Fanganronpa: Ten Not-So-Little Indians

\*This fanfiction is a crossover between Danganronpa and And Then There Were None. I own neither of these, none of their characters, nor the nursery rhyme used within. They belong to their respective copyright holders.

\*Major spoilers for Danganronpa 1, 2, v3 *and* And Then There Were None follow. You have been warned.

\*Finally, this fanfiction is a fetish work. There will be weight gain, inflation, and more, but nothing explicit or too inappropriate. Still, probably NSFW. Though all characters are aged up to be young adults.

\*If *any* of these previous warnings concern you, it is advised you do not continue reading. If you proceed, keep spoilers regarding this fanfiction, Danganronpa, or And Then There Were None to a minimum or, better yet, not at all.

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The only sound that echoed throughout the second story of the house was the subtle splash of shower water from Gonta Gokuhara's room. He was left out of the meeting in the study and never got filled in the 1-vote that was about to happen, so he hopped into the shower.

\*It makes no difference in the end,\* Korekiyo Shinguji pondered, \*Togami, Komaeda, and I will all be using our votes on him. His personal vote matters very little.\*

Korekiyo was able to get into Kokichi Oma's room easily. Gonta had foolishly left his room key in the lock, so Korekiyo walked in. He figured that Kokichi should know who to vote for when the time comes. They didn't know how much, if any, Kokichi knew about Nagito's plan. He could vote for Nagito if he saw him at the dock. Or he might realize Gonta's the solo player if he woke up early and witnessed the giant gentleman switch the barrels.

With that in mind, Korekiyo pulled up a chair and sat beside Kokichi. The boy was underneath a blanket on his bed. Korekiyo could scarcely believe that Kokichi had gotten so large as the dome under the covers rose up higher than Korekiyo's head as he sat. Kokichi used to be the lightest and smallest of them all. Now, as Korekiyo looked over the bedridden boy, the anthropologist had to wonder who was heavier: Kokichi or Gonta.

\*Muscle undoubtedly is denser and heavier than fat, yet there's just so much more of you, Oma,\* Korekiyo thought. Under his mask, his lips curled into a smile.

He tugged the blankets just enough so Kokichi's arm was visible. He took a bandaged hand and placed it on that arm. Korekiyo never would have guessed fat could form so fast, but when your body either has to digest what it's got or burst, you can do incredible things. His arms were thick and plush with fat. His white sleeve ordinarily was loose and baggy. Now a person could easily be convinced the sleeves were tailor-made with how smoothed and tight they'd grown. Wrapping his fingers around Kokichi's elbow, Korekiyo's fingers got nowhere close to touching.

Korekiyo put both hands under Kokichi's limb and slowly lifted it off the bed. His hand dropped lazily and he did not stir. \*This slumber goes beyond what I expected,\* Korekiyo wondered, \*Komaeda may have done serious harm with that pan strike.\*

Despite this, he continued to hold up his flabby arm. He took a hand and dragged it down the limb, feeling the excess fat squish beneath his fingers like wet clay. When he squeezed, the blubber morphed around his hand. As he lifted, the underarm flab swung low and clapped against either Kokichi's fat side or Korekiyo's forearms. It was very much like holding a sleeve filled to capacity with water balloons. Playing with the boy almost was… therapeutic.

At that moment, Korekiyo began to recall some of his findings during his career as an anthropologist. \*I remember… those civilizations that found obesity not repulsive, but beautiful,\* Korekiyo's hand travelled up to Kokichi's shoulder, \*Being fat meant you were a success! You're crops were more than enough and the Gods were favoring you. It was a sign of wealth and prosperity.\*

Kokichi's shoulder felt so padded. Korekiyo would have checked for pillows stuffed under his shirt if the seams weren't beginning to split, revealing to the world the pale and stretch skin. Korekiyo looked at Kokichi's face, so round compared to before. His mouth hung open, squishing his new second shin. Korekiyo could cupped his hand around those swollen cheeks. \*Chipmunk Oma.\*

\*That face… it is objectively *beautiful*,\* Korekiyo thought. Though, in his heart, he knew his true love lay elsewhere, he couldn't help but feel he and only he could truly appreciate this moment.

"KOREKIYO!"

Korekiyo Shinguji turned as he heard his name called. Kokichi Oma remained sound asleep.

