

Femzawa's Flatulent Flab

A midnight chase through town had two heroes hot on the trail of a most peculiar villain. For a week the suspect had been seen skulking through the neighborhood stalking people. When word got out about the glob of strange energy that floated between his fingers as his eyes were transfixed on several potential victims, the community made the call to get someone to investigate. Through a combination of sheer luck and a lack of manpower, U. A. decided to offer two of their best teachers to take down the stalker.

Copying the target's stealthy approach, the Erasure Hero, Eraser Head made his way towards an alley. His black outfit and scraggly black hair were a boon for using the cover of night to mask his movements. Pulling a length of binding cloth away from his scraggly face, he got ready to make his move only to stop as he heard something approaching from behind him.

“Hey Aizawa have you-“

Present Mic was silenced by a binding cloth wrapping around his mouth. A little taken aback, Present Mic bobbed his pointy blonde hair until the cloth was pulled away. Rubbing his gloved hand around his thin moustache and jagged chin, his loud mouth was ceased from creating any more noise with a glare from Aizawa. Instead, a few hand gestures made the Voice Hero adjust his sunglasses in agreement before running around to flank the target.

Making his way down the alley, Aizawa saw the suspect huddled in a corner. He was looking over a stack of photographs, his fingers clenched around each one like they were a precious jewel. Upon hearing Aizawa's boot splash through a puddle of water, the man turned towards him to show off his pink and blue hair and wide-eyed stare.

“Are you the one that's been stalking people around town?” Aizawa bluntly asked, willing to expediate the process in favor of getting a good night's rest.

The man shifted his head back and forth, seemingly looking for a way to escape. “I-I’ve just been looking for the one.”

“The one?”

“Y-Yes, the perfect one,” he said, reaching his hand into a duffel bag. What he pulled out was an orb of swirling energy. A mixture of pinks and blues swished around inside, mixing about green particles. “M-my quirk is only able to work on one person a day. I needed to b-bide my time until I found the right person to use it on.”

“Sorry, but that’s not going to happen,” Aizawa said, straightening his stance. “How about you come with me quietly before I have to do things the hard way?”

“T-there’s no need for that,” he replied, shuffling towards Aizawa. “I’ve already f-found the perfect person to use my quirk on. He’s s-standing right in front of me.”

Rather than risk seeing what the villain’s powers could do, Aizawa activated his quirk to try and dismiss the glowing orb. The man stumbled around under the influence of Erasure, but his fingers still tightly clung to the swirling orb. With a malevolent grin, the criminal took another step forward.

“T-that’s not going to work,” the villain said, clutching the sphere. “Like I said, I c-can only use my quirk once a day to create my masterpiece. N-now all I have to do it let it touch someone.”

The villain managed to reel back his arm and send the ball flying just before he was wrapped up in Aizawa’s binding cloths. Aizawa stepped to the side, easily avoiding the orb while still keeping a tight grip on the villain. His diligence prevented the man from escaping, but left him completely open as the orb came swinging back around to slam into his back.

Shaking off the loosened binding cloths, the villain approached Aizawa. The impact had sent the hero crumpling to the ground. The villain's presence was hard for Aizawa to notice as he tried to breath, only to have his chest feel like a set of chains were being tightly wrapped around it. Shaking from the effects of the orb, he was left helpless as the villain tilted up his chin to stare into his eyes.

"I know it hurts at f-first, but it'll all be worth it for the pleasure that comes afterwards," the villain said, an unsettling look in his eyes. "I'm g-going to so enjoy seeing you become my--"

The villain's monologue was interrupted by a shrill cry from the opposite side of the alley. Turning around, he managed to see a glimmer of Present Mic's sunglasses before he got hit with another sound wave. Flying down the alley with blood leaking from his ears, the villain had the misfortune to land at the feet of a group of officers with handcuffs at the ready.

While the police restrained the villain, Present Mic broke out into a sprint to check on his partner. He arrived just in time to see a glow similar to the orb emanating from Aizawa. Still clutching his chest, Aizawa made an attempt to stand up on his shaking feet. Taking the initiative to grab Aizawa's hand, Present Mic helped pick him up. Just as he was about to inquire about Aizawa's condition, he paused as he noticed something was off.

Aizawa's grizzled features lessened as his stubble fell from his chin. His jaw became much softer, matching with his recently gained pouty lips and lengthened eyelashes. The longer Present Mic stared at his partner's changed features, the more he began to realize what the villain's quirk had done.

