

The sun was rising in the sky, casting beams of light down wherever it could cut through the winding alley's and walkways of Akihabara's dense urban pathways filled with stores dedicated to technology, lewd art, and the otaku way of life.

Overweight hikikomori talked to each other in their huddled groups as they gawked at the cute, nervous maids doing their best to entice any and all men they laid their eyes on. Older men in suits laughed at their own terrible jokes, as cosplay bedecked cuties hugged their side, roping them into one of the more questionable locations snaked away in one of the less obvious buildings.

But through all the body odor and social anxiety was a trio of three cute girls, each linking the others arms, with a short, petite, orange haired peskeckled dork in the center of the two taller and older girls. Out of the three, two of them had known each other the longest, with the third, the reason they were there, being a new addition to the group of troubled misfits.

Ann Takamaki and Shiho Suzui were the classic pair of inseparable friends. They did practically everything together, even aiding their socially nervous and shut-in preferring friend by the name of Futaba.

Futaba and Shiho had giggled and naturally agreed that Ann was if a beautiful gem had taken human form, the interracial mix of the best of Japanese and American genes together in a drop dead gorgeous blonde who could make any head, male or female, turn and check her out with drool building on her lip.

Before going out she had simply thrown on a plain black illustrated tee, scratched shorts, and her sneakers, with her red and black overshirt tied around her waist. Her sparkling blue eyes winked at them as they stared in awe at how simply she had concocted the simple, yet stylish and even sexy outfit that emphasized her long smooth and slender legs.

Shiho was less formal and fashionable, her white and black uniformed turtleneck covering her cream color neck softly, her hair done up in the ponytail she almost always had clipped. While Ann was the best of east and west, Shiho was that of a subtle, beautiful garden flower. Her Japanese features striking, but calm to the eye, making her all the more elegant despite being a girl who enjoys the rough and tough sport of volleyball.

Futaba was the oddity of the group, with unbridled beauty on either side of her. Her long grease sheened hair pooled down her back, touching her cute, spats short covered rear, her heavy military jacket hugging her slender, stickish form. Her glasses ridges were large and heavy, and magnified her saucer sized chesnut eyes. Her slouch was noticeable, and her shirt crudely read 'F.A.Q. U!' in romanji, and a smirk crossed her face as her hung over head sat right between two pairs of shapely breasts.

The three of them had headed to Akihabara for Futaba's own goals, neither of the other girls having any vast interest in the otaku subculture outside of Ann's fair interest in the idol scene. The pair of senpai's knew the poor girl had a hard time doing much of anything on her own, and took on the role of mother hen for the nerdy little gremlin.

It was all over the message boards Futaba frequented: a brand new set of scale Neo Featherman models had just came out, and she had to have them. But upon finding out they would only be on sale physically, she flopped into bed, defeated and cressfallen. Naturally it hadn't taken her long to text and complain to her more social friend, and things all had lined up, with Futaba rushing over to take care of the dear little dork.

"Soooo Futaba chan, how does it feel being out and about?" Ann sighed with a smile, breathing in the smells of fast food, cheap ramen, and her favorite: crepes, all over, ignoring the smell of the creeps eyeing her up from the shadows, the only illumination on them being their Switches and 3DS's.

"Eeehehe, not sure..." Futaba's gremlin voice activated as each word stuttered and she practically cowered from all the gazing, creeping eyes. She could feel them practically feeling her up with their eyes, and while there was part of the perverted girl who enjoyed the attention, her trauma and fears got the better of her, causing her to shiver harshly.

"Oh dear, feeling a bit too crowded huh Futaba chan?" Ann frowned a little, looking at Shiho who gave her a knowing smirk. They had discussed such a situation where Futaba might be overwhelmed, and had just the secret weapon to help out their nervous NEET of a friend.

Futaba nodding her head a little bit had sealed the deal, and both Shiho and Ann's eyes met, grins creeping across their perfect faces. Both of the taller and older senpais took a pause, Futaba herself also slowing down due to the fact that she was practically held up by them.

"Say, Ann, ya smell that?" Shiho asked, comically sniffing at the air, as if a pungent scent of something playfully foul was lingering. Ann couldn't help but giggle and play along, pinching her nose gently as she looked around for the invisible and nonexistent stink.

"I sure do Shiho, but it's not the creepy guys around us smelling like this... at least I don't think. Nope, not them! So... what could it be?" Ann tapped her chin, looking around at everything around, before turning her head awkwardly back towards her butt.

"Uh oh... Shiho... I think it might be us!" Ann cried out in theatrical disgust and disgrace, throwing her hand to her head, and turning away from both her friends. Shiho put on a mock face of surprise, and Futaba had no idea what either girl was doing.

"Us? How could two girls like us be so filthy smelling?!" Shiho bemoaned, pulling a similar pose to her model friend, taking a lean onto Futaba like Ann had. Futaba was now doubly confused, her eyes darting back and forth to each of the snickering girls, who were making no sense.

"Um, guys? What are you talking about?" Futaba's words weren't exactly the most amused, as her eyes became furrowed and questioning. Standing back up straight both girls waved their hands in front of their noses and looked at Futaba with a deep, yet playful sadness.

"Futaba chan, be honest dear, do we look fat?" Ann pouted at her orange haired friend. Before Futaba could even respond, the ever so slight sound of what appeared to be some sort of gas inflating filled her ears, and her eyes widened. Right in front of her, both once petite and busty senpai's were now arching back ever so slightly as their guts began to puff up.

