

Danganronpa: Slobby Despair Havoc

Walking through the eerily quiet halls of Hope's Peak Academy didn't help Kyoko's mind deal with the information that had been thrust upon her. The steps of her black boots echoing through the space sent a chill up her spine. Using her gloved hands to hug her purple blazer and white undershirt, she tried to think things through logically. Finding some sense of solace in ensuring her long, lavender hair was in a presentable position, the Ultimate Detective went over the events once more in her head.

Awakening in the empty high school, she and fourteen other students had been told to come to the gymnasium. Once the group had arrived, they were greeted by a black and white, psychotic bear by that name of Monokuma that appeared to announce a killing game. The premise of being forced to murder the other people in exchange for freedom had filled Kyoko and the others with dread. At least at first.

Their captor lost some of his momentum as he muttered something about needing "backups." Regardless of what the bear was talking about, the killing game had been put off indefinitely while he thought up of another way to spread despair. Leaving the group with more confusion than before, Monokuma seemed to vanish into thin air with only his maniacal cackle left to echo through the room.

"What was that bear going on about?" Kyoko asked herself. "Are we really trapped in here with him?"

"It would appear so."

The overly fancy voice immediately drew Kyoko's attention to the pair of black hair drills on the side of Celestia's head. The Ultimate Gambler looked the part with her gothic, black

and white, frilled dress and matching stockings. Her elegant appearance was betrayed by her red eyes that showed off some of her true, devious nature.

“What’s the matter?” Celestia asked with the clack of her heels hitting the tiled floor. “Is the so-called Ultimate Detective having a problem?”

“How can you be so calm?” Kyoko replied.

“It is simply another form of gambling,” Celestia answered with a single finger raised. “Now we just have to wait for the new rules to be made. In the meantime, I suppose I’ll have to make my own entertainment playing around with the... less intelligent members of our group.”

Kyoko glared at Celestia. “They’re your classmates.”

“Like that means anything to me,” Celestia said as she examined her well-manicured fingers.

Successfully overwriting her confusion with disdain, Kyoko got ready to give Celestia a piece of her mind. The fight was stopped before it could begin by the rapid footsteps sprinting towards the two girls. Looking down the hallway, they spotted the brown ponytail and red jacket of Asahina speeding towards them. Seeing that she was about to collide with the others, the Ultimate Swimmer came to a skidding halt.

“Sorry,” the tanned girl said with a grin on her face. “I got a little overexcited when I heard the cafeteria was all you can eat.”

“Who told you that?” Kyoko asked.

“Monokuma,” Asahina replied. “He said that we could eat as much as we want while he fixes his backups.”

Celestia tilted her head. “Are you really so willing to believe a single word of what that bear says?”

“I mean, I am pretty hungry,” Asahina replied, feeding into Celestia’s curiosity.

“Then by all means,” Celestia said, gesturing down the hall. “Lead the way.”

“You got it,” Asahina announced, running off a head.

With Celestia following the tomboy to see her grim fate and Kyoko coming along to try and prevent disaster, the trio managed to make their way to the cafeteria. The room itself consisted of two areas. One a designated dining space with multiple tables and chairs to accommodate the students. The other was a sizable kitchen with plenty of pantries and fridges to hold untold amounts of food. While there was interest in looking through the cooking area to see what had been given to them by their captor, something else made Asahina make a beeline towards the student section.

“These look amazing,” the athletic woman said as her eyes focused in on the pile of black and white colored doughnuts. Taking a deep whiff, she let out a satisfied sigh. “They’re freshly baked too. Let’s dig in!”

“Is that really wise?” Kyoko asked, doing little to stop Asahina from eating a doughnut in just two bites. “Who knows what Monokuma might have slipped into those.”

“If she wants to make a pig of herself, who are we to stop her?” Celestia suggested, finding strange joy in the possibility of the tomboy poisoning herself.

“Look,” Kyoko began, turning her gaze towards the gambler. “We’re going to be here for a long time, so it’s best that we try and keep things civil.”