Perhaps to confirm Present Mic's suspicions, Aizawa's chest developed a pair of voluptuous breasts that stretched the confines of his clothes. Tracing his eyes down Aizawa's body let him see a set of ass cheeks with perfectly rounded curves. The engorged tits and bubble

butt worked in tandem to give Aizawa an unmistakable hourglass figure that harkened back to the magazines Present Mic had been scorned for reading. Letting his gaze linger on Aizawa's groin, it was the lack of a bulge that confirmed his suspicions.

"Stop staring you damn pervert," Aizawa said, unfazed by the higher pitch of her voice.

"Sorry, sorry," Present Mic said, taking a step backwards. "Just making sure that was the extent of the quirk's effects."

"Yeah, sure you were," Aizawa replied, tossing her blinding cloths over her shoulder as she walked towards the police officers. "In any case, I'd prefer to ask the villain himself what his abilities can do."

"Sorry, but that's not possible at the moment," one of the officers said. "The suspect has been knocked unconscious. It's going to be a while before he can be interrogated."

Clenching her fingers, Aizawa turned an accusatory glare towards Present Mic.

"Sorry, but you can't really blame me," Present Mic put up in his defense. "I didn't know what he was going to do or how strong he was so I had to act fast."

"That doesn't mean you should've done it without thinking at all," Aizawa said as she stomped towards her partner. "For all we know, I could be poisoned or
BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPPP."

The belch's echo going down the alleyway was the only audible noise for a few moments. For a full minute after the last of the burp died down, no one made a move. Seizing the opportunity, the officers did their best to look busy as they walked away from the scene. Present Mic didn't have as much luck, his eyes focused on the slight bulge that had taken up residence in Aizawa's belly.

Glancing up at Aizawa's mortified face, Present Mic dared to reach out and place his hand against her gut. "You don't think that quirk made you preg--"

"Don't be UURRP ridiculous," Aizawa replied, slapping Present Mic's hand away. "All you're feeling there is me and some BWOORRP indigestion. At the very least, you better hope that's all it is."

"Look, I said I was sorry," Present Mic replied. "You're obviously not feeling well. My apartment isn't far from here. Why don't I call us a cab and you can rest up at my place?"

Aizawa shot him an angry glare. "I bet that's just an excuse so you can ogle my--"

Her speech was interrupted again, this time to the tune of a squeaky fart. Face turning a bright shade of red, Aizawa turned around and started walking towards the road. "Call it know before I change my mind."

One phone call and several moments of awkward waiting later, Present Mic was holding open the back door of a cab for Aizawa. Silently accepting her partner's chivalry as a necessary evil, Aizawa carefully slid into the back seat with her hands clasped around her gut. Giving the driver the directions to his apartment, Present Mic leaned back in his seat and tried to process everything that had occurred.

Present Mic's attempts to think of how to either reverse Aizawa's conditions or at least do something to make it up to her were halted by a series of rude noises. Daring to glance over at his partner, he could see the struggle on her face as she tried to keep her gas problem at bay. A bump in the road was enough to release a combination of a burp and fart that carried with it a smell akin to rotting garbage. While Present Mic winced at the awful odor, it appeared to be having a different effect on Aizawa.

Mouth agape and tongue hanging out of her mouth, Aizawa let out a series of heavy breaths. Her fingers began tracing her newly grown assets, squeezing and groping her curves with unforeseen gusto. Cradling her gut, a simplistic smile formed on her face as she got a feel for its girth. Drool beginning to drip from the side of her mouth, her fingers started ever so gradually slipping inside of her pants.

“What are you doing?”

Present Mic’s question was enough to snap Aizawa out of her trance. Shaking her head back and forth, she wiped the drool from her face and tried to look presentable. “It’s nothing. Just not feeling myself. Are we there yet?”

“Nearly there,” the cab driver replied, stepping on the accelerator to expediate escaping the strange situation.

The rest of the commute to Present Mic’s apartment was done with little conversation. Grateful to accept a handful of cash in exchange for surviving the awkward moment, the driver sped off as soon as the two heroes were out of his cab. Aizawa attempted to retain some dignity as she ascended the stairs towards the apartment with her hands clutched around her uneasy stomach. Nearing the final step, a surprisingly powerful belch sent her reeling backwards. Her descent was narrowly avoided thanks to Present Mic reaching out to grab her hand.

