

Misato and the Slobby Seraphim

The NERV headquarters were ablaze with activity as the alarms were heard throughout the facility. People sprinted back in forth within the controlled chaos, knowing full well what the siren meant. Although there were no signs of the target, everyone was on guard for whatever strange and dangerous Angel would be showing up next.

Making her way past the scrambling workers, Misato remained calm as she focused on the task at hand. Pushing her locks of purple hair out of the way and straightening her red jacket gave her a semblance of control as she trekked towards the command center. Ruffling the edges of her black dress to ensure she maintained her calm amidst this rush of panic, she made her way to her post and found courage in the presence of her coworkers.

“Status report,” Misato shouted out as she took her place in the center.

“Though there hasn’t been any sign of the Angel itself, the readings are going off the charts,” Makoto replied, his glasses shimmering with the reflection of the various readouts.

“Shinji and the others have already boarded their EVAs in preparation for the attack,” Maya said as she pulled up the camera feed of the bodysuit clad pilots getting in position.

“Affirmative,” Misato replied. “Has there been any word from Commander Ikari?”

“Not since the initial alarm,” Aoba replied, neck-length hair shaking wildly as he hurried to pull up as much information as she could about previous Angels. “He seemed a little off. It feels like a completely different type of enemy.”

“We can either confirm or deny that after we get visual on it,” Misato said, clasping her monitor. “With all of these AT field readings there has to have been some visual of it.”

“No, nothing at all,” Makoto answered. “Whatever it is, it’s apparently close enough to our instruments to spike the readings.”

Misato thought for a moment, her eyes scanning the numerous camera feeds around her for some sign of the threat. Her vision eventually fell upon her own screen where she spotted a small, black fleck on her monitor. Trying to wipe it away with her finger, she felt a minor amount of resistance. Attempting to push it off once more let her discover that the spot was growing. Taking a step back from her computer, she watched as the dot continued to swell into a large lump of goo. The amorphous blob grew to the size of the computer itself as it leaned forward to be within inches of Misato's face. Forced to look into the solitary, black and white eye before her, Misato didn't have time to react before it flung itself into her face and slid itself down her throat.

Misato let out a series of grunts as she felt the creature squirm around inside of her. Stumbling across the floor, the worried cries of her coworkers fell on deaf ears as a buzzing noise permeated her thoughts. As her entire body continued to rumble, she felt something echoing in the depths of her mind. Though it had no voice, it gave her a hint of its true nature as it seeped into her very being.

"Get away from me!" Misato shouted out to both the creature and her teammates.

"Why? What's happening?" Maya asked.

"It's inside me, the Angel," Misato replied, clutching at her mid-section as she felt her insides churn. "I can feel it moving around inside of me. It feels like it's spreading through my body. I don't know what it wants, but we have to-BWOOOOOOORRRRPPP!"

Misato reeled back from the sheer force of the abrupt belch. If the disgusted expressions of her coworkers weren't enough, the lingering smell that wafted into her face replaced her concern with revulsion and embarrassment. Feeling herself become nauseated from the stench, she took a step back and tried to wave away the foul air. Letting go of her stomach to pinch her

nose let her feel something surge outwards. Tilting her head down, she was left awestruck as her once slim mid-section began to bulge out.

“What the hell is going on?” Aoba asked, he and the others too stunned to do anything other than stare at the basketball sized lump.

“I think it’s trying to UURRRP transform my body,” Misato replied, trying in vain to shove her stomach back in. “Call up the medical staff. They need to...”

Misato’s voice petered off in the wake of an ominous groan from her gut. Chewing on her lip, she once more tried to shove her hand into her stomach to fight against the unknown creature and immediately realized her mistake. Accidentally pushing a gas bubble down her intestines, her entire body shook as a loud BRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP came spurting out of her rear. Though the smell was bad enough, the side effects are what truly let the gravity of the situation sink in.

No sooner did the last of her gas expulsion enter her nostrils did another fart come bursting out to bring her attention to how tight her skirt had become around her hips. A belch rolling up her throat brought with it the sound of the front part of her clothing tearing itself apart to make way for the added layer of fat around her breasts. Through this realization of gassiness and growth, she became very aware of the fact that her belly had come to resemble that of a woman about to give birth to triplets.

“Come on, we’re getting you out of here now,” Makoto said as he grabbed Misato’s hand. “There has to be something we can do to stop-“

Makoto was silenced as Misato accidentally burped right in his face. Reeling back from the smell sent him falling to the ground. Though he tried to sit back up, he paused as his body

began to shiver. Before the others could come to his aid, he pushed them away with an outburst of noxious fumes coming from both ends.