“I agree with you,” Celestia replied, putting a finger to her lips. “But that doesn’t mean that we have to let things get boring.”

“You’re appalling,” Kyoko shot back, doing very little to the smug grin on Celestia’s face. “If you keep that up, it’s only a matter of time before you start killing people just for your own twisted-“

A pair of doughnuts being shoved in Kyoko and Celestia’s mouths quickly ended the argument. The initial shock wore off as the two of them were met by the sweet taste dancing across their tongues. Swallowing the lumps of icing, dough, and sugar, they turned towards the wide grin on Asahina’s crumb covered face.

“UUURRRPP sorry,” Asahina said, scratching the back of her head. “But I couldn’t stand you two bickering when there’s tasty doughnuts to devour.”

Celestia let out a huff. “That’s no excuse to shove one of those down my- BWOOOOOORRRPPPPP!” The dignity that she so desperately held onto shattered, she was forced to turn away from the other girls as she covered her mouth.

“No, she’s UUUURPPP right,” Kyoko said, willing to overlook the various rude expulsions from the girls and herself if it meant keeping things civil. “How about we share a meal and try to talk this BWOOORRRPP out?”

Looking between Kyoko, Asahina, and the pile of delectable doughnuts, Celestia said nothing. She merely took her spot at the table and grabbed one of the sweet morsels for herself. Once the gambler started chewing and had little room to make any more verbal jabs, Kyoko joined her. Accepting the doughnut being offered by Asahina, she used the time to enjoy the sweet taste and contemplate what the next move to get out of the school should be.

A ding echoed through Kyoko’s room.

“Goooooooooooo morning!” Monokuma’s voice sang over the loudspeaker. “Let’s have another beautiful day.”

The wake up call failed to fully dismiss the grogginess affecting Kyoko’s body. Knowing the kind of trouble that would come if she failed to heed the demented bear’s orders to meet for breakfast, she rolled herself out of bed. No longer covered up by her blankets she begrudgingly made her way into the bathroom to get herself ready.

Standing in front of her mirror with only her bra and panties on, Kyoko couldn’t ignore the chubby belly sticking out from beneath her mid-section. Giving the bulge a slight nudge brought to her mind the effects of not being as active as she wanted to be while trapped inside of the school. While she had been provided with a large collection of the same outfits for her time there just like anyone else, the way her breasts were straining against her bra made her worry that they wouldn’t fit her. Tucking a finger into the waist of her panties and feeling the small amount of free space allotted, she let it snap back into place against her bubble butt with a sharp smack.

The force of Kyoko’s undergarments hitting her backside freed a collection of gas bubbles that had been stewing in her belly overnight. As a squeaky PHHHHRRRRRTTT slipped out from her backside, her nose crinkled at the rancid odor. In an effort to ease her stomach, a few rubs against it only served to push the gas up her throat. Letting out a BWOORRPPP that echoed against the bathroom tiles, she nearly missed the announcement system come on again.

“Don’t forget to get to the morning assembly on time,” Monokuma said. “Otherwise, a swift punishment will be waiting for you PUHUHUHUHU.”

Realizing how much time she had wasted dismayed over her chubby body, Kyoko was forced to skip her morning shower and hurriedly get dressed. Fighting through the struggle of fitting her clothes over her extra pudgy, she stumbled out the door. Frantically putting on her

boots as she made her way into the corridor, she bumped into something soft and covered in frilly lace.

Catching herself on a wall, Kyoko turned to see the visage of Celestia staring back at her. The lavender haired woman had expected a variety of insults thrown her way for the accidental bump. However, the Ultimate Gambler was more preoccupied at the moment with gently pressing into the bulge of fat pushing out from the middle of her dress. An unsettling groan emanating from her gut had her stagger back and forth; threatening to tear the stockings tightly wound around her chubby legs.

Glancing at a number of food stains along Celestia's fuller chest and fingers, Kyoko accidentally got a belch to her face. Stumbling backwards and hitting the wall, she shuddered at the sound and smell of a fart rippling out. Realizing afterwards that the rude expulsion hadn't come from her, she looked back over to Celestia to see her tugging her skirt down to cover the extra heft around her butt that had become revealed by the fart.

