

Ryuko's Gluttonous Gains

On an average day, the atmosphere of Honnoji Academy would be one filled with fear of falling under the ire of the student council. However, the student body was given a chance to relax for the sake of properly celebrating the school festival. The grounds of the academy brimmed with activity as the students walked amongst the various attractions. Each club had set up their own booth to advertise and provide entertainment, most of which featured a variety of different cuisine. While the rest of the students were eager to take in the festivities, one of them had come to the festival ready to fight.

Ryuko Matoi swept back her black and red hair to keep her piercing blue eyes peeled for any sign of trouble. She stood out from the crowd with her black and red sailor uniform, Senketsu. While the kamui looked out of place, especially with the gap between her top and skirt, it worked alongside the scissor blade hidden in her pocket to ensure that she would be ready for any trouble that came her way. At least in theory.

“Ryuuuuuko-chan!”

The loud call gave Ryuko just enough time to catch Mako as she flung herself at her. Flipping the energetic young woman between her gloved hands, Ryuko placed her back on the ground without a single scuff mark on her friend's blue and white uniform. Beaming with a smile as she fixed up her bowl cut, light brown hair, Mako eagerly latched onto Ryuko.

“Aren't you excited?” Mako asked, the sheer power of her eagerness causing Ryuko's body to vibrate alongside her. “We finally get a chance to relax and be normal students.”

“Doubt it,” Ryuko scoffed, managing to free herself from Mako's grasp. “I bet you anything this is just a set up by one of Satsuki's cronies.”

“But, but, there’s so much food and fun things to do,” Mako pleaded, her eyes going wide as she stared up at Ryuko.

“Sorry,” Ryuko said, turning her back to both the festivities, “but I’d rather be at home training to prepare for whatever crazy club members Satsuki throws at me next.”

As Ryuko began to walk off, Mako panicked as her mind raced to figure out how to get her friend to relax a little. Frantically looking about, Mako’s nose picked up the irresistible aroma coming from the various food booths. The combination of her desperation and growling tummy gave her an idea, albeit a very shaky one. Under the influence of her unyielding spirit, Mako sprinted forward and stopped Ryuko dead in her tracks.

Ryuko let out a sigh. “Mako, I told you I’m not going to fall for Satsuki’s tricks.”

Mako stepped forward and placed her hands on Ryuko’s shoulders. “I know you want to get stronger, but you can’t do that without a proper meal. While my mom is the best cook in the entire universe, you know how limited our food budget is. Students of the Academy get to eat for free so this is the perfect chance for you to bulk up so you can become big and strong.”

“Mako I…”

Ryuko trailed off, unable to deny her rumbling stomach and the look in Mako’s eyes. With a shrug, she turned back to face the festival. “Alright, but we’ll only be here for a bite or two. Got it?”

“You got it!” Mako proclaimed, grasping Ryuko’s hand to drag her off to the center of the festival.

Though they passed many booths offering a bevy of food, Ryuko turned them all down. While part of it was her own wariness for traps, a good portion came from her kamui. Senketsu was quick to bring up that a majority of the food being offered lacked much in the way of

nutrition. Getting a little too in-depth with Ryuko's recent weight gain was more than enough for the living clothing to dissuade her from pigging out on any of the dishes.

Ryuko and Mako's culinary tour came to a halt as they arrived at an unassuming booth in a remote corner of the festival. While it lacked a lot of the glitz and glamor of the other food stands, it more than made up for it with a familiar scent that made the girls' stomachs growl even louder. Wading their way to the back, they looked over the platters of croquettes spread out across the table. So enamored by the mouthwatering aroma of the fried food, they failed to notice the student lurking behind the booth.

"Hello there," the young man said, his grinning face sliding his wide-rimmed glasses up his face. "Find something you like?"

"You bet!" Mako was happy to reply. "Are you some kind of cooking club?"

The student let out a chuckle as he flicked the hem of his sleeveless, white lab coat. "You could say that. I am none other than the incredible, Drew Teld," he proclaimed as his fingers slicked back his short, black hair. "With my knowledge of the culinary arts, I made great strides in my studies back in the USA. When I came over for an exchange program, it was my great intellect that allowed me to easily overtake the cooking club and shape it into the perfect lab to study the gastrointestinal arts."

Drew's bold speech was met with a blank stare from Ryuko before she began walking away.

"Er, please wait," Drew pleaded, losing some of his pride in the process. "No one has come to my booth all day and I need someone to try out my new croquette recipe. I beg you, at least give it a taste."

A growl from Ryuko's stomach was enough to make her turn around towards the groveling student. "Fine. Which one of these is your special recipe?"

