

The Inaba Investigation Girls' Slob Cell

Reports had come in about droves of people disappearing in the middle of the night, with only the faint odor of something rancid left in their wake. Tuning into the Midnight Channel revealed the location of these people, albeit with them changed almost beyond recognition both physically and mentally. Gathering up the entire crew with Yu as the leader once more, the Inaba Investigation Team assumed that it would be trivial saving the day once again after all they had been through together.

Misfortune struck shortly after the group entered the TV world. The thick fog was already bad enough, but what made it worse was the horrific odor that awaited them as they drew closer to a dungeon that looked similar to Yukiko's palace. While they were trying to properly scope out the area, shadows from within came pouring out to assault them. Though they managed to fight against the hoard with the help of their Personas, the group was separated amidst the chaos. This left them scattered and with their only option to delve further in for fear of losing what little element of surprise they still had.

Taking the lead under the assumption that she would be the most familiar with the area, Yukiko tried to keep her eyes peeled for any more shadow creatures. That was made harder than expected thanks to her long, black locks slipping out from her red headband. Even worse, the loss of her special glasses meant that she had to deal with the full force of the fog. Though she couldn't see much, she hoped that the bright red uniform she was wearing would be enough to keep the others from losing track of her.

Coming up behind Yukiko, Chie kept her muscular legs limber in case of any more attacks. Over the course of their initial battle, the young woman with short, light brown hair had

felt the seams of her green jacket and skirt start to tear. An irritating thought lingered in her mind that she might have eaten a few too many steaks since their last mission. Rather than dwell on any weight she may have put on, she made a mental note to get some extra exercise in by giving the next shadow they ran into a beating of a lifetime.

Chie's more confrontational approach was in direct contrast to Rise. Twin pigtails of brown hair flicked back and forth as the idol attempted to use her Persona to locate the rest of their team. With her radar blocked by a strange presence unlike anything she'd seen before, she tried to keep her mind calm by getting the wrinkles out of her skirt and fixing the yellow ascot around her neck. In spite of the various designer outfits she had worn, the simple uniform still held its unique appeal. She was the one who had convinced the others to don their old clothes like her for what was supposed to be an easy mission all for the sake of nostalgia.

Taking up the rear of the group of women, Naoto grasped her gun with one hand while the other fixed the blue cap adorning her head of short, bluish black hair. Like Yukiko, she hoped that the deep blue coloring of her blazer and pants would keep everyone from drifting apart. Especially since her investigations had turned up unsavory information about the person possibly responsible for creating this dungeon. She only hoped that at least some of rumors she had heard were false.

As the girls continued to make their way down the corridor, they came to a stop at a set of massive, double doors. Much to their dismay, the structure was adorned with the same, unsettling black and white eyes that had decorated much of the palace. With the only path forward being through the ominous presence emanating through the doorway they gathered around the imposing figure.

“Are you all ready?” Yukiko asked, flourishing her battle fan. “No telling what’s on the other side.”

In response, Chie pounded her fists together. “Whatever it is, I’ll be sure to give them what their owed for kidnapping people.”

“I’ll provide support,” Rise spoke up.

“Very well,” Naoto said as she took point. “Stay together and remain vigilant. Hopefully we can meet back up with the guys soon.”

Pushing open the doors, the group wasn’t attacked by fearsome creatures or a bottomless pit. Instead, they were brought into a modestly sized lounge with couches adorned with red cushions. Invited in by the smell of something delicious, they subconsciously shuffled further in. By the time they had all reached the center of the room, the doors slammed behind them to leave them locked inside. Looking back to see the impenetrable structure, they spotted a series of instructions printed on a golden plaque.

“Here you shall stay, until the joys of slobby indulgence provide you happiness for all of your days.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Chie asked as she squinted at the plaque.