"Look what you made me do," Celestia accused, trying her best to seem intimidating even with her gas lingering in the air. "Now I'm going to miss breakfast."

Kyoko hazarded to put on a smug smile of her own. "Like you really need more," she shot back, gesturing towards the mess on Celestia's face.

"Shut UUURRPP up," Celestia belched back, wiping her lips clean with the back of her hand. "Not like you're doing any better with that belly of yours."

"I've been needing the extra sugar to investigate the school," Kyoko replied. "What's your excuse?"

"COMING BOOOUUUUURRRRP THROUGH!"

The shout mixed with the determined footsteps coming the girls' way got them to quickly separate. Though they only managed to see her for a second, the two managed to identify the blur as Asahina as she passed. Weighed down by her own belly bulge, the Ultimate Swimmer was forced to stop and catch her breath only a few feet ahead. Wiping sweat from the extra fat around her cleavage, she tried to pep herself up by giving a small smack to the extra padding around her rear. Seemingly uncaring of the puff of flatulence she left behind in her wake, she set off sprinting again in the hopes of getting to the cafeteria in time.

"Come on," Celestia said, grabbing at her skirt as she ran. "Otherwise she's going to eat everything."

Spurred on by Celestia's words and a hungry rumble from her stomach, Kyoko ran after the two of them. Unfortunately, the motivation running through their bodies could not counteract the extra heft weighing them down. By the time they reached the cafeteria, the rest of their classmates were already seated. Seeing the students helping themselves to a variety of breakfast foods and glancing at the clock on the wall, they were disheartened by the thought that they had missed their chance.

"Well, well, well," Monokuma began, striding his way over to the trio, "what do we have here? A few tardy students? I told you to expect PAW-sitively awful punishments for not getting here on time."

"That's not fair," Asahina replied, having to pause to catch her breath. "How can you expect us to get ready in time when you give us clothes that don't fit?"

"PUHUHUUH, I assure you that wasn't my intention," he replied, not hiding the way he surveyed their chubby forms. "But I'm feeling merciful today. So I'll let you off the hook this time."

“How generous,” Kyoko commented, keeping a wary eye on the bear.

“Think nothing of it,” he said with a wave of his paw. “Well, not until you see the special treat I made just for you three.”

Shouts of panic came from the students as the room went dark. A solitary beam appeared from the ceiling like a spotlight to shine on an empty space of floor. With a sudden shift, the ground gave way to allow a table from below to rise up. Placed upon the newly arrived furniture was an absolutely decadent pile of pancakes. They carried the usual butter, syrup, and various stuffings, but also included a bevy of sausages and bacon strips placed haphazardly around them.

The overly indulgent breakfast dish made Kyoko pause for a second and question if she was really going to eat such an unhealthy thing. Her moment of hesitation provided ample opportunity for Celestia and Asahina to make a mad dash for the table. Asahina wasted little time stuffing pancakes into her mouth with her bare hands. For Celestia, the droplets of syrup and bits of bacon that dropped from her mouth as she greedily ate further sullied her clothes. In spite of having a clear view of the gluttonous behavior, Kyoko couldn’t stop herself from charging in to devour the meal with a same level of disregard for shame.

“It fills my heart with joy to see my students enjoying the meal I worked so hard on PUHUHUHU,” Monokuma commented, remaining in good spirits even as the rest of the students winced at the gassy expulsions that began to intersperse the ravenous trio’s frantic eating.

A loud ripping noise stopped Kyoko in her tracks. She had become quite familiar with the sound during the past month at Hope’s Peak Academy. However, it never ceased to fill her with a

sense of dread. The noise was a signal that her condition was getting worse, and she had no way of stopping it.