"The bears must have returned," Korekiyo knew. He turned back to Kokichi, "but I thought you'd be awake for the 1-vote."

The boy was clearly breathing, so Korekiyo took two fingers and felt Kokichi's neck. He had to reach around that swollen chest only to struggle to find a pulse under the layers of fat. Eventually, he found the beat and counted quietly to himself.

"A bit high, but that's to be expected," Korekiyo noted.

"KOREKIYO?"

He sighed. He had to go and vote. \*Oma, what's the matter? Why aren't you waking up?\*

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In the main hall of the mansion, Korekiyo met Byakuya Togami and Nagito Komaeda at the bottom of the stairs. Five colorful bears blocked the front doors.

"Eh? Is this all youse left?" Monosuke asked.

Monophanie clapped, "Papa's really been getting to work! Two days are finished and only three remain!"

Byakuya scoffed, "There's two more than us, but we're the only ones who matter."

"I'm sorry?" Monotaro wondered.

"All three of us are voting for Gonta Gokuhara!" Nagito exclaimed.

"ERROR. BASTARD KOMAEDA CAN NOT ENTER VOTES ON OTHER BASTARDS BEHALF."

"It is the truth," Korekiyo said, "We have discussed it, and we three will be voting for Gokuhara."

Monokid jumped, "Holy shiiiit!!! The three of you alone just mean- like wooooaaah!"

Monotaro scratched his head, "Do we even need to ask the other… two?"

"Gonta's single vote won't change anything," Byakuya stated matter-of-factly.

Korekiyo added, "And Oma's still unconscious and recovering. He is unable to vote, I'm afraid."

"FINAL CONFIRMATION," Monodam beeped, "BASTARDS NAGITO BYAKUYA KOREKIYO SUBMIT VOTE FOR BASTARD GONTA??"

The three men voiced their agreements. The five bears started shaking.

"This is it, this is the moment!" Monotaro cheered.

Monophanie raised an arm- paw- stub- what? "Let's do it! Let's make Papa proud!"

"It's time, my dudes!" Monokid stuck out his tongue, "Time for the Monokubs Mono-Elimination!"

Byakuya, Nagito, and Korekiyo exchanged uneasy glances. If they were voting the solo player, why were these bears so happy?

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Gonta stepped out of his bath with a towel wrapped around his waist. The water had long been cold as Gonta accidentally had fallen asleep. He must've been relaxed and not thinking. Not like it mattered too much. He was way too tall to drown by mistake.

The towel barely brushed his ankles, but it covered up the… ungentlemanly parts. In the foggy mirror of the bathroom, Gonta's clear abs and muscles reflected in all their glory. His hair was wet and fell very far down his body, and Gonta couldn't see clearly without his glasses.

\*Gonta sure he left glasses right on sink,\* he wondered. He felt around but found nothing, \*Maybe Gonta drop them under bed?\*

When he reached for the door, however, Gonta was surprised when he felt the knob. It didn't budge. Not even a centimeter. He tried twisting it harder until-

SNAP

His eyes grew wide as the handle popped off the door. Except it wasn't a door. The doorknob was a false, and the door wasn't even a real door.

\*G-Gonta confused. What happen to door?\*

He pounded a fist and cried out, "Hello? Anybody there? Gonta… lock himself in?"

Saying it out loud didn't sound right. He *hadn't* locked himself in. Somehow, the door vanished and was replaced by a wall. Said wall only looked like a door.

Gonta raised his voice, "Hello!?"

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Standing on the slippery dock, Byakuya, Nagito, and Korekiyo all watched as an unbelievably large ship floated adjacent to the island.

\*No wonder those bears needed an hour's notice,\* Byakuya realized, \*This boat couldn't have been stored nearby. But… how? And why?\*

There was a space on the side of the boat where a window noticeably larger than the other windows was. One of the Monokubs- the yellow one, Monosuke- was glad to inform the three players on the dock that it was a one-way mirror. They could see what was happening inside the room, but anybody inside couldn't see out. That explains why the naked Gonta was pounding on the wall crudely painted like a door and not the window. Byakuya was glad that he'd put on a towel before realizing he'd been trapped.