“That we fell into a trap,” Naoto replied, tightening the grip on her gun. “Stay on your guard. There’s no telling what they’re planning to-“

A gentle ring echoed through the room as if trying to dissipate the uneasy atmosphere. The sound drew the attention of the girls to a table in the center of the lounge that had previously been empty. Now it was covered in a collection of different sweet and salty snacks, accompanied

by a wide variety of sodas. Amidst the spread of junk food a small sign with the number “1” was placed in the center.

“Do you think this is another trap?” Yukiko asked, feeling a little silly as she threatened a bag of chips with her fan.

“If it is, at least it looks tasty,” Rise replied, unable to hide the way her eyes were stuck glancing at one of the soda cans. “One little drink couldn’t hurt, right?”

Before any of the girls could stop her, the idol popped open the can and took a small sip. The tiny sampling turned into a full chug as she got to feel the bubbles tickling along her tongue. Enamored with the taste and satiating an unknown thirst in her throat, she only brought the can back down once half of it had been emptied.

“It’s really UUUURRPP good. Oh! Excuse me,” Rise said, quickly wiping her lips clean of any leftover drops. “You should try some. I think we need it after running around this place.”

As the rest of the group got ready to rightfully scold their companion, they were silenced by the collective growls of hunger that sounded out from their stomachs. Despite needing to both find the culprit and escape the dungeon; they couldn’t fully ignore the powerful cravings that kept pulsing through their bodies. Holding onto their mid-section, they looked at the spread of snacks with the directive of finding anything particularly tasty. Only Naoto managed to be the voice the reason as she stepped in front of the others to block off the path to the junk food.

“It’s obvious that this is all part of some plan,” the detective commented. “We’ll play along for now, but don’t let yourselves lose control. As soon as we find an opening, we’ll make a break for the exit and try to meet up with the others. Understood?”

“You can count on me,” Yukiko said, stowing away her fan before taking her place at the table to pop open a package of snack cakes.

“They won’t see me coming,” Chie added, joining the others as she tore into a bag of beef jerky.

As she joined in by chewing on a bar of chocolate, Naoto tried to keep an eye on the progress of the others. Over the course of the snacking session, each girl was able to sample at least one bite of every type of junk food. In-between salty pretzels and sweet candies, they all kept their mouths wettened with a constant flow of soda. Though this did result in a few burps slipping out by accident, no one noticed at first anything immediately wrong. Even Naoto, who didn’t even pay attention to the fact that she had eaten through her sixth chocolate bar within the span of three minutes.

As Naoto took a sip of soda to help wash down her 10th candy bar, she attempted to scan the room for any surveillance devices or possible trapdoors. While she didn’t find any hidden exits, her search did reveal the unsightly potbelly sticking out from beneath the hem of Rise’s blouse. Continuing to look around the room, she saw a similarly unsightly belly bulge as Yukiko reached across the table to grab another can of soda. As Chie’s swollen stomach jostled around from a wayward belch, an unsettling feeling spread through Naoto’s body. Pushing herself through a sense of dread, the detective turned her head down to see her own, pudgy gut staring back at her.

Leaping up from her seat, Naoto ended up slamming her recently expanded belly into the table. Her next move was supposed to be a call for the others to stop eating before things got

worse. Instead, what came out was a powerful BWOOOOOOOOORPPPPP that let her retaste the various candy bars she had mindlessly shoved down her throat.

“That’s pretty impressive,” Chie commented, bringing a red blush to Naoto’s cheeks. “But I think we can do UUUUUUUURRRRPP better,” she continued, savoring the meaty flavor lingering on her tongue.

“Chie, that’s disgusting,” Yukiko reprimanded as she opened up her fan again to wave away her friend’s bad breath. “At least make an attempt to cover up your BOOOOOOOUUUUUUURRRRRPPPP!” The outburst served to both slip her belly out further from her top and get her to quietly sit back down.

“Oh, that looks like fun,” Rise said, nearly toppling over her collection of empty soda cans as she stood up. “Let me try.”

Unflinchingly grabbing her potbelly, Rise began to deliberately shake it around. Feeling the pressure building inside of her gut, she opened her mouth wide in preparation for a belch to dwarf the others’. However, the bubbles shot towards the other end to create an unflattering BRRRAAAAAAPPPP that fluttered the back of her skirt.