Leaning a pudgy arm up against the wall of the hallway, Kyoko pushed aside her greasy hair in order to get a better look at herself. Peeking past her second chin, she spotted a small opening in the middle of her shirt that showed off a portion of her D-cup breasts and the undersized bra meant to keep them in place. Sliding her gloved, pudgy fingers down her torso brought her to an opening towards the bottom of her top that gave her access to the prickles of purple hair at the peak of her doughy gut. Shifting her weight back and forth, she felt a breeze along her backside. Bringing her hand below the hem of her undersized skirt, she found the main cause of her distress in the form of a missing portion of her panties that had once covered up the crack of her chunky derriere.

Bemoaning the destruction her 300 pound body had wrought, Kyoko attempted to adjust the fabric to try and cover up the holes. She realized her dire mistake when she heard the unsettling rumble from her stomach. As the pressure built, she shifted her vision back and forth to ensure that she was alone. Partially blinded by the oily locks of hair on her head that she had once more forgotten to wash along with the rest of her body, she was forced to let go once the need became too much.

A rumbling BRRRRAAAAAPPPP pushed out of Kyoko's backside to further destroy her underwear. In the wake of the tremors the fart sent through her fat, more of the bubbles migrated their way up their throat. A loud BWOOOOORRPPP blew past her lips to force her to retaste the meaty breakfast she had eaten earlier that day. Surrounded by her lingering fumes, she was disgusted, less by the scent, but more so that her nose was getting used to the aroma.

With another PHHHHRRRRRRTTTTT echoing through the corridor, Kyoko picked up a different, atrocious odor wafting through the area. Swiveling herself around, she spotted the slow gait of Celestia's thick legs, adorned in hole-riddled stockings that showed off the hairy, black follicles growing along her flesh. Another BRRRAAAAAPPPP from the fine-dressed woman lifted up her skirt to show off her meaty thighs and buttocks. Unconcerned with the disgusting display, she continued to shuffle her way forward while wiping the sweat free from her chins.

"Move BWOOOOOOORRRRRRRPPPP aside," Celestia said, using the heft of her backside to shove Kyoko out of the way. While the tactic worked in giving her the room she desired, it also ripped open more of her dress to allow extra pounds of her flabby gut to hang out. "I'm famished."

"You know that's only going to make things UUUURRRPPPP worse," Kyoko commented, regardless following in the aftermath of one of Celestia's farts. "This weight gain and gas isn't natural," she continued, forced to pause to allow a BRRRRRAAAAAPPPP to blast out from her rear. "Something is going on here."

"I don't care," Celestia replied as she let out a huff, puffing out her chest and threatening to rip apart her blouse in the process. "As long as I get more UUUURRRPPPP food, nothing else matters." Trudging the final few steps to the cafeteria's door, she slammed it open with a determined belly bump.

Kyoko and Celestia's jaws hung open as they witnessed the mass of tanned skin inside. Balanced on a pair of chairs, was a pair of watermelon-sized ass cheeks that were held back by a thong-like set of panties. The undergarments were put through their paces as each slam of the owner's doughy, hairy belly against the table pushed out another cloud of flatulence.

Making their way around the sizable blob, the two smaller women looked up to see Asahina stuffing her face with as much meat as she could grab from the table. Down her chins leaked a deluge of barbeque sauce to further stain the white-tank top holding back her F-cup breasts. The shirt had risen up a substantial degree to allow her belly to hang out. In the process of collecting a few lost morsels from her lips, she didn't seem to have any shame of showing off the bristly, brown hairs sticking out from beneath her arm pits.

"Asahina," called out the gruff voice of a woman with white hair and a plethora of muscles that stretched the limits of her sailor school uniform.

"Oh, hey BWOOOOORRRRPP Sakura," Asahina belched out. "Wanna join us?"

Sakura crossed her arms and glared. "I came here because you didn't show up to the swimming pool like you promised."

PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT rumbled out Asahina's backside. "Sorry, but I couldn't exercise on an empty stomach."

"But you're always hungry," Sakura shot back. "This isn't natural."

