

## Creation of the Slobby Shinobi

Ever since Sakura had returned from her mission, the gossip around Konoha village had been deafening. While Sakura herself paid little mind to what people said about her altered appearance, some of her fellow ninjas were less forgiving. As time grew on, two close friends of hers decided that rather than wait for things to get worse they would confront her about what exactly had caused her drastic lifestyle change.

Taking the lead towards Sakura's office was her longtime rival, Ino. She had come to the office with her blonde hair tied up in a neat ponytail that reached down to her purple skirt. Her purple crop top and exposed midriff made her give off the air of relaxation to help put Sakura at ease. However, a number of kunai hidden on her person were insurance in-case things got out of hand.

Coming up behind Ino was Hinata, her lavender eyes focused on the door to Sakura's office. Like Ino, she had come wearing a set of comfortable clothes in the form of a blouse that matched the color of her eyes, with a set of weapons hidden beneath the black sash around her waist. The dark blue strands of her hair barely shifted with each of her steps, her attention set on thinking of how best to broach the topic of Sakura's condition.

Approaching the door, Ino and Hinata steeled themselves for the trial ahead. Not helping their nerves was a rank odor that seeped through the cracks. Having faced much scarier foes in the past, the two women nodded towards one another and knocked.

“Come BWOOOORRRP in.”

Heeding Sakura's call, Ino opened up the door and was assaulted with a face full of the noxious odor. She and Hinata at first thought the smell came from the numerous food containers littered between various medical scrolls around the room. A cursory glance revealed that each

box had already been completely cleaned out of their contents. They were quite aware that the true source of the awful stench came from the enormous woman sitting behind the desk in the center of the room.

Despite being hundreds of pounds larger than her old self, Sakura was still dressed in her typical outfit of a red qipao and black pants. Her clothes had been altered to fit her new size, but there were still many places where the fabric seemed to be losing the battle against her flab. The most evident sign of her changes was found in her doughy gut, the sphere of flab peeking out from beneath the hem of her qipao to show off a fraction of her 600 pounds of weight. The top portion of the red fabric was sullied from a combination of food stains and various rips caused by her heaving bosom. Though her pants did an admirable job of keeping her thick thighs covered up, they were just tight enough to show off every dimple of her meaty rear as it balanced upon two chairs.

“Hey BWOOOOOORRRRPPP there,” Sakura belched, waving about her pudgy hand as her three chins rippled from the burp. “What brings you here today?”

Ino winced at the smell but forced herself to step forward. “We came here to ask you some questions about your last mission.”

Pondering for a moment, Sakura realized what they were talking about around the same time she released an abhorrent fart from her backside. “You’re here to inquire about my run-in with the disciple of the All Seeing One?”

“Yes,” Hinata answered, trying to remain patient even as she caught a whiff of Sakura’s flatulence. “You keep referring to this All Seeing One but refuse to elaborate. Does this thing have to do with your...condition?”

“No need to UURRRP tip toe around the issue,” Sakura said, slapping her hand against her belly to release a prolonged PHHHRRRTTT. “I’m a complete slob and I’m proud of it. It’s a culmination of my latest jutsu techniques. Shame I haven’t really been able to show them off though.”

“That’s because we don’t think you’re in the right mindset,” Ino bluntly stated. “All this talk of a hooded figure and alternative jutsu methods has put you under heavy suspicion. No one wants to say it out loud, but there’s a chance you’ll be terminated from your position if you keep this up.”

Sakura ran her fingers through her locks of greasy, pink hair as she pondered her friends’ words. “I do see your point. There is quite a lot to get across without fully showing off what I’ve learned. Would you be willing to let me give a demonstration?”

“Of what?” Hinata asked as Sakura heaved herself into a standing position.

