

Beth slammed open the door and stormed into her apartment, throwing her belongings into the corner. All she wanted to do was lie down on the couch and shut out the rest of the world. This wasn't the first time she had been fired, but it was the most devastating. She loved her job, and the pay was good enough to afford a pretty decent living arrangement. All of that ended, because of a single rude customer.

As she was laying down on her couch, crying into a pillow, she began to think to herself. What was the point of all this? Whenever she worked hard and succeeded, it was only a matter of time before something out of her control came out of nowhere and ruined it all for her. She would end up the same, as if she had done nothing at all.

As Beth dwelled upon these thoughts, something inside her began to make itself known. The same force she had known for a good part of her life, but had only recently began to experiment with. She had started simple, changing her body during alone time to give her new experiences, usually by increasing the size of parts of her body. As she laid on the couch, the thoughts dancing in her head and her powers coursing through her body, led her to a very unusual idea. "If I can't find happiness as a hard worker," she said to herself as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "then I'll become a complete slob, I won't care about anything besides satisfying my own desires."

With a new determination, she walked over to her bedroom and looked at herself in the mirror. She was in a simple, oversized, black t-shirt and jeans, still leftover from work, as it didn't have a formal dress code. The form she was most comfortable with was the one she had grown into. She was 25, had shoulder length black hair, B-cup breasts, thin waist, and a nicely proportioned butt. At any point she could change these traits, but she had been doing it very rarely, fearing someone would find out.

She closed her eyes and began to let the powers flow through her body, but just before the changes began, she had an idea. Cutting off the flow of her powers, Beth sat down on her couch and started writing down a list. Spending some time planning out how everything was going to go, she gathered her keys and purse and headed out the door.

She was out for three hours, and it took another hour to get everything inside of the apartment. She wiped the sweat from her forehead, as she let the last bag drop onto the kitchen counter. There were bottles of soda, bags of assorted junk foods and candy, the largest orders from all of the fast food restaurants in town, ice cream tubs, each meant to feed a family of four, and, to top it all off, over two hundred cans of beans.

Bringing over the first few bags of food and a couple of chilled bottles of soda, she sat down on the couch, kicked off her shoes and socks, and turned on the TV. Her favorite show was on, and best of all it was having a marathon. As the show started, she emptied the first can of beans into a bowl, the putrid smell wafting into her nostrils. Picking up the biggest spoon in the house she began.

It was slow at first, taking slow, methodical bites to savor the flavor of the beans. However, as soon as the credits started to roll on the TV, she began to really dig in. Bowl, after bowl, devoured in a matter of minutes, with beans recklessly being spilled on the floor, her clothes, and her face. As the second episode reached its mid-point she had already gone through ten cans of beans.

Leaning back in the chair, she took advantage of a black credits scene to look at the TV reflection. She hadn't changed much, at least nothing drastic, but her shirt and pants had become stained due to her ravenous eating. Staring at her image, she felt something stirring in her gut.

Rubbing her belly, she let out a small fart. She blushed a little, a leftover habit. Realizing she no longer had to be embarrassed about it, she looked herself in the mirror again and grinned as she let out a huge fart the drowned out the previous one.

Grabbing the nearest 2-liter, she guzzled it down in less than a minute, capping it off with a satisfying belch. Beth went into the kitchen and began to gather all of the food, taking bites as she went. She returned to the couch and set all of the food within reaching distance. As she continued her feast, she occasionally let out a burst of gas, alternating between burping and farting as she went through the bags of greasy burgers, tacos, and extra-large pizzas. All the while her powers took effect, not only allowing her to keep eating, but also enhancing certain “features.”

As she poured another serving of beans straight from the can into her mouth, she once again looked in the reflection of the TV. Her once narrow face, had rounded out, making it easier for her to shove more food in her mouth. She had grown a sizable belly that could have rivaled the pregnant woman she had seen at work. Her breasts had fattened up to more than double her original bust size, causing her bra straps to dig into her shoulders. Her largest change was that her once tight ass now took up two thirds of the couch. She could feel it swallowing the fabric of her jeans. As she viewed her new self, she was amazed at how much she had changed in so little time, and looking at herself in this state was unreal.