Pulling Aizawa against his chest, the moment seemed to last several moments too long for either one’s liking. However, they couldn’t seem to pull away from one another. The softness of Aizawa’s breasts and the warm comfort of Present Mic’s body brought up a variety of strange sensations. The moment of intimacy ended via the help of a wayward fart squeaking out of Aizawa’s backside.

“Hands off you damn pervert,” Aizawa said, pulling away from him.

“Sorry, I was trying to help,” Present Mic replied as he dug out his keys. “Wonder if that quirk gave you an attitude problem along with it.”

“What was that?”

“Nothing!” Present Mic said as he turned the key. Pushing the door open, he stood to the side to avoid accruing anymore accusations from his altered companion.

Stepping into the apartment, Aizawa had to admit that it was a much nicer set up than she expected. Everything was in a pristine shape, the living room spotless and more than ready to accept company. The only other scent in the room besides cleaning supplies was a lingering aroma of Present Mic’s presence. Getting a whiff of his mix of cologne and natural body odor, Aizawa once again found herself overwhelmed with a variety of unusual urges. In hopes of dismissing the sensation and quieting her digestive tract, she spread her stance and let rip a loud PHHHRRRRRTTT without remorse.

While the fart did wonders for momentarily easing Aizawa’s problems, Present Mic regretted his decision to close the door behind him. Reeling from the strong aroma of Aizawa’s colon, he tried to contend with a mix of disgust and odd fascination welling up inside of him. Owing it to being tired from the night’s events, he cleared his head and put on a smile.

“Anything I can get you?” Present Mic asked as he walked into the kitchen.

“Water should be UUURRP sufficient,” Aizawa replied, easing herself down onto the couch.

“You got it.”

Happy to be given a moment of privacy, Aizawa let herself relax on the cushion. Glancing down at her new body, she wondered how long she would be stuck as an overly gassy

woman. Perhaps in hopes of finding some way to reverse the villain's quirk, she gingerly took her hand and started rubbing it along her form.

Aizawa only got as far as her breasts before she felt a strange shiver go through her. Chewing on her lip, she gave her boobs another squeeze to confirm the pleasurable sensation was real. Getting a little rougher with herself, she let her fingers momentarily graze against her nipples before making their way down her torso. Squeezing her butt cheeks enshrouded her with a puff of flatulence, but the sensation of getting to grope her ass flesh helped to negate and feelings of disgust. As she reached for her belly and purposefully squeezed down, a belch parting her lips coincided with her fingers getting dangerously close to her nether region.

“Eraser Head?”

Pulling back her hand, Aizawa jerked into a straight posture to meet Present Mic's gaze. “I'm just UURRP doing a self-examination. Why? What do you think I was doing?” she added, a glare getting Present Mic to quickly drop the subject.

“Have you felt any other side effects?” Present Mic asked, leaving a glass of water in front of Aizawa before taking his place in the reclining chair.

“Yeah there's...” Aizawa trailed off, realizing who she was talking to and how unwilling she was to reveal her body's newfound sensitivity. “Nothing, nothing at all.”

Present Mic let out a sigh. “I get that you don't trust me, but this is a real problem that we need to work together on.” Taking off his directional speaker, he showed off his often unseen eyes as he removed his glasses. “You're talking to Hizashi, your friend for ages. If you want to get through this, you have to tell me what's going on.”

A little taken aback by the drastic shift in Hizashi's tone, Aizawa was at a loss for words. The way that he stared at her with concern rather than perversion struck something in her that

she hadn't felt before. Forcing herself to recall the way he acted around attractive females, she was steadfast in her resolve.

"If what you say is UUUUURRRP true, then you should know there are things I'd rather keep to myself," she answered, crossing her arms to obscure part of her belly.

"I'm just trying to figure out what else that villain's quirk did to you," Hizashi explained as he leaned back in his chair. "By the look of your chest, I think it's still effecting your body."

Aizawa looked down and took a second glance at her breasts. So lost in her earlier self-examination, she failed to notice the extra heft that had been placed upon her bosom. Grinding her teeth as she saw the impression of her nipples getting pressed through the fabric of her shirt, her confusion was redirected into an angry scowl aimed at Hizashi.

"Could you quit staring at my tits you damn pervert?" she asked, dropping her pose to point an accusatory finger at him.

"I was just stating the obvious," he replied in his defense. "That's not the only part of you that's growing either."