"Oh gosh Ann! You look like a balloon!" Shiho commented, her quiet voice filled with a humorous snicker as she reached over and poked the tense, plastic feeling gut. Ann blushed, and blushed some more as her shirt unbuttoned and pulled out of place. Shiho's uniform fared a little better, as it was just rolled up upon reaching its stretching point.

Futaba was staring, jaw agape at the puffer fish like girls who couldn't help but laugh at Futaba's amazed, surprised, and ever so slightly underved expression. By this point the three of them had drawn a crowd, who were all frozen and just witnessing the perfectly round, pink beach ball like tummies that were attached to two extremely beautiful women.

“G-Guys... I-I think we should leave...” Futaba stammered, covering her face, not out of embarrassment for her friends, but more so fear of the mass crowds getting closer and closer. Ann winked at Shiho, who knew that was their cue for the real fun to begin.

“Sorry Futaba, excuse us~” Shiho said, apologetically as both girls thumbs were forcefully jammed onto the button like nose of the short twig of a girl. Futaba didn’t even protest, as the look of gritted teeth and constipation on her eyes instantly clued her in, and she sucked in a deep breath of clean air.

Ann and Shiho’s cheeks puffed up, as they closed their eyes tightly, their none-nose covering fists clenching hard enough to bend steel, as a horrible gurgling and churning sound echoed out in the pact alleyways.

Their faces turned as red as their shaking and slowly shrinking stomachs, and Futaba’s eyes went wider than even that of her glasses magnification of them. As the pair of girls bloated skunk guts began to go down, their tight form fitting pants started to expand like that of a gas filled diaper.

The atomic bomb like sound was deafening, followed by an even worse sound of vile crassness. Ann had managed to begin the symphony of toots off first with not only the sound of her asshole practically tearing open, but the gaspy screams of the people around her, and the shattering of businesses windows.

Gas leaked everywhere after the first explosion like burst, sickening hues of greens, browns, and other colors wafted out from the two girls rear ends. Trees started to sag, their leaves turning nito pulp. The animals rushing around had their eyes bulge before they slumped over onto the ground. Hell, cars and bikes that had been sitting idle or even parked turned over, crumpling from the force, as people were also pushed down.

Shiho wasn’t far behind, but her tingling backdoor had a nastier surprise. While Ann’s was definitely louder and of wider effect, Shiho’s very own stinky squeakier peirced into the ears of everyone around her, save for Futaba who had headphones, and Ann who was blessed with the same unearthly powers.

The two walking teenage biohazards just giggled as if they had accidentally let out a little poot at the movies or pool causing the water to bubble like a homemade Jacuzzi. It was not the reaction to essentially letting out a natural terror attack.

Sure the initial damage of people instantly losing their hearing, or worse being hit by glassy shrapnel was bad, but then came the aftermath. But much like the wildlife and such, the true effects of the gas kicked in.

All it took was a simple sniff and a couple seconds of having their watery eyes open, but the maids, otaku, and everyone else began to feel it, the warm, raunchy sensation of death take over. They clawed at their throats, their eyes, their skin practically turning into soured wax as they stumbled a few inches, before collapsing. Some just accepted the fate and let their bodies pool into a horrific pool of pulpy soup dripping down into the drains.

No one, save for the orange haired shut in, was spared, but those in the outside world of the tight winding buildings and tight walkways were saved from the lingering spicy farts that reeked of chocolate and cheap ramen, with the slightest hint of cutesy perfume that just made it all the more cruel.

“Jeez, did you do that Ann?” Shiho giggled, waving her hand in front of her face as she breathed in the wretched fumes. Ann gasped, playfully appalled that Shiho would even dream about asking her, as another mushroom cloud of gas plumed out from between her backside.

“Now Shiho, why would you think a girl like me would do that?~” Ann tilted her head upright in defence, her lips pursed into a comically snarly frown as her hair tails bobbed with the swing of her head.

“Ugh because you fatty, you’re always eating~” Shiho poked the now deflated, yet still volatile tum, causing Ann to giggle at the ticklish sensation, and round of brassy blows bringing another thick cloud of pea soup like mist to take care of the few struggling stragglers, who fell to the gore and gunk covered ground in defeat.

While the girls continued to banter back and forth, Futaba could start to feel her body go limp from the lack of any sort of air flow, as her nose was still pressed shut, and her mouth was holding in the now quite stale air it had for the past ten or so minutes. Her eyes had grown wide to the carnage that happened around her, not out of fear, but out of amazement for the powers her friends had, completely disregarding the lives of the couple dozen people who had just been snuffed out.

“Oh dear! We should probably get to class huh?” Shiho’s eyes widened as she checked her phone, the background lock screen photo of her and Ann making kiss faces at a concert, the crowd behind them a more compact bit of carnage than that they had just performed.

“Do we have to?” Ann moaned, looking at her own phone, realizing there were some deals at the eateries she frequented. Shiho rolled her eyes and carefully moved Ann’s fingers to cover both of Futaba’s nostrils, as the athletic young bringer of doom carefully stepped her way through the liquidated and pulpy crowds.

“Is this what she wanted? Or was it this one?” Shiho asked over to Ann, holding up different Sentai figures that were scattered around. Ann looked at Futaba, who was naturally unable to respond, and shrugged with an unknowing grimacing smile, feeling ever so bad about not being able to double check, as Shiho just grabbed a few and put them in her bag. Not even bother to pay, Shiho hopped her way back to her friends, as the three of them started their way back to class, making sure to have Futaba not slip on any of the melty mess.

