

Ann the Flabby, Flatulent, Fashionista

Running like her feet had been lit on fire, Ann sprinted into the photo studio in an attempt to avoid being any later than she already was for her latest modeling gig. Her need to hurry left the passing crew members with only a glance at her twin pigtails of platinum blonde hair as she ran backstage. Arriving at the dressing room door, she allowed herself a moment to catch her breath. Sucking in mouthfuls of air, she tried to recover from both her mad dash and her morning dive into Mementos with her fellow Phantom Thieves. Making a mental note to look through the loot she had recklessly shoved in her bag, she pushed open the door to be met with an unwelcome face.

Mika purposefully took her time to acknowledge Ann's presence. When she finally did, it was with a flourish of her long brown hair to precede the look of disdain made up of her brown eyes and pouty lips. Swiveling about in her chair, she showed off the purple, two-piece bikini adorning her body before she stood up. Making her way over to Ann, she crossed her arms as she looked over her rival's exhausted state.

"Glad you could finally make it," Mika said. "Just make sure you clean yourself up before the shoot. Last thing I need is you ruining my face shots from forcing me to smell your sweaty body."

Rather than get angry, Ann merely smiled in response. "Pretty sure that would be an improvement for you."

Copying Ann's sly grin, Mika returned to her chair to finish applying makeup. "If you have time to share insults, then you should be able to squeeze your body into your bikini. Unless you stopped by a burger joint on the way here."

“I told you I’ve started taking better care of myself,” Ann said, tossing her bag onto a nearby couch before putting on a red swimsuit similar to Mika’s. “I was actually doing a bit of exercise this morning.”

“Is that so?” Mika asked, turning her head to watch as Ann proudly showed off how her outfit emphasized her curves. “Figures it would take until after your 18th birthday for you to start acting like an adult.”

“Yeah, makes me wonder when you’ll start doing the same,” Ann shot back, heading over to the couch to grab some lipstick.

Managing to fish out the tube from the bag, Ann pulled her hand away and in the process dragged something else out. The jingling of chains echoed through the room as a pair of necklaces fell to the floor. Though Ann had been the one to shove them in her bag, her need to rush had led her to nearly forget about their existence. Given a chance to look over the pair of matching jewelry adorned with pendants baring ominous, black, and white eyes, Ann only had a moment to try and figure out what they were before Mika snatched them up.

“Hey, those are mine!” Ann said, watching as Mika put one of the necklaces around her neck.

“Well you don’t need two of them,” Mika replied, admiring her ill-gotten jewelry.

“Besides, I think it suits me.”

“That still doesn’t mean you can take it without my permission,” Ann said, clenching her fingers as she reminded herself not to tell her rival where she had gotten the necklaces from.

Letting out a sigh, Mika walked forward to place the other necklace around Ann’s neck.

“There. Is that better?”

“No. You still shouldn’t-“

Ann was stopped as Mika reached out to pluck the ties keeping her blonde hair in place. No longer restrained, Ann's hair was free to drape across her back. Swinging about her freed locks, Ann turned towards Mika heading towards the door.

“What did you do that for?”

“To make you look better, duh,” Mika said, as she stood next to the exit. “It's obvious that you're acting uptight and stressed out. You have to learn to relax or else you'll end up making me look bad. Now come on. We need to get going.”

Already late as it were, Ann shrugged off the unsettling feeling she got in her stomach looking at the amulet and hurried off after Mika. Upon entering the studio, she received a number of dirty looks from the staff that had no doubt been waiting for her arrival. Putting a weak smile on her face, she gave out a collection of apologies as she made her way over to the bright blue backdrop where they would be doing the photo shoot.

“Better late than never, I guess,” the photographer said as he gestured for Ann and Mika to take their places. “I'm not sure if the jewelry is a good addition though.”

“You have to admit that it gives us a bit more elegance,” Mika said, holding up the amulet with her fingers. “And that is something one of us dearly needs.”

“Self-deprecating jokes can be pretty hurtful you know?” Ann replied, shooting Mika a smirk before taking her spot.

