

Street Fighters at the Slopa Spa

The scenic view of a resort right next to a lake was somewhat disrupted by the arrival of a limousine far too extravagant to be afforded by most of the world's population. The luxury vehicle drove through the empty parking lot to stop right at the entrance. Exiting from the driver's seat, a butler made his way towards the back and gracefully opened the door.

"We have arrived, Ms. Kanzuki," he said, stepping aside for his employer.

With a flourish of her hand through her curls of golden hair, Karin made her appearance. She was as stunning as ever with the bright blue bow on the back of her head to go along with the stunning red of her blazer and skirt. Clacking her high heeled shoes against the pavement, she ensured that her black stockings were properly in place as she made her way over to the entrance. Raising a hand to her cheek, she gave a curious look towards the sign declaring the place as "The Slopa Spa."

"I'm not sure exactly what I was expecting," Karin said, turning back towards the limousine, "but it appears to match the description in the brochure."

From inside of the car, Karin's first companion climbed out, letting the sun shine down on the long ponytail of black hair that reached just below her waist. In contrast to the more extravagant Karin, she had come to the resort wearing the simple attire of a white tank top and jeans. The more modest outfit betrayed Ibuki's skills as a highly trained ninja. However, her prowess didn't mean much to her as her depressed expression looked upon the entrance of the spa.

"So this is the consolation prize for last place, huh?" Ibuki asked aloud, waving around the three long locks of hair in front of her face.

“Don’t be so rude,” Karin reprimanded. “The generous representative of this facility said that we were gifted the passes due to our promise as fighters. Even if we weren’t the winners, our potential makes us perfect candidates for their special program.”

“Yeah! Let’s show them what we got!”

The excited yell came moments before a blur of bright blue leapt out of the limousine at blazing speed. R. Mika was still a sight to behold, even if her revealing wrestling outfit had been traded out for a more casual, swim jacket. Though this was supposed to be a day of relaxation, she had still found it necessary to keep her eye mask wrapped around her head.

“You two ready?” R. Mika asked, waving round her long pigtails of blonde hair as she approached the other women.

“As we’ll ever be,” Ibuki reluctantly responded.

“That will be all for now, Shibasaki,” Karin said to her ever faithful butler. “Take the weekend off while the three of us enjoy ourselves.”

“Very well, Ms. Kanzuki,” he replied as he watched the women enter through the sliding doors.

Waiting for the group inside was a standard looking reception desk. What stood out was the woman dressed in a grey blazer sitting there. What could have once been a pristine uniform was now a mess of stains and crumbs that was stretched across her portly form. Upon noticing the new arrivals, the woman took a moment to wipe her pudgy face clean before greeting them with a friendly smile.

“Welcome to the Slopa Spa,” the receptionist said with a warm smile on her chubby face. “Do you have an BWOOOOORPPP appointment?”

While the other two shuddered at the outburst, R. Mika showed no hesitation in rushing through the lingering gas cloud. “We’re here to claim our prize!” she declared, proudly holding up her pass.

“Oh, you’re our special guests,” the receptionist replied as she clapped her pudgy hands together. “Wait one UUUURPPP moment. The owner wants to speak with you.”

One phone call and a few minutes of having to listen to the receptionist’s gassy outbursts later, the trio shuddered at the series of heavy footsteps coming their way. From within the interior of the facility, a pair of enormous, 600 pound women adorned in food-stained scrubs waddled their way towards them. Once the pair arrived at the desk, a much smaller figure managed to squeeze her way past their thighs.

“Hello there,” said the woman with her wiry, chestnut hair tied up into a frayed bun. “My name is Deidra Teld. You can just call me Deidra though.”

“You’re the owner of this resort?” Karin asked.

“Technically no,” Deidra replied, crossing her arms and putting more wrinkles in her lab coat in the process. “Originally, this place was set up by my uncle for one of his experiments. He moved on to other projects, but he entrusted me to keep the spa running in his absence.”

“Experiments?” Ibuki inquired. “What kind of experiments?”

“Nothing you have to worry about,” Deidra explained. “That’s all in the past. Now all this spa is meant to do is help you relieve your stress. To start, allow me to treat you all to our facility’s specialty drink. It’s a crucial part of your visit.”