“Y-You guys!...” Futaba exclaimed, breathing for air after they had gotten to a safe(r) distance away from the carnage, the Featherman figures clutched in her claw like grasp. Both Shiho and Ann paused for a second, and looked at her, ever so slightly concerned.

“Futaba... we, look, um...” Ann said, trying to find the words, but just giving up with a poutty sigh and a drooping of her shoulders. Shiho was at a loss too, and they both shared the same worry of Futaba being disgusted by their antics. Not worried about what she thought about those who had died in the slightest however.

“You’re incredible!” Futaba stammered, her fists white knuckled as she gave a little stampy cheer at the two super powered senpai’s standing in front of her, their cheeks both going red at her compliments.

“You two have legit super powers! I-I mean, why did you guys let yourselves get pushed around for so long?! If I had your powers, well...” Futaba trailed off, tapping her index fingers together as her face also blushed, her lips in a kissy face as she realized she would most likely become a far worse super villain than the both of them.

“Oh Futaba that... that’s actually a great question...” Ann asked, her face and mind drawing a blank as Shiho also tried to rack her brain for an answer. Nothing came however, and the three of them stood there, being passed by annoyed commuters and people swirving around them.

“Say... Shiho... I have an idea actually.” Ann said, her face slowly creeping into a toothy grin, as she walked up to Futaba, and gave the pirked up girl a pat on the head, Futaba letting out a pleased stammer of approval.

“What’s that Ann?” Shiho asked, a grin of her own growing, her mind practically reading her blonde haired friends mind, and loving each bit of realization. Ann could only wink, knowing her friend was thinking the same thing, and as they locked into Futaba’s arms, and began to speed their way to Shujin, prepared to have quite the interesting day ahead of them.

Everyone at Shujin was going through their daily routines, some preparing for upcoming classes, others making their ways to clubs, and some just relaxing and chatting with one another, before receiving a chewing out from one of the roaming teachers.

Not a single soul knew what was heading their way, and no one was prepared for the gaseous storm that was rumbling their way. No, most were already focused on what they were going to do after classes, the girl they liked, or what they might want to buy with their pocket money.

The entire student body that were located at the front of the school froze the minute they heard the front doors slam open, with a hearty, sinisterly laced chortle filling their ears. What had once been light flooding in through the clear glass doors, was now replaced with looming and seeping shadows, that practically chilled all those around.

Standing there was Ann and Shiho, knowing smirks shot across their faces, their slender arms crossed in front of their healthy busts, their cocked hips gently swishing back and forth as they eyed all their soon-to-be victims. It took only a single glance to tell they were up to no good, no, they were not even just planning on causing trouble, they were out for blood.

The air was still, as the pair of red sneakers and well worn sports shoes clacked and squeaked as they moved across the floor, each step asserting more power, and more dominance, the pair practically sniffing in the sweaty fear that starting to fall from the crowd of pale faces.

Ann and Shiho stopped, practically towering over the first year who had stood frozen in their path. She shook, the books in her arm chattering along with her teeth, her eyes filled with nothing but pure fear as Ann began to swish her cheeks back and forth.

“Uh oh, you’ve made Ann mad~” Shiho giggled, watching and listening to Ann make a vile, throat clearing sound as her cheeks started to swash more violently, the girl’s eyes beginning to water, as Shiho leaned in to whisper into the younger girls ear.

“You should run~ to be honest, I’m betting on you to escape, because I believe in you~” Shiho said, cooing her voice and gently letting the girl know that if she didn’t try to escape, she was dead for sure. A long, tense gulp and lump travelled down the girls throat, as Ann cocked her head back, gargling the vile sea of spit that had collected in her mouth.

Shiho let out a small snort of a laugh as she watched the girl thrash her body around, and begin to book it to the curve in the hall, tears whipping off her face as her arms violently bobbed back and forth and up and down.

The thapping of crazed footsteps went silent as a loud, banging 'pthua' rang out, before a loud, wet thump splattered onto the ground, a collected gasp, and scream filled the halls, as everyone begin to process what had just happened.

All that went through the young students mind was all the good things in her life, and how she promised she would do a better job on her chores, do better in school, whatever as long as she got to make it out alive. She could feel her body bending, ready to make the turn, when her eyes went wide.

The sound of skull splitting open, before brain and nerves being sethered, along with the exiting explosion of bone sputtering out in front of her filled her ears, her eyes going fuzzy, and her body cold. She didn't even get to hear the loud, whizzing, faster than like loogi smash into the back of her skull.

"Ooo! Ann, I knew you could do it! 100 points!" was the last thing the slowly paling girl heard, as everything went quiet, dark, and cold. Shiho clapped as she watched the girls skull get punctured like a pen being poked through a piece of paper. Within seconds, everyone started to scream, cry, and try and run, practically trampling one another to get away from the pair of murderous cuties.

"Do you want me to take care of them?~" Ann asked, puffing up her right cheek, preparing more of her self made ammo, as Shiho shook her head with a knowing grin. The door ways across the campus on most sides of the school were locked, not to mention that the side passage ways lead out to the walled off courtyard.

The only way the students would manage to actually escape was guarded by the gargling Ann, and giggling Shiho. Ann swallowed the water works she had festering in her mouth, and clapped her hands as she walked over to her kill, practically posing with the grotesque site like that of a hunter with his kill, snapping a quick, cutesie pic on her phone.

