the victims are currently being treated for their conditions. The success of their recovery has varied,” she added, making a not so subtle nod towards Alice.

“Precisely,” Alice replied, with an affirmative nod.

“Must have been some pretty strong stuff,” Rindo commented, baring a toothy grin as she brushed aside her long, scarlet hair. “If it weren’t for the side effects of becoming a fat, gassy, idiot, I’d be tempted to try it myself.”

“Why are we even talking about this?” the diminutive, purple-haired Momo fumed as she pulled and tugged at her precious stuffed doll, Bucchi. “With all of the guys away on that retreat, wouldn’t it be better to wait for them to come back before we deal with this un-cute problem?”

“Timing is of the essence,” Nene answered. “Due to the bizarre nature of the issue, we want to try and resolve it as quickly as possible.”

Momo huffed. “Is that the reason the only professor we could get on such short notice is her?”

Everyone turned to face where Momo was pointing. Sitting at the head of the table was Jun, the professor known as the authority of spices. The small woman was busy with chugging down the last of her tea, a few drops spilling onto her white t-shirt and besmirching the letters spelling SPICE on it. Finishing her cup with a satisfied sigh, she whipped around her black ponytail as she realized everyone was staring at her.

“Sorry,” Jun said, adjusting her round glasses. “The tea is just really good. I’ve never tasted anything like it. Alice when this is over, you have to give me the UURP!”

Jun went silent as everyone glared at her. “Excuse me,” she said, shrinking back in her chair.

“Heh, got to be careful with that tea before you start resembling those girls brainwashed by their own fumes,” Rindo said in an attempt to alleviate the mood. “So what are we going to do about the freaky chef?”

“He’s currently being held in the Polar Star dormitory,” Alice answered. “The caretaker is looking into ways to exorcise him and undo some of the changes he’s made to the girls. I’m happy to report that Erina has been doing wonderfully with Hisako’s help.” An unsettling grin formed on her face. “She should be back to peak performance in no time.”

“Excellent, she will be pivotal in coming up with a way to put this dark chapter of the Academy behind us for good,” Nene said. “First order of business will be to decide on what to do with the excess slob serum left behind at the-“

A rude rumbling noise cut Nene short. The sound came again, much louder and drew everyone’s attention towards Jun. The diminutive professor squirmed in her seat as she clutched her stomach, her face going red as she looked like she was fighting an intense, internal battle. Her fight came to an explosive end as a boisterous fart came blasting out of her rear. Any anger the group could summon for the rude noise was overtaken by their noses shriveling up at the awful stench.

“Man that’s nasty,” Rindo said, her voice muffled by her hand pressed over her face. “What did you eat?”

“I swear I’ve been UURRP fine all day,” Jun replied, another fart squeaking out of rear. “I just started having stomach problems after I drank the BWOOOOOOOORRRP!”

Nene’s tear soaked eyes widened as she realized they had fallen into a trap. Lifting up her half full tea cup, she recognized the pinkish grey particles swirling about in the mix. Quickly scanning everyone else’s cups, she saw the same particles that matched the pictures of the slob

serum they had seen just a few days beforehand. Her greatest fears were realized as she felt a gas bubble roll up her throat and force her lips open for a rude belch.

“W-what’s going on?” Momo asked, her body shaking as a rippling fart forced its way out of her rear.

“We’ve been UURRP poisoned,” Nene belched, flinging her tea cup against the wall and watching the tainted tea drip onto the floor.

“I wouldn’t say poisoned,” Alice corrected, waving her pudgy finger about. “More like I’ve introduced a much needed dosage of chemicals meant to improve your bodies and minds.”

Rindo winced as she got a whiff of her own rancid fart. “How is this supposed to BWOOOOORRP help us?”

“By giving you a chance to join us in the Slovenly Chef’s paradise.”

“Us?”

Right on que, a series of knocks came from outside the room. Walking by the gassy women, Alice eagerly opened up the door. Wheeling in an enormous cart of food was Miyoko Hojo, clad in a bright red cheongsam. Her body mirrored Alice’s with its weight, her dress about ready to burst from trying to contain her dougy gut and wide rear. Her purple hair was in frayed, greasy strands that reached down her back fat. Greeting Alice with a burp to the face, Hojo pushed the cart over to the table and started unloading the food onto the table.