Makoto's burps and farts came along with an extra layer of pudgy that tore through his uniform. Sagging man boobs were put on full display as they rested against his barrel-like belly. Further burps jiggled around his pudgy cheeks and plethora of chins. An eruption of flatulence from his chunky rear tossed away what remained of his clothing to leave his obese form completely nude. Though he had all the reason to be afraid, there was a look of serene bliss on his face as he continued to pack on the pounds.

"The Angel must be BWOOOOORRRPPP doing this," Misato said. "Quick you have to UUURRRPPP get me to-"

Misato was quieted once more, this time by Maya slapping her hand over her lips.

"The infection must be spreading through your gas," she said, attempting to her arm around Misato's face. "Try and keep it in there until we can get you to the med bay."

Though Maya's idea worked at first, her efforts were proved useless in the wake of an ominous groan from Misato's stomach. As it her body was trying to break free from Maya's grasp, Misato once more surged in weight. Ripping right through her dress, Misato's belly drooped between her thickening legs to cover up her groin in replacement of her destroyed skirt and panties. Though her jacket managed to cling to her torso for a few moments longer, another layer of fat being added to her breasts were enough to tear it apart. Left holding a completely nude and chubby Misato, Maya tried her best to remain in position even as the purple haired woman gained several feet in height. This sudden growth unfortunately put Maya's face right in front of her thick rear just as a billowing BRRRAAAAAAAPP PPP came spurting out.

Finally letting go of Misato, Maya stumbled back and tried to get the noxious flatulence out of her system. Her coughing gradually turned into a series of guttural belches that came along with a newly acquired potbelly that made short work of her uniform. Watching her encroaching fat push away what remained of her clothing, she turned towards the door to run to get help. However, she only managed to move a foot before she came plummeting down to the ground under the duress of her expanding backside. Though she tried again and again to get up, she was placed firmly on the ground each time as her body took on a bottom heavy, pear-like figure. In the wake of the resulting explosion of flatulence from a final attempt to escape, her worried expression was replaced with a look of serene grace similar to Makoto's.

Upon seeing her two coworkers reduced to gassy blobs, Misato turned her attention towards Aoba cowering under his desk. She wanted to shout at him to make a run for it, both to get help and prevent him from being infected. Though she tried to speak, all that came out was another barrage of burps that combined with her fellow coworkers' flatulence to further taint the air. Amidst her feelings of disgust that permeated her mind, there was something else wriggling its way through her thoughts.

Misato's legs began to move on their own. Any attempts to stop her glacial movements fell on deaf ears as her body continued to waddle towards Aoba. Belly flopping onto the ground got her at eye level with the cowering man. Despite her heavy weight, it didn't prevent her from crawling forward until her hands grasped his ankles. Dragging him across the floor, Misato managed to force out an apology between her burps before she came crashing down on him.

The impact of Misato's fall released an uproar of gassy expulsions from both ends. As the tainted air surrounded the two of them, Misato felt Aoba's squirming become more frantic. Try as he might to throw her off, he only managed to escape her fat rolls as his body was overtaken

by blubbery flesh. Forced to roll off of her expanding coworker, she managed to turn back to see that he was continuing to grow into a couch-sized blob of fat. His panicked cries for help only succeeded in releasing more burps to send ripples across his drooping man tits, and enormous gut. The fear in his eyes disappeared once he surpassed 800 pounds and a shroud of his own flatulence consumed him. Left to mindlessly spew gas from both ends, at the very least it seemed Aoba was calm about his predicament.

Looking between her three fallen comrades, Misato tried to think of what to do next. Her decision was made for her as her legs began carrying her towards the exit. Taking an educated guess at what the thing inside of her was planning, she breathed a sigh of relief as she felt her hips get caught on the doorway. Unfortunately for her, the Angel wasn't going to let its rampage be stopped by such an insignificant obstacle.

Determined to spread its infection, the creature inside of her body sent her digestion into overdrive. The gas that burst forth from her body rapidly shook her layers of flab to hasten their growth. The metal walls keeping her in place began to bend and break as her hips widened and her ass gained an extra 50 pounds in a matter of seconds. A combination of her torso being puffed up by her swollen breasts and belly proved to be the final push needed to break from the doorway. Wincing as leftover debris bounced off of her chubby cheeks, Misato was given just a moment to look over her towering, 10 foot form before it broke out into a sprint.