Shiho walked over to the door and gave it a quick kick, bending the safety bars, manually locking the doors from the inside, before twirling around back to face Ann, how had been doing a couple more poses with the still dripping first year.

"Hey, Earth to air head Ann~ Remember, we have a reason to be here?" Shiho chuckled, past the silly reason that was attending class. Ann let the body flop back down with a wet crunch, haucking another, whizzing shot straight into the girls back, a wet sputtery explosion of torn flesh and crack spine echoed out in the now barren halls.

"Yeah, duuuuh I remember~ But we have to find little miss goody two shoes!" Ann shot back, talking about Kasumi, who could be several places, not that exploring and causing more chaos wouldn't have been fun.

"Well, we could check the gym first..." Shiho thought, thinking about the most rational spot the red head honor student might be. Ann scrunched up her face and let out another backdoor wind while stretching her arms and legs, preparing for the 'hunt' she was about to go on.

"Nah, that's too obvious, ya know? She's probably sucking up to some teacher." Ann's face grew bored, thinking about how all of last week, the short, petite girl had been helping with Sadayo all day after class.

"Yuck, just thinkin about how good she is makes me sick!" Ann spat, playfully gagging as Shiho nodded. They had reasons for going after the new girl transfer, past catty jealousy the two girls usually didn't participate in. When she first arrived, all the attention was taken from the

volleyball team, resulting in more harsh punishments for poor Shiho, and plenty more advances on the creeped out Ann.

Naturally the two had put her first on their list, since they figured that such a twig wouldn't be much of a match for them, and they were about to put that theory into full on test, as they began to walk towards the student teacher guidance room, arms swinging from side to side, sticking their tongues out at any cowering students they saw crying or hiding.

"What on earth is going on out there?" the overly tired and exhausted Sadayo Kawakami asked herself, as she stacked yet another set of files onto the shelf, Kasumi giving her a gentle, innocent smile as she handed the older woman another stack.

"I don't know, sounds like quite the commotion though, that's for sure!" Kasumi chittered, causing the annoyed woman to let out a quiet, yet still detectable sigh. Sure, the help was appreciated, but the constant presence of someone who exuded 'better than thou' energy, all while trying to act like she was like anyone else was tiring and grating to say the very least.

"Should we go check it out Kawa-sensei?" Kasumi set down the papers she had been holding, giving her hands a useless dusting, as Kawakami bent her head over, muttering to herself. Kasumi frowned in concern before Kawakami stood up straight and marched her way towards the door.

"Alright, I'll check it all out, you-" Sadayo began to say, opening the door, but her words were quickly, and literally snuffed out, as the sound of a loud brass like instrument, and a gust of noticeably green air hit her chest like a truck, blasting her back onto the table covered in paperwork, which fluttered everywhere.

Kasumi had to cover her ears, shutting her eyes and clenching her teeth as she crouched down, the only reasonable answer on her mind was that a bomb went off, as she ducked and covered.

Ringling was the only thing the adorable red head could hear, before the rancid smell of meals long past filled her nostrils, causing her to gag, as the pair responsible for the commotion outside stepped in with a giggle.

"Oh dang! Nice one Shiho! I didn't even think about Kawakami sensei!" Ann giggled, looking at the stiff crumpled teacher, a massive hole jutted into her chest, her limbs crinkled at impossibly broken ways, as bits of the table poked through. Shiho curtsied at the compliment, smiling at the dripping and greying remains of Ann's now ex-homeroom teacher.

"K-Kawa-sensei!?" Kasumi choked, her lungs burning from the noxious gas that loomed around the room. Kasumi's eyes filled with tears, as a lump lodged itself in her throat upon gazing at the graphic carnage splattered out in front of her. Shaking, she slowly turned, her ears still ringing, to the echoing giggled and chortles of the two girls looming over the cowering girl.

"Aweee, well if it isn't little miss perfect~" Ann cooed, making an overly cutesy kissy face at the red eyed red head, who stared up at the blonde senpai in utter horror and disgust. Ann smirked, her cold blue eyes piercing into Kasumi's chest like that of Shiho's rocket like fart into Kawakami.

"W-W-Why did you do that? H-How?!" Kasumi stammered, looking at Shiho whose dark eyes were clearly thinking of all the fun things they could do to the lower classman who had caused the pair of them unintentional trouble by being the perfect new girl.

"Well, to be honest, with you? It's just because you came at the wrong moment. Honestly, Kawakami there deserved it more than you, buuuuut, still." Shiho shrugged, letting out a small toot that caused Kasumi to flinch out of fear and worry.

"Oh gosh hehe, don't worry, we have other plans for you~" Ann said, taking out her phone and striking a pose with Shiho in front of the now cold stripped body of the once fluffy haired teacher. Kasumi didn't think, she knew that was her chance to escape, and take it she did, bolting to her feet, and rushing the door with no thought other than escape. They all did, she wasn't special like everyone thought she was.

Kasumi was fit, quick, and filled with dread fueled hope. Not that that mattered, but the two girls smiled as they watched their red headed junior flee the room like lightning. After snapping another disturbingly sensual shot, Ann pocketed her phone and straightened out.

"So Ann, ready for a girl hunt?" Shiho smiled, her blonde friend smiling back as she bent her body out, giving her booty a little pop like cock, and gave her nose a deep snort, before nodding. Shiho knew Ann loved the theatrics, and enabled her, shutting one of her own eyes, and snarling her lip as she growled her throat, bringing up as much mucus and flem as she could.