“S-sorry,” Rise said, waving away the foul air. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“Whatever they put in this food, obviously,” Naoto answered, gesturing towards the mess of empty wrappers that had been left in the wake of their feast. “They’re purposefully trying to fatten us UUUUUURRPPPP up.”

“But BOOOUUUURRPP why?” Yukiko asked, as she slid her hand along her gut.

“I have no idea,” Naoto lied, unwilling to speak of the culprit’s potential preferences in body types. “Right OOOUUUURRRPP now, we need to keep our minds focused on finding a way to get out of here.”

The same ding rang through the room to momentarily cover up the unruly bubbling noises coming from the group’s guts. Looking back towards the table, the women saw that the remnants of their snack indulgence were completely gone. In their place was a sign with the number “2” surrounded by dozens of plates of freshly cooked, juicy steaks.

Looking between the spread of meat and their prominent guts left most of the girls to wisely standby while they waited for some idea of how to get out of the trap. The same intuition failed Chie as her hunger for steak sent her rushing over to the table. Grabbing one of the hunks of meat with her bare hands, she lifted it up to her mouth and started tearing into it. Despite the juices that leaked from her mouth and onto her gut in the process, she was more than eager to show off her enjoyment through a series of pleased hums coming from her mouth.

“Come on and UUUUURPPP eat,” Chie said as she tore into another steak. “Not every day you get fine cuts of meat like BWOORRRPP this.”

Chie’s gluttonous display did what was needed to erode the resistance the other girls had put up. Yukiko was the first to give in as her nose picked up the smell of the loaded baked potato placed strategically near her spot at the table. Rise followed soon after with her ability to hold herself back undone by a layer of melted cheese appearing on the steak nearest to her. As much as Naoto wanted to simply ignore the temptation and walk away, a plate with a variety of small cut, chunks of steak made her sit down. Joining in with Chie, the other women rationalized their poor decision by telling themselves that a small taste wouldn’t do any further harm.

As the rest of the women joined Chie in enjoying the indulgent meal, their dining habits began to falter. One by one, they lost grasp of the utensils clutched in their hands through a mixture of their own hunger and the slick juices splattering against their skin. Undeterred, they each gave in to the urge to simply shove the meat into her mouths using their fingers. This more direct method left streams of meat juices to pour down their faces and further besmirch their clothes. Even more splatters were spread across the table and their clothes as they were each forced to let loose with meaty belches in-between helpings. However, the flavor that greeted them with each bite was enough to make them ignore the mess they were making and the further additions being made to their bodies.

As their bellies continued to swell with fat, some of the added heft spread out along the rest of their figures. Having been the one to initiate the steak feast, it was only natural that Chie would be the first to have her top get popped open by her bulging bosom. Though Yukiko followed soon after, more damage was done to her sleeves and stockings as her limbs here covered in layers of blubber. Rise's skirt seemed to be the closest to popping off first as her hips swelled with heft. However, it was a combination of Naoto's thickening rear and a rude BRRRRRAAPPPPPPP rippling out of it that left her to be the first of the group to completely destroy the lower part of her clothing.

The loss of Naoto's pants brought her out of her meat-induced stupor for a moment. During this temporary clarity, she was able to survey the other girls' bodies as they each ripped through the fabric with their plumper figures. The scattered remains of their clothes were tossed aside from a mixture of their frequent burps, farts, or from the sheer ferocity they shuffled around the table to get more meat. Surveying the messy table and engulfed by the fumes that surrounded the eating area should have been the detective's chance to break free from the

dungeon's influence and make her escape. However, all sense of logic was overtaken as a powerful BWOOOOOORRPPPP rolled up her throat to help rip apart the rest of her clothing to leave her with only her undergarments.

The meaty belch reset Naoto's mind and reminded her that she was still hungry. Giving into the will of her stomach, she shuffled along the table with the others picking away at any meat that had managed to escape their hunger. As determined as the group was to continue fattening themselves up with meat, inevitably their supply ran out.

