

## Konosuba: Fast Food in Another World

The thoughts of a lucrative business prospect plastered a wide smile across Vanir's face. He made sure to adjust the black and white mask obscuring the top part of his head and fix up his suit to make himself look as presentable as possible. Touching up his short blue hair, he realized the futility in trying to impress a group so eccentric as Kazuma and the others, but it was more for himself than anything. Wringing his gloved white hands together, he tried to keep himself calm as he approached the mansion belonging to the unlikely group of heroes. Had things gone his way, he would already be relishing in the fruits of their combined labor. However, their meeting had been put to the wayside for a secret quest they claimed would change their lives for the better.

Reaching the gates of the mansion, Vanir's grin grew wider as he saw someone training on the front lawn. While she looked impressive with her armor-clad attire and muscular arms, her constant sword swings kept missing the stationary, wooden targets in front of her. The rigorous training session did little to help her accuracy but did wonders for letting her golden blonde ponytail wave about in the wind. Putting her sword back in its sheath, her glittering blue eyes looked at the mess she had made with the few strikes that had hit mere inches from her targets. Putting her hand to the prominent bosom contained by her silver chest plate, she tried to take in what lessons she could from her training session.

"A valiant effort, Ms. Lalatina," Vanir called out from behind the gate.

A shiver went down the woman's spine. Turning to face Vanir, she took up a defensive stance. "My name is Darkness," she said, trying to remain calm despite recalling her first meeting with the former demonic general. "What are you doing here?"

“No need to act so rigid around me,” he said as he wagged his finger. “I’ve come by to discuss another marvelous business proposition for Kazuma. Is he in? No one in town has seen him since your last quest.”

Darkness moved to speak, only to bite her tongue. “I won’t tell you. Not even if you have to torture me for it.” Embracing herself in a hug, she turned her face away from Vanir. “I won’t break, no matter how much pain or humiliation you force on me. My valiant willpower will hold out through your brutal tactics.”

Peeking his head through the fence, Vanir saw a shade of red encroach over Darkness’s face as her breathing became heavy. He found it best not to bring up her poorly hidden, dark desires. “I mean no harm to him. I merely wish to offer a contract to help with some of your outstanding debt.”

“What did you say?” whined a familiar voice.

The doors to the mansion flung open to allow a woman with long, light blue hair to dash across the front yard. Stopping at the front gate, she set her blue eyes on Vanir the same way a starving animal would look at a fresh meal. So consumed by the prospect of ridding the group of their debts, she thought little of the way her haggard breathing shuffled about her dark blue dress in a way most unbecoming of a goddess.

“Hello there Aqua,” Vanir said, giving a slight bow to her. “I was just telling Ms. Lalatina-“

“Call me Darkness, you wretched former servant of the demon lord!”

“Pardon me. I was telling Darkness that I wish to see Kazuma about a business venture involving something he mentioned from his old world. Would a divinely beautiful goddess like yourself be willing to guide me towards him?”

“Of course,” Aqua said, boasting a smug smile as she swung open the gates. “Right this way.”

Vanir followed after Aqua but turned his head at the sound of boots walking up behind him. Over his shoulder he could see Darkness following closely with her sword at the ready.

“Afraid that I’ll do something nefarious?”

“I’m here to make sure you behave yourself,” she replied, following the others inside.

“As you wish,” he commented, following Aqua into the mansion with his unwarranted escort close behind.

Walking through the corridors of the mansion, Vanir’s first observation was that the place had seen better days. Considering the building’s size, he was impressed that the four inhabitants were able to even attempt to fight back the horde of dust bunnies and built-up grime that plagued mansions of this scale. Peeking his head into the rooms let him see that the group had at least taken care of their sleeping chambers, their beds ready to receive them after the labor of a hard day’s work. Passing by the bathing room let Vanir sample a whirlwind of pleasant smells that came from a collection of different bath soaps that group had procured from Wiz’s shop. Sidestepping a burn mark on the faded carpet leading towards a double door, Vanir stepped into the main living area. There he saw in front of the fireplace Kazuma sitting upon a weathered sofa. However, it wasn’t quite the person he was looking for.

Since the last time the two of them had met, Kazuma’s brown hair had increased significantly in length to overshadow Aqua’s own locks. Not only that, but his arms and legs had become slender and daintier. Putting his fingers to his chin in curiosity, Vanir rounded the sofa to be met with a pair of B-cup breasts contained by Kazuma’s green jumpsuit. Upon comparing the adventurer’s bosom to his equally curvy backside, Vanir thought he had mistaken the woman for

someone else. However, one look at the set of weary eyes behind the woman's bangs proved that it was still the same Kazuma, albeit one that had gone through a drastic change in appearance.

"My, my, what do we have here?" Vanir asked, getting a little too close for comfort as he leaned towards Kazuma.

Kazuma furrowed her brow and turned her attention to Aqua. "I told you not to let anyone in," she shouted towards Aqua.

Aqua puffed up your chest. "You should be thanking me. The divine blessing of a goddess has led to a business venture capable of taking care of our money woes."

Getting up from the couch, Kazuma reached out to pinch Aqua's cheeks. "You should also know that a girl needs her privacy," she said through gritted teeth.

"Stop! Stop!" Aqua whined as she flailed her limbs against Kazuma. "You shouldn't be mean to a goddess. Especially when she hasn't done anything wrong."

"Come now, there's no need to be so violent," Vanir said in his attempt to be a mediator. "Like she said, I'm here to offer a business opportunity that should solve all your problems."

Kazuma released Aqua from her grasp and turned towards Vanir. "Does that include getting rid of these?" she asked as she squeezed her boobs.

"That's a bit out of my field of expertise I'm afraid. Do tell me, how did you get this way?"

With an exasperated sigh, Kazuma shuffled back to the couch and sat down. "This is all from our last quest. We finally managed to track down and defeat the demon king."

Vanir clapped his hands together. "Congratulations, you must be so happy to succeed in doing what most people thought was impossible."

“That’s the problem. We did it too good. In the process of killing the king, he managed to get off a curse with his last dying breath that turned me into this,” she said, gesturing towards her body. “Before we could either get the curse removed or bring back a piece of him proving the job was done, a certain someone turned him into a pile of ash.”

Raising up her head, Kazuma shot an angry glare at the chair a few feet from them. A young woman was slumbering there, her large, pointed black hat covering up her face as she snored. Rudely pulling away the cloak the woman was using as a makeshift blanket revealed her lithe body and red robe. Lifting up her hat and showing the short black hair beneath, Kazuma reached forward and flicked her on the nose. Rising from her slumber, the slumbering mage thrust out a fist towards her assailant.

“What the hell, Megumin?” Kazuma asked, reeling from the blow to her abdomen.

“You woke me up,” she said, wiping the sleep from her eyes. “As a growing woman, I need all the sleep I can get.”

Kazuma let out a scoff. “You’re eighteen. I don’t think there’s any more you can grow.”

“I’m just a late bloomer,” Megumin replied, using her staff to help her get out of her chair.

“Now, now, no reason to fight,” Vanir said. “We can start pointing fingers at one another once we get things settled.”

Begrudgingly, Kazuma and Megumin ended their quarrel and sat down at the dining table. Following their lead, the other girls and Vanir joined them. Reaching into his pocket, Vanir slid over a stack of papers towards Kazuma.

“What is this?” Kazuma asked as she flipped through the numerous pages of contracts.

“These are the initial plans I have to introduce one of your world’s more intriguing businesses to Axel and possibly the entire Belzerg Kingdom.”

Kazuma leaned forward in her seat, the others copying the action as their interest grew in the masked man’s words. “Which would be...?”

“A fast-food restaurant,” he replied, turning their faces of interest into confusion. “From the way you described them, they seemed like the perfect addition to our world. Villagers, adventurers, royalty, and everyone in between could benefit from a place where they can get unbelievably delicious food for low prices and expedient service.”

Kazuma leaned back in her seat. “Go on.”

“For the promise of an even split of the profits between the two of us, I ask that you aid me in supervising the construction of the establishment, putting together the menu, running the restaurant, and all business decisions.” Having said his piece, Vanir folded his hands together and let his chin rest against them. “Do we have a deal?”

The girls went into a huddle. While they tried to speak in hushed tones, Vanir could pick up their whispers of the pros and cons of his offer. Insults were thrown around just as much as ideas for the business venture. As the group came to an agreement, Vanir smiled as Kazuma left the others to approach him.

“Give us 60% of the profits and we have a deal,” Kazuma said, holding out her hand.

“Consider it done,” Vanir said, a tight handshake sealing their partnership.

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Kazuma found herself trekking back and forth across town in search of a hint of where Vanir had decided to set up the restaurant. Her confusion was partially due to her disbelief in the directions she had been given. Having obtained an inkling of humility from her mindless

wondering, she begrudgingly made the turn down the back alley. Nearly splattering her white tunic and green cloak with a puddle of mystery sludge, she arrived to see the results of falling for Vanir's promises of grandeur.

To call the building a shack would have been an understatement. The rickety structure of old wood looked like it would topple over from a gentle gust of wind. Grimacing at the shoddy sign hung above the front entrance that lacked a proper title, she pushed open the door only to have it collapse to the ground. Grinding her teeth as she recalled how much money she had given Vanir as a down payment, she entered the establishment with fury in her eyes.

The other members of Kazuma's party were waiting for her inside. She could see Darkness was busy sweeping up a collection of cracked splinters, the aftermath of her putting the slightest amount of weight on the rickety chairs. Aqua was attempting to fight against her title as a useless goddess by trying to clean the floor with spots of water. The effort was valiant, but for every dust bunny she cleaned there were a thousand more to take their place. Megumin was leaning on one of the walls, having learned to distrust any form of furniture in the ramshackle restaurant. Kazuma mentally debated in her head whether or not to tell Megumin about the spider happily spinning a web atop the peak of her hat.

