

## A Shinobi's Slob Cell

Leaping from branch to branch under the light of the full moon, Sakura kept her eyes peeled for any signs of activity. Signaling for the rest of her team to stop, she ensured her pink hair was tucked within the confines of her headband to avoid any loose strands getting in the way of her mission. She clutched the collection of various weapons and medical supplies strapped to her red qipao and black pants to make sure they were ready at a moment's notice. Glancing at the rest of team to double check they were well-equipped for whatever danger lurked ahead, she gestured for them to continue their advance.

Sakura went over the information of the mission in her head as she continued to search the area with her squad. The reports spoke of a hooded figure moving about the outskirts of the village, speaking to himself about something called the All Seeing One. Having survived the Fourth Shinobi World War two years' prior, Sakura had learned not to take lightly an unknown threat.

A flash of something below the tree line had Sakura signal for the other ninjas to take their positions. Flanking the sides of a clearing in the forest, the group set their eyes on the individual they had been warned about. The rumors and fears that had spread through the village became harder to believe as Sakura watched the man wander around the field with his head tilted up at the sky. Under the light of the moon, she could see the image of an eye painted across his forehead. Having acquired a wide array of knowledge when it came to unusual eyes, she readied a kunai and stepped out onto the field.

“Stay where you are!” Sakura shouted at the figure.

The man turned his head towards her. “Oh hello, didn’t expect to run into anyone at this time of night.” Pulling away his hood, the man showed off his black, buzz cut hair and a friendly smile.

“Who are you and what are you doing out here?”

“Oh, my name is Oko,” he replied with a polite bow. “I’ve come to this place to share some of my master’s power with others.”

“Your master?”

“Yes, they are very benevolent,” he said with a beaming smile. “I’ve only been here for a few short days and already I’ve been given the perfect candidate for a Slob Cell.”

“Listen, I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Sakura said, signaling for the others to get ready to take the strange man into custody, “but I do know that you’re coming with me for questioning.”

“I really don’t think that’s necessary,” he replied, his cheerful mood unwavering even as Sakura’s teammates drew closer. “Somethings are better left unknown. That being said, I do intend to both share with you some knowledge and a chance to relax. You look pretty stressed out.”

The two ninjas lunged towards Oko only for him to effortlessly leap out of the way. Landing atop a tree branch behind Sakura, he beat out the wrinkles from his cloak. With the other ninjas fast approaching, he turned his gaze towards her and put his hands together.

“I do hope I’m doing this right,” he said, creating numerous hand signs that looked completely foreign to the experienced shinobi. “This is my first attempt at channeling power using this method. Apologies ahead of time if this causes any unforeseen side effects.”

Sakura's bewildered expression at the bizarre man's words was the second of hesitation needed for a dark abyss to open up below her. Black tentacles reached out of the rift to grasp her legs and drag her into the shadows. As she sunk down to her torso, she spotted the other ninjas running towards her.

"Don't come any closer," she shouted, remaining calm even as the portal swallowed most of her body. "Last thing we need is you getting caught by this thing."

"Caring too," Oko commented as he watched Sakura's pink hair sink into the abyss. "Yup, you're definitely deserving of a nice, long break. Enjoy!"

Wading through an ocean of dark shadows, Sakura found herself free falling. Her landing was cushioned by the presence of a king-sized bed covered in a pink, cherry blossom pattern blanket. Sinking into the plush bedding, Sakura scrambled to look at where she had ended up.

The dark forest had been replaced with what appeared to be a one room apartment dimly lit by lightbulbs in the ceiling. Rolling off of the bed, her shoes sunk into a white carpet almost as soft as the bed itself. Walking over to one of the many shelves on the walls, her fingers traced over a plethora of books, comics, and DVDs on a variety of shows and subjects. Directly in front of the bed was an entertainment center supporting a television almost larger than the bed.

Momentarily glancing at the various devices beneath the imposing TV, Sakura turned her attention towards the opposite wall and immediately felt her stomach growl. Shelves upon shelves of various snacks sat at the ready to be devoured. Taking up the other half of the wall were three fridges that reached up to the ceiling. Pulling open one of the fridge doors, Sakura's mind boggled at the sheer amount of microwave ready meals and chilled treats she found.

Putting her back to the horde of food large enough to feed a squad 100 times over, she continued to wander around the room. Peeking her head into the bathroom let her breathe a sigh

of relief at the sight of a strangely large toilet. Taking a mental note of the lack of a tub or any way to properly clean herself, her search brought her back to the bed. Sitting on the mattress, surrounded with more than enough supplies and entertainment to keep anyone content for months or even years on end, the only downside she could find was the complete lack of doors or windows.

