

Hiyoko's Ultimate Meal (Weight Gain, Inflation, Vore, Danganronpa)

The mobility scooter's motors whined as Hiyoko squeezed the accelerator. "Come on," she cried, voice huskier than ever. "Come on!"

She clutched the accelerator again. The motors gave another furious scream, and at last she jerked forward, her engorged body's blabber jiggling with the sudden motion. "Ahah!" she cried. "Finally!"

Half a meter or more forward, the scooter jerked to a sudden stop. Brow dripping with sweat, Hiyoko released a deep sigh and, with great effort, threw up her hands. "Urgh! Mikan! Mikan, where are you?" Just where was that stupid nurse when you needed her? "Mikan!"

After several seconds, Hiyoko heard the sound of running feet.

"Coming! Coming! I'm here, Hiyoko!" With a crash, Mikan burst through the door of the room, sweat dripping from her brow. "Wh-what did you want from me?"

Hiyoko shifted on her scooter, making it creak with her weight. Her folds smacked against each other with a resounding plapping sound. "What took you so long?"

Mikan swallowed. "I'm really, sorry!" she said, holding up her clipboard to shield her face. "One of my other patients coded, and I had to make sure they were okay before—"

"Not good enough!" snapped Hiyoko. With a snarl, she revved her scooter again, making it jump another foot or so forward.

Mikan squealed. "I'm sorry!"

With a huff, Hiyoko folded her arms. "Now that you're here, you better hurry and help me! My scooter is working properly, so you'll need to carry me to the dinner hall yourself."

"C-carry you to the dinner hall myself?" Eyes widening, Mikan looked up and gaped at the sight of Hiyoko's tremendous bulk looming over her, a fleshy boulder that could roll forward and crush her at any second. "B-but, but I-I can't do that!"

Hiyoko rolled her eyes. "That's it!" she cried. "I've had enough from you, you stupid, disobedient nurse!" Snarling, she squeezed the accelerator as hard as physically possible. With a scream, her scooter shot forward, slamming straight into Mikan and pinning her against the wall.

"Hiyoko!" eyes wide, Mikan struggled to escape.

Grinning, Hiyoko leaned forward. "I hate the way you march around like you're so much better than me. Just because you're a little skinnier than I am! Hah! Why don't we see how much better *you* look once you're a little bigger?"

“A little bigger?” Mikan trembled. “Wh-what do you—?”

Without waiting for her to finish, Hiyoko leaned forward, grabbed Mikan by the collar of her blouse, and wrenched her forward so they were face to face. Taking a deep breath, she thrust her self forward and planted her lips on Mikan’s own. The nurse squealed and struggled to pull away, but Hiyoko kept her pinned quite firmly in place.

Drawing in another deep breath through her nose, Hiyoko released every liter of air she’d inhaled, pouring it straight through Mikan’s lips and down her obnoxious throat. Mikan whined, squirming a little harder, as her cheeks bulged and her belly started to inflate.

Chuckling at her handiwork, Hiyoko giggled and sucked in another breath, which she released with exactly as much force as the first one. Mikan’s cheeks bloated, her stomach swelling like she was several months pregnant, and her stupid, ugly boobs soon started to fatten as well.

Another breath, another series of bloating. Mikan squealed as her shirt strained to hold in her swelling breasts, the fabric audibly struggling to contain them. Down below, her stomach had popped out of her blouse, blown to the size of a beachball and growing larger with every second. Beneath it in turn, her fattened thighs protruded from her skirt, tearing apart the bandages around them as they grew.

Eyes wild with delight, Hiyoko drew in another deep breath and breathed out again, again, *again*, punctuating each exhalation with a wild laugh of delight. Mikan trembled, screwing up her eyes and moaning a little louder each time. Like a blimp, she inflated, her pudgy belly squeezing its way around Hiyoko’s scooters in its urge to grow larger. Her skin squeaked, straining to keep all the new air inside her.

Like a quartet of sausages, her limbs exploded in size too, swelling till they were so thick you couldn’t have wrapped your hands around them. Her leg bandages fell to the floor, discarded, while her arms flapped feebly at Hiyoko, trying to get her to stop. The former dancer simply snorted and breathed out that much harder.

Finally, Hiyoko ran out of energy. Pulling back, she breathed hard, struggling to regain her breath, and looked up at the results of her handiwork:

Between her scooter and the wall, Hiyoko hung like a loose parade blimp, pinned tight. Her stomach was as large as a small car, and her limbs were a quarter of little planets hovering around it. Her head and her hands and feet could barely be seen, swallowed by the rest of her engorged bulk.

Catching her breath, Hiyoko chuckled. “There, now I’m the skinniest of us for a change.” Mikan groaned.

As Hiyoko laughed in amusement, her stomach rumbled. Urgh, she’d put off eating for too long. ...But how was she meant to get to the dining hall now, with Mikan all blown up and immobile like her?

No sooner had she started thinking than a solution occurred to her. "Ah! That's perfect..."

Grinning, she licked her lips and leaned in close. "Sorry, Mikan, but it looks like I'll be having dinner in my room today."

With a wild laugh, she grabbed the nurse by the collar, opened wide, and started to stuff her inside her like the world's fattest sausage. Mikan squirmed and screamed as she disappeared down Hiyoko's gullet, but her giant, inflated body didn't have the strength to resist.

Screwing up her eyes, Hiyoko moaned with a wild hunger as she dug her hands into Mikan's ass and stuffed her even deeper inside her. It felt like munching on the world's fluffiest bun, and no matter how much of her she swallowed, she couldn't get enough of her.

In the end, there was only so much of Mikan to eat, alas. Pushing the nurse's plumped-up toes through her lips with a squeak, Hiyoko sat back and patted her giant belly, sighing in satisfaction.

"Ah~," she said, stifling a belch. "Not bad. Little too much air, but not bad."