In Hungry Hinata’s Wake

--- The Degradation of Konoha and Its Favorite Teacher ---

Ten years had passed since Hinata’s restaurant rampage and building rupturing finale. She had shattered both the final restaurant and Konoha’s normalcy. In one day growing to become a new fixture within the landscape of the village. Hinata had changed not only herself but Konoha as well. Grappling with her size, people looked upon her as an object of worship. She was a person that had done the unthinkable and pushed their physical form to its absolute limits. Within her mass of writhing rolls and through her constant demands for food they found a spiritual calling. A cult had formed.

The new religious order mirrored Hianta’s own physical development, starting small and unnoticed but eventually growing into something powerful and dominating. The adherents, nearly all of Konoha at some point, worshiped gluttony. Followers either chased the powerful highs of indulgence or selflessly worked to elevate others. Over the passage of years, as Hinata fattened and the cult gained power, Konoha changed. Streets became littered with places that catered to the needs and lusts of obese women. Restaurants built atop one another, each promising the richest calories for the lowest prices, competed with garish billboards. Konoha became a town of avarice, a place where women came to be transformed. They dedicate their lives in pursuit of becoming queens of obesity. Such was the case for the woman taking up all five seats at Ramen Ichiraku. . .

“Mmmmppgghpp. . .ooohhmmmpggh. . .common. . .moorree.” The woman spewed praises and orders as she ate. Her body was spread across all available seats as well as the stretch of counter meant to hold plates. Her bulk flopped over the top of the counter, dipping its sweaty mass towards the cooking area. A fat, wide mouth hung open with its plumped-up lips flapping but never truly closing. A feature of Konoha’s women. Like her mouth, the woman’s arms never stopped moving. Even though they were rendered nearly vestigial by the amount of fat around them, she made weak attempts to push more food into her mouth. Her tongue searched for food. It licked and strained as it tried everything within its power to suck more into her body. The woman was so fat that chakra was used to power her muscles. She eased the burden of fat upon her body with the magical fuel, but even then it had its limits. The wobbling sack of lard was nearly incapable of feeding herself. The bulk of the feeding was done by the plump servers at the ramen booth.

They heaped gigantic bowls, sloppily pouring in gallons of noodles and thick broth. Sprays of broth and noodles spilled outward, steaming mist filling the air. The river of fluid carried hunks of pork and beef to be devoured. Every bit had been enhanced with chemicals to enhance taste, appetite, and even lust. The food was a maddening concoction that only drove its imbiber to further indulgence. The woman slurped it all in, begging and pleading for more. “Plleassch. . .oooh. . .BBBLLLORRRRUUUUPPP. . .need. . .mmmppggh. . .more!” Spittle and slobber flew from her mouth as she attempted speech. Her fat rocked in the chairs as she tried to force her massive body towards the food. The servers smiled and cooed as they fed her, taking turns either pouring food or massaging the woman’s hefty jowls. It was a feeding in the lap of luxury. It was how Anko Mitarashi took every one of her meals.

“Miss Anko, did you bring enough to pay this time?” A server asked, giggling as she planted kisses on the obese woman’s sagging chins. Her lips tasted sweat and food. Anko’s chins were wet with the drippings from Anko's feast. She had been eating for hours now, a constant whir of gluttonous activity. The server pressed her face in deeper, entering into the sweaty cave formed by the union of the older woman’s 3rd and 4th chin. “My boss says we aren’t allowed to let your tab run up any higher.” The server was plump, but she will never be as fat as Anko or the other idols of the village. Instead, she has begun to dedicate her life to financing their every pleasure. Her job entailed stirring the passions of the fatty flock, ensuring that they would never tire of their endless feasts. “Please pay, Miss Anko, I want to have LOTS of extra time with your blubber.” Her voice is muffled as it echoes out from within the facial crease she hides in. the young woman heard nothing in response and wondered if Anko might be ignoring her. She felt the shaking and wobbling of the older woman’s fat and heard the sloshing of food within her grand gut. “Aaaannkoooo.”The server implored, trying to drag a response out of the gorging beauty. “I want to have more fun.

“Nessht. . .nnessht . .” Anko grew excited at the suggestion of paying. Her greed had long outstripped any money she had. “Ummmpgggh. . .nessssht. . .week. . .BBLLLOORRRUUP. . .promisccch.” Anko responded, unable to slow her reckless eating. It felt magical to be stuffed to the brim and teased for the lack of payment. The thought of owing so much money only heightened her furious eating. Irresponsibility with her money, appetite, and were the greatest aphrodisiacs. With a burst of barely guided strength, she pushed herself towards the newest bowl and submerged her face in. The bar underneath her began to crack, unable to hold up such vigorous fat. Anko ate, attention divided between the flood passing between her puffy lips and the sensation of sucking lips on her neck. Here she was, 39 and being buttered up by some young pup at a ramen shop. Another girl was sneaking behind her to lift her pants up. It took all the other woman’s strength to even attempt to hoist the pants which held the sagging ass cheeks. Anko ate in a haze, feeling her ass fat ripple and a woman pressing between her buttcheeks. Her life was a hog’s dream.

Anko spent her days waddling from restaurant to restaurant, eating and avoiding the bill. Her tab had grown out of hand here and many other stores. Half the restaurants in the city could have owned Anko, should they want to collect. Yet, she would always get off without any punishment. Such an example of greed was to be treasured and protected by the cult. Anko would be allowed to dine and “dash” in the hopes it would fuel greater gluttony within the community. Further, she would be lovingly escorted out of each of those restaurants. Women would shove their hands down her clothes, grasping and pinching her every roll. She would beg for it, just as she begged for the food. Her life was a swirl of experience, so wildly indulgent that she was almost confused by the constant rush of dopamine. “Jussccht. . .keep. . .feeding me.” She whined, afraid that she might genuinely get cut off at some point. There was genuine desperation in her voice at the thought of being unable to express her love of food day in and out.

“Oooohh fine.” The server gave a sloppy kiss, tonguing the roll her face was pressed into, and then pulled out. It was her turn to feed Anko. Another one of the workers would take her place, making sure that Anko was as hyper stimulated as possible. “You had better eat this quickly, there’s more to-” The server was cut off as she felt a tremor pass through the ground. A thrill went through her as another tremor followed. They were irregular and with long pauses between. The servers at the restaurant stopped their feeding and clung to Anko’s ample folds. The one toying with her butt pressed in especially deep. She was bathed in ass fat. Anko moaned as she felt her cheeks closing around a smaller body. The quakes continued. While they were exciting on their own, the seismic shakes were best felt through the fat of another woman. The small girls pushed into Anko’s fat, just as another hit. The tremors were growing in size and strength, each new disturbance more powerful than the one that came before. The servers giggled and Anko moaned, taking in the feeling.

One of the true beasts of Konoha was on the move, ready to fill her expansive stomach. Anko was big, but she could not compare to the woman producing the earthquakes. Few women in the village were nearly as big as Sakura Haruno.

--- Sakura And Ino’s Fate ---

Sakura moved agonizingly slowly. One step was a lifetime of work with little pay off besides the promise of more work. Her legs were inverted pyramids that terminated in sagging columns. Fat had bloomed on her to the point that her feet were almost swallowed by sagging cankle folds. She heaved her bulk down the road, waddling in the middle of the street. Every bit of chakra her body could muster was used to fuel her muscles, vainly trying to power a body that defied the laws of physics. Her raw tonnage was far too much for any chakra, though. Sakura had ballooned well past the point where magically enhancing her muscles would allow movement. Instead, she supplemented it with the help of village women. Tucked under her curtains of arm fat were her whelps. Small and servile women the cult had picked out to help Sakura with whatever she needed. Currently, they tried to guide the pink haired blob down the street. Sakura could see little besides her own fat. Her vision was filled with the constant undulation of her cheeks, chins, and breast fat. She had to trust that the smaller women guiding her knew what they were doing. The women did their job well, though. Despite appearances, it was a position of honor. Few were allowed to touch the fat of the third largest woman in Konoha. Fewer still were able to do a good job of it.