"All ready Shiho, let's go have some fun~" Ann clasped onto her gal pals smooth pale hand, and the two of them began to skip out of the room, as if they were doing nothing more than having an innocent bit of fun, their booties giving off healthy shakes with each bounce.

"Come on, come on!" Kasumi hissed, shaking the door handle, the humming and giggling of the two monsters getting louder and louder. Every door the supposedly smart honor student tried had been locked, and every passing second ate away at more and more of the once chipper girls hope.

"Awe, there she is! Looks like we both lost the bet Shiho~" Ann said, purring in disappointment, yet satisfaction upon how quickly they had found their prey. Kasumi's flesh breaking out into a cold sweat as she began her attempted escape once again. Kasumi's luck had finally run out, as the long, straight hallway in front of her seemingly extended on for miles as her chest clenched up, her breathing growing heavy, but despite all the odds against her, she ran.

Burning, Kasumi felt... burning, after the sound of horrible gargling, the hucking filled the empty hallways. All she could do was scream as she fell forward, her hands scuffing onto the smooth, well kept floor, her palms bloodying as she braced her fall as best as she could.

"W-What did you do?!" Kasumi screamed, her voice in utter pain as a harsh hissing and popping sound emitted from her leg as she howled in anguish. Ann and Shiho just frowned at her as they got closer to inspect the damage.

"Seriously? You're crying over that? And here we thought you were some high and mighty girl." Ann said, sneering out a smile as she crouched down. Kasumi tried to crawl away, but all that caused her was more pain, as she belted out yet another harsh cry. Eating away at both her leg and the smooth wood flooring was a brown green mess of gargled nostril filth, the pulpy chunks sticking her down like a roach to sweet paper.

"Ugh, come oooooon Kasumi-chan, why aren't you being more fun?" Ann complained, pouting at the sobbing girl, desperately trying to claw herself away from the two monstrous beauties taking pleasure from her pain.



"You're sick! Y-You're both sick!" Kasumi choked out, losing her composure, feeling her leg fat ooze off of her bone like butter, the bubbling, vile green snot popping and fizzing like acid. The two friends simply rolled their eyes at her, before grabbing a whole of an arm each.

"S-Stop! Stop touching me! P-Please!" Kasumi howled as the girls winked at each other, nodding, as she grunted, more for show than actual struggle, as they yanked the practically paper weighted girl up.

The peeling sound just added to the unimaginable pain Kasumi felt, as what remained of her flesh and leg meat pulled away from her, stuck to the ground, as the naked, red, scarred bone dangled loosely, clacking mockingly as Kasumi couldn't control her stomach anymore.

"Hey! Only we get to do that!" Ann teased as she watched Kasumi vomit all over the floor, her eyes practically waterfalls, bloodshot, as she gagged and wheezed, her body cold and shivering.

"Gosh, getting cold feet are we?~" Shiho whispered into Kasumi's pale ear, biting her teeth as if she was shivering. Kasumi felt herself be lazily dragged towards one of the tall upstanding lockers, the door lazily partially open, as if a mouth awaiting its treat.

"W-W-What are you going to do?... d-don't you think you've done enough?" Kasumi spat, disgusting dribble babbling down her chin, her voice filled with defeat. Stopping in front of the metal cage like 'protection' for students belongings, the pair of murderous teens stood up, hoisting Kasumi up off the ground.

"Well, seeing as you're such a grade A student, I guess that makes you a nerd huh?" Ann chortled, looking over to Shiho who nodded. Kasumi didn't get it, of course she studied, she did all she could, what were they getting at with this.

"And well, I'm the exotic beauty, and Shiho here is the one on the sports team, guess that makes us the preppy cool girls huh?" Ann could barely contain her insane giggles, imagining her gassy self as the star of a hit romantic comedy from over seas: 'The Beauty and the Brap.'

"W-WHAT IS YOUR POINT?!" Kasumi shouted, regretting the lashing out as her throat began to burn again, her braincells popping every second she had to endure this pain. But she held out, hoping with every last bit of her hope someone would come in and shoot these maniacs.

"You do know what happens to nerds in those movies, right?" Ann asked, before on cue, they both shoved the weak, bruised girl into the tight cube container. Kasumi got it now, her mind racing with one final bit of hope, as she reached her bloodied hand, and grabbed the handle, closing the steel door right in the pair of genuinely surprised faces in front of her.

"Huh... you know, for someone so smart, you're pretty stupid~" Ann smiled, giving a playful shrug as she looked through the small grates at the shadow shrouded Kasumi's face. All Kasumi did was glare at them, as she reached for her phone. 8%, that's all she had left as hope to survive, as she tried to unlock the home screen.

But it was no use, the sticky red on her hands kept messing up the code and recognition, her breath becoming filled with annoyed and terrified stammers of frustration, as the girls outside mentally thanked their victim for doing exactly what they wanted.

"Hey Shiho, remember those crepes we had earlier?" Ann asked, hitting her chest a little, her gut making a guttural groaning as if to remind Shiho of the meal they had eaten only a bit

ago. Shiho smiled back, nodding, her own stomach beginning to make a similar churning, airy sound that began to rumble.

"Why of course Ann, they were quite delicious, but, well, they do have a trouble of making us a bit burpy huh..." Shiho said giggling, Kasumi still sobbing away as she tried to make her phone work, the battery life counter slowly counting down.

"But they are like, so good, being a bit gassy isn't a bad thing!" Ann teased back, tapping Shiho on the nose, causing a little, measly 'brap' to escape her lips, hinting at what was to come, not that Kasumi was paying attention to either of her tormentors antics.