Drew regained a hint of his former smile as he reached beneath the table. Rising back up, he placed a silver platter on the table. Upon the plate was a single croquette, its outer layer of skin tainted by hints of black and white. On reaction, Ryuko began to turn away again only for Mako to grab her.

"Mako, there's no way I'm eating that thing," Ryuko said, her resolve only strengthening as she heard an unsettling hiss from the mystery croquette.

"Ryuko-chan, you're being mean to this poor man," Mako said. "You heard what he said, this is a special meal made just for you."

"That's not what he said at all," Ryuko replied. "He was probably just waiting for some poor shmuck to come along to try it out and get food poisoning in the process. Well you better keep looking pal, because I'm not going to--"

Ryuko's words became muffled as Mako shoved the mystery croquette into her mouth. Forced to either swallow or choke on the wad of fried meat, Ryuko let it slide down the back of her throat. While her tongue tingled with a pleasant after taste, it could do little to take away from the betrayal she felt as she stared down Mako.

"What the hell did you do that for?"

"Did it taste good?" Mako asked, her smile unwavering under Ryuko's accusation.

"It doesn't matter what it tastes like. For all we know I could have been drugged or BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRP!"

Mako reeled back from the lingering scent of her friend's gnarly belch. "Woo, that's pretty strong Ryuko-chan. I didn't know you could do that."

“Probably a side effect of the UUURRP corrupted croquette.”

“Oh, it’s nothing. I assure you,” Drew spoke up as he scribbled on a notepad. “In any case, I do appreciate you giving my new recipe a test run. Feel free to help yourself to my other offerings. They might not be as stupendous as my ultimate creation, but you will find them quite appealing nonetheless.”

Ryuko opened up her mouth to refute Drew’s offer, only for another burp to come rolling out. As she waved away the smell of her rancid belch, her nose caught a whiff of the aroma coming off of the croquettes. The rumbling of her stomach came back louder than ever, working alongside a feeling in the back of her head to break off her mental restraints and ignore Senketsu’s pleas.

Diving forward, Ryuko grasped a handful of croquettes and began shoveling them into her mouth. Chewing and swallowing as fast as she could, she set her sights on devouring each and every fried morsel in front of her. Though Mako tried to intervene and grab herself a croquette, she jumped back as Ryuko snatched it up and ate it in a matter of seconds. Watching her friend make a complete glutton of herself filled Mako with joy. While Ryuko’s manners needed some work, Mako was just happy to see her friend enjoying her meal.

Before she realized it, Ryuko had eaten every last croquette at the booth. The punishment for her act of gluttony was apparent by the sight of the taut potbelly sticking out from her mid-section. Wiping her face clean of leftover crumbs, Ryuko poked the unsightly bulge in an attempt to calm her digestion down. The slight prod was all it took to release a noxious cloud of gas from her backside to flutter the hem of her skirt and stink up the area.

“Sorry UUURRP Mako,” Ryuko said as she watched her friend choke on the rancid fart.

“It’s *cough* fine, Ryuko-chan,” Mako said, straining a smile in an attempt to keep her friend in high spirits. “I’m just glad you enjoyed your meal.”

“As am I,” Drew added, continuing to rapidly jot down notes. “However, since you were so eager to eat my entire supplies, I believe some compensation is in order. If you would please follow me to my club’s lab, we can perform a few test to measure the effects of-“

“BWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRPPP!”

Leaving Drew in the wake of her burp, Ryuko took Mako by the hand and began walking. “Come on, let’s keep going. I’m still a little hungry.”

“Are you sure you’re feeling alright?” Mako said, her eyes glancing back and forth between the awestruck Drew and Ryuko’s jiggling belly.

“I’m fine. Or at least I will be once I…”

Ryuko trailed off as her nose picked up something heavenly nearby. Breaking into a mad sprint with Mako in tow, Ryuko made a beeline towards a nearby food stand. Practically slamming her gut into the table, she looked over at the kabobs of fried octopus balls like they were precious jewels. Too busy gazing at the food, she paid little mind to the drool leaking from the side of her mouth and the student manning the booth.

Just like with the croquette stand before, Ryuko went at the balls like a ravenous beast. Each kabob was cleaned off with a single pass by her lips. The tasty morsels added their heavenly aroma to the foul-smelling breath that clung to each of Ryuko’s burps. Despite having gone through so much food, each bite left her hungry and yearning for more.

“Excuse me.”

Still nibbling on a skewer of octopus, Ryuko looked over her shoulder to see a quivering, young, female student.

“I’m sorry, but I’m going to have to ask you to stop. We only brought so much food and we need to make sure there’s enough for everyone to try it.”