Underneath her rounded belly, she felt something else stirring. Sticking a hand into an open can of beans, soaking it in the sauce, she gently moved it down past her belly, and zipped open her now skin-tight jeans. She held her hand out in front of her, allowing for the sauce to drip off her fingers and onto her stomach. With a sudden thrust, she dove in. It was nothing like she had ever felt before. The way the fat pressed against her fingers as she went back and forth.

The way each thrust was met with a little release from her massive backside. Even the way the grease from her hands, made it so easy to slip in and around her hole. She tried to make it last as long as possible, nearly climaxing every time she hit a sweet spot. Eventually she began to throw caution to the wind and go full force, allowing her greasy fingers to explore every inch of her filthy hole. With a final few thrusts and a loud moan she climaxed, allowing the grease to mix with her own juices.

She removed her hand from inside her and wiped the juices on her shirt, capping it all off with a huge fart. For ten minutes she zoned out on the couch, basking in the pleasure. Exhausted, she lifted her head and tried to lick the sauce off her fingers. Her moment was interrupted when the doorbell rang.

It took her quite some effort to lift her gigantic ass from the couch, in the process shoving many empty containers of food onto the floor. Her movement was slowed down by her recent weight gain, she had to adjust her walk as she waddled her way to the front door. With a greasy hand she grasped the doorknob and opened the door.

She was met by a man holding a clip board, with three other men holding a number of large packages. The delivery man was silent for minute as he stared at her and only came to his senses when Beth belched. “Um, miss Welse?”

“That’s UUUUURRRRRRRRP-me.”

“I have your delivery, just sign here.”

Beth took the clipboard and pen from the delivery boy’s hands and signed her name. Handing the pen and clipboard back to the delivery man, and giving him a moment to wipe the residual grease off, Beth motioned for the men to start moving the packages in. Beth stood in the

kitchen, snacking away at bags of chips, as the boxes were moved into the apartment and everything was set up. Tossing the empty bags to the ground, Beth said goodbye to the delivery men and locked the door.

Beth returned to the living room and looked over her purchases. A heavily reinforced, king-size bed was put in the center of the room, and the couch was pushed to the side to make way for easy to access shelves, with refrigerated sections for her ice cream and other cold foods. Close to the head of the bed, was a high powered-microwave, next to a phone with all of the restaurants that deliver on speed dial. Inside a shelf was a pull-out shelf, settled high enough to go over her humongous stomach, so she could have a place for food. At the foot of the bed, was the rest of the supplies that she thought might come in handy. She wasn't sure how her new life would develop, so she wanted to be well-prepared. Overjoyed at how good everything had come together, Beth gave a cautionary sit on the new bed, christening it with a loud fart.

It took some effort for her to get everything ready, especially with all of the other boxes she had to set within reaching distance of her. She was about to sit down on the bed, but then remembered the straining force that was digging into her shoulders. Lifting up her shirt she saw that her huge assets had stretched her bra to its limits.

Not wanting anything to get in the way of her growth, Beth removed her bra, allowing her enormous breasts to swing freely. She thought about getting a clean shirt to replace her old one, but didn't feel like going to her room to get one. She gave her shirt a little shake to get the crumbs out and allowed the once over-sized shirt to fit snugly around her bust and belly.

Her jeans were no better. They were hugging her hips so tight that it felt like a vice grip, she could barely fit two fingers inside the waistline. She gave the jeans a few forced tugs,

causing little puffs of gas to push out from her butt, and eventually pulled them past her newly thick thighs and kicked them off. Reaching a hand back to feel for her panties, she had discovered that they had become wedged inside her butt crack, becoming the skimpiest thong she'd ever seen.

Tired of having a constant wedgie between her ass cheeks, she pulled down her panties, stretching them to their limits in the process, and held them out in front of her. The once cute, pink floral pattern had been covered up by a combination of her sweat, grease, and leftover love juices. The worst was in the back, where her sweat and lack of inhibition had left a large, dark stain.

Beth frowned seeing her favorite pair of undies messed up, and she worried that the same would happen to any other pair she'd tried to put on. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed a box she had nearly forgotten about. She didn't actually think she would get to use them, but the moment seemed right to try them out. Waddling her way over to the box, she pulled out her solution: size XXXL adult diapers.