“Fine, fine, you can keep the necklaces,” the photographer said. “Just get in position so we can get started. I need you two to show me some poses of absolute beauty. The client really wants to emphasize how the swimsuits can enhance your natural features.”

Taking a deep breath, Ann did as she was told and struck a pose that was at least on par with Mika's. As she waited for the camera to snap her pictures, an unsettling rumbling sensation

began to appear in her mid-section. While she tried to ignore it at first, it became more difficult to hold it back as the pressure continued to build. Chewing on her lip, Ann began to squirm as she tried to avoid humiliating herself in front of so many people. Unfortunately, even her best efforts couldn't prevent the inevitable.

Just as Ann felt like she was about to burst, a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP echoed through the studio. In addition to the rude noise, the fart came with a rancid stench that made most of the crew wince. Reeling from the odor herself, Ann turned her head towards the source of the smell.

“So UUURRRP unprofessional,” Mika commented, her death stare towards the crew unwavering even as Ann took the opportunity to let out her own squeaky fart while everyone was distracted. “You mean to tell me you’ve gone through your entire UURRRP lives not seeing a woman pass a little gas?”

“It’s never been this bad,” the photographer mumbled.

“What was that?” Mika asked, making the photographer shudder.

“Nothing, nothing. Let’s just get back to the-“

“Wait a minute,” Mika said, holding up her hand. “Can someone bring me food? My stomach still isn’t sitting right.”

Not wanting to anger the model any further, one of the staff members came forth with a platter of cheese, crackers, and various fruits. Licking her lips as she looked over the spread, Mika showed little hesitation as her fingers grasped a handful of snacks and shoved them in her mouth. The crew were left stunned as they watched the usually reserved model make a complete pig of herself. Her feast only came to a pause as she looked over her shoulder to glance at Ann.

“Come BWWOOOOOORRRP on,” Mika belched out. “Eat something before there’s nothing left.”

Only now noticing the strange hunger pangs in her mid-section, Ann relented and approached the platter. Snatching up an apple and sinking her teeth in, she was met with a sweet flavor that exceeded the expectations of typical produce. Similar occurrences of delicious tastes happened with each every bite Ann took from the tray. Losing herself in this moment of indulgence, she only came to a stop once she and Mika had emptied out the entire spread of snacks.

Fighting back the urge to lick the platter clean, Ann brushed the crumbs off of her hands with the intention of getting back to the photo shoot. However, she was forced to stop as she felt an extra bundle of chub around her mid-section lunge forward as she took a step. Doing a survey of her body revealed other pockets of fat had been placed around her bosom and buttocks.

More than a little freaked out by her sudden weight gain, Ann prodded her finger into her gut. The slight poke was enough to rattle around the collection of food sloshing around in her stomach. Continuing to push on the still digesting lump of food released a burp from her mouth that reddened her cheeks. Feeling another gas bubble attempt to escape, she clamped her hands over her mouth. Her plan only resulted in the built up pressure pushing down her intestines to escape in the form of a squeaky PPHHHHRRRTTT from her rear.

As Ann tried to wave away the foul air and avoid eye contact with the crew, she momentarily glanced over at Mika. Ann’s sense of shame didn’t seem to be shared by her fellow model. Mika was freely swinging about her prominent potbelly and larger curves as she looked around the room with an annoyed expression on her face. Letting out a loud BRRAAAAPPPP

from the gas produced by the food rolling around in her innards, she stomped towards the photographer.

“That wasn’t nearly BWOOOOOORRRP enough,” Mika belched out. “Where’s the rest of the food?”

“I don’t think that’s such a good *cough* idea,” he replied, struggling to remain standing in the wake of Mika’s burp. “Maybe we should just take a five minute break to air out and-“

Opening up her mouth as wide as possible, Mika silenced the photographer with another belch. Leaving him to stumble amidst the foul air, she turned her attention towards the catering table. Watching as Mika made a beeline towards the food, leaving behind a trail of fart clouds in her wake, Ann tried to figure out what was going on. Though she didn’t have a clear answer, she could make an educated guess that it had something to do with the necklaces around her and Mika’s necks.

