

Makima's Slob Pact

Throughout the underground complex could be heard the various wails and clangs of the devils that were contained within its walls. It was no wonder why many members of the Public Safety devil hunters tried to avoid visiting the prison. The only exception was when a hunter needed to make a contract with one of the horrifying creatures to increase their battle prowess. More often than not, these agreements came in exchange for dire costs to the humans involved. These same fears were not held by one of the superiors of the organization, a woman whose very nature was a question mark for the hunters.

Casually strolling through the cold, metal corridors, Makima kept her yellow eyes open and alert for her destination. Her unnatural gaze conflicted with the image her pristine, white dress shirt, black slacks and tie represented. As she drew close towards a heavily reinforced, steel door, she fixed up her red hair to ensure her long ponytail was in proper condition for her upcoming meeting. After checking that she still had a red notebook clutched in her hands, she stepped up to the door and knocked.

From the other side, Makima could hear something enormous waddling around. Though the being inside tried to forcefully push open the door, the most it could do was make an unflattering, sputtering of gas as its heft was slammed against the steel. Waiting just long enough for her conversation partner to get into position, Makima slid open the peep hole to let out a whiff of the creature's horrid stench. Unflinchingly standing in the wake of the odor, she let her vision focus on the singular, black and white eye peeking out that belonged to the infamous Gluttony Devil.

"My BWOOOOOOORRRRP my, it's been a UUUURRRP while since someone has come to visit me," the devil belched in a husky voice.

“Indeed it has,” Makima replied, greeting the devil with her usual, soft smile. “Then again, that’s due to how rare it is for a hunter to desire making a deal with you. Since it’s been so long, I do hope you remember how to put a contract together.”

The devil let out a laugh that was swiftly drowned out by a thunderous fart. “I might not UUURRRP get out much, but I’m aware that you’re one of the last BWOOOOORRRRP people that need my powers.”

“True, but that is why I’ve come today concerning a contract that will benefit the entire public safety division.”

“Oh? Is that UUURRP so?”

“Yes. I do believe you made an offer to our organization upon hearing about our incident with the Infinity Devil. Particularly, the one that ensures my employees will never have to worry about getting adequate food or water.”

“Hehehe, indeed I BWOOOOOOUUUURRRRP did. However, none of your UUURRRP hunters were willing to take on the stipulations.”

“That is until now,” Makima said, holding out the notebook. “During one of our routine searches of our division employees’ apartments, we were able to get our hands on this.”

Ever so slowly, Makima began to turn through the pages. Each one had a mixture of writing and crude drawings that made the devil’s eye go wide with excitement. The further in they went, the more depraved the journal entries became. Reaching the end of the book and hearing the devil let out a series of bellowing laughs between its gassy outbursts, Makima had to assume she had it in the palm of her hand.

“I can’t believe you actually found some BWOOOOOORRRRP freak that’s into that shit,” the devil taunted.

“I do believe this fulfills one sticking point on your contract,” Makima pointed out. “If I may clarify, the deal was the following: In exchange for providing sustenance to my employees, you will get to inhabit my body and control my eating habits. This will allow you to indulge your gluttony while you’re still confined to your quarters.”

“It’s such a generous BOOOOOORRRRPPP offer, isn’t it?” the Gluttony Devil asked.

“Indeed,” she replied with a nod of her head. “You even added a clause of how I may be freed of my end of the bargain. Should someone I specify proclaim their adoration for what I become under your influence, you will leave my body. In light of the recent discovery, are you still able to accept these terms?”

“Bit strange of you to UUUUURRRP tell me aloud your plans to break the contract beforehand.”

“I’m just being honest with you,” she plainly answered. “Shouldn’t both parties in an agreement such as this be willing to bare everything they have? I can’t think of a better way to build trust between the two of us. Don’t you agree?”

A guttural laugh echoed from the devil’s chamber, carried along with a rippling PHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT. “Alright then. I believe we have a BWOOOOOORRRP deal.”

“Indeed we do,” Makima replied, glancing down at the page to see a crude drawing of herself, many times her original size and surrounded by a collection of stink clouds.

