

Hypnotic Hero Hedonism

Typically, the production studio was used to shoot commercials and movies seen all across Japan. However, now it was the location of a tense hostage situation involving a new villain. While the call for help had summoned a plethora of heroes to the scene, the unknown nature of the perpetrator forced them to stay at a standstill. There was also the looming threat that any sign of aggression would result in the hostages being hurt. Left without many other options, the Association elected to have a small team of heroes infiltrate the building through a back entrance.

Creeping along the dim corridor, Ochaco tried to make the most of what little light peeked into the abandoned passage. Each small beam partially illuminated her head of short, brown hair and pink outfit. Though typically the costume was made more for direct conflict, there wasn't a chance to modify it for the operation. She just had to hope her teammates could help with whatever trouble they ran into.

Ochaco's blind stumbling through the dark led to her tripping over her own feet. Moments before she gave away the group's position, she was caught by long and wiry ropes wrapping around her waist. Rather than yell out in terror, she remained calm. Sure enough, she looked over her shoulder to see that the cords were attached to Jiro's ear lobes. Unlike Ochaco, her chin length, dark purple hair and black jacket aided in her stealth. Comforted by the look of determination coming from the audio hero's eyes, Ochaco pushed forward.

The pitch black darkness ahead of her was lit up by a beam of light. Once more looking back, she spotted the fluffy ponytail of black hair belonging to Momo. The illumination was coming from a flashlight clutched in her hands, no doubt pulled out from the portion of the heroine's mid-section that was left exposed by her red outfit. Though they had been given the

directions to remain as inconspicuous as possible, Momo had thought that the risk of constantly tripping outweighed being seen. Unfortunately, their careful nature didn't help much once a wayward swing of someone's arm knocked over a set of lighting equipment.

The once silent passageway began to be filled with the echo of fists beating against the exterior wall. Though the group tried to remain still and quiet until the sound passed, they all took notice of a strange, rumbling noise coming from where they had slipped inside. A moment later, they heard a sound similar to a thunder clap as an awful aroma came barreling towards them. Unable to handle the stench, the trio began to run as fast as they could. Desperate to escape before they passed out from the noxious fumes, they gave up on trying to be stealthy as they barged through the first door they ran into.

Taking a gasp of fresh air, Ochaco swiveled her head back and forth to see that they had stumbled into one of the film sets. Lacking any specific props or backdrops, the room was instead filled with foldable tables and chairs. All along the floor was a collection of wires that led to collections of different filming equipment from lights similar to the ones they had knocked over the passageway to the best cameras money could buy. The group unanimously turned their attention towards the crafts table where they found the crew, or at least what they had become.

Each one of them was well over 500 pounds, with their clothing barely holding on. Regardless of gender, each of them was sporting heavy chests that constantly jiggled against their distended bellies. Crashing their meaty derrieres into one another shook about their numerous flab rolls and brought about a series of ominous groaning noises.

The fattened up crew seemed ignorant of the girls' presence. They were content to stuff their faces with whatever food their pudgy hands could grasp. Peeking at their faces as they greedily ate up every morsel, revealed rows of chins and a strange, pink glow covering their

eyes. Though the heroines wanted to intervene, they were thrown back by an awful odor permeating from the group. Forced to turn away as a similar rumbling noise preceded a bombardment of flatulence from the crew, the trio locked their gazes on the person responsible for all of this.

“My, my,” said the woman, a feathery, pink boa around her arms partially obscuring the glittering, pastel dress she was wearing. “It appears that three brave heroes have come to save the day,” she added, waving about her long locks of platinum blonde hair as she sauntered about on her high heeled shoes. “Unfortunately, we’re not holding auditions for an action movie,” she commented, putting a white gloved finger to her pink, pouty lips. “That’s alright. I can think of another role that should fit you nicely.”

“What did you do to them?” Ochaco asked, gesturing towards the gluttonous group just as one of them let loose with an echoing belch.