"She's UUUURRRRPPPP right," Kyoko added, trying to help, but managing to push Sakura back with the smell of her belch. "Whatever's been happening to us, we need to find a way to stop--"

Another BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPP rang out as Celestia slammed her ass into Kyoko. Thrown to the ground, Kyoko's belly broke her fall at the cost of releasing a prolonged fart. Under the duress of the tremors that afflicted her flesh, she struggled to endure the shame of her obese, gassy body. With the help of Sakura, she managed to get back up and watch as Celestia participated in her third session of messy eating for the day.

“So UUUURRPPP good,” Celestia said aloud, uncaring of the sauce that splattered across her clothes.

“I know BOOOUUURRRP right?” Asahina added, diving back in to grasp at the meat.

The display of gluttony should have been absolutely horrid to Kyoko. However, she couldn’t ignore the sense of wanting that affected her mind the longer she watched the other two stuff their faces. With an abrupt BRRRAAAAAAP, she managed to get Sakura to release her hold. No longer restrained by the muscle bound woman, she couldn’t stop herself from making her way over to the feast.

Pushing her blubber into Celestia to claim her spot at the table, Kyoko grabbed at a plate of fried chicken. As wrong as it felt to slather her face and clothes in grease, the taste that greeted her tongue more than made up for it. The burps and farts that leaked out from her body as she pressed against the table to get more food became second nature to her as she focused in on eating as much as possible. In the back of her mind, she was well aware of how she was becoming a complete slob. However, another part of her didn’t seem to care; too caught up in the feeling of freedom as she let her urges to eat completely take over.

A ding echoed through Kyoko’s room.

“Goooooooooooo morning!” Monokuma’s voice sang over the loudspeaker. “Let’ have another beautiful-“

A rumbling PHHHHRRRRTTTTTT rippled out from Kyoko’s rear to drown out the same announcement that had been played on repeat every hour. As the fart petered off, a rumble from

her stomach managed to push her to heed the bear's call. With a groan, she begrudgingly forced herself to roll out of bed before noon.

Swinging her thick legs over the side of her bed, Kyoko leaned back to stretch out her back flab. In the process of letting out a yawn, a belch managed to roll up her throat and jiggle her F-cup breasts. Shaking about her locks of disheveled hair, she dragged her hand down her torso to scratch at the tuft of purple fuzz around her navel. Moving on to groping at the rest of her doughy gut, she incidentally stirred up the bubbles inside once more. Without a hint of hesitation, she leaned over to let another BRRRAAAAAAPPPP burst forth from her double-wide rear to further stink up her well-worn and food-stained mattress.

Heaving her over 500 pound body out of bed, Kyoko waddled her way over to her closet. Having long outgrown the clothes that had been given to her, she had to resort to whatever outfit Monokuma could provide for her. For now, that meant draping herself in a bathrobe with the same, black and white pattern as the bear himself. Moments after touching her body, the clean fabric was marred by the flab that had gone several weeks without bathing. Able to keep her robe in place just with her girth, she left behind the sash, covered her hands with her tight gloves and waddled her way towards the door.

Taking a moment to squeeze her wide hips out from the entrance, Kyoko let another fart burst out to echo through the hall. The rude noise and following, horrific odor did more than enough to garner the attention of the other students milling around the corridor. Rather than feel shame at the way they stared at her slobby form, she merely continued to scratch at her hairy gut. Shuffling towards the dining area, she made sure to knock her fellow students away with either a bump of her gut or a belch to their face.

Arriving at the cafeteria, Kyoko was met with the familiar sight of Asahina taking up two chairs with her meaty rear. Her reputation as the Ultimate Swimmer was left shaky thanks to the chunky legs and thighs dotted in hair she freely waved about as she ate. Any sign of her previous accolades was limited to the undersized swimsuit she had managed to squeeze herself into for a modicum of decency. Even then, the bikini adorning her body could only cover up the very center of her beachball-like breasts as they constantly jostled against her 600 pound gut.

