

## Slob University's Hero Program

Through a long and strenuous academic career at U. A. High school, Momo Yayorozu came out with high marks and a world of possibilities as a rising heroine. Multiple hero agencies and universities were sending her countless invitations and scholarships for her to join them on her road to a bright future. While she wasn't lacking when it came to choice, it was under the advisement of her teachers she should attend a school that stood out among the rest. It was an odd choice to say the least, the biggest reason being she was going to be the first person to participate in their hero program.

The day of her orientation had Momo sitting inside the dean's office for an in-person meeting. While she waited for the dean to arrive, she made sure her spiky black hair was neatly tied into a ponytail. She struggled to accommodate the school uniform to her body, the wide pleated skirt barely hanging off of her skinny waist and the bulky green sweater swallowing up her torso. Unsure of what exactly the school had in mind for her, she tried to make herself presentable for both her family's name and as her position as one of the top U.A. students. That became harder than planned as a series of approaching heavy footsteps shook her about in her seat.

Heaving open the door, the dean made her presence known with a deep belch. Turning in her chair, Momo could hardly believe what she was seeing as the woman wedged her massive form through the doorway. Squeezing her hips through with mere inches to spare, the woman was sharply dressed in a tight, grey sports coat wrapped around her 600-pound body and a mini-skirt that purposefully showed off the bare bottom of her chunky butt cheeks. Sitting down on the reinforced, metal chair behind the desk, the woman adjusted her glasses and stared down at Momo.

“Momo BWOOOORRRRP Yaoyorozu?” the woman belched.

Trying her best to ignore the rude expulsion, Momo showed off a friendly smile. “Yes that’s me. You must be Francesca Wurdstrum. I want to thank you for accepting me to your prodigious-“

Momo was shut out by a loud fart blasting out from the obese woman’s rear. “That is correct. For the sake of brevity, you may call me Ms. Wurdstrum. Do you UUURRP understand?”

“Um, yes Ms. Wurdstrum. Are you feeling okay?”

Ms. Wurdstrum glanced over the edge of her glasses. Leaning her belly against the desk, she let rip another ghastly fart. “Why would you ask that?”

Momo’s attempt to reply was hindered by the rising fog of toxic air that poured out of Ms. Wurdstrum’s rear. Powering through it, she put her arm sleeve up to her face to muffle the smell. “You seem to be having problems with her digestion and \*cough\* mobility.”

Ms. Wurdstrum let out a disapproving huff. “I would hope that someone of your caliber would have been able to see what the peak of our university’s studies looks like. Alas, I fear you’ve fallen for the same ignorance as most of the populace. Do not worry, part of your curriculum at Slob University will include informing you on the proper way a woman should look and behave.”

Momo raised her hand and waited for the dean to acknowledge her. “How is this supposed to make me a better hero?”

“Very simply. My intention is to use our academic program to enhance your abilities. I’ve read the reports about your quirk, but I believe a demonstration is in order. Would you kindly show me your power?”

“Of course,” Momo replied, lifting up the hem of her sweater. Placing her hand against her stomach, she activated her quirk and pulled out an antique glass bowl. Putting it on the desk, she watched as Ms. Wurdstrum lifted it up to her eye.

“How are you able to do this?” she asked, getting a close work of the fine craftsmanship of the bowl.

“To put it simply, my quirk allows me to change the adipose cells in my body into different materials and create objects at will.”

Upon hearing this, Ms. Wurdstrum put down the bowl and glanced over Momo’s body again. “Are you saying you can turn your body fat into anything?”

“Kind of. I need to know the exact properties and materials of the object and if I make too much at once I could be left anemic.”

“If that’s the case, why are you as scrawny as a twig?”

Momo was left speechless, both in response to the rude remark and failing to come up with a suitable answer. Taking her silence as all the information she needed, Ms. Wurdstrum reached below her desk and opened a mini-fridge to pull out a bottle of soda twice the size of Momo’s head. Still reeling at the bottle’s size, Momo was caught off guard as Ms. Wurdstrum slammed a bucket-sized, plastic container of chili alongside it.

