

Midnight and Aizawa's Slobby Sweets

UA Academy was lit up with activity as people went about the various booths promoting charities from around the area. One such stand was for a nearby cat shelter that was doing an auction to raise funds for a much needed expansion to their facilities. Thanks to the help of the support class, there was an enormous incentive to donate to receive a bundle of cat themed baked goods. If that wasn't enough, the famous heroine, Midnight was set to work the booth to draw people in to really get the donations going. At least that was the plan until someone ended up buying out the entire collection within a few hours of the booth opening up. While this should have been a moment for celebration, any good will Midnight felt towards the mystery benefactor fell apart the next day when she found out their address.

Stomping away from campus, the fury in Midnight's eyes could be easily seen past her red eye mask and her long black hair. Her angry expression got the attention of the people she passed away from the skintight, leather dominatrix style outfit adorning her voluptuous body. Though she was used to the awestruck gazes of citizens, the R-Rated Hero ignored the usual requests for pictures and autographs to focus on the task at hand. Brandishing her whip with furious intent, she approached the apartment of the cat shelter's benefactor.

Midnight's constant banging against the door finally got the person inside to open up. What she saw was a familiar sight of a man with unkempt, black hair that partially covered up the bags under his eyes and the stubble lining his chin. Having also just gotten off work, he was still dressed in the black clothing and white scarf that marked him as the hero, Eraser Head. However, Midnight knew him simply as Aizawa, a close friend who was the target of her frustration.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Midnight asked.

Aizawa let out a yawn. “Having my after work nap interrupted?”

“I’m talking about the charity event. Is this some kind of cruel joke to you?”

A heavy sigh left Aizawa’s lips “So much for it being an anonymous donation,” he complained as he scratched the back of his head. “Look, I didn’t mean anything malicious with it. It was actually quite the opposite. I wanted to help out my cat friends as well as one of my coworkers. Is that so wrong?”

Unsure of what to believe, Midnight pushed Aizawa aside as she stomped into the apartment. Entering the living room, she saw the consequences of her companion’s generosity in the form of countless boxes scattered across the floor. Recognizing the mark of the support class responsible for the baked goods, she opened up one of the containers at random to pull out a cookie with cat ears.

“Do you really intend to eat all of these yourself?” Midnight asked, holding the cookie up to Aizawa’s face.

“Obviously not,” Aizawa answered. “Especially since the class that made these have been known to make ‘unusual’ experiments to say the least. Their main project last semester turned the entire class’s skin blue for a month. Another reason I bought them out is because I didn’t want anyone to be subjected to whatever strange concoction they pumped into-“

Aizawa was silenced by the sight of Midnight shoving the cookie in her mouth and devouring it in a single bite. “Tastes like a regular cookie to me,” she commented. “Now, are you really saying you’re going to let all of these go to waste?”

For a moment Aizawa considered arguing against her, only to be dissuaded by the lingering anger in her eyes. Rather than waste his energy on a pointless endeavor, he walked over

to the same box to grab another cookie. Taking a seat on one of the couch cushions that wasn't taken up by countless numbers of baked goods, he scarfed down the treat.

“Well then,” Aizawa said as he reached for another cookie, “are you going to help me with these or not?”

Midnight let out a huff, sitting right next to Aizawa for lack of another place to sit. “I forget how stubborn you can be,” she commented as she grabbed her own pastry.

Aizawa let out a laugh. “I could say the same thing about you,” he said before taking another bite.

For a while, the two heroes avoided directly speaking with one another in favor of munching on their sweets. At first this silence was just a side effect of their stubborn natures running up against one another. The annoyance that originally fueled their act of defiance was gradually overridden by their growing fondness for the baked goods with each bite. In spite of Aizawa's worries, the support class had managed to create an incredibly tasty treat. It was because of this that both he and Midnight accidentally ended up eating through the entire box. They only realized this fact when they both reached inside of the container to grab more cookies, only to find each other's hands.

“Change your UUURRRP mind?” Aizawa asked, smirking at Midnight's reaction to his burp.