If Kyoko stared hard enough, she could see the bottom part of the suit wedged within Asahina's ass cheeks. However, this put her in the direct path of a thunderous BRRRAAAAAAPPPP from the tanned woman. Letting out a sigh of relief and a belch, Asahina continued to devour her meal of doughnuts without a care, only stopping to prevent her ass fat from sliding off the sides of her seat.

The lingering cloud of gas that engulfed Kyoko did little to stop her from continuing to waddle forward. Taking her spot upon a pair of chairs, she began to shovel food into her mouth. What was on the menu today was a mix of sausages, smoked ham, and various other meats. Adding onto that with a bowl of beans and plenty of soda to keep her satisfied, ensured that absolute chaos would be wrought on her already unsteady digestive tract. Not that she seemed to mind as long as it meant giving her appetite what it craved.

Pausing for a moment to free up room with a BWOOOOOOORRRRRRPP, Kyoko found it impossible to ignore the sight of two wobbling butt cheeks poorly covered by a black skirt making their way through the room. Forced to take on a third chair to keep her bottom heavy figure comfortable, Celestia sat down with a rumbling PHHHHRRRRTTTTT. Letting her gut break free from her blouse to rest against her thighs, she rested a hand on her ample bosom as

she considered where to start. When she finally spotted the heavily loaded plate of nachos from the selection, rather than grabbing it herself she resorted to using her assistant.

“Over BWOOOOOORRPP there, Yamada,” Celestia belched out.

“Right away,” the portly, young man replied, his usually rotund form looking tiny compared to the Ultimate Gambler’s pear-shaped girth.

Bringing the plate over to Celestia’s face, Hifumi had to be careful not to get his fingers bitten in the process. As much as he seemed to enjoy the sight of her slathering her face with the greasy meal, he had to work fast. Bringing over the next platter just as she finished the first, he was rewarded with the sight of the bristly, black follicles sticking out from a hole in the seams of her sleeves. Getting a whiff of the odor coming from her pit, his moment of hesitation earned him a glare from the obese woman to get him to work again.

Celestia’s brazen, sloppy display motivated Kyoko to further degrade her own body. Even as her pile of food began to diminish, more would be added to it to help her indulge her appetite. Her obsession with stuffing her face left her ignorant of the small bear running around the room, refilling the supply of both her and the other girl’s tables. However, Monokuma’s constant giggling and wicked grin was obvious to a concerned classmate watching from right outside of the dining area. Making sure to stay out of range of the trio’s gas problems, he made a resolve to figure out what exactly the bear was planning.

Asking around the academy, Makoto was starting to become desperate. No matter who he asked, no one seemed to know exactly where Kyoko, Asahina, or Celestia had went. Becoming increasingly worried, he was forced to stop in his tracks to try and let out his frustration by

scratching at his head of spiky, brown hair. Just as he was about to completely lose hope, he found what he was looking for in the form of something awful making its way to his nostrils.

Going against his common sense, Makoto ran towards the source of the smell. Continuing past the dorms, his first thought was that the odor was coming from the missing women's rooms. While he did find plenty of empty food containers, ripped apart clothes, and misplaced follicles in their quarters, the aromas that greeted him were far weaker than the whiff he had gotten earlier.

The cafeteria that the trio had frequented was left empty. Any signs of the slobs' existence were limited to the seating area of large chairs in the corner. Noticing a few lingering stains scattered around the table, some of the fresher messes made him think that he was getting close to his target.

Taking a step into the kitchen area, Makoto's attention immediately drew towards the pair of double doors. At a first glance, it appeared to be another pantry that had been installed to provide the adequate amount of food needed by the slobs. However, approaching the doors brought forth a cloud of fumes that were no doubt a result of the women he was searching for. Bracing himself for what was to come, he covered his face with his green jacket as he opened up the doors and stepped inside.

Finding it difficult to see thanks to the dim lighting and the aroma stinging his eyes, Makoto ended up stumbling into a pair of enormous, pale-colored orbs. Taking a few steps backward, he watched as the massive mounds, dotted in black hairs began to shift. It was only once he saw the owner of the bulbous spheres' red eyes did he finally recognize that he was staring at what had become of the Ultimate Gambler.