Ryuko’s response to the reasonable request was a billowing BRRRAAAAPPPPP erupting from her rear that sent the student running for cover. As the fart petered out, she finally took notice of the extra padding that had been packed onto her backside. Curious, she let her hands slide across her chest and confirmed that her breasts had gone through a similar growth spurt. The knowledge that Senketsu was still keeping her chubby form somewhat modest was enough for Ryuko to justify finishing off the rest of the food in the booth.

“Ryuko-chan,” Mako said, carefully sidestepping her companion’s back end to avoid another puff of flatulence, “I think you need to slow down.”

“Don’t UURRRP worry about it, Mako,” Ryuko said as she sucked her fingers clean of any residual crumbs. “You’re the one who said I needed to relax. Can’t think of a better BWOOOORRRP way than letting myself indulge a bit.”

“I did say that, but I still think you should slow down.”

“I will, I will,” Ryuko waved off, bumping the emptied out food stand with the side of her hips to the tune of a loud PHHHRRTTTTT from her ass. “AFTER I get some of that Yakisoba.”

Not even waiting to hear Mako’s response, Ryuko went running off to the stand across the yard. When she arrived, she wasn’t met by the friendliest of welcoming parties. Having just witnessed Ryuko’s gluttony on full display, a group of muscle-bound students were quick to block her path.

Ryuko merely smirked and reached for her scissor blade. Her fingers managed to get only an inch into her pocket before they were stopped. Try as she might to free the weapon from the

clutches of her tightened skirt, the blade remained firmly stuck against her thighs. As the bouncers grew closer, Ryuko increased her efforts to retrieve the blade before she was overwhelmed. Through her constant shaking and jiggling, she was forced to let out a rippling PPPPBBBBBHHHHTTTTTTTT from her backside.

By the time the rancid fumes permeated through the area, Ryuko found herself standing amidst a collection of knocked out students. Smirking at the devastation caused by her gassy rear, she proudly stepped over their motionless forms to get to the booth. Stomping towards the shivering student manning the booth, Ryuko leaned down to meet him face to face. “Any UUUURRRP objections to me trying your food?”

Smirking at the sight of the student vigorously shaking his head, Ryuko grabbed the first plate of fried noodles and wolfed it all down in one go. Yakisoba was slurped up as if it were pure liquid, the various bits of meat and veggies standing no match against her maw. The need to devour every last plate kept Ryuko from noticing the way Senketsu grew tighter with each swallow of food. Mako however, got a front row seat to watch her friend’s body be further distorted by her unnatural gluttony.

The vast space of bare flesh that was Ryuko’s midsection continued to push further apart her top and skirt. What few noodles managed to slip past Ryuko’s mouth and slide down her chins landed on the pair of melon-sized breasts that were stretching her top to its limits. Picking off the noodles from her bosom left behind a few droplets of sauce to caress her taut gut before they got lost in her belly button. A brush of Ryuko’s plump fingers against the swollen belly brought forth a loud BWOOOOORRRRP from her lips that acted as a warning siren for the rest of the festival goers. Upon finishing her meal by upending a pot of yakisoba, she celebrated with

a loud BRRRAAAPPPPP slapping out of her thick rear that threatened to tear apart the fabric of her skirt.

“Ryuko-chan, you need to stop,” Mako called out, clinging to her friend’s thighs.

“No,” Ryuko said, carelessly tossing the emptied pot into the air. “I need BWOOOOOORRRPPPPP more!”

Effortlessly removing Mako from her sides with a shake of her hips, Ryuko shuffled herself around until her nose picked up the smell of her next target. What she picked up was an otherworldly combination of chicken, fried fish balls, and a variety of vegetables. Stomping her way through the grounds, Ryuko bowled over anyone unfortunate enough to stumble into her path. With everyone else pushed aside by her worsening digestive issues, the fact that there were people waiting for her at the chanko nabe booth was all the more surprising.

Holding the fort at the Sumo Club’s booth was a wall of built men and women that had honed their skills over the course of their lives. The very brew that had attracted Ryuko to the stand had been the fuel to give the defenders bodies made up of muscle and fat that had sculpted them into intimidating figures for anyone that came their way. Their stern expressions and years of training to hone their skills made it all the more disheartening as Ryuko loomed over them with a smile and charged forward.

The sumo wrestlers were tossed out of the way as if their bodies were made out of marshmallow fluff. Every tactic and approach the club members tried was swiftly defeated with the greatest of ease by the blubber encasing Ryuko’s body. A number of wrestlers were defeated by their own hand, a misplaced bump or hit giving them a firsthand experience with Ryuko’s gas. When the dust settled, Ryuko stood amongst a fallen pile of sumo wrestlers on the ground. What few scratches and tears she accrued on her clothing during the scuffle was mostly due to

the way her body fat swayed with each step. With nothing left in her way, Ryuko helped herself to the dozens of pots of chanko nabe to add them to her girth.