“I gave them the privilege of auditioning for my new television program,” the woman replied. “However, none of them seemed to have what I was looking for. I’ll have to settle for using them to work the equipment for my grand re-debut.”

“Wait, I think I’ve seen you before,” Momo spoke up. “You’re Entertainer Etiko. My parents used to watch your show.”

“Ah, so nice to run in to someone that still knows me,” Etiko replied, clapping her hand together in delight. “Unfortunately, no amount of fame could make up for the backlash that occurred when news of my quirk got out. People these days can be so judgmental. I only ever used it a few times for the betterment of the entertainment industry.”

Focusing her eyes, Jiro stared down the mystery villain. “What’s your quirk?”

Etiko let out a small laugh. “I suppose that we truly are living in a world with a breakneck news cycle if none of you remember. That would explain why it was so easy to gather my crew of helpers,” she said, gesturing towards the group of slobby slaves.

“Release them, now!” Ochaco commanded, as she and the other heroines got into fighting stances. “Surrender now and we won’t have to use force.”

Shaking her head, Etiko began to saunter towards the girls. “I’m afraid I still need their services in order to film my pilot. It would be an absolute tragedy to get so close to realizing my vision when the final piece needed has just fallen into my lap.”

“Which is...?” Jiro asked, warily watching Etiko.

“Why, you three,” Etiko said, holding her arms aloft. “You young ladies will make the perfect stars for my one of a kind game show. One which celebrates something that society has long treated as taboo.” The entertainer’s clam demeanor broke for a moment as she put on an unsettling grin. “Absolute hedonism.”

“No thank you,” Momo said, stepping forward with a metal staff gripped tightly in her hands. “My parents might have respected your work in the past, but you’re nothing like that anymore. Someone like you shouldn’t have to resort to taking people hostage.”

Etiko let out a sigh that brought her back to her calmer demeanor. “True, this is far from what I thought my career would be. However, it must be done. The world must see the value in my show devoted to indulgence. Come along ladies, you’re just in time to be contestants on the Slobification Show!”

A pink aura began to glow around Etiko’s body similar to what lurked in the crew’s eyes. Recognizing this, the heroines got ready to rush her. As the energy reached the woman’s head, it focused in on her eyes. Her pink irises shifted into a rapidly swirling pattern of lines. The longer

the girls stared into the villainess's gaze, the weaker their limbs started to feel. Though they tried to fight it, it was only a matter of time before Etiko's hypnosis quirk wormed its way into their minds.

A clang rang out through the studio as Momo dropped her staff from her hands as her and the other heroine's arms limply hung at their sides. Any sign of aggression was dismissed as they slouched forward to get a better look at Etiko's eyes. Their jaws hung open with drool leaking from the sides of their mouths to trickle onto the floor. Matching the swirling pattern with her own eyes, Ochaco was the first of the entranced trio to approach Etiko.

"Marvelous," Etiko said, waving her arm to signal the girls to follow her. "It appears that my baseline command of await orders is doing nicely. I suppose that my other commands will activate at the appropriate time. Glad to see that my skills haven't diminished during my retirement.

Reaching into her boa, Etiko pulled out a small packet of papers. Straightening up the document and procuring a pen from one of the crew members, she addressed the heroes. "Now, before we begin I really should get legal matters out of the way. First and foremost, how old are you three?"

"Eighteen," Momo, Ochaco, and Jiro spoke in unison.

"Most excellent," Etiko said as she checked boxes off on the packet. "If you have any major food allergies, please speak now."

Rather than voice any issues, the girls merely stood there and let their drool pool onto the floor.

"Fantastic," Etiko replied. "Lastly, would you mind giving me your weights?"

"117 pounds," Ochaco spoke.

“114 pounds,” Momo said.

“95 pounds,” Jiro finished.

“Odd that you would answer in pounds and not kilograms,” Etiko commented, finishing the paperwork before handing it over to one of her hypnotized servants. “Must be a strange error in my quirk. Oh well, we’ll make do. For now, get to your spots, ladies. The show is about to begin.”