With a clap of her hands, Deidra called upon the receptionist to duck beneath her desk. When the hefty woman rose up again, it was three, specially marked bottles clutched in her pudgy grasp. Placing the beverages on a tray, Deidra turned to offer them to the fighting women.

“What is this stuff?” Ibuki asked as she took an experimental sniff of the concoction.

“It’s a formula intended to make your bodies more receptive to our spa’s services,”

Deidra explained.

“Oh, like a protein shake or an energy drink?” R. Mika guessed.

“Hmm, not quite,” Deidra replied. “It’s quite complicated in its creation, but it is something that is better understood once you experience it firsthand.”

“Far be it from me to turn down such lovely hospitality,” Karin said, taking her bottle and hoisting it up. “Girls, let us toast to a weekend of complete relaxation.”

With an energetic clink from R. Mika and a hesitant bump from Ibuki, Karin led the group in draining the bottles. Though there was the initial taste akin to sweaty gym socks, something lurking within made it resemble pure ambrosia. Without realizing it, the group managed to chug down the entirety of the mystery drink within a few seconds. When they pulled the bottles away to wipe their faces clean, they were unable to stop small burps from leaving their lips.

“Oh, excuse us,” Karin apologized, handing back her bottle.

“Think nothing of it,” Deidra said, accepting the other emptied bottles. “At the Slopa Spa, we believe that our bodies’ natural processes are essential for your relaxation. Now, if you three will follow my assistants here,” she continued, gesturing towards the large women in scrubs, “they will bring you to the changing room to get you prepared for the first step of your visit.”

“Thank you very much,” Karin said, she and the others keeping a safe distance from the obese workers as they were led inside.

“You’re quite welcome,” Deidra called out. “Please enjoy your stay at the Slopa Spa.”

One visit to the changing room later, the three fighters stepped out adorned in bathrobes. Each of the outfits seemed specifically chosen to match their owner's preferences in terms of color scheme. The robes were also made up of an unbelievably soft and stretchy material that made it feel as if they were surrounded by fluffy clouds. The only complaint was that the outfits seemed to be sized for women three times as large as them.

"Aside from being a little oversized," Karin began as she held up the loose sleeve of her red robe, "I give my highest compliments for creating such regal looking spa attire."

"Might be a little hard to train in this thing though," R. Mika said, still insistent on wearing her eye mask even as the hem of her light blue robe skirted across the ground.

"What exactly do you think a spa is for?" Ibuki asked after tying up the sash of her tan robe as tight as possible. "

"Making us better fighters, duh," R. Mika replied as she and the others were escorted by the same pair of hefty women. "I can't wait to take these two on. They're even bigger than E. Honda."

"Hmm, I suppose spas aren't a common indulgence for most people," Karin remarked as they stepped into the next room. "It will be quite the treat to have your bodies cleansed of all of your aches and..."

An earthy smell drifting towards Karin made her trail off. She and the other women found the source once they spotted the enormous tub of mud sunken into the floor in front of them. Spotting the stairs leading into the goop gave them an idea of what was intended for them.

"You can't be serious," Ibuki said as she watched Karin remove her robe.

"I trust miss Deidra's methods," Karin replied as she confidently sunk her nude form into the mud. "It's a little unorthodox, but I can't deny that the warmth feels nice on my skin."

“There’s no way that I’m dunking myself into that-“

“CANNONBALL!”

Ibuki only had a moment’s notice to get out of the way of R. Mika flying through the air. With a loud splash, she wrestler dunked herself into the tub. Coming back up and wiping her hair and mask clean of the mud, she shuffled her way over to the side to take a seat on one of the submerged benches.

“You coming in?” R. Mika asked, resting her arms against the rim as she looked at the spots of dirt that she had splashed on Ibuki’s robe. “Don’t see any reason not to considering you’re already dirty.”

“Ugh, fine,” Ibuki relented as she pulled herself free from her dirtied clothes. “Just hold back on the energy, okay?” she continued as she begrudgingly sunk her body into the mud. “This is supposed to be a place for winding down, not pumping up.”

“You’re absolutely right,” Karin leaned her back against the side. “Admittedly it’s disappointing that this jacuzzi doesn’t have any bubbles, but we should make the most of our time to quietly contemplate our losses and figure out how we can improve.”