Waddling her way around the desk, Sakura put her hands together and began maneuvering her sausage-like fingers into a series of unfamiliar hand signs. As Ino and Hinata watched in an attempt to understand their companion’s intentions, they noticed the shadows around the room begin to shiver. Despite their speed as well-trained ninjas, the two women were too slow to avoid the puddle of black goo that snatched up their legs.

“Sakura, what’s going on?” Hinata shouted, feeling herself sink deeper into the shadows.

“Taking you to the same place that made me like BWOOOORRRP this,” Sakura replied, shuffling towards the pair as the goo reached up to their shoulders.

“You’re delusional!” Ino shouted, any further attempts to dissuade Sakura halted by her mouth getting swallowed up by the shadows.

“Don’t worry, you’ll understand very soon,” Sakura said, a helping of her own flatulence sending the girls into a state of unconsciousness as they completely sunk into the dark abyss.

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A soft ringing in her ears woke Ino from her slumber. Slowly coming back to a state of awareness, she felt her hands press up against a soft bed covered in a purple, floral pattern. Looking up greeted her with the sight of a dozen dim lightbulbs illuminating an enclosed room the size of an apartment. Her first instincts made her reach out for her weapons, only to find them missing. Glancing around the room for any signs of danger, she glazed over shelves of snacks, a line up of multiple fridges, and an impressive collection of books, manga, and other literature to focus on the king-sized bed adjacent to hers. Placed upon the center of the lavender bedding was Hinata, showing a similar expression of confusion as she roused from her sleep.

A loud belch turned the two girls’ attention towards the opposite side of the room. Seated upon a bed with a cherry blossom pattern was Sakura. Crawling her way across the bed, the pink haired woman swung her thick legs over the side and shot a smile towards the other two.

“So, what do you think?” Sakura asked, looking quite pleased with herself.

“I think you’re completely insane,” Ino remarked.

“What is this place?” Hinata asked.

“Ok, the person who helped me become the best version of myself, called it a slob cell,” Sakura answered. “It’s a pocket dimension intended to provide complete relaxation for whoever is inside of it.”

“And how do we get out?” Ino asked. “I don’t see any doors or windows in this place.”

“I can let you out whenever you’re ready,” Sakura answered. “However, I think it would be in your best interest to at least try out the room’s features. It would give you a much better understanding of where I’m coming from.”

Ino and Hinata glanced at one another before returning their gaze towards Sakura.

“You said we can leave whenever we want, right?” Hinata asked.

“Just say the word,” Sakura replied. “If you don’t like the results, I’ll be more than happy to return you to your old bodies.”

“This place can do that?” Ino asked.

“Of course. I was much larger last time I visited this place. While I would have preferred to keep all of my weight, I realized that mobility would be an issue. The halls of the medical offices are too cramped for my liking. If you don’t mind, I intend to let this experience double as a way for me to get back to my ideal size. With that said, I’ll show you one of the many wonderful abilities gifted to me through my studies.”

Sakura lifted up her hands and with a snap of her fingers produced a cloud of smoke. Ino and Hinata went into coughing fits as they caught a whiff of the noxious odor that clung to the hazy fog. Peering through the tears in their eyes, they witnessed a group of chubby, white slugs sliding around the bed and across Sakura’s body.

“How did you do that without any hand signs?” was Ino’s first of many questions.

“All part of my UUURRRP training,” Sakura said with a sly smile. “It’s one of the first techniques I mastered in order to help with my larger self.” Reaching out her hands, she gestured for one of the slugs to climb onto her arm. “These pudgy cuties are the perfect servants. Let me show you.”

With the use of an echoing belch, Sakura sent the chubby slugs zooming across her body. Not showing even a hint of embarrassment, she lifted up her arms to allow her helpers to remove her clothing in record time. Left with all of her pudgy form on display, she leaned back and released a pungent cloud of gas to celebrate her freed flab.

“Well go on, sit back and relax,” Sakura said as she lazily dug her fingers into the bushel of pink hairs around her groin. “I’ll get the slugs to bring you your first meal.”