Like being pulled along by invisible puppet strings, Jiro, Ochaco, and Momo made their way towards a makeshift stage. To the common eye, it was merely a plastic table and collection of chairs. However, Etiko had given them a special gift to fully get them in the headspace for their grand debut.

Through the trio’s altered vision, they saw an explosion of glitz and glamour through a series of flashing lights. The table was painted gold with their names hanging off the front with electronic displays. As they took their place on their assigned seats, their minds told them they were sitting on soft cushions instead of the worn down stools. The only thing that was consistent between reality and their altered perspective was Etiko’s eager smile as she made her way over to a podium with cards in hand.

“3...2...1...ACTION!” Etiko shouted out, commanding the obese woman working the camera to start filming.

“Hello everyone!” the villainess announced, in turn causing simulated applause to fill the studio. “I am Entertainer Etiko and I would like to welcome you all to the first ever broadcast of the Slobification Show. Before we begin, contestants, why don’t you introduce yourselves?”

“My name is Momo Yaoyorozu, known by the hero name Creati.”

“Kyoka Jiro. I also go by Earphone Jack.”

“I’m Ochaco Uraraka, but people call me Uravity when I...when I...wait, what am I doing here?”

“Participating in our contest of course,” Etiko answered, reasserting her control with another blast of her quirk towards the pink-clad hero. “You three have volunteered to see just how far you’re willing to debase yourself in hedonism for the sake of entertaining our viewers and winning the grand prize. I would explain the rules, but I can tell how eager you are to get started. I’m sure you’ll pick up how the game works as we go along. Let’s get things started by bringing out the first course!”

Commanded by the clap of Etiko’s hands, the crew rolled over a cart loaded down with food. The platters were made up of the typical catering fair of sandwiches and soda. However, the simple meal was seen as gourmet cuisine through the hypnotized heroines’ eyes. Even without having to be told, their bodies began to shudder from a series of hunger pangs affecting them. As much as they wanted to dig in then and there, they were obedient enough to wait for their mistress to give the command.

“To start, we’ll give the girls something to take care of those skinny bodies of theirs,” Etiko announced. “Whoever finishes off their serving first will earn a point for this round. On your marks, get set, go!”

By their mistress’s command, the three contestants dug into their meals. The simple order to devour was done through the method of sloppily shoving the sandwiches down their throats. Even Momo with her upper class background didn’t seem ashamed of spilling condiments on her clothes as she ate. For their obedience, they were rewarded with a gourmet taste that greeted their tongues with each bite. Too busy gobbling down every sandwich and besmirching their clothes, the trio were left unaware of what the feast was doing to their bodies.

Being the first to finish, Ochaco's lack of anything to put into her mouth allowed her to regain some of her senses. Staring wide eyed at the few crumbs on the platter before her, the first thought was how she was able to eat so much. The answer came to her as she took a step back and saw the chubby belly she had developed over the course of her feast. Pinching at her breasts and buttocks, she could feel the extra heft that had been layered onto them that was making it hard for her suit to contain the added flesh.

"What is this?" Jiro asked, revealing a similar level of clarity as she prodded at her own belly bulge. Though she momentarily lingered on the fat placed around her bosom, her attention soon drew to the bubble butt currently trying to suck up the fabric of her black pants.

"Revolt is what it is," Momo stated, pressing her hand against her doughy mid-section. Trying to ignore the way her enhanced curves shook within the confines of her clothes; she began to stomp her way towards Etiko. "Stop this immediately or else we will forcefully-"

"Sorry dear, but I'm not here to play," the villainess interrupted. "My first priority as the host is to make sure that everything goes along smoothly. Last thing I want is you getting disqualified for a momentary lapse in judgement. Allow me to remind you of why you're here."

Just before Momo could use her quirk to manifest a weapon, she was halted by another blast of Etiko's hypnotic gaze. Getting caught in the same wave, Ochaco and Jiro let their arms go slack once more. As the drool began to leak out from the trio's mouths and onto their guts, the trickling noise became overshadowed by an ominous bubbling sound coming from their stomachs.