Going over the techniques she had replicated many times before, Sakura tried to dispel whatever Genjutsu she assumed had manifested this strange prison cell. No matter what she tried, the four walls of the space remained intact. Taking a page from Naruto's book, her next idea had her charging up chakra to forcibly make her own escape route. Just as the energy reached her fingertips, something made it fizzle out.

Contemplating breaking free from the cell with her own fists, she was halted by a growl emanating from her stomach. She slid her hand against her ravenous mid-section in the hopes of quieting it down long enough to formulate an escape plan. However, the more she tried to push her appetite to the back of her mind, the stronger the hunger pangs grew. Realizing that she wouldn't be able to do anything on any empty stomach, she shuffled her way towards the food wall.

Sakura's first instincts were to carefully ration out her supplies to prepare for however long her captors would be keeping her. Giving the shelves a closer look, she was disheartened to discover that the plethora of food options lacked much in the way of proper nutrition. Everything appeared specifically chosen to favor flavor over dietary needs, culminating in the realization that the only form of drinks she could find were bottles of soda.

Dreading what the food could possibly do to her health, Sakura's search through the fridge paused at a welcome sight. Pulling out the neatly wrapped, plastic packaging let her

hungry eyes examine the droplets of red bean paste leaking from the dumpling inside. Wiping away a stray drop of drool that had begun to form on the corner of her mouth, she went back to the bed with her makeshift meal in tow.

Spreading everything out along the mattress, she sat down and popped open the wrapper of the anko dumpling. Sinking her teeth into the sweet treat immediately silenced her growling stomach with a deluge of pleased hums. Under the influence of one of her favorite foods, her hesitation of her dietary intake was lessened just enough for her to unscrew the top of a bottle of soda and take a swig. The bubbles popping against her tongue helped to wash down the leftover syrup from her dumpling and make room for further snacking.

Making a complete glutton of herself through the meal of sweets and soda, it took an unruly grumble from her stomach to get her to stop. Daring to tilt her head down, she was horrified to see her qipao stretched out to accommodate a sphere of flesh taking up her mid-section. Brushing off the leftover crumbs and droplets of sauce she had left from her meal, she ran her fingers along the protrusion to confirm it wasn't her eyes playing tricks on her.

Squeezing her hand around her gut further stirred up the rumbling noise. The sound came to an apex in the form of a loud BWOOOORRRPPP rolling up her throat to let her re-taste her meal. Reeling from the smell that rose up to fill her nostrils, she stood up from the bed and went to the other side of the room. Contending with a batch of smaller belches, her distracted mind had her walk straight into one of the bookshelves.

Colliding into the furniture with her overstrained belly sent a number of books falling towards her. Blocking the oncoming downpour of literature with her hands helped to avoid any injuries. Just as she breathed a sigh of relief, one last book toppling from the shelves hit the center of her belly to send something horrid tumbling down her digestive tract. Unable to stop it

in time, Sakura found herself subjected to a sputtering PHHHHHRRRTTTT blasting out of her rear.

Disgusted and confused by the sheer power of the fart, she had to assume that this gas and her sudden weight gain had been part of hooded man's plan for her. Rather than give into his torture or twisted fantasy, she redoubled her efforts in search of something to escape. While determined, her gut sloshing about hindered her with another bout of flatulence to keep her surrounded in the awful stench.

Backing away from the aftermath of a prolonged BRRRRAAAPP PPP, Sakura once again bumped into one of the shelves. The ensuing collapse of classic literature and sleazy hentai brought with it a scroll that appeared to purposefully fall into her hands. Looking it over, her need to escape was pushed to the wayside as she realized what she was holding. Skimming the text revealed a plethora of new medical procedures and information that she had never seen before. Each one claimed of techniques that were borderline miracle work, entrancing the medical shinobi to stay a little while longer.

Sitting herself back down on the bed, Sakura let herself dive into the scroll to extract every minuscule detail she could get. Engrossed with her reading, she thought little of the way her stomach growled with hunger so soon after her last meal. If anything, the slight annoyance her hunger pangs brought were just an excuse for her body to unconsciously make its way back to the food storage. Loading up the mattress with a spread of food fit to feed her entire squad, she sat in the center to read with one hand and settle her stomach with the other.

For hours on end she sat and read, only stopping to gather more food and massage her bloated belly. Her distracted mindset still had enough cognition to recognize the unruly noises

and rumbles plaguing her digestion. In spite of her incoming gas, the mere thought of having to move from her comfy spot on the bed was worse than having to deal with a little indigestion.

When the pressure became too much, Sakura let the gas out without any remorse. Though she suspected that someone might have been watching her, she was at least relieved that no one from the village was around to hear or smell her expulsions. The presence of a reverberating fart didn't do much to stop her reading, nor did the bassy belch that followed soon after. Her nose seemed to be growing used to the awful stench with each burp or fart that was released. The warmth of the aura of stink surrounding her began to act like a blanket, covering her in a strange sense of comfort.