A finger pointed towards her mid-section brought Aizawa's attention to her recently gained muffin top. Daring to pinch at the extra flab, she grimaced at the sound and smell of a boisterous fart slapping out of her backside. The noxious flatulence succeeded in both giving her a new stink cloud to wallow in and let her feel the extra meat that had found its way onto her rear.

Choking on the foul stench, her gaze drifted towards the worried expression upon Hizashi's face. Again she was assaulted by a series of strange urges, the tendencies seemingly made stronger by her gas. A fog-like state began to drift into her mind, trying to push out all

comprehensive thought and mental restraints. Just as she heard a voice inside beg for unthinkable acts, she grabbed the glass of water and splashed it in her face to calm herself down.

“I’ll um, got get you another one,” Hizashi said, taking the empty cup and leaving Aizawa alone once again.

“Y-yeah, BWOOOORRP thanks,” Aizawa remarked.

Removing her binding cloths to use as a makeshift towel, she accidentally took a glimpse of Hizashi’s backside as he walked away. Led by an unseen force, her gaze continued to linger on his body and bring up images of what it would be like to get to know it a little more intimately. Though she tried to repress the feelings, she couldn’t stop herself from going through a mental tug of war trying to push back the urges even as Hizashi disappeared from view. The sensations persisted no matter how many times she reminded herself that he was both her companion and an enormous pervert.

However, Aizawa’s resolve waivered at the tone of a sputtering fart escaping her rear. The foul air seeped into her nostrils and began to release some of her inhibitions. For just a moment, she entertained the idea of finding out what it would be like to hold Hizashi in her arms and feel him against her chubby flesh.

Perhaps to stimulate a similar sensation, her hands began to move on their own to resume prodding and poking her body. Pinching her mid-section let her feel the definitive girth of chub that had been layered on since her last provocation. Sliding her hand along the gut let her feel something wiry beneath the thin fabric. She didn’t dwell on the scratchy sensation for long, her hands moving to answer the call of her engorged tits. Since the last time her fingers had squeezed the mammaries, they had gone up two more cup sizes. The increased size further emphasized the impression of her plump nipples trying to break free of her shirt. Migrating her wandering touch

downwards, she hazarded to squeeze both of the meaty ass cheeks that had begun to engulf the couch cushions.

Aizawa's constant squeezing brought forth several more gas expulsions from both of her ends. The noxious fumes continued to assault her brain, absorbing her higher brain functions with each release. Losing more of her inhibitions to the foul stench, her fingers drifted ever further towards her needy womanhood. As her hand pressed up against her crotch and felt the folds of her labia beneath the restrained fabric, she only stopped when she noticed Hizashi in her peripheral vision.

Locking eyes with one another, neither hero made a move. There was no denying what Aizawa was about to do, any excuse she could think of was weak in the face of obvious evidence and her hampered brain cells. The longer Hizashi stood in silence looking at her body, the less resentment she began to feel about her predicament. Spreading a simpleton's smile across her face, Aizawa finally let herself go.

Sinking her fingers into her pants, Aizawa allowed a moan to part her lips. Her inexperience resulted in awkward motions that desperately tried to grasp what her new genitalia wanted. Dragging her fingers across her labia and rubbing her thumb against her clit finally gave her an inkling of the release she wanted.

Throwing caution to the wind, Aizawa went at her vagina with relentless vigor. Getting closer to her release brought with it an ever decreasing control of her gas. Her constant shaking further disturbed her digestion to let out a cacophony of farts and burps to mix with her moans. The show of pure indulgence was at the cost of forming tears through her overstrained outfit. To the tune of her first orgasm as a woman, Aizawa's shirt split down the middle to reveal her heaving breasts perched upon a hair-riddled beer belly.

Aizawa splayed out on the couch, taking deep breaths and spurting out puffs of gas as she tried to recover. Hizashi was left in a state of stunned silence as he tried to comprehend what he had just witnessed. A flood of different emotions went through his head, a strange mix of disgust and morbid curiosity. As he got a whiff of one of Aizawa's fart clouds, a shiver went down his spine. Clutching his head, he tried to shake off the momentary feeling of interest that passed through his mind.

"Aizawa, you're obviously not feeling like yourself," Hizashi said as he pushed through the lingering stink cloud. "We need to get you to a hospital."