"Oh, looks like we're already starting up the next round," Etiko commented, waving her hand to get Momo back to her spot. "Don't let that food go to waste. Jiggle around those bellies and show us what you can do."

“Yes, Mistress Etiko,” the girls replied.

Doing as they were commanded, the heroines worked past the lingering hang ups of their disgust towards their added chub to squeeze their bellies. Getting tight grips on the protrusions, they proceeded to rapidly jiggle them up and down. The frantic movement began to tear apart the seams of their outfits to let some of their expanded flesh breathe. Ignoring the sight of their bellies ripping apart their costumes, they kept going until they had built up enough pressure to appease the deranged entertainer.

Ochaco was the first to hit her breaking point by letting out a BWOOOOORRRPPP that jiggled about her thickened chin. Momo followed soon after with a UUUUUURRRPPP rolling out of her mouth that threatened to pop her engorged bosom right out of her clothes. However, the two became overshadowed by the rolling OOUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRPPP that emerged from Jiro’s lips to help her claim victory.

“Looks like Jiggling Jiro here as come out ahead in the burp round,” Etiko commented. “That puts her in a tie with the Obese Ochaco. Mammoth Momo will have to work hard to make up for the loss in the next round.”

“What did you call UUUURRRPPP!”

“Sorry, no time for chatter,” Etiko insisted, keeping Momo pacified with another hypnotic glance. “It’s time we move onto another round of who can be the biggest glutton. Let’s see how you do with some different cuisine.”

In the time it took for the next serving cart to arrive, the girls had started to regain their senses. Amidst poking at their added chub and dreading the bubbles still lurking inside of their bellies, they failed to notice when the food arrived. They re-entered their hypnotic trances as the

first of many boxes were open to let out a heavenly aroma. Unable to keep themselves from drooling, they collectively reached out to grab slices of the greasy, meat-laden pizza.

“Ready...set...go!” Etiko shouted out, once more unleashing the girls’ newfound appetites.

In a matter of seconds, the heroines’ faces became covered in a mess of cheese, sauce, and grease. Though they tried to keep each of the toppings in their mouth, the frantic method of their feasting inevitably led to more than a few tumbling down their bodies. In-between workers coming by to add more pizza to their piles, they would try picking the misplaced chunks of meat and veggies from their skin. It was due to his self-cleaning that their entranced minds were able to see just how badly their bodies were degrading.

Ochaco was taking on a more rounded shape thanks to the dominance of her belly as it bulged outwards to deal with her unhinged binge eating. At a certain point, the deluge of food she was devouring was causing her expanding form to test the very limits of her suit. As more of the pink fabric was contrasted against her exposed, pudgy flesh, the sound of a tear going across her developing back fat allowed her to come back to her senses for just a moment. Aside from giving her a chance to see that she was easily double her original weight, it was also an opportunity to check on the status of her teammates.

The sight of Momo’s plump nipples and heavy bosom peeking out from her top made Ochaco want to turn away. However, she kept watching the way the creation hero kept leaking droplets of grease down her two chins to cascade across her belly. Taking a gander at the sizable ass cheeks tearing their way through the bottom of Momo’s outfit, she was left in awe up until she let her gaze drift over to Jiro’s lower half.

The audio hero's indulgent pizza feasting had helped her fattening form to start developing into a pear shape. Though her breasts and belly were a few steps behind her two companions, she more than made up for it with the wealth of ass fat peeking through holes in the seat of her pants. Even without the orders of her mistress, Ochaco couldn't stop herself from gawking at the enormous rear and thick thighs. Beckoned by her own curiosity, she inched closer to get a better look at Jiro's backside.

Ochaco stopped dead still as she heard an unsettling groan from her teammate. Moments later, she heard similar noises coming from both Momo and herself. Before she could even begin to figure out what the sound meant, she ended up being on the receiving end of a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPP blasting out of Jiro's ass.