Still very untrusting of Sakura’s words, Hinata and Ino kept their eyes on her as they made their way onto their respective beds. Taking her spot upon the mattress, Ino managed to get comfortable just in time for the slugs to bring over a platter of snacks. Her doubts became muted as he gazed upon the collection of various puddings laid out in front of her. Momentarily glancing over at Hinata, she saw a similar expression of wonder at a platter of cinnamon rolls glistening with icing.

“How long did you take to prepare this?” Ino asked.

“I didn’t,” Sakura replied as she tore into a set of Anko Dumplings. “The room just knows what you want and gives it to you. You’ll understand more as we go on, but for now just enjoy the meal.”

“Wait, I don’t have any utensils.”

Sakura sucked her fingers clean and turned towards Ino. “So? You got hands don’t BWOORRRPP you?”

Ino’s continued hesitancy to participate in the act was not shared with Hinata. The lavender eyed woman only needed a single bite of one of the cinnamon rolls to push away any doubts. Mimicking Sakura’s gluttony, Hinata proceeded to chow down on the pastries as if she hadn’t eaten anything in days.

Losing the only other voice of reason in the room, Ino once more turned her attention towards the pudding cups. Already too far in to go back now, she hoisted up a cup of butterscotch flavored pudding and dipped her tongue inside. Immediately her taste buds lit up with pleasant shivers at the pure sweetness that delighted her. Pressing the cup up to her face, she proceeded to down it all within a matter of seconds. Wasting little time, she tossed aside the empty cup to get a chance to sample a chocolate pudding alongside several others. So enamored with the sheer delectableness of each bite, it took her until the end of her indulgent snack to realize what her binging was doing to her body.

Ino immediately regretted her choice in attire as she surveyed the sizable potbelly that peeked out from between her skirt and top. Looking over the remnants of her all pudding feast, she couldn't quite put together how she had managed to gain a gut the size of a watermelon in such a short amount of time. Thinking back to her rivals' body proportions, her fingers moved to examine her bust and backside. While she found some added padding along her curves, it was obvious that most of the feast had gone towards giving her an unsightly belly. Bemoaning her fate, she turned towards Hinata to check on her progress.

There was an immediate difference seen between the two of them as Ino watched Hinata finish off the last of her cinnamon rolls. A drop of icing that slid down her chin managed to catch on her similarly bulging belly before making it was towards the largest deposit of fat on her body. Threatening to rip apart her black pants at a moment's notice, the one upside to her widened hips and chubby rear were that they proved more than capable of catching a number of crumbs from her mouth as she finished off the last morsel of her sugary snack.

Ino's annoyance at her body's decision of where best to place her added weight had her pounding her fist against her stomach. Her self-hatred took on a momentary pause to make way

for a series of rumbling noises echoing from her potbelly. Another cacophony of groans made her look over to see a similar expression of apprehension on Hinata's face as she too cradled her uneasy stomach. The two women's gazes locked onto one another until they were forced to turn away under the influence of rancid farts spurting out of their rears.

"Pretty good start," Sakura said through a mouthful of food. Leaning over to the side, she scrunched up her face to release a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP that dwarfed any of the farts she had released back in the village. Laughing at the way the other women choked on the combination of her and their own gas, she snapped her fingers once more to get the slugs to take away the empty platters. "Anything you would like for your next meal?"

"Something easier on the UUURRRP stomach maybe," Hinata belched unable to cover her mouth in time.

"Or BWOOOOOORRRRP a one way ticket out of here," Ino shot back.

Sakura scratched at her chins for a moment. "I suppose food alone won't be enough to convince you. Fine, let me show you one of the more amazing perks of this room."

Another snap of Sakura's fingers sent the slugs scurrying around the room to retrieve sets of scrolls from the shelves. Looking over the collection of paper dropped onto her bed, Ino carefully leaned forward to avoid further disturbing her digestion. Unfurling one of the scrolls, her former need to leave the room was diminished as she gazed upon the writing in front of her.

