

Degraded Damsels Literature Club

With classes done for the day, the students gradually made their way towards their associated extracurricular activities. Whether that was just going home, studying for the next test with friends, or participating in various sports, everyone seemed to have a pre-programmed routine guiding them. No more was this true than with the members of the Literature Club.

Monika, the club president stood at the front of the recently vacated class room, keeping her eyes locked on her beloved. Her white bow and ponytail of brown hair shifted as she tilted her head to keep her view locked on the singular, male student before her. She let out a sigh, content in the knowledge that his perfectly attractive face, hair, and personality were all hers. This student known as the protagonist acted as a much coveted reward for her long fought battle to make him hers and hers alone.

The club president's awareness that she was in a game gave her the upper hand when it came to shooing away the protagonist's suitors. Her initial plans had involved unsavory modifications to the game's code to eliminate the protagonist's fellow suitors through whatever means necessary. However, she had been forced to alter her methods to accommodate her obsession's gentler nature. Unable to take more drastic measures to make her the center of his attention, she decided the best course of action was to do things a little more discretely.

Sayori was an easy one. A simple push here and there got the first challenger to Monika's perfect relationship out of the running by using her pre-existing condition. Through the use of a planned intervention and the cooperation of the other club members, Monika had convinced Sayori to seek help for her depression. Gaining extra admiration from the protagonist in the process of sending Sayori off for some much needed psychological support, all that remained were the other two members of the club to take care of. Thankfully for Monika, that was all

solved with a simple modification in the code to change the image of the protagonist's phone screen the moment her competitors looked over his shoulder.

Monika's loving gaze of her beloved broke as the other two members of the club arrived. Yuri was the first to enter the room, wearing the same grey blazer and blue skirt that Monika and the rest of the female students wore. What made Yuri stand out were the locks of hair reaching past her waist that had a similar purple hue as her eyes. Looking over Yuri's long legs and seeing how the leggings pinched a bit of chub around her thighs, Monika smiled to herself before turning towards the second member.

Natsuki was by far the smallest member of the club, but she more than made up for it with her spunky attitude. Her short, pink hair tied up in pigtails made her further stand out even if her figure wasn't exactly as gifted as Monika's own. The one thing Natsuki did seem to have over the other members was small bit of pudge around her mid-section that showed that she too had fallen into Monika's trap.

"Sorry we're late," Yuri said, giving a slight bow towards Monika.

"Yeah, the line near the snack machine was crazy long," Natsuki added. Opening up her bag, she reached inside and placed a small snack cake in front of Monika. "We have plenty to share though."

"Thank you very much," Monika said, stashing the cake away for later. "Let's go ahead and get started with the club activities."

The club members scattered to different parts of the room to begin their usual routine of writing poetry. Leaving the protagonist to ponder what to choose for the subject of his poem, Monika kept her attention on the other women. Each of them had taken up a corner of the room as their chosen spot to create their poetry. As they did their daily writing exercise, they opened

up one pack of snacks after another to munch on. A cursory glance inside of the women's bags revealed a wide collection of similarly unhealthy food stuff that might as well been enough to make a full meal.

Sitting at the front of the room, observing Yuri and Natsuki gorge themselves, Monika couldn't help feeling pride in her work. The image she had placed of an overly hedonistic woman on the protagonist's phone screen had been all that was required to convince the other club members that that was his ideal woman. Every glance of the protagonist towards either Yuri or Natsuki got them to up the pace of their eating with the notion that he found the sight of them stuffing themselves absolutely irresistible. While the pair's expanding waistlines was proof enough for Monika, she knew her plan was in full motion as she heard a set of rumbles echo through the room.

Another glance over at Yuri and Natsuki showed both of their faces become flushed with red. Their hands grasped at their taut bellies, sliding their fingers across them in an attempt to settle them down. Yuri was the first to break the silence, her pent up gas being released in the form of a small burp parting her lips. Natsuki followed soon after as a tiny fart slipped out of her rear. Though the two of them tried to ignore the sudden expulsions there was little they could do as more gas began to slip out of both of their ends.

"May I be excused?" Yuri and Natsuki asked in unison.

"But we only just started," Monika commented, delighting in the sight of the pair beginning to squirm.

"I, um, have something I need to take UURP care of," Yuri replied.

"Very well, just don't take too long," Monika said, sending them away with a wave of her hand.

“We’ll be back soon, I BWOORRP promise,” Natsuki belched, she and Yuri being hurried along by a pair of squeaky farts leaking out of their backsides.