Sakura was broken out of her trance by the sound of something ripping apart. Swiveling about her head brought out similar noises and sent a chill across her body. Finally recognizing the noise of tearing fabric, she looked at what her indulgences had done to her.

Her precious red qipao was mere moments away from bursting apart as it tried to contain her bulging gut and the fat rolls that had formed around it. A tear had stretched out around her collar, splitting down the middle to make way for a pair of fatty breasts, each one the size of her head. Reaching a chubby limb towards her disheveled outfit, her pudgy fingers tried in vain to pull back together her clothing. Straining herself a little too far forced another fart out to widen the hole showing off her deepened butt crack. Turning her thick neck to look over her shoulder, she scrunched up her two chins as she beheld the chunky ass cheeks sinking her deeper into the bed.

Turning away just as another fart further ripped apart her pants, Sakura took a moment to survey her situation. Looking upon the piles of discarded food wrappers and drinks surrounding her, it was already a forgone conclusion what would happen if she continued to stuff herself like

a pig. The logical thing would have been to stop what she was doing and focus what little strength she had on getting out. However, she found it hard to remain reasonable under the temptations brought about by the knowledge contained in the scroll and the constant growls from her belly.

Heaving herself out of bed, Sakura grasped her raggedy outfit and began tearing it apart. Without remorse she watched the remnants of her qipao either scatter to the floor or wedge themselves within the confines of her belly button. Picking away the torn fabric, she felt something fuzzy tickle her fingers. Pulling her hand away, she discovered that fuzzy, pink body hair had begun to pop up around her belly button.

Taking a mental note of the hairs, her next step was to unclasp the hooks of her bra wedged into her back fat. A loud pop coincided with the noticeable slump to her bosom as her breasts rested against her gut. Squeezing the meaty mammaries and their plump nipples gave a strange satisfaction that was overridden by an itching sensation beneath her arms. Reaching towards the source of the irritation, she felt a series of coarse strands around her armpits. While the hairs were short, they carried with them an aroma of body odor worse than anything she had created on her own. Bristling the newest addition to her disgusting body, she wondered how much further she would change.

Sakura's concern about her future were pushed aside by another fart bursting out to further damage her pants. Just like her top, her lower attire was easily torn off to let her chunky legs shake about her wealth of thigh flesh. A flick of her finger freed her overburdened panties from their service and sent ripples through her doughy rear. Brushing aside her lengthened locks of hair, she felt her bowling ball-sized butt cheeks continue to shake through an onslaught of gas.



Bringing her attention back to the front, a hunch had her reach below her gut to feel her undercarriage. Her fingers came back after feeling a familiar fuzzy sensation across her groin.

Left with only her headband adorning her body, Sakura tried to figure out what to do next. Glancing over at the scroll, she could tell there was plenty left to go through. She figured that she deserved a break after studying so much of the scroll already. Waddling her way over to the entertainment center, she picked out a cheesy romance flick that looked interesting and popped the disc into the DVD player. Before returning to the comfort of her mattress, she was sure to load up another armful of food and drink to keep her rising hunger at bay.

Spread out on the bed with a glazed look in her eyes, Sakura binged through a seemingly endless marathon of movies and TV shows. Each passing hour further pushed back her need to get back to the village, absorbed in the hedonistic lifestyle presented to her by the room. Bringing a two liter of soda to her lips, she effortlessly guzzled the entire thing without leaving a drop behind. Tossing away the empty bottle to the tune of a bellowing BWWOOOOORRRPPP, she wasted little time grasping a handful of anko dumplings to shove past her lips. Between sucking the remnants of sugary cream from her sausage-like fingers, she made sure to keep her digestive system flowing with a barrage of farts. Inhaling the toxic cloud that surrounded her body, she paused her gluttonous feast to lean back and take in her form.

The peach fuzz around her belly button had strengthened in thickness to accommodate the way it spread across the wide mid-section of her pillowy, 800-pound belly. Lifting up her arm, she was treated to the intoxicating aroma of built up sweat from the tufts of pink hair in her armpit. Dragging her fingers through the strands covered them in her perspiration. Using her boobs as makeshift hand towels added a sheen of grease and sweat to the pumpkin-sized mammaries. Shifting herself into a sitting position, she reached below her gut to scratch at the

thicket of pubic hair taking up more of her groin and foopah. Reaching back to run her fingers through her long, greasy hair she had to give up tracing them once her reach touched the base of her dumpy ass cheeks.

