

Honey Lemon and Gogo Go Slobbier

The sanctuary that used to be her lab had become Honey Lemon's personal prison. Contaminated by a Frankenstein's mix of chemicals, she and her fellow teammate Gogo had been quarantined to keep them away from the others and to give Honey the time she needed to find a cure. As the days wore on, she was finding it harder to hold out hope that they would ever fully return to normal.

Honey's typical lab attire showed the wear and tear of her constant work and stress. Several strands of her honey blonde hair broke free from her yellow headband to dangle in front of her red glasses. Pushing back the stray strands, she fixed her yellow lab coat and tried to remain focused on the task at hand. That turned out to be harder than she thought as her eyes once again drifted towards the lump of fat that had nestled itself around her mid-section. Pushing her hand against her bulging potbelly, she tried in vain to get her mind back to work on a way to permanently cure her condition.

A burp echoing from the corner of the room drew her attention away from her bottles and beakers towards her fellow infected team member. Honey found Gogo just where she left her, sulking in her chair with her fingers tracing the unflattering belly bulge pushing out her white shirt. Pulling her leather jacket around the protrusion helped to momentarily hide it at the cost of pushing out a squeak of gas from her backside. Wincing at her own smell, Gogo flipped around her short, black and violet hair and got out of her seat.

"Have you had any luck finding a cure?" Gogo asked as she approached Honey.

"Not yet," Honey answered, "but I think I'm onto something." Grasping a beaker of bubbling, dark green liquid, she held it up to for Gogo to see.

“Is that the antidote?” Gogo asked, reaching out towards the bottle only to have Honey pull it away.

“The exact opposite actually. What I have here is a stronger version of the chemical mixture that infected us.”

Gogo crossed her arms and let out a sigh. “Why didn’t you just make a stronger version of that medicine you keep giving us instead? Would do a lot better at fixing our UURP problems.”

“It’s not that simple,” Honey said, trying to remain steady as she felt her uneasy digestion begin to churn. “The medicine may keep our side effects at bay, but there’s only so much it can do. By working backwards from a stronger version of the mixture, I should be able to create an antidote that will completely negate the-BWOOOOOOORRRP!”

Honey’s wayward belch acted like pulling the pin on a live grenade. The gas she had been holding inside while she worked reached its breaking point. A boisterous fart came bursting out of her rear to billow out the hem of her lab coat. Stumbling through her own cloud of toxic gas, Honey accidentally walked right into Gogo. As the two collided, the bottle in Honey’s hands emptied its contents across their bodies and dripped into their mouths.

A fart billowing out from the pair’s butts was enough to get them rolling off of one another. As they dispersed from ground zero, another set of gas bubbles emerged from their mouths. Belches echoing through the room, they almost missed the sight of one another’s bellies lurching forward with added weight to slip out from beneath their shirts.

“What’s BWOOORRP happening?” Gogo asked, her belch snapping apart her collar as her breasts fattened up

“It’s,” Honey began, only to be stopped by a loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT echoing from her thickening rear, “the mixture. It’s accelerating our conditions.”

“Well do UUURRP something,” Gogo belched as her arms were coated in blubber. “If this keeps up we’re going to-“

Gogo was interrupted by her own fart ripping her pants asunder with its power and the added girth to her hips. The fear in her eyes slowly dissipated as she inhaled the gas leaking through her strained, purple panties. Lowering her arms, a simpleton’s smile began to spread across her face. Staring off at Honey, drool slipped from her lips as she waddled up to her with a strange look in her eyes.

“Gogo BWOOOOORRP stop!” Honey shouted.

Hearing her teammate’s shout brought a moment of clarity to Gogo’s mind. “Sorry, I don’t know what got into me.”

“It must be a side effect of the virus,” Honey explained, rushing her swelling body towards her lab equipment. “There might be UUURP more side effects than we thought. I need to get to work on an antidote and fast.”

“Just tell me what to do,” Gogo said, having to yell over the sound of another gassy eruption snapping apart her underwear.

Honey opened her mouth to reply, only to accidentally swallow a cloud of Gogo’s foul air. The noxious gas seemed to seep into her mind, in the process pushing out pesky things like her thoughts. The sensation of her lab coat growing tighter around her torso as her bra growing tight around her swelling D-cup breasts broke her from the trance-like state.

“Just stay over there,” Honey said, turning her backside to Gogo. “It appears this virus accelerates whenever we inhale these gases. We need to make sure this doesn’t get any worse.”

“Then why don’t I just UUUUURRP go outside?”

“Because, the last BWOOOOOOORRRP thing we need is for this to get out into the city.” Honey winced as another gas bubble burst from her rear to widen the hole in her pants and snap apart her underwear. “If even a whiff of this virus gets out, San Fransokyo will become a city of gassy, fat idiots.”