“What is this for?” Momo asked, gazing upon the impromptu lunch.

“I want you to eat all of this as fast as you can,” Ms. Wurdstrum replied, pushing the drink and food towards Momo.

“Why? Does this have something to do with my-“

Ms. Wurdstrum shut her down with a bassy belch. “No questions, just action. Start eating and don’t stop until it’s all gone.”

“What about utensils?”

With an aggravated sigh, Ms. Wurdstrum reached out and grabbed Momo’s wrists. “Your hands may be small, but I have to assume they can at least feed you. Now get to work.”

Spurred by Ms. Wurdstrum’s harsh words and her own need to make a good impression at her new school, Momo delved into her feast. Grabbing a handful of chili, she attempted to scoop it into her mouth as carefully as possible. Her efforts were for naught as stray drops of meat and beans spilled onto her sweater as she tried to eat fast enough to satisfy the dean. To help wash it down, she put the bottle to her lips and tilted her head back. Dissatisfied with her progress, Ms. Wurdstrum pushed the bottle up to nearly drown Momo with a torrent of soda. Forced to drink the sugary beverage, Momo chugged away in an attempt to appease the Ms. Wurdstrum.

Over the course of an hour, Momo trudged through the gauntlet of a meal. Chili had been spread across her mouth and besmirched her once pristine sweater. Even after Ms. Wurdstrum’s practically force fed her, Momo still left behind a sizable amount of chili in the bowl. In a last ditch effort to leave a favorable impression on the dean, Momo lifted the bottle up to her mouth only to recoil at the mere thought of fitting anymore into her overstuffed potbelly.

“I suppose that will have to suffice,” Ms. Wurdstrum said, taking away the half-empty bottle. “Let me see what you can do now.”

“I don’t feel so good,” Momo replied, rubbing her overburdened stomach. “It might not be a good idea to try and activate my quirk like this.”

“Not that. I want you to use the small amount of food you consumed to show me what your body can do so I can properly place you for your classes.”

“I’m not sure I BWOORRP,” Momo belched, a bright shade of red appearing on her face. “Excuse me.”

“Pathetic,” Ms. Wurdstrum said, grasping the bottle in her hands. Chugging the rest of the soda in record time, she beat against her chest to produce a loud burp that dwarfed Momo’s own. “That is what UUUUUUUUUURRRRP Slob University considers the baseline. Now what about your other end?”

Momo figured out what Ms. Wurdstrum meant by the building pressure in her gut. Fighting against everything her parents had taught her about manners, she clenched her fingers and let the gas come squeaking out. Recoiling at both the smell and high-pitched noise that escaped her rear, she almost didn’t see the disappointed look on Ms. Wurdstrum’s face.

“We definitely have a lot of work to do,” Ms. Wurdstrum commented as she ate the rest of the chili in a few bites. Turning her rear towards Momo, she let loose a maelstrom of flatulence that both gave Momo an idea of what to expect for her lessons and properly initiated her into the Slob University student body.

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To say Momo was struggling to adapt to her new academic life was an understatement. One month into Slob University’s hero program had left her with mediocre test scores for an immense cost. In-between classes and her numerous meals spread throughout the day, Momo couldn’t help feeling disappointed in herself as she looked upon her fellow students. Not a single one of them was under 300 pounds, making her significant weight gain look small in comparison.

Pulling a hand mirror from her bag, she took a moment take note of the grease clinging to her chubby cheeks and two chins. Raising her hand to her hair, she could definitely feel the

results of her degrading hygiene, but was still in awe of the greasy sheen clinging to the hairs of a group of passing women. Adjusting the strap of her bag around her chubby arm, Momo had to face the fact that her body wasn't up to the university's standards.

She was still in the same uniform from her first day there, forbidden to wash either her outfits or herself during the entire semester, save for quick sprinkles of water. Despite a massive daily intake of food, her belly had only recently begun to peek out from underneath the hem of her sweater. Moving away from her lackluster belly rolls, she surveyed the numerous food stains that were adorning her engorged breasts. Groping her bosom, she lamented both her lack of growth and her pitiful appetite during her numerous eating sessions.