"UUUUURRPPPPP sorry," Chie belched out, her two chins jiggling as she continued to chew on the last bit of steak. "But you guys should have moved faster."

"Come on Chie," Yukiko began, having to pause to let a PHHHHRRRRRTTT ripple out and further strain her panties. "We have to share."

"Don't BWOOOOOORRPPPP worry about it," Rise spoke up, her cheery personality seemingly unaffected by the group's bodies having surpassed the 400-pound mark. "I'm sure whoever's servicing us will bring more-" BRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAPPP.

"Servicing UUUUURPP us?" Naoto asked, finding it hard to think as her burp nearly shook her tits free from her bra. "This isn't right. We shouldn't be gorging ourselves like this."

"Then what should we be OOOOOUUUURRRP doing?" Chie asked.

Naoto was at a loss for words as the question passed by her. Looking over her pudgy flesh didn't fill her with the disgust she had beforehand. Even as she took notice of the leftover droplets of steak juices along her belly, all it did was remind her of the delicious taste that lingered on her tongue. Licking her lips to take in any leftovers, her stomach rumbled in unison

with the other girls' bellies in anticipation of their next meal. Thankfully, they didn't have to wait long.

The empty plates covered in steak juices were replaced with massive bowls brought about by course number three. Peeking their heads over the rims, the girls were treated to a heavenly aroma that did a decent job at covering up the foul fumes they had just unleashed. Getting over the initial burst of the entrancing steam, they were each able to take in the sight of bowls of ramen larger than anything they had seen before. Before they had entered the dungeon, the sight of the various vegetables, noodles, and meats mixed together would be enough to make them too full to take a bite. Now, they wasted little time slamming their bellies up against the table in order to start slurping up the ramen as fast as possible.

Chie was able to get an early lead thanks to her motivation to swallow up all of the meat in her bowl at the start. Her eagerness left her to be the first to have her heavier breasts break free of her bra as her body fat flourished from the added nourishment. Sucking up hunks of beef to move onto the rest of her serving, she unleashed her built up gas in the form of a blubbery BRRRRRAAAAAPPPPP from her rear. While the vibrations of her fart ended up being the finishing blow to her panties, she was more concerned at the moment with finishing up her broth so she could dive her head into a tasty looking bowl of chicken and garlic ramen.

In the back of Yukiko's mind she was aware of how awful her eating habits had devolved. The many manners that had been instilled in her in preparation for taking over the Amagi Inn fell the wayside in favor of indulging the ravenous growls of her belly. She actually reveled in her own sloppiness when noodles managed to miss her mouth and get stuck between her exposed breasts. Her apathy towards her lack of manners was well demonstrated in how often she peeked her pudgy face up from her bowl to let out rolling BWOOOOOOORRRRPPs. Reveling in the

freedom of acting so hedonistic, she treated herself to a few more hunks of pork to ensure the next rumbling fart from her double-wide rear could compete with the others' expulsions and push out what remained of her torn apart panties.

Despite Rise's focus on bowls filled up with tofu, her body went through a similar increase in weight and decrease in manners. As she slurped up noodles, her idol figure became further buried beneath her burgeoning layers of flab. Having easily grown five times the size as when she originally came in, it was no surprise when her designer undergarments were left to be trampled beneath her pudgy feet. Freeling letting gas blast out of both of her ends, she used one blubbery arm to continue pouring ramen down her throat while the other scratched at her sagging, meaty mammaries to dig out any leftover morsels.

From the edge of her bowl, Naoto managed to observe the other girls' gluttony and growth. While she was just as big, if not larger than them by the time she slurped up her 12th serving of ramen, she was able to maintain some semblance of herself. By now, the ploy for the ruler of the dungeon had been made obvious. She doubted that in their sloppy states they would put up much of a fight. In fact, she wasn't certain if they could even fit through the doors they came in through. However, that didn't stop her. If anything, the idea of getting to be nothing more than a sloppy gas bag urged her on to eat even faster.