An office gathering at the local restaurant proved to be the perfect place for Makima to check on the progress of her coworkers. She paid close attention to specifically how much each of them was eating and drinking. These various sessions of after work festivities allowed her to

take notice of everyone's decreased appetite. It appeared that the devil's contract was working, or at the very least, they were finally holding up their end of the bargain.

No one dared to stop Makima as she reached out to help herself to another serving of meat buns. Despite having already devoured an entire platter's worth mere minutes beforehand, she opened up her mouth wide to take a bite and re-experience the delicious flavor. Her enjoyment continued even as a few bits of meat managed to spill down her two chins and bounce off her bosom. Those brave enough to stare at the way her tits' extra heft jiggled as she ate were able to notice the way her distended belly fought against the buttons of her dress shirt. A similar battle could be seen in the way her pants tightly hugged around her wider hips and chubby rear. Most of her coworkers had accepted this intense weight gain as just another part of her. However, there were few who were willing to say that in the wake of her other side effects.

As Makima swallowed up another dumpling, she only managed to brush aside a single crumb from her face before a guttural belch parting her lips scattered the rest across the table. Try as they might to ignore the smell and sound that spread through the dining area, a few of the weaker willed individuals were forced to leave. Those left behind shuddered as they heard an unsettling groan from the bowels of her gut. For the lucky few who knew, they were able to get a head start. For the rest, they were left to deal with the aftermath as she unleashed a cloud of flatulence that smelled worse than a dumpster filled with rotten fruit.

"Hehehehe, so much for BWOOOOOOORRRRP loyalty," the Gluttony Devil laughed, his voice only audible in Makima's own ears as they watched her coworkers run off.

"I can't really UUURRRRP blame them," Makima replied, helping herself to one of the abandoned mugs of beer. "I consider this a sign of the strength of our agreement. Wouldn't BOOOUURRRRP you?"

“My, UUURRP, my, you are an interesting one, aren’t you?” the devil asked. “I was certain that whatever mortal agreed to my BWOOOORRRRP conditions would do everything in their power to resist.”

“It’s as simple as me needing to uphold my end of the bargain,” Makima answered, leaning to the side to let out a brunt fart. “Besides, the deal can’t be fulfilled until my body has UUUURRRP reached a certain threshold.”

“That reminds me, where is this Denji you claim is so BOOOOOUUUURRRRP fond of fat, gassy women?”

“I sent him away on a UUUURRRP long assignment in another city,” Makima said before chugging down her drink.

“Why would you do that?”

“That way it will leave a bigger BWOOOORRRRRRP impact when he sees me,” she answered, picking up a plate to lick up the leftover sauce. “Rather than risk a mediocre reaction, wouldn’t it be better for him to see the fully realized version of his UUUURRRP fantasy?”

“You have a point,” the gluttony devil agreed. “That being the BOOOUUUUURRRRP case, what do you say we order another round of food for just the two of us?”

“Of course,” Makima said, holding up a pudgy arm to get the servers’ attention.

In the past, Makima’s desk had been a pristine display of neatly organized and stacked paperwork. However, any sense of order was lost under the influence of the Gluttony Devil. Various documents were spread haphazardly across the desk, with a sizable amount being either covered by empty food wrappers or dotted with mystery stains. As disorganized and chaotic as

this was, she was somehow able to make sense of it all thanks to her becoming accustomed to her body's passenger over the course of the past month.

Even with her duty to finish the paperwork at the forefront of her mind, Makima kept a pudgy hand free to deliver more sustenance to her constantly chewing mouth. In-between food deliveries from various restaurants in the area, she had put aside a sizable budget just to keep her office supplied with snacks. While these indulgences of junk food weren't nearly enough to fully satisfy her, they did the job of keeping her stomach at peace while she worked on her task.

Makima could feel the Gluttony Devil shiver with pleasure each time she sunk her teeth into another snack that sent crumbs toppling down her three chins. Given a moment of peace as she continued to chew, she made a modest effort to wipe some of the leftover stains clinging to her heaving, melon-sized breasts. Her chest was tightly bound by her dress shirt, giving an unflattering impression of how plump her nipples had become. However, the true damage to the garment was done through the sweat stains lurking beneath her arms. Their odor was made all the worse thanks to the bristly hairs growing from her pits that had been left unattended.