The few seconds of calm that the trio managed to share was undone by the sound of wheels frantically spinning towards them. Turning their heads towards the source, they watched as a cart overloaded with food was brought into the room. Taking up several plates in their pudgy hands, the assistants from earlier squatted down to offer up the tray to the girls.

“Well thank you,” Karin said with an approving nod, “but we can’t really eat while our hands are so dirty.”

“We’ll UUURRPP feed you,” one of the workers replied.

“Oh, how kind of you. If that’s the case, the sandwich there looks rather delicious. However, I don’t usually eat much so could you perhaps cut it into small-“

Karin’s words were immediately muffled as the sandwich was shoved into her mouth. While she wanted to protest against the rude feeding method, there was something about the taste they kept her docile. Swallowing up the morsel, she didn’t waste any time nodding in approval to receive another helping.

“Oooh, give me that fried chicken!” R. Mika called out, eager to accept the hunk of poultry that was offered to her. Just like Karin, she was treated to a savory flavor that kept her yearning for more. Gulping down the meal, she leaned her head forward to try and get the next bite in as fast as possible.

When a third employee squatted down to put a tray at her eye level, Ibuki was understandably hesitant. “Look, I don’t care what you feed me, just-“

Following the unfinished command, the employee grabbed a random handful of food to shove into Ibuki’s mouth. The ninja wasn’t able to see exactly what she was chewing on, but she could tell by taste alone that it was something meaty. Just like the others any concerns she had were set aside in favor of enjoying the meal. Rather than correct her attendant, she merely left her mouth open to allow any and all food to be fed to her.

For a while, the only thing that could be heard throughout the room was the constant chewing of the three women. What little conversation was managed between them was typically interrupted by the servers coming in with more trays of food for them to chow down on. The monotony was eventually broken by a groaning noise emanating from just below the surface. While the women realized what the sound was, they didn’t dare speak aloud what it could mean.

They tried to remedy the issue by letting small burps roll up their throats, but that only delayed the inevitable.

Gritting her teeth, Karin realized what was about to happen. For the sake of keeping her dignity, she attempted to pull herself out of the tub to rush to somewhere private. However, she was forced back down by a gentle push of one of the attendants.

“Don’t hold it in,” the employee whispered. “Let your body go through its natural process.”

Whether she wanted to or not, Karin unleashed a rumbling fart from her backside. Though the mud managed to hide the smell, it revealed the rude expulsion in the form of the bubbles that popped along its surface. Mortified by what she had done, she attempted to hide her face from the others just in time to feel another expulsion of her own flatulence envelope her submerged form.

Daring to turn her flushed face back towards the group, Karin managed to witness more bubbles surrounding Ibuki. The ninja looked just as guilty as more continued to stream out around her. No matter how pleasant the feeling of the bubbles was, they couldn’t get over the fact that they were unleashing their gas without any sense of control. This same sense of shame was not shared by R. Mika.

Getting tickled by the other girls’ farts motivated R. Mika to purposefully stir up her own digestion. By shifting herself back and forth, she managed to build up a surplus of her gas. This resulted in a blubbery BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPP making its way through the mud to pop against the surface. Entranced by the warm feeling of her own flatulence, R. Mika let out a pleased sigh.

“This is BWOOOOORPPP great,” R. Mika commented, looking quite pleased with her disgusting display. “I think I finally understand what you were talking about.”

“I believe that’s enough soaking for today,” Karin said as she stood up from her seat, her body still loaded down with layers of mud. “Let’s get washed off and move on to the next activity.”

“UUURRPP yeah,” Ibuki replied, a bit hesitant to leave the warmth of the fart bubble bath.

Making their way over to the showers, the trio washed off the dirt caked onto their skin. As the muck poured down the drain, they had all expected for themselves to feel lighter. However, they had failed to account for the sizable potbellies sticking out from their mid-sections. Looking over the added heft that had been layered onto their butts and bosoms over the course of their bath, they estimated that they had each gained around 100 pounds.

“I heard that the three of you enjoyed our various snacks,” Deidra spoke aloud as the women were still getting dressed.

“Those little things did this?” Ibuki asked, pinching at her belly fat.