Freeing herself from her undergarments with a powerful PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT, Naoto reached across the table to get at one of the last remaining ramen bowls. The belch she let out as she sat back in her seat set off a chain reaction as the other girls made the same stretch to finish off the course. With each woman resting a large bowl atop their ample chest, they dunked their heads into the broth and noodles to enjoy every last bite.

“That was so BWOOOOOOOORRRPPPPPPP good,” Chie belched out as she picked her tits clean of any leftover bits of meat.

“Abso-UUUUUUUUURRPPPP-lutely,” Yukiko added, her multiple chins doing little to stop her from licking up the last few droplets from her bowl.

“Hold on,” Rise called out, getting the room’s attention with a rumbling BRRRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPP from her couch-sized rear. “Shouldn’t we be looking for the OOOUUUUURRPPPP guys?”

“We can find them UUUUUURPPPP later,” Naoto replied, picking up leftover noodles from her over 1000-pound belly. “Maybe after we find something sweet to finish off this-“

In the wake of a PHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT blasting out of the detective’s ass, the table in front of them was changed out once more. For a moment, the group smelled a sweet scent that pierced through the rancid fumes they had filled the room with. Even after the scent was covered up by a fresh bombardment of their gas, they were able to follow it towards the center of the room. As the next table rose up with their next course, they all clenched their fingers in anticipation of an impressive spread of various desserts to properly finish off their feast. Instead, all they got was a sign with the number four on it propped against a singular, chocolate cake.

Rather than question where the rest of the food was, each woman was overcome with the concern that what was before them wouldn’t last long. In defiance of the blubber clinging to their legs, they all leapt towards the center of the table. With their plush forms cushioning them from any potential injuries, they were able to focus on gobbling up as much of the cake as they could get their mouths on.

Over the course of the up-close eating experience, the group were given the opportunity to feel each other's girth pressing against one another. They didn't think much of it at first, as they ate through their supply of cake. However, as the sweet treat was gobbled up, their intentions were drawn to how soft and inviting the extra flesh felt. Within them began to grow a new kind of desire that they weren't entirely sure how or if they should indulge in.

Naoto's revelation about this new side of herself came shortly after she noticed another cake appear atop Chie's meaty ass cheeks. Rather than question the sweet's appearance, she licked her lips in anticipation of tasting its strawberry pink icing. Clambering over the other woman's body, she managed to grab the cake before anyone else could notice. As the crumbs fell from her lips and into the butt crack, she reactively dove down in an effort to get as much of the sugary treat as possible.

Trailing her mouth along the length of Chie's nether region, Naoto inevitably stopped as her tongue met the opening of her friend's anus. Moving too fast to stop herself, she ended up giving a pass along the rim. In response, Chie let out a squeaky PHHHHRRRTTTT that blew straight into the detective's face. A momentary pause took over Naoto as she realized what she had just done. Rather than meet the rude expulsion with disgust or an apology towards her friend, she was filled with a new obsession and goal.

Frantically pushing her tongue up against Chie's anus, Naoto managed to coerce out more of the rancid flatulence. Having long ago finished her portion of the cake, Chie's mouth was left free to let out a series of belching moans as she endured her rim job. Plump hands clenched tight; she tried to keep Naoto going with one powerful BRRRAAAAAPPPP after another. The apex came as Chie's body shuddered from her inevitable orgasm and Naoto went to suck down the aftermath of a powerful PHHRRRRRTTTTTT blasting out.

The euphoric cry managed to momentarily stop Rise and Yukiko from licking their faces clean of icing. Seeing the obese women crawling off of one another in the wake of their moment of intimacy, the other pair were burdened with their own urges coming to the forefront to beg for indulgence. At a loss for how to proceed, they got the push they needed in the form of another cake appearing between the two of them.