Leaving Gogo to deal with her worsening weight and digestion problems, Honey tried to get back to work with renewed vigor. The task turned out easier said than done as she was constantly plagued with gas leaking from both ends. Forced to stew in a fog of her own flatulence, she had to constantly fight back the feeling of mindlessness that kept trying to worm itself inside her head.

Grasping a pair of bottles between her meaty palms, she tried to carefully mix them together. A wayward belch sent the bottles rolling across the counter and deepened the tear down her shirt as her breasts surged past G-cup size to destroy what was left of her bra. Hurrying to grab a new sample of the mixture accidentally let a sputtering fart slip from her ham-like butt cheeks. A surplus of weight tore off the rest of her shirt, her exposed pudgy belly bringing her well past the 300-pound mark.

Pausing just long enough to get the tainted air out of her lungs gave her a chance to glance at the fuzzy, golden strands that had sprouted around her belly button. Reaching out to examine her newly grown body hair, another burp was the last straw of getting her shirt to rip apart. Released from their fabric prison, her breasts were free to sway about with their beach ball-like size and shape. As her swinging tits came to a gradual stop, she let out a combination of a belch and a gasp as she watched something trickle from her teats. Sliding her finger along the white liquid, she held it up to her face to be greeted with the smell of rotten milk. The longer she

let the drops linger in front of her, the stronger the urge to drink the rancid dairy rose in the back of her mind. Unconsciously opening her mouth, she inched ever closer to licking up the tantalizing milk.

Shaking her head to regain her senses, Honey wiped her hand against her meaty thighs. Tearing off her lab coat, she wrapped the fabric around her torso in an attempt to stop her lactation and give her a chance to focus on her work. Despite the tight hold of her makeshift wrap around her breasts, she could still hear droplets leaking onto the floor. She discovered the source as she heard the sound of something big waddling towards her.

Shifting her chubby form around, she was met with an overgrown Gogo inching ever closer to her. Having surpassed Baymax in both size and width, Gogo's moved at a snail's pace towards her teammate. Gas freely flew from both of her ends, not showing any signs of restraint. Moment before Gogo collided with her, Honey could see a powerful hunger in her glazed over eyes.

"What are you doing?" Honey asked, struggling to break free of Gogo's blubbery arms.

"Me want BWOOOORRRP sweet milk," she answered, rubbing her face against Honey's bound chest. "Give to me," she added, looking up at Honey's face with a dumb smile as she ripped a loud fart.

"Gogo, you need to get a hold of yourself. This isn't you talking, it's the virus taking over your mind. Get back to the other side of the room before--"

Honey was sent toppling backwards into her lab table as Gogo leapt at her. Glasses and headband flying into the air, her added back fat helped to cushion the blow as she fell to the ground with her teammate lying on top of her. Amidst the mess that used to be her workstation,

Honey could only watch as Gogo climbed up her body. Straddling her belly, Gogo leaned down to present her leaking nipple to her.

“You drink, then me drink,” Gogo said, shaking her melon-like breasts to sprinkle her rancid milk across Honey’s face. “Only fair.”

“Gogo you need to BWOOOOOORRRP-“

Honey’s belch was the opening Gogo needed to shove her breast into her open mouth. Squeezing on her chest brought forth a flood of her milk to flow down Honey’s milk. Unable to escape from Gogo’s pin, Honey was forced to swallow every drop that poured from her faucet like teats. With each sip, the once brilliant scientist felt more of herself slip away. The worries she had about their condition and what it meant for San Fransokyo were pushed aside by a rising need to indulge in her baser desires.

Pulling away from Gogo’s boob, she wrapped her lips around the other nipple to suckle away like a big baby and completely turn her mind to mush. Caressing and kneading Gogo’s chest, she freely let a pair of rude farts erupt from her rear to help cushion her as she fed. Momentarily pulling away from Gogo’s nipple, she let out an echoing belch that reeked of her rotten meal. Her growing belly still not near being sated, she latched back onto Gogo’s teat to let the milk wash away any leftover cognitive thoughts.

Honey’s feast was interrupted by her own belly as it pushed Gogo further away from her. Watching in vain as the boulder-sized orb of flesh rolled further away from her, Honey scrambled to get back on her feet. Shuffling her way through the remnants of her lab equipment, she waddled her way over to the misplaced Gogo. Leaning down to offer a hand, she released a pungent cloud of flatulence that added another bump of fat to the two of them.

“No, me want BWOORRP eat first,” Gogo said, flailing her pudgy arm at Honey.

“Me want UURRP milk too,” Honey replied.

Gogo voiced her displeasure with a reverberating fart that sent ripples through her obese form. “You already eat. It my turn.”