Watching the pair run down the hall towards the nearest bathroom, Monika dared to look back at the protagonist. Though he tried to keep his head down to pretend nothing had happened, it was hard to hide the way his nose crinkled at the lingering stench of his fellow club members’ gas. Managing to hide her smile behind her own poem, Monika eagerly awaited to see how far she could push the other girls to pursue their lofty goal of becoming complete slobs.

As the last bell rung and the rest of the students went about their after school activities, there was a quiet hum through the crowd about a certain pair of young women. They barely made any attempt to hide their gossip and taunts, everyone quite aware of what the members of the Literature Club were up to. Even with the sound of their classmates’ comments echoing in their ears, Yuri and Natsuki continued marching towards the club room with their added weight in tow.

Yuri took up the lead, putting her exposed, chubby belly front and center of students’ attention. Noticing the way people were staring at her, she tried to cover up her mid-section only to stop upon hearing her blazer begin to strain against her engorged breasts. This fidgeting inevitably led to some unruly groans emanating from her chubby stomach. Clenching her pudgy butt cheeks together, she stopped walking for a moment to try and ease her digestion with a squeak of flatulence before moving forward.

Overtaking Yuri's position, Natsuki tried to keep her eyes set on the club room rather than the way people were staring at her prominent potbelly. The protruding gut took the brunt of her onlookers' attention, her chest having been given little to no added heft from her drastic weight gain over the past month. Most of her added padding had begun to focus on her hips and backside to give her a bottom heavy appearance. These thick butt cheeks were given a few moments to be shown off to the entire school as a fart leaked out from between them to lift up the hem of Natsuki's skirt.

Natsuki just stood there as the sound of the loud BRRAAAAAAP echoed down the hall. Seeing how everyone's attention had turned towards her pink haired companion, Yuri hazarded to breathe a sigh of relief. The purple haired girl's mouth opened up further to allow an echoing belch to force itself out and demand everyone stare at her once more. Seeing more and more people gather around to gawk at their chubby forms and rude expulsions, the gassy pair began to run. Their mad sprint only came to an end once they made it to the club room and slammed the door shut behind them.

"While I'm glad you made it on time," Monika began as she watched sweat bead down the two girls' bodies, "you really shouldn't be running in the halls like that."

"I'm UUURRRP sorry," Yuri said, too exhausted from the sprint to worry about the burp.

"We promise we'll go slower next time," Natsuki added, stomping her foot into the ground to try and cover up the sound of another fart leaking out of her rear.

Baring the lingering fumes that came from the girls, Monika merely put a smile on her face. "That's alright. The important thing is that you're here. Go take your seats. I've already passed out the papers for today's poetry writing."

Watching the pair shuffle their way over to their perspective corners, Monika took the opportunity to survey their progress. Everywhere she looked on their bodies she could see parts of their pudge peeking out of open spaces and forming tears in their uniforms. These various clothing malfunctions had all been her doing, making it so no matter what clothes they bought for their expanding selves, they would all just be one size too small to fully hide their shame.

Taking their seats to begin writing, Natsuki and Yuri opened up their bags to retrieve their collection of snacks for the day. As expected, each bundle of junk food was devoured with amazing speed. While this gluttonous behavior had initially just been to shape their bodies to the protagonist's liking, it had taken on a secondary purpose. Watching their expanding bellies sink further and further between their legs, Monika could tell that the increases to their appetites thanks to the additives she had included in their meals were working as intended. There was also the added benefit of what the tampering was doing to the girls' digestive tracts.

"Time's up!" Monika announced, clapping her hands together and getting the chubby women to let out squeaks of gas in surprise. "Let's get together and share what we've written so far."

Getting up from their seats, Yuri and Natsuki hurried over to the protagonist's desks to share their poems. On the way there, they tried to "accidentally" bump their bellies against his body in an attempt to entice him with the added weight. The display only succeeded in further riling up their digestion to produce a pair of farts to stink up the air around the protagonist's desk. Realizing their mistake, Yuri and Natsuki cast glances towards one another before turning back to the protagonist.

Inundated with a plethora of apologies interspersed with rolling belches, the protagonist tried to remain sitting still as the girls continued to speak. Typical for the kind of person he was,

he merely smiled and reached out to accept the pair's poems. Seeing the girls release a few more bouts of gas in their excitement and further disgust the protagonist, Monika merely leaned back and relaxed as they continued to degrade their bodies in front of him.