"This is amazing," Hinata said, her eyes similarly glued to the techniques written upon her scroll.

"And that's just a small sample of what this room contains," Sakura said with a smug smirk. "If you get tired of the jutsu techniques, this place has plenty of other literature to pass the time."



“I don’t think I’ll ever get bored of this,” Ino replied, her fascination with the scroll making her oblivious as her rear let off a reverberating fart.

Ino and Hinata became thoroughly absorbed in their studies, unwilling to miss a single detail. While the techniques were new, they all seemed to be evolutions of their own styles. It felt like the scrolls had been created by their own clans, but the unorthodox methods made it clear that the information was from a source they couldn’t even begin to understand.

The girls’ obsession with their studies only paused to acknowledge the hunger pangs that struck their bloated bellies. Any wondering as to how their bodies could still be so ravenous after their snack session was set aside by the appearance of the slugs delivering more food. Rather than question the possible side effects, they were more than content to nibble on whatever was handed to them as they continued to dive deep into improving their skills.

Ino’s attention on her scroll wavered as she felt a slight chill along her back. Putting down the paper, she scrunched up her two chins to see that her belly had once more gone through a growth spurt. The various crumbs clinging to the blonde hairs strewn about the sphere were a secondary concern in comparison to the way her top struggled to keep her breasts contained. Cursing her own fate, she had to tug at the fabric in an attempt to help it with what little fat had managed to migrate towards her chest. Shuffling around on the bed revealed that her skirt was facing similar issues as it stretched to accommodate her fattened up backside. Sinking her finger into her butt cheeks did the job of both feeling several tears in the fabric alongside releasing another bout of flatulence.

On the other side of the room, Hinata’s blouse was having its own struggle keeping her belly and breasts at bay. The sash around her mid-section was pulled away in an attempt to give her some relief, but that only further emphasized her gut’s swollen nature. A tear had started to

form down the center of her blouse to reveal her expanded cleavage, but they were small compared to the largest part of her. The continued insistence of her weight to be placed around her lower half had her pants tearing at the seams to reveal part of her chubby legs as they peeked through. A thorough examination of the extra padding forced out a combination of a burp and fart to once more shroud her area in a noxious stench.

The sudden eruptions of gas and pockets of flesh left the two shinobi to stop and take stock of their area. Each one of them had surrounded themselves in both scrolls and empty snack containers over the course of their studies. The slightest nudge of their stomachs was enough to send gas bubbles spurting out from either end. Adding to their aroma of stink were patches of hair beneath their pits and around their groins that soaked up a bevy of body odor permeating their flesh. Despite this, they found the smells less revolting than before. It was as if their bodies were becoming acclimated to the rotten fragrances. However, their various sloppy qualities were cute in comparison to Sakura.

Turning their attention back towards Sakura, their jaws hung open at the sight of her progress. In the very short span of time since they had arrived at the room, Sakura had made it her mission to reach a size that would have been more suitable for an elephant rather than a human being. Her bountiful blubber had encroached its way over the entirety of her mattress, leaving very little of the bedding visible beneath her massive ass. Unhindered by the aroma of flatulence that clung to her multiple fat rolls, the slugs trudged past her gargantuan breasts to keep her fed with a constant stream of snacks. The creatures had little trouble with the coarse bundles of hair spread across her body, easily maneuvering through them to meet their master's wishes. Running her fingers through her oily pink hair and jiggling about her five chins, Sakura couldn't help smiling as she noticed the way the girls gawked at her body.

“Like what you BWOOOOOORRRP see?” Sakura asked.

“That shouldn’t be UUURRRP possible,” Hinata belched, her fascination keeping her embarrassment at bay.

“We couldn’t have been in here for more than,” Ino paused, letting a rippling fart blast out of her backside, “a few hours.”