“It is a bit UURRPP unsightly,” Karin added, lifting up heavier breasts before letting them drop again.

“I don’t know what you’re worried about,” R. Mika said, giving her fatter ass a slap and reveling in the resulting jiggle. “It should make our moves extra powerful.”

“I’m glad to hear that you’ve discovered the perks of our treatment,” Deidra said as the attendants came over to dress the women. “Please, come along. Our massages are simply exquisite.”

Karin started to let out a sigh, only to stop for fear of letting another belch roll out. “I suppose since we’ve already gone this far,” she said as she and the others cloaked themselves back in their robes.

Re-dressed in their now better fitting garments, the female fighters followed after Deidra. The concern on Ibuki and Karin's minds was somewhat subdued as they passed by a trickling fountain that jutted out from the wall. It was a little off-putting seeing the black and white eye veiled by the waterfall, but the constant flow brought a much needed sense of ease. That was until the fountain shook from a blubbery BRRRRRAAAAAAPPP slapping out of R. Mika's rear.

"Right this way," Deidra said, unflinching as she walked through the wrestler's fumes to lead deeper into the facility.

The gassy expulsions that managed to consistently leak out from the group eventually gave way to a soft influx of gentle music. Dim mood lights led them towards a large room with three massage tables in the middle. Though the structures looked comfortable, there seemed to be extra emphasis put on the heavy reinforcement that had gone into their construction. The powerful steel was in direct opposition to the cushions of the extra wide tables that wordlessly beckoned the women to relax.

"Please disrobe and climb on top of the tables," Deidra instructed. "Our message therapists will be along shortly."

Shrugging off their robes, the trio watched as their host parted once more. Gingerly easing themselves onto the tables to avoid riling up their already distraught digestive tracts, Karin and Ibuki got into position. Just as they managed to get their added chub to stop jiggling, R. Mika carelessly swung herself onto her table with a blatant disregard for the PHHHHRRRTTTTTT that she created in the process.

As the echo of the wrestler's fart petered off, it was replaced with a mix of heavy footsteps and the familiar rolling of squeaky wheels. Turning their heads towards the door, the

women watched as three attendants entered in with a bevy of different bottles of lotions loaded up in their blubbery arms. Not far behind them was another group of employees that had come in with a food cart with each of its delectable meals obscured by silver covers.

“More?” Karin asked as her masseuse came up to her.

“It is important to have proper nutrition for the process to work,” the woman explained, easing the high class fighter’s concern with a few gentle squeezes along the back.

“Of course, we’re not going to force you to eat what you can’t handle,” spoke one of the attendants, in-between making gentle circles along Ibuki’s shoulders.

“Merely speak up when you feel a little peckish,” offered R. Mika’s masseuse, using her pudgy fingers to take away the aches and pains from the wrestler’s back.

For a while, the three fighters were content to leave everything to their attendants. The various pokes and prods tended to push out more of their gas, but it was nothing that couldn’t be covered up by the various lotions and creams that were spread along their flesh. The blissful states they found themselves in were a much needed reprieve from the devastating defeats that had led them to this place. Soon, they could feel their eyelids growing heavy as they drew closer and closer to falling asleep under the caring touch of their attendants.

The peaceful massages were interrupted by unruly grumbles filling the room and drowning out the sound of the new wave music. Rather than mere bubbles rolling around in the fighters’ chubby bellies, the cause seemed to be a distinct emptiness inside of them. Though there was no exact way to tell what time it was inside of the room, they all could feel that they had their little bath side meal not too long ago. Even still, it was hard for them to fully enjoy their massage with the constant hunger pangs plaguing him.

“Is there something that I can get you?” one of the attendants asked.

“Yeah, give me something meaty and juicy,” R. Mika was quick to reply. In a few seconds she was rewarded with a triple stack cheeseburger. Sinking her fingers into the greasy sandwich, she started to dig into it as her attendant resumed her massage.

“I suppose something small wouldn’t hurt,” Karin admitted under the duress of her own stomach’s growls.

The high class woman discovered that her definition of small differed greatly from the spa’s as she beheld the mound of cheese and greasy nachos that was brought towards her. Though she wanted to protest, she couldn’t stop herself from accepting a heavily loaded chip from her attendant. As she chewed on the mix of cheese, meat, and beans, her begrudging enjoyment of the meal allowed her attendant to start working on her back muscles.