About an hour past the club's start time, Monika turned away from the sight of the protagonist doing his homework to acknowledge the sound coming down the hall. She couldn't help but smile as she heard a pair of pounding foot stomps waddling their way towards the classroom. Even better were the rude noises that managed to slip between the heavy strides. It was upon seeing a snack cake roll past the open door did Monika force herself to control her emotions to properly greet her fellow club members.

Yuri was the first to appear in the doorway, with her purple hair partially sticking to her bosom from the sweat clinging to her exposed cleavage. Stains both old and new littered her blazer, with even more being added as she hastily shoved another snack cake past her plump lips. The mess of previous meals extended towards littering the numerous fat rolls making up the bulging belly that took up the bulk of her weight. Though the girth of her wide hips was impressive, and her ass was undeniably fat, there was still someone that could rival her lower half in sheer size.

A light bump of Natsuki's hips gently pushed Yuri to the side. Bowing down as a sign of apology, Natsuki's pink hair shook off some of the grease clinging to it as her pudgy body began to rumble. Hastily standing back up and further tearing her stockings against her bulky legs in the process, she tried to brush off the crumbs clinging to her besmirched uniform. These

misplaced morsels were scattered across the floor with more than a few finding their way into the folds of her bulging gut and between her C-cup sized breasts.

Finished cleaning themselves off of the majority of their former meal's mess, the two girls began to shuffle inside. They were stopped from entering at the same time as Yuri's blubbery belly had to contend with Natsuki's much wider butt cheeks. Both feeling their bodies beginning to rumble from the minor bump, they quickly changed into a single formation and entered the room with Yuri at the front.

"Late again?" Monika asked.

"I'm BWOOOOORRP sorry," Yuri said. "I was just--"

"Eating at the cafeteria again?" Monika guessed, getting her answer by the look of shame on Yuri's face.

"It's not our UUUUURRRP fault they don't feed us enough," Natsuki said, some of her pride coming from the slight bump her weight had given to her chest.

Shaking her head, Monika walked around the front desk to be between the slobby women. "That's still no excuse." With a sudden jolt, she grabbed the center of the girls' bellies and proceeded to clench their fat folds. "If you want to be proper members of this club, you have to plan ahead for these kinds of interruptions. Keep this up, and the school might be forced to close us down if only two of us have the foresight to show up on time."

"Y-you're right, I'm sorry," Natsuki said, her words forced out by guilt and her need for Monika to stop pushing on her gut.

"We promise we won't BWOOOOOORRP do it again," Yuri pleaded.

Moments before the girls hit their breaking points, Monika mercifully let them go. "Very well," she said, making her way back to the front of the class. "Just be sure not to make any more

mistakes. It gives the club a bad reputation. Now let's go ahead and start with our usual poem writing to get things underway."

Monika had to stifle a chuckle as she watched the over 500 pound ladies waddle their way to their desks. Though they managed to barely fit their wide rears down on their seats, it soon became apparent that writing poetry was the last thing on their minds. Still recovering from their run in with the club president, there was little the pair could do to stop their digestive tracts from wreaking havoc on their bodies. They tried their best to hide their expulsions, only hazarding to let out tiny puffs of gas behind very obvious techniques such as coughing or dropping a pencil. Their efforts did little to cover up the smell of their burps and farts, within minutes filling the room with the noxious air. Already Monika could see the way the protagonist's nose twitched at the foul odor. Though he tried to maintain a calm demeanor for the girls' sakes, Monika knew that it was only a matter of time before her plan reached its apex.

"Time's up!" Monika announced as she clapped her hands together. "Let's all gather around and share what we have."

Rushing to the protagonist's desk, Monika gestured for the others to come towards her. Once more reveling in the sight of their hefty forms shuffling through the room, Monika stood at the center. Snatching the papers out of Yuri and Natsuki's hands, she found the expected results of pushing the two overstressed, obese women to write something in such a small amount of time.

"Is this really all you could come up with?" Monika asked, holding up the pair of papers covered in sparse words and numerous sweat stains. "I know this place is all about free expression, but you need to at least put something on the page other than a mess."

The protagonist stood up, voicing his disapproval of Monika's critique.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to sound so harsh,” Monika replied. “Perhaps there’s something I’m missing. Could the two of you elaborate on what you’ve written here? Maybe show us what’s deep inside of you that’s just begging to come out. Now come on. Share with us. You’ll feel a lot better. I promise.”

Yuri and Natsuki stayed completely silent as they fidgeted where they stood. It was obvious that they were at their breaking points when it came to keeping their gas contained. Even still they cast longing glances over at the protagonist, looking for something, anything to prove that he liked their new bodies. Rather than let them linger in this purgatory of pent up anxiety, Monika decided to set things off with a slight tweak to Yuri and Natsuki’s coding.