“Lesscch. . .goooo!” Sakura barked at her handlers, her voice deepened by hundreds of pounds of facial fat and years of unrepentant greed. Her face was drenched in sweat and her mouth hung open from exertion. Thick rivers of slobber drained out, flowing from desperation and instinct. Her face was permanently set in a lazy, angry scowl. Outside of food, the world constantly disappointed her. Slow to feed her, slow to massage her, and slow to guide her to the next feast, the pink haired blob was always correcting the errors of her staff. She breathed in shuddering gasps born from extreme exhaustion and anger. Lust for food saw her nearly hyperventilate. “Need. . .foood. . .musscht. . .oooouuuggh. . .eat.” She whined, slobber dripping from the corners of her mouth. There was no true peak to her desperation just as there was no true depth to her stomach. The desire to satiate ever present hunger rolled through her like thunder over plains. Her desires were boisterous, making themselves known as deep rumbles within her gut. The world shuddered at her passing, shaking from her heavy stamping tread and her verbal bellyaching. She ached to be fed, to have sloppy and greasy food crammed into her at a speed so fast she could hardly chew. Better yet, she wanted to be fed at the same time she was fondled. All attention paid to her from a world that was forced to love her. A decade of pampering by the cult had blessed Sakura with unending appetites and the highest possible standards.

“Ms.Haruno, we could always bring you food.” One of the attendants to Sakura said from her place beneath a sweltering armpit. Perspiration mists drifted down over the thinner woman. Her small body worked to support arm fat thicker than entire hogs. The moist fat draped over the worker and her cadre of sisters. Sakura could no longer hold her arms up, though the sheer density of flab propped them up at weird angles. The pink haired woman was a moving fortress of bulk. Her butt alone filled most of the street and was fat enough to break any cart. It lifted and dropped with torpid slowness, equally lethargic jiggles spreading outward. An entire team of young ninjas could be hidden under each monolithic buttcheek. Her gut sagged out as a tidal wave of melted marshmallows. It’s fluffy, sodden expanse would have rested on the ground if not for the little worker bees assigned to her comfort. They used thick, corded steel ropes cables with rugs draped over to hoist her gut. All their applied strength only amounted to inches worth of space between the ground and Sakura’s gut. To either side her breasts flopped outward, bigger than adults curled into the fetal position. What laughably could be considered clothes were draped over Sakura’s breasts. They did little more than sop up some of the sweat.

“No. . .hasscch. . .uuuhffffh. . .tuuh. . .be. . .in perscchon.” Sakura’s words were rendered into nonsense by her wheezing. She spoke from lips fatter than most fingers, the bottom almost hanging down onto her chest. She worked her open mouth. The pink haired behemoth constantly moved her lips in mindless anticipation of food. It had been a decade of carnal and gluttonous depravity, with her taking as much of it for herself as possible. “Pussh. . .mmggghp. . .harder!” She bellowed, trying to force the girls into stronger action. Slobber and sweat ran down the sides of her mouth, pooling first in her chins and then cascading down as a waterfall into her breasts. Occasionally, she would lick her lips making them glisten. She wore vivid pink lipstick, trying to match it as best she could to her hair. Sakura wanted to catch as many eyes as possible. It was not enough to quietly soak up food, she wanted attention. People should feel her passage, hear her bellowing command and belches, and see her glistening fields of fat and worship her. More than anything, she wanted to become a goddess. To be on the seat of the small pantheon that had formed within Konoha. “Fur-BBBBLLURRRUP-ther.” She belched, smacking her lips after. Slobber and spittle flew as she sloppily addressed the women who carried her. “Fasscch-UUURRRRUUP.” The girls did their best to push harder, though they only sank deeper into the older woman’s folds.

Sakura waddled in the middle of the street, unconcerned about traffic that might need to go around her. The line of carts, carriages, and other supply running vehicles could wait. She was the center of the world, at least the immediate area surrounding her. The massive older woman was caught up in the sights, smells, and sounds of the city around her. She drew deep breaths in, dragging as much of the confusing blend of smells as she could. Dishes from half a hundred restaurants plowed into her nostrils. Her gut roared with enough force to make one of her attendants jump away. Sakura chuckled, her heavy gut bouncing up and down. The girls closest to her belly were sucked into the folds, pushed under the heavy sacks of flab. Yet, they were well coached to not complain. On the contrary, they only sang praises of the gigantic woman. “Ms.Haruno, your body has gotten so heavy lately. You must be two times bigger than Ms.Yamanaka.” One of the girls said in a bid to butter up the land whale. Sakura merely grunted, instead preferring to overload her senses with the dazzling smells and sights of Konoha’s city streets.

Billboard and ads flashed down at the rolling hill of fat. They promised wonderful foods, exotic massages, and expensive clothing. Sakura looked at them all with dark desire, wanting to not only possess them but be the *only* woman to own them. To her mind, life was a zero sum game. Every bit of food, attention, or trinket that was not hers was wasted. Her hands, snuggled neatly in gobs of forearm fat, clenched and unclenched as she trod slowly passed the stores and ads. She imagined her hands running over piles of food, sinking into the greasy expanses just before plunging her whole body into them. In these dreams, she would surmount even Hinata with her bulk. Her mood darkened as she thought of the other woman. Hinata, the bitch queen of Konoha. She had everything catered to her and used her own bratty dominance to ensnare the village. Whether literal or figurative, everyone was buried under Hianta’s weight. The whole of Konoha lived to serve her, even Sakura. For as much as she complained, the pink haired woman knew she was leagues behind her rival. An insect compared to an elephant. The thought only made her hunger deepen. She was so lost in thought that she did not notice that she had been put on a collision course with another large body.

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Ino Yamanaka was forcing her way out of a building when she ran into her perennial rival. More accurately, the owners of the restaurant were trying to force Ino out at the same time she was being fed by her gaggle of followers. Ino’s game was to “close” a restaurant down. She loved to find struggling, low end restaurants and eat until they had no more product left. She would glut first upon their food and then upon the knowledge that her titanic stomach had bankrupted another business. While most owners went down silently, afraid of going against any subject of the cult, this one had chosen to go down fighting. He and his family had tried to hound Ino out, leading to the ridiculous drama which was now spilling into the street. Ino was stuck in the doorway, her bulk cracking the frames around the restaurant. The restaurant proprietor stood behind pushing and shoving at ass cheeks that could have swallowed him and his family whole. Cultists and Ino’s fans continued to throw and heap food up into her mouth. When their arms were emptied they ran back into the store through broken windows or to other shops nearby. At the center of the chaos Ino fed and made demands.

“I’m. . .oommppggpgh. . .coming. . .mmggghp. . .back!” She yelled between bites of food. Her nearly useless hands both held full hams on skewers. The blonde could not bring the skewers to her mouth, but rather held them until one of her helpers fed them to her. Ino ate with the same wild abandon that marked a woman from Konoha. Ino’s face was a canvas painted upon by food, sweat, slobber, and makeup. Cultists shoved food into her even as she spoke, knowing that she prized food over coherent speech. Fluffy pork buns exploded as Ino’s entourage tried to serve the belligerent woman. The blonde would suck the food down, sometimes getting so excited that she would end up sucking on a servant’s arm. Her tongue would work, pulling any food away. Some of her servants tugged at her arms, their fingers disappearing into the doughy mass. “You. . .OORRRRRUUP. . .will scherve me. . .*ssccchhluurrruup. . . .*mmmpph-oohmnmpph. . .till you. . .bbbllloorrup. . .die!” Fully embroiled in a narcissistic rage, Ino made threats at the same terrifying speed she slurped sustenance in. Droppings of flying food and the greasy runoff from her cheeks fell into her abyss of cleavage. “Oooorrruuuggh!” she cried, feeling her bulk start to be shoved through the crumbling entrance. Bits of plaster and dust joined the food smears, only to be washed away by gouts and buckets of slobber. The cracking of the door was aided by Sakura’s approaching stomps.

“Pig.” Sakura snorted, her chins flapping with special effort. Though one of the greediest women in the village, Sakura still chose to eat with Ino. For reasons she could not understand, Sakura wanted to eat with a friend. “Come. . .BBBOOORRRRUUUP. . .on. . .Lady. . .Tssscchuunade. . .issccch. . .waiting.” Sakura belched the words out, her mouth remaining open to try and suck the leaking oxygen back in. She wavered the street, listing forward and back as her helpers tried to keep the nearly immobile woman upright. Sweat rushed from her rolls, shining and rolling down her immense body. Craving any sustenance, Sakura sucked and lapped at the trails of sweat that went by her mouth. “Ino!” The pink haired woman yelled, turning scarlet with entitled anger as her demands went unmet.

“I’m. . .OORRRUUP. . .busscchy!” Ino yelled, locking eyes with what she could see of Sakura. She stared across the street at the moving wall of flesh. Were it not for her own colossal, rotund body, Ino might have been nervous. Sakura’s sheer mass was a sight to behold. She was a geological feature that came to life and was wearing human skin. However, to Ino, Sakura was hardly different from when they were skinny. She was still a rival, still annoying, and still not *quite* as pretty as she was. “Just. . .huh moment. . .BBLLURRUUP. . .Billboard Butt!” It was a new spin on an old insult. Sakura’s forehead was hardly the largest thing about her body anymore. Really, with the addition of cheeks as big as watermelons and a stairway of flabby chins, Sakura’s forehead was normally proportioned. Likewise, Ino had begun to live up well and truly to her traditional nickname. Ino-Pig was more of a lifestyle than it was an insult. Though, rather than mud, Ino preferred to roll in mountains of food. “Gonna. . .uugggh. . .make sscchisis. . .jerk. . .pay!” Ino began to push herself through the wall of the store. She went so far as to suck air in, trying to puff her stomach and chest out to such extremes that she would catch as much of the doorway as she could. The building made grinding and screeching noises as she was pulled through.