“I'm still mad at BWOOOOORRRP you,” Midnight belched, purposefully letting the expulsion wash over Aizawa's face.

“Angry enough to forget basic manners?” Aizawa replied, well aware of his hypocrisy.

Gritting her teeth in frustration, Midnight stomped away to grab another box of sweets. While she tried to decide on which treats to try next, Aizawa couldn't help noticing the slight

bulge that had appeared around her mid-section. Having worked closely with her as both faculty members and fellow heroes, he was aware that she wasn't one to let herself go. Considering her less than pleasant mood, he found it best not to bring up her little belly bulge.

The visage of Midnight's protrusion was slightly covered up as she picked up her chosen sweets. While the container obscured her gut, that didn't prevent her from noticing a similar growth along Aizawa's tummy. Rather than pester him about not eating junk food so much and exercising more, she instead made her way over to the couch to join him once again. Placing the box within reach of the two of them, she couldn't help herself from occasionally glancing over to look at this extra padding. Just as she began to grasp at this strange sensation in the back of her head that kept pushing her to look at his pudge, her trance was broken by Aizawa poking her cheek.

"What are you staring at?" he asked before wolfing down a brownie with a cat's paw drawn in icing on it.

"Nothing," she replied, helping herself to one of the brownies to push back the strange urges. "I was just thinking that I never took you for a cat person," she commented as she nibbled on the treat.

"I don't blame you," Aizawa said, pausing to stifle a belch and grab another brownie. "As you can probably see, I don't have one of my own."

"Why?"

"I'm more than a little busy these days with teaching and hero work. I would feel bad about leaving a cat alone by itself all day."

Midnight paused for a moment to watch him brush the crumbs off of his face and see them tumble onto his belly. "Cats are pretty self-sufficient," she pointed out. "All you would

really-UURRRP! Excuse me. Need to do would be to leave out some food and water. That should keep them going for a while.”

Aizawa let out a sigh. “It’s not just that. I would also be BOOOUUURRRP worried about the cat litter piling up. I’d rather not have my apartment stinking like a-“

A series of unsettling gurgles emanating from the couch silenced the two of them. Each certain that they knew the source, Midnight and Aizawa looked down at their own guts. Only now realizing that their mid-sections had begun to bloat up, they looked back over the empty box of sweets to try and figure out just how many they had eaten. These questions were put on hold as the sounds grew louder to coincide with the building pressure in their filled up bellies. While they each tried their own method of taking care of their discomfort, from taking deep breaths to massaging their guts, nothing seemed to fully stop the gas from making its way through their bodies.

Midnight and Aizawa’s efforts were proven fruitless as they each released squeaky farts from the backside. While the outbursts had been short, the smell quickly drifted up to surround their heads and subject them to a horrendous stench. At first wincing at the odor, they stopped themselves from reaching out to pinch their noses as a hazy feeling seeped into their heads. Turning towards one another and gazing at each other’s bellies, they couldn’t help themselves from shuffling closer. As if being guided along by puppet strings, their bodies began to press together as they tilted their heads forward for a kiss.

Midnight and Aizawa came back to their senses as they accidentally knocked the box onto the floor to spill the leftover brownies onto the carpet. Realizing what they were doing, they swiftly moved to opposite ends of the couch and stood up. At a loss for what had come over

them, they grasped for answers as they took their time picking up the mess strewn along the ground.

“I knew that something was UUURRP off,” Aizawa said, picking up one of the brownies between his fingers. “The support class students just couldn’t help themselves from getting experimental. These might be tasty, but they’re not worth it if it means transforming us into obese gas bags. Lend me a BOOOOOORRRPP hand getting the boxes out of the apartment and in the trash. Don’t worry, I don’t intend to cancel my donation. We just have to make sure the support class doesn’t feed anyone else these tainted treats.”

Aizawa looked on in confusion as he watched Midnight open up another box of sweets. Licking her lips at the sight of the cupcakes with icing in the shape of tiny cat faces, she showed no hesitation in shoving it in her mouth. Swallowing the lump of sugary goodness, she let out a boisterous belch before licking the remaining icing from her fingertips. A pleased hum leaving her lips precluded a swipe of her hand to grab another pastry. Before she could devour her second one, Aizawa stepped forward to swat it out of her hand.