Mako didn't have to look far to find Ryuko, her sheer size viewable from halfway across the school grounds. When she got up close, she could barely see the last vestiges of Senketsu sinking into Ryuko's pillowy flesh. Only the faintest hint of fabric could be seen around Ryuko's belly, the straps emphasizing her gut's flab rolls as they sunk deeper into her flab. Her top's fight against her titanic tits was a losing battle, evidenced by how much of the swollen boobs peeked out from beneath the fabric with her plump nipples inching ever closer to freedom. The sheer force of Ryuko's farts had torn asunder the hem of her skirt, leaving it as tatters that rippled against her elephantine rear with each gassy expulsion. Through all of this Ryuko kept on eating, working her three chins in tandem with her chubby cheeks in order to devour as much food as possible.

"It's perfect. Absolutely perfect."

Mako tore her eyes away from the sight of Ryuko's feast to see Drew approaching with notepad in hand.

"Thanks to my absolute brilliance," Drew began, puffing up his chest with pride, "the meddlesome delinquent will soon become an immobile blob that we can easily extract Senketsu from."

"You did this on purpose!?" Mako asked, gesturing towards Ryuko just as the obese glutton let out an echoing belch.

"It may not be the prettiest sight, but the results speak for themselves," Drew said, his eyes drawn to the thin pieces of fabric keeping Senketsu attached to Ryuko's flab. "By the time my serum is done working through her system, her uniform should pop off on its own to leave

her defenseless. In the meantime, she should provide plenty of data for me to use when I present my creation to the student council. Then they'll be sure to add me to their ranks and give me more funding for my experiments. Now all I have to do is wait until she tires herself out and then she will be in my clutches with no hope of ever-“

Drew's optimistic smile shuddered as he was tossed through the air by his own creation. Ignoring the sound of young mad scientist's body slamming into the ground, Ryuko charged forward like a wild stampede. Each time she brought her hulking form to a halt, her pudgy hands worked surprisingly fast to devour the entire collection of foods at whatever booth had gotten her attention. With seemingly no end in sight to her growth or gas, the student body had made the wise decision to evacuate the school grounds to leave nothing in her way. Only one brave soul remained to try and tame her.

“Ryuko-chan, you have to stop!” Mako shouted, lunging towards Ryuko with a bit of cloth tied around her face. “If you keep this up, you'll get detention or worse.”

“Don't BWOOOOOORRRRP care,” Ryuko lazily replied as she scarfed down an armful of melon bread. “Me want eat UUUUUURRRP more!”

Shaking around her hips, Ryuko managed to get Mako off with a pungent blast of flatulence. Leaving her friend to roll around in her noxious fumes, Ryuko tilted up her thick neck to survey the area for her next dish. Catching the hint of something sweet, she swiveled about her five chins towards the source. Shaking about her hundreds of pounds of fat, she began to slowly waddle forward. The snail-like pace was her chance to let her stomach gain a semblance of calmness and allow her to enjoy the sheer bulk of her fattened form.

Ryuko's leisurely walk was punctuated with the loud slap of her enormous breasts jiggling against her wrecking ball-sized belly. The constant motion kept gas bubbles rolling up

her mouth and erupting from her backside. Each PHHHRRRTTT and BRRAAPPP that reverberated out of her meaty rear ensured that her pungent odor clung to every inch of her skin. She freely inhaled her fumes, her altered body finding sick pleasure in how absolutely horrid her gas was. Purposefully slapping her over 1000 pound gut to unleash another torrent of belches and farts inadvertently sent out the last ripples needed to send Senketsu flying through the air.

While Senketsu was relieved to finally be free, it wasn't without scars. His body was still stretched out from his time on the supersized Ryuko, making him resemble an oversized blanket that had been the plaything for a group of tigers. Glancing back at his host and seeing her breasts freely sway against her belly, Senketsu didn't know if either she or himself were in worse condition.

"I gotcha!" Mako exclaimed as she clutched Senketsu in her arms. "Don't worry. We'll get her back. Somehow."

Mako's declaration seemed even weaker as Ryuko helped herself to the collection of desserts waiting for her. Stuffing her face with chocolate covered bananas, taikyaki, and small cakes brought her ever closer to her limit. Sliding a pile of sweet potato fries down her gullet to finish off her binge session, it took her a moment to realize that someone was quickly approaching her.