“Wait, I’ve seen her before,” Jun commented, having to shout over the sound of her own flatulence. “She’s one of the best Chinese food chefs in the academy.”

“Indeed she is,” Alice answered, a smile upon her chubby cheeks as Hojo hurried her chubby legs to get everything set up. “I asked her if she would be willing to help me show the

true way of living a happy life devoid of worry. She was more than happy to oblige after I gave her a taste of what the Slovenly Chef offers. Isn't that right?"

Hojo pulled away from the table and let a fart flutter the hem of her dress. "Everything I do, is for the chef's new world," she replied, a glazed over look in her eyes.

"Now, now, no need to lie to me," Alice said, grabbing a handful of Hojo's gut. "I know the real reason you're saying that is that you want to eat more of his food."

Rather than confirm or deny the accusation, Hojo simply turned her head away.

"That's alright. I'll make sure you're given plenty of delicious food once we're done recruiting these girls to our side."

"Like hell we're going to BWOOOORRP become like you," Nene said, Rindo and Momo nodding in agreement.

"You may feel that way now," Alice replied, "but we'll see how long you last. It looks like the professor has already seen the light."

The women turned away from Alice just in time to see Jun munching on a pile of dumplings. For a woman most known for her small size, Jun was making quick work of the platter. Swallowing her 12th dumpling whole, she set upon a collection of egg rolls to satisfy her bulging stomach. As Jun continued to eat, the group became mesmerized by the sight of her petite body quickly packing on the pounds. Her baggy shirt and pants were made tight against her growing form, her plumped up breasts and nipples becoming visible between the mess of food stains adorning her shirt.

While Jun's shirt began to tear and the force of one of her farts ripped apart the seat of her pants, the women's attention was drawn elsewhere. Even as their nostrils burned from the smell of their abhorrent gas, they could still smell the irresistible scent of the food piled up on the

table. Jun's fattening form blocked more and more of their view of the table, reminding them it would be only a matter of time before she would leave nothing left.

Rindo was the first to run towards the table, setting her sights upon a bowl of fried rice. Diving her head into the bowl, she began to eat like she had gone an entire week without food. Raising her rear up in the air to go deeper into the delicious meal let her growing butt cheeks split apart her skirt to let her gas come spewing out unhindered. With rice still clinging to her two chins, she grazed the red strands adorning her flabby belly against the table before diving her head and drooping breasts into a second serving of fried rice.

Leaving her precious Bucchi behind, Momo ran straight through a pair of belches from Jun and Rindo to help herself to a platter of egg tarts. Sloppily shoving the sweets into her mouth, the filling dripped out onto her uniform to be caught by her blossoming bosom. Pausing to rub her custard splattered potbelly, she waddled with her thickened love handles towards her next meal. Finding a plate of sinfully sweet, red bean buns, she proceeded to fill her chubby cheeks without a hint of restraint.

Nene's lone vigil of watching her fellow Elite Ten members become complete slobs ended as her nose sifted through the variety of burps and farts to draw her towards a plate of stir fried noodles. Approaching the food, Nene's stomach growls grew louder as her mouth watered at the mere thought of digging in. The last shred of her resistance disappeared as her bare hands grasped a bundle of noodles and meat and shoved it in her mouth.

The taste that delighted Nene's tongue made her work double time to stuff her face as fast as possible. Lost in the irresistible flavor, she completely ignored the way her stomach continued to grow until it burst through her blazer to reveal the patch of body hair spreading out from her belly button. Hoisting what was left of the meal up to her face, she ran her tongue across it to

pick up any leftovers. Picking a few stray noodles and chunks of beef from between her melon-like breasts, she let out an echoing belch. Still just as ravenous as when she began, she added to the cacophony of noisy eating and gas with a fart that billowed out her dress before pressing her fattened body against the others to get her fill of a pile of pork buns.

“Excellent, this is just what the chef wanted,” Alice commented, grinning ear to ear as she watched the formerly prestigious members of the Elite Ten give into their base urges. A set of frustrated groans got her to turn towards a very anxious and hungry looking Hojo. “Would you like to join them?”

“Y-yes please,” Hojo replied, her body shaking as she watched the others stuff themselves like pigs.

“Go ahead, you’ve earned it,” Alice said, sending Hojo running towards the table with a smack to her meaty rear. “Just don’t overstuff yourself. I still need you for a special job that needs to be done before the big show.”