Monophanie and Monodam were "kind" enough to explain to the players how they'd knocked Gonta unconscious with a gas while the "manly" bears carried him to his prison on the ship. They decided that it was only fair to have witnesses to Gonta's elimination so there weren't rumors of cheating. So any able players were brought out to the dock to watch.

"This certainly is not what I expected," Korekiyo rested a hand against his cheek.

Nagito laughed, "I guess the solo player wouldn't want to go out like the rest of us."

Byakuya fixed his glasses that kept sliding off his face, "This better be done with quickly."

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All the while ignorant that he was being watched, Gonta Gokuhara pounded on the false door. His shouting was heard, but there was nobody to help him. If only he had been quieter, then he might have heard the tiles behind him shifting noisily in their slots. The cracks between the black and white tiles split and grew apart. Caulking cracked and fell into the space below the room. It was only when a tile underneath Gonta's bare foot shifted that he finally turned.

"Huh- Gah!" Gonta gasped. The floor had patches suddenly missing, revealing a dark space. As he looked on, tiles detached themselves and tumbled into the dark. Gonta pounded harder and shouted louder than before, yet nobody would come before the tile under Gonta succumbed to the breaking. No longer on stable ground, Gonta fell back and into the darkness, joining the tiles wherever this path may lead.

The fall was over in seconds, but Gonta would never forget that feeling. The feeling of plummeting into the unknown, wondering if it would be better to keep falling a little longer or find out what waited for him already. His heart almost felt loose within his chest as he could've sworn it traveled up into his throat. Or perhaps that was the blood rushing up into his head.

What waited below for Gonta was a large, white, and rubber balloon. When the gentleman hit the balloon, it stung but didn't hurt. He kept falling as he pressed into the rubber. Further he fell into the balloon, the rubber gradually slowing his fall down. He could scarcely believe how inflated this balloon was. How far had he fallen into the rubber?

Gonta was barely falling anymore. What he was doing was more akin to sinking. He felt the material everywhere against his naked body except for his legs. Miraculously, his towel was tied tight enough to not fall off in the fall. Gonta struggled, barely able to move in this environment until-

*POP*

The balloon ruptured. Gonta fell about a foot more before landing on something much harder. \*Metal?\* He looked up, unable to even see where he came from in the darkness.

"BASTARD GONTA GOKUHARA HAS ARRIVED!"

A voice rang out. Gonta grabbed his towel, dripping in sweat and soapy water.

"Let's get on some fuckin' lights!"

Lights suddenly came on, and Gonta shielded his eyes with a hand. At least he could see what he was sitting in now. \*Big metal bowl..?\*

There was another "bowl" in this room too, but it was much lower than the one Gonta sat in. That bowl had 5 oversized blocks in it. On the bottommost block, a face with a scarf and tuft of hair was drawn.

\*Gundham?\*

The blocks on top each had their own faces.

\*Kazuichi… Chihiro… Makoto and Mondo?\*

Because he lacked the vocabulary to describe his situation, Gonta couldn't understand what was happening. Gonta wouldn't be able to understand that he was sitting in a *large balance*, and on the other side of the scale was *thousands of pounds of weight*.

A female voice- Monophanie -called out, "Okay! The cameras up, so let's get ready to-"

"FREAKIN' RRRRRRRUMBLE!"

"Bwa! That's terrifying!"

\*Camera?\* Gonta was understandably confused and concerned. His stress only increased tenfold when something dropped from above. When he flinched and shut his eyes in response, he was surprised to not be hit by the falling object. Cracking open his eyes, Gonta realized the object was a hose dangling in front of his face.

A robotic cry echoed through the chamber, followed by the hose wiggling something fierce. Gonta didn't have time to react or protect himself when the shaking hose dove straight for his open mouth. Gonta's eyes grew wide. Cold metal forced its way passed his lips and down his throat, gagging him. He grabbed the hose and pulled, but somehow, his muscles weren't enough to free it from his mouth. He whimpered.

The hose, still stretching upwards into the unseeable dark, shook and wiggled like a threatened snake. The cool rubber smacked Gonta across the face and stretched the edges of his mouth. \*W-what happen now? And… why?\* Gonta squirmed in his metal bowl. Why must his bowl have been lifted so high? Maybe he could've jumped for safety if the other end of the scale wasn't keeping him firmly trapped on his elevated platform.