Face becoming enveloped by fumes and the shredded fabric of Jiro's ruined pants, Ochaco began to stumble backwards. Bumping her pudgy form up against Momo's backside produced a slightly weaker, but still rancid deluge of flatulence. As the farts seeped into Ochaco's nostrils, her sense of resistance against Etiko's control fell apart. Getting back in line with the script written in her head, she put on a dumb smile as she turned towards the camera and released her own pungent PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT from her rear.

Sauntering over, Etiko shook her head. "Obese Ochaco, your gas production just doesn't measure up to your competitors. Not to mention you didn't even finish your meal."

"I'm BWOOOOOORRRRPPP sorry, mistress," Ochaco replied.

"Then again," Etiko began, as she put a finger to her chin, "I doubt there was much you could do in the wake of the other two contestants' performance. Mammoth Momo, you earn a point for finishing off your stack of pies the fastest. Jiggling Jiro, I award you a point for delivering such a powerfully disgusting fart so early in the competition."

“Thank UUUUUURRRPP you,” Momo and Jiro said in unison.

“Let’s try to keep that momentum up as we enter the next round with another set of dishes to stuff your faces with,” Etiko said, clapping her hands together to summon the next group of fattening food.

Rather than merely watch the meals be brought to the contestants, Etiko made sure to walk alongside the carts. Casting her gaze over the heroines’ faces to ensure they were still stuck in their mindset of pure hedonism, she nodded towards the crew. Lifting up the covers on the trays revealed piles of burritos overstuffed with beans, meat, and cheese. Judging by the hungry gazes on the heroines’ faces, Etiko was certain that whatever meal she had projected into their minds was absolutely divine.

“Feel free to go all out,” Etiko commented. “I’ll be judging your gluttony and gas output simultaneously for this one. This will decide the winner of our show. On your marks, get set...”

Etiko paused for a moment, letting the moment sink in. Through Ochaco, Momo, and Jiro’s eyes, they were able to see a large crowd waiting just as eagerly as they were. Clenching their pudgy fingers on their tables, they tried to resist the hunger pangs affecting their doughy bellies to try and obey their master. It was only after her ears were treated to the ravenous growls and bubbling noises coming from the girls did Etiko finally see fit to let them loose with a snap of her fingers.

The neat piles became a mess of cheese and meat as the heroes dove into them. True to their master’s orders, each one of them had gotten rid of any semblance of manners for the sake of stuffing their gullets. Whatever remained of their costumes became a mess of stains and crumbs thanks to their food focused minds. The greasy meal mixed with the simulated applause filling their ears pushed the girls to eat as much and as fast as possible. However, they all tried to

keep in mind that their true goal was to be the winner of the game and garner the favor of their generous mistress.

For their efforts, the girls managed to show progress in the way their still fattening forms managed to tear away at the rest of their clothing. Ochaco was the first to be left completely nude; the tatters of her pink outfit getting lost within the folds of her gigantic gut. Jiro followed up next with the last part of her pants getting torn asunder by her widening hips and thickening backside making her easily three times her original width. The act of Momo's meaty tits bursting apart the last remnants of her costume led to them bouncing along her stuffed gut to bring about the expected result of their unhinged hedonism.

The constant bumping of Momo's tits against her belly produced a loud BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP that shook about her multiple chins. Jiro followed up with a BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPPP from her rear that sent tremors through her blubbery legs and the prominent foopah that partially obscured her groin. With her body filled with food and the fumes of her teammates, Ochaco slammed her gut up against the table to relieve the pressure. With a UUUUUUUUURRRRPP jiggling her chubby cheeks and a PPPHHHHHHHRRRTTTT rippling out of her rear, Ochaco reveled in the ecstasy of being a complete slob.