Once more slamming their hefty figure into each other like sumo wrestlers, Rise and Yukiko made quick work of the new source of sustenance. Still not satisfied, they attempted to savor more of the sweet treat by licking the icing off of each other's chubby faces. Even after they had lapped up every dollop, their mouths were kept busy as their lips met one another. Pulling each other in closer to savor their plumpness and passion, they inevitably got to share their belches with one another. Granted the privilege of re-tasting the various meals clinging to their breaths, the pair continued to make out. Their gaseous feasts of the bassy belches left them unaware of the extra cakes that appeared atop their wobbling buttocks.

Pulling herself free from between Chie's ass cheeks, Naoto waddled her hefty form as fast as possible to claim that cake atop Rise's mass. Noticing that her quivering hole was no longer being serviced, Chie followed her former partner's example by pushing the muscles hidden within the blubber of her thick legs in order to get to Yukiko. Slamming up against the kissing pair, Naoto and Chie embraced the cloud of fumes on the way to their prizes.

The act of the cakes being gobbled up by the other two managed to break up Yukiko and Rise's make out session. Though they attempted to turn their thick necks around to see what was happening, they too fell into throngs of pleasure as their anuses were given attention by the hungry tongues. Under the influence of the pleasure racking their bodies, Rise and Yukiko allowed themselves to enjoy every second as their partners sucked up the gas that billowed out.

As Yukiko and Rise reached their climaxes to the tune of powerful PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTs spilling out into the room, the host of the slobby gathering made sure to give them further motivation. Picking their heads up from their cuddle pile, each of the women got to watch as more cakes appeared throughout the room, most of which finding their way onto their bodies. Enamored by the promise of more gas, cake, and pleasure, the group left behind all sense of shame as they crashed into one another to satiate their desires.

Time passed by quickly as the girls let their bodies' instincts take full control. When they weren't stuffing their faces with cake or farts, they would be more than willing to feed another member via an intimate rim job. Becoming emboldened by multiple kissing sessions to share burps, they gave up on all forms of decency as they freely licked on any bit of flesh to suck up leftover crumbs and sweat. Completely lost in their own world of hedonism, they began to forget the entire reason they were there in the first place. While they were content to continue sharing pleasure amongst their slobby selves, the heavy aroma they had become so engrossed with dissipated as someone managed to open up the doors.

Pushing through the miasma of flatulence, Yu assumed that what he was walking through was merely the fog. Without his glasses to make things clear for him, he could barely see where he was going as he continued further into the room. As the doors slammed shut behind him, a sudden turn left him to stumble backwards. Falling onto Chie's gut, he was nearly shaken off as her mass was rocked by a belch rolling up her throat.

"Yu, what are you BWOOOOORRPPP doing here?" Chie belched out as he attempted to free himself from her sweat-slicked flab.

“Have you seen the UUUUURRPPP others?” Yukiko asked as she busied herself with picking her hair out from between her massive tits.

Though Yu managed to give a shake of his head, he was quick to point out the drastic makeover the girls had gone through. Unfortunately, there was only so much he could speak before the fumes surrounding him slipped down his throat. Coughing on the thick miasma, he did manage to ask if they were all feeling alright.

“Never better!” Rise exclaimed, punctuating with a pungent BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP that succeeded in making Yu realize what he was inhaling.

“Why don’t you stay with us for a UUUUURPP while?” Naoto asked as she casually picked droplets of icing from her chins. “We could always use someone else to help us BWOOOOORRPPP enjoy ourselves.”

If the unsettling grin on Naoto’s face wasn’t enough, the rumbling PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTT that followed got Yu to slowly retreat towards the door. Seeing where he was going, the women stopped picking off the leftovers of their feast to crawl their way towards him. Their glacial pace meant that it was easy for the young man to make his way back towards the door. However, there was little he could do as the entrance remained thoroughly shut. Before he could even attempt to read the plaque on the doors, a series of pudgy hands grabbed his torso and pulled him in.

“You look so stressed BWOOOOOOOORRPPP out,” Chie belched as she hugged Yu close to her chest. “Just relax and enjoy yourself.”