The wall collapsed as Ino burst her way through it. Pipes and electrical cords were caught by her passing vastness, pulling until they snapped or were bent into uselessness. She moved one heavy step at a time, revealing her fatness to the streets of Konoha once more. Feet buried by cankle fat slammed onto the sidewalk. Ino was as big as Sakura, though structured differently. Sakura was fat all over, with no body part getting more than its due of fat. Ino, however, was built like an hourglass. Her breasts exploded outward, needing attendants to hold them up. Small women scuttled underneath Ino’s breasts like crabs under rocks at a beach, though more likely to get crushed. They worked to hoist the gigantic mammaries up, their continued existence depending on it. The caretakers of Ino’s ass worked very similarly to the ones which held Sakura’s gut up. Folded steel cords with pillows and blankets were strung under Ino’s dimpled asscheeks. The blonde lugged parade floats before and behind her body, with a heavy face in between. Ino was even more given to scowling than Sakura; her expectations as inflated as her body. Yet, at the height of a particularly filling meal or moment of purest selfishness, she could manage a smile. The corners of her mouth were turned upwards as she broke through the rest of the building. Ino lumbered into the street, her attendants working to brush the large chunks of plaster and wood that had landed on her butt.

“There.” Ino said, grinning. “Lesscch. . .goOOORRRRUUUP. . .sscccheeee the. . .hag.” She huffed, tired out by the short burst of activity. Her girls would have to work twice as hard to hold her bulk up. Though they were of a similar weight, Ino was even lazier than Sakura. She relished the feeling of others being forced to carry her oversized folds. Gluttony was fun, but she lived for others to feel burdened by her weight. It was her dream to one day feel scores of servants and cultists crawling through her folds. She wanted the pathetic examples of humanity to serve her, just as they now served Hinata. Why should the Hyuga heiress be the only woman to sit at the head of the cult? Why should all of Konoha be dedicated to pleasing and worshiping her? Ino scoffed at the notion, ready to do everything she could to fatten herself up to the exaggerated proportions of her former classmate. However, that was a distant dream, one that would require the use of Tsunade in order to fulfill entirely. Thus, Sakura and Ino made their way towards their mentor.

--- Road to Tsunade ---

The pair waddled down the road, filling it with their immensity. The world shook and trembled as they moved, unable to handle the moving tonnage. They were kept moving only by the effort applied by their helpers. Sweat ran down their faces and out of secret rolls. They were goaded on only by their ravenous bellies. Teh struggle of moving was sick joy, however. Sakura and Ino were filled with the sense that they were acting against the natural order. Firstly, they should not be as big as they were. Secondly, they should not have been so mobile. Everything about the world and their bodies tried to get them to stop. They only sweat and drooled more as a response, turning into faltering monstrosities of blubber. Heat built around them, making the air shiver with evaporating liquid. They gabbed as they waddled, occupying their thoughts with bickering.

“Do you. . .BBBLLLOORRRUUP. . .have to. . .mmllluurrruup. . .move scho. . .schlow?” Sakura grunted, feeling her fat bouncing against Ino’s. Not for the first time she wondered what drove her to constantly be around the other woman. They waddled down the street together, filling it with their mass. The combined strength of both of their retinues had to be used in order to keep the gigantic women in transit. The helpers not only lifted, pushed, and tugged on the behemoths, but they also poured their chakra into them. The vital life energies of the servants pumped out of their small bodies and was greedily lapped up by the two. Sakura and Ino’s sweaty, bulging bodies were chakra furnaces. The slightest tax upon their half-ton bodies would burn days worth of chakra. It took food and exogenously provided chakra to keep them mobile. It was dubious if they put their unwarranted mobility to good use. Though, if nothing else, it provided Konoha free entertainment. “Pick. . .*PIG-up. . .*sha. . .pace!” Sakura snorted at her little barb. She lurched down the street, one single step taking a lifetime to complete. A fat foot swallowed by a calf so fat that it looked semi-melted thumped down upon the paved street. The polished stones cracked under her sheer tonnage.

“Uuussshhh. . .you. . .MMMGGGPH. . *.SSSCCCLLUUURRRP*. . .schould talk!” Ino spoke as she finished another bowl of food. One of her runners had fetched it, literally laying between her breasts in order to deliver the hearty bowl of beef, noodles and broth. The blonde gulped in down, slurping and sucking with no thoughts paid to decorum. The rich purples of her scanty clothing were dyed with remnants of her sloppy feedings. Her clothing was so thoroughly seasoned with spilt food that they might have become a dish themselves. At the rate which Ino could eat when she reached her peak hunger, it would not be surprising. It would take only a little nudge by the right server and the blonde woman would strip herself bare in the name of greater gluttony. The time for that would not come for a while, though, Ino was far too focused on trading barbs with Sakura. “No. . .wonder. . .uuuhhhfffh. . .you’re flat. . .too mussscch. . .exercise.” Ino spoke in the same pig-slop manner that she ate. Her words were chosen carelessly and spoken even moreso. She cared only that she had belted out another challenge. To add insult to injury, she started to put a log-like arm upon one of her breasts.

Sakura glowered as she watched three of Ino’s attendants move the flabby appendage. They had to work in unison, hefting something that was far heavier than anything that they had ever lifted in their lives. When they did manage to accomplish the task, the movement was an unbecoming throw. Ino’s arm landed with the same grace a falling tree might. A delicious slap echoed out into the street. Even Sakura, jealousy enamored with her own fat at all times, was forced to admire Ino’s body. Undulations spread across Ino’s milky flesh, alluding to the underground lakes of milk which lie in the depths of her breasts. It was not simply fat that the pills hand granted the few women who had indulged upon them The misunderstood medical miracles had powers yet to reveal. Further, powers that would be ignored by the greedy inheritors; who could think of nothing besides further meals.

“Ooooh. . .I’m ssccchoo. . . hungry!” Sakura whined, her stomach roaring. The pills had left an indelible mark upon her physiology. She could hardly go minutes without food. From deep within the cavernous recesses of her gut pangs and gurgles issued forth. The noises were louder than most people’s natural talking voices, sounding like the caged fury of wild animals. The noises and rumbles provoked further instincts within Sakura. Her lips began to work, muscles remembering the feasts of minutes and hours ago. Drool ran down the corners of her mouth as she became more desperate and excited for sustenance. Her hands clenched, sweltering in the flesh coffins that were her forearms. The workers underneath Sakura felt her heat rising, sweat pouring once more like rivers through flabby canyons. The girls tried to tighten their holds, knowing that things were going to get slippery. Sakura tromped on, though now the broken holes she left in the street were filled with sweat. Words were lost to Sakura as her hunger and anger started to reach its peak. She was a mass of fat, moaning in wordless rage as she waddled down the street.

Ino felt a similar change come over her, caused by feeding off of Sakura’s emotions. Signals of ravenous hunger were sent between the two, each hyping the other up. She might have said she was reasonably full moments ago, but Sakura’s hunger made her own burst forth once more. Her stomach gurgled, begging for more despite how packed with food it already was. The roaring and bellowing of Sakura’s stomach was matched with greasy whines and pleas from Ino’s. The twin sagging dumpsters of fat and food each made their demands known to the world around them. “Uuuggh. . .why doescch. . .it. . .have to. . .be soooo far!” Ino pouted like a child. Her fury was rendered impotent by her lack of mobility. Stomping her foot was out of the question. One wrong move and she would be sent sprawling to her ass, forced to wait until the women around her could help. Another series of deep gurgles from Sakura’s gut sent Ino’s mind into greater panic. Her own plump, inflated lips opened and closed. They longed to close around a feeding tube, to feel warm food-sludge being pumped into her. She wanted to feel her stomach churning and inflating from the raw pressure of calorically dense sustenance being forced in. “Ooohhh. . . Pleeeeassccch. . .” Ino mewled, not even knowing how to verbalize her demands.