As her taste buds reveled in the flavor of a cream-filled snack cake, Makima slid a hand across her exposed gut. Rather than try to hide what everyone was quite aware of, she had elected to leave her pudgy belly exposed for her own comfort. This had the adverse side effect of showing off the hairs beginning to form around her belly button, but she found it a small price to pay for having the ability to easily massage her gut to help along her digestion.

A few moments of Makima rubbing against her constantly growing mid-section was all it took to produce a loud BWOOOOOOOORRRRP from her lips. Hearing the devil laugh in delight at the sound and smell, she decided to further entertain them by wobbling her wide rear back and forth in her seat. Looking over the sound of the chair as the sides of her ass cheeks

hung off the sides of it, she continued the act until she felt a familiar rumbling sensation. Leaning over to the side, she let the pressure release all at once in the form of a prolonged BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP escaping from her butt crack.

“Yes, that was UUURRRP excellent,” the Gluttony Devil commented.

“Thank BWOOOOORRRP you,” Makima replied, taking a moment to put her greasy ponytail back behind her head before resuming her paper work. “I figured you deserved a little show for being so UUURRRP patient with me while I do my job.”

“That’s only because you promised me that you would BOOOOOUUUURRRRP get us the-“

A knock at the door silenced the devil.

“Ah, I guess it’s BWOOOOORRRRPP here already,” Makima commented, doing the bare minimum to make herself presentable by adjusting her tie to have it sit between her tits and pulling at her pants to rid herself of a wedgie. “You may enter!”

The door to the office slowly opened up to reveal a devil hunter in a black suit on the other side with their arms laden with several boxes of food. With most of their upper body blocked by the delivery, they had to very carefully tip toe their way over to Makima. Their blind wandering led to them accidentally bumping their knee against the desk. Recognizing the feminine yelp of pain that followed, Makima pressed her belly rolls against her desk to reach out and take possession of the food.

“Thank you very much, BWOOOOORRRP Kobeni,” Makima replied, setting down the boxes and turning her yellow eyes towards the shaking, young woman with her dark brown hair styled in a side ponytail.

“N-not a problem, Ms. Makima,” Kobeni answered, trying her hardest to hide the way her nose crinkled at the lingering stench of her boss’s latest gas bomb.

The disgusted woman’s task was made all the easier as Makima opened up one of the boxes. A heavenly aroma filled the room as she set her eyes on the crispy, fried chicken waiting for her. Makima’s typically calm demeanor gave way to a look of absolute animalistic desire as she looked upon the meal. Drool dripping from the sides of her mouth, she held off until she heard the Gluttony Devil give her the nudge to continue.

Descending upon the greasy meal like a starving beast, Makima reveled in the delicious taste of fried meat. So caught up in her indulgent binging session, she paid little attention to the various crumbs and drops of grease she let spill onto her recently finished paper work. Only stopping her feast to belch or suck her fingers clean, she was content to rush through the entire deliver in a matter of minutes. Upon reaching the final box and dragging her tongue along the bottom to catch every last crumb, she celebrated her finished feast with a loud PHHHHHRRRRRTTT from her rear.

A moment later, Makima’s ears picked up the sound of someone sprinting away from her. Tilting her head up, she managed to see a glimpse of Kobeni running out the door and slamming it behind her. Catching a whiff of the horrendous aroma that lingered from her gassy expulsion, she couldn’t exactly blame her. Settling back down in her seat and wiping away some of the mess from her papers, she resumed her task. Not even a few seconds later, she was already unwrapping another snack cake to keep the Gluttony Devil satisfied until her next order arrived.

The members of the board tried to remain professional, even as their eyes constantly glanced over at their watches. As much as they would have all liked to get the meeting over with and move on with their days, a major hurdle came in the form of them missing one of their pivotal guests. Just as they were considering cancelling the meet up and rescheduling, that was when they heard something big stomping their way down the hall.

Any relief the group felt about getting the meeting started was undone by the wheezing sounds they heard from the corridor. Heavy footfalls sent tremors through the building and nearly knocked over the group's water glasses in the process. Moments before their guest's arrival, they all shuddered at the rancid odor that wafted into the room. This smell became ten times worse as the doors were pushed open to let in the full brunt of the pungent aroma along with its owner.