Shifting Yu up closer, Chie gave his face a full blast of her next belch. Though the cake managed to mitigate some of the smell, the lingering meat that clung to her breath still made its

way through. Released from Chie's grasp, he was unable to stop his body from rolling backwards into Yukiko's equally blubbery belly.

"Hmmm," Yukiko hummed, her body shaking in delight as a PHHHHRRTTTTT slipped out from between her butt cheeks. "That feels sooooo nice. Give me a little UUUURRPP more."

Yu's response was to try climbing his way out to escape the folds covered in leftover crumbs and sweat. Barely able to grasp onto the perspiration covered flesh, he winced as his constant movement seemed to bring both relief and pleasure to Yukiko. Smelling a different kind of aroma arising from beneath her belly, he began to wonder what exactly the group had been up to prior to his arrival. This thought was unfortunately cut short as his hand rose into the air only to be snatched up by Rise.

"Come on BWOOOOOORRPPP Yu," the idol belched, slipping the much smaller man in-between her breasts. "Really get in there. You need to help with our UUUURPPP digestion."

The "help" requested amounted to just a few footfalls of Yu's bouncing off of Rise's gut in his effort to slip free of the massive mammaries. The result was a pungent BRRRAAAAAPPPPP surrounding the two of them that nearly sent him falling back into her cleavage. Managing to wiggle himself free and latch onto her chins, he tried to reason with her to come to her senses. Her response was another belch to his face before attempting to lean her thick neck forward to give him a better taste of her rancid breath.

"Hold OOOUUURRPP on," Naoto said, holding Yu up as if he was nothing more than a rubber doll. "I don't think he's a fan of our fat or UUUURPPP flatulence."

Elated that someone was finally realizing how insane the situation was, Yu tried to talk Naoto into getting her mind set on escaping. However, his words were outright ignored as she stripped him of his blazer and sword. Tearing off his pants and shirt, she continued to hold him up to let him display his exposed form to the group. As much as he wanted to cover himself up as his underwear was ripped off, there was a more urgent need to keep his arms free to keep his mouth and nose covered from the rising fumes. Even that proved to be useless as his captor used her plump fingers to leave his face completely exposed.

“We didn’t enjoy it at first BWOOOOOORRRPPP either,” Yukiko belched out.

“But that was before we got to stuff ourselves UUURRPPP silly,” Chie added.

“It’s so liberating being a OOOUUURRRPP slob,” Rise cheered, slapping her palms against her gut to let a PHHHHRRRTTTT slip from her rear. “Shame we don’t have any food for you.”

“That’s fine,” Naoto said as she shifted Yu towards her hefty lower half. “I know just the thing to make him really UUUUURRPPP appreciate these bodies.”

Before Yu could plead for mercy, Naoto brought her elephantine body slamming down on him. Try as he might to squirm free, the blubbery buttocks kept him firmly pinned to the ground. The meager struggle he was able to put up only succeeded in sending ripples through his tormentor’s form. It was far too late to realize the repercussions of his failed escape attempt by the time he heard the unsettling gurgle from above.

With a hefty grunt, Naoto unleashed a powerful BRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPP right on top of Yu. The prolonged fart carried with it a horrendous stench that burned his nostrils and brought tears to his eyes. The warm air that permeated the cramped area ensured that both

Naoto and Yu were given a fresh coat of her sweat. Struggling to breathe in the miasma of flatulence and body odor, Yu was forced to suck in a secondary blast of gas as it came roaring out.

As Yu took in one powerful fart after another, he fully expected himself to pass out. When his body remained conscious, his mind was left in a panic to try and figure out what was going on. As Naoto shifted her weight to push more of her fat and gas onto him, he soon realized what it was: He was enjoying it.

Any chance Yu had to deny this newfound side of himself was undone when the next PHHHHRRRTTTTT came rumbling out. Whether conscious or not, his body reacted by purposefully inhaling the rancid fumes. Sampling the heavy gas, he couldn't stop himself from letting out an exhale that was far too close to a moan to be a coincidence. The trembles in his fingers beckoned him to sink his hands into the bountiful amount of ass fat in order to sate this new desire.