“Mika you need to UUURRRP stop!” Ann shouted out, trying to ignore her belch and the subsequent puffs of gas that slipped out of her rear as she ran after Mika.

In response, Mika turned to glare at Ann and let another belch burst forth right in her rival’s face. “Calm down. There’s plenty of food for both of us. One of the few things this BWOOOOOORRRP studio does right is provide plenty of snacks for the crew.”

“No, I mean you can’t keep UUURRP eating like this,” Ann said, trying to keep pace with her rival while trying to avoid a noxious blast of flatulence. “Let me just see the necklace and I might be able to stop-“

Ann was cut off as her attention on Mika left her blindsided to something bumping into her stomach. In addition to stopping her in her tracks, the impact pushed out more gas bubbles from both of Ann’s mouth and rear to surround her with a noxious scent. Wincing at her own

supply of rancid fumes, she hazarded to open up her eyes to look at the table she had bumped into, as well as the massive amount of food spread across it.

While Ann was quite aware of the ravenous appetite that was striking her unsettled stomach, she also knew that it probably wasn't the best idea to shove more food into her belly to fuel further gassy outbursts. The same internal debate was non-existent to Mika, who showed no restraint as she grabbed a handful of fried chicken to chow down on. Watching Mika strip the meat to the bone and carelessly let her hair become covered in grease in the process, Ann was finding it harder and harder to hold back her own urge to stuff her face. Chewing on her lip as she tried to resist, Ann inevitably drifted her finger towards a plate of miniature sausages in an attempt to momentarily silence her belly.

The small bite of meat was nearly sent Ann into a feeding frenzy from the taste alone. Keeping most of her instincts at bay, Ann managed to carefully pick and choose which parts of the catering area she would excavate for things to fill her gut. Carrots and other vegetables were delicious to her cursed palette, but her body made it known how much it abhorred her cautious approach to indulging herself. Picking her way through a platter of petit pastries to sate herself, Ann's attempts at self-control left her to gawk at Mika's progress.

Without even a hint of Ann's restraint, Mika showed no mercy in sinking her teeth into whatever met her mouth. Everything from dainty cupcakes to a plate of greasy burgers were eaten without a second thought. Considering how skinny Mika had been beforehand, it was simply astounding that she was able to fit so much into her body. At least it was until Ann took notice of her transformed figure.

A doughy, doubled over belly began to sag between Mika's legs in an effort to make room for the enormous intake of food. Her gut dropped even lower as her breasts engorged to

twice their size to rest upon the protruding mid-section. Not wanting to be outdone, Mika's butt cheeks expanded to become as equally thick and chubby as her chest.

Ann stared in awe as she watched Mika continue to shake about the fat layered onto her arms in an attempt to feed her ravenous hunger. This deluge of binge eating resulted in a wad of food building in Mika's gut to create a truly astounding amount of gas bubbles. Stomping about on legs covered in thick blubber, Mika freed up more room for her feast by unleashing a maelstrom of farts. Though the stench managed to keep most of the crew away, Ann found it strange that her nose was becoming accustomed to the stench. Once more fiddling with the amulet around her neck, Ann wondered just how much more she would change. Wanting to avoid at the very least herself falling victim to the curse, she attempted to remove the necklace.

Just as Ann lifted the necklace up a single inch, a spark shot out of the amulet and spread through her body. Letting the jewelry drop back onto her neck, she clutched her mid-section as the hunger pangs from before came back stronger than ever. There was no chance to ignore her desires this time, unconsciously grabbing what she could from the catering area. The sudden intake of food proved to momentarily sate her hunger in exchange for splattering stains into her free flowing blonde hair. As she continued to give in to the accursed jewelry's wishes, her soiled locks became the least of her worries.

In no time at all Ann developed a belly on par with Mika's, complete with developing fat rolls that managed to suck up any crumbs that missed her mouth. Sauce splattering across her lips as she dug into a rack of ribs were scattered across her plump cheeks and two chins, but a few were lucky enough to hit her pair of heaving breasts. With her pudgy arms preoccupied with shoving food into her mouth, there was no hope for her to stop the belches that erupted from her mouth with increasing frequency and strength. A similar tale was told with her lower half

pushing out a constant bombardment of flatulence to keep her thick rear constantly vibrating. She was utterly disgusted by what her body was becoming, but she couldn't bring herself to stop. Fortunately, she wasn't the only one absolutely revolted by the display of absolute hedonism.