“Didn’t you hear what I said?” Aizawa asked. “You keep pigging out on those things and you’ll end up as a complete-“

Aizawa was once more silenced, this time in a more direct fashion by Midnight shoving a cupcake into his mouth. At first he tried to spit it out, but that only lasted until the icing hit his taste buds. Caught by the heavenly embrace of the sweet treat, he proceeded to devour the entire thing without much fuss. Though his concerns were put at momentary ease by the pastry, he was still more than a little concerned.

“Why did you do BOOOOUUURRRP that?” Aizawa asked, taking a moment to wipe the crumbs from lips.

“Because these taste so UUURRRP good,” Midnight replied before helping herself to another one. “Sure they cause a bit of bloating and gas, but it’s a small price to pay for such a large flavor.” Picking up the box, she carried it back over to her seat on the couch. “We’re already too deep in to stop now. Might as well at least finish off this batch before we have to BWOOOOORRRP give it back to the support class.”

Every part of Aizawa’s logical mind was telling him to scold her for such a ridiculous idea. However, rational thinking didn’t explain why he proceeded to walk over to the couch to join her. Heeding an unnatural hunger pang breaking through the various groans of his digestive tract, he relented and grabbed a cupcake from the box. “Alright, but after UUUURRRP this, we’re stopping to get this reversed. Okay?”

“Whatever,” Midnight said, helping herself to another pastry.

The two heroes continued to eat their sweet feast in relative silence. The only exception was the constant sound of their chewing mixed with the odd burp parting from their lips. Occasionally one of them would let slip a puff of gas from their rear, but their focus on stuffing their faces kept them from suffering from the sound and smell. This forced ignorance of their gas couldn’t prevent them from taking notice of the more prominent effects of their unhealthy snacks.

Aizawa slowed his chewing as a few crumbs fell from his mouth. The dropped pieces tumbled past his second chin to momentarily bounce against a layer of fat placed across his once flat chest. From there the crumbs bounded off of his stomach, which had become a protruding potbelly that allowed a few strands of hair around his mid-section to peek out from beneath his shirt. Leaning forward to brush the crumbs off of his legs inadvertently made him aware of a

tightness in his pants. Paying close attention to the moment he sat down and felt another fart leak out, he confirmed that his backside had gained a similar amount of weight.

Curious, Aizawa looked away from his various pockets of pudge to check on Midnight. Like him, she was sporting a swollen orb around her mid-section that had begun to stretch the limits of her hero costume. Her already risqué outfit was torn further asunder with each jostle of the extra cup size her breasts had gained from her sugary indulgences. Shimmying in her seat as she reached for the last cupcake gave him ample time to notice the extra fat around her ass. The sound of her shamelessly letting a fart rip out brought him back to the task at hand.

“Alright, we’ve had our BOOOUUURRRP fun,” Aizawa belched out. “Before our conditions get any worse, we need to find someone who can UUURRP diagnose our conditions.”

For a moment Midnight just sat there, staring at Aizawa as she continued to chew her food. Putting on a small smile, she purposefully let loose another boisterous BRRRAAAAAPPP from her rear in his direction. In the wake of the resulting fog of noxious fumes, Aizawa felt the hazy sensation fill his head again. Only now recognizing the tingling sensation migrating down his body, he felt something become hard against the underside of his belly. Any doubts about what was going on were put to rest as Midnight reached out to slip her hand into his pants.

“Midnight, what are you doing?” Aizawa asked, chewing on his lips as she proceeded to grasp his manhood. “I know that you’re supposed to be the R-rated hero, but this is going too far.”

“But you feel so pent up,” Midnight said, as she proceeded to stroke his member. “It must be pretty lonely living in this apartment by yourself. Think of this as my own, personal reward for helping out with the BWOOOOORRRRPP charity.”