Hizashi reached out to pull Aizawa off of the couch, only to be pulled down. As if being drowned in a pool of rotten pudding, Hizashi attempted to pull himself away only to be squeezed tighter against Aizawa's body. Face pressed up against Aizawa's sizable breasts, he tilted his head up to see a glazed over expression in Aizawa's eyes.

"Why we need to URRRP go?" Aizawa asked, a trickle of drool forming at the side of her mouth to leak onto Hizashi's forehead. "We could stay here and you could sex me."

Yanking back to free himself, Hizashi tried to understand the meaning behind his partner's dumbed down, ridiculous sentences. "We're not doing anything like that. Especially after you called me a pervert so many times."

Aizawa heaved herself off the couch by exerting what few muscles remained beneath her fat. She managed to keep herself standing at the cost of ripping a loud fart and the seat of her pants in the process. "Me sorry," she said, putting a finger to her plumped up lips. "We can make up with good fuck. Me promise."

"Absolutely not," Hizashi said, grasping Aizawa's pudgy wrist. "Now come on. I'm bringing you to the--"

A loud PHHHRRRRTTTTT sent Hizashi running for cover. From the safety of the kitchen, he watched Aizawa waddle back to the couch to plant her ass on the cushions. Pushing back her belly fat, she once again reached towards her groin to resume her stimulation.

“If you don’t BWOOOOORRRP want to fuck, me do it me self,” she announced, punctuating with the combination of a moan and a burp.

Not in a hurry to rush back into the gas, Hizashi bided his time looking for a way to get his changed companion out of his apartment. His observation brought an awful realization as he continued to watch Aizawa’s shameful display. While the slobby girl was preoccupied letting herself indulge in her masturbation session, she seemed blissfully unaware that the villain’s quirk was still shaping her body.

The tattered remains of her shirt became an ill-fitting vest as Aizawa’s torso took on more fat. Hitting another climax sent her various fat rolls into a shaking fit that helped to free the worn out fabric from its service. Brushing her lanky hair away from her basketball-sized breasts revealed patches of unkempt strands that had begun to sprout from beneath her armpits. Even from a fair distance away, Hizashi could get a whiff of her body odor that clung to the unruly bushes. Not helping her aura of stink was the trail of fur that surrounded her belly button and trailed towards her nether region.

Aizawa only paused to let out a post-orgasm belch before she reached for her womanhood once more. Tired of dealing with her overburdened pants, she dug her pudgy finger into the fabric and tore them off. A popping noise accompanied the destruction of her thong-like underwear, followed swiftly by a rippling fart that shook her thickened thighs and chunky butt cheeks. Wobbling her fattened ass across the two couch cushions, Aizawa spread her bulky legs and dove her hand towards her hairy muff once more.

Another orgasm coincided with an outburst of gas from both ends of the corrupted heroine. The noxious cloud drifted its way to Hizashi's supposed sanctuary to give him a full helping of its rancid odor. Forced to suck down a mouthful of air that reeked of an ancient septic tank, his disgust became less of an issue as another feeling emerged. A hypnotic state had him taking another glance at his slobby companion. The sight, smells, and sounds of Aizawa's indulgent masturbation sessions had a certain allure Hizashi hadn't felt before. Part of his mind wondered what it would feel like to get a chance to fully experience her filthy, flatulent flab.

Smacking himself in the face did the job of breaking Hizashi free from the errant thoughts. Puffing up his chest, he stomped towards Aizawa with renewed motivation. "Now you listen to me," he began, showing a stern side of himself that was a rarity among his students. "You're going to stop what you're doing. I'm going to find you something to cover up your body. Then, the two of us are going straight to Recovery Girl to fix this mess."

Taken aback by Hizashi's strict disposition, Aizawa put a finger to her plump lips and dragged it down her multiple chins. After a moment of churning what few brain cells remained in her head, her ass answered with a deep, bellowing BRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPP. Turning away in an effort to avoid the gas bomb left Hizashi unaware of the flabby limb swinging towards his torso.

Snatched up by Aizawa, Hizashi found himself pulled into her fat rolls. Squirming about in an effort to escape only worsened his situation. Kicking against Aizawa's belly forced out a burp that echoed directly in his face. Further struggling had Aizawa tuck him under her arm in an effort to keep him under control. Hizashi became enveloped in sweaty flesh as his face was pressed up against Aizawa's bushy armpit hair. Suffering through an odor akin to walking into a

locker room full of unwashed socks, his salvation came as he was dragged out and held up to Aizawa's face.