With shaky hands, Beth pulled the first cushioned diaper up to her waist. The way the material cushioned her huge ass felt like heaven, as it smoothly slid against her thunder thighs. Even at her current size, the diapers still felt big on her. She would have to change that.

Turning the TV back on, she stretched out onto her new bed. Propping herself up with a few pillows, Beth grabbed the nearest bag of uneaten burgers and continued her feast. The bags went by faster than ever, only pausing to lick the grease and sauce off of her fingers. Every fart now squeaked a little as it exited her new undergarments and the smell seemed to worsen as she

ate more and more. The smell was revolting at first, but after a while she got used to it and actually began to take in deep breaths whenever a particularly strong one came out.

Into the late hours of the night, Beth sat on that bed and feasted, only exerting effort to either get more food, masturbate, or relieve herself. During one of these trips to the bathroom she got a chance to look at herself in the mirror once more. Her rounded face had puffed up to three times its original size and she could see the development of a third chin under her neck. Her arms had fattened up considerably, with a poke of her sausage like fingers, she was amazed at how soft to the touch the skin was. Even without the bra, her breasts felt restricted as they were pushed up against her shirt, now reaching the sizes of full-grown watermelons. Her stomach had grown immensely due to her feasting, ballooning past her massive breasts and poking out of her shirt, making it impossible to see her feet. Her ass had grown to match the size of her belly, to the point where it was difficult for her to get in and out of doorways. She had to turn sideways and temporarily shrink herself down to get anywhere in the house. The ass fat continued on to the giant tree trunks she called thighs, which made a squeaking noise every time she rubbed up against the diaper.

Yawning and noticing the clock in the bathroom, she thought it was about time to go to sleep. She exited the bathroom and with some effort got her enormous body back to the bed and under the covers. She slowly drifted off to sleep with the television on and a half eaten burger resting on her cleavage.

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She woke up around two in the afternoon, somewhat unsure if what had happened the day before was just a dream. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes with a pudgy fist, she looked down to

see a half-eaten burger stuck between her massive cleavage. Stretching out one arm to scratch her back and another to finish the burger, she noticed something different. During the night, her powers had made some changes to her body. Her hair had grown down to her ass, putting a hand through it, she could feel the grease as she slid through it. Lifting up her arm, she saw that her once clean shaven pits were now bushes where her sweat had accumulated to make a terrifying case of body odor. She could only assume the same had happened to her nether regions, based on the prickly feeling between her legs; she still couldn't see past her belly and endowments.

Still getting her bearing of the new changes, and releasing the pent up gas from the previous night, she felt something else that needed relief. With a big lurch she tried to get off the bed, but to no avail. Her body had grown even more during the night. Thankfully her shelves were still stocked to keep her enormous form fed for weeks, however that wasn't going to help her right now. Struggled as she might, Beth couldn't budge, but with a few more pushes she noticed the squishy sensation touching her thighs. She had originally put on the diaper as a replacement pair of underwear, and had not intended to actually use it. Out of options and the pressure reaching its breaking point, she gave up and allowed the diaper to do its job.

Beth thought about changing out to a new diaper, but knew that it would require her getting up to reach the spares. Instead, she picked up a nearby box of doughnuts, and allowed a jelly doughnut to messily be eaten in a single bite. Thankfully the remote had gotten lodged between her breasts and made it easy to turn on the TV as she smeared more jelly across her face.

All day long she continued with the slob life. She went through mountains of food in a matter of minutes. She would fart, burp, and relieve herself whenever she wanted. She would just lie there on the bed, only moving to reach for more food. All of this bingeing began to add up,

as her body continued to fatten up. Her shirt no longer covered up her massive breasts and belly, losing all modesty as her nipples poked through the tight cloth. Beth discarded the heavily stained shirt and allowed bits of food to fall into the folds of her fat. The diaper miraculously held out against the increased girth of her ass and the continual bathroom trips she was too lazy to make, although she didn't know how much longer that would last.