Rolling herself over, Celestia didn't seem to be ashamed that Makoto was staring at her nude, blobby form. Nor did she care when the crumbs that fell down her chins bounced off of her meaty bosom and flabby belly. Waving about her frayed, black locks of greasy hair, her only response was to let a BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP burst out of her massive backside to further stink up the two mattresses she was laying on.

Backing away from the cloud of noxious fumes, Makoto walked straight into a lump of tanned blubber. Easily double the size of Celestia's already imposing girth, the miniature mountain sat herself up on her chunky ass cheeks. Using what few muscles remained from her status as the Ultimate Swimmer, she scratched at the hairs peeking out from beneath her pudgy arms as she lazily stared down at him.

Sucking dry a bottle of soda, she let out a bellowing BWOOOOORRRPPP that jiggled around her person-sized breasts and let droplets of drool fall onto her belly. Wiping her lips clean with the back of her hand pushed aside her oily brown locks to reveal her pudgy face and finally let Makoto know that he was indeed staring at Asahina. Albeit a version of her that hadn't been anywhere near water in weeks judging by the body odor that wafted out from her bushy armpit hairs.

Looking at what had become of the once elegant and athletic woman, Makoto turned himself around to answer the feeling of deep dread taking over his mind. Just as he expected, he found the frayed, lavender locks of the Ultimate Detective draped across her pudgy forms. Her only semblance of who she was before being the gloves stretched over her plump, sausage-like finger.

Kyoko stretched out her blubbery arms and yawned to put her hairy, nearly 1000-pound form on full display. Crumbs and sauce stains were spread across her skin to give a modicum of

modesty to her plump nipples. She didn't appear ashamed to dig out food from between her fat folds and belly button to bring them to her face. Nor did she seem to have any restraint when it came to letting out a rumbling fart and roaring belch that rivaled the expulsions of her fellow, sloppy women.

"Kyoko," Makoto said, forcing himself through the awful gas, "are you alright?"

"Never UUUUURRRPPP better," she answered, her face the epitome of calm in spite of her strange state. "What brought you BWOOOORRRPP here?"

"I found out what was going on with your three," Makoto addressed the room as he reached into pocket. From his jacket, he produced a vial of white liquid dotted with tiny, black specks. "I managed to find this in a locked cabinet in the kitchen."

"So?" Celestia asked, voicing her disinterest with a rude BRRRRAAAAAP from her backside.

"I gave it to Chihiro and she managed to look it up on the school's database," Makoto continued, in spite of the foul odor attacking his senses. "This is a special formula that has the ability to significantly increase a person's appetite, worsen your digestion, afflict you with overwhelming lethargy, and boost your taste buds."

"What does that all UUUURRPP mean?" Asahina.

"It's some kind of slob BWOOOOORRRPPP serum," Kyoko answered, leaning to the side to let out her own plume of flatulence. "Is that right?"

"Yes, and Monokuma's been sneaking it into all of your meals," Makoto continued.

"We are BOOOUUURRRPP aware," Celestia remarked.

Makoto's stared at the Ultimate Gambler with confusion. "You knew?"

“Yeah,” Asahina answered, making the room quake as she unleashed her own PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT. “Monokuma told us about it.”

“He came to us last UUURRRPPP night to tell us his plan,” Kyoko added. “It was alongside an invitation to enter this BWOOOOORRRPPP special room made just for us.”

“It was a pain in the BOOOUUURRRPPP butt getting here,” Asahina belched, “but it was worth it. We can eat as much and as often as we UUUUURRRPPPP want.”

“Not to mention how comfortable these BWOOOOORRRPPP quarters are for our portly sizes,” Celestia commented, wobbling her behemoth backside back and forth to produce a prolonged PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT.