“Why you UURRRP fight?” Aizawa asked. “No want fuck? Make feel good.”

“No!” Hizashi said, trying to convince both her and the rising arousal in his pants.

Pouting, Aizawa exhibited immense strength for her size as she lifted Hizashi up. Keeping him aloft with one arm, her other pudgy handrecklessly pulled away his pants. Tearing off his underwear, her eyes went wide as she marveled at his girthy member. Despite his protests, his body betrayed his true intentions as his squirming shook about his rigid member.

“If no want fuck, me help other way,” Aizawa said, licking her plump lips as she leaned forward.

Swallowing the entirety of his manhood, Aizawa got to work working her tongue along Hizashi's shaft and tip. His ability to fight back was hindered as his body shivered with pleasure as she continued to suck and lick his cock. Enjoying the drops of pre-cum that graced her taste buds, she began shaking her little man back and forth like her personal toy. The movements helped to increase the duo's pleasure and send numerous ripples through Aizawa's body.

No longer able to control himself, Hizashi released a load of semen inside of Aizawa's mouth. Swallowing every last drop, she finally released his member from her mouth with an echoing belch. Too concerned with licking up the leftover drool and cum cascading down her chins, she carelessly let Hizashi go to roll down her belly fat. Landing on the floor and coughing out a few stray hairs he had swallowed along the way, Hizashi staggered back to his feet. Trying to put himself together after his bizarre blow job, it took him a moment to realize that his partner had once again grown during their moment of intimacy.

Aizawa's backside now almost completely engulfed the sofa, a few errant fart clouds accompanying the creaks and groans of the overburdened cushions. The smell became caught on the body hair that trailed up from her nether region and surrounded her black hole of a belly button. Her unruly fuzz had begun to creep across her chest to cover her melon-sized breasts with coarse black strands. Taking a moment to wipe away stray droplets of semen from the hairy mammarys, Aizawa got Hizashi's attention with a belch that jostled about her jowls.

"Me give you good UUURRP feel, now you give me good feel," Aizawa said.

"Absolutely not," Hizashi said, trying to maintain a semblance of dignity despite his still dripping cock dangling between his legs.

Aizawa voiced her displeasure with an abrupt PHHRRRRRRRT from her backside.

"Me not do good?"

"No!"

"Then why you leak juice and make sex noise?"

"That's beside the point," Hizashi said, feeling like he was talking to a wall of flesh and stupidity. "Whatever it is that quirk is doing to you, having sex is not going to make things any better."

Aizawa tilted her head, letting a sputtering fart fill the dead air. "Me not know what you mean." Spreading her legs out again, she picked up her belly. "If you no help, me take care of me self."

Though determined in furthering her indulgence, Aizawa realized her problem as she attempted to touch her womanhood. Try as she might, her fingers couldn't get past the bush of pubic hair to reach her nether region. Shaking and wriggling her body about into the few positions her mass allowed still left her fingers short of coming anywhere near her vagina.

“Why me not BWOOOOORRRP fuck me?” she asked, furiously trying to get her pudgy limbs to reach her groin.

“Because you’re the size of a car,” Hizashi answered. “Like I said, you need to stop trying to stimulate yourself and see a doctor about-“

Hizashi was drowned out by a reverberating BRRRRRAAAAAPPPPPPP. Undeterred by her weight and Hizashi’s logic, Aizawa continued to strain her body to try and pleasure herself. The only thing her efforts seemed to accomplish was add a layer of slick sweat to worsen her body odor and further stir up her digestion. Shaking his head as he pondered what to do, the sound of wood cracking apart made Hizashi realize that Aizawa was still fattening up.

Aizawa’s furious movements to try and find some relief sent her rotund form rolling across the couch. Her speed decreased significantly as the flab encasing her body went through a rapid growth spurt. Slowing down to a snail’s pace, the momentary pause she took to catch her breath was the final push needed for the couch to collapse beneath her weight.

Bracing himself from the impact, Hizashi looked upon what remained of his sofa. What he saw was a blob of hairy flesh that easily surpassed 1000 pounds in weight. As he looked over the obese woman, he noticed her chubby fingers still trying to reach for her nether region.

“Fuck hole, fuck hole, fuck BWOOOOORRRP hole,” Aizawa pleaded with the only two words left in her head.