As the belch drifted up into the Aizawa's nostrils, the hazy feeling came back stronger than before as his member grew stiff within the palms of Midnight's hands. Trying to fight the sensations seemed useless, the urges emanating through his form more powerful than anything he had felt before. While he couldn't stop himself from enjoying what Midnight was offering, he could at least return the favor.

Reaching a hand beneath Midnight's gut, Aizawa slipped his hand into the lower part of her outfit. Finding what he was looking for in the form of a wet spot, he proceeded to slowly drag his fingers against Midnight's labia. His movements found success with each flick, causing the heroine to up her own efforts to give him relief. Giving it their all to pleasure each other, the unlikely couple ended up crying out in ecstasy as they unleashed a pair of loud farts to go along with their resulting climaxes.

Given a semblance of clarity after his release, Aizawa turned his attention to finding something to clean up the mess in his pants. His intentions were to find a napkin, but yet again Midnight surprised him by taking the lead. Pulling open his strained waistband, she ducked her head beneath his belly to use her tongue to lick up his leftover load of semen. Only stopping once every drop has been cleaned up, Midnight lifted up her head to see the confused look on Aizawa's face.

"What's gotten into you?" Aizawa asked, a momentary reprieve allowed to his thoughts thanks to Midnight's efforts.

Finishing licking her lips clean, Midnight opened her mouth to let out a burp. "Something a little UUURRP bitter to go with all of these sweets."

Leaving Aizawa to deal with the aftermath of her belch, Midnight got up to peruse the rest of the collection. At this point, it had become impossible for her to ignore her various

changes in weight and gassiness. The very things that would have once filled her with dread at the mere thought of having were now like a comforting blanket that surrounded her mind and body. Unsure of exactly what was going on with her, but more than willing to explore it further, she picked up a box of cookies and took them over to the couch. Opening up the box, she tilted it over to spill a dozen or so onto Aizawa's lap. Watching her companion mindlessly begin to stuff the treats into his mouth, she sat down beside him to resume her own indulgence.

The cookies didn't last long thanks to the duo's combined, ravenous appetites. While Midnight was helping herself to the leftover crumbs around her lips, Aizawa took his turn grabbing a box of treats to continue their meal. Sitting back down under the influence of his own state of pseud-inebriation, he paid little mind to the cat paw patterns along the eclairs he picked up in favor of shoving them in his mouth to further promote his growth.

Midnight's stronger will to eat the pastries kept her in the lead when it came to her body's degradation. The holes Aizawa had made during their moment of intimacy were further torn apart thanks to Midnight's belly doubling over itself to sink further and further between her lap. The skin tight material of her suit technically obscured her breasts as they became as large as her head. However, her outfit could not hide the impression of the extra girth of her enlarged nipples. When her gas wasn't leaving her mouth to shake around her three chins and the added plumpness on her cheeks, it sought relief elsewhere. Having lost any semblance of manners in her pursuit of gluttony, she thought little of leaning over to the side to let loose a thunderous PHHHRRRTTTTTT from her chunky rear to enshroud Aizawa in a toxic mist.

Though the smell did make Aizawa momentarily pause his feast, it wasn't for more than a few seconds. In no time at all he was scarfing down a collection of cake balls to further bulge out his sagging man pecs in an effort to rival Midnight's own bust. His shirt gradually rose higher

and higher up over the course of his indulgence to reveal more of the black hairs lining the sizable gut taking up the majority of his mid-section. Copying Midnight's own display of wonton disregard for manners, he freely let his farts fly out to further strain his overburdened pants with the sensation of his chubby butt cheeks wobbling around.

In the process of going through a box of snickerdoodles, Aizawa accidentally let one slip out of his pudgy fingers. Managing to avoid his chest and gut, the baked good tumbled down to lodge itself between his legs. He attempted to reach down to grab it, but Midnight was a little too fast for him. Burying herself between his thighs, she gobbled up the treat. Upon having her tongue slide along his crotch and feel something twitch, she decided it was time to sample a different kind of delicacy.