Bringing her hand over to her rear, she pulled out the part of her skirt that had gotten itself wedged in-between her butt cheeks. Freeing the fabric from her crack, she heard a rumbling noise from her intestines that she had become all too familiar with. Widening her stance, she tried to push out the fart as long as possible. The smell and sound were still far below a passing grade, making her wonder what was even the point of continuing to attend the university.

Self-loathing pushed aside by her need to be punctual, she started running after the herd of her fellow students to meet at the dining hall. Lining up with the rest of the people in her second lunch period of the day, she was subjected to the overwhelming aroma of their collective body odor. Hoping that her own pitiful musk would blend in, she made her way to the entrance and presented her ID.

“Momo BWOOOOOOORRRRP Yaoyorozu?” the obese man at the front asked.

“Yes, UURRP sir,” she replied, straining to give the proper SU greeting with what little gas remained in her stomach.

“Table 20 in the back. You have a special lesson today.”

Nodding her head, Momo shuffled her way past the other slobs to get to her position. Squeezing between the tight space of a woman’s gassy derriere and a man’s impressive set of moobs, she found her spot in a secluded corner of the mess hall. Taking her seat at the table, she only had to wait a few minutes before the staff dropped a platter in front of her. Mentally preparing herself for the force feeding needed to get a passing grade, she glanced across her meal.

Her eyes went wide at the sight of a plate loaded up with collection of kebabs containing a variety of fatty meats, seafood, and vegetables covered in a thick layer of grease. The depressive slump that had been plaguing her all day was defeated by the irresistible aroma that overwhelmed her nose. It was the perfect meal to bring up the ravenous hunger she had been trying so hard to cultivate.

Without a second thought she grabbed her first kebab and stripped it of its contents in no time flat. The next three servings of kebabs went down just as easy as the first, her eating only pausing to let out an echoing belch that earned her the attention of several students. Ignoring the growing crowd of onlookers, Momo focused on eating up every last morsel of her meal, never once growing tired of the flavor.

Left with dozens of bare skewers, she ran her fingers along her overstuffed stomach. She picked out misplaced bits of food from her sweater in an attempt to re-taste her wonderful meal. Her search was put on hold as her body was overtaken by a series of tremors. Spreading out along her seat, she let loose a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP that filled her with relief and bombarded the area with a fart cloud that put her peers to shame.

“Most excellent Ms. Yaoyorozu,” one of the wait staff said, rapidly writing down Momo’s progress on a clipboard.

“Thank BWOOOOOOOOOOOORRRP you,” Momo belched. “Can I have some more?”

“Of course, but it’ll take a minute. We just ran out of skewers.”

“Not a problem.” Reaching beneath the table, Momo lifted up her sweater to let her stomach bulge out between her legs. Placing her hand against her belly button, she activated her quirk and effortlessly pulled out a dozen skewers. “Will these work?” she asked, piling them up on the table.

“Indeed they will,” the worker replied, gathering up the new skewers. “Do you have any requests?”

“Just UUURRP make sure you load them up with as much meat as possible,” Momo replied, getting comfortable in her seat in preparation of doing some much needed extra credit.

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Needing a break from school after graduating from U.A., Mina Ashido had decided to spend her first few weeks of freedom exploring the country. While she enjoyed herself, it came at the cost of returning home to find herself with very few options when it came to picking a university. Thankfully there was still one hero program willing to accept her, all thanks to the recommendation of one of her former classmates.

Mina sat by herself in one of Slob University’s class rooms, waiting for her personal tutoring session to begin. She was used to standing out around the crowd with her pink skin, fluffy pink hair, and crooked horns. However, not even her black sclera and yellow irises registered much on the radars of the slobs she passed by on campus. Looking down at the baggy,



green sweater and oversized skirt that had been thrust onto her by Ms. Wurdstrum, she wondered how someone as active and skinny as herself would be able to fill it out.