Barreling through the double doors with a swing of her prominent gut, Makima waddled her way inside. Each stomp of her bulky legs sent tremors up her thick thighs to jiggle her flabby, red hair-riddled belly. These ripples made it all the way up to her heaving chest, threatening to pop the beachball-sized boobs right out of the tight, stain-riddled shirt wrapped around her torso. As she drew closer, the group could hear the plight of her overburdened slacks as they tried in vain to keep chunky rear contained.

“Sorry I'm BWOOOOOORRRP late,” Makima belched, using her pudgy hand to wipe away the sweat clinging to her four chins. “I had to UUUUUURRRP stop on the way here to get some burgers. The quadruple BOOOOOUUUUURRRRP patty melt was delicious.”

“It's fine,” one of the men remarked, he and the rest failing to hide their outwards disgust. “Just have a seat so we may get on with today's meeting.”

Shuffling her way over to the two chairs that had been prepared for her, Makima gingerly sat herself down. The chairs had just enough space to hoist up her massive rear. In an effort to make herself comfortable, she wobbled around the pair of enormous ass cheeks to the sound of various grunts and burps leaving her lips. She only managed to settle into her spot once she had properly bathed her chairs in a cloud of flatulence. While the others were forced to cover their faces with pre-prepared rags to survive the bombardment, she was more than willing to deeply inhale the fumes to keep the Gluttony Devil and herself in good spirits.

“So, what was it that you wanted to BOOOOOOUUUUUURRRRP discuss with me today?” Makima asked, digging out a bag of chips from her fat folds to snack on.

“We’ve called you here today to discuss your contract with the Gluttony Devil,” one of the men spoke up.

Makima paused mid-bite and tilted her head. “What UUUUURRRRP about it?”

“We’re concerned that this has become too much of a burden for you and it’s causing your work ethic to degrade considerably.”

After eating up the last few crumbs from her bag and letting another rumbling fart echo out, Makima shook her head. “It’s true that I’m not in the BWOOOOOORRRRP best of shape, but I’d say the reward is worth the price.”

The various members turned towards one another before putting their attention back on the slobby woman.

“Remind us, what was the point of this contract again?” one brave soul asked.

“To diminish the amount of BOOOOOOUUUURRRRP nourishment needed to keep the Public Safety devil hunters in good health,” Makima stated. “If you’ve seen the latest reports,

each of their required food and drink intakes have drastically UUUUUURRRRP dropped since I've made the deal with the devil.”

“While that is true, we fail to see how that benefit outweighs the burden the contract places on you, in both the metaphorical and literal sense.”

“I don't know what you're BOOOOUUUURRRRP talking about,” Makima said, leaning forward in her seat to get a closer look at the expressions of disgust on the board members' faces. “While I appreciate the UUUURRRRP the concern, I feel absolutely-“

Makima stopped as an unsettling creak echoed through the room. At first she assumed that it was just another errant gas bubble. However, the lack of a fresh aura of flatulence to mix with the odor of her unwashed body let her know something was wrong. Continuing to wiggle herself back and forth created similar noises with increasing frequency. Before she could realize what was going on, the chairs beneath her fat ass finally gave out and sent her form collapsing to the floor.

The impact of Makima's fall was softened by the numerous layers of fat encasing her body. However, the force still left its mark by spelling the end for what remained of her clothing. The pair of pants that looked painted onto her thighs were torn asunder to reveal the red strands adorning her legs that matched the clumps peeking out from her filthy panties. More of these coarse hairs could be seen as her top tore asunder to show off her sweaty pits and give her tits the freedom they sought.

For a few moments the board members merely stared in shock at her shameful display. While Makima wasn't affected by things like embarrassment, she was certainly aware that this wasn't the best way to hold up her argument. Before she could have a chance to explain herself, an ominous groan emanated from her gut. Knowing what was coming, the board members began

to sprint towards the door. They managed to just barely make it out of the blast zone as a thunderous BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP came bursting out of her rear to pop apart her panties.