“THAT’S ENOUGH!” the photographer shouted, holding a rag up to his face to avoid breathing in the girl’s gas. “I am the god damn photographer here and I will not stand for this kind of behavior. You’re supposed to be professional models, not low class slobs that lack even a semblance of the most basic manners. Stop eating everything in sight and leave before I have to call security to-“

“Do BWOOOOORRP what?” Mika asked, stomping her body around to bounce her belly into the photographer to make him back up. “Are you seriously suggesting that you want to throw us out and miss your golden opportunity? You must be blind if you can’t UUURRPP see the newest trend in the fashion world standing right in front of you.”

“What are you BWOOOOORRRPP talking about?” Ann belched out.

Turning her two chins to the side, Mika shot Ann a wide grin. “We’ve been blessed with an opportunity to take the modeling world by storm,” she said as a set of ominous rumbles echoed from her and Ann’s guts. “All we have to do is get rid of these talentless hacks and seize the opportunity.”

Keeping a tight grip on Ann’s belly rolls, Mika proceeded to squat up and down to send both of their bodies into fits of wild shaking. The rapid movement further stirred up the bundles of food clumped together in their digestive tracts to build up their collection of gas bubbles. Feeling the storm inside of her grow stronger and stronger, Ann didn’t know how much she could take. No longer able to resist the influence of either the amulet or Mika, she finally gave in to what her body desired most.

An explosion of flatulence filled the studio as both girls unleashed the gas from their lower halves. Rather than shame or humiliation, the reverberating PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT that erupted from Ann's rear filled her with a sense of relief. Even though Mika had ceased shaking her flab, Ann still allowed a guttural belch to erupt from her mouth to add to the noxious fumes filling the area. The smell acted as an alarm that managed to force the entire crew to run for the nearest exit. These reactions of disgust were not shared by Ann, who found a strange sense of satisfaction in sucking up the horrid aroma of herself and Mika. Whether she realized it or not, she was starting to understand what the amulet wanted.

"That takes care of the trash," Mika remarked as she watched the photographer run out the room and slam the door behind him. "Now we can get down to business." She nearly managed to grab a foot long sandwich from the table before it was taken away from her. Turning her thick neck to the side, she was met with the sight of Ann devouring the entire sub in a few bites.

"Don't give me that BWOOOORRRP look," Ann replied, licking the crumbs from her fingers. "It's nothing personal, it's just UUUURRP how the modeling world works."

Punctuating a point Mika had made herself multiple times with a thunderous fart from her rear, Ann wasted little time grabbing at a platter of burritos to shove into her mouth. Her lingering fart cloud did little to dissuade Mika from bumping her hips into hers in an effort to shove her head into the chocolate fountain. Peeking her head out of the liquid sweetness, Mika paid little mind to the mess she made of her hair as she shot Ann a grin before her face was distorted by a monstrous belch. With a whip of her hair, Ann replied by dunking her entire head into a bowl of banana pudding. In a matter of seconds, Ann came back up to reveal that most of

the pudding had been divided between filling her belly and making her formerly lustrous strands into a sticky mess.

One after another Ann and Mika tried to one up each other with displays of gluttony. Ann's hair become even greasier and covered in oil as she dove head first into a pizza to gobble up the cheese, meat, and other toppings. Not to be outdone, Mika treated her already messy locks with a fresh coating of meat as she dunked her head into a bowl of chili that had originally been intended for the plate of hotdogs the two women had already eaten through mere moments before. Each new dish brought with it a plethora of wonderful flavors, alongside an inundation of flab and horrible odors.