Rather than wait for Ibuki to speak up, one of the employees brought a plate over to her in-between getting her ankles rubbed down. Opening up her eyes, the ninja didn’t know how to react at first to the pile of greasy fries. Even if her mind didn’t know what to make of the meal covered in way too much cheese and chili, her appetite was quick to remind her that it wasn’t about to let her relax until it got what it wanted.

“Ugh, give it here,” Ibuki relented as she opened her mouth wide.

Just like the others before her, Ibuki’s acceptance of the feast was accompanied by a flavor that made up for the obvious lack of nutrition of the meal. As her attendant got to work rolling their elbows against her shoulders, she could feel the same blissful state taking over her again. As her body continued to be pressed and pampered, there was a sense of something more that helped her to find relaxation. The word “hedonism” stuck to the front of her thoughts as she finished off her plate and asked for a second helping.

As the women continued to eat whatever was brought to them, their bodies were quick to respond with renewed expulsions. Though the blubbery farts and unruly burps were disgusting as ever to Karin and Ibuki, it was harder for them to care when they were being treated so well. For Karin, that meant enjoying the massage in spite of all of the noxious fumes. As for Ibuki, it gradually became an integral part to letting herself fully relax.

“Please turn over,” the attendants whispered into the girls’ ears.

In unison, the trio rolled themselves over to continue the session. As they rested on their backs, they all became aware of the extra layers of weight they had put on. While they had been merely chubby from their soak in the mud bath, they had surpassed the line of becoming definitively fat.

Looking past her meatier bosom, Karin stared with wide eyes as her doughy gut swayed back and forth. R. Mika didn’t seem to mind the way her thicker rear drew closer to hanging off the sides of the table. Taking in both the girth of her companions and her own body, Ibuki couldn’t help staring at her plumper finger and blubbery limbs with a sense of pride.

Before her attendant could get a chance, Ibuki helped herself to squeezing and prodding at her newfound flab. Her self-groping gifted her with a sense of euphoria unlike anything she had experienced before. When her stimulation inevitably riled up her digestion, rather than fight against it, she freely let a belch come roaring out to shake around her melon-size mammaries. In the wake of a powerful BRRRRRAAAAAPPPPP vibrating itself out from between her thick rear, she finally understood what Deidra was trying to show her. Unfortunately, Karin didn’t see it that way.

“I think I’m done BWOORRPP now,” Karin called out, managing to stop the flow of food by waving around her pudgy hand.

As the attendant backed away, Karin rolled herself off of the table. The impact of her feet hitting the floor sent a tremor rising up her pudgy legs to jiggle about her newfound heft. Already not thrilled with how she had gone over four hundred pounds in weight over the course of her stay, her mind was made up by the gas bubble that came spurting out of her backside.

“Where is Miss UUUURPP Deidra?” Karin asked as she clothed herself in the now tight-fitting robe. “There are certain things that I must discuss with her.”

“What’s your BWOOOORPPP problem?” Ibuki asked as she swung her legs over the side of her table.

“Yeah, this spa trip has been BOOOUUUURRPPP awesome,” R. Mika exclaimed, showing no shame in the reverberating BRRRAAAAAPPPP that came blasting out of her thickened backside.

Grimacing, Karin turned away from her sloppy companions and began shuffling towards the exit. Before she could wrap her plump fingers around the handle, the door swung open by itself to reveal Deidra on the other side. In spite of the heavy odor that had filled the room, the lab coat-clad woman seemed more concerned with the irritated look on Karin’s face.

“Is there a problem, Ms. Kanzuki?” Deidra asked.

“I was trying to be polite at first, but I have serious doubts about the results of your BWOOOOORPPP methods,” the high class woman answered.

“I’m sorry to hear that. Especially since you’re missing out on one of the most crucial steps of the process,” Deidra pointed out. “Can’t I convince you to give our spa just a bit longer to ease your body’s woes?”

“And ruin my figure even more?” Karin asked, giving her belly fat a tight squeeze.

“Come UUUUURRRPP on,” R. Mika said, waddling up next to Karin. “You can’t give up when you’re so close to the finish.”