“As you probably guessed, you haven’t been eating regular food,” Sakura pointed out. “Each one of them has been give additives to drastically increase weight, alongside giving you an odor to match your perfect forms.”

“Why?” Hinata asked over the sound of a loud BRRAAAAAAPPP slapping out of her rear.

“In addition to letting you feel more at ease, a larger body helps to contain more chakra. With that in mind, why don’t you give those techniques of yours a try? Though you may not be as large as me, you should still be able to perform them without hand gestures.”

Hinata and Ino shared a set of skeptical looks before they looked back down at their own guts. Recalling what they had learned from the scrolls, they attempted to channel the chakra brimming inside of their bodies. In the process of figuring out their abilities, they further tainted their corners of the room with gas expulsions that quickly overwhelmed them. Through the haze of their rancid stench, they managed to finally gain control of their powers to unleash a horde of plump slugs similar to the ones that had been serving them.

“Congratulations,” Sakura said, slapping her hands against the sides of her belly as a form of applause. “It should get much easier as you continue to grow.”

Upon hearing this, Ino snapped her fingers to get the slugs' attention. "You heard her. Fetch me some more snacks. Start with some BWOOOOOORRRRP chocolate pudding and keep it coming."

"Some more UUURRRP cinnamon rolls would be nice as well," Hinata spoke to her own slugs, sending them off after Ino's to fetch their required snacks.

When the slugs returned, their pudgy forms were laden with the girls' requests and so much more. Rather than go through the pain-staking process of choosing what to start with, Ino and Hinata let their servants slide across their bodies to dump whatever snacks they could into their waiting maws. The random assortment of salty and sweet junk food was more than enough to satisfy their taste buds and further morph their bodies.

Ino's belly sunk between her thighs as the slugs continued to feed her. Rather than be irritated by the immense weight, her attention became focused on the tightness afflicting her overburdened top and skirt. Using a series of burps to command the slugs, she managed to get them to pry open the tears that had formed in the seams of her clothes. With a pop, her head-sized breasts were free to rest upon her gut and collect whatever crumbs fell from her mouth. Another snap left her hips room to grow and spread her chunky rear across the mattress. She paid little mind to the strange sensation of the slugs crawling through her pubic hair, knowing it was necessary to get off what remained of her panties. As the creatures slid past her locks of greasy, blonde armpit hair to remove the remnants of her bra, she considered it a form of massage for her blubbery body. Left completely nude, she celebrated her freedom with a loud PHHHHHHHRRRTTT from her rear and ordered the slugs to bring her some banana pudding to continue her feast.

In a similar state of undress, Hinata asked her slugs to repeat the motions of taking off her clothes. While the creatures easily managed removing the blouse from her fatty breasts and cellulite-riddled gut, they couldn't move fast enough to reach her pants before they ripped apart on their own. The impact of the apparel's destruction left her leg fat jiggling like the gelatin she had so eagerly slurped down moments before. Lingering ripples made their way towards the set of behemoth butt cheeks that gave her a definitive pear shape. Wobbling about on her expanded derriere, she removed the rest of her undergarments with a powerful blast of flatulence before resuming her binge eating.

Left without a hint of modesty or clothing, the three girls wasted away their time eating snacks and going over whatever scrolls the slugs brought to them. Conversation between the trio was minimal, a side effect of constantly shoveling food into their mouths and the background noise of their gas overshadowing most speech. When they did manage to speak to one another, it was mostly to ask for snack recommendations and to draw attention to their newly acquired skills.

True to Sakura's word, Ino and Hinata's slobby bodies gave them a wealth of chakra to draw from. Whenever their food intake felt a little too slow, they were more than capable of summoning up another batch of slugs to aid the others. They rewarded the slugs for their hard work with a variety of support jutsus to ensure the little things could keep up with their appetites. Making such drastic progress over such a short amount of time let the girls intersperse the scholarly scrolls with more entertaining reads such as trashy romance novels. This all culminated in an agreement to take a joint break to watch some movies together. Considering how weird everything else was in the room, Ino and Hinata didn't even bat an eye at the sudden appearance of a television with their choice of film already beginning to play.