Swiveling her thick neck to the side to watch the members run for their lives, Makima let out a mix of a belch and a sigh. Rolling herself back and forth eventually gave her the inertia needed to heave herself up. Stomping her way over to the entrance with her nude form on display, she didn't even flinch as she spotted Aki waiting for her outside. Sporting a gas mask over his face to go with his topknot, black hair, he was wise enough to stay just outside of her aura of stink before addressing her.

"I take it the meeting didn't go well?" he asked.

"I'm afraid UUUURRRP not," Makima answered, gesturing for Aki to take the lead down the hall to avoid gassing him out with her rear. "The board is getting BWOOOOORRRP impatient. I suppose now would be the time to put my full plan into action."

"What does that mean?"

Though Makima stopped moving, her flab jostled forward as she clamped her hands together. Watching Aki turn to stare at the way her shaking form sprinkled sweat across the carpet, she stretched a smile across her pudgy face. "I believe it's time you call Denji back from his mission," she said before reaching into her fat folds again to pull out a new bag of chips.

In preparation for the apex of her changes, Makima had made the order for some major renovations to her office. The carpet was torn up to make way for easily cleaned tiles. Furniture too small for her form was replaced with piles of pillows and bare mattresses. Numerous stashes

of snacks were spread throughout the room, with access to a number of different methods to order food. On the surface, this was all in an effort to keep the Gluttony Devil appeased.

However, those who were capable of getting close enough to the slobby woman knew that this was no longer just the devil's appetite they were dealing with.

Either unable or unwilling to find clothes to cover up her body, Makima was content to have her 800 pound body left on full display. The throne for the massive form was a king-sized mattress that had just enough room to comfortably seat her chunky rear while still allowing space for her thick, hairy legs to stretch out. Though her fuzzy muff was completely exposed, it was difficult to actually see it thanks to her drooping gut's various fat folds. Across the sizable belly bulge were a scattering of different food stains, some weeks old and others from her third breakfast that morning. The mess spread its way up to her meaty mammaries, their medicine ball-like size matching with her engorged nipples.

In an attempt to keep her hunger at bay for just a moment, Makima slid her pudgy fingers across her chest to scrape up misplaced morsels of food. In the process, her hand became covered in the fragrant sweat and grease that coated every inch of her body. Further spicing up her meal by dipping the wad of crumbs into one of her hairy pits, she brought it up to her face. Uncaring of the drool that dribbled down her five chins, she opened up her mouth wide to swallow up the disgusting snack.

Makima expressed her satisfaction with her display of how degraded her habits had become by unleashing a reverberating BWOOOOOOORRRRPPPP from her lips to make her greasy locks of red hair recklessly shake around. Smacking her lips in satisfaction at the foul aftertaste, she further indulged in her own gluttony by rubbing her hands through the thick pelt of body hair spread across her gut. Sinking her fingers into her deep belly button sent her

horrendous digestive tract into overdrive. The result was a rancid P P P P P H H H H H H R R R R R T T T T rippling out from her rear. Though the fart was far weaker than what she would have liked, she was aware that she needed to save her strength for a very special moment.

“He’s U U U U R R R R P here,” the Gluttony Devil whispered in her head, moments before a knock was heard at the door.

“You may B W O O O O O O O O O O R R R R P come in,” Makima said, spreading herself out across the mattress to ensure her sloppy self was put on full display.

As someone peeked their head into the room, a shocked gasp could be heard with a familiar voice. The doors swung open to show off a stunned looking Denji dressed in his typical attire of an untucked, white dress shirt, wrinkled up black pants, and a loosened tie. All across his outfits were leftover splatters of blood and torn holes. The battle damage proved just how perilous the away mission had been for the young man with spiky, blonde hair. Even still the way his mouth hung open to show off his pointy teeth made it seem like his weeks of fighting against horrifying devils was nothing compared to seeing what Makima was now.

“Good to B O O O O O O U U U U U U R R R R R R P P P P see you again, Denji,” Makima said, greeting him with a soft look in her eyes and a warm smile placed on her pudgy face. “I read about your U U U U R R R P reports. An excellent job as always,” she commented, punctuating with a deluge of flatulence.

“Forget about me,” Denji said, clasping his hands over his face. “The fuck happened to you?”