The door to the classroom was shoved open, letting the owner of a series of heavy footsteps squeeze inside. Turning to face her tutor, Mina was left in awe as she recognized Momo's face through layers of pudge on her cheeks and strands of greasy hair that reached down to her third chin. Her once shapely classmate was just a few pounds away from breaking free from her school uniform, even after being upgraded to a XXL size.

The majority of Momo's 400-pound weight was centered on the rounded stomach that sucked up the fabric of her sweater in an effort to show off its deep belly button and various fat rolls. Looking past the multiple fat rolls, Mina brought her head up to take a gander at the misplaced crumbs that had been collected atop Momo's basketball-like breasts. Despite her haggard state, her former classmate was sure to greet her with a warm smile across her pudgy face as she made her way towards the chalkboard at the front of the classroom.

"Momo...what happened to you?" Mina asked, her eyes locked on Momo's wobbling ass cheeks trying to desperately to break free from her skirt.

"Sorry for BWOOOOOORRP being so late," Momo replied, beginning to write the university's basic guidelines on the chalk board. "They gave me some extra dessert during first lunch and I wanted to grab something special for our tutoring session."

"No I mean, how did you get so-"

Mina was shut down by a fart billowing out Momo's skirt and showing a glimpse of her filthy underwear sunk between her butt cheeks. The horrible expulsion echoed across the walls as the foul air was spread through the room. Forcing herself through a coughing fit to rid herself

of the toxic gas, Mina looked back up to see that Momo had finished writing and was standing to the side to recite the school's basic principles.

“Did you UUURRP catch all of that?” Momo asked.

“I...still don't think I understand,” Mina replied, both in terms of the Momo's lesson and her sloppy state.

“Hmm, perhaps a more hands on lesson would be better,” Momo spoke to herself, running her hand along her chins. “Hold on just one moment.”

Reaching into her sweater, Momo pulled her phone out from between her cleavage. Tapping her pudgy finger against the screen with surprising finesse, she put in a delivery order from the dining hall. While they waited for the food to arrive, Momo passed the time going over the school's tips for living as a proper slob. Just as Mina was starting to understand some of the crazy things Momo was saying, there was a knock at the door. Waddling to the back of the class, Momo thanked the wait staff and pushed in a cart with a covered food platter on top.

“Okra is UUURRP one of your favorite foods right?” Momo asked, wheeling the cart over to Mina's desk.

“Yeah, I like them pretty much anyway they're prepared.”

“Well you've never tasted what our school's best chefs can do. Plus, this will be an excellent start to molding your body to meet school regulations.”

Pulling off the cover unleashed a wave of overwhelming fragrances that temporarily pushed away Momo's dreadful body odor. Through a cloud of steam Mina could see a plate stacked high with golden brown pieces of fried okra. Picking up one of the morsels, she watched grease splurge out from the inside to trickle down the stack.

“Jeez, did they put enough grease in these things?” Mina asked, holding the unhealthy vegetable up to her eye.

“I would hope so,” Momo said, helping herself to a piece off the top. “To start things off, I want you to try to finish this entire platter.”

“I can’t do that,” Mina replied, only needing a cursory glance at the intimidating platter.

“It may seem difficult at first,” Momo began, hoisting an enormous bottle of soda onto Mina’s desk, “but it is doable. We’ve been together long enough for me to know you have the spirit for it. I believe in you.”

Motivated by the food’s aroma and Momo’s hopeful look on her face, Mina picked up a piece of fried okra and popped it in her mouth. The taste was equal to its smell, gracing Mina’s tongue with an irresistible flavor. Grabbing a handful of okra, she shoveled enough in her mouth to make Momo hopeful for her academic prospects. Swallowing the mouthful of greasy veggies, Mina opened the soda bottle and chugged it to help wash down her meal.

