

Bulma's Slobby Sanctum

The corridors of Capsule Corp felt almost abandoned with all of the Namekians having recently been transported to their new planet. Walking through these desolate halls, Bulma couldn't help noticing how much the room echoed the sound of her footsteps. Pulling at the white sleeves her shirt, she crossed her arms against her blue top in thought, partially obscuring the white letters bearing her name on the front. Fixing the white belt around her waist and tugging at the hem of her blue skirt gave her a chance to reflect on what she had learned about the alien race during their time there. Pushing back her locks of turquoise colored, chest-length hair, she considered her time with the Namekians enlightening, but at a cost. No longer surrounded by hundreds of guests, a singular thought remained in her mind: finally getting to let loose.

Making sure no one was following her, she hastily typed in a secret code into an elevator panel. After waiting a few anxious moments, the doors opened up and she quickly slipped inside. Descending far below Capsule Corp, she went over the steps in her head over and over again. Upon reaching the bottom floor, her anxiety gave way to a wide grin as she looked upon her personal sanctuary.

Turning on the lights with a clap of her hands, she looked over the comfy accommodations of her hidden sanctum. The centerpiece of the room was a large couch with cushions so soft someone could waste hours away upon them. Flanking the sides of the furniture were shelves of brown paper bags, each one containing different food items from various fast food eateries. Facing towards the couch was a massive television screen with a variety of media players and game consoles attached to ensure optimum enjoyment.

As much as she wanted to hit the ground running, Bulma took her time making sure everything would be perfect for her session. She walked around the room, double checking various features from the extra food storage cabinets and her collection of fridges. A passing glance was made to an ominous black box in the corner. Though the object was well hidden amongst the more extravagant features, once glance was enough to send a shiver down her spine as she recalled what she would be using it for.

With everything up to her standards, Bulma made her way towards the couch. Grasping the first food bag, she kicked off her shoes and settled into the center of the cushions. Turning on the TV to the first of many trashy romance movies, she started the process of becoming her true self.

Diving her hand into the bag, she came back with her fingers slick with grease and clinging to a triple decker cheeseburger. Before sinking her teeth into the meaty morsel, she made sure to sprinkle it with a special, pink-colored sauce she had made for this very occasion. Opening her mouth as wide as it would go, she took a large bite to get as much of the burger in as possible before sinking her teeth into it. As she suspected, her special formula enhanced the already heavenly taste of the greasy meat. In no time at all she finished off the first burger and moved on to devouring its two brothers and a large order of fries.

Tossing away the empty bag, she let herself relax as she licked the salt from her fingers. Cleaning off her pinky in the nick of time, she heard a tell tale groan emanate from her belly. Wiping the stray crumbs off of her shirt, she was pleased to see that her binging session had given her a sizable food baby. Cradling the lump and straining the limits of her belt, she gave her belly a little shake. The motion was all it took to send a gas bubble rolling up her throat to release a burp that shook about her blue hair in the process of letting her re-taste her meal.

Continuing to poke and prod her taut stomach released more satisfying belches. Sinking her fist into her gut sent one of the bubbles rolling down the depths of her intestines. Knowing what was coming, she paused the movie and let herself spread across the couch. Without a hint of remorse, she let loose with a rippling fart with an atrocious odor. The awful fragrance didn't stop her from taking a deep whiff of the stench, the aroma helping her get back into the mindset that brought her such comfort.

Waiting for the last of her gas to peter out, she wasted little time grabbing her next meal. Unwrapping a bundle of nachos, she generously coated the top with more of her special serum to quicken the pace of her transformation. Grabbing a large bottle of soda to go along with her meal, she continued feasting like a complete pig. Handfuls of greasy cheese and meat were shoved down her mouth with reckless abandon. Crumbs and droplets of sauce that escaped her mouth drizzled themselves across her outfit. Unfortunately for her clothing, being sullied by her frantic eating wasn't the worst of their problems.

Halfway through her second helping of nachos, she reached down to cradle her swollen belly like it was her own child. Comparing the engorged gut to the that of a woman pregnant with triplets, she grazed her hands against her chest to feel the added heft that had been layered onto her breasts. Shimmying about to free some of the crumbs stuck to the fabric brought her attention to the padding around her rear trying to desperately suck in what it could of her skirt.

Taking a pause from her feast, she beat against her chest in an attempt to rid herself of the wedgie with a bout of flatulence. Though her efforts forced out a plethora of meat-scented burps from her lips, she could feel her digestive tract strain itself to try and let out gas from her backside. As she pondered why the task was so difficult, she found her answer in the form of a growing tightness around her mid-section. Only now remembering that she had forgotten to

remove her belt, she tried to pry the buckle open. Though the task was made all the more difficult by the grease clinging to her pudgy fingers, she slowly but surely managed to pull the belt apart.