The hose's movements grew more and more intense as something forced its way downwards. Gonta grabbed the hose desperately, praying it would release him before that something reached him. Alas, he was not that lucky. The metal tip of the hose began to furiously spray water down the gentleman's throat. He choked initially, coughing and gagging understandably, but that didn't stop the water from working down his system and into his stomach.

Gonta couldn't tell how quickly the hose was spraying. All he knew was that it was filling him up fast. He swallowed whenever the water filled his mouth, but otherwise the process was happening regardless of what he did. Gonta was forced to look upwards where the hose stretched on forever, but, as he finally accepted this was truly happening, he let go of the hose and brought those hands to his aching stomach.

His hands contacted a squishy surface far sooner than Gonta expected. A whimper escaped his lips thought it was nearly drowned out by the flowing water. Resting in his lap was a jiggly belly. His hands wrapped around the chub at first. His fingers squeezed it, acting on a wish to either prove this wasn't reality or to press some of the water out. His palms pressed in on either side, so the belly oozed out wherever it could like a stress ball. When his hands finally withdrew, their pressure left as well, and Gonta's water-logged belly clapped noisily against his lap and crotch.

Gonta grabbed the side of his growing gut and lifted it up. The sheer volume of water inside a belly the approximate size of an exercise ball made his arms tremble. The bottom of the fleshy orb scrapped his towel no matter how high he lifted, telling Gonta how big he was without needing to look down. He took one side of his belly and shook it, smacking his thighs and rippling his flesh. Gonta's arm started to shake in fatigue, so he couldn't help but drop himself.

His lap was overtaken by his stretched tummy. It glorped and churned audibly, unhappy with being pumped full with gallons of water. Gonta's skin was stretched smooth, yet managed to sag over his legs. It was steadily spreading out, and certainly would overtake his knees in a minute. Gonta tried to shake his head to perhaps loosen the hose. No luck. He gurgled the water in the back of his throat.

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Nagito was almost bored as he watched. Through the window on the side of the ship, he could only make out some iron bowl. He sighed.

"I thought we'd get to see something, at least," Nagito said, "To prove this was a genuine elimination."

"Waste of my time," Byakuya muttered.

Just when it seemed Byakuya was going to turn around and head back, Korekiyo gasped.

"Could that be..?" Korekiyo out a hand to his mask. Nagito looked closer.

At the top of the bowl, a skin-colored ball started to rise over the rim of the bowl into view. Nagito's eyes grew wide and Byakuya fixed his glasses.

As the ball rose higher, more could be made out about it. A head adorned with an absolute mess of lengthy brown hair squirmed on top. Soon, arms could be seen waving on the sides, unable to reach anything and instead spinning in pointless circles. His hands grasped at nothing. Each swing and squirm made his body wobble and shake.

Nagito couldn't help but smile, \*Finally!\*

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Gonta felt his own rising flesh pressing under his chin. His cheeks brushed his swollen shoulders. His back rolls propped up the back of his head. The shape of his neck rolls propped his head up where he could only gaze up. Though he squirmed and struggled as much as he could, Gonta could not escape his own body nor turn his head to look anywhere else.

The water started to infiltrate his arms in search of places to fill. Now, they had been reduced to flabby rings with comically tiny hands that couldn't do a thing but flap. Flap and twist in their little pockets of flesh. They were on either side of the abundance of Gonta Gokuhara. An abundance that filled the whole 10 foot wide bowl.

Anybody would agree he filled out that bowl nicely. On one end, a bit of waist bulged over the rim. On the other end, a cushioned bottom fitting for a hippopotamus barely squeezed into the bowl. The top third of Gonta was free for the world to see, but it was nothing more than a conglomeration of blubber and folds.

Gonta tried to shout, and water bubbles spewed from his mouth. He only felt like a head anymore. A head trapped on top of some alien body that was rapidly losing all vaguely human shape. He could feel his own girth pressing on him from below, threatening to grow further still and eventually consume him completely. He clenched his fists, noticing how his fingers dug into his flabby sides. What had he done, to whom, to deserve this?

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"Gaawwwwd this is taking forever!" Monokid complained, "I got a boredom boner. Can't we speed this up a little?"

The five colorful bears had taken a temporary residence on top of their victim. He stretched on for feet, so there was more than enough room. Gonta had been packed so tight that his skin was starting to become see-through.