As the credits rolled on her latest movie, Sakura made the dreaded realization that she had eaten through her food reserves. Hearing the ever-present call of her hungry tummy made her begin shuffling her way out of the bed. Reaching the edge of the mattress, an attempt to stand up only resulted in another fart erupting from her backside. Straining her hefty form, she pushed what little strength she had into trying again and again to get out of bed. All her work resulted in a bombardment of gas and a fresh layer of sweat dripping down her flesh.

Giving up on mobility, Sakura slid back to the center of the bed to think. Putting her fist against her chins to think, her gaze gradually drifted towards a ninjutsu scroll hidden amongst her food wrappers. Sifting through the remains of her feast let her wrap her pudgy mitts around the scroll and unfurl it. Gliding her gaze across the paper, her body quivered as she read over the technique it described. A smile stretching across her chubby cheeks, she let out a content belch as she realized she had found the perfect solution to her problem.

Going over the hand gestures to ensure they were well-memorized, Sakura tried once again to channel her chakra. Unlike before, nothing stopped her as she harnessed her energy to activate a summoning ritual. Drawing a circle on the bed using leftover bean paste completed the task and brought forth a puff of smoke with a similar stench to her flatulence. Through the noxious fog, Sakura beamed at the sight of a ten, chubby white slugs the size of a person's head wriggling around on the bed.

“You two, get me some BWOOOOORRRP food,” she commanded, sending the slugs scurrying off at incredible speed. “The two of you,” she continued, pausing to let out a loud

BRRRAAAAPPPPPP, “bring me something to drink. You pick out something for me to watch and the rest of you come massage my body.”

Sakura’s slugs hastened to meet their master’s whims. Following her directions, they managed to put on a new DVD just as her next serving of food arrived. Exhausted from the monumental task of waving around her limbs for the summoning ritual, she ordered her slugs to begin feeding her.

Unaffected by the shimmering trails of slime they left along her flab, Sakura let her mouth hang open to allow the slugs to feed her. One after another they dropped off helpings of snacks to satiate their master. Through impeccable teamwork they were able to tear off wrappers and untwist bottle caps to keep up the feast. The few that weren’t preoccupied gathering food for her concentrated on easing the digestion of her ever-expanding belly.

In a perfect state of hedonism, Sakura enjoyed the feeling of not having to budge from the comfort of her bed. With the slugs taking care of her every beck and call, she only needed to concentrate on summoning more of her helpers if she ever felt the quality of service was beginning to wane. She knew it wasn’t their fault, the little things doing their best to keep up with her needs. If anything, they were impressive for having the ability to slither so fast across her mountain of fat.

At some point Sakura realized that her body had become large enough to have part of her love handles hanging off the side of the bed. Shuffling back and forth let her feel her useless legs pinned beneath her behemoth belly. Despite the incredible thickness of her calves and thighs, they were incapable of lifting her even an inch. She didn’t mind the fact she had lost her mobility, her bean bag chair-sized butt cheeks providing ample comfort. The sagging mounds of fat she called breasts served as the perfect resting place for her slugs whenever they grew tired,

alongside catching any crumbs that fell from her lips. All of her fat culminated in a natural cushion that kept her comfortable even as the bed below began to creak and groan.

Reaching past 1500 pounds, a bellowing belch made her take notice of the various smells permeating her body. The sweat that constantly dripped down her skin mixed with her slugs' slime to create a body odor that would have knocked anyone out. Thanks to the bevy of hair crowding around her pits, belly button, and nether region, the stench had fermented into something that only Sakura's slobbified mind could appreciate. Brushing her hands through her locks of unkempt, pink hair, she let out a grunt to complete her miasma of gas through the use of a loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT echoing from her colon for over a minute.

Basking in the smell of her gas, the numerous delicious flavors upon her tongue, the feeling of the slugs dipping in and out of her fat rolls, and the heart pounding sight of the romance movie being played before her, she almost missed the sound of something snapping into existence above her head. Craning her thick neck and swinging about her five chins, she saw a letter drift down from the ceiling to land upon her chest. Instructing one of the slugs to bring it to her, she nibbled on a chocolate bar as she read.

“I do hope you have enjoyed your time in the Slob Cell. Thanks to you, my master has given me permission to give others in your world chances to relax and experience pure hedonism. Whenever you are ready, just call out my name and I would be happy to return you to your dimension. Whether or not you will also regain your original form will be entirely up to you. Thank you again for being an excellent test subject.

Sincerely,

Oko”

Letting her gaze linger on the letter for a minute, Sakura snapped her fingers to get the slug to store it in a safe location. Weighing both her body and her desire to return to work, she settled on the idea that she deserved a vacation after everything she had been through. Burping out another order of food to be brought by her dozens of servant slugs, Sakura intended to enjoy her life as a slob for a little while longer.