"Vanir!" Kazuma shouted, feeling the building shake on its foundation.

"Over here," Vanir answered, popping his head up from a serving window. "It's about time you got here. I was afraid you had gotten lost."

"What the hell did you do with my money?" Kazuma asked, stopping herself from slamming her fist against the wall for fear of the building collapsing.

"Now hold on," he replied, holding back Kazuma's rage with an outstretched finger. "I know this place doesn't look like much, but I assure you that it is only temporary. Once people

have a chance to sample our food, they will be lining up around the block to have a chance to eat here.”

Kazuma gave a blank stare at Vanir. “Megumin?”

Megumin tilted up her head, inadvertently tossing aside her eight-legged passenger.

“Yeah?”

“Have you cast your explosion spell yet today? I think I have the perfect target for you.”

“Let’s not get too hasty,” Vanir said, a shiver going down his spine as he recalled the last time he had a taste of the young mage’s magic. “Come into the kitchen and I’ll show that you made the right decision making me your partner.”

As much as Kazuma yearned for the instant gratification of seeing Vanir reduced to a black mark on the floor, she realized it wouldn’t bring her money back. Letting out a groan, she followed the rest of the group into the back. The kitchen held a modicum of improvement over the rest of the establishment, but that wasn’t saying much. Various stoves and kitchenware looked to have come from secondhand shops, showing the signs of heavy use and little maintenance. However, it was the presence of an irresistible odor that managed to sate Kazuma’s thirst for righteous vengeance.

Protected from the dirt and grime of the counter by an elegant, white tablecloth was a spread of food Vanir had prepared as a menu sampler. Going off of Kazuma’s recollections had led to a collection of overindulgent meals that were high in taste at the cost of nutritional value. A double-stacked cheeseburger was covered in a generous amount of bacon, cheese, and onions, alongside being slathered with heavy amounts of grease and condiments. The warmth of the basket of fries could be felt throughout the room, their crispy texture noticeable at just a glance. To go along with the rest of the meal, three mugs of soda had been created to the best of Vanir’s



abilities. Watching the bubbles rise up from the foam to pop in front of her face, Kazuma felt her mouth begin to water as she recalled the long-lost flavor of sugary sweetness. Glancing at her companions, she could tell the same attraction was afflicting them. All of them had their eyes set on the indulgent meal, their fingers twitching at the thought of who would be the first to try them.

Aqua took a step forward. “As the wonderful goddess I am, I would be happy to grace this food by letting my divine tongue prove its worthiness.”

The triumphant smile on Aqua’s face lasted until she was bumped aside by Darkness. “Nonsense. This food was clearly made to do dreadful things to your body. Let me be the one to try them. I would rather a foul fate fall upon myself rather than my companions.”

Darkness was nudged away by Megumin’s staff. “Clearly this meal can only be handled by an expert spellcaster.” Striking a pose, she clutched the false eyepatch covering her right eye and pointed towards the food. “Through my powers, I will defeat this meal with my most powerful spells.”

Kazuma raised her hand as she gently pushed her aside. “Spell. Singular. Which would be enough to destroy it without leaving anything, even ashes, behind,” she said, getting Megumin to sheepishly back away from the table.

“Ladies, please,” Vanir said with his arms outstretched. “There is plenty of food to go around. I would be more than happy to serve you all a taste of the brilliant success that awaits us.”

Nodding in begrudging agreement, Kazuma and the others left the kitchen to stand around one of the few stables that looked sturdy enough to last through at least one meal.

Moments later, Vanir reappeared with the food from before split into even pieces. Placing the plates in front of the girls, he took a step back and gestured for them to dig in.

Picking up a chunk of burger, Kazuma was about to bite in until she noticed something. “Why aren’t you eating?” she asked Vanir.

“Human food does little for me,” Vanir dismissed with a hand wave. “All the more reason I need you four to tell me how it tastes.”

Keeping a cautious eye on Vanir, Kazuma dropped the bite-sized burger into her mouth. She soon found herself immersed in a deluge of flavors long thought lost to her taste buds. Mulling the greasy meat around in her mouth, she couldn’t recall ever tasting a burger so juicy or savory. Swallowing in the midst of her euphoria, she wasted little time grabbing a handful of fries to shove past her lips. Just like the burger, the fried potatoes acted as pure, greasy ambrosia that was an excellent companion to the lingering flavors of meat. Grasping her mug between her fingers, she let the sweet taste of cola chase after the meal and cap it off with a nice fizz.

Wiping stray grease from her face, Kazuma licked the few lingering crumbs from her fingers. Basking in the nostalgic feeling of a good meal, her opinion of her deal with Vanir was filled with a renewed appreciation. The moment would have been perfect, had it not been for a familiar set of annoying whines.

“I said, you got a bigger piece than all of us,” Aqua said with her finger pointed at Megumi’s empty plate.

“We each got the same amount,” Megumin fired back.

“Please stop fighting with each other,” Darkness pleaded as she watched the two of them get closer to throwing fists. “Perhaps we can ask Vanir to BWOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRPPPP!”

The echo of the burp silenced the group. As everyone's eyes settled on the flush of red on Darkness's face, they all heard rumbling sounds coming from around the table. The unruly noises culminated in a chorus of burps belting out from Agua and Megumin's mouth. Having to smell the lingering smell of the greasy meal on their breath was the final straw to making Kazuma release a gnarly belch of her own.

"What in the UUUURRP hell is this?" Kazuma asked.

Vanir folded his hands together. "Apologies, but in order to recreate the meals to the best of my abilities, I had to add ingredients that have certain...side effects."

"Anyone who eat this BWOOOOORRRP food, will become uncontrollably gassy?" Aqua asked.

"Among other effects, yes," Vanir replied.

"T-that's UUURRP awful," Darkness said, cradling her stomach and hoping no one noticed the way she purposefully pushed on her gut. "To intentionally BWOOOOORRRP give people food to make them have such s-shameful bouts of gas. Y-you must give all of your food immediately to me so that I may URRRPPPP properly dispose of it."

"I see that your hesitant, but you can't deny the appealing taste. I'm sure with a bit of tweaking we can come up with a way to keep the flavor while reducing the side effects."

Dodging a pair of belches from Aqua and Megumin, Vanir began walking back to the kitchen. "Come with me and I'll show you how to make these dishes."

"You better be right about this," Kazuma said, following behind him. "Last thing we need is the entire town reeking of-"

Kazuma interrupted herself by the sound of a squeaky fart blowing up the hem of her shirt. The flatulence acted as a call to arms as the other girls' colons began spouting equally

horrid gas from their derriere's. Tears dripping down their cheeks and nostrils burning from the smell, they quickly ran after Vanir to find fresh air and begin adjusting the restaurant's menu.

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In the dark of night, Kazuma was once again roused from her slumber by a series of uncomfortable rumblings from her intestines. Throwing off her blankets and pulling down her lime green nightgown, she swung her legs over the side of her bed and put on her slippers. Getting into a standing position, she made sure not to disturb her protruding potbelly under the threat of unleashing the built-up gas inside.

Rather than fill her room with an atrocious stink bomb, Kazuma cautiously shuffled her way across the floor and into the hall. She set her sights on the shower room, hoping the abundance of soap would be enough to cover the ensuing smell. It had become a popular place for her and the other girls to handle the ramifications of their training under Vanir.

Despite weeks spent trying different methods and ingredients, they couldn't escape the gas problem that ensued following each meal of the greasy food. Whenever they were able to create something that didn't cause awful digestion issues, the lackluster taste that replaced it was deemed far worse than any fart or burp the girls could muster. The day of unleashing their fast food on the populace was close at hand, the promise of high profits making Kazuma look over the moral issues of exposing more people to the tainted meals.

So lost in counting up the hypothetical riches that would soon be showered upon her, Kazuma noticed too late a series of similar shuffling and stomach noises coming from around the corner. Kazuma's belly bumped right into Megumin's similarly bloated tummy. Clenching her anus to keep the storm inside at bay, Kazuma turned an angry eye towards Megumin.

"Watch where you're going!" she shouted in her loudest whisper.

“Same to you!” Megumin replied, copying Kazuma’s volume. “What are you even doing out here this time of night?”

“This thing,” Kazuma answered, sliding her fingers across her gut. “I take it you’re here for the same reason.”

“Then you understand my situation. Good, then you’ll have no problem letting me go first.”

Megumin reached out towards the bathing room door, only to be pulled back by the collar of her black night gown.

“And just why do you get first dibs?”

“Because it’s only right for a woman to go first.”

“Then that should go for me as well.”

“I was a woman before you though.”

“That doesn’t mean you have the privilege of stinking up the room before I have a chance to use it. Besides, you’re the reason I’m stuck like this in the first place.”

Megumin opened her mouth to argue, but promptly shut it upon remembering the events at the demon king’s lair.

“That’s what I thought,” Kazuma said, reaching for the door handle.

“Hold on,” Megumin said, grasping Kazuma’s hand. “What if...we go together? That way it won’t be as bad for the person after.”

As much as Kazuma wanted to argue with her, a series of rumbling noises from her stomach hastened her decision making. “Fine, just make it quick.”