Hizashi’s original intent to dismiss her request was put down by the threat of her quivering flesh. A fear crawled through his mind that if she didn’t get what she wanted, it would only be a matter of time before she outgrew his apartment and spread her flatulent flab across the city. Swallowing his pride, he got her attention by grabbing a handful of her belly hair.

“I’ll do it,” Hizashi said, getting the slobby giant to stop her tantrum, “but we’re going to do it my way.”

“Fuck hole! Fuck hole” Aizawa shouted, a drool-riddled smile on her face as she watched her savior lift up her gut and crawl beneath it.

Hizashi regretted his decision the moment Aizawa’s foopah collapsed behind him. Left in complete darkness, he fumbled between her plush thighs in the hopes of finding his target. Just as he thought he would be crushed by the weight of her belly pressing onto his back, he felt a bushel of coarse hairs rub up against his face. Reeling back from the fermented odor clinging to her pubic area, he had a moment to think over his decision. Once again putting back his strange urges with a reminder that it was all for Aizawa’s sake, he opened his mouth and leaned forward.

Dragging his tongue across the dripping labia brought forth a mix of rancid flavors and feelings. Slipping past her clit and getting a mouthful of hair, he heard a loud moan echo from the mountain of flesh above. Appreciative that his usual methods still worked, he came at her with his full attention, sucking and licking every inch of her plump womanhood. Aizawa rewarded his efforts with a constant stream of belch-fueled moans, alongside a continuous bombardment of flatulence. As much as Hizashi’s logical side was utterly disgusted by the smells that assaulted his senses, his lower body found strange pleasure in the way her sweaty flesh shook as she got closer to her release.

Pushing through noxious odors and his own desires, Hizashi was greeted to one last explosion of gas and erotic cries. The walls of the fleshy cave rumbled with aftershocks, threatening to trap him inside if he didn’t move quickly. Hizashi slipped out from beneath Aizawa just as her belly plopped onto the floor, his body covered in the hedonistic woman’s

sweat and hair. As he wiped off the unruly locks and wetness from his lips, he heard Aizawa speak again.

“Fuck hole! Fuck hole!” Aizawa demanded, punctuating each command with an atrocious fart.

“I already ate you out, that should’ve been more than enough,” he pleaded, trying to convince her and his still rigid member.

Aizawa ignored his pleas in favor of spouting out more demands to pleasure her. Each shout and resulting eruption of gas further spread her flab across the floor. Under the threat of losing his best friend to the effects of the quirk alongside his apartment, Hizashi let himself give into his rising desires.

“Fine!” he shouted, getting Aizawa to quiet down. “Lay down on your back and spread your legs. I’ll give you want you want.”

Still retaining enough brain cells to follow orders, Aizawa did as she was asked. Taking off his sweat drenched shirt, Hizashi once again approached his partner. Getting closer to his target, he could already feel his manhood throbbing at the mere thought of sticking it in. Again he tried to tell himself that it was for Aizawa’s sake, but his reasons for participating in the carnal act didn’t matter as soon as he inserted his dick inside of her.

Grabbing hold of her belly fat, Hizashi began moving his hips back and forth at a gentle rhythm. The slow thrusts partially met Aizawa’s needs and helped Hizashi let go of his inhibitions. Daring to up his speed by a fraction let him revel in the unparalleled pleasure of feeling his cock continuously slide in and out of her plump pussy. Clenching his teeth and letting his fingers dig into her belly rolls, he no longer had the ability to hold back.

Hizashi broke into a rapid series of thrusts, increasing the pair's stimulation as each impact sent shockwaves through Aizawa's bountiful flab. The gas that erupted from the intense love making no longer filled Hizashi with disgust. Each burp and fart only enhanced his state of euphoria as he plunged his manhood inside of her over and over again. His efforts led to him releasing his seed shortly before Aizawa was overtaken by a series of euphoric shivers and moans.

Slumping his head against Aizawa's belly gave Hizashi a chance to rest and reflect on what he had just done. Pulling himself free from Aizawa's pussy, he looked for a sign that his companion would shrink or at the very least come to her senses. Instead, he heard the same chant as before louder than ever.

"FUCK UURRP HOLE! FUCK BWOOOOOORRRP HOLE! FUCK HOLE!" she finished, slamming her fists against her belly as a minute long PHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT erupted from her rear.

"How are you like this?" he said, both out of frustration and exhaustion.

"FUCK HOLE! FUCK HOLE!" she repeated, adding another stink bomb to her tirade.