The two behemoths lumbered down the road, growing progressively more delirious. What little composure they had was undone by the gnawing in their bellies. Their hearts pounded from both exertion and unchecked desperation. Even as they whined and mewled about the distance their pace slowed. Steps taken were slow and pronounced. Their feet lifted lower but landed with heavier impact. Each step pressed out more grease and sweat from their rolls. The small women underneath fought for every bit of balance and forward momentum. It was a debauched parade, with strips of ripped clothing instead of streamers and slobber instead of confetti. People watched and cheered all the same. Konoha celebrated their prominent fatties, reveling in their lack of control. The passing of Sakura and Ino was a blessing. Women wondered what it would be like to be covered in so much thick fat and sweat, whilst their husbands made plans to slip more food to their wives. Ino and Sakura marched through it all, hardly able to pay attention to anything that did not involve their own enormity. They had thoughts only for making it to the end of the road and reaching Tsuande’s. Each step brought them just a little closer to the looming warehouse.

--- Tsunade’s Fate ---

“Fuh-uummpph-finally!” Sakura wheezed, sucking down an empty mouthful. Trying to eat imaginary food was better than suffering through no food at all. The pair had finally arrived at their destination. It was a warehouse that had been designed to look like a bar. A stylized drawing of Tsuande had been hung above the door. It had her smiling with breasts so big that they blocked the rest of her body from view. The outline of her breasts were done in garish neon colors, making them look even more welcoming. Sign-Tsunade beamed down like a fertility goddess. On either side of her breasts was a keg of sake, streams magically flowing up towards her mouth. The warehouse bar was yet another manifestation of the changes that Hinata had wrought on both the village and it’s leaders Tsunade had capitalized on the changes in Konoha in her own way, finding that being a business owner was much more fun and profitable than being hokage. In the village hidden under Hinata’s shadow, those who could provide food and drink were the most powerful of all. Tsunade had worked hard to put herself at the top of the list. Even pigs like Sakura and Ino were forced to come begging for scraps.

“Lesscch. . .*huufff. . .hufff*. . .see Granny.” Sakura waddled up to the door, tiredly smacking it open with the weight of her gut. Sakura’s belly landed with the weight and force of a cannon ball. It plowed into the wooden door, sending a spray of sweat in all directions. The door bent and then broke open under the weight of her gut swing. A perfect imprint of the pink haired woman’s gut left in it, outlined in sweat and steam. Sakura started to waddle forward, her gut catching on the sides of the frame. Despite it being an industrial door specially sized for bulging women, Sakura still outsized it twice over. It was like trying to pull a tractor into a barn through a side access door. Her attendants started to push and pull her in, moving like dolphins around a singular whale. The pink haired blob grunted as she made contact with the door. She looked in, seeing the other patrons of Tsunade’s Milk Bar.

The pair was greeted with a loud cheer and the smells of delicious food. Sakura and Ino cared little for the cheers, taking them as due payment for the blessing of their presence. However, they cared quite a lot about the smells of food. A tidal wave of olfactory sensation rushed over them, again setting the insides of their stomachs on fire. Gurgles and rumbles from the pair’s sagging paunches answered the cheers from inside. Sakura and Ino’s stomachs were easily able to drown out the multitude of voices. Considering what she was about to enjoy, Sakura gave a rare smile. She resumed hauling her sweat drenched bulk through the doorway, with Ino waiting her turn. The door was wide enough to let three oxen standing shoulder to shoulder pass through with space, but struggled to accept the pair of ninjas turned appetite slaves. The flimsy walls of the warehouse shook as the two forced their way inside. Women on either side of the wall helped to push or pull, their hands grabbing onto any bit of the women they could. First they pulled Sakura through, then Ino. The helpers were buried under avalanches of breasts and stomach fat or fought to keep from being sucked up into cavernous asscracks. Through it all Sakura and Ino moaned and belched, their minds set on the feasts that lay within. Their eyes hungrily scanned the inside, ready for their next meal.

Tsunade’s restaurant was a women’s only establishment. It was part restaurant and part house of worship for the cult. Friers, grills, and other cooking machines ran around the clock. Women serious about adding inches to their waistline came here in order to bulk up and give thanks to Hinata. Waitresses with fleeting thinness traveled around benches so packed with feminine fat that the wood was blocked from view. The atmosphere of the restaurant was created through the sounds of belching, messy eating, and gossipy conversation. Clothes ripping or plates shattering followed by laughter were commonplace. With the initial welcome to Sakura and Ino out of the way, the other women returned to eating. The noise level quickly rose. Above it all rose a louder noise. The sound was a constant chug and pumping, as if a heavy stream of semi-liquid was being forced first through a processor and then a tube. It came from a large pipe that snaked overhead, bigger in circumference than most adult trees. Food unending was fed through the pipe, depositing its sloppy mass into an open and greedy mouth. Tsuande’s open mouth.

Tsunade dominated the second half of the bar. Rather, she *WAS* the second half of the bar. Sakura and Ino were only the largest *mobile* women in Konoha. Whatever accolades they had earned because of their size paled in comparison to Tsuande. When considering the total space of the warehouse, the bar was almost an afterthought. Tsunade’s body devoured the freespace, filling it from ceiling to floor at her biggest points. She was a living blob of fat, so immense that she filled over three quarters of her warehouse. Laying on a stomach bigger than most houses, she loomed over the patrons and guests. Her breasts, literal milk silos, drooped and flowed onto the ground. They pooled into boulders even bigger than the street filling bulk of Sakura and Ino. Her nipples were always erect, begging to be slurped from by the patrons. Fattening milk flowed constantly from her breasts, turned lightly alcoholic by her continued consumption of sake. Her breasts were both the biggest and most obviously human thing about her. The rest of Tsunade was bulging fluff and sweaty fat.

Tsunade’s arms were little more than a series of round donuts with all discernable points of joints and articulation long buried. Whilst she still had hands and feet, her arms seemed like little more than meat holes with deep caverns. Her stomach was a hill upon which she rested, spreading its immensity in all directions. Her asscheeks were canyons that could devour cattle and other large animals. Tsuande’s grand bulk rose high above the bar, pushing into the roof. To reach her a person would have to travel via scaffolding. Around Tsuande was built a latticework of metal platforms on which various worshipers and cultists paid their respects. Tsunade, in turn, rained down large droplets of sweat and grease upon them. She herself was busy sucking from the aforementioned feeding tube. It was shoved into what might have been her face. A cave of blubber created by the union of her back and neck fat. Though blocked by the feeding pipe, Tsuande’s face rested within the fat cavern. It was towards this slovenly mass Sakura and Ino waddled, their approach noticed by Tsuande’s prime caretaker.

“Hey!” Shizune called from the balcony closest to Tsunade’s face. “Could you two be any more late? Don’t you know it’s rude to keep your betters waiting?” Her face was red as she pointed and stomped her foot. Shizune was hardly over 300, a pathetically small number for someone so close to the second fattest woman in Konoha. Even more embarrassingly, hardly any of the weight she had gained had gone to her chest. She compensated by leaving her robes open, exposing her sweaty gut for all to see. To complete the picture of decadent overseer, she flapped a fan. Shizune worked the little paper fan, trying to mitigate the sweltering heat that her blobby master put off. It seemed to do little more than spread the sweat around her lacking chest. “She has been building up milk all day! You think that feels good?” Shizune waddled back and forth in anger on her walkway. Tsuande’s chin folds sank onto the metal gridwork, dividing it in half. “Tsunade needs release, get to it!” Shizune pointed her fan down at the pair. Sakura and Ino grumbled, starting to waddle their way over towards Tsuande’s naked breasts.

There were few things in Konoha that could utterly dwarf Sakura and Ino, but Tsunade’s breasts easily surpassed the girls. They were large, fat, hanging blobs of milk and plush. The twin mammaries dangled down from Tsuande’s circular torso like frozen waterfalls, pooling into lakes of butter at the floor. For all their sloppiness, there was perfection within them. The sweat and drool which sloughed off of Tsuande made them glow. The breasts were always in motion, feeding off of the motion that came from the rest of her body. The heavy, ponderous steps of the approaching women set up new tremors within Tsunade’s breasts. Dancing to the tune of Sakura and Ino’s thudding gaits, these new jiggles clashed with the existing one. Tsuande’s bountiful breasts bounced with greater intensity, ripples turning into strong undulations. While far too enormous and heavy to ever leave the ground, the tops of her pooling titties bounced like they were trying to reach their owner. Far above, Tsunade continued to slurp oily food from her feeding pipe. As if she could sense what was about to happen, she gave a low moan. Her breasts were tight and sensitive with milk, begging for release. The greedy, sagging guts of Sakura and Ino were nearly as craving for the feeling of fullness.