Enamored with a series of antics of one romantic comedy after the other, Ino and Hinata barely noticed the moment where they reached Sakura's size class. They were forced to acknowledge it as parts of their bodies began to hover over the edges of their bed frames. For Ino's boulder-like gut, the slugs were more than happy to place a futon beneath it to allow it to spread out. Hinata's ass cheeks hanging off of the side were given similar attention, but even the added support still left her to sink further into the bed.

Regardless of the hundreds upon hundreds of pounds of fat that layered onto them as time went on, the only thing the girls could focus on was the feeling of complete ease afforded to them by their slovenly forms. Any itches they felt among their various bushels of body hair were swiftly remedied by one of their loyal slugs. Food still found its way to their mouths, but they had ceased to care what exactly fell down their gullets to further fatten them up. No longer did they worry about the random expulsions of gas that constantly spewed out. In fact, they had grown a strange admiration for one another's pungent odors. Each billowing fart or echoing belch was met with deep inhales and approving nods of each other's progress.

By the time the final movie reached the end credits, each of the three women had easily surpassed one ton in weight. Even with the added support of multiple cushions, Ino's belly was left spread across the floor to accommodate the immense amount of food that she had shoved down her throat. Hinata's backside had practically swallowed up the entirety of her bed, with each of her farts further sinking the fabric between the dark abyss of her ass cheeks. Leaning her back flab against the wall, Sakura looked over her friend's growth and almost catatonic demeanor as a sign of successful inundation into her sloppy ways. With her comrades in the right mindset, she figured it was the perfect time to reveal to them her master plan.

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The majority of Konoha Village gathered in the streets to look upon the strange display. Three of the village's most prominent shinobi had hoisted themselves upon bundles of mattresses that were carried through the streets by packs of giant slugs. If the sight wasn't enough to draw in the crowd, the sound and smell of the girls' constant burps and farts were sure to garner them the attention they desired. Upon reaching the center of town, the trio were more than content to let the village gaze upon their nude, obese forms.

Getting the crowd's attention with a guttural belch, Sakura began to speak. "People of Konoha Village, we come to you today to BWOOOOOORRRRP show you a new way of training. While we may not appear as able bodied UUURRRP fighters, these forms are the peak of our studies."

As to be expected, the numerous murmurs from the crowd were heavy with doubt. Though a few were impressed by Sakura's horde of summoned slugs, she could tell it would take some more convincing. Holding out a pudgy hand, she gestured for Ino to give a demonstration.

Having the slugs carry her hefty form forward, Ino spread out her blubbery arms to point her fingers at several onlookers. Letting the chakra flow through her bountiful belly, she opened up her mouth wide to let out a prolonged belch. Simultaneously, the people that Ino had been pointing at were forced to release equally powerful and noxious smelling burps in unison with her. As the last of the belch petered out, Ino let out a boisterous BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP from her rear that was mirrored sevenfold by the same people she had taken control of.

When Ino was finished with her demonstration, Hinata requested her slugs to bring her forward for her turn. Momentarily heaving herself into a standing position, she let her chakra culminate into her meaty backside before bringing it slamming back down on her mattresses. Within moments, anyone nearby her felt their chakra run rampant through their bodies. Left

without a way to properly release itself, the energy took hold of the hosts' bodies to turn them into pudgy balls of fat half the size of the enormous Hinata. While they couldn't move, the expressions shown on their faces were ones of content bliss, as if their added fat was a natural cushion that left them in states of complete comfort.

“I'm assuming that was more than enough to show off our BWOOOOORRRRPPP skill?” Sakura asked, no one willing to disagree with her. “We represent the future of ninjutsu. Join us and become disciples of the All Seeing One.”