Shuffling into the bathing area and shutting the door, the two of them made their way to opposite corners of the room. Mere moments from reaching their breaking points, the two of

them let loose the maelstroms of noxious gas inside. Through a series of long, loud farts, the pair managed to completely erase any lingering smell of soap from the room. Getting gassed by their own fumes had them gradually move further away from their corners. Blinded by the tears leaking from their eyes, they once again met in the middle to the tune of their bellies slapping against one another.

“You need to BWOOOOOORRP go back to your corner,” Kazuma belched.

“You UUURRP first,” Megumin burped right back.

A pair of equally awful farts erupting from their rears had them searching for someplace to run. In their haste, Kazuma’s foot accidentally slipped on a misplaced bar of soap. Her errant stumbling sent her colliding into Megumin and brought the two of them slamming to the ground. The impact enshrouded them in a pungent cloud of their combined flatulence. However, the two of them were a little too busy with the fact that their lips had come together during the fall.

Despite the awful stench and earlier aggression, neither of them moved from their spot. Left lying on the floor with the sound of their farts echoing off the walls, something stirred in their bodies other than indigestion. Their tongues appeared to move on their own, intertwining in an attempt to taste the leftover breath of their grease-laden dinners. Moving their hands along each other’s bodies, their fingers squeezed and groped each other’s curves with passionate intent. Whether they did it consciously or not, they gradually reached toward one another’s groins to satisfy a growing need.

The sound of someone knocking on the door quickly brought Megumin and Kazuma out of their stupor. Rolling off of one another, they tried to fix up their appearances and separate to opposite corners of the room. Unsure of what to do, they didn’t so much as glance at one another as the door opened to reveal Darkness.

“What are you two BWOOOOORRRP doing in here?” Darkness asked, cradling her bloated stomach within the confines of her yellow night gown.

“Same as you,” Kazuma answered, letting one last puff of gas escape her rear.

At the sound of a high-pitched, squeaky fart, Darkness turned her attention towards Megumin. “You came in together?”

“Only because Kazuma is a pervert,” Megumin replied. “She insisted on using it first and forced herself in.”

“Who are you calling a pervert?” Kazuma shot back, re-adopting her earlier anger.

“The person I’d rather not spend another second with,” Megumin answered as she stomped off towards the door.

“At least we can agree on that,” Kazuma said, nudging aside Darkness as she followed Megumin into the hall.

Closing the door behind them and hearing Darkness relieve her own built up gas, the two of them glanced at one another. While they didn’t say anything, they couldn’t deny that what they had felt while they had clutched each other was real. Under the threat of Darkness popping back out at any moment, they merely nodded towards one another and walked back to their rooms to prepare for work at the restaurant the next day.

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After several months of hard work, the day had finally come. Thanks to their connections with the citizens of Axel and hundreds of fliers spread through town, a sizable line up of people stood at the entrance of the restaurant. The ramshackle building had gone through some improvements for the opening day, including the shimmering, red banner hanging from its front

entrance. While the sign bearing the name of “Out of This World Eatery” was impressive, everyone’s attention was drawn to the women standing beneath it.

Grumbling to herself about the way the crowd stared at her, Kazuma sincerely wished she had had the foresight to buy a different set of clothes for the occasion. Her adventuring attire was supposed to inspire recollections of her previous victories, but instead served to further illustrate how much she had grown over the course of three months. The gaze of the crowd made her try once again in vain to push back the pudgy tummy taking up the majority of her tunic. Her efforts were halted as she heard the rumblings of something vile begin to stir between her doughy butt cheeks. Taking solace in the fact that her 200-pounds of chubby flesh at least gifted her with a pair of sizable breasts to garner attention, she turned away from the onlookers to glance at her companion.

Kazuma couldn’t stop herself from glaring at the pear-shaped woman standing next to him with her blue hair hanging down to her wide hips. The sight of her sagging gut against her thighs reminded her of the various times Aqua had skipped out on work to stuff herself with food. Taking a mental note to keep an eye on her during her shifts, she left Aqua to draw the crowd in with her useless Nature’s Beauty spells.

A mix of appreciation and awkwardness filled Kazuma as she watched Megumin moving around the restaurant trying to get everything cleaned up for the big opening. Her work threatened to constantly pop her bulging belly out of her maid-like waitress uniform, the sizable gut having taken on the burden of carrying the majority of the chubby mage’s weight. Watching Megumin bend down to sweep up a lingering pile of dirt, Kazuma got a peek at her derriere. The sight brought up images of the pair’s multiple secret rendezvous ever since that fateful night in the bathing room. While neither of them had come clean to the others about their meetings to



relieve their gas and desires, they always seemed to be cut short of indulging in one another by one person in particular.

Forcing herself to look away from Megumin, Kazuma decided to check on the cash register. She found Darkness making last minute preparations to account for what would hopefully be a sizable amount of cash. Glancing over her body, Kazuma couldn't help wondering if one of the first things they should purchase was a new uniform for her to further accentuate the hourglass figure that had been sculpted from the paladin's added weight.

"Ready for the big day?" Vanir asked, making Kazuma jump from his sudden appearance.

"As we'll ever be," Kazuma replied, tugging the hem of her tunic over her waistline. "Is the kitchen set?"

"Ready and more than willing to produce the little money makers to appeal to the masses."

"I just wished it didn't involve doing such awful things to their digestive systems," Kazuma commented, trying to make light of the problem that still plagued the majority of the menu.

"Ah, but is it not human to desire that which is bad for you?" Vanir asked as he flourished his arms about. "We are just offering a cheap and easy way to do it. To give the people here a chance to indulge in their base desires."

Darkness slammed her fist against the counter. "How dare you look at our customers like that. They are honest and kind people that have gone out of their way to support us. We are merely to serve them the food they pay for." Darkness clenched her fingers and tilted her head

down to avoid the others' gazes. "I-if that involves them fattening up like pigs, then I will be the one that will bring them out of it."

"Are you about ready?" Aqua asked as she strolled in from the entrance. "The crowd is getting pretty BWOOOOORRRP wild out there."

While the others turned away from Aqua's rancid belch, Kazuma's annoyance helped her to stomp through the toxic cloud to bounce her belly against Aqua's. "I know that smell. We promised we wouldn't eat anything until the inaugural business day was over."

Aqua shuffled away from Kazuma with a guilty look on her face. "You honestly can't expect me to get through a shift without anything in my stomach." Reaching the wall, her butt pressing against the wood forced out a squeaky fart. "Besides, it was only a little nibble."

"That smell says otherwise," Kazuma said, pinching her nose.

"I'm sorry. What else do you want me to say?" she replied with a huff. "Too late to UURRP fix it now."

"Like hell it is," Kazuma shouted, reaching out and recklessly grabbing Aqua by her gut. Undeterred by Aqua's tears and puffs of gas, she dragged her over to the front entrance and shoved menus into her arms. "You're going to pull your weight around here and then some, otherwise I'll forbid Vanir from making anything for you again."

"Kazuma, you're being so BWOORRP mean," Aqua whined, looking to the others for help.

"Sorry, but she's right," Megumin replied, fixing her outfit to prepare for the incoming crowd. "Don't worry. I'll be more than happy to use my powers to help where needed," she proclaimed, striking a pose to help inspire confidence.

“Yes, let us prepare for the coming horde of relentless customers,” Darkness added, setting her sights on the large crowd outside.

“Very well, by your lead Kazuma,” Vanir said, gesturing for her to answer the call to glory.

Letting out an aggravated sigh at the thought of working alongside these people, Kazuma gave a nod in agreement. Turning towards the front entrance, she stepped forward to unleash their creations upon the people of Axel.

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It was a typical day for Axel village, with a crowd of people lining up around the block to get their turn in the Out of this World Eatery. In a mere six months, the restaurant had become a hub of activity from sunrise to sunset as people flocked to it to satiate their appetites. Thanks to the irresistible flavors, the customers were more than willing to overlook their gradually expanding waistlines and the torrents of gas that came after they ate. Kazuma and the others were more than happy to see their business thrive, but their success came at a dire cost.

Moments after opening for the lunch hour, Aqua was already sweating bullets as she shuffled across the room in hopes of fulfilling every order. Each drop of perspiration served to further strain her waitress outfit with unflattering stains beneath her pits. Not helping matters was the intense warmth surrounding her from a combination of her customer’s gas and her being burdened by her own flab. The overstrained uniform threatened to rip apart with each bump of her doughy form against tables and other customers. The customers paid little mind to her multitude of problems, her haggard appearance had become an everyday sight for the people that frequented the restaurant.

The goddess's torture was further enhanced by the various meals she had to deliver to each table. Following the events of a pre-shift feast leading to gassing out the entire restaurant on opening day, she had been expressly forbidden to eat while on the clock. Any attempts to sneak a fry or two from the customers' plates was swiftly punished by her vigilant coworkers.

As much as Aqua whined and groaned about her hunger day in and day out, she had to concede that it helped to lessen the effects of her worsening digestion. What few fart clouds and burps that escaped her pudgy form were easily hidden amongst the collective smell of her clientele. However, the true effects of Aqua's fumes went further than merely singing nostrils and reminding her of her ravenous stomach. During her more dreadful bouts of flatulence, shivers of desire could be felt through her flesh. The urges that popped into the goddess's mind were usually put down, but she was finding it harder to fight back with each passing day.

It was with a sigh of relief that Aqua watched the final customer of the day shove their wide hips out the door. With her moment of indulgence close at hand, she got to work on her main duty of cleaning the floor with her water magic. The task itself was made easy, her swaying, meaty fingers guiding the droplets of mop water to swish around to pick up any leftover stains or crumbs on the floor. Balling up the leftover food wrappers and tossing them into a trash can, Aqua made a beeline towards the kitchen to grab a well-deserved meal.