At first Midnight was able to restrain herself to try and preserve what remained of Aizawa's pants. However, her desire for lust and hunger had her using her thick fingers to begin ripping apart the fabric to tear apart the garment's crotch area. Repeating the process with his underwear relieved him of some of the discomfort of having his fat ass constrained by the fabric while also leaving nothing in the way of his manhood. Though his member wasn't quite ready yet, that soon changed as she wrapped her lips around the tip and pushed down.

The first stroke of Midnight's tongue along Aizawa's shaft was enough to get him in the mood. While he would have been more than content to sit there and let Midnight enjoy her snack, he too was filled with an urge to fulfill certain desires. Still remembering some tact through his haze of sugar-induced stupor, he decided to make a little adjustment. Grabbing her shoulders, he pulled her away from his groin to see spit and one of his pubic hairs hanging from her mouth.

“Why did you make me stop?” Midnight whined like a child. “Don’t you want to feel BWOOOORRRRPP good?”

“Not without UUURRRP returning the favor,” Aizawa said, straining himself to pull her up on the couch.

Spreading Midnight along the cushions, Aizawa crawled along her body. With their engorged bellies pressing against one another, he dove his head between her legs and pulled open the lower part of her suit. Using his plump, stubble covered chin to push aside her panties let his tongue sample her own, sweet nectar.

While Aizawa proceeded to fervently lick and suck to sample Midnight’s flavor, she in turn moved her own mouth to retake his cock. As the two of them enjoyed each other’s taste, their bodies were sure to free up more room with a collection of gassy outbursts leaking from their backsides. Each release surrounded them in a cloud of heavy flatulence to further bury their restraint in the depths of their mind. Giving it their all to enjoy their gourmet meal, they each came away with a mouthful of something tasty by the time they reached their orgasms.

It took the heroes a few minutes to summon the strength to move. Had it not been for some kind of intervention, they seemed absolutely content to just lay there, constantly shaking from the combination of their lingering ecstasy and the gas that sputtered out of them. However, they were pushed to seek out nourishment thanks to the growls from their stomachs coming out loud and clear.

“Looks like you still BWOOOORRRP have room in this thing,” Midnight commented, slapping her hand against Aizawa’s belly.

“Your UUUURRRRPP too,” Aizawa said, repeating the motion and displaying his mind’s similar state of hedonism focused drunkenness. “Let me get up and I’ll grab more BOOOURRRP food.”

“I don’t think so.”

Tightening her grip on Aizawa’s body, Midnight rolled him around on the couch. Paying little mind to the various creaks coming from the furniture, she managed to maneuver their bodies to leave her on top. Before he could have any chance to break free, she sent him right back down to the cushions with a blast of flatulence. Leaving him to suck up her fumes in a state of depraved bliss, she shuffled her way over to the collection to grab her next box of sweets.

“Open UUURRRP wide,” Midnight said, sitting down next to Aizawa and offering up a cinnamon roll.

Obediently Aizawa allowed Midnight to feed him the sweet treat. Gobbling up the roll within a few bites, he voiced his satisfaction with a guttural belch. As Midnight was reaching for another helping, he swiped one of the baked goods from the box and held it towards her face. Smirking at her partner’s continued attempts to return her kindness, she went along with the act and leaned forward to scarf down the cinnamon roll.

Back and forth the two heroes took the lead in stuffing the other person’s face. When a box was emptied out, one of them would volunteer to get up to retrieve the next serving. This would typically result in an argument about who would take on the task, but the winner was always decided by whoever was willing to unleash a billowing fart to gain the upper hand. Regardless of who was in charge of their binge session, the result of their continued exposure to the tainted treats was the same.

Keeping Aizawa occupied with a hunk of chocolate cake, Midnight decided that now was the time to have some fun with her big, beautiful boy. His scarf was the first thing to go, leaving his thick neck and multiple chins on full display. Driven by the sight of the coarse strands peeking out the top of his shirt, she proceeded to rip apart the rest of his outfit to unleash his pair of hairy man boobs from their confinement to let them rest on his gut. Eager to see just how far the trail went, she continued to rip the shirt the rest of the way to unleash the bulk of his fat rolls onto his thick thighs. For a moment her attention was centered on his deep belly button, but an urge of desire in her loins moved her towards another part of his body.