"Hey, Kasumi, do crepes make you burp at all?" Ann asked, almost as if she had lost her terrifyingly cutesy edge, her voice practically normal as she wrapped her knuckles against the metal, causing Kasumi to scream at her in a slew of curses and pitiful names.

"Ugh, fine, be a party pooper on us. Oh! Hey, Shiho, I have an idea~" Ann said, rolling her eyes at the shivering and shaking from inside the tin can next to them. Shiho's eyes lit up, as the pair of besties brains set on the same idea.

"Let's not let little Miss downer here ruin our fun, let's having a burpy contest!" Ann exclaimed, jumping in place, her chest bouncing up and down, as Shiho gave a little clap and nod. Both girls were already full of practically upset tummies, but they began to gulp down the admittedly tainted air, to brew an even bigger belch.

"All, urp, ready?" Ann asked, digging her hands into the locker as if it was nothing more than styrafoam, Kasumi's red eyes growing wide at the new source of cutting light into the locker. With ease, the blonde second year tore off the door from its hinges, causing Kasumi to shield her eyes, not only out of fear, but out of pain from the light her eyes had yet to adjust to.

"Alright Kasumi, we need you to be our judge, ready?" Shiho asked, puffing up her cheeks larger than they should be. Kasumi didn't even get a chance to protest as both girls opened their mouths.

The sound of shattering glass and tables and chairs falling filled the air, or, at least they would have if their own sounds weren't completely drowned out by the rumbling gusts of rank stomach air that blew past the rumbling glossy lips of the burping girls.

Kasumi didn't even last thirty seconds, as her ears exploded, blood shooting out from either side, as her body tensed up, her phone exploding into glass and bits of plastic as it hit the ground due to the cracks the shock waves from the girls burps caused.

Kasumi only felt her brain function for a moment more, before her brain popped like a grape, liquidating, as crimson poured down her nose and eyes, then her mouth, before those features soon lost their form. Kasumi looked like a grotesque mockery of a melting snow woman, her hair dripping down with her candlewax like skin, as her body began to drip a murkey, dirty peach from the bone and meat, the bellowing breathy gals didn't let up.

Finally the girls could feel the end of the belch exit their windy, fleshy tunnels, little 'urps' escaping their now much calmer lips, as all they could do was giggle, as little bits of air still managed to conjure themselves out of the friends mouths.

"I sooo lasted longer than you Shiho." Ann boasted, causing Shiho to roll her eyes at such an absurd statement. The truth of the matter was both girls had lasted the same amount of time, extra burps excluded.

"I wonder how Kasumi fared-" Shiho turned back towards where their victim had been, but the sound of wet drips hitting the wood flooring brought her attention downwards, and a smile onto her already chipper face.

"Hey Ann, I hope you didn't wear a pair of shoes you liked, as it seems Kasumi mud got all over them hehe." Shiho poked at Ann, who quickly looked down to see sludgy spillover leaking out from the tight sides of the locker, and down to her pricey shoes.

"Ugh, Kasumi I'm going to kill-... wait, that's what we already did~" Ann chortled stomping around in the muck like a kid out in the rain, bits of gory fleck splattered onto both Shiho and hers lower halves.

"Ready to check out that damage?" Ann squealed, her hands curling into excited paws as she did a happy little dance, Shiho nodding ever so slightly, as she hooked her hands into the locker, and practically ripped it open.

Both girls quickly covered their noses, as a waft of burned, rotten meat, and clumped, stale belched up air hit them, the sound of splashing hitting the floor filled their ears, soon followed by the clatter and clack of messy, yet still intact human skulls.

"Wheewy! Kasumi, all the boys said you smelled like a fresh spring flower, but all you smell like is the hot dogs I ate last night!" Ann chirped, her voice nazily and robotic due to her fingers pressed onto her cute button nose.

"Awe, Ann, we really need to up our game... her bones are still solid!" Shiho kicked the emotionless staring boney orb like a soccer ball, the cranial cage shattering into thousands of shark pieces. Shiho turned to Ann who was, once again, doing the usual. With a final click, the girls admired their mess first hand, then decided to track down the student council pres herself.

Makoto let out a low sigh as she put the book she had just been reading back in its place on the shelf, among its bound brethren, letting her finger slowly fall down the spine. The senior Class President had heard the commotion down stairs and thought it was just some first years being rowdy, or something similar.

But the shattering of glass and continuation of such a disturbance was the straw that broke the robotic girls back, and with a lack of any sort interference from any of the school's teachers, Makoto was forced to put a pause on her reading, and go and check it out.

As she strolled over to the door, her body was frozen as it was kicked open, the large bit of wood harshly swinging then slamming against the wall, practically shaking the entire third floor room. Makoto just stared in absolute shock and awe and the maniacally grinning and shaking girl standing in front of her.

"S-Shiho?" Makoto stammered, the usually mousy, quiet, and 'small' girl's grin grew larger as she nodded, Makoto not understanding in the slightest where any of this new found strength had come from, especially considering Shiho having to take a leave of absence for a while.

"Oh yes Makoto senpai, it's me, little, defenseless me." Shiho mock cried, wiping away nonexistent tears as she giggled at the stern looking, yet confused ruby eyed senior in front of her. Shiho waited another moment to see if the oh so smart and brilliant Makoto would get it, before rolling her deep eyes.

"Gosh, two girls who I've been told are smart, but are really as dumb as one of my farts in a row... is that what this school is so good at churning out?" Shiho complained, beginning to walk closer, as Makoto took a reflexive pose, ready for whatever was happening.