Aqua's heart sunk upon pushing open the kitchen doors. Kazuma, Megumin, and Darkness were just finishing off their own staff meals, with multiple fresh food stains littering the fronts of their uniforms. By the sound and smell of the burps and farts that escaped the satisfied, weighty women, Aqua's senses made sure to let her know just how much her supposed teammates enjoyed their meal without her.

“Kaaaaazuuuummmaaaaa,” Aqua whined, repeatedly beating her fists against Kazuma’s side. “You said you’d save some for me.”

“Cut it BWOORRP out,” Kazuma said, using her breasts to take the brunt of the goddess’s attacks. “We did save you food. Even went to the trouble of getting something special for you.”

Aqua gradually slowed the flailing of her arms. “What?”

“Kazuma is correct,” Vanir answered, carrying in a silver covered platter. “You have the honor of trying out a new addition to the menu.”

Placing the platter on the counter, Vanir stood the side to give an unobstructed view to Aqua. Removing the cover with a flourish, Vanir allowed a cloud of heavenly scents to waft out to cover up the remnants of the other girls’ meal. Immediately Aqua’s mouth began to water, her feet shuffling closer to the platter. Upon laying her eyes on the crispy, golden skin of the fried chicken before her, all signs of hostility were pushed away.

Aqua rushed towards the platter with her legs running to meet the desires of her growling stomach. Grasping one of the chicken legs, she slipped it in her mouth and let the flavor of perfectly cooked meat and various spices linger on her tongue. Stripping the leg of its meat in a matter of seconds, she tossed the empty bone to the side as she grabbed another. Her coworkers looked on as she ate up each and every last piece of her meal. Through the sounds of her constant chewing could be heard a surplus of gas erupting from both of her ends. On top of further surrounding her with an aura of stink, the rising lust that came along with it began to encode itself with the delicious flavors gracing her taste buds. She didn’t have long to realize the extent of what she had done, too concerned with running her tongue along the platter to collect any leftover crumbs.

“I take it you enjoyed the meal?” Vanir asked.

“It’s BWOOOORRP perfect,” Aqua replied, her chubby cheeks glistening with leftover grease. “You really outdid yourself.”

“Oh no, I didn’t make it. You should direct your thanks to our new chef.”

Looking past Vanir, Aqua spotted a familiar yet unwanted face. Wiz stood in the back of the kitchen, her long, brown hair obscuring her face and her dark purple robe helping her to blend into the background. Her attempts to remain inconspicuous were ruined by the presence of a bulging belly on par with the rest of Kazuma’s crew. Furrowing her brows, Aqua stomped towards the lich woman, her eyes set on the pair of melon-sized breasts that easily outsized even Darkness’s heaving bosom.

“And just what do you think you’re doing here?” Aqua asked, punctuating her point with a bellowing PHHHHHRRRRRTTTT from her rear.

“She’s our new chef,” Vanir answered, coming to his fellow former comrade’s defense.

“It’s true. Vanier asked me to-EEP!”

Wiz shook as Aqua sunk her hand into one of her pillowy breasts. “No good can come from having a lich in this place. She’s probably going to curse the food or-“

Aqua shut her mouth the moment Vanir held aloft another platter of chicken. Releasing the lich from her grasp, the goddess snatched the platter out of Vanir’s hand and went straight back to stuffing her face. Trying to ignore the way Aqua raised her fat ass into the air and released a sputtering fart, the others found it best to step out of the kitchen.

“I take it that the results speak for themselves,” Vanir commented. “However, you’re free to sample them if you’re not yet convinced.” Reaching behind his back, he revealed another plate holding three pieces of fried chicken wings.

Grasping one of the morsels of greasy meat, Kazuma took a bite and nodded in approval.

“Impressive. Shame it doesn’t really fit with the rest of the menu.”

“Oh, it’s not going on the menu. At least not this one.”

“What do you mean?” Megumin asked, wiping off grease from her lips.

“I take it you all have noticed how busy this little shack has gotten recently. I’d say it’s the perfect time to expand our business to meet the needs of our clients.”

“I see what you UUUURRRP intend to do,” Darkness proclaimed, trying to look imposing despite the crumbs rolling down her chest. “You wish to further taint the good people of this town with more of your accursed food. Am I correct?”

“Perhaps in less damning words, but essentially.” Walking up to Wiz, Vanir placed his hand on her shoulder. “I’ve hired my old comrade and a few others to both help out at this location and make the necessary preparations for our next establishment.”

“What do you need us to BWOOOORRRP do?” Kazuma asked.

Reaching into his pocket, Vanir pulled out a packet of papers. “You just need to sign your name,” he said, giving Kazuma a pen to seal the deal on furthering their fast food empire.

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Despite the need for a good night’s rest in preparation for the second restaurant’s grand opening, Kazuma waddled her way through the halls of the mansion. Her efforts were hindered by the occasional wheeze or belch that escaped her plump lips. Lumbering forward with her breasts trying to break out of her extra large night gown, she clenched her butt cheeks together to avoid attracting any unwanted attention with her gas.

Her best efforts didn’t stop the sound of someone’s flatulence bursting out unhindered through the corridor. Kazuma paused, the rumbling inside of her stomach proving that the rude

noise hadn't come from her. Hearing multiple aftershocks of gas squeaking out, she figured out the source was coming from the bathing room. Daring to peek inside, she got a face full of gas and a most unusual sight.

Aqua sat on the ground, completely naked with her legs splayed out along her abandoned, blue night gown to allow her belly to sink between her plush thighs. Rocking back and forth on her wide hips slammed her meaty rear against the ground to further disturb her digestion. Wincing at the ensuing clouds of gas that spurt from the gluttonous goddess, Kazuma almost missed what Aqua's hands were reaching for.

Over the sound of another fart bristling the edge of her hair, a soft moan parted Aqua's lips. Continuing to shuffle her form about, her fingers reached past her fuzz of blue pubic hair to fondle her womanhood in search of remedying her lust. The gas that surrounded her with each rub against her clit did little to deter her efforts. In fact, her labored breathing and frequency of moans grew with each nasty expulsion. It was almost as if she was getting off to her own gas.

Making the wise decision to turn away from the shameful sight, Kazuma set her sights on her true goal. Using the sounds of Aqua's orgasm for cover, she ran down the hall towards Megumin's room. Double-checking that Aqua hadn't moved from her spot and Darkness wasn't around to intrude, she knocked on the door.

"Megumin," she whispered, getting the door to open and a pudgy hand to reach out to pull her in.

Swung onto the bed with a surprising amount of force, Kazuma turned back to watch Megumin's belly try to escape the confines of her sleeping gown as she locked the door. Shuffling her form around, each step she took further demonstrated the heft of her belly and the



layer of pudge helping along her once flat chest. Coming crashing down onto the bed next to Kazuma, she reached out and grabbed her shoulder.

“No one saw?” she asked, a determined look in her eyes.

“No,” Kazuma replied, biting her lip at the growing anticipation shaking her blubber.

In response, Megumin let a minute-long fart spurt from her rear and lift the hem of her gown. “Good,” she said, powering through the aura of stink to lock her lips with Kazuma’s.

The two obese women rolled back and forth across the mattress, letting out a steady stream of gas built up from their unhealthy diets. Lost in their passion, their hands began pulling off one another’s clothes. Practically snapping off their overstrained panties and bras left them with nothing in the way of their wandering hands to grope and squeeze every inch of their bountiful flesh.

Much to the bed’s relief, the unlikely couple stopped moving with Kazuma laying atop Megumin’s belly. Pulling away from her mouth, Kazuma took a moment to catch her breath and feel the beating of their hearts. “Are you UUUURRRP ready?”

“BWOOOOORRRP yeah, just make it quick,” Megumin replied, shooing Kazuma away.

Following her directions, Kazuma turned herself around and shuffled along her body. Pushing back Megumin’s belly, she took a moment to gander at the natural lubricant coating her womanhood and pubic hair from their foreplay. Her nose picked up a combination of Megumin’s leftover gas and the irresistible odor of desire that had been evading the two of them for so long. Feeling Megumin run her fingers along her own vagina, Kazuma dove in with her mouth wide open.

The two women went at one another with a gluttonous fervor usually reserved for their meals. They sucked and licked at their pussies to express the pent up desires that had been

building up for months. Aside from the occasional meeting in a closet to feel each other's grasp and smell their aromas, they had very few chances to get to truly experience one another's pleasure. Finally given a moment to be alone, they were going to make the most of it.

Kazuma's face was pushed back by her own burp, the vibrations from her lips helping along Megumin's rising arousal. Not to be outdone, the once diminutive mage returned the gesture with a longer burp focused on Kazuma's clit. Biting her lip to suppress a moan, the shuddering of her body under the force of Megumin's belch pushed out a cloud of flatulence. The fart started off a chain reaction of the various foods that had been digesting in their bellies. Even the slightest motion from the two of them was enough to bring out a torrent of noxious gas to surround their pudgy forms.

Spurred to action by their simultaneous gas releases, the two of them upped their efforts to find release. Back and forth the pair took turns between giving each other's clits and labia ample attention alongside keeping them in a state of arousal with their gas. Through their combined efforts, the two of them finally came to an orgasmic release that forced out the last of their farts in the wake of their trembling bodies.

Rolling off of one another, Kazuma and Megumin laid on their backs. Staring up at the ceiling, the two of them clasped hands as they breathed in the lingering odor of their hedonistic act. Slowly turning their gaze back at one another, they could see the hunger in their eyes still yearning to feel each other's flesh. Wrapping together in a tight embrace, they pulled in close for a kiss to start the routine all over again. Blinded by their passion, they failed to notice someone peeking through a crack in the door and gaining a sense of jealousy at the pure debauchery she observed.