Rather than have to struggle with Aizawa's pants again, Midnight elected to tear what remained of the fabric asunder. The resulting ripples jiggled around the flab encasing his thighs and momentarily interrupted his eating as a gas bubble was pushed out of his stomach to produce a belch. Grabbing the tattered remains of his underwear, she reveled in the resulting cloud of flatulence that rippled out from the act of his wobbling butt cheeks shifting back and forth. Her efforts gave way to a view of the pubic hair scattered across his manhood that was only obscured by the underside of his gut. While she would have liked to help herself to another mouthful of delicious cum, her body ached for a different kind of relief. Standing back up, she managed to look into his eyes just in time to catch a belch to her face.

"How BWOOOOOORRRP charming," Midnight said, her words proven genuine as she inhaled the strong odor emanating from his backside. Grabbing his love handles, she leaned in close to him. "What do you say to going plus UUUURRRRPPP ultra?"

"Yes, BOOOOOUUUUURRRRP mistress," Aizawa replied.

“Aizawa, I’ve never seen you so UUUURRRP submissive,” she said as she squeezed his plump cheeks. Pressing her hand against his chest, she let her finger swirl against his flabby chest. “I kind of like it. Now be a good boy and help me undress.”

Electing to take a rough approach to Midnight’s orders, Aizawa grabbed handfuls of her tight outfit to pull it apart. The resulting ripples that spread through Midnight’s body sent her heaving bosom into a shaking fit that left her barrel-like gut constantly jostling up against Aizawa’s. A muffled moan left her lips as he reached around to grab the back of her suit. Sliding the overburdened fabric past her bulked up legs gave her fat ass cheeks room to breathe and add their unmuffled stench to the area. No longer bound by her restraining hero outfit, she took the liberty of tossing aside her eye mask to leave her completely nude and more than ready to see what their bodies could do.

Moving Aizawa to the dead center of the couch to make sure they had plenty of room to work with, Midnight leaned him back as far as possible. It took a few tries for her to get in the right position, but she was led towards the right place by her innate need. Focused on the task at hand, she didn’t seem to care about the thicket of pubic hair that had sprouted along her groin at some point during their feast. The coarse strands added to the thrill she felt as she managed to align their bodies in the perfect position to slide his cock into her womanhood.

Jerking her hips like she was still a third of her current size, Midnight proceeded to ride Aizawa’s member. The rapid movement didn’t take long to make the gluttonous duo cry out in a mix of moans and belches. Each repetition wildly shook around their flab rolls to further upset their digestive tract. If their combined weight wasn’t enough punishment, the couch’s torment was increased by the constant outpour of their pastry fueled flatulence. Unable to last through the

onslaught of the heroes' moment of intimacy, the furniture ended up collapsing under their weight just as they both hit their climax.

The resulting destruction brought on by their moment of intimacy left them unharmed thanks to the generous amount of padding around their bodies. It still took some time after the fall for their flab to come to a gradual stop. Even then, they didn't have it in them to attempt to get to their feet. That wasn't to say they didn't have a reason for them to get moving.

Rolling off of each other's bodies after sharing parting belches to the faces, Midnight and Aizawa crawled along the floor in search of more nourishment. Reaching the collection of boxes, their lethargy forbade them from doing the proper thing of bringing the sweets over to the scattered remains of the couch. Grasping the containers with her sausage-like fingers, they recklessly toppled them to the ground to spill the treats out along the floor. Far past the concern of eating off the ground, they continued the process until they were completely surrounded by a spread of delectable sweets.

Acting like hungry hogs, Midnight and Aizawa shuffled around the room, scarfing up any treat that met her lips. Their room further resembled a pigsty thanks to the deluge of fumes that burst out of both of their ends. With their minds and aromas in the perfect state of indulgence, all that remained was to see how fat and messy they could become.

Getting winded from her efforts of dragging her massive gut along the floor, Midnight stopped to catch her breath. Planting her elephantine rear down on the ground, she leaned back to the tune of a loud BRRRAAAAAAAPPPP rippling out from between her ass cheeks. Lazily sliding her fingers across her rows of chins allowed her to collect the misplaced crumbs hidden in-between. As she chewed on her mouthful of leftover morsels, she lifted up her blubbery arm to scratch at the bushels of armpit hair that had sprouted up over the course of her feast.