Stomping down the hallway like a runaway elephant, Misato's body made a beeline towards a group of awestruck workers in her way. Too stunned by her strange state to do anything but stare, the workers stood there as her hulking form came crashing into them. While her victims dealt with their aches and pains, her body squatted down to allow a toxic fog of flatulence to enshroud their forms. Mere moments later, their frantic pleas for help were replaced

with a cacophony of gaseous expulsions as they surged in weight. Leaving behind a collection of gigantic, living gas bags, Misato's body once more took off running down the hall.

The same events played out as Misato rampaged through the facility. With each new person that fell to the Angel's influence, she could feel herself slipping further and further away from being in control of her body. Each attempt to shout out warnings to people ahead of her came out as little more than extra burps to jostle her jowls and extra chins. No matter how heavy she became, the hundreds of extra pounds that were packed onto her body proved ineffective in stopping her from charging through the corridors like a one woman stampede.

Misato was given a chance to take a break as she was led into the hangar. Catching her breath, she lurched forward to rest her palms against her blubbery thighs. Sweat clinging to her flesh mixed with the fumes emanating from her mouth and rear ensured that each inhale further exposed her to her own corruption. So distracted by the noxious gas emanating from her body, she noticed too late the frantic noise of people in boots rushing towards her. Heaving herself into a standing position, she realized she had been surrounded on all sides by men with guns.

Eyes going back and forth across the crowd of guards, Misato spotted a familiar head of short, blonde hair moving towards her. Managing to push her way to the front with only a few scuffs on her lab coat, Ritsuko was left flabbergasted as she surveyed Misato's slobby form. Knowing the risk, Ristuko stepped forward only to retreat back to the line of armed men upon getting a whiff of her associate's odor.

"Misato, what happened to you?" Ritsuko shouted out.

"It's BWOOOOOOORRRRPP inside me," Misato answered. "The Angel, I can UUUUUURRRPPPP feel it. It wants me to-"

A thunderous fart erupting from Misato's ass drowned out the rest of her speech. The lingering fumes left her in a sort of haze where her brain felt like mush. She could feel the Angel sinking deeper into her thoughts, bringing with it a collection of urges to coerce Misato into bending to its will. While she managed to keep her mind intact, the fact that her arms were moving on their own made it clear that she had lost all control of her body.

Grasping her meaty love handles, her hands began to vigorously shake her flab up and down. Unruly groans echoed from the depths of her digestive tract, giving more than enough reason for the guards to take aim. As soon as they unleashed a bombardment of gunfire at her, a surge of added heft gave more than enough padding around her form to harmlessly bounce the bullets away from her. Though the guards continued to shoot at her, each round only served to further rile up her digestion and worsen her condition.

In addition to the exponential widening of her hips and belly, Misato's height began to skyrocket. Towering over the mob at a staggering 30 feet in height, each swing of her heavy breasts made it feel like she was a crane heaving a set of wrecking balls. Continuing to grow up and out inevitably led to her head hitting the ceiling. The impact sent ripples through her body and proved to be the last push needed to unleash the storm inside of her. Feeling any chances of holding herself back slip away, she managed to lock eyes with Ritsuko moments before she unleashed a plague of flatulence on the room.

Swept up by the force of the fart, Ritsuko began to roll across the ground. Her speed was quickened by her increasing mass, with multiple fat rolls ripping her coat asunder as she tumbled backwards. When she inevitably hit the wall, her layers of flab proved more than capable of mitigating any damage through a frantic series of jiggles through her boulder-like body. This shaking led to her releasing pungent clouds of gas from both ends to further stink up the hangar.

Similar outbursts erupted from the guards; each one having dropped their weapons in the process of being transformed into enormous slobs like so many before them.

Misato only had a few moments to dwell on the destruction she caused before another growth spurt sent her head through the concrete ceiling. Rubble tumbled down her gigantic body as she emerged from the facility. Peeking through the clouds of debris, she was given a small amount of relief upon seeing how the downpour of rock harmlessly bounced against her victims' bellies. Not wanting to be trapped inside of NERV, her body managed to pull herself out of the wreckage and stomp her way into the city.

Freely moving out in the open, she managed to get a good look at herself using the reflection of a nearby building. She could barely recognize herself through the thousands of pounds of fat that was layered onto her body. Her purple hair was her lone identifying feature, the locks constantly shaking against her plump cheeks with each belch that forced itself out. Given a moment to stare at her gigantic visage, changing back to normal was the last thing on her mind. All she cared about was figuring out a way to stop herself before anyone else fell victim to her corruption.

Something louder than one of her own farts managed to get Misato's attention. Smashing her belly into a building in the process of turning around, her eyes locked onto three titanic figures stomping towards her. Recognizing the shades of white, purple, and red filled her with a strange sense of hope. Having led them for so long, she was certain that Rei, Asuka, and even Shinji were more than capable of taking her down.