While she tried to keep up her energetic pace to both savor the greasy meal and impress Momo, Mina started slowly considerably near the end. Left with only a few pieces of okra, she moved at a glacial pace to make up for her overstuffed belly. With Momo nearby to encourage her, Mina forced herself to swallow the last piece. Picking up the bottle with her trembling fingers, Mina put it up to her mouth and let the lingering drops trickle down her throat.

“How did I UUUURRP do?” Mina asked, slamming the bottle down on the desk as she massaged her bloated food baby.

Momo brought her face close to Mina’s and inhaled the remnants of the belch. “Hmm, still pretty weak in terms of smell and volume. Would you mind showing me what you can do with your other end?”

Taking a moment to understand what Momo was suggesting, Mina gave an affirmative nod. Sinking her hand into her overburdened belly, she jostled around her meal to send a gas bubble rolling through her intestines. Building it up by shaking around her body and grabbing the desk for stability, the resulting squeak of a fart couldn't have been more disappointing in terms of both power and fragrance.

“It looks like we still have a lot of work to do,” Momo commented, already dialing up the kitchen staff to bring in the next batch of food.

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The end of the semester brought with it the dreaded final exams. While most students were sent through the typical tests to measure their slobbed up manners, overall weight gain, and gas output, there was a special gathering in one of the auditoriums to test the university's hero course. In addition to the usual faculty, two U.A. teachers had come by to see how their former students were progressing. Of the two, Thirteen was the only one uninhibited by the unique nature of Slob University's faculty, all thanks to the bulky space suit adorning her. The same could not be said for Nezu, several masks tightly wound around his snout the only thing keeping the animal principal from passing out from the smell. Sitting a safe distance away from the rest of the faculty, Nezu and Thirteen awaited the arrival of their former students.

“Momo BWOOOOOOOORRRP Yaoyorozu,” Ms. Wurdstrum belched out.

Upon hearing her name, Momo pushed open the door and shoved her wide hips through. Nezu and Thirteen were surprised to see Momo back in her old hero uniform, albeit modified to be more accommodating of her changed body. Waddling in at a snail's pace, Momo punctuated each step with a fart cloud sputtering out from the fabric wedged between her elephantine butt cheeks. The revealing, red leotard was practically painted onto her, the deep v-neck down the

center providing breathing room for her fatty breasts. Her normally pristine hair was laid across her shoulders in long, greasy locks that brushed against her expanse of back flab. Pushing a few errant strands from her face, Momo turned towards her former teachers with a smile stretched across her pudgy face. As she got closer, Nezu and Thirteen kept their eyes glued to her flabby gut, an enormous bean bag chair of flesh left exposed by her outfit. Too busy trying to see how deep her pit of a belly button went, they completely missed what she was trying to say.

“Hello?” Momo asked, leaning over the two of them and inadvertently clouding them with her rancid breath. “Are you two feeling alright?”

“You will have a chance to catch up with your former teachers later,” Ms. Wurdstrum reprimanded. “Please stand to the side while we call in your classmate.”

“Yes UUUURRP mam,” Momo replied, hauling her obese form to the opposite side of the room.

“Mina Ashido!” Ms. Wurdstrum called out, punctuating with a thunderous fart.

Once again the door to the room opened to allow the slobbified heroine to make her appearance. Despite weighing just as much, if not more than Momo, Mina came stampeding through the door. Coming to abrupt stop, Mina’s blubber lurched forwards and threatened to break apart her overburdened, purple and turquoise body suit. Out of breath from the sprint, she helped herself to the leftover crumbs clinging to her watermelon-sized breasts. Wiping sweat off of her forehead and multiple chins, she rested her meaty hand against the apex of her prominent belly. Just as she was about to run over to her former teachers, a swift shake of the head from Momo was enough to dissuade her. Content just to wave at Nezu and Thirteen and show off the bristly, pink hair adorning her armpits, Mina waddled over to join her fellow classmate.

“The testing shall now begin,” Ms. Wurdstrum said, standing up with clipboard in hand.

“You two did eat your designated meals before the exam, correct?”

“Yes BWOOOOORRP Ms. Wurdstrum,” they belched in unison.