Over the course of devouring the burritos, the girls did their part to try and come out on top. Uncaring of the cameras recording their obese, nude forms, they allowed chunks of food to tumble down and further besmirch their bountiful flesh. Their feasting area became enveloped by the gas that frequently billowed out from both of their ends. Only stopping once they had licked their plates clean of any and all specks of nourishment, the trio collectively turned their heads towards Etiko.

“An excellent job,” the hostess said, clapping her hands together. “You all did marvelously, and it certainly shows in your performance. Now as for the winners, we have a bit of an issue. Mammoth Momo, your gas output was just a little stronger than the rest for this round. And Obese Ochaco, you’ve clearly passed the 600 pound mark to put you slightly ahead of the others. With all of the point totals added up, it appears that we have a tie.”

“But what about our BWOOOOOORRRRPPP reward?” Ochaco asked.

Jiro let out a rumbling BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP. “Yeah, who’s the winner?”

“Are we going to have a UUUUUUUURRRRP tie breaker?” Momo added, like the others her eyes full of a desire to both please their master and continue indulging their sloppy forms.

“There’s no need for that,” Etiko replied. “After all, I think our three contestants getting to share the grand prize is an excellent way to end our first show.”

Raising her hands above her head, Etiko clapped them together to garner the attention of all the crew members. A flash of her gaze got her hedonistic horde to work together in order to bring out the heroines’ reward. The trio’s mouths hung lower to allow an appropriately large amount of saliva to leak out in response to what was being brought before them.

Through the girls’ hypnotized vision it appeared to be an exquisite feast. They were barely able to contain themselves as their table was pushed aside to make way for the magnificent cuisine. Only Etiko herself could see what the prize truly was: a feeding trough filled to the brim with a slurry of grease, butter, and a plethora of leftover food from the craft table. It was a meal only palatable to farm animals and someone that had completely given up on taking care of their body. The trough was the perfect way to reward her first contestants for their stellar performance.

With a snap of her fingers, Etiko managed to get the girls to dive head first into the slop. Moving through the container like a trio of hungry hogs, the heroines scarfed down anything their lips could wrap around. Only stopping to catch their breath and unleash belches from their maws, they cared little about how much worse the sloppy feast was making their bodies.

Jiro's already sizable rear reached the width of a couch as it shook back and forth. More than once, Momo's breast dipped into the trough to cover her plump nipples with a layer of grease. Leading the head of the pack with her enormous gut, the sight of Ochaco leaning back to swallow a greased up sandwich was the signal Etiko had been waiting for.

Taking over the camera, Etiko took it upon herself to get the best view possible of her pet project. Each lump of food going down the heroines' throats to push them further over the limit of 700 pounds was recorded. The audio equipment was able to pick up the noise of their messy eating, bellowing belches, and rumbling farts with absolute clarity. Though all of this, the trio remained completely unashamed by the way they were stuffing themselves and unleashing a cacophony of gas. Caught in their trance of absolute hedonism, they were more than happy to show their mistress just how much they enjoyed her gift.

"Absolutely marvelous," Etiko commented as the girls approached the end of their feast. "This was an excellent way to end our pilot episode. Thank you girls so much for helping me with my return to television" Turning her back on the girls, she stood in front of the camera and put on a big smile. "I also want to thank all of our viewers so much for watching the first of hopefully many shows. For now, this is Entertainer Etiko signing off for the inaugural episode of the Slobification--"

A loud crash from nearby sent rubble flying and knocked the camera out of focus. Angered by the interruption, Etiko attempted to subdue the intruder by using her hypnotic gaze.

Unfortunately for her any chance to catch eyes with the dragoon hero, Ryuko Tatsuma was foiled as a massive claw came crashing down on her. Keeping the hostess pinned to the floor, the scaley woman turned her attention towards the missing girls.

“Are you alright?” Ryuko asked, relieving some of the stale air from the room with a flap of her wings.

In spite of the sudden appearance of the hero, Momo, Ochaco, and Jiro were more concerned with licking up the last few drops of their slop. Once they were done scraping up every last crumb, they eventually managed to lift up their heads. As they chewed their last mouthful, they gradually took notice of Etiko held beneath the dragon woman’s claw. The sight was enough to gradually dissipate the pink haze going through their minds.