Monosuke shook his head, "Nuh-uh! Everything is running the fastest it can! The outer pump is open all the way, the water purifier is just dumping everything it gets the moment it gets it, the hose can only run so fast…" He held up a paper with all the mathematical mumbo-jumbo and readjusted his glasses.

Monotaro too was growing somewhat bored with how painfully looking their elimination was taking, "Eh. We got it mostly done with. I'm sure the players got the idea, so maybe Father won't mind if we-"

"NEGATIVE!" Beeped Monodam, "BASTARD GONTA WEIGHT EQUAL LESS THAN TARGET WEIGHT. MONODAM FORBID THE ABORT-"

"Shut UP!" Monokid smacked Monodam hard enough to topple the robot. The hunk of metal bounced on the "ground", triggering a low murmur from nearby. Specifically, a hole in the surface. Above the hole, Monophanie messed around with a tangled brown mess that protruded from the depression. She was picking apart clumps and pulling as much hair straight as she could. She couldn't help it. Messing around with hair was satisfying. It was relaxing, even.

It was hard to see more than a foot into the pit. However, Monophanie could see what she recognized as a pair of red eyes. His ears, chin, and forehead were buried comfortably in what felt like a waterbed. His face was all that was left uncovered, but it could only stare through the tunnel of pudge. Red eyes looked at Monophanie, begging for pity and perhaps help. A nose sniffled. A mouth still wrapped around the rubber hose.

The swishing and swirling waters within Gonta filled his ears. That was the only thing he could hear anymore. Liquid pressed the sides of his head, separated only by a thin layer of skin. Maybe, if the context was not Gonta-being-forced-to-chug-thousands-of-gallons-of-sea-water, it would've been relaxing to him. Like some background audio that you might listen to to wind down for the night or concentrate on work.

Gonta's tongue ran across the spout of the hose. In the hour (or hours? It felt so long…) that it had been stuck in Gonta's mouth, it hadn't lost that disgusting metallic taste. \*Why Gonta stuck with hose anyways? Mondo get drink, Kazuichi fruit… but Gonta get water!\*

He struggled to put his sense of touch into understandable sentences. His very bottom was still trapped in the bowl, yet the rest of him sagged over the edges enough to hide the bowl completely. Trying to imagine what that may look like on the outside, Gonta conjured the image of a poorly-made cupcake that had oozed over the sides of its cup while baking. He wondered how far off from the truth he was.

Gonta gazed upwards, trying to look through the gaps in the hair obscuring his face. He made out some pink figure up above- the bear Monophanie. He felt his hair being pulled sometimes forcefully. But beyond that was only darkness.

It wasn't much to see at all. Yet Gonta knew even that was being taken away from him. The sides of the fleshy tunnel were wobbling and always pushing out- wait, in more and more. The cave was becoming slimmer by the second as Gonta transformed into a mountain.

His eyes darted from side to side. He felt pressure creeping up his cheeks and chin. That slow conquering of Gonta's face was centimeters in size, yet Gonta wanted every precious centimeter. \*Please no!\* He cried out in his thoughts.

Less light was reaching his face. Fat rolled slowly over Gonta's eyebrows, and he felt that brush against his eyelashes. His bottom lip was no more. Either side of his nose was pinched between flabby masses. The tunnel was so small now! Gonta twitched his face as wherever he could just so he could tell what wasn't enveloped in plush fat yet.

There was barely any light now. Gonta couldn't see a thing with his own flesh over his eyes. The tip of his nose sank below the pudge that also rolled over his upper lip.

Then, the hole closed up over the rubber hose. Gonta was gone.

Monophanie held onto a couple clumps of brown hair still. However, she felt them slipping through her paws. Each strand looked like it was being pulled into cracks. Chunks were sucked down, then curls. Ragged ends were the last to disappear, vanishing the last of any features that could've possibly identified Gonta Gokuhara.

Monophanie sighed in disappointment before she felt a sudden jolt under her feet. She wasn't the only one taken by surprise. Her four brothers all wobbles and struggled to balanced amid the shift.

The huge metal bowl was beginning to lower. Finally, an hour into the elimination, Gonta started to tip the scale. As his bowl lowered, the opposite bowl holding the weights ascended.

Monokid cheered, "FREAKIN' FINALLY!"