“Yeah,” Ibuki added, stomping over to flank Karin’s other side. “Give it some time and I’m sure you’ll see why this is so BWOOORPPP awesome.”

Karin wanted to deny, but there was little she felt that she could do with the two, equally hefty women pressing on her sides. “Fine,” she relented, pointing a finger toward Deidra. “But once this is over, you’d better have a way to change us back.”

“Of course, of course,” Deidra replied, gesturing for the women to follow her. “If you go through this final treatment and wish to return to your smaller selves, I would be happy to oblige.”

The grin on Deidra’s face did little to dissuade Karin’s concerns. Even still, she followed after the spa director with R. Mika and Ibuki waddling close behind her. The task of maneuvering her larger figure became harder as the temperature in the facility appeared to rise. The reason became clear once they came to a set of double doors labeled as the entrance to the sauna.

“Allow me to take your robes,” Deidra said as she held out her hands. “For your stay in the steam room, we typically suggest at least one hour.”

“Then that shall be the time limit I allow you to UUUURPP convince me otherwise,” Karin said, quickly taking off her now undersized outfit and handing it to Deidra.

While the other fighters disrobed, Karin took the lead to push against the doors and step inside. What greeted her after getting through the heavy steam cloud was a room filled with wooden benches wide enough to comfortably seat their large buttocks. The center attraction was the metal box that was busy keeping the room hot and steamy. While that may have been the

heater's main purpose, it doubled as a means to keep warm a collection of meaty morsels that ranged from sausages to more greasy burgers.

"You expect us to stuff ourselves like greasy BWOOOOORRPP pigs?" Karin asked, her question going unanswered as R. Mika and Ibuki pushed her further into the room.

Finding an open spot near the heater, R. Mika let herself slump onto a bench. Leaning back in her seat, she seemed to revel in the sweat that began beading down her face. "Ahh, this place is the BWOOOOORPP best."

"No kidding," Ibuki replied, sitting opposite of the wrestler as she helped herself to some bacon strips. "Grab some while you can UUURPPP Karin."

"Absolutely not," Karin said, clutching her arms against her chest and swaying away her thick chin. "I saw what happened to you two. I don't want to become obsessed with that food. I can only imagine how much worse my weight and digestion can become in this sweat house."

Due to Karin's upturned nose and the sound of the blubbery BRRRRAAAAAAPPPs from her companions, she didn't hear them stand up. Her senses deadened by her perspiration and the smell filling the room, she was unable to avoid the pudgy grasp of her so-called friends. Dragged over to one of the empty benches, her backside was slammed down onto it with a mighty thud. Shuddering in the resulting PHHHHRRRRRTTTTT from her ass, she looked towards the others for answers. What she got was a sausage shoved right past her lips.

"You said that you'd at least give this a UUUUURPPP try," Ibuki said as she continued to push the meat into Karin's mouth.

"Yeah, you can't half-ass this," R. Mika said, getting Karin to bite down by giving a hearty smack to the noble woman's rear. "You got to give Deidra a chance."

Upon swallowing the sausage, Karin tried to plead her case for why the other women should stop what they were doing. Unfortunately she didn't get a chance as a hunk of ham was offered up to her. As if acting on instinct alone, her body lunged her forward to take a bite of the pork. Though the meal was delicious, she was left hesitant as she knew what the food would do to her body.

While Ibuki continued to offer up one meaty morsel after another, R. Mika sat down next to Karin. In contrast to her earlier butt slap, the wrestler moved her chunky form with a sense of gentleness as she squeezed up against the high class woman's body. Embracing what she could of Karin's torso, she gave a slight squeeze to sink her fingers into the wealth of belly and back flab.

R. Mika's provocation caused a powerful BWOOOOOORRRPPP to roll up Karin's throat. Realizing what the wrestler was attempting, Ibuki joined in on the other side to nuzzle up to Karin's gut. Squeezed on both sides by the sweaty women, Karin was forced to unleash a horrendous BRRRRRAAAAAPPPP that made the sweat on her ass cheeks sprinkle across her seat. Stewing in the sweaty flesh and fragrant aroma, the high class woman didn't know what to do. Just as she felt the peak of her need to escape hit her limits, it all seemed to vanish the moment the fart petered off.