Honey stopped to scratch her head, her face turning red and a fart slipping from between her elephantine rear as she strained her brain. “Sorry, me forget.”

“It okay,” Gogo replied, lazily dragging her nails across the stringy, black hairs nestled in her armpits. “Dumb lady give drink now?”

Shaking her multiple chins as she nodded her head, Honey plopped her fat ass on the ground and beckoned Gogo towards her. Pressing their guts together intertwined the strands of hair that had begun to sprout around their belly buttons. Taking a moment to use Honey as a scratching post, Gogo reached out to engulf her teammate’s nipple in her mouth.

Watching Gogo greedily suck up her tainted milk, Honey busied herself with letting her hands roam about her body to feel her gradually growing flesh. Amidst scratching her wiry armpit hair and letting out a deafening belch, her attention was drawn to beads of sweat going down Gogo’s back fat. Smacking her hungry lips, Honey’s gas-filled head looked as the sheen of sweat as just another source of sustenance.

Rolling about with Gogo still clutching her breasts, Honey dragged her tongue along her various fat folds in order to suck up her sweat. The foul taste that coated Honey’s tongue seemed akin to pure ambrosia to further entrance her into licking up more. Drawn by the odor emanating from Gogo’s bushy armpit, Honey tried in vain to dive her tongue beneath her blubbery arm.

Straining herself too far sent the two of them rolling across the ground. Flung out of reach of Honey’s nipple, Gogo began shifting her massive form about in order to continue her feast. Her search brought her towards the thicket of blonde hair surrounding Honey’s belly

button that led down between her plush thighs. Pushing herself into the depths of Honey's groin, Gogo finally found what she was looking for in the form of a bushel of Honey's pubic hair dripping with misplaced sweat, milk, and something else.

A combination of a belch and a moan escaped from Honey's lips to stop her feast. Feeling Gogo's rough tongue constantly slide against her womanhood forced out more foul gas from her colon. The new cloud of flatulence further spread out their fattening forms across the floor. Sweat from both of them came out like a downpour from the rising heat in the confined room and their constant movement. Becoming thirstier by the moment, Honey powered through the feelings of pleasure in search of her own meal.

Around the time Honey reached her first orgasm, her wandering mouth meandered its way beneath Gogo's car-sized belly and pushed through her coarse pubic hair to find a source of sustenance. Reciprocating the relentless rhythm of sucking and licking, Gogo's womanhood gifted her with a mouthful of satisfyingly spoiled liquids. Feeling tremors of pleasure go through her teammate's bountiful flesh, Honey pulled away to suck up the droplets of milk that spilled from Gogo's boobs.

Sliding their massive forms against one another in an attempt to sample each other's various fluids pushed out more of their tainted gas. When not busy sucking milk from their beanbag chair like tits or diving deep into their vaginas, their mouths were left agape to let drool, burps, and erotic cries come out unhindered. What few words were said between them were gradually declining in communication as their minds lost all sense of thought and their simplified sentences were drowned out by barrages of flatulence. Lost in their constant cycle of feasting, farting, and fucking, they failed to notice how they were gradually outgrowing the lab.

The two of them managed to sink their pudgy face against each other's groins just as their bodies filled the entirety of the room. Lab equipment had become lodged between their fat folds, anything that wasn't destroyed by their sweat and overwhelming weight doomed to be lost forever inside their various fat folds. The walls buckled beneath their growing masses, the sound of metal tearing apart growing louder alongside their constant gas expulsions. The lack of space provided ample opportunity for the virus to accelerate, keeping them surrounded in a thick aura of their gas and drenched in irresistible sweat.

In time with the sound of a pair of their belching moans, their bodies broke down the walls of the lab. Given plenty of room to grown, their fat continued to spread itself outwards onto the city streets. Completely enamored with one another's pleasure and flavors, Honey and Gogo completely ignored the growing crowd of people that stopped to watch the disgraced heroines grow ever slobbier.

Standing at the front of the group was Cass, still carrying a pot of freshly cooked chili she had intended to drop off to the infected heroines. With her wavy brown hair flowing in the wake of one of the slobby pair's farts, she tried in vain to keep the other citizens calm. Chaos erupted in the streets as a torrent of the heroines' flatulence engulfed her. In mere seconds, Cass's body began to resemble the couple in both shape and smell. The panic on her face was soon pushed to the side to make way for an idiotic smile on her chubby face as she added her own burps and farts to the cacophony of gas behind her.

Several more people fell victim to the slob virus before the crowd caught onto what was happening. Fleeing from the spreading cloud of gas, the citizens that stumbled or tripped ended up rolling down the street to further spread the disease. In the center of the growing pandemic

that would soon engulf the city, all Honey and Gogo could focus on was each other's wonderful flavors and enjoying their new lives as slobby simpletons.