A simple exchange of ones and zeroes made the back portion of the slobby women’s uniforms rip asunder. As the pair tried to cover up their exposed back fat, the buttons keeping their blazers together popped off to fly across the room. With their bras torn asunder by their blubber, Yuri and Natsuki’s engorged bosoms were free to plop down onto their sagging guts. Upon their skirts tearing apart to leave most of their chunky lower halves on display, the snapping of their panties heralded their inevitable humiliation.

Gas began to bellow out of Yuri and Natsuki’s bodies unhindered. Yuri’s massive mammaries shook off what remained of her top through the use of a loud BWOOOOOORRRRP echoing from her lips. What little fabric clung to Natsuki’s lower half was spread across the room as a rippling BRRRRAAAAAAAAAAP sprung from her thick ass cheeks as they shook like overstuffed sacks of gelatin. In a panic and unable to stop themselves, the women’s bodies were thrown into a constant state of jiggling as they let out one gassy eruption after another. Farts began to fly out of Yuri’s rear in a vain attempt to match the Natsuki’s thunderous eruptions. Natsuki’s pleas towards Monika for help were drowned out by her own burps. Though

her nostrils were singed by the odors, and she could feel herself beginning to sweat from the sheer warmth of the fumes, Monika's only concern was keeping the sound of her maniacal laughter muffled with her hand.

Through this cacophony of gas and atrocious smells, Yuri and Natsuki turned away from Monika's poorly hidden, malicious grin to look towards the protagonist for help. They unfortunately found him lying on the ground, his face covered up by his bag in an attempt to escape from the noxious gas. Tears began to streak down their pudgy faces, their attempts at sobbing undone by another round of belches coming out to shake their chins. Left as quivering masses of flesh, gas, and fear, the pair rushed out the door and out into the hall.

"I don't know what's gotten into them," Monika said to the protagonist, helping him up off the ground as she offered him a cloth laced with her perfume. "I'll have to check in on them later. For now, it might be best for us to give them time to recover."

Seeing the protagonist nod, Monika hazarded to shoot him a small smile. He took the expression as a comforting sign that everything would work out if they stayed together. For her, it marked the beginning of her perfect relationship with her beloved. Now nothing was going to stand in her way.

Like she had done so many times over the past month, Monika allowed herself to revel in fruits of her labor. Once more sitting at the front of the Literature Club, she kept a gentle smile on her face as she watched the protagonist write his poem for her. There was no one around to interrupt her bliss; no one to stop her from making him her own. Though his feelings were still

hindered by the absence of Natsuki and Yuri, she knew it was only a matter of time before their relationship blossomed and she could claim him as her own forever.

“Are you finished?” Monika asked, seeing the protagonist stand up. “If so, you can bring it up here for me to read.”

The protagonist politely refused, saying that he wanted to wait for the other club members to show up.

Monika let out a giggle. “You know as well as I do that the two of us are the only active members. It’s only by the grace of the student council that we’re allowed to keep this club running until the year is out.”

The protagonist shook his head again, speaking aloud that they still needed to wait for Yuri and Natsuki.

Letting out a sigh, Monika began to approach the protagonist. As much as she was sure it would detract from their growing closeness, she knew that he needed to be constantly reminded of the status of her former rivals. Monika had ensured that the rumors and gossip about their slobby bodies had gotten across to the pair even as they hunkered down at their homes. She had even pushed their parents’ programming into near, non-stop feeding mode to keep them in a constant state of fat and foul fragrances. Even still there was something she didn’t like about the way the protagonist kept assuring her that the others would return. She was just about to make another attempt to dissuade him until she heard something coming from outside the room.

Monika froze at the sound of what could have been two elephants stomping through the school got closer and closer. She only realized the true identity of the racket as her nose picked up a familiar, rancid stench drifting into the room. Despite hearing rumbles akin to thunderclaps,

Monika refused to believe what was happening. Unfortunately for her, the plan she had put all of her hopes on was crushed beneath the feet of the returning members.

A combination of Monika's meddling and being unwilling to leave her room to buy suitable clothes left the gargantuan Yuri stuck in an undersized set of her school uniform. Only a few buttons of her blazer managed to wrap themselves around her gargantuan gut, revealing the stray food smears that littered both the fabric and her blubbery belly fat. Most of her breasts were on display, with each of the beachball-sized boobs mere inches away from exposing her plump nipples. Squeezing her wide hips through the doorway, she lurched forward as a fart came rippling out to lift up her skirt and show off her thick rear. As impressive as Yuri's size was, there was still someone that could at least beat her lower half when it came to sheer girth and gassiness.