As the last of the gas petered out, Hizashi's brain struggled to figure out what she meant. Hearing several more farts blast from her colon clued him into what she really wanted. "Turn over," he ordered, following a feeling in his gut and groin.

It took several moments for the words to be processed by Aizawa. Finally understanding him, she obliged to try and maneuver her pile of flab. Straining at the effort at moving her body about, Hizashi was forced to help her roll over. Grabbing hold of her back fat, he gave the last push needed to lay her on her belly. Taking a step back, Hizashi's eyes gandered at the coarse body hair that trailed down her back flab to reach her derriere. The elephantine butt cheeks had

become like massive sacks of flesh and hair, the strands having collected the flatulence that had been forced out during their session of intimacy.

Grabbing hold of the fur-riddled ass, Hizashi slid his cock down her butt crack. Feeling his tip circle a puffy hole, he knew he found the right place as soon as he got a face full of one of her farts. Egged on by the effects of the gas and his rising libido, he dove his member inside of her asshole.

No longer inhibited by his own mind, Hizashi thrust into Aizawa's anus with his full strength. Each loud clap of his hips against her rear coincided with a pair of moans echoing from the two heroes' mouths. Farts managed to slip past his dick with each pull of his hips to keep them in a constant cloud of noxious fumes and arousal. Exerting his body to its limits had him shaking his lower body back and forth like an out of control jackhammer. From both ends Aizawa's let her pleasure be known through her moaning belches and the way her body shook like it was made of jelly with each slam of his cock inside of her gassy colon.

One last thrust was all it took to send the unlikely couple to their release. Luckily enough, Aizawa's body was overtaken by orgasmic shaking just as Hizashi's strength gave out. Flooding Aizawa's anus with a surplus of his seed, Hizashi slumped forward to bask in his euphoria. His mind a mess of regret and satisfaction, he felt his eyelids grow heavy. Sliding his fingers down Aizawa's hairy butt, he soon found himself drifting off to sleep.

Sun shining in from a nearby window stirred Hizashi from his slumber. Sitting up, he found himself covered in a blanket with his nude body slumped against his recliner. A quick glance around at the leftover destruction of his couch and smelling the horrific odor that clung to the air helped him to realize that he hadn't dreamed up the events of the previous night. Through

the lingering feelings of shame and satisfaction, he picked up a whiff of someone cooking in the kitchen.

Coming down the hall with a tray burdened with pancakes, bacon, and eggs was Aizawa. Over the course of the night and several early morning showers, Aizawa had returned to his former body. His original outfit scattered amongst the debris of the sofa, he had borrowed one of Hizashi's obnoxiously pink bath robes. For once, Hizashi wanted nothing more than to remain silent as they two of them locked gazes. Continuing forward, Aizawa dropped the tray on Hizashi's lap. Grasping a few strips of bacon, he went over to lean his back against the wall.

"Better eat up," Aizawa said, helping taking a bite of his meal. "You need to regain your strength after what we went through last night."

Hizashi picked up his fork and knife and cut into his food to avoid making direct eye contact with Aizawa. "How much do you remember?"

"All of it," Aizawa replied through a mouthful of food. "It was like someone was driving my body and I was stuck in the passenger seat. I experienced every moment of what that version of me did."

Letting out a sigh, Hizashi put down his utensils and looked up to Aizawa. "Are you mad?"

"Not really," he replied, munching on another strip of bacon. "If anything, I should be the one apologizing to you. Especially since I was so forceful."

"Did it at least feel good on your end?"

Aizawa paused for a moment, letting his gaze linger on the ceiling. "I'll admit it was...pleasurable." He tilted his head down, mostly just to inspect the look of cautious interest on Hizashi's face. "What about you? How was it fucking that gassy blob of a woman?"

“It wasn’t unpleasant. Your eccentricities began to grow on me towards the end. I think it might have been part of the quirk’s effects.”

“Makes sense,” he said, nodding in unison with Hizashi before letting a long pause fill the room. “Thankfully we were able to stop that villain before he was able to inflict his quirk on anyone else.”

“So now what?”

“It’s simple. We get ourselves cleaned up and get on with our lives. On one condition.”

“Which is?”

Aizawa stepped forward and loomed over Hizashi. “That we never speak of last night ever again. Are we clear?”

“Crystal,” Hizashi replied before he dug into his morning meal to recuperate the strength lost from his evening with the flatulent mound of flab that was Femzawa.