Accepting the recently delivered dining hall files, Ms. Wurdstrum looked over their food intake for the day and nodded her head. “Very good, you should have plenty of fuel for the first part of the test. Ladies, please show me your best.”

Stomping to the center of the auditorium, the two heroines grabbed hold of their bellies. They proceeded to poke and grope at their various folds of flab in an effort to further their digestions. Moments later, the room was filled with ominous rumbling noises emanating from the slobby pair.

Momo was the first to step up, cradling her gut as if it were filled with quintuplets. Sinking her fingers into her doughy gut, she opened her mouth wide to unleash upon the audience a loud burp that shook the room with its sheer force. Just as the last of the belch petered out, Mina walked up next to Momo and turned to present her wobbling rear to the crowd. Widening her stance, Mina complimented the stale air of Momo’s burp with a prolonged fart that matched it in both volume and stench.

While the rest of the faculty were pleased with the continued gassy outbursts of the two, Nezu and Thirteen couldn’t hide their concern. Mina and Momo farted and burped without a hint of hesitation, Slob University’s lessons having trained them to treat their gassy expulsions as something natural as breathing. It was only after the room was completely filled with a miasma of burps and flatulence did Ms. Wurdstrum snap her fingers to bring the slobby pair to a stop.

“You two have shown excellent progress,” she said, marking them down on her clipboard. “However, I’m sure our guests are more interested in what those wonderful bodies have done for your quirks. Ms. Yaoyorzu, would you please demonstrate?”

“BWOOOORRP yes, Ms. Wurdstrum,” she replied, letting one last puff of air escape her rear before she stepped forward.

Pressing both of her hands against her belly, Momo activated her quirk. Through the sheen of grease on her skin, a bright glow spread out from the center. Grasping at the edge of a large object, Momo began to pull it out of her body. The teachers were left in awe as inch after inch of marble was extracted from her without even a hint of slowing down. Stopping at no less than 10 feet, Momo used the muscles hidden beneath her fat to push the marble statues into an upright position. Careful to rest her body against her creation without tipping it over, she took a moment to catch her breath and allow the teachers to see the finely crafted, Greek sculpture that would have looked right at home in a museum.

“Excellent, most excellent,” Ms. Wurdstrum commented in agreement with the rest of the panel.

“My turn, my turn!” Mina announced, her excited jumping sending her belly rolls into a shaking fit and pushing out unruly fart bubbles.

“Very well, you may proceed,” Ms. Wurdstrum replied, having grown accustomed to the pink girl’s excitable nature.

Running up to the recently made statue, Mina slid her hands along her bushy armpits. Holding her slicked up hands aloft, the judges watched as the droplets burned the part of the floor where they landed. Bringing her hands up to her face, Mina took a deep breath and let out a powerful belch that sent her acid sweat flying towards the statue. In mere seconds the marble

started to dissolve, the craftsmanship Momo had put into it destroyed so easily. Left with only a puddle of leftover acid, Mina turned and bowed towards the judges.

Impressed with the girls' efforts, the teachers from both the university and U.A. stood up to give the girls a round of applause. Finishing writing down near perfect marks on both of their tests, Ms. Wurdstrum extricated herself from her seat and joined them on the floor. Gesturing them to come close, she pulled them into an appreciative hug.

"I am so proud of you two," she said, further impressed by the odor emanating from their bodies.

"I couldn't have BWOOOORRRP done it without my excellent tutor," Mina said, adding her own flabby embrace to the huddle.

Letting her pillowy arms encompass what she could of Mina and Ms. Wurdstrum, Momo pushed out one more fart to cloud them in its noxious fragrance. "And I couldn't have done it without you Ms. Wurdstrum."

Releasing the two girls from her grasp, Ms. Wurdstrum took a step back to bask in the sight and smell of what her school had done to them. "Thank you, but we're not done yet. You two are just the first successes of our university's hero program." Turning her head, she glanced over to see the U. A. teachers rapidly sifting through contacts of other former students. "By the looks of it, you surely won't be the last either."