“Did Aki not B W O O O O O R R R R R R P P P tell you?” Makima asked. “I made a deal with the Gluttony Devil. In exchange for U U U U R R R R R P becoming their vessel, they promised to keep the stomachs of my B O O O O O U U U U R R R R R P employees satisfied.” Leaning back, she let

another fart come roaring out to spread a mix of its stench and the odor of her unwashed womanhood towards Denji. “I’m quite the generous boss, aren’t UUUURRRP I?”

“Why the in the hell would you do that?” Denji asked, eyes tearing up as he tried to endure the onslaught.

“Because, I know of an easy BWOOOOOORRRRP way to return to my old self,” Makima replied.

“You do? Well then hurry up and tell me.”

Makima’s smile grew wider in anticipation of her moment of triumph. “I want you to tell me exactly what you BOOOOOOOUUUURRRRP think of the new me.”

“You serious?”

Giving her belly a slap, Makima let out another cloud of flatulence to give a fresh odor of stink to her greasy, sweaty-riddled flesh. “Entirely. Don’t hold back. Tell me UUUURRRP exactly what you feel about this slobby body.”

“In that case...”

Stepping back towards the entrance, Denji stuck his head down the hall to inhale a breath of fresh air. Turning back, he puffed up his chest and replied: “I THINK YOU’RE THE MOST DISGUSTING THING I’VE EVER SEEN OR SMELLED!”

“Yes, go UUUURRRP on,” Makima said, feeling herself and the devil tremble in excitement.

“YOU’RE MORE REPULSIVE THAN A DUMP TRUCK FILLED WITH SHIT COVERED, RANCID MILK MIXED WITH PUKE!”

“Yes, Denji, yes,” Makima said, gas leaking out of both ends to deal with her euphoria at hearing herself be demeaned. “Aren’t I your perfect woman?”

“HELL NO!”

Makima body slumped down at the words. “What?”

“YOU’RE THE LAST KIND OF WOMAN THAT I WOULD WANT TO BE WITH!”

Denji replied. “I RATHER CUT OFF MY OWN DICK AND TOSS IT TO A PACK OF WILD DOGS THAN GO ANYWHERE NEAR YOUR DISGUSTING PUSSY!”

Turning around again to collect more fresh air, Denji looked back towards Makima.

When his boss failed to magically return to her old self, he tilted his head in confusion. “Um, did I do something wrong? You’re still a massive, hairy gas bag. I did like you asked. Are you mad?”

“No, no, you were just UUUURRRP doing as you were told,” Makima said, scratching at her head to try and figure things out herself. “You are dismissed for now. I’ll call you back if anything BOOOOOUUUUUUURRRRRPPPP comes up.”

“You got it, Ms. Makima,” Denji said, sprinting off back down the hall to escape both her stench and the awkward atmosphere.

At a loss, Makima scrunched up her chins and tried to think. Attempting to piece together how her perfect plan had failed, she thought back to every last detail she had taken from the notebook. Not helping matters was the constant, husky laughter and belches of the Gluttony Devil playing on repeat in her head. Sifting through the onslaught of mockery, she tried to look for any fatal error that might have gotten in her way.

Makima’s train of thought was broken as she heard a pair of footsteps approaching from down the hall. Tilting up her head again, she spotted the tell tale red horns and long, blonde hair of the fiend, Power. The young woman showed no hesitation as she shuffled through the empty wrappers spread across the floor to approach Makima. As the fiend reached the massive woman,

she lunged forward into the massive gut, further besmirching her already battle worn blue jacket with leftover food stains.

“You are absolutely wonderful,” Power said, pausing to take a deep whiff as Makima let out another cloud of gas.

As she continued to watch Power revel in her flabby, slobby form, it finally dawned on Makima that she had failed to ever confirm who the true owner of the notebook was.

Months later and Makima found herself once more in the bowels of the public safety division’s prison for devils. Just as before, her ears could pick up the vile creatures’ wails and clangs off in the distance. However, she found the symphony of horrific sounds to be lessened with time. The main reason being how often she drowned them out with the various noises her bizarre body constantly created.

Like the very devil that had led to her current state, Makima had been placed in a massive cell all to herself. The interior was a mock up of her old office, complete with plenty of snacks and food to keep her appetite at bay. One of the few key differences was the pair of king-sized mattresses required to keep her massive form comfortable as she wasted away her days, being pampered by the one person who would adore her slobby self.