In the midst of chasing after a loss chunk of brownie, her hand dove in-between her pair of beach ball-sized breasts. Though she did manage to fish the crumbs out, she still let her hand linger behind to play around with her plumped up nipples. As she continued to grope herself, she felt her body once more yearn for a different kind of primal desire.”

“Aizawa, come over here and UUUUURRRP fuck me,” Midnight belched out.

The crude command did the job of getting Aizawa to pull his chubby face out of the box he was eating from. Shuffling along the floor on his hands and knees sent his fat ass into a wobbling fit that spurting out farts with each shake. The hair along his gargantuan gut and drooping man boobs became covered in a mess of misplaced crumbs as he made his way towards his partner. The disgusting display of the once proud hero drove Midnight wild with desire with each heavy stride his limbs took towards her.

Using Midnight blubbery body for support, Aizawa heaved himself up into a standing position. Just as he was getting ready to thrust forward, he paused for a moment. In his drunken-like stupor he couldn't quite figure out exactly where he was supposed to go. The most obvious answer at the time was her mouth, but that was busy sucking up icing she had collected between her fat folds. Left without any other options, he decided to let his lower head do the thinking.

Grasping onto Midnight's love handles, Aizawa dipped his cock into the nearest available hole. The sensation of the hero's cock sliding into her belly button pushed a combination of a yelp and a belch from Midnight's lips. While she started to reach out to stop him, she found strange pleasure in the way that her gut jiggled with each thrust of his hips. Continuing to stuff herself as he used the bizarrely chosen hole, she seemed in complete bliss even as his cum shot out to drip along her flab. As much as she enjoyed the odd act of intimacy, it still left her aching for a more direct form of relief.

“Why did you BWOOOOOORRRPP fuck the wrong hole?” Midnight asked.

“I couldn’t UUUUURRRRPP find anything else under all your BOOOOOUUUURRRRPP fat,” Aizawa replied.

Venting her frustration with a thunderous fart, Midnight pulled herself out of his grasp. Getting back on her hands and knees, she whipped her hair against her back flab in order to get a clear view of Aizawa’s dumbfounded face in the wake of her gas. Wanting to make sure her partner knew where he was supposed to focus on, she reached back to sink her fingers into her meaty rear. Spreading apart her butt cheeks, she shook her hips around to make sure he saw her dripping womanhood.

Midnight’s sign that Aizawa had figured things out came in the form of his cock being shoved into her womanhood with a single, powerful thrust. The impact of his gut slapping against her ass sent ripples through their bodies that resulted in a pair of pungent farts. Brought into a higher state of arousal from the noxious fumes, they both braced themselves to fully give themselves their animalistic desires.

Grabbing hold of Midnight’s hips, Aizawa began to thrust back and forth. In no time at all, they created a cacophony made up of the slapping of their flesh, gas expulsions, and loud moans. With each thrust, it felt as if their brains were turning to mush. Not even the thought of eating sweets passed through their heads as they got closer and closer to their finish. All that remained by the time they reached their climax was enjoying the euphoria that was each other’s obese, gassy bodies.

One last shove let Aizawa blow his load into Midnight’s quivering womanhood. Exhausted from the experience, the two shameless heroes collapsed to the ground amongst the scattered remains of their feast. Shuffling up to one another, they locked their lips together to try

and handle their lingering euphoria. This intimate kiss lasted until a pair of belches rolled up their throats to force them apart.

The lingering after taste of the pair's sweet feast that clung to their breath brought them back to the issue of their ever present hunger. Looking across the floor revealed no leftover bits of food. The once seemingly endless collection of boxes had been eaten through moments beforehand to contribute to each of their over 600 pound bodies. With no where else to turn, they brought their attention to one another to ask for aid. Instead, they spotted the last few crumbs clinging to their rolls.