“Thhisscch. . .better. . .UUUGGH. . .be worth. . .it.” Sakura panted as she was dropped before her breast. Her workers dropped the behemoth, too tired to be gentle. Released from their burden for a small time, the workers assigned to the pair dropped to the ground. They lay in piles around Sakura and Ino, gasping as they tried to regain their strength. Other women, cultists and workers at the bar, came to lift Tsuande’s breasts. Even though they were set on rolling platforms, it was hard to motivate the monolithic mammaries into any movement. The second group of women pushed and struggled, sinking so deep into the soft fat that they disappeared from sight. Tsunade moaned again, signaling her joy at being handled. The warehouse shook as the immense, blonde blob felt pleasure pass through her body. She was going to be milked and sucked upon. Her essence would leave her in the most pleasurable way possible. The sloppy fluid she was fed leaked down her chins in a torrent as she smiled and lost suction upon her feeding pipe. All her senses, spread through a body that was bigger than most buildings, were now focused on the points of her squirming nipples. The hungry, slavering mouths of Sakura and Ino were close. With as much delicacy as they could muster, the two heaps of fat threw themselves into their most sexual feeding ever.

Sakura flopped into the breast, her wide mouth latching onto the nipple before her. She allowed gravity to take her. It was an ungainly movement, showing how graceless her body had become. Yet, it was expedient. She surrendered to every awful, gluttonous impulse in her body and allowed gravity to pull her down. She landed with a wet slap, her body simply folding into the pale mass. Sakura brought her tongue across Tsuande’s fat in an unbroken smear. She did spread the grease and slobber from her own body on Tsuande’s breasts. There was no meal that was not enhanced by unlimited and careless debauchery. The foreplay was short though, there was milk to dine on. Sakura opened her mouth as wide as it would go and latched onto Tsuande’s breast. Skaura’s corpulent form undulated as she began her feast.

There was a high pitched, orgasmic scream from far above followed by a rain of droplets of sweat and food. Those under and around Tsunade were bathed in the pop up storm. Her body reacted quickly, beginning to give its delicious liquids to the pair of greedy women. Milk did not simply pour out, it was shot. Like a cannon or firehose, Tsunade’s ample bosom sprayed milk with thunderous force. The undulations across Sakura and Ino grew in intensity. They ate with their bodies. It was almost as if they were inflated with milk rather than filled with it. “Mmmpggh. . .*sssllrruhhggh. . .ooohsssllurrruucck*!” The noises that no human should ever make when feeding boiled from Sakura. She hunched as low as her hillock of a body would allow. Milk and drool poured from around her lips as the pink haired woman ate. She had never felt such pressure. A glorious warmth spread through her, making her eager for more.

Above, Shizune was torn between watching the feeding ninjas or Tsuande’s reaction. The pair were swelling before her eyes, taking on milk the same way a balloon would take air. Yet, it had been so long since she had seen her master in such delight. Heaps of thick food-sludge poured and dropped from around the pipe as Tsunade slowly shook it free. The calorie dense, specialty mix dropped onto the walkway and all else below. Women waddled as best as they were able to catch the droppings. They licked and sucked Tsuande’s rolls, pushing and shoving their neighbors in order to find the running streams of food. It was an orgy of sensation and gluttony. Shizune watched the chaos more, unwilling to cut off the flow to the pipe just yet. Tsuande was feeding on the frenzy of activity just as her proteges fed off of her milk. The blonde was waking from voracious dreams, needing something else to satisfy her. The pipe, as big as the drainage pipes which ran under the city, slipped from her cave of facial rolls. She was sprayed with food, but slurped as much down as she could. Shizune called for the flow to be shut off.

**“BBBBBBBBOOORRRRRUUUUUUP!”** Tsunade belched, her body disgorging gasses that had long been too pent up. The room shook under the force of her burp. “Shiz-sscchune. . .aaaah-haaam. . .whisssh brats. . .are. . .aaah. . .ravaging my. . .Mmmmm. . .breasts?” The former leader of Konoha said, blushing as she felt the sensual tug and pull at her nipples. She longed to squeeze her tits, to push even more milk out. She wanted to drown the world in the white-gold liquid which only she could produce. Below her seeping, flopping tonnage Tsuande could feel every suck and lick. She could feel the belligerent way that Sakura and Ino tried to drag the milk from her. She could also feel them growing. Weight pressed more upon her breasts, forcing milk out at an even quicker pace. Their bodies expanded as the milk within their bodies began to digest. Sakura and Ino fattened almost instantly, becoming larger and sweatier with every passing second of chugging. Their clothes ripped as their hands and feet were buried under new arm and leg rolls. For ten years they had danced around true immobility, but now they would reach it. Tsunade groaned and orgasm building deep within her body. “Jussccht. . .ooooooh. . .don’t let. . .them get. . . bigger than. . . me.” She wheezed between moans and screams. Her ponytail, slick with sweat, dangled over one eye. The leader of a nation reduced to jealousy over being surpassed.

“Never!” Shizune cried, starting to scale the blubber which she had devoted her life to expanding at all costs. “Those brats had their chance at hugeness, but wanted to slip you pills instead!” Shizune recounted the story, knowing it would put her lover’s mind at ease. “They wanted petty revenge, but it bit them in their dumpy rears.” Shizune reached the cave which was formed by the merging of Tsunade’s neck, back, and chin fat. Her true face rested back within, covered in sweat and food. Like all of the upper echelon of Konoha, every minute she was not chewing or speaking she was leaking slobber and licking her lips. Her mouth hung open, hungry for more oral sensation. Shizune entered the sunken hollow of fat, tunneling through running sweat and food to reach her mistress. Her 300 pounds helped to clean Tsunade’s facial meat tunnel, wiping away her mess. “Come on, like I would ever let you not be the second fattest woman in Konoha?” She asked.

“Betterrrruuuu**UUURRRRRLLLPP**. . .not.” Tsunade belched the words out. She then pushed her lips out, hungry for something other than food. Shizune took the opportunity, pushing back cheek folds the same way she might push back hair. She love the mess of food and body fluid that had built across Tsunade. Shizune played with lips fatter than her own fingers. Incapable of anything other than sweating and belching, Tsuande relaxed into the kiss. Somewhere deep within her humid, dark tonnage she felt her hands close as tightly as they could. Yet, as their lips met, Tsuande slowly took charge.

She was a leader through and through and quickly began to pull Shizune into her. The dark haired woman slowly moved further into the dank, jiggling cave formed by Tsunade’s own ever-increasing mass. It was these moments that she truly felt what a behemoth her boss had become. Even though Shizune spread her arms wide and hugged a body’s worth of fat, it was only a pathetically small portion. Tsunade was a dimpled blob so big that they had to invent new construction methods in order to house her. Sheet roofing and metal walls had become the nearest approximation to clothing, with even those things struggling to keep up with her growth. Shizune was less kissing a woman and more snuggling up to a building. She sank into her lover’s folds, happy to once more be embraced by the gigantic feeding machine. Shizune might be small and pathetically flat, but helping Tsunade achieve her dreams comforted her. Even now she could feel the woman’s vast tits pumping out milk, her body chugging as its reserves were drained dry.

Those streams of milk were sloppily sucked down by Ino and Sakura. The pair were only able to drink a fraction, though their bodies rejoiced and grew. “Mmmgggllaaf. . .mmmmgghp. . .*SSSSCLLURRRUUP!*” It was hard to even register the noises they made as human. Their mouths hung open and too delirious to stay attached to the nipples presented. They slavered over the twin deluges of sweet milk, alternating between gulping mouthfuls down and running their tongues over the house-sized breasts. The patrons watched in awe as the two bloated up rapidly, pumped up with milk and then again with fat as it digested. They seemed to grow taller as their assess and thighs filled out. The fat built in uneven spurts, making it look like they were lurching from side to side. Their arms were held at strange angles, made impotent by the pooling folds above and under them. They were true boulders now, struggling to get past their own bodies to feed more. Yet, they had never had such energy. The milk feast was only interrupted so that they could eat from great bowls of food brought to them. They dripped slobber and milk into the bowls as they ate. The boulder breasts flowed constantly with milk, drenching the pair. Their fat even absorbed it, so eager to take on more calories.

Ino and Sakura lost themselves in the whirlpool of sensation and desire. They could sense it was their time. This would be the feast that would allow them to truly achieve notable sizes. Lady Tsunade, in her desperation to be drained, had tossed away her position as the second largest woman in the village. They would quickly grow past her and then be able to challenge the real idol of reverence, Hinata. At least, that’s what their dreams of grandeur showed them. Blinded by passion and greed, they sucked and slurped at anything that came close. With the speed of passing clouds Ino and Sakura’s stomachs began to push against Tsuande’s breasts. The monoliths of feminine beauty curved upwards as usurpacious gut fat forced its way under.Tsuande’s breasts only increased the pressure at which they shot milk out. Sakura and Ino were blinded, their world consumed by pink fat and torrents of white liquid. They feasted on, trying to scarf down as much as their bodies would hold. Though they had taken the least amount of pills, their bodies had still been altered and were capable of gastronomic debauchery on a level removed from normal women. Besides Tsuande, they had only one true competitor in the world; and she was about to make her presence known.