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Stepping into the back room of the restaurant, Darkness forced herself to look upon the horrific amalgamation before her. The slumping heap of pink was made up of foam and fabric sewn together by Vanir himself. Lifting up the head balanced atop the pile, she took one look at the thing's face and mentally struggled with herself. The realization that it was going to be a tight fit was something that simultaneously worried and excited the perverted paladin.

Setting aside the costume, Darkness reminded herself that she had to do this to properly garner attention for their latest installment of fast food indulgence. Keeping those thoughts in her head, she proceeded to strip away her clothing to unleash her sagging tits and chunky rear from their confinement. Poking the hourglass figure that made up her over 500-pound body, her fingers pressed against her spherical belly and incidentally filled the room with the toxic odor. Forced to inhale her own scent hurried her speed to complete her task.

Costume in hand, she began pulling it up her thick legs and past her wide hips with very little room for error. Shoving her arms into the suit and forcing her pudgy fingers into the hoof-like digits, she reached to zip up the back of the suit. Though it was a struggle, what few muscles remained beneath her flab helped her to stretch what she could of the remaining fabric.

Stuffed into the plush toy-like suit, Darkness waddled over to the final piece of the costume. Lifting up the head of the mascot shook about its floppy ears. Staring into the piece's deep black eye holes and beaming, painted on smile, Darkness couldn't stop herself from starting at the flat snout jutting out from the face that worked alongside the curly tail shaking against her butt to give her the appearance of a pig. Taking a deep breath, she put the head over her own and slid it down to cover up her multiple chins.

Seconds after sealing the costume Darkness was plagued by beads of sweat dripping down her forehead. Powering through her perspiration, her next obstacle came from the ever

present gurgling noise in her belly. She knew what the sound meant, alongside what it would do if it was unleashed inside of the suit. Damning her own addiction to Vanir's unhealthy food, she tried to keep her digestion at bay as she shuffled her way towards the entrance.

As to be expected for a grand opening, the front entrance played host to a large crowd of soon to be customers. It was easy to point out the frequent eaters of the group's chain restaurants. Amidst the gathering Darkness could see bellies peeking out from beneath shirts and hear burps scattered through the conversations. She found it hard to distinguish between some of the men and women, the men's sagging pecs coming close to outsizing some of the women's breasts. After a year and half, she would think she would have gotten used to what the food from Kazuma's world did to people. However, Vanir's insistence on providing an ever increasing variety of his tainted food kept the people of Axel and other nearby towns in a constant state of hunger.

Tilting up her head, Darkness stared at the banner that proclaimed the title, "Piggy Proportions." The name was a perfect description of the wealth of different barbequed meals offered on the menu alongside the sheer size of the amounts given. Even thinking about the pulled pork sandwiches, baked beans, and various other foods lured out a trickle of drool from the side of Darkness's mouth to drip down her chins.

"Hey, get out there," Kazuma said, peeking out her head to gently nudge Darkness forward. "We need you to BWOOOOORRRRRRPPPP keep the crowd entertained while we get ready to open up."

Before Darkness could attempt to argue against Kazuma, another push sent her stumbling out the door. Stopping a few feet from the crowd, she froze as she realized the numerous sets of eyes focused on her. The shivers being sent through her flab threatened to unclench her butt

cheeks and release the gas lurking inside. Swallowing her spit and taking a deep breath, she pushed herself on to entertain the masses.

Putting on an unseeable smile to match that of her pig costume, Darkness began dancing around the entrance. The bulk of the suit and her body made her movements less than graceful, but they seemed to do the job of entertaining the mob of hungry customers. She twirled and hopped about with a drive that she thought had extinguished since her adventuring days. Catching herself reminiscing of the last time she got to do battle with a horrific monster, her show came to a premature stop as the rumbling in her stomach grew worse with each step.

She paused, desperately trying to clutch her belly with her costume's hands in an attempt to quell her digestion. Making the situation worse were the dozens of blank stares the crowd gave at the immobile pig mascot. Slowly, Darkness began shuffling backwards to try and retreat to the safety of the restaurant. Just as she was about to enter her sanctuary, a misstep at the stairs sent her toppling backwards.

Darkness's fall to the ground was the final push needed to flood the suit with her pent up farts. She became engulfed in the noxious odor, the heat of the foul air worsening her sweat to make a hotbox of her body odor and flatulence. Heaving herself back up into a standing position came at the cost of releasing a burp to add to her misery. Reeling from the multitude of aromas attacking her senses, a blessing and a curse came in the form of a loud ripping noise.

Daring to tilt her head down, she could see a tear had formed down the center of her outfit. A similar rip went down the back as soon as she took another step. While the breeze of fresh air was appreciated to dispel some of her stink, she would have preferred if it wasn't in front of so many people. Scrambling to cover up her exposed cleavage and butt crack, she stumbled over her own feet and once again found herself sprawled out on the ground.

Lifting herself up on shaky limbs, she had to stop at the feeling of wind passing across her bare backside. A combination of her nervous shivering and her queasy digestion led to a minute-long fart forcing itself from between her ass cheeks to flood the area with its smell. As the roar of the crowd was drowned out by her own PHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT, Darkness couldn't recall every feeling so humiliated in her life. As the last of the gas petered out and her curly pig tail fell to the wayside, she desperately wanted nothing more than to satisfy the growing desires building up inside her.

“Okay that's enough for Mr. Pig's dance,” Kazuma said, snatching Darkness by her arm and dragging her inside. “We'll be opening up shortly. Make sure your wallets and appetites are ready.”

Pulling Darkness away from the crowd's gaze, Kazuma dragged her back into the dressing room. Plopping her down on a crate, she removed her pig head and tossed it aside.

“What the hell happened out there?”

“My BWOOOOORRRP stomach was acting up, then the suit started to rip, and then-“

Darkness interrupted herself through the use of a loud BRRRAAAPPPPP escaping from her rear.

“Yeah, yeah, I get the picture,” Kazuma replied, unfazed by the stink bomb. “Just get out of your costume and into your uniform. I don't think anyone saw your face so you should be able to run your first shift in peace. Not like your blubber stands out from any of the other staff.”

Turning around, Kazuma stepped out with the intention of checking on the cooks only to shoot one last glance at Darkness. “If you need to patch anything up, there should be some extra pieces of cloth and sewing equipment in there as well.”

Watching Kazuma close the door on her, Darkness contemplated using the private room and what little time she had to burn off some of her pent up energy. For a moment, she understood exactly why Aqua spent so much time at the mansion unsubtly pleasuring herself in her room. Shaking it off with the reminder that she had already debased herself enough that day, she stripped out of her disheveled costume and picked up her uniform.

As Darkness slipped into an outfit that did a decent job of concealing her slobby form, she found herself drawn to a box in the corner. Taking a curious peek inside, she was met with a bundle of fabrics that were eerily similar to the clothes Megumin wore outside of work. Sifting through the wealth of material used to repair the mage's outfits, an idea sparked in Darkness's mind. Unable to hide her smile at the plan formulating in her head, she set aside a few bundles of fabric for herself and stepped out to begin her shift.

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Countless restaurant openings and business dealings had made today's time off all the more worth it to Kazuma. The sight of the mansion on the horizon was a comforting one that made her quicken her pace. Though she moved faster, her pudgy legs remained still aboard the contraption of metal and magic floating her across the ground. The device mimicked the mobility scooters from her world, the very one she was riding being a prototype for another of Vanir's business ventures. As the demon described it, the hover scooters would provide a service for a populace that had grown lazier and slower due to their unhealthy diets. The very things that had led to a growing obesity and gas problem were neatly stored away in the bags hanging off of the back of Kazuma's scooter.

Parking her scooter in front of the mansion, Kazuma let out a grunt as she swung her legs off the vehicle. She had to stop once she heard the familiar sound of her clothes ripping apart.

Scrunching up her four chins, she grimaced at the rift that had formed in the front of her tunic. She reached towards the tear, only to retreat her hand at the thought of what her sagging breasts did the last time she attempted to keep herself modest. Loading her haul of fast food into her arms, Kazuma slammed her hips into the door and made her way inside.

As she suspected, none of her other party members could be found. Aqua had left for the city of Alcanretia to see if she could use the reputation of their food chain to repair the damage she had done when she accidentally purified their mineral water. In hopes of gaining more funds and lucrative business relationships, Darkness had sent herself off to use her position as a noble's daughter to make deals and convince others to spread their food chain across the kingdom.

Just as Kazuma pondered when Megumin would return from her visit with the other Crimson Demons in an attempt to combine explosion magic with her bouts of flatulence, she heard someone shuffling around in the dining room. Putting down her haul of food, she snuck up to the door as quietly as her flabby body would allow. Peeking through a crack in the doorway let her see a familiar hat perched upon an obese figure wrapped in a black cloak sitting upon two chairs.

Kazuma smirked, assuming that Megumin had lied to her and the others in order to give them some alone time. They had gotten into a habit of indulging in one another's desires whenever they were alone, but it was never enough. On the slower days working at the restaurant, the pair would excuse themselves to the back room to count inventory as a cover for their lustful indulgences.

Picking up her bags again, Kazuma casually strolled into the room. "You didn't have to go so far to do this," she commented as she waddled towards the table. "At the very BWOOOORRPP least, you could have told me about it." Setting the bags on the table, she



shuffled over to Megumin and pressed her belly against her rear. “Do you mind if I get things started before lunch?”