Clashing together like a pair of fleshy glaciers, they dragged their mouths across each other's bodies to suck up any bit of food they could find. It was during this search that they each had a chance to truly admire the gift their sloppy bodies had given them in the form of their bushels of armpit hair that matched the coarse thickets surrounding their groins. It was during Midnight's trek down Aizawa's hair-laden chest that she felt his member start to stir once more. Reminded of Midnight's own needs as he licked up the leftover droplets of cum clinging to her belly button, he seemed to catch on to the same idea as her.

Both willing to give each other pleasure, but unable to summon the strength to maneuver their unwieldy forms into a proper position, they had to settle for reaching between each other's legs to pleasure one another. After the more direct forms of intimacy they had gone through, the simultaneous attention given with their fingers worked as a way for them to ease back into a semi-stable state. The slight jostles of their bodies against one another in the process helped to push out the leftover gas bubbles in their digestive systems. Through this fog of fumes and euphoria, the pair managed to meet face to face.

“Did you UUUURRRP enjoy your feast?” Midnight asked, chewing on her lips to suppress a cry of ecstasy.

“Yeah,” Aizawa said, not showing the same restraint as he let out a mix of a moan and a belch as her fingers gripped around his shaft. “I’d ask you the same BWOOOOORRRPP thing, but I can already tell since most of it’s in your stomach.”

Midnight let out a chuckle as she let out a rumbling BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP. “You’re one to talk, BOOOOOUUUUURRRRRP fat ass. Especially since you’re the one that got us into this.”

Answering back with his own explosion of flatulence, Aizawa leaned in close to her face. “I don’t hear you UUUUURRRP complaining.”

Rather than continue their banter, the two pressed their lips together once more just as they reached another orgasm. Falling to the ground once more, Midnight and Aizawa continued to revel in the embrace of their sloppy bodies. Comforted by the smell and touch of one another, the pair drifted off to sleep.

Not even halfway through his lap around UA’s track field, Aizawa was forced to come to a stop. Hunching over as he caught his breath, he watched as the sweat drenching his body trickled onto his bulged out gut. Paying little mind to how his perspiration stained the custom-made, blue tracksuit that had been hastily put together to cover his obese form, he sucked in a mouthful of air, only to inhale a cloud of his own aroma at the same. Forcing himself back into a standing position, he managed to pull out a rag from the back pocket of his overburdened track pants to wipe his face and chins clean.

Just as Aizawa considered stopping there and collapsing on the ground, he heard something big stomping up behind him. Swiveling his body around, he managed to catch the sight of Midnight's waddling down the track. Her similarly sized track suit looked about ready to burst with each lurch of her massive breasts and belly. The haggard gasps that left her mouth were paired with a cornucopia of burps and farts leaving her body over the course of her strenuous exercise. Just as it looked like she was about to fall, Aizawa used the last of his strength to grasp her shoulder.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

"Y-yeah," Midnight said, thankful for the help. "I don't know how Fat BOOOOOUUUUURRRRPPP Gum does this."

"Lot's of UUUURRRP practice, I'm assuming," was Aizawa's response. "I'm sure we'll figure it out over the course of the exercise session."

"Any BWOOOOOORRRRRP word from the support class about a cure?" Midnight asked, receiving a shake of the head from Aizawa in return. "Dammit," she said, venting some of her annoyance with an abrupt fart. "Guess I'll be out of work for a while."

"I wouldn't say that," Aizawa said with a cheeky grin. "You could still knock out villains with that gas factory of yours."

Midnight mirrored his expression as her body began to shake. Letting loose a loud PHHHHRRRRRTTTTT she laughed at the way Aizawa's nose scrunched up at the smell. "Let's call that pay back for putting me in this situation." Pushing through her lingering fumes, she leaned in to place a kiss on his chubby cheek. "And that's for sticking by me during this."

"It's the least I can BWOOOOOORRRR do," Aizawa said, holding on to Midnight as they shuffled towards a bench to sit down. "My turn to grab dinner tonight, right?"

“Sure is,” Midnight replied as the couple pulled in close to grab at each other’s bellies.

“Just make sure you don’t forget the desserts.”