She momentarily paused as a much louder gurgle echoed from the depths of her digestive tract. Though she was concerned, another pang of pressure as the bubbles inside swirled about forced her to continue pulling. With half of the white fabric removed from its sheath, her belly helped her with the rest of the removal as it surged forward. The impact of her gut sinking between her thighs proved more than enough to let fly with a loud BRRAAAAAPPPPPPP that burst from her rear with relentless force. Letting out a deep exhale at the feeling of relief that emanated from the long fart, she spread herself further across the couch and reached for her next serving of food.

In the midst of helping herself to an extra-large pizza with heavy amounts of meat, her ears perked up to the sound of fabric tearing itself apart. Shoving a slice down her gullet, she wiped away the grease from her face with the back of her hand as she looked over herself. The writing on her shirt had become an indecipherable mess from the various stains adorning it and her melon-sized breasts stretching it out. Shuffling along the couch to the tune of several puffs of gas, she could tell that her ass had grown large enough to reach the other two cushions. Continuing to revel in her gassy outbursts as she wobbled about, she finally felt part of her stomach poking out of the sizable hole in her shirt. Locking her eyes with the opening in the fabric, she couldn't stop grinning as she saw that she had developed a prominent outie belly button from her binging.

Downing the rest pizza in no time flat, she moved onto to several others to quicken the process of feeding her unrestrained appetite. As she had hoped, her gluttonous chewing became

drowned out by a cacophony of tears forming in her outfit. Unable to take the strain any longer, she gave her bosom a bit of breathing room by pulling down her besmirched top with her pudgy fingers. Watching her tits struggle to break free from her bra, she continued pulling down on her shirt to further free her bulbous belly from its containment. Though she began to reach towards her skirt to pull it away, a reverberating PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT escaping from her rear proved more than satisfactory in tearing the garment asunder. Feeling the remnants of her skirt flutter against her chubby thighs, she brushed them away to leave her in only her undergarments. Given a better look at her pudgy body, she realized she wasn't growing nearly fast enough. Grabbing the last of the pizzas, she smothered it in an entire bottle of her sauce and swallowed it down just like the rest.

Tossing away the pizza boxes, she let herself lean back in her seat to relax. Mindlessly skimming through television shows to decide what to watch, she let one of her hands rummage through her fat rolls. Shivering at the taboo pleasure of her pudgy form, she became a little too eager to push into her doughy gut to force out her gas. The prodding did the job of further sinking the atrocious odor into her skin, the smell becoming enhanced as droplets of sweat began to bead down her body from the mere act of getting rid of her mess. While she was impressed with her body's rate of degradation, she couldn't help feeling like something was missing.

Letting out another PHHHRRRRRTTTTT from her rear, she finally realized what it was.

Heaving herself off the couch, she shuffled her way over to her food collection. With a shimmer in her eyes, she picked up a fast food bag that was still warm to the touch and brought it over to her seat. Sinking back into the cushions, she used her plumped up fingers to rip apart the bag to reveal its contents. Her fervor left the basket of hot wings to roll across her belly and onto her lap. Managing to catch the morsels, she piled them atop her bosom as if her tits were a

makeshift serving platter. Wiping her hand along her body to clean up the trails of sauce, she once more brought them to her face to get a sample of what was to come. Finding the strange mix of sauce and her own sweat just as devilishly delightful as ever, she freed up room in her stomach with a loud belch and resumed eating.

The sound of the TV playing in the background was drowned up by her ravenous chewing. Each chicken wing was stripped down to the bone in a single bite, ensuring that every bit of meat would be contained in her growing stomach. Downing enormous amounts of sauce mixed with her own sloppy serum let her feel the gas in her body becoming more unhinged. Sensing the horde of bubbles building up in her colon, she thought little of letting them burst out without a hint of hesitation.

Spreading her butt cheeks further across the couch, she allowed a particularly loud fart to come bursting out. The gassy expulsion brought with it a burning sensation fueled by her latest meal. Though it felt as if she was spurring out volcanic ash, the release filled her with a strange mix of pain and pleasure. Further motivated by the powerful gas and atrocious stench, she went all in on devouring every last chicken wing she could get her hands on.

The constant deluge of fiery farts from her rear spelled the inevitable demise of her overburdened panties. Through a combination of the torrent of flatulence and her widening waistline, it only took a slight jostle of her meaty butt cheeks to pop off the undergarments and send them flying across the room. Licking her fingers clean of sauce, she let out a sigh of relief as she reached below her barrel-like belly to finally get a chance to take care of the itch around her groin. Finishing off her last chicken wing by chugging down another bottle of soda, she opened up her mouth wide to let out a loud UUUURRRRRRPPPPPPP. The powerful burp was the final push needed to rip asunder her bra and leave her engorged breasts to freely jostle

against her gut. Brushing away the remains of her undergarments, she gave her head-sized tits a squeeze to relish in her fattened form.

No longer bound by her clothing, she thought it was the perfect time to celebrate with some dessert. Heaving herself once more off the couch, she couldn't help giggling as she felt her strands of greased up hair flick against her buttocks. Turning her thick neck to the side, she swayed her hips back and forth to allow the lengthened strands to glide across the floor. Not at all disappointed with the side effects of her serum, she let one of her farts blow back her hair before she waddled her way over to one of the fridges.