The usual excitement that permeated a Shokugeki was nowhere to be found in the arena. Loud cheers brought on by Urara the energetic announcer’s commentary were completely absent. In its place was a mix of confusion and unhealthy interest in the odd nature of this particular cooking challenge. It was supposed to be an exhibition match with nothing significant on the line, but considering the participants were some of the most well-known chefs at the Academy it was no surprise that the arena was filled with observers. The crowd began to regret their decision as they watched the two women below work.

Ikumi busied herself with forming bulky meat patties with her pudgy hands. Still recovering from her time under the Slovenly Chef’s control, her body was packed on with

plentiful fat that had her ass and belly bouncing against counters as she waddled about the cooking area. Her outfits had always been risqué before her transformation, but the skimpy bikinis and short shorts looked modest in comparison to the blanket-like apron covering up the various fat rolls of her stomach. Most of the white fabric went towards containing her overly engorged breasts, their meaty shape and plump nipples able to be seen through the tight fabric. The apron left sizable gaps of her skin exposed, showing off the crack of her wobbling butt cheeks and the bushels of blonde hair in the pits of her chunky arms

Drawing equal, if not more, attention with a similar outfit was Megumi. Her greasy, blue braided hair shined underneath the spotlights as her gigantic body shuffled along the cooking area. She towered over her opponent in terms of both height and weight, everyone puzzled at how her glacier of fat was able to move at all, let alone leave her mobile enough to cook so much food. The apron managed to cover only about half of her belly, leaving the patch of blue fur around her belly button visible alongside the trail that led down to her nether region. Despite her size and less than dignified appearance, a smile was plastered on her chubby face. Wiping her hand across her several chins, she waved towards the judges to both show off her own bushes of armpit hair and signal that she was ready.

“I’m ready too,” Ikumi said, walking alongside Megumi towards the judging table with a platter balanced atop her bosom.

Hinako Inui was the first to be served, her quiet and kind demeanor losing its luster as she got a whiff of the two competitor’s musk. Giving a small thank you to the two girls, she made her brown ponytail into a makeshift nose cover as soon as they walked away. Next in line was Fuyumi Mizuhara, her usual uninterested gaze replaced with sheer awe as her eyes followed the obese pair’s bouncing bellies. She was caught completely off guard as they dropped their platters

in front of her, leaving her with the sight of their tits trying desperately to burst out of their aprons. The last in line was Leonara Nakiri, called in as a last minute judge while she was visiting to check on her daughter. Leonara couldn't help wondering if Alice was going through the same problems as Megumi and Ikumi as the pair waddled towards her to deliver the last plate.

"Enjoy," Megumi and Ikumi said in unison, bowing towards the judges and giving the audience a good view of their elephantine butts.

Curious as to what the two sloppy woman had created, the judges lifted the covers off their platters. Waiting for them in a pool of grease and strange, pinkish grey paste were burgers stacked with several meat patties, bacon, onions, and cheese. Glancing back and forth between the two dishes, it was hard to tell any difference between the burgers Ikumi and Megumi had made.

"It appears the challengers have made the same dish," Urara announced to the bewildered audience. "Could this be an honest mistake? A direct challenge to each other's culinary skills? Or maybe--"

Urara dropped her microphone as Megumi and Ikumi bombarded her with a pair of belches. Stumbling out of the foul air, Urara tried to fix up her bows as she turned back to watch the sloppy pair address the crowd.

"The reason we made the same thing is because it's what our teacher taught us," Megumi announced to the crowd.

Pressing her flab against Megumi's, Ikumi grasped the microphone. "The burgers on the plate look mundane, but they're the epitome of our studies. Take a bite and you'll see what we mean."

Paying heed to both the competitor's words and their roles as judges, the three women lifted up a burger and took a bite. As the grease and sauce dripped down their chins and stained their clothing, their confusion was replaced with looks of pure bliss. In front of the entire crowd, the three prestigious women of the cooking world chowed down on the burgers with reckless abandon. Their clothes and faces a mess of stains and misplaced meat chunks, they showed no signs of slowing as they went through their second round of burgers. Licking grease from their fingers, they massaged the food babies nestled between their laps.

Mindlessly rubbing their fingers along their stuffed guts, the judges let out a cacophony of burps and farts. The smell drifted across the arena to grace the students with its overwhelmingly awful aroma. Through the noise of the crowd gasping for fresh air the judges called out in unison for more food.