With a few blinks, Ochaco managed to dismiss the fog from her mind. Shifting her thick neck back and forth, she watched as Momo and Jiro came back to their senses. Looking down at the emptied out trough and their obese forms, the trio attempted to scream in panic. However, all that came out were a series of UUUUUUURRRRRPPPPs that paired with the rumbling BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPs that came bursting out of their chunky rears.

“Eraserhead, I need back up,” Ryuko spoke into her earpiece. Watching the promising young heroes panic in the wake of their flatulence and flab, she strengthened her grip on Etiko. “I’m going to need some muscle to get everyone out of here. Ugh, and make sure you have gas masks ready.”

Using the very last ounce of energy she could muster, Ochaco managed to waddle her way into the rest area of the gym. Spreading herself out on the couch, she tried to ignore the

sound of the specially made, large blue jumpsuit straining against her flabby form. Dabbing away at her chins and heaving breasts with a towel, her moment of relaxation was undone by a squeaky fart slipping out of her backside.

Hearing more unruly puffs of gas, Ochaco began to panic. Swiveling her head back and forth, she tried to hold in her body's gas while simultaneously keeping an eye out for any sign of the woman who had made her like this. What her gaze eventually settled on was the TV in front of her. On the screen was the footage that had been making the cycle on all the major news networks for weeks, much to her and her fellow victims' disdain.

"Can't they BWOOOOOORRRRP finding something else to put on?" Jiro asked, shuffling her way over to another couch to rest her weary, elephantine rear. Too sweaty and tired to care about ripping apart another pair of pants, she allowed a thunderous BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP to blast out of her rear and send ripples through her flabby body.

"It's unfortunately all anyone can UUUURRP talk about," Momo said, her suit left to hang off her shoulders. As much as she would have liked to cover up her doughy gut, her plump hourglass figure made it nearly impossible to find anything to fit her unique body type. "Whether we like it or not," she continued, forced to pause as a PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTT rippled out of her rear as she sat down on her own couch, "The mistress-I mean Etiko got her wish. Now everyone knows her BWOOOOORRRRRRPPPP name."

"That's only because they keep BWOOOOOORRRRP playing her show non-stop," Jiro pointed out. "I can't believe people are enjoying this trash," she continued, forced to pause under the influence of a prolonged BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP. "At this rate, she's going to get her show greenlit by anyone with low enough UUUUUURRRPPPP standards."

“At the very least,” Ochaco spoke, shuddering as another fart rumbled out of her rear, “she won’t be able to use her quirk on anyone else.”

“And now, let’s get a closer look at the nefarious entertainer’s quirk in action!”

The reporter on the TV’s words made all of the girls focus in on the image of Etiko before them. It was specifically the scene towards the end where she had commanded the trio to completely lose themselves to their sloppy instincts. For most people, the recorded version of the quirk wasn’t enough to affect them. However, those who had already been under the influence of hypnotic villainess only needed a glance at the swirling, pink pattern to fall back into their bad habits.

The exhaustion that had been afflicting the heroines seemed to vanish as their jaws hung low. With renewed vigor, they heaved themselves off of the couches. Leaving a trail of drool and gassy outbursts in their wake, they all waddled unison towards their supply of snacks. Though the food stuff was made out of protein bars and weight loss shakes, it all looked like the indulgent meals their mistress had been so kind to give them.

Devouring the food in a matter of minutes, Obese Ochaco, Jiggling Jiro, and Mammoth Momo would go on to raid the complex while they waited for their sizable pizza order to arrive. Uncaring of what their true selves would think about the aftermath, the hypnotized heroines’ only concern was further lavishing the hedonistic forms that had been so kindly gifted to them. After all, they were keen to return to the show to defend their titles as the winners of the sloppy contest in the hopes of earning another wonderful prize from the infamous Entertainer Etiko.