A siren sounded followed by a quake that shook the earth. It started small but grew in furious intensity until the entire building was shaking. Glasses broke, alarms were set off, and all but the most hardy people fell to the ground. Sirens wailed, crying out to signal that the village needed to be brought to order once more. Normal functions would cease and the citizenry would take up other jobs. The bar turned into a buzzing hive of activity, with patrons and cultist-workers going through preordained jobs. It was time. Hinata had woken and was hungry once more. All of Konoha was needed.

“She does have quite the timing.” Shizune said from within Tsuande’s roll-cave. The blob paid little attention, continuing to suck and slurp the sweat off of Shizune’s small breasts; there was one woman in Konoha who appreciated them. The dark haired woman sighed, disappointed to be called away from a rare moment of intimacy with her goddess. However, time was of the essence. The quakes would only get worse. With tender but strong arms, Shizune pushed Tsunade’s face away. The older woman’s fat lips licked and slurped at the empty air, unused at being taken away from food or other oral entertainment. Anticipatory slobber once again dripped in huge gobbets from Tsunade’s mouth. Shizune’s chest was a mess of kiss marks and slobber. “Back to feeding for you!” Shizune kissed Tsuande’s jowls, before letting her immense blubber jiggle back into place. “Make lots of milk for her, honey!” Shizune cheered Tsuande on as she crawled out of the blubber sinkhole. It was not long before the feeding tube was lowered back into place and Tsuande’s world was again consumed with a pumping tube and the sound of her own fat jiggling. She settled into the feeding, trusting on her pill-changed body to process the gallons of greasy sludge dumping into her system. She would take that sludge and turn it into milky gold. All for Hinata.

Shizune was already leading the charge on getting the bar ready to produce food for Hinata. “Bring those milking machines up here!” She shouted, pointing to the piles of cleavage oozing over the floor. The torrents of milk had slowed as Ino and Sakura had been removed. Reduced to slobbering, moaning piles, the pair had been wheeled off to their own corner of the restaurant. Having reached immobility, their audience with Tsuande’s breasts was at an end. Instead of two greedy women, the boulder breasts would be comforted by the finest milking cups that Konoha could produce. They were as tall as a man, with a circumference to match his arm spread. At the end of these cups were large hoses, which ran into the dark spaces under the warehouse.

“Quickly! Let’s not keep Hinata waiting!” Shizune called again as she felt the building rock. The cups were brought forward, the suction within instantly bonding them to Tsunade’s breasts. Secured, levers were pulled to begin the actual pumping. The cups began to chug like a train, each lurching. Rumblings and quaking less powerful than Hianta’s issued through the floor and walls of the milk bar as Tsuande settled into her feeding. Though her mouth was filled with the large feeding tube, she could still moan. Milk began to flow once more, pouring out from the rosy nipples as strong rapids to be sucked up by the milk machine. The tubes expanded as even more milk than what was expected was pumped out. It flowed out, rushing through the tubes and out the building on its way to Hinata.

Tsunade’s milk tubes ran under the streets of Konoha, joining quickly with a vast network of pipes. They snaked and turned, all following the same course. Some were pumped full of liquid and others of more solid food. All businesses in Konoha had drop off points for food. Every extra morsel of prepared food was placed within. Full meals were cooked and shoved within the tubes to be whisked away. There were entire creameries and soda fountains that dumped their product into the network of pipes. The food traveled at intervals dictated by the cult, who read Hinata’s hunger levels as best they could. These pipes spread far and wide under the city, though they only flowed in one direction out of the city. They were man made underground rivers, shipping glorious sustenance towards the biggest woman in the world. These pipes were the lifeline of Konoha, the only things to keep its residence goddess sedated and happy. They rolled for miles underneath the city before emerging as tubes the size of trees. These tubes, weather resistant and nearly indestructible, wound their way through forests until they reached the distant mountains. From there they began to climb, trying to reach the newest range of mountains that had formed: Hinata’s fatty folds.

--- Years of Growth ---

Ten years prior, a decision had been made. Hinata had outgrown a restaurant and had only demanded more food. Through a chance encounter with dubious medicine, she had become a divine beast in her own right, though lacking the tails.Without the means to seal her and her destructive gluttony away, the elders of the village had decided on a simpler course of action. They had moved Hinata far away. With carts and horses they had transported the hungry woman away from her hometown. The whole way she had begged and demanded food, her greed endless and growing by the hour. Though she was fed by Naruto and the other ninjas present, her demands did not abate. She bullied and demanded, begged and whined. Day and night she had cried for her belly to be filled. Special supply runs were made even as she was transported. Deep within her gut she digested the pills she had taken. Hinata was being changed and altered by the medical mistakes. She had ingested more of the tainted pills than anyone in history. The powerful chemicals were becoming one with her body, rewriting her genetic code. She was something more than human, a living entity of hunger and obesity. She grew even when she was not being fed, becoming even more massive. Finally, it had become too costly to transport her. She was left miles from the village, though she did not stop getting food. It seemed like the effects of the pills might eventually wear off. They did not.

Hinata only grew. Her body swelled and fattened, spreading first over the plane she had been left in and then over the forest that surrounded it. Her caretakers had tried to house her in barns constructed around her body, but she had burst through each and every one. There was nothing that could house Hinata for long. Her pale blubber was an ever advancing tide. She spread like a glacier in all directions. She began as the size of a building, then grew to match a town, then a city. Finally, Hinata grew to reach all the way back to Konoha. . .

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Naruto sat watching clouds wander by. He lay on his back with his arms outstretched and his legs kicked up. He took slow, deep breaths and simply enjoyed the feeling of slow movement underneath his body. There was always movement while on Hinata. Her bulk never slowed and never ceased its jiggling. It was unfair to even call them jiggles. They were tectonic shifts. Hinata had grown big enough that her fat had tides and swells reminiscent of an ocean. She was a new geological feature that existed as a cross between a mountain and an inland sea. She moved under laws defined by her own unique set of physics, having transcended that which governed most people. Wet slapping and noises like stirred pudding echoed over her plains, peaks, valleys. The experience of laying atop one of Naruto’s wife’s flatter areas was almost meditative. With only the sky and miles of fat to be seen, a person inevitably spent their time contemplating either their own soul or Hinata’s colossal majesty. Naruto vastly preferred the latter. He lay within her asscrack, now big enough to house all of Konoha, buried by warm and slightly sweaty fat. However, Naruto’s meditation ended when he felt the third quake in as many minutes. Hinata was stirring, her body preparing for something. She would need him.

Sitting up, Naruto kissed one of the folds next to him. He buried his face deeply in the ass fat around him. He floated with his arms on either buttcheek and his legs dropping between the gelatinous glaciers. There was nothing like it in all the world. It was a living blanket blown up to city swallowing proportions. Best of all, he knew she could feel his touch. Though immense beyond measuring, Hinata had not lost contact with any of her nerves. Her world was pure tactile sensation now, constantly feeling her fat being touched, kissed, or fucked. She lived in a constant stream of pleasure, heightened by the constant deluge of food into her gullet. Naruto played with her ass until he felt another jiggle, this one different from the one he had felt before. He could read the movements of Hinata’s fat like sailors read the waves. Hianta was gleefully calling him back, her moans of excitement translated into the movements of her mountain sized body. Naruto sighed, unable to deny his wife. He dusted off his clothes and began to spring towards her peak, wanting to reach the lard cave she called a face.

Naruto moved fast, knowing the regions of his wife even more intimately than he knew Konoha. He had hiked all over Hinata’s blubber, charting the new folds and rolls which formed daily. His wife could now be studied like a landscape, with her various areas able to be mapped like biomes. He dashed between her canyon’s worth of butt fat, reaching the sliding steps of her back fat. Naruto was glad for every bit of taijutsu that he had learned. He needed to funnel every bit of chakra he had into his arms and legs to keep moving. It would take a normal person weeks to travel across Hinata’s spreading mass, maybe even months. She had grown to the size of a small country, with her head acting as its capital. Naruto ran on, stopping only when the fatty quakes shook whatever piece of Hinata he happened to be standing on. His heart swelled as he felt them. He could tell that this was a momentous day, though he was not yet sure why.