"I don't understand Shiho, I really don't. What is going on, you have to tell me, otherwise I'm going to have to report-" but Makoto was silenced as Shiho snapped her fingers, Makoto jolting to attention like the good little loyal lapdog she was to authority.

"Look, if you're gonna be so stupid, I'll spell it out for you. K. O. M. O. S-" But Shiho could see that Makoto had FINALLY caught on to what the raven haired girl was saying, sweat beginning to drip down Makoto's perfect flesh.

"Shiho... I am so sorry... there... there wasn't anything I could do." Makoto said, a lump in her chest, the realization of why exactly Shiho was there dawning on her harshly, as Shiho let out a shrill high pitched cackle as she bent over a bit.

"You know Makoto? I'm feeling a bit peckish..." Shiho remarked, her stomach letting out a low, horrid gurgle as it practically lurched around under her sports v-neck. Makoto gave off a nervous laugh, her worry that Shiho was going to say and do something far worse proving to just be a bit of silly anxiety.

"Oh goodness, well Shiho, I would be more than happy to go buy you some dinner as an apology. Maybe you'd like some sushi? I know a really good place me and sis used to visit." Makoto smiled, relieved that the situation was just an uncomfortable misunderstanding from a girl who just wasn't sure how to act in such a scenario.

"Awe, that's sweet of you to offer Makoto, but I'm thinking of having a bit more fatty, salty, and rich in protein~" Shiho giggled, her lip raising a bit, Makoto looking at her with a confused, cocked head as she gave the 'go ahead' to Shiho to request whatever meal she wanted, the very thing that would be her undoing.

"You~" Makoto didn't have a single moment to react, Shiho practically flashing from the spot she was a couple feet away, right next to Makoto who braced herself in confusion. But it was no use, Shiho sinking her pearly whites straight into Makoto's neck, the older girl screaming in utter pain and tear as Shiho didn't even retract her mouth, she just grazed along as if she was eating corn.

Makoto wasn't even able to get a word out, both due to the pain, and the fact that her throat and neck were being torn open in wicked succession, Shiho vacuuming meat off the bone as if it were her last meal.

Desperately trying to fight, Makoto did everything she could to try and shove Shiho off, blood spurting from the now much more vastly clean spot she had called the right side of her jugular. Shiho's eyes rolled back a little, feeling as though she was experiencing the best orgasm imaginable, as lump after lump of Makoto meat was gulped down into her tight belly, the warm, wet, tangy taste of blood wetting her taste buds that demanded a drink.

But Shiho wasn't planning on giving Makoto mercy of any kind, ignoring the still intact and functioning parts of the throat, allowing each raspy moist breath to escape Makoto's blood spattered lips, as Shiho went down south, wanting to taste the entire dish.

Pain, all Makoto felt was searing pain as the ripping sounds of her tough, toned flesh was plucked from her bones, her internal organs slurped up like boba tapioca through her rib cage or connecting limbs, and all she felt was freezing cold and burning hot.

What had once been an attractive, well maintained young adult was not a stripped mockery, as what seemed like an eternity to Makoto, had only truly been mere seconds, as her body was plucked apart by the probing lips and sharp teenage teeth.

After a handful more seconds, even Makoto's lovely, yet stern looking face was gone, replaced with a practically bleached skull, which perfectly matched the rest of her hollow body. Slurping up a bit of nerve like spaghetti, Shiho stood up, a small giggly belch escaping her lips.

"Oops, sorry Makoto, I should be more quiet, this is a library after all isn't it?" Shiho joked, admiring her handy work, looking over every inch of the skeletonized woman she had devoured, and the only evidence of her eating the buffet of flesh was the splatters of blood on herself, the hair she proceeded to hack up, and the torn bits of clothing hanging in her teeth.

"Anyway, thanks for the meal, but I need to go. Me and Ann have actual dinner plans, so, see ya never!" Shiho walked away, letting out a farewell toot, as Makoto's skull clacked to the side as the foul tart air hit it.

While Shiho was off filling herself up on all you can eat Makoto, Ann was stalking the halls, looking for any other game to hunt and have a fun time with. Sadly for the blonde, most of the students had either somehow found a way out of the school, or were just really good at hiding. It didn't matter, she knew not everyone could escape, and that she would find someone eventually.

"Oh! Ann-chan! Do you know where everyone is?" the soft, cloud like voice of a very familiar sounding third year squeaked its ways into Ann's ears, the baby blue eyes of the murderous model perked up as she turned around.

"Ah! Haru, you're just in time for some fun!" Ann beamed, Haru smiling at Ann's positivity, aided by the lack of knowing anything that had previously happened downstairs while the fluffy millionaire had tended to her vegetables up on the roof.

"And what's that Ann-chan? I bet a popular girl like you has plenty of fun games." Haru smiled, blushing at her lower classman, Ann holding in a laugh, hoping it wasn't going to be as easy as it was seeming to be.

"Well, okay, the game is: Hunt the Sheep! I'm the hunter, you're the sheep, okay? Got it? Good! You better run!" Ann quickly spouted, Haru's own hazelnut eyes going round as, unknown to her, Ann simply pretended to reach for a fire arm, the ditzy girls cheeks puffing up with spit as she made an eerily realistic cocking sound with her lips.

Haru wasted no time, quickly diving behind the corner to her left, as Ann unloaded an arsenal of spit like a cute girl looking mini gun, her globs of flem and mucus tearing up everything they touched, reducing the entire hall to zipping and flying shrapnel.