Sucking in a gut that was nearly as big as Yuri's, Natsuki charged forward like a rampaging bull to get into the classroom. Though she did get her wide hips caught on the doorway, she was determined to get through. Waving about her greasy hair, she paid little mind to sensation of her D-cup breasts trying to jiggle out of her blazer as she attempted to push herself into the classroom. When she finally managed to shove herself inside it was accompanied with a massive PHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT bursting out of her ass to smother the room in her toxic flatulence. Letting out a sigh of relief that showed no concern over her personal stink bomb, Natsuki tilted her head up to look at a very confused Monika.

"What are you two doing here?" Monika asked. "I thought you were staying home until you could get your weight under control."

“That was our UUUURRRP intention,” Yuri explained, accidentally releasing the gnarly belch straight into Monika’s face before gesturing her plump, sausage-like fingers towards the protagonist, “but he insisted we come by for club at least.”

“Yeah,” Natsuki added, punctuating her point with another loud fart from her rear. “He said that the meetings aren’t the same with only two people here. Soooooo we BWOOOOOORRRP came by to hang out and have fun with literature.”

“I hope you don’t mind,” Yuri said, wincing as her skirt fluttered from another burst of flatulence.

Monika winced, both in disgust from the awful stench clinging to the pair’s meaty flesh, but also the absolute destruction of her scheme. Nevertheless, she forced herself to put on a friendly smile. “Not at all. We were just finishing up our poem writing for the day.”

“Really?” Natsuki said, waddling her way over to the protagonist’s desk. “Show me what you’ve got.”

“If you don’t mind that is,” Yuri said, shuffling up to the other side.

As the girls’ bodies pressed up against the protagonist, they released an outpouring of gas from both of their ends. Despite this, he kept a straight face as he eagerly shared what he had written so far. He didn’t seem the least bit disgusted or offended by either slob’s weight or smell. While the obvious reason was that he was trying to be polite to encourage the two girls to enjoy themselves, Monika’s love sick mind came to a different conclusion.

Excusing herself from the classroom, Monika stepped out into the hall. Finally allowing her smile to falter, she cursed at herself for not noticing sooner that the protagonist was actually starting to like Yuri and Natsuki’s slobby forms. Acting without thinking of the consequences, she pulled up a screen showing off her own programming and began to mess with the code. More

than willing to do whatever it took to make the protagonist hers and hers alone, she finished up her modifications and unleashed them upon herself.

Monika's determined face was broken as an echoing burp parted her lips. No sooner did the belch peter off did another follow it up. These constant expulsions worked along with her quickly engorging gut to begin tearing parts of her uniform. It was through the added strain of her expanding breasts did her body manage to start ripping through her blazer.

No sooner did her swelling gut poke out from a massive hole in her coat did a rancid fart spurt out. More slapped out of her swelling rear as her body accelerated its growth. The stench that emanated from both of her ends was horrific, however it wasn't enough. Monika was dead set on making herself the slobbiest girl in order to become the center of the protagonist's attention.

Perhaps spurred on by Monika's obsession, her body rapidly expanded to tear apart what remained of her uniform. The strips of fabric that clung to her curves and sunk between her belly folds were blown away by her constant release of gas. Each burp and fart send ripples through her meaty form, shaking around her ponytail to let it slather its oily strands across the expanse of her back fat. A particularly deep belch sent her multiple chins into a shaking fit that was only rivaled by her thick neck and set of heaving tits. Though her ass cheeks rapidly jiggled with each rancid fart, they lost most of their mobility as her thickened thighs came crashing down to the ground.

Drawn out by the earthquake like impact, the protagonist entered the hallway just in time to see Monika hit her apex. She was easily over 1000 pounds, with each one working in tandem to make her seem more like a lump of sweaty flesh rather than a person. Her breasts and butt cheeks were larger than her rivals', with neither one of them having even a chance to overcome

the hurdle of beating the enormous gut that was spread out on the floors. Shuffling her fatty body around, she showed no restraint as she continuously released burps and farts without restraint. Only stopping once she could lock eyes with the protagonist, she grinned at his stunned expression.

“Come BWOOOOORRP on,” she said, unable to hide the unbridled passion in her voice. “I know this is what you want.” Leaning over to the side, she let loose with a blast of flatulence that made the protagonist fall to the ground. “Now come to me my beloved. Show your perfect UUUUURRRP sloppy sweetheart all the love you can give.”