Only when traveling across Hinata did one truly get the full scope and breadth of her size. It was impossible to see the whole of her. She was massive on a scale that was incapable for the human mind to understand. Her shoulders blocked the sun whilst her ass cracked bedrock. Even when standing at her very summit of back fat and looking out on a clear day, her vast enormity could not all be seen. Further, when looking from the ground, the meaty sinkhole which was her face was hidden by clouds. She was the only human being that had maps made of their body. Explorers from the cult walked across her constantly, charting new waterfalls of sweat or pockets where meteors of cast away food had landed. All these and more Naruto passed, his excitement growing with every rushed step. The strength of her movements grew as he started to reach the broad plateaus of her shoulders. The dreamy waves of her ass had become a near constant earthquake. Naruto’s pace quickened, reading gushing emotion in Hianta’s flabby jiggling. She wanted to tell him something. Naruto ran on, seeing the beginnings of the industrial piping which comprised Hianta’s feeding tubes in the distance. It would not be long before he was once again reunited with his wife.

--- Anniversary Presents ---

Naruto reached Hinata’s face just as she began to erupt. She was fed by five industrial sized feeding tubes. Each one of the five was as big as the one which fed Tsuande. They poured incessantly day and night, dislodging a constant stream of calories. Each pipe served a different purpose: solid sweet food, sweet sodas thickened with Tsuande’s milk, greasy foods, foods that had been spiced up and mixed with aphrodisiacs, and a catch-all tube. The contents within the pipes all moved at different speeds. Some pipes raced fast and consistently whilst others belched out their tonnage in brutal bursts. The mountain shaped woman was treated to an ever changing, heterogenous calorie sludge. Her continuous meal was all foods and dishes mixed together. The cult theorized that only Hinata could handle the ever changing blend of flavors, to say nothing about the raw pressure at which they were expelled into her. Hinata, for her part, even had trouble sometimes. Her eating might slow to the point where the sinkhole around her face filled with food. She would be bathed edible slurry to the point where a lake would form. The lake would then drain eventually, becoming a whirlpool capable of capsizing large ships. It would all drain into Hinata, with nothing escaping her stomach. Naruto arrived, seeing such a sight. He stood on the rim of neck fat overlooking the pipes, his wife’s corpulent mass of facial fat hidden from view by the pipes.

Hinata trembled, her ballooned fat quivering violently. The feeding pipes tried to work, but bulges were forming along them. Steam gouted from various points of pressure, with little streams of food shooting out after. The feeding apparatus, a ten year marvel of engineering, groaned in a sick and diseased manner. Members of the cult clambered up and down the pipes, trying to plug holes and maintain the structural integrity. They worked quickly, even as the tremblings grew worse. Sirens started to blare as dormant cranes sprung to life. Cultists ran back and forth across Hianta’s smallest chin, itself as big as a city block. Rivers of food and drool mess ran down her face with enough force to carry men away. Rescue crews stood by, preparing themselves to rescue any trapped in the forming food-slides. The cranes began to move, straining to take away the quintet of pipes. Hinata seemed unable to decide if she wanted the pipes moved. Food did not pass through the pipes, but her suction upon them did not relent. The workers at the cranes struggled to free the feeding apparatus, their machines belching black smoke as their gears ground.

“Heeeeeey, Hinata!” Naruto yelled at the top of his voice. Ten years had been enough time to allow him to grow into a man’s voice. His call echoed over the worksite, reaching even down to Hianta, her ears blocked by blubber and feeding tubes. There was silence, and then a rumbling greater than had been felt that day started. Cultists fell and then cranes started to spin wildly. The pipes fell free, relinquished from Hianta’s mouthy grasp. The feeding apparatus swang in the air, oozing with the last remnants of food. The cultists reeled the cables holding the pipes in, trying to protect from further harm. The rumbling only intensified, becoming so great that even Naruto could not stand. He lay prone, a smile forming on his face. Within the sinkhole of fat that had formed around Hianta’s face, pooling food had formed a whirlpool as it was slowly sucked into her maw. However, the draining of the food was inconsistent. Huge bubbles formed and burst. The shaking grew even more destructive in nature, causing trees to fall in the forest surrounding Hinata. Finally, the tension was released.

***BBBBLLLLLLLLUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRROOOOOOUUUPPPP!***

There was a small delay, with no sound in the air other than the reverberations of the first belch.

***HOOORRRRRRUUULLLLUUUOOOOORRROOOOOOOOP!***

Magnified by size and raw power, the blechess were a volcanic eruption. A mushroom cloud of half-eaten food and gas was spewed into the atmosphere, visible for miles around. A rain of greasey droplets began to fall over the surrounding area, staining Hinata’s fat with discolored droplets. Food merged with the clouds, changing the color of the clouds whilst the force of her expelled gas blew them away. Meteors of clumped up edibles streaked through the sky and pelted both Hinata’s endless mass as well as distant Konoha. The localized, gluttonous apocalypse was not finished however. ***BBBBBBBLLLOORRRRRUUUP!*** A third eruption followed after, further expelling the unwanted food from the blob’s mass. This new blast of food and gas was in contention for the largest recorded geyser venting. Cultists both on Hinata and and down in the neighboring city cheered, falling to their knees in reverence. Meanwhile, Naruto rubbed and patted his wife’s fat. He waited for a few moments before sliding down neck rolls with thicker arches than most bridges. He reached the damp, sweaty lard cave where her true face rested.

“Hinata! That was incredible!” Naruto yelled down to his wife.

“Mmmppggh. . .oooh. . .thankscch. . .Naruto!” Hinata called back, still madly slurping and feasting on what was around her. Whilst she had stopped sucking on her feeding tubes, the gigantic woman never truly stopped eating. She had been reborn via the pills as a creature of purest gluttony, constantly seeking food and pleasure. “Cooome. . .OOOOORRRRRUUUP. . .schheee me!” She called, sounding winded. Naruto needed no further invitation. He crawled into the sinkhole, formed by the marriage of neck and chin blubber. What awaited him at the bottom was a mass of blubber which held a sweet face whose lips were constantly moving and glistening with slobber. Hinata’s hair had been cut short, with it draped around her the beginnings of her cheeks. Her pale eyes were slightly scrunched thanks to the press of her fat just as her lips were pushed into a permanent pout. She cycled through looks constantly, battling to keep her ever present hunger and greed in check. One moment Hinata would look as serene as the Buddha and the next she would be wild eyed and clamoring. “I. . .mmmpggghp. . .*ssllrrrruuup*. . haa-had to tell you!” Hinata spoke, dragging in ropes worth of discarded noodles. For a moment she looked like the girl who had first won the Ramen eating contest, long ago, when she had still been a normal person.

“What’s on your mind?” Naruto asked. Laying inches away from her face. It was like he was being hugged by Hinata constantly. He felt her jiggling, undulating, sweaty mass moving above and below his own body. He had never felt smaller or more insignificant, though as her fat fell on him, he had never felt more loved.

“I. . .I. . .Ooooh-ooooOOORRRRRUUUUP. . .Naruto.” Hinata could hardly speak coherent sentences. The news she was about to break to her husband overwhelmed her senses. Through the vast network of fatty nerves and sensitive pleasure centers she had felt something grand. It was a day that she had known was coming for a long time. “I reasscched. . .BBBBLLLUUURRRUP. . .Konoha!” She smiled with feverish intensity. “I’m crusscching. . .bbblluurru. . .a wall. . .right now!” She was delirious with pride. Over ten long years she had grown, desiring to bring her fat to the very town that she had been moved from. Now, she was starting to advance over it. She could feel just how pathetic and small the construction of man was, having no ability to stand up to her miles of fat. Hinata had crushed many things over the past decade, but nothing felt as sweet as the cracking of man made things. The memory of bursting through the restaurant had never left her. The joy of her fat filling a multi-story building and then proving to be too much for it was a treasure on par with Naruto marrying her. “I can’t. . .schtttooop. . .GRRROOOWWING!” Hinata’s facial expression switched from timid woman to haughty goddess in an instant.

“That’s amazing!” Naruto kissed Hinata. His hands groped cheeks which spread for miles outwards, only able to hold an infinitesimal fraction of them. Hianta kissed back, overpowering Naruto quickly. She was no longer a shy girl afraid of her crush, she was a demanding and exacting woman. Sweat rolled down her face as she, playfully, bit Naruto’s lip and pulled him deeper into her lard cave. Naruto hugged his wife, trying to think of a way to make the day even more special. His mind was slow and torpid, hardly able to think past the wall of fat that was sucking him in. He bought a little time by pulling away from Hinata. Even after they stopped kissing her lips moved, hungry for more love and attention. Slobber and sweat ran down her cheeks, making her glow as scant bits of light reflected into the jiggling passage. “You know, you’ve gotten a lot better at kissing. Do you practice on the feeding tubes?” Naruto asked, wishing he could have come up with something less cheesy.