Upon seeing the hat nod up and down, Kazuma let her fingers reach out to grope and squeeze her lover’s body. It only took a few seconds of handling the hundreds of pounds of fat before Kazuma realized something was off. While Megumin’s belly was the largest part of her, it seemed to have shrunk down since the last time she saw her. Moving downwards, she felt added girth to the hips and waist to accommodate the extra heft around the rear. It was only after she reached towards Megumin’s chest and felt an overly generous amount of boob fat between her fingers did she realize what was going on.

Pulling away the tipped hat unleash a swath of greasy, golden blonde strands down the fake Megumi’s back flab. Narrowing her eyes, Kazuma stared into the guilt-ridden face of Darkness.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Kazuma asked, keeping Darkness’s chubby cheeks between her palms to prevent her from looking away.

“Trying to prevent you from diving deeper into your sins,” Darkness accused, leaning forward to have her bigger breasts engulf Kazuma’s. “I’ve seen what you and Megumin have been doing. This charade was all a means to show you the error of your ways and give you a chance to repent.”

As damning as the evidence was, Kazuma refused to accept the allegations. The longer she stared at the paladin’s face, the more she recognized a familiar hunger. It wasn’t for food or drink, but for a type of indulgence that Kazuma had grown all the more aware of. A sly grin spread across her face.

“Cut the act,” Kazuma answered. Pushing back against Darkness, she reached around to sink her fingers into her plush bottom. “If you meant what you said, you wouldn’t have gone to so much trouble.” Her smile grew wider as she noticed Darkness’s flab began to shake. “Why don’t you tell me the real reason you’re here?”

Darkness chewed on her lip, a few more pokes and prods of her buttocks finally getting her to speak. “I-I saw how the two of you were acting and...and...wanted to know what it was like,” she finally admitted. Grasping Kazuma’s pudgy wrists, she leaned forward and rubbed her face against Kazuma’s chest. “Your passion channeled through such hedonistic acts. It was simply too UUUUUUURRRRPP intriguing for me to pass up. I wanted to...no, needed to experience it myself.”

Seeing the lustful look behind Darkness’s eyes, Kazuma weighed her options. As betrayed as she felt about Darkness’s ruse, her body was still in a state of arousal from their impromptu grope session. Glancing at her collection of bags in her peripheral vision, she made up her mind.

“Alright, we’ll give it a chance,” Kazuma announced. “First, let’s make sure you’re dressed for the part.”

Without warning, Kazuma tore off the cloak wrapped around Darkness’s body. The yelp that escaped the blonde’s mouth did little to deter Kazuma from moving on to tearing off more layers of clothing from her body. It was like she was possessed by a demon, so enamored with her task that she barely paid attention to her own outfit being torn asunder in the process. With nothing left to obscure Darkness’s obese form and the unruly bushels of blonde hair around her belly button and beneath her armpits, Kazuma stepped back to watch her flab shake from her shivering body.

“Y-you’re such a UUUURRRP brute,” Darkness accused, a fart flying out of her colon as she squirmed in her seat. “Why would you treat a lady like that?”

“Because that’s just what you wanted,” Kazuma replied, shaking off what remained of her own tattered clothes. “Don’t get cold feet now,” she added as she picked up the bags, “we’re just getting started.”

Reaching into one of the bags, Kazuma retrieved a warm, glazed doughnut almost as big as her head. Letting Darkness gawk at the sugary treat for a few moments let Kazuma revel in the sight of drool dripping from her chins and slinking between her massive mammaries. Placing one end of the doughnut in her mouth, Kazuma waddled towards Darkness. She leaned up against Darkness, pressing the other half of the pastry against her face and letting the glaze smother against her lips. Finally understanding Kazuma’s intentions, Darkness opened her mouth to take a bite. Entranced by the sweet treat, the two women chewed through the doughnut until their lips met for a kiss.

Upon sharing a belch between the two of them, Kazuma grabbed another doughnut and repeated the process. Each helping of pastry further enamored the pair with each other’s bodies. Pressing their guts against each other kept them enshrouded in a mist of flatulence for the duration of their feast. They never grew tired of the taste, a testament to Vanir and Wiz’s cooking prowess. The only thing that stopped them was their dwindling supply of doughnuts and the inevitable crash as their combined weight became too much for the chairs.

Kazuma crawled across Darkness’s body to lick up leftover glaze from her cheeks. “Now that you’re warmed up, I say we give Vanir’s latest creation a test.”

“W-what kind of creation?” Darkness asked, receiving a mischievous smirk from Kazuma in return.

Heaving herself off of Darkness's body, Kazuma left her to stare up at the ceiling as she went back to the bags. The sound of Kazuma waddling back was accompanied by the noise of something being squeezed inside of her. Just as a moan parted Kazuma's lips, the sex toy came into Darkness's view. The double-ended dildo was a special order Kazuma had made to Vanir to deal with her growing desires. While her intention was to try it first with Megumin, Darkness would make a suitable guinea pig.

Sliding the free end of the dildo against Darkness's moist womanhood, Kazuma leaned across her to have their faces meet. "Are you ready? All you have to do is nod and you get to feel both it and my luscious body."

Darkness couldn't have shaken her head faster, her body already nearing its limit from their foreplay.

Kazuma was happy to oblige as she sunk the tip of the dildo deep inside of Darkness. The paladin had little time to recover from the insertion before Kazuma began thrusting her hips back and forth. The movement further dove the toy inside of the two of them, each impact sending ripples through their bodies. Soon the room began to fill with a cacophony of burps, farts, and moans, neither woman capable nor willing to hold back their urges. After several minutes of rough fucking, the end came in the form of a pair of simultaneous cries of euphoria as the pair collapsed into each other's arms.

Basking in their post-orgasm bliss, they snuggled up to one another. When the time came, they would have to bring up what they had just done with Megumin to see how she would feel about having another lover. However, that could be dealt with later. For now, they focused on regaining their strength to go in for a second round of testing their new toy.

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The usual hustle and bustle surrounding the Out of This World Eatery was disturbed by a single woman waddling her way through the front line. While the red ribbons tied into the twin tails of dark brown hair identified her as Yun Yun, the same could not be said for her prominent beer belly. The hulking protrusion worked in tandem with her equally massive breasts and butt to try and rip apart her undersized outfit. Pushing herself through the congregation of obese patrons, she made room for herself with an explosion of flatulence fluttering the edge of her skirt. Her path made clear, she puffed up her chest and shoved her wide hips past the double door with only a handful of inches to spare.

“Come out UUUUUURRRRPPPP Megumin!” Yun Yun declared, instantly silencing the room.

Pushing through a combined miasma of Darkness’s and Wiz’s gas, Kazuma for once took responsibility as the restaurant’s co-owner. Despite the stern look on her face, it was hard to be intimidating with her belly peeking out from beneath her shirt to show off the bristly, brown hair covering her lower gut that led towards her groin. “What the BWOOOOORRRP hell are you yelling about?” she asked, scratching her fingers against the well-worn sweat stains of her armpits.

“Kazuma, I’ll deal with you later,” she replied, punctuating with a high-pitched fart. “Bring out Megumin. I wish to challenge her to the Glutton Gauntlet!”

A collective gasp was heard through the restaurant. Kazuma shared the same expression of shock as the others, having a hard time recollecting the last time someone had tried the challenge. “You do realize that no one has beat the reigning champion, right?”

“Until today,” Yun Yun said, slapping her open palm against her exposed cleavage. “I have spent most of the last year training for this. I even had to miss out on my friend’s surprise party for my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday.”

Wincing at the obvious lie, Kazuma couldn’t help pitying the girl. “Fine, but don’t say I didn’t warn you. Megumin you’ve got a challenger!”

From the back of the restaurant echoed the sound of someone knocking down various pots and pans to escape the kitchen. Lumbering into the dining area, Megumin still bore a thick layer of grease around her plump lips and multiple chins leftover from her staff lunch. Yun Yun’s eyes went wide at the realization that, for all of her boasting, she was dwarfed by the sheer girth of her supposed rival’s stomach. Stunned watching the mass of flab trying to break free of Megumin’s maid outfit, Yun Yun was caught off guard as she was shoved back by a belly bump.

“What do you UUURRRP want?” Megumin asked.

Powering through the remains of the gnarly belch, Yun Yun stood her ground. “I have come here to challenge you to the Glutton Gauntlet.”

Megumin lifted up her hat to scratch at her greasy locks. “If this is about our rivalry, we’re long past those days. I can get you some free food if you just ask anyway.”

Yun Yun unleashed a torrent of flatulence that knocked out the unfortunate patron sitting behind her. “This isn’t about food. It’s about her!” she shouted, pointing towards Kazuma.

“What do you want with her?”

“I know how the two of you have been getting close to one another, it’s all over town. Don’t try to deny it, nor your little side piece,” she added, glaring at Darkness standing behind the corner.

“What BWOOOORRP of it?” Megumin asked. “I’m allowed to date whoever I want.”

“And so does Kazuma,” Yun Yun replied, stomping forward. “Therefore, I challenge you for the right to have exclusive access to Kazuma as my girlfriend.”

Taken aback by the scope of her popularity, Kazuma shook her head to get herself back in the right mindset. “What do we get if we win?”

“I know,” Megumin suggested, a wicked grin on her face. “If I beat you, you have to become a waitress for the restaurant and cannot question a single order. Understood?”

“If that what it takes,” Yun Yun replied, offering up her hand, “then I’ll do it.”

Taking her rival’s hand, Megumin shook it vigorously to embed a thick layer of grease onto her palm. “Then it’s a deal.”