"What did you do to them?" Urara asked, keeping her fingers clamped tightly around her nostrils.

"We gave them our master's special recipe," Megumi replied. "It helped them see what true cuisine and beauty is."

Urara nearly toppled over herself as Ikumi bumped into her with her belly.

"Try for yourself," Ikumi said, offering up one of the greasy burgers.

"Like I would stuff myself like one of those--"

Urara's loud mouth was silenced as Ikumi shoved a burger into her. Forced to either swallow or choke on the greasy sandwich, Urara let the burger slide down her throat. Taking the burger from Ikumi's hands, Urara proceeded to debase herself like the judges to satisfy her sudden hunger. Left a mess of grease and sauce, her eyes went wide as Megumi rolled over a food cart with dozens more of the delicious burgers.

Forgetting where she was and who she was, Urara dived headfirst into the mound of burgers. Ignorant to the awestruck gaze of her adoring fans and the judges indulging in their own extra helpings, she continued to eat. Her bows popped off as her silky black hair was covered in grease. Sliding the frayed strands away from her chubby cheeks and extra chins, she barely noticed her blouse pop open to give her engorging breasts some breathing room. Shimming off what remained of her skirt didn't leave anything in the way for her plumped up rear to grow. Pausing to lazily scratch at the hair around her groin, she let out an echoing fart that added to the foul air permeating from the judge's table. Slamming her bulbous, hairy belly onto the cart to grasp at the last few burgers forced a series of gas bubbles to part her lips and surround her in her own stench of rotting meat.

Urara managed to finish off the last burger just as the cart broke underneath her weight. Lying on her back, her sausage-like fingers traced over her naked, fattened body, getting caught on the unruly strands of black hair under her flabby arms and surrounding her deep belly button. Letting out her post-meal gas left her in a euphoric state that made her numb to the terrified gaze of the still watching audience.

"So who do you think won?" Megumi asked, she and Ikumi turning away from the immobilized Urara to glance at the judges table.

The three blobs of blubber, body hair, and gas let out a simultaneous cry, "BWOOOOOORRRP more."

"We'll give you more, once you tell us who's the best chef," Ikumi said, teasing them with a burger just out of their reach.

"The Slovenly Chef!" they called out in unison, diving across the table to grab at the precious morsel of food.

“Did someone call my name?”

Everyone’s heads turned towards the voice and the sound of heavy footsteps approaching from off stage. The first thing they saw were the bare bellies of Ryoko and Yuki covered in unruly body hair and leftover drops of the slob sauce. The jiggling of their guts and udder-like breasts were pronounced as they held aloft a crude palanquin made from wooden poles and a dining chair.

Bringing up the rear were a pair of equally sized blobs. Standing behind Ryoko and getting her long, black hair blown back by a wayward fart was Nao, her creepy smile going wide across her chubby cheeks as she inhaled the rotten stench. Holding up the back left of the palanquin was the Polar Star dormitory’s caretaker, Fumio. Her spiky grey hair had been left coated in grease, letting drops occasionally drip down her various fat rolls. They all shared the glazed look in their eyes that meant their minds had been clouded by ravenous hunger and horrendous aromas by the man they carried upon their shoulders.

Lounging in his makeshift throne was a man who resembled the infamous Yukihiro Soma. In place of his usual attire, he was wearing a once pure-white chef’s outfit now besmirched by various food stains. Yukihiro’s bright red hair had lost its luster, becoming long strands of dull grey that was neatly combed back. His eyes flickered with an otherworldly spirit, showing that the Slovenly Chef was in complete control of both him and those addicted to his cooking.

“You have done well,” the Slovenly Chef announced, being brought to the center of the stage. “I couldn’t have done this by myself.”

“It wasn’t just us chef,” Megumi said, her and Ikumi kneeling before their master.

“I am aware. In fact, I see the main culprit of our success arriving right now.”

From the opposite side of the stage, Erina came waddling out. With nothing covering her up, she was free to grace the arena with the sight of her fabulously plump body. A thick musk clung to the hair that lined her belly and bunched up around her pits and crotch, acting as a fragrant beacon for her second in command to follow.

Reveling in one of Erina's farts, Hisako came waddling up beside her. Like Erina, Hisako had fattened up into what the Slovenly Chef considered the epitome of beauty. Any sense of modesty was proven null as her naked flesh rippled from her freely letting gas rip from both ends. With food still clinging to her fat rolls and multiple chins, she intertwined her pudgy arm with Erina's as they waddled towards their master.