Hinata blushed, turning as much as she was able. Jiggles spread out from the slight movement, gaining in speed and intensity. By the time those growing ripples reached the ground under her, they would be tidal waves. The shyness passed quickly, with Hinata’s more forward personality reasserting itself. “I think. . .of. . .YOU. . .whenever I. . .*sccchuck.* . .on them.” The goddess of Konoha reminded Naruto that she was as much a deity of lust as she was gluttony. The intimate confessions were followed by a chorus of giggles as Naruto started to blush. “Come on. . .fffLLOORORRRRRUUUP. . .fox boy. . .give your. . .wife. . .MORE!” Hinata tried to lurch forward, wanting to catch Naruto’s lips again. She only caught empty air though, as her lover had rolled back.

“You’ve been reading too many of Jiraiya’s books.” Naruto was halfway up the tunnel. “Better simmer down for a while, Pervy Wife, then we can talk again.” At the top of the lard cave, Naruto smiled and waved before ducking off.

“NARUTO!” Hinata roared, her demanding side appearing in all its wrath and fury. “KISS. . . ME!” She called, her temper tantrum sending a tsunami of jiggles through her vast body. Naruto snickered, knowing that upsetting his wife would only make the coming reward sweeter. He had landed on the perfect idea to celebrate the day. Hinata would get her reward for reaching Konoha as well as one for 10 years of marriage.

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Waystations had long been built upon Hinata’s fat. They were cooking centers for the cult, monasteries for aspiring chefs to learn what it took to please the goddess. They served as a fail safe for if there were issues with the feeding tubes. Within these waystations were larders and pantries stuffed with every food ingredient imaginable and in quantities unquantifiable. One could feed a small army for months. One of these culinary monasteries had been primed and put into full action. A call had come forth. A demand from the goddess had been relayed through Naruto and down the chain of cultists. Hinata required a cake. A cake so massive and majestic that it could have served as a domicile for a queen. It was to be made quickly and delivered even faster. Hinata was hungry and sentimental, a dangerous combination. Cooking fires were stoked, sacks of flour brought up from basements, and a war was waged on poultry eggs. Men and women worked around the clock to create the cake. Backs were bent over cauldrons and arms were laden with gigantic baking pans filled with sweet dough. Smoke started to puff up over the horizon of Hinata’s flab, a signal that work was being done. Naruto watched, resting above his fuming wife, smiling.

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Hinata awoke to the feeling of her blubber being jostled. Cultists were shoving and pushing at it, trying to widen the collapsing tunnel of her facial cave. Huge, burly men struggled under the loads of feminine fat. Mining posts were inserted, helping to stabilize and lift up the hanging deposits of blubber. Hinata felt her hunger dim a bit as her curiosity rose. She had spent hours pouting after Naruto had left. Her anger had burned out quickly, her body unable to support emotions outside of greed, lust, and love. Now, as she started to recover, she was presented with something wonderful.

The cake that so many chefs had slaved over was finally done. It had been transported up by a series of cranes, so huge that it had been subdivided for movement. Now, it was ready to be presented to Hinata. Naruto, eager to be the one to feed Hinata, slid back into the moist cave. “Hey. . .sorry about earlier.” He said, brushing Hinata’s damp hair back. It was covered in sweat and clung to her round face. “I, uh, just needed things to be perfect for us.” He offered, feeling a rumbling starting up within Hinata. She was not necessarily a forgiving goddess.

“I can’t. . .OOORRRRUUP. . .BELEIVE you. . .hhuuff. . .sometimesch.” She sniffed, trying to throw her bulk away from him. The walls of the lard cave shuddered and part of the cave was smooshed as a post dropped some of the fat it was carrying. Lard oozed down from the ceiling, dropping onto the cake. Hinata shivered, feeling the soft texture of the confection. Her heightened senses had smelled it the second it came within a mile, but now the sugar was overpowering. The small portion of her cheeks that was visible to Naruto puffed in and out as her desire grew. She wanted to be angry at her husband, but she also wanted to eat that cake. Naruto was quick to pick up on the dilemma Hinata was facing.

“You know. . .it’s the biggest cake ever made.” He said smoothly. He leaned down, whispering into Hinata’s semi-buried ear. She burbled as he spoke. “They had to drain all their baking supplies for this.” Hinata’s breathing grew labored. Steam rose in the cave, so thick that it became hard to see. Her body temperature rose as she was turned on by the thought of the exquisite feast about to take place. “An entire generation of eggs went into that cake. They don’t have any more left.” Hinata’s mouth opened wide, drool running out in thick streams. She panted, tongue hanging out over her lips. Ropes of slobber and drool pooled outwards “The frosting is so thick that it could stop a sword from reaching the cake inside.” Hinata moaned, another series of seismic impacts running through her body. The world was again alerted to how hungry and turned on she was. More of the wall that her flab had burst through collapsed as jiggles spread through her. “Come on. . .just a bite?” Naruto finished his plea.

“NO!” Through a supreme, almost divine, amount of willpower Hianta refused. Naruto only took that as a challenge to try harder.

“You know. . .there’s a special ingredient.” Naruto grabbed a handful of the cake and waved it just under Hinata’s nose. “Something I had them put in *special* for you.” He smiled mischievously. Hinata sniffed, her mouth again dropping open. Willpower and delayed gratification had become foreign concepts to the nation sized woman. Hers was a life of indulgence and gluttony, surpassing any other hedonist. Hinata’s puffy, fat lips clapped together as she fought the desire to beg for the food. “It’s made from the sweetest, rarest stuff.” Naruto worked to find the best words he could. Hinata’s gut gurgled, a noise like booming but strangled horns and trumpets filled the air. Sweat seeped around her body, collecting into rivers that poured down her folds. The surrounding countryside began to turn into a salty marsh. “You can only get it in Konoha. From one store. From one person.” Naruto drilled down, leading Hinata with each syllable. She whimpered, reduced again from goddess to food slave. She wanted to glut on the magical cake, to make it a part of her growing blubber. It would not fill her at all, but it would please her greatly. “Lady Tsuande’s breast milk.” Naruto whispered. “Every last drop they had stored. It will take months of pumping and suckling to get it back.” Naruto did not get a chance to finish his bid. His hand was soon filled with Hinata's lips and tongue.

She ate like a pig, snuffling and sucking. She wanted every morsel she could get her lips upon. Naruto fed with both hands, working as fast as he could. Hinata outpaced him easily. She was a whirlwind of gorging, a force of nature unleashed upon the cake. Her immense body slapped and heaved, rolling back and forth as she moved her face. There was no time for conversation. Naruto slowly switched from sensual hand feeding to shoveling the cake in. He was given a shovel by one of the cultists. He worked the cake like it was a pile of coal and Hinata was a furnace. She slurped and sucked at the cake, messily trying to down every crumb. Her tongue easily sorted through the tastes, latching onto the sweetness that came from Tsuande’s super tits. She had long wanted to slurp and suckle from those breasts. She imagined her lard cave being filled first with Tsuande’s building sized breasts and then with the milk which would pour out after. Naruto continued shoveling until his arms gave out. Even then, Hinata continued to eat.

To feed Hinata the rest of the cake, the cult packed as much into her face-cave as possible and pushed it down. The piles of cake moved in slow spurts, aided only by the lack of traction around Hinata’s fat. The behemoth would suck and chomp away, taking time only to pant between shoves. During these moments, Naruto would tease her more. He would stoke her hunger, doing everything within his power to make her hungrier. “You know Hinata,” He said, hitting upon a truly wonderful thought. “We’ve been together for so long. . .but no kids.” He smirked, wrapping an arm around what he could reach of her bloated face. She slowed for a moment, but kept eating. “Think about how great a family would be.” He sighed. “A couple. . .or a thousand. . .kids coming up to visit you on holidays.” Hianta moaned, the domestic thoughts melding into her gluttonous fantasies. “You wouldn't have to worry so much about your figure anymore.” Naruto continued his little jabs. Hinata’s panting grew heavier and her eating slowed. “We might have to fatten you up a bit for the pregnancy though. You are a bit scrawny for that.” Naruto kissed his wife, plunging his face into her sagging cheeks. “What do you say? Should we feed you a little more, just until we get you pregnant.”

Hinata’s answer echoed through the annals of history. It was so loud and deep that it reverberated through all of Konoha. No one had ever heard such a cry of love, lust, and greed. It came from deeper than Hianta’s body, released by her very soul. “**YYYYYEEEEEESSSSSS! MOOOOOOOOORRRE!”** She cried, tears of joy in her eyes.