"RYUKO MATOI!" boomed Gamagori, his imposing demeanor partially offset by the sight of the teddy bears adorning his sunset yellow kimono. "YOU HAVE DISGRACED HONOJI ACADEMY WITH YOUR ACTIONS. AS LEADER OF THE DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE IT FALLS TO ME TO STOP YOU FROM DOING ANY FURTHER MISDEEDS!"

“Is that really wise?” Sanegayama asked, his body adorned in a bright green kimono matching his blindfold. “You’re not even wearing your goku uniform.”

“I DO NO NEED THAT TO TAKE CARE OF THIS MISBEHAVING STUDENT!” he shouted back, charging forward to meet Ryuko head on.

The two titans of muscle and meat slammed into one another with a shock wave that was felt across the school grounds. While Ryuko’s girth and height made her a size class above Gamagoori, his unwavering spirit was more than enough to meet her. Gritting his teeth, he fought through Ryuko’s foul stench to slowly push her back. Awestruck by the clash of giants, Mako shuddered as she heard the familiar clack of a pair of high heels.

“What kind of chaos has taken over my academy?” Satsuki asked, her long black hair and imposing figure standing out even more with her blue and white kimono.

In response, Drew’s limp body was tossed in front of her, his body tied up by violin strings.

“Here’s your culprit,” Nonon announced, her smug smile faltering as she raised up the hem of her pink kimono to cover her face from Ryuko’s stench. “He’s the one who turned her into that gassy blob.”

“I-it was all for you, Lady Satsuki,” Drew pleaded. “My plan didn’t go exactly as I thought, but by the end of the day Ryuko will be defeated.”

Drew’s smile faltered as Satsuki brought her foot down dangerously close to his head. “I asked the student body to take care of her, but I did not authorize the use of such unsavory methods,” she spoke, her eyes staring daggers at the quivering man. “The damage you have caused both physically and mentally to the student body far outweighs anything Ryuko Matoi has done before.”

“Debatable,” Nonon commented.

“Do you have a sample of the serum?” Satsuki asked, coercing Drew to pull out a small vial of black and white liquid. Snatching up the vial she handed it off to Inumuta. “How long will it take to create an antidote?”

Inumuta ran the serum through his scanners and pulled down the collar of his sky blue kimono. “It shouldn’t take me more than a few days. Although we may need to do something more immediate with Ryuko.”

Turning away from Inumuta, Satsuki directed her attention towards the aftermath of the battle. Ryuko had been knocked out, but more so from the lethargy of her enormous feast. Resting against the side of Ryuko’s belly, Gamagoori forced himself to stand and bow towards Satsuki.

“You,” Satsuki said, pointing towards Mako. “Ryuko Matoi has been living at your house, correct?”

“Y-yes,” Mako replied.

Satsuki snapped her fingers, ordering Gamagoori to lift up the slumbering mass of flesh. “Do you have any objections to having her remain at your abode while we find a way to cure her?”

“N-no,” Mako replied once more, her eyes momentarily glancing back and forth between Satsuki and the sight of Gamagoori hauling Ryuko across the school grounds.

“Very well,” Satsuki said as she took her leave. “I will contact you when I have an antidote prepared. Until then, I will leave it to you to keep her well behaved. Am I understood?”

“Yes man!” Mako replied, giving Satsuki a salute before rushing off after her incapacitated friend.

“Dinner’s ready, Ryuko-chan!” Mako announced as she wheeled a cart loaded with croquettes out to the backyard.

Ryuko was found in the same place she always was, with her massive body resting upon a pair of mattresses underneath the cover of a tent. Giving Mako a weak wave hello, she allowed her to climb up her many fat rolls to begin feeding her. Slowly taking in each bite to avoid inciting her heightened appetite, Ryuko waited until Mako had given her the entire platter before speaking.

“Has there been any word from UUURRP Satsuki?” she asked, waving away the foul belch as best as her pudgy limbs would allow.

“Same as before,” Mako replied, having gained a resistance to the stench over the past month. “While they made some stuff to numb your more erratic tendencies, they’re still working on something to take care of your weight and tummy troubles.”

Ryuko voiced her displeasure with an abrupt PPPHHHHHRRRRRTTT from her ass. “At least the academy’s paying the food bills while we wait.”

Unprovoked, Mako lunged forward to hug Ryuko’s face. “I’m so sorry. It’s all my fault that this happened.”

“Don’t beat yourself BWOOOORRRP up about it,” Ryuko replied. “Besides it’s not all bad.” Looking away from Mako, she glanced over at a recently repaired Senketsu hanging up in her tent. “At the very least, this’ll give me plenty of time to relax.”