The center of the restaurant cleared out to make way for two tables pushed together that would be the main stage of the challenge. Taking their spots on opposite ends of the eating area, Yun Yun and Megumin carefully lowered their fat asses onto two chairs a piece. The women were forced to sit and wait as Kazuma and the rest of the staff hustled about in the kitchen to gather up a feast made up of the entire restaurant’s menu. What they were left with was a spread of burgers, fried chicken sandwiches, fries, and various other dishes covered in whatever condiments and sauces they could be doused in.

Taking her spot in the middle of table, Kazuma held up her arm and incidentally showed the audience the tufts of coarse hair around her pits. “On my mark, the two of you will eat everything in front of you. The person who has the highest stack of empty plates by the end of the timer will be declared the winner. We shall begin in three, two, one...BWOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRPPPP!”

Broken free from their mental restraints by the belch, Megumin and Yun Yun descended upon their feast. Their mouths worked tirelessly to chew through one plate after another in hopes

of claiming victory. Through the splatters of grease and sauce, the two of them made sure to free up space in their stomachs with a constant deluge of gas. Surrounding themselves in a noxious miasma made it all the more difficult for Kazuma and the others to keep up with replacing emptied out plates. Over the course of an hour the two of them ate, devouring whatever Wiz and Vanir could scrounge up to meet their ravenous appetites. When the timer finally ran out, the winning plate was cleared of grease drenched potatoes and stacked atop Megumin's pile.

As Megumin stood up to let out a victorious belch, Yun Yun clutched her overstuffed stomach in defeat. Even with all of her training, her efforts were deemed useless in the wake of her rival's belly. Leaning back in her seat, she rubbed her hand along her taut belly to force out clouds of flatulence to try and calm herself and her digestion down. It was only once Megumin grasped her shoulder was she reminded that she still had to pay up her end of the bargain.

"Follow UUURRRRP me," Megumin said, dragging Yun Yun with her as they waddled towards the back.

"W-what are you going to do to BWOOOORRRP me?"

"You'll see," Kazuma answered, stepping up to aid in carrying Yun Yun into the staff room.

Plopping their new employee onto the well-used couch, the two women brought forth a box bearing Vanir's handwriting. Daring to lean against her queasy stomach, Yun Yun powered through her own belch to read a message declaring the contents of the box as experimental prototypes. That still didn't prepare her for the sight of the pill-shaped, pink vibrator the size of an ear of corn being held in Kazuma's hands.

"For your first task," Megumin declared as she accepted the toy from Kazuma, "you'll be the test subject for our newest business venture."



“I-is that really necessary? Couldn’t I just mop the floors or-“

Yun Yun let out an involuntary yelp as Kazuma sat down on the couch’s armrest for lack of room on the cushions. Grasping Yun Yun’s head between her hands, Kazuma tilted her head downwards to stare at her nether region. Pulling up her skirt, Kazuma revealed a similarly shaped and sized vibrator vigorously shaking within the confines of her hairy muff. Released from Kazuma’s grasp, Yun Yun turned back to see Megumin mimic the motion to show off a much girthier toy shaking around in her womanhood.

“This is all part of the job,” Megumin said as she pushed her device deeper inside her plump pussy. “Only way to keep our libidos in check during our shifts.”

“That...actually makes sense,” Yun Yun said, recalling the various times her slob training had been put on hold by her ever active lust. “C-can I try?”

The moment the words left her lips, Kazuma took the initiative to shove the experimental vibrator inside of Yun Yun. Body shivering from the mere act of insertion, Yun Yun was left helpless as Kazuma grasped the controls and turned the vibrations to the highest setting. Her body began to wildly shake, her fat rolls slapping against one another as the toy ravaged her insides. Releasing a cacophony of burps and farts in the process, it only took a few seconds before Yun Yun reached her climax.

Turning off the toy, Kazuma smirked at the sight of Yun Yun’s exhausted form slumping against the couch. Unflinchingly moving through one of Yun Yun’s farts, Kazuma leaned in to give her a quick, sloppy kiss. Pulling away with a line of saliva between them, she wiped her face and grinned. “Welcome to the team,” she declared before turning the toy back on for the next test run.

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Three years had passed since the eventful day Vanir had made the business proposal that would change the entire kingdom. In that time, the people had become almost unrecognizable from their old selves. Addicted to the fattening food of Kazuma's world, the epicenter of the widespread slob epidemic was in the town where it all started.

The streets that used to be filled with the hustle and bustle of the townspeople had become clogged up by their bodies. Skin shimmering with grease, they greeted each other with waves of their pudgy hands and belches reeking of whatever meal they had devoured moments beforehand. With everyone weighed down by hundreds of pounds of fat, they had all taken to riding along on the mass-produced mobility scooters Vanir had put out. Covered in their owner's sweat and food stains, the mobility scooters were considered the hardest working members of the town.

The adventurer's guild hall lacked the same energy as before but was still seen as a perfect place for people to unwind and hang out. Sitting with her pudgy arms slumped against the counter, Luna passed the time with letting out a bevy of post-meal farts as she slept the day away. Her usual task of handing out quests had become rarer as the town dove into their hedonistic ways. Most of the heroes had been reduced to the same, obese slobs as the rest of the population. Even the once svelte thief, Chris could be found with her ass held up by two bar stools as she devoured one of the many dishes that the guild catered out from Kazuma's eateries.

Even the infamous Succubus Café was affected by the slobby situation. Its quaint treats and teas were replaced with greasy food alongside XXXL sodas to match their patrons' waistlines. Having grown alongside their clientele, the succubi were more than happy to indulge them in their desires of flab and flatulence during their nightly outings.

The place where it all began was as busy as ever, despite most of the veteran staff members having gone into early retirement. Several of the more mobile townsfolk had volunteered to work in the restaurant in exchange for free meals that would help them along to matching the size of their fellow townspeople. Wiz and Vanir ran about the kitchen, the sheer effort of keeping up with the orders acting as a way for the lich to stave off her encroaching weight. As Vanir accepted another platter of triple stacked burgers from Wiz, he hurried over to the serving window to hand it off. Watching the waitress waddle off to deliver the meal, he took a moment to catch his breath. As much as he desired for his business partner to come by and help once in a while, he knew that she and the rest of her crew were taking a well-deserved rest after everything they had been through.

When the time finally came for the overnight crew to take over, Vanir graciously accepted their help. After preparing the night staff their meals and sliding past their portly forms, he turned his attention to one last errand he had to run before calling it a day. With a cart loaded down with a bevy of take-out bags, he began the trek towards Kazuma's abode. Reaching the front entrance just as the sun was starting to set, he pulled the cart of food to the side and knocked on the door.

The door was swung open with the bump of Kazuma's belly. Nearly avoiding getting slammed by the door, Vanir stood back to see the mountain of naked flesh that was his business partner. Her body almost resembled a perfect sphere, hindered by her sagging breasts resting against her gigantic gut and her dumpy rear hanging off the back of her scooter. The horrific odor surrounding Kazuma came from a mix of numerous fart clouds sputtering out of her rear and the tangles of body hair layered across her belly button, underarms, and crotch. Whipping

around her locks of long, greasy hair, Kazuma scrunched up her five chins to meet eyes with Vanir.

“What are you BWOOOOOORRRRP here for?” Kazuma belched, giving Vanir a peek at her yellowed teeth.

“Just dropping off your daily rations,” Vanir replied, standing to the side to show off the bags of food.

“Ah, right,” Kazuma said, scratching her armpit hair as she let out a loud PHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRTTT from her rear. “Well, what are you waiting for?” she asked, seemingly oblivious to the stagnant cloud of air she left behind. “Bring it UURRRP in.”

Appreciating more than ever his body’s strength and endurance, Vanir picked up armfuls of bags before following Kazuma into the mansion. Making the mistake of closing the door behind him subjected his nostrils to a lingering odor that dwarfed anything his customers could put out. Despite the ever present stench, there were no signs of the other members of Kazuma’s group. Continuing to dive deeper in the mansion, he occasionally peeked his head into the rooms. Each bed he witnessed was a shadow of its former self; collapsed to the ground by their owners and covered in a swath of food stains. Passing by the showers, what little he could sense of the variety of exotic bath soaps he had given to Kazuma as a not-so-subtle gift were overridden by a smell that reeked of pure indigestion and lust.

Kazuma stopped her scooter at the front doors to the dining room. Revving up the magical engine, she shoved open the door to let out a new gust of foul air to overpower Vanir’s senses. Wincing at the abhorrent smell, Vanir stepped forward to see what his cooking had done to his business partners.

Stashed away in the corner, sucking up a bowl of pork and beans was Aqua. While one hand worked on digging out any of the beans that had managed to slip between her fat folds, the other was busy taking care of her other needs. Over the sound of her loud chewing, a euphoric moan sent ripples down her body all the way down to her wide hips and elephantine ass. The cause of the erotic cry was the girthy dildo sunk deep inside of her womanhood. Vanir couldn't help himself from taking a closer to admire the efficiency of his handiwork.

“Sorry that you have to BWOORRRP see this,” Kazuma commented, completely unfazed by the goddess's shameful display. “Day in and day out she swaps between stuffing her mouth and vagina to satisfy herself. It gets especially bad after she gas bombs the mansion.”

“Are the others like this?” Vanir asked, leaving a bag of food close to Aqua for her to eat when she was done.

Kazuma replied by lifting up her belly to reveal a series of vibrators shoved into her womanhood. “Pretty much. Our useless goddess just has the worst of it. Thankfully, we've been finding ways to take care of our needs.” Lowering her gut back down to the sound of a fart slapping out of her rear, Kazuma turned her scooter towards the other side of the room.