As much as Misato wanted to simply surrender, she could tell by the stirring in her stomach that giving up wasn't an option. Taking the reins of her body once more, the creature made her charge straight ahead towards the approaching EVAs. Moving far faster than either she

or any of the pilots would have imagined, she managed to topple over EVA Unit-0. Using her superior size to overwhelm the robot, the Angel forced Misato to push her face up against the cockpit to unload another gnarly belch.

Through the eruption of a bellowing burp that echoed for miles, Misato hoped that the EVA would be capable of holding off the attack. However, things took a turn for the worse as she watched the EVA unit begin to bulge out. Bursting through the metal as she rapidly fattened up, Rei rolled through the downpour of orange liquid and fell to the street below.

Fearing for the worst, Misato managed to turn her thick neck to the side to check on the young woman. What she found was a swollen, white sphere created by Rei's plug suit desperately trying to contain her doughy body. Completely unharmed from the fall, Rei was left to wobble about on her fat form with a look of serene grace on her face. Watching the stoic girl mindlessly release gas from both ends brought with it a strange sense of calm to Misato. For just a moment, she considered what it would mean to let the Angel do what it wanted.

Misato was tossed out of her stupor as a rain of gunfire was harmlessly ricocheted off of her mammoth ass cheeks. Leaving Rei to wallow in her fat and gas, Misato turned to watch both Shinji and Asuka rushing to reload their weapons. Charging forward once more, she focused her vision on the purple colored EVA Unit-01. Moment before Shinji was able to load up for another shot, Misato ushered her blubbery limbs to knock the gun out of the EVA's hands. With a single swift move, she tightly clasped her pudgy wrists around the robot's shoulders to push its face into the crevasse of her fat ass cheeks.

Before she realized what she was doing, Misato freely allowed the built up gas in her intestines to come flying out like a gale force wind. The resulting fart dwarfed any of her earlier expulsions to ensure her fumes could be smelled throughout the entire city. As the last of the

prolonged PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT petered out, her ears picked up the sound of metal bursting open and liquid pouring out.

Freeing EVA Unit 02 from her embrace with a swing of her hips simultaneously sent a fattened up and gassy Shinji rolling down the street. Upon seeing the usually nervous Shinji with a calm expression on his chubby face as he mimicked her own gassy eruptions, something inside of Misato finally broke. A kind of adoration was sunken into her subconscious as she looked over the fat rolls and chunky rear that was barely contained by the purple plug suit. Letting her gaze linger on Shinji's pudgy face letting out a minute long BWOOOOOORRRRP was the final piece needed to get her to understand the creature's true intentions.

Of her own volition she turned her attention to the last person standing in her way. Tossing away her gun in favor of her knife, Asuka directed EVA Unit-03 to counterattack Misato. Though her strikes were vicious, and her blade was sharp, her attacks were still deemed useless in opposition to Misato's bountiful blubber. Through his frantic bombardment of slashes, Misato couldn't stop herself from smiling as she reached out to embrace EVA Unit-03 with her thickened arms.

Left incapable of holding anything back, Misato let loose with the abundance of gas inside of her body. Through the torrents of BWOOOOOOOORRRRRRPPPs leaving her mouth and PPHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTs blasting out of her rear, she could swear she could hear Asuka's angry yelling give way to burps that lacked any hint of aggression. As her gassy expulsions began to die down, she pulled EVA Unit 03 back just in time for the cockpit to burst open.

Misato managed to effortlessly shuffle her breasts around to catch Asuka as she spilled out of the EVA. Just like her teammates before her, Asuka was completely satisfied being a

bloated orb of gas and fat as her red suit clung to her obese form. Nudging the comparatively small bundle of sloppy pudge across her cleavage, Misato deeply inhaled the results of pushing into Asuka's belly to release an atrocious cloud of flatulence.

Picking up the mound of flesh and fumes between her fingers, Misato set Asuka down between Shinji and Rei. Though their mobility was limited, the three of them still managed to wobble their bodies into one another to revel in their fat and fragrances. Engraving the scene of the trio's peaceful expressions in her mind, Misato left them with a final bombardment of gas before turning away.

Though her thoughts were muddled with her desire to spread her sloppy influence to the rest of humanity, enough of Misato's old self remained to inform the Angel of their next target. Guided by Misato's own hand, she and the Angel worked together to waddle her gigantic form towards the nearest shelter. It would just be one of many places the gassy giantess would visit to ensure that the human race would all experience the same bliss of becoming slobs like herself. With her help, the will of the Sloppy Seraphim to bring peace to the world would be fulfilled.