Beth finished off another tub of ice cream and licked it clean. For the first time in a while, she stopped stuffing her mouth, turned off the TV, and looked at her reflection. Her body now took up the entire bed and she could hear the bed audibly creak under her ever growing weight. Beth reached out and began to rub all over her voluptuous body. Letting each fat fold slide through her thick fingers, marveled at how nice the greasy skin felt when touched. Moving to her massive breasts, she gave her nipples a little pinch and was shocked by how sensitive they had become. Placing a hand on her stomach she began to rub it, easing the digestion of her latest meal, and allowing more pent up gas to release. The mounds of flesh felt so good. Moving down, she grabbed a handful of ass and began to knead it with her fingers. Loving her new luscious backside, Beth gave herself a few slaps, sending a sharp painful, yet arousing feeling. It all felt so good.

Once again, Beth attempted to stick her greasy fingers past her massive belly to touch her wet muff, but she couldn't reach. She was frustrated, if she didn't get some relief soon, she felt she was going to burst. She realized the irony that the thing that was causing her pleasure, was the very thing keeping her from sweet release. Looking around for something to ease her desire, she noticed a single unopened two liter bottle of cola and got an idea.

Stretching her legs apart as far as they would go, Beth grasped the bottle and shoved it into her nether regions, pushing past the diaper and the newly grown hair. It was tight at first, but

somehow through either the accumulated fat or her powers she was able to make it fit. She had to start slow at first, she was used to doing this with her hands, and the bottle was unwieldy at best. As she got the rhythm down, she began to find her sweet spots and increased the speed of the stimulation gradually. Faster and faster the bottle toyed with her pussy, Beth letting out little moans as she went. She used her other hand to grope her breasts, bringing the nipples up to her face to lick off residual food. The tension kept building, and building; she didn't know how much longer she could last. Moving over to her ass, she pulled down her diaper further and spanked herself, allowing her ass fat to jiggle like jello. With one last push she climaxed in a combination of a loud moan, her love juices, and the bottle bursting open and covering everything, including herself, in soda. Beth was exhausted by the end of it. Raising the bottle to her face, she put her tongue around the bottom and proceeded to lick off the combination of sweat, juices, and soda. She had finally become what she wanted: a lazy, foul smelling, hedonistic slob.

Beth threw the bottle to the side and managed to put the diaper back into position. Licking off some of the residual soda from her face, she noticed a slight buzzing coming from in between her breasts. Using her free hand, she reached inside to try and find the source. She pulled out her phone, still working even with all of the grease and soda sticking to it. It was still buzzing as she brought it up to her face and looked at the caller ID. It was her boss.

Suppressing a burp for the first time in hours, Beth answered, "Hello?"

"Beth? It's Mr. Telso. I had some time to think it over, and we want you back. You were a really hard working employee and we would hate to lose someone like you over an honest mistake. Would you like to come back?"

Beth was silent for a moment, taking the time to register what had just been said to her. She smiled and cheerfully replied, "Of course, I would love to come back."

"Great! Can you come back tomorrow?"

Beth paused for a moment, lowered the phone from her face, and looked around at her surroundings. The apartment was a mess, with leftover food and containers littered across the floor. Looking down at the bed she noticed it had become deeply stained from the food she dropped from her mouth, among other things. Staring at herself in the reflection of the TV and taking a whiff of her armpit, she brought the phone up to her face.

"Actually, would it be okay if I took some time off?"

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It took her an entire day to undo the changes to her body, and it took more showers than she could count to finally get rid of smell. Even then, she had to relearn holding in her farts and burps. The apartment was in a constant state of disarray. Whenever she had free time, she tried her best to clean up, but the mess was so large it took up most of the time off and then some. The bed was ruined. The foundation was falling apart even with her normal size and the stains and stench wouldn't come out no matter what she tried.

She called up the delivery company again to dispose of the bed and return some of the unused items. When the delivery men started asking questions, she said it had been her sister who had to move away. Even with the boxes of supplies gone, she still had to be tight with her spending. Thankfully, her binging had left enough food to live off of until her next paycheck, but her current salary wasn't going to make ends meet. She started to look for a second job.

While mopping up mess made from a spilled can of beans, Beth reflected on her little experiment. Up until that day, she had never thought about taking her transformations that far.

For all the mess and problems those two days brought her, she didn't regret it at all. It was nice to not care about anything for a while, and just live a simpler life, free of stress. For now, she had a lot of work to do.