Resting upon the various pillows and besmirched cushions, Darkness showed no signs of her former dignity as she scrounged around for any bits of leftover food she could find. Raising her plump derriere up, she announced her victory with a prolonged fart. Heaving herself into a sitting position, she shoved her pudgy mits between the sagging mounds of meat she called breasts to retrieve a half-eaten burger. Sinking her teeth into the greasy meat, the hum that spilled from between her lips was on par to the moans she spouted during sex.

Taking one of Vanir's bags, Kazuma flung out a splatter of different foods across Darkness's area. Slathered in various sauces, Darkness got to work eating up the spilled meals

like a ravenous pig. As she lifted her hindquarters to lick up a puddle of barbeque sauce, she gave a perfect view of the various vibrators shoved inside of her leaking, fuzzy womanhood. Unflinchingly waddling through a noxious cloud of flatulence, Kazuma leaned forward to give Darkness's vagina a lick. Satisfied with the moan that intermixed with the corrupted paladin's belch, Kazuma got back on her scooter to continue handing out food.

Vanir and Kazuma stopped their tour of the besmirched living area with the well-used dining table. Amidst stains of leftover food and cracks that showed the stress of having to be used by five sloppy women could be seen a plate holding a single, quadruple deluxe cheeseburger. While the greasy food was temping, Kazuma kept herself from leaping at it with the knowledge of what was to come.

Sitting at opposite ends of the table, Yun Yun and Megumin glared at one another with their sausage-like fingers tapping against the surface. Their obese forms shivered with a combination of anticipation and building gas. Chewing on their lips, they kept their vision on one another to look for the moment they would strike. To the sound of a pair of farts bursting forth from their rears, the two women heaved their immense 800-pound bodies forward.

Slamming their masses of hairy, smelly flesh together in the center of the table, they scrambled to wrap their lips around the morsel of meaty goodness. Through a series of loud burping and chewing noises, the sound of the table letting out a cacophony of creaks was enough to get Vanir and Kazuma to retreat to a safe distance. Just as the two women pushed their faces together to lick off the sauces on each other's lips, the table was finally given the sweet mercy of death.

“God BWOOOOOOOOORRRRP dammit,” Kazuma belched, looking over the broken remains of the table. Turning her attention to the still jiggling fat mounds of Megumin and Yun Yun, she tried to look as intimidating as possible with her thick neck and multiple chins.

“Sorry, we were UUURRP hungry,” Yun Yun belched out, digging crumbs out of her expanse of belly hair.

“Besides,” Megumin said, reaching below her foopah to dig her fingers into her hairy muff, “we needed the extra energy. How else are we going to be ready for later tonight? Darkness needs a lot of attention,” she added, a fart that sounded like a thunderclap making the group turn their heads towards the disgraced paladin.

“Ladies, please,” Vanir said, placing the rest of the food bags on the ground, “there is more than enough food to go around. Help yourselves. You’ve more than earned it.”

The hostility between Yun Yun and Megumin disappeared as they attacked the bags of food. Seeing the rate the group was going through their supply, Vanir clapped his hands together to summon a group of puppets that resembled miniature versions of himself. Giving them orders to retrieve the rest of the food, he sent them off with a snap of his fingers.

“Pretty handy BWOOOORRRRP trick,” Kazuma said between taking bites of a chicken sandwich. “Mind if I borrow a few? Been getting harder to move around here even with your scooters. We keep eating like this and we’re going to end up as immobile blobs.”

“I do apologize for the inconvenience,” Vanir said with a deep bow. “Especially since I’m the one that got you addicted to the food.”

Kazuma let a loud BRRRRAAAAAPPPPP slap out of her rear. “Nothing to be sorry about. Our debts have been paid back tenfold, plus I can’t remember the last time we were so relaxed. Not to mention how much better we tend to get along with all the feeding and fucking

we've been doing together. Only problem now is finding out how to take care of ourselves properly.”

A smile stretched across Vanir's face. “I actually have an idea for that. A business proposal you can call it.”

Sucking grease off of her fingers, Kazuma leaned closer to Vanir. “I'm listening.”

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It was with great pride that Vanir climbed up the hill to where Kazuma's mansion used to stand. On this very spot four years ago, they had set in motion the deal that would turn the inhabitants of the kingdom into overweight blobs of flesh and flatulence. Had the demon king still been alive, he would have assuredly congratulated Vanir on bringing the humans to their knees. While Vanir could appreciate his overwhelming control over the populace, in the end it was just a side effect of his thriving business of indulging the humans in their needs for food, comfort, and absolute hedonism.

Reaching his destination, Vanir was filled with both disgust and wonder at the immense building before him. In place of Kazuma's mansion was a warehouse that loomed over the rest of the town with its visage. Peeking to the side revealed a horde of Vanir's puppets hauling back and forth orders from the various restaurants spread throughout the area. Though it was costly to keep up the constant supply chain, it was necessary to uphold Vanir's part of the bargain.

Sliding open the double-wide doors to the building nearly overwhelmed Vanir with a pungent smell akin to a rotting sewage system. The smell came from the five gassy blobs of fat that took up the majority of the warehouse's free space. If he looked hard enough, he could see the heaps of hairy, smelly flesh's heads perched atop their masses. From a distance he could



make out the vague resemblance of his business partners, the color of the hair lining their bellies and nether regions helping to tell them apart.

The puppets were hard at work keeping a constant deluge of food pouring down the various hoses attached to the former adventurers' mouths. Between swallowing down heaps of food with each passing seconds, boisterous burps would come rolling past their yellowed teeth to further add to their stench. Their foul air stuck between the folds of their bellies and further fermented upon the greasy strands of hair upon their heads and scattered across their flesh. However, the main culprit of the horrific stench was the group's collection of asses the size of carriages. For minutes on end the chunky derrieres let loose flatulence that helped to free up extra space for more feasting.

A momentary lapse in the onslaught of gas revealed a different kind of noise. Peeking beneath the dozens of mattresses keeping the girls aloft, Vanir couldn't help smiling at one of his more interesting creations. Wedged deep within the women's vaginas were a collection of vibrators, dildos, and other machines designed to keep their overly active libidos at bay. Pulling away just as a group of puppets shoved a dragon-shaped dildo inside of Darkness, he turned his attention towards the largest blob of the bunch.

With the finesse of a ballet dancer, Vanir leapt up Kazuma's belly. Momentarily stopping to catch his footing on her belly folds, he jumped again to reach the top of the pair of sagging meat bags that were Kazuma's breasts. Grabbing hold of the pudgy flesh, Vanir climbed up the rest of the way. Making past the multitude of chins, he reached Kazuma's bloated face and dared to pull the feeding tube out of her mouth.

“What are you BWOOOORRPP doing?” Kazuma belched out, her voice barely audible behind her fat cheeks. “Can’t you see I’m MMMMMPPH busy?” she added, grinding her teeth as her body was overtaken by a series of orgasmic tremors.

“Ah of course. I apologize for getting in the way of your daily indulgences,” Vanir said with a bow, keeping one of his hands clasped around Kazuma’s greasy locks to keep himself steady. “I just thought I would pop by to check on how you’re doing and see if there was anything I could do for the people responsible for Out of This World Eatery’s domination of the industry.”

Kazuma glared at Vanir, smacking her lips as he eyed the feeding tube that was only a few inches away from her hungry lips. “Now that you mention it, there are a few UUUUURRRP things.”

Reaching into his pocket, Vanir pulled out a notepad. “Go on.”

“First BWOOOORRRP off, Aqua wants you to send for some people from Alcentria. She wants them to pay proper worship to her by giving her constantly dripping UUURRP pussy some attention.”

Turning his head towards the aforementioned goddess, Vanir nodded his head as he watched a deluge of sexual juices trickle from beneath Aqua as she reached another climax.

“What else?”

“On a UUURRP similar note, Darkness wants you to look into finding any surviving orc males.” Scrunching up her chins, Kazuma managed to time one of her farts to coincide with the plump paladin’s bout of flatulence “She is willing to give herself as a breeder for their race in exchange for adding wild game to our diet.”

“Hmm, interesting,” Vanir remarked, jotting it down on his pad. “Could be a great boon for adding new items to our menus. Anything else?”

“Yun Yun and Megumin keep bothering me about BWOOOOORRRP giving them a chance to light their farts in a competition. Rather than blow this UUURRP place up, I’d prefer if you could find some way to transport them to a safe location where they can cast explosion anywhere they damn well please.”

Turning away from Kazuma, Vanir sized up the equally massive orbs of flesh that were Yun Yun and Megumin. “It will take some doing, but you can leave it to me.”

“Great. Now put that tube back in me and leave,” Kazuma replied, letting a prolonged BRRRRAAAPPPPP from her rear punctuate her command.

“I will, but there is one last matter of business.” Stowing away his notepad, Vanir pulled out a bottle of blue liquid. “It took quite a bit of searching, but I managed to find a potion to change you back to a boy. Only say the word and I’ll—“

Vanir’s pitch was interrupted as Kazuma opened up her mouth wide to let out a belch that dwarfed the others in terms of both volume and stench. No longer able to stand the rancid gust, Vanir let go of Kazuma’s body and tumbled down. Bouncing off of Kazuma’s belly and landing in a pile of discarded food bags, Vanir looked away from the shattered bottle of the priceless potion to find out why Kazuma had done such a thing.

“No UUURRP thanks,” Kazuma answered, flailing her hand against her side to get the puppets to re-insert her feeding tube. “I’m happy just the way I am,” she added, just as her lips wrapped around the nozzle to maintain her mass of hedonistic, slobby bliss.