Putting her blubbery arms to good use, she piled up tubs of various kinds of ice cream. Slamming the fridge shut with a swing of her belly, she began to shuffle her way back to the couch. Too busy pondering over which flavor to start with, she failed to notice stray locks of her hair slip under her plump toes until she was sent toppling forward.

Her impact was softened by her plush body, the worst thing to come from the fall being an outburst of gas from both ends and a session of relentless jiggling. However, the true cost of her accident became known as she tilted up her head to see her precious ice cream spread across the floor. Gazing at the myriad of flavors congealing together, a strange yet appealing idea struck her. Licking her lips in anticipation, she got up on her hands and knees as she started crawling forward.

Reaching the middle of the mess, she didn't hesitate to plunge her head into the ice cream. Her tongue worked double duty to lick up every precious drop. It didn't matter to her that she was literally eating off the floor, especially when her act of debauchery let her sample so many different flavors at once. Smothering her face in the sweet mess let it fully sink in just how far she had fallen away from the fashionable, intelligent woman everyone thought she was. Here

she could be her true self, an indulgent slob who's only concern was letting herself become as fat and gassy as possible.

Though her chubby cheeks were hell bent on sucking up every drop of ice cream, that didn't prevent her stomach from dragging its girth along the ground and sinking the sweet mess between her various fat rolls. She tried to clean part of herself, at least the bits of her flesh her mouth could reach as she hoisted up her massive tits to her face to suck the cream off of her own nipples. Releasing the heavy boobs from her lips with a loud BWOOOOORRRRRRPPP, she sifted through the remnants of the burp to realize she had finished off the bulk of her spill. Leaning her back up against the couch, she put her fat ass to good used to keep her comfortable as she wiped off the cream still clinging to her flesh. As she sucked on her fingers, she couldn't help but giggle as a particularly gnarly fart sent bubbles through the puddle around her rear. Letting the odor sink in, she closed her eyes and let herself bask in the aftermath of her feast.

Bulma's bliss was broken by a beeping noise echoing through the room. Turning her multiple chins to the side, her eyes lazily glanced up at the clock on the wall. She let out a mix of a groan and burp as she realized that her time was almost up. As much as she would have liked nothing more than to waste away her life in her sanctum, she still had somethings that required her skinny self. Letting out a sigh, she forced herself into a standing position, turned off the television, and begrudgingly waddled her way towards the strange box in the corner of the room.

Pressing a button on the device brought it to life and displayed her current weight. Taking note of her over 800 pounds worth of flab, she made a promise to herself that she would surpass it the next time she got the chance. With her various details recorded for posterity, she held out her hand to accept a small piece of candy from the machine. Taking one last look at her obese, messy self, she popped the candy in her mouth and braced for the reversal process.

Her entire body shuddered as the bubbles that lurked inside of her digestive tract went into overdrive. Powerful gas kept her mouth and colon open as she spewed out a barrage of rude expulsions. Through the multitude of burps and farts she could feel her body slimming down with each release. The process ensured that she would quickly return to her old form and that the room would still be heavy with her stench when she returned. Letting out one last, rippling fart, she looked at her reflection in the powered off television screen to see the normal, skinny Bulma that everyone was familiar with.

Lifting up her arm, Bulma winced as she got a whiff of a lingering odor. Throwing on a blue and white striped tank top and orange mini-skirt to keep herself somewhat modest, she returned to the elevator and pressed the button. The journey back to her room was one filled with a sense of melancholy and wondering when she would be able to indulge her true self once more. Trying to prioritize ridding herself of the smell with a shower, she failed to notice the bubbling noise coming from her belly.

Making her way into her room, Bulma's journey towards the bathroom was halted by a low groan emanating from her body. She immediately looked at her reflection in the mirror to see that she was still in her skinny form. Another series of rumbles revealed her problem as her flat stomach momentarily bulged out in a mimicry of her slobby self. As much as she prided herself on her calculations, it appeared that one last gas bubble had managed to survive the purging process. Watching in fear and wonder as her belly once more fattened up enough to develop an outie belly button, she gave the growth the smallest of prods with her finger.

The light touch was all it took to send an explosive fart pushing out of Bulma's rear to shake the hem of her skirt like a hurricane. Bending over as the gas continued to pour out, she found herself overwhelmed with an odor that had been building up over the course of her

session. Feeling her entire body vibrate from the release, she couldn't stop herself from letting out a gasp of relief as she enjoyed the strange and unusual situation. Once more grasping her gut, she let her hands grope and squeeze the impressive bulge up until the last of the gas was forced out and her belly once more returned to normal.

Standing herself back up straight, Bulma leaned back her head and took a deep whiff of her foul air. Pleased with one last chance to revel in her sloppy self, she once more turned her attention towards the bathroom. No doubt she would have to work double time to rid both her room and her body of the remnants of her last fart. However, she would enjoy those moments of stewing in her alter-ego's preferred environment. She would use that experience as motivation to prepare for the next time she could return to her sloppy sanctum.