Letting out a mix of an exhale and a belch, Karin felt a sense of ease she had never experienced before. When the other women attempted to pull away, she used her blubbery arms to pull them back in. Clutching them close, she returned their earlier favor by sinking her plump fingers into their bellies. Freely letting herself be enveloped by the gassy outbursts that followed, she took a deep inhale as she realized the sense of freedom and relaxation that came with this act of hedonism.

Keeping her sweaty companions close, Karin leaned forward to collect a few plates of meat. Passing it along to the others, she sunk her teeth into a set of ribs. Stripping the meat down to the bone, uncaring of the mess of sauce that dribbled across her sweaty, fatty form, she allowed herself to smile. Unleashing another PHHHHRRRRRTTTT of her own free will, she settled into her spot in order to fully embrace the steam room treatment.

Arriving late at the facility, still adorned in her arcade uniform, Sakura wasn't sure what to make of the place. When she had received an invitation to join Karin and the others at the Slopa Spa, she had thought that it was for some training. Her belief only grew stronger once she found out that her very rich friend had turned a free weekend into a full, month long stay. Ready for whatever new fighting techniques the other women had developed during this time, she tightened up her headband and ensured her fighting gloves were properly adjusted as she approached the door.

"Hey there!" Sakura called out to the overweight receptionist behind the desk. "Have you seen Ms. Kanzuki around? I'm her guest. Sakura Kasu-"

"Oh BWOOOOOOOORRPP yeah," the receptionist belched out. "She's been waiting for you to arrive." Reaching below her desk, she pulled out a bottle and held it out towards Sakura. "Take this. Ms. Kanzuki and the UUUUURPP others are waiting for you in the lounge."

"Er, thank you," Sakura said, accepting the bottle and heading off where the woman's plump finger was pointing.

Hoping to get the smell of the receptionist's burps out of her mind, Sakura untwisted the top off the bottle and began to drink. As she worked through acquiring a taste for the unique

beverage, her path eventually led her towards a large fountain. Spending a few moments sipping her drink and staring at the waterfall, she felt a sense of otherworldliness from it. Just as she managed to focus her vision on the black and white eye obscured by the sheet of water, someone approached her from the side.

“Hello there,” Deidra said, greeting Sakura with a smile. “A pleasure to meet you in-person. I’m the director of the facility, Deidra Teld.”

“Where are my UUURP, oh excuse me, friends?” asked Sakura.

“Right this way,” Deidra instructed, gesturing for the fighter to follow in her footsteps.

Sakura reached the lounge moments after she managed to finish off the rest of her drink. Her satisfied sigh of finishing off the bottle unfortunately also gave her a mouthful of the pungent fog that lingered in the air. With the help of a gentle push from Deidra, she stumbled forward into the room, only to be stopped as she landed face first onto something big and doughy.

Picking herself off the large mound of fat, Sakura lifted up her head to see a familiar set of golden curls. The recognizable locks were flanking an uncharacteristic face of chubby cheeks that matched the roundness of their owner’s massive mammaries. Grinning down at Sakura, Karin greeted her with a loud BWOOOOOORRPPPP that allowed her friend to get a whiff of the feast she had devoured shortly before her arrival.

“About time you UUUUUURRRPPPP showed up,” R. Mika belched out, her over 800 pound body clad in a tight-fitting robe just as awe inducing as those loosely hanging off of the other, fattened fighters.

Ibuki managed to turn Sakura's attention away from Karin by unleashing a blubbery BRRRRAAAAAAPPPP from her rear. "Yeah, we've been holding back on our daily mud bath just waiting for BWOOOOOORRPPP you."

"Girls BOOOUURRPP girls," Karin began, keeping Sakura clutched within the confines of her cleavage. "No need to rush things. This is a spa of course. We need to make sure Sakura can UUUURPP enjoy herself."

The confusion that had been inflicted upon Sakura became worse as her fattened up friend gave her a tight squeeze. The powerful, yet plush hug made a small fart squeak out of the tinier woman. Breathing in the combined aroma of her own fumes mixed with that of the other fighters, Sakura fell into the perfect mindset to properly enjoy her time at the Slopa Spa.