“And you’re all alright with his?” Makoto asked, seeing the girls answer by vigorously nodding their rows of chins up and down. “Why? Aren’t you worried about being stuck as complete slob for-“

Makoto was shut out as Asahina unleashed a BRRRAAAAPPPP of her own. Not quite done with her reserve of awful gas, Celestia added to his torture with another bombardment of flatulence. Just as he was pushed to the brink of his endurance, a prolonged PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT Kyoko’s rear end sealed his fate. Unable to take the smell any longer, he was forced to make a hasty retreat from the room.

“That was UUUURRRPPP weird,” Asahina said as the doors shut tight behind Makoto.

“Yes, I have no idea why he’s so BWOOOOORRRPPP worried about us,” Celestia added.

Kyoko let a puff of gas out to help free up more room in her belly. “Probably because he doesn’t understand BOOOUUURRRPP how we feel.” Lowering her head, she scratched at her thick chin. “Hmm, perhaps if we tried to make him a slob UUUURRRRPP too, then he would understand the benefits.”

“I disagree,” Celestia refuted, punctuating with another fart. “That would just mean less food for BWOORRRPPP us.”

“Speaking of which, where is our next UUURPP meal?” Asahina asked, straining her thick neck to look around the room. “Monokuma told us that he was bringing a special BWOOOOORRRPPP treat.”

“Oh, then don’t let me keep you three waiting for any BOOOUUUURRPP longer,” spoke a husky, feminine voice from the intercom.

A wall typically reserved for allowing Monokuma to bring the women food began to shake as it rose upwards. From within the dark passage, a figure a few hundred pounds heavier than Asahina was wheeled into the room. Like the other women, she was sporting a massive pair of tits balanced atop a gut made for endless, gluttonous feasts. She even shared the trio’s penchant for unleashing horrific gas clouds from her enormous ass cheeks. The main difference was the look of unhinged delight on her pudgy face as the other women took in the sight of her frayed, platinum blonde pigtails.

“Wait, are you BWOOOOORRRRPP Junko?” Asahina asked.

“Hmm, she doesn’t have freckles on her UUURRRPP face,” Celestia belched out.

“No, but she does appear more like the image we saw on that BWOOOORRPP magazine,” Kyoko added. “Are you really her?”

“Guilty as charged,” Junko replied, grinning as she pushed out a thunderous BRRRAAAAAPPPP. “I was hoping to keep myself secret for a bit longer, but I just couldn’t stand being away from your depraved hedonism any longer.”

Heaving herself out of her chair, Junko began to stomp her way towards the women. “I was a bit disappointed when I had to so drastically change my UUURRRPPP plans,” she belched as she nuzzled up to Asahina’s hair-riddled belly button.

Taking a deep whiff of Asahina’s body odor, Junko shuffled over to plant herself between Celestia’s ass cheeks. “That was until I found out the benefits of degrading your once respectable BWOOOORPPP bodies.” Letting a fart ripple through her form, she managed to trigger Celestia’s body to unleash another plume of horrific gas. Taking a deep whiff of the odor, Junko pulled herself back up into a standing position. “It’s created such an amazingly depressing set of BOOOUUURRRPP women.”

Turning her attention to Kyoko, Junko managed to heave her body up to lay down atop her. Holding onto the purple-haired woman’s breasts, she sat in place as she took the full force of a belch to the face. “Even more so when I decided to UUUUURRRRRPP follow your exact regimen of constant eating and no physical activity.”

Sliding herself off of Kyoko’s greasy form, Junko made her way back to the chair. Exhausted from the small bout of physical activity, she brought her sweat-slicked form down into her seat. “Now I see that this is the perfect BWOOOOORRRPPP way to spread despair. By showing the whole world how easy it is to corrupt people they once thought were so UUUUURRRPPP noble.”

“As long as we keep getting BOOOUUURRRRRPP fed, I’m in,” Asahina replied.

“Along with the proper accommodations,” Celestia spoke up, leaning back on her mattress to make herself comfortable.

“Agreed,” Kyoko said. “As long as you take care of our needs, then we are yours to do with as you UUUUUURRRPPP please.”

A wide grin stretched across Junko's face. "Excellent. Then we'll let the whole world fall into a pit of sloppy BWOOOOOOORRRRPP despair!"