Haru couldn't believe what Ann was doing, or the fact that she was using her spit of all things, but the second the acidic and flaming balls of warm drool hit her flesh after piercing the wall, she knew it was all too real.

The mouth produced bullets tore through Haru's pudgy legs, exploding through each side, as the soft spoken and mild mannered empress screamed as she felt her lower be filled with more bloody holes than if she was Swiss cheese.

Ann finally felt the last few wadded and sloshed up rounds exit her mouth, a tuft of burpy smoke leaving as she pretended to blow her fingers as if she was a prize shooter from the old was, nodding to herself that she had done a good job, at least tearing up the hallway. She still

had to check on Haru, but the bursts of violent red all over the floors and walls alone cued the spitter onto just how much damage she had managed to cause.

“A-Ann... s-stop...” the fact that Haru was alive amazed Ann, as she almost always managed to kill her prey with such spray and pray. Walking over to the slowly crawling cripple, Ann gave the bullet grated leg a small nudge, earning her a bellowing inhuman cry of anguish, which just made Ann smiled more.

“Nah, I really don’t want to Haru. You know? If you and the rest of Shujin actually spent time with us, instead of dumping on us, we wouldn’t have to do what we’re about to do~” Ann sighed, as if she were a disappointed parent, Shiho practically materializing out from thin air and hugging Ann, looking at the delicious display of Haru carnage.

“Woah, good job Ann, you really got her!” Shiho snarked, licking her lips at the sight of even more meat in front of her. Ann nodded, playfully wiping away the trickle of now drying blood that was on Shiho’s chin, licking it up, as Haru just kept trying to crawl to the emergency exit.

“Say Shiho, ready for the explosive end?” Ann looked Shiho in the eye, and could read that her friend was more than ready. Both of the well rumped girls planted their booty behinds down on the ground with a reverberating squelch that would put a whoopy cushion to shame, as their faces became that of pure concentration.

While the constipated looking duo prepared their exit, Haru didn’t let go of the hope she had held onto all her life, and with a smile that beamed sincerity, began to reach her hand to the door, ignoring the pain and anguish the rest of her body was feeling, she was going to get out.

But all Haru could quickly do was recoil, and look at her smoking hand, thick, hair littered brown gunk as glued to the unlocking mechanisms of the door, and the vile substance Haru would never find out was a combination of Ann’s ear wax and Shiho’s snot burned through her hands and her hand’s muscles, as her fingers fell to the ground with a dripping clack.

Haru had only a second to turned her face back to the two monsters behind her, before her world went red, black, and the fluffy, kindhearted girl was no more. As the third floor survivor found out the sticky and hard way that there was no escape, Ann and Shiho had finally found their inner shit chi, and with one loud ripping of ass, they felt a soft warmth begin to quickly pile under them.

It was as if a rocket was taking lift off, the sound of fabric stretching and being soiled dubbed over the shitting girls moans, as they skyrocketed through the ceiling above them, their faces of pure ecstasy, and Haru’s final face that of the definition of horror.

The infinitely fece’s filled Shujin colored panty hit Haru’s face like the unstoppable force that it was, folding her in on herself like a living tin can, legs shattering like tooth picks, her skull tearing from her fleshy prison of a face and slamming into her stomach, her lunch and breakfast pouring out of her sockets and mouth, as everything else was meshed into a soggy mush, before even such a mush vanished into the browning undies.

“Yipeeeeeee!” Ann cheered, her fist raised in the air like a super hero, as her body flew up into the sky, Shiho right behind her on her own massive pile of poop. The sound of soggy logs was quickly joined by the crumbling of the schools structure, and the screams of the now snuffed out students, their forms pulped and popped like ants under the mound of turd.

Finally, after another couple harsh squeezes, the red faced, childish teens let out a sigh, and looked down from their shit aided vantage point, smoke from both the heat of their load, and the destroyed building filled their vision and nose.

“Damn Shiho! What did you eat?” Ann asked, giving her bestie a pat on the shoulder, as all Shiho could do was wink, and belch out the letters that spelled Makoto’s name, Ann catching on much quicker than the now shittified girl had.

“Well that was fun... how are we going to get down?” Ann asked, giving her pampered up panty a quick pat, looking down the slope like side of the mountain of hidden dooky. But Shiho had already gathered up an idea, and was cheering with joy as she slid down the fluffy slope of girl loaf, Ann simply shrugging and joining the fun.

After quickly changing into their extra clothes stashed in their bags behind one of the tall school shrubs, the two girls breathed in the now poisoned air as if it were that of a fresh spring morning. As they made their way back to Ann’s house, a stuttering voice called out to them, a voice they hadn’t heard since that morning.

“H-Hey girls... n-now that you’re done with your daring do’s, c-can you help a girl out?” Futaba called out to them, clutching onto the well elevated branch she had held her peeping tom self onto.

“Of course Futaba, here, one sec!” Ann giggle, dropped her butt, and clenched her fists, a much smaller, but still effective pile grew out from her toosh, her panties forming another nice crinkled slide, as Futaba just watched in disturbed amazement, and Shiho rolled her eyes at the fact that Ann could have taken their competition further.

“Come on, let’s get you down from there, and then let’s get me changed huh?” Ann giggled, carefully grabbing Futaba’s free hand, her other skinny hand pinching her nose tightly, as her eyes began to water from the stink.

“Hey, count your blessings that you stay home all day, it was a pretty crappy day at school~”