The pair's unbridled indulgence had the expected outcome of further fattening up their figures to massive proportions. In an effort to contain the growing mess of food inside of them, Ann and Mika's stomachs went back and forth in terms of which was larger. As they got close to the end, both of their bellies dragged across the ground as they shuffled about with their over 800 pound bodies. By sheer luck the women's bikini tops managed to stay attached to their massive meaty breasts but did little to actually cover up their plump nipples. The strained fabric was further tormented as they sunk deeper into the sloppy women's doughy limbs and was covered in a deluge of spills. A similar story was told by the sunken in bottoms that were stretched across the pair's wide waistlines. If they looked hard enough, Ann and Mika could see the barest hint of the bottom's coloring wedged between each other's enormous ass cheeks.

Daring to pause for even a moment to check on the thong-like swim wear gifted each of the ladies with a face full of the other's gas. In return, the other would unleash a reverberating fart that shook about their fat rolls alongside the building itself. These farts were accompanied with a cacophony of burps that were unleashed whenever the girls took even a moment's pause

from their erratic chewing. This thick miasma of noxious fumes proved to be the perfect way to let the women relax and unwind as they made complete pigs of themselves, not stopping until the very last bite.

Making their way over to the dessert table, Ann and Mika managed to be civil enough to split a cake that was nearly as tall as they were. Slamming their hefty forms into the confection unleashed a loud BRRRAAAAAAAPPPP from both of their ends to mix the smell of sugar with their own disgusting gas. Eating through the cake as if it was nothing, the two of them were left absolutely covered in head to toe in pink icing. Licking up the remains of the cake and throwing about the mess that was their absolutely filthy hair, the two of them turned to meet each other face to face.

“Looks like that was the UUUURRRPPP last of it,” Mika commented.

“What do we BWOOOOOORRRRRPPP do now?” Ann asked.

Mika let out a loud PHHHHRRRRTTT as she used her bulky legs to waddle away from the decimated catering area. “Easy. We leave this place and find somewhere else to eat.”

“What did you have in mind?” Ann asked, pausing to unleash another rumbling fart from her rear.

“I saw a BWOOOOOORRRRP buffet around the corner from here,” Mika replied. “We can head over there after we finish up with our job.”

“What UUURRRP job?” Ann asked, shuffling over to the backdrop with Mika.

“Our job of showing the world what the new UUURRP standard in modeling is,” Mika answered, gesturing for Ann to get into position while she fiddled with the camera.

Taking up her position on the backdrop once more, Ann glanced over to the preview image shown on a nearby screen. Given a full view of her obese form covered in a plethora of

food stains, her tainted mind found it absolutely stunning. With a wide grin on her pudgy face, Ann struck a few poses to fully admire her new figure. This constant movement had the side effect of further stirring up the enormous amount of food tumbling through her intestines, rapidly forming a sizable fart bubble.

“There, that should BWOOOOORRRPPPP do it,” Mika said, her waddling motion wreaking the same chaos within her own bowels as she made her way over with a remote in hand. “When I push this button, we’ll have about five seconds before the picture is taken. Make sure you don’t UUUURRRPPPP mess it up. We have to make sure the world gets a good BWOOOOORRRPP look at us.”

“I promise to do my best. As long as you don’t UUUURRRPP trip me up at least,” Ann cheekily replied as Mika joined her on the backdrop.

Pressing the remote and starting the countdown, Mika slammed her body into Ann’s try and get into position. Five seconds left until the picture was taken, the girls were still pounding their flabby forms against one another to get into the center of the camera’s view. With four seconds left to go, they managed to stop moving, but their flab continued to jiggle. Three seconds marked the point where the gas in their bodies rapidly expanded to further swell their prominent bellies. At two seconds left, the pair could feel the storm brewing inside that filled them with a sense of anticipation. One second left, and the women hit their breaking points as their belly buttons popped out and they allowed themselves to completely give in to the accursed jewelry’s influence.

When the timer went off, the camera was able to capture the very moment that the pair let out a series of earthshaking farts. Acrid, yellow smoke billowed out of their rears, the strange side effect considered tame in comparison to the rest of their changes. The feeling of relief that

swept over Ann and Mika were shown in the expressions of pure joy on their faces. This moment would be preserved in the picture, marking the beginning of the wave of slobby models that would soon take over the fashion world.