Just as Yu opened up his mouth in anticipation of the next fart, that was the moment Naoto decided to roll off of him. Momentarily blinded by the lights, it took him a moment to see the way the other women were looming over him. Looking at his exasperated breathing and flush face, each of them seemed to catch on to his mental change. Before he could try to defend himself, he was once more picked up by a set of plump fingers.

“Aww, you want some more?” Rise asked as she nestled the young man against her bosom once more. “Here, let me help.”

Clamping Yu between her cleavage again, she tightened her embrace by pressing her elbows into her tits. With her “toy” properly in place, she wobbled her rear back and forth to

shake up her obese form. The constant motion brought forth the same rumbling noise as before. Rather than brace for what was to come, Yu welcomed it as he looked up towards Rise's face in anticipation. His reward was getting to be on the receiving end of a powerful belch as the idol leaned forward to press her lips up against his.

The gnarly OOOOOOOOOOUUUUURRRPPPP that transferred from the idol's throat gave Yu a good sampling of the various meals the women had sampled before his arrival. He showed his appreciation for the gift by letting his fingers caress what he could reach of the massive bosom. The act helped him to ignore the way his belly bulged out slightly from the influx of burps still filling up his body. Too enamored with each of the sloppy kisses that covered his face in sweat and saliva, his make out sessions was only stopped by him slipping out from the slickened breasts.

Rolling his way down Rise's belly folds, Yu eventually came to a stop as four, pudgy hands took hold of him. With his comparatively tiny fingers holding onto his bloated gut, he watched as Yukiko and Chie examined his humiliating state. A single poke from them into his inflated stomach was enough to bring out his own, albeit much smaller belch. The outburst brought a giggle to the girls made him shudder as he realized how much he was being affected by their affection.

"Yukiko, let's help him BWOOOOORRRPP out," Chie said as she pressed Yu up against her gut."

"You UUUURRRPP got it," Yukiko answered, squatting forward in a pose reminiscent of a sumo wrestler.

Using a random PHHHHRRRRRTTTT from Rise's rear as a pseudo-starting bell, Yukiko slammed her belly up against Chie's. At the moment of impact, the gas that had been swallowed by Yu was released in his own BWOOOORRRPPP. The small outburst was completely overshadowed as the two women unleashed much more powerful gas from both ends as they squished closer together. Pinned between the two masses of belly fat, Yu looked to be in complete bliss as he got to fully indulge in his newfound fetish.

The grey-haired man's enjoyment increased tenfold as Yukiko and Naoto added their heft to the huddle. Surrounded on all sides by the slobs, there was little chance of Yu being able to wriggle his way even if he wanted to. The pressed bellies left him in the perfect position to be bombarded by their cacophony of gas. Though he wasn't sure how or when he would be released from the fleshy prison, he was more than eager to let the women have their fun with him as long as he got to savor their new, sloppy selves.

Too lost in the euphoria of a group gas bomb enveloping them, neither Yu nor the other girls noticed when the door cracked open. It was only by the cacophony of belches that followed that the disgusted reactions of Yosuke, Kanji, and Teddie were covered up. When the new arrivals managed to cover their faces, they eventually realized the identities of the five, indulgence-focused people in front of them.

The sight of their slobbified companions was something the boys had unfortunately seen too often during their traversal of the dungeon. In the multiple hours it had taken for them to meet up, they had found the multitude of kidnapped victims stuck in similar states. What they were witnessing was the culmination of what the mastermind behind the dungeon considered to be a perfect paradise that he wanted to share across the world.

Seeing the looks of euphoria on the group's faces, Kanji, Yosuke, and Teddie realized that they were on their own. Running off before they could get caught in another gas cloud, they tried to prepare themselves for taking down the mastermind behind the hedonistic dungeon. It was the only way they could think of to save their friends from their never-ending, sloppy embrace.