Makima licked up the leftover chunks of meat from her plump lips as the door to her cell creaked open. The bright light flooding in from the hallway illuminated the numerous flab rolls making up her over 1200 pounds of greasy flesh. A shadow was cast across the numerous food stains that littered her heaving chest; the marks doing an effective job at partially masking her enormous teats. As she saw her beloved draw closer, Makima was sure to give a proper greeting

by slamming her massive backside up and down to create a sizable enough explosion of flatulence to appease her mistress.

“Yes, that is most impressive,” Power remarked, taking a deep whiff of the noxious fumes as she approached Makima. “I can tell that you have been a good pet and eating everything given to you.”

“It’s the least I can BWOOOOOOOOORRRRP do in exchange for how UUUUUUURRRRP well you take care of me,” Makima belched, each expulsion shaking about her long, greasy strands of hair.

“You’re looking absolutely radiant today,” Power said, grabbing a handful of Makima’s hairy belly fat to give it a good squeeze. “Let’s keep up your treatment shall we? We have to keep the Gluttony Devil happy, right?”

“Of course,” Makima replied, vigorously shaking her rows of chins up and down. “My plan with BOOOOOUUUUURRRRP Denji might have failed, but at least the devil was willing to UUUUUUURRRRP alter our deal.”

“It is indeed quite fortunate,” Power replied, clutching a bundle of food beneath her arm while she began to climb up Makima’s body. “Especially since now I have you all to myself.”

Perching herself atop Makima’s sagging chest, Power took a moment to appreciate the body that had been cultivated by their love. Letting her gaze linger on the wiry strands of armpit hair until she heard another rumbling fart come out from her the slobby woman, Power proceeded to shove the food into Makima’s maw. Moving in time with her partner’s constant chewing, the fiend relished in the various sounds the mound of fat and gas made as she ate.

Eagerly accepting everything given to her, Makima was driven by an acquired urge to continue indulging in this extreme hedonism. While official papers stated that this was merely

for the sake of appeasing the Gluttony Devil, the truth was that Makima had become addicted to the lifestyle. Exacerbating this dependence was how much she enjoyed the way Power pampered her each day in an attempt to reciprocate the affection that had fueled Makima's change in the first place. It was this very feeling that made the two of them press their faces together just as the last bit of food was dropped. Locking their lips together just as Makima let out a rumbling belch, the pair of women reveled in the sloppy mannerisms that had overtaken the formerly refined business woman.

Aki stared at the red notebook with a mix of disgust and shock. He had stumbled upon it during his attempts to combat the constant messes Power left in her room. Having found the notebook hidden beneath the fiend's bed, he had assumed it to be filled with crazy ravings about claiming the Nobel piece prize. Instead, what he had found were the fiend's innermost, twisted desires.

It was because of this reason that Aki skimmed through the pages. Each new paragraph describing the tale of his boss's corruption made him wince. Every in-depth description of her disgusting form and onomatopoeia used for the gas expulsions further fueled a desire to burn the notebook. His eyes remain transfixed on the pages up until he reached the end of the story and noticed a very angry Power standing behind him.

"Give that back to me!" Power shouted, trying and failing to take the notebook out of Aki's hand.

"Power, what is this?" Aki asked, keeping the book just out of her reach.

“That is unfit for mortal eyes,” Power replied. “You should return it to me before your mind is overwhelmed by my brilliant writing ability.”

“I think that’s hardly the case,” Aki remarked. “This story doesn’t make any sense. The Gluttony Devil is nothing like this. Even worse, it completely ignores the fact that Ms. Makima-“

“I don’t care!” Power shouted, finally managing to reclaim her property and make a break for the hallway. “Do humans not know the concept of privacy? Allow me to have my delusions of grandeur.”

Watching Power run off with the book in tow, Aki was left to ponder over what he had just discovered about his partner. Getting back to work cleaning up the room, he decided to push aside the question of whether or not to inform Makima how one of her subordinates felt about her. That would wait until he had some time to get over the impact of the strange tale Power had titled, “Makima’s Slob Pact.”