"Excellent that you could join us," the Slovenly Chef announced. Stepping off of his throne, he walked up to grope Erina and Hisako's bellies. "I knew you were the right person to entrust with my cook book and the results speak for itself."

"Thank you BWOOOOORRP chef," Erina said, reveling in his grateful touch.

"Chef! Chef! I got them," Alice cried out from backstage.

"You do? Then bring them out. You're just in time for the demonstration." Leaving Erina and Hisako with one last grope, he made his way back to the center of the stage.

Followed by the fattened up females of the Elite Ten, a naked Alice came waddling onto the stage. Clutched between Rindo and Momo's greasy fingers was Ryo, the hotheaded chef struggling with all of his might to try and break free of their meaty grasps. The once small statured Jun was close behind them, her numerous fat rolls acting as clamps to keep Akira lodged securely in her belly flab.

"What do you think?" Alice asked, gesturing towards her captives.

“Yes, they will do nicely,” the Slovenly Chef commented as he gazed upon some of Yukihiro’s fiercest rivals.

“Let me go dammit!” Ryo said, his struggling afflicting Rindo and Momo’s fat with constant jiggling.

“Come on now,” Alice said, shuffling up towards her former partner. “You need to behave yourself for the master chef.”

“What the hell’s gotten into you?” he snapped back.

“Probably the same thing that changed Jun,” Akira commented, both unwilling and unable to look into his sensei’s eyes.

“Don’t worry, you will see the glory of my way of life soon,” the Slovenly Chef said to the disgruntled chefs. “Erina, do you bring your latest creation? “

“Right here chef,” Erina replied, stomping towards him with a pair of small cookies she pulled out from between her fat folds.

“Excellent,” he said, accepting the cookies. “Now open wide you two.”

“Like hell we will!” Ryo shot back.

“Very well. Ladies, give them a taste of what we have in store.”

By his command, the woman under the Slovenly Chef’s controls surrounded the captives. Shaking around their flabby guts made an uproar of unruly groans echo from their slobby forms. All at once, the chef’s harem let loose with all the gas pent up inside of their bodies. The screams of terror from the audience from the resulting smell was drowned out with a symphony of burps and farts. The noxious cloud surrounded Akira and Ryo made their eyes water and their noses burn from the unholy odor. A set of coughing fits from the two of them was the opening the Slovenly Chef needed to shove the cookies down their throats.

As the chef pulled away and the tainted cookies fell into their stomachs, the smell that had been plaguing Ryo and Akira began to take on a new light. Relaxing in the holds of their captors, they raised their heads and took a deep breath of the foul air. Reveling in the overwhelming aroma, their eyes glanced over the group of gassy blobs to appreciate every pound of fat packed onto their bodies.

“Now do you understand?” the Slovenly Chef asked.

“Yes chef,” Ryo and Akira replied in unison.

A snap of the Slovenly Chef’s fingers released the captives from their holds. Rather than run away from the gathering of flesh, hair, and noxious gas, the pair ran towards their selection of women. For Akira, that meant falling face first into the soft rolls of his former master, relishing in being surrounded by her fat and stench. Ryo made a beeline for Alice, nuzzling his face into her white belly hair as he inhaled the scent clinging to her flesh.

Nodding his head in satisfaction, the Slovenly Chef accepted the microphone from Ikumi. “Do you see now?” he asked the crowd. “They have been enlightened to the true way of how to live one’s life. No longer fearing what society thinks, but reveling in pure hedonism is the true way the world must be. So, who will join me in this glorious new age of mankind?”

In response, the crowd let out a collective cry of terror as they stampeded out of the doors. Watching the last few stragglers get trampled in the chaos, the chef could only shake his head. It was an expected reaction, but he had hoped at least a few would see his way without needing to be coerced.

“Alright my loyal followers,” the chef said to his brainwashed servants, “we have work to do. I’ll make us one last meal to celebrate our victory, but afterwards I want you to go out and grab anyone you can find.”

“Yes chef,” the replied, waiting patiently for him to begin.

Rolling up his sleeves, the Slovenly Chef got to work cooking up a worthy feast for his followers. They were going to need all the energy they could get to help spread his word and change the world into his own image. The new age under the Slovenly Chef’s rule was close at hand.