

Karin the Shameless Socialite

It was just another day at the Kanzuki household as the staff made their rounds to keep things up to the prestigious family's high standards. The sounds of chains being dragged across the floor, punches being thrown, and something heavy repeatedly slamming into the ground didn't so much as startle the servants. Everyone on staff had grown used to Karin's daily training regimen with the designated freeloader of the Kanzuki family.

Karin's heels sunk into the fabric of the padded floor of her training room. She effortlessly flowed from one attack to another, her blonde, ringlet styled hair being kept in check by her bright blue bow. Able to maintain her defensive stance, she managed to keep her red and white jacket spotless even as her black stocking covered legs lifted up her skirt to deliver a swift kick.

Karin's attack found its mark, only to be bounced back from the mass of belly fat belonging to her opponent. While he was mostly unharmed, the impact still sent Birdie reeling backwards with his blonde mohawk waving around wildly. The leather outfit containing his pudgy body barely withstood Karin's onslaught of attacks. Wiping away a drop of spit from his beard, Birdie made a leaping attack at her in the hopes of ending the fight.

Mere inches from Birdie's hands reaching her, Karin spun to the side and unleashed a counterattack with her open palm. The hefty fighter was sent flying through the air, smashing into a wall that was well acquainted with his bruised and beaten form. Clutching his aching head, he managed to stand up on his wobbling legs just as she approached him with the intent to bring the sparring match to a decisive end.

"I give! I give!" Birdie shouted, getting on his knees and putting his hands together. "You win alright."

“You should know by now that your residence at the estate is dependent on your ability to keep up with me,” Karin commented as she waved her golden locks back and forth. “Failure to do so will result in severe punishment.”

“I’m just a little hungry is all,” he replied, rubbing his distended belly. “Trying to keep up with you drains a bloke like you wouldn’t believe.”

Karin thought for a moment, considering the pleading look in Birdie’s eyes. “I suppose you are correct. Very well, we shall have a short meal break.”

With a clap of her hands, Karin called for a number of servants to walk in with several food carts. While she helped herself to a glass of water and half a sandwich, Birdie made a complete glutton of himself as he ate through a foot-long sandwich in a matter seconds. Tossing aside the licked clean plate, he let out a rude burp before moving onto his next course.

“How are you able to do that?” Karin asked, unable to hide her curious gaze.

“Takes a lot of food to keep this body going,” he replied, giving his belly a slap before swallowing a doughnut whole.

“I may not follow the same regimen, but I will say I am impressed by the results. Loss of maneuverability aside, your abundant mass makes you my perfect training partner. Most of the bodyguards that volunteered to spar with me would have given up by now.” Putting her fingers to her chin, she lowered her head in thought. “Given the proper training to deal with the extra mass a fighter could perhaps-”

A gnarly burp from Birdie interrupted Karin’s studios mood. “Pardon me miss,” Birdie said, clutching onto his half-finished cheeseburger as if his life depended on it.

“Apology accepted, IF you agree to help me with something.”

“Awww come on. I already spar with you on a daily basis. I don’t think I could take much more of it without you sending me to the infirmary.”

“No, our current arrangement will suffice,” she said, sitting down next to him. “I would like you to show me your training methods.”

Birdie finished his burger and raised his eyebrow at her. “Beg your pardon?”

“I want to try your way of fighting. There is quite a lot of potential in combining the Kanzuki family techniques alongside your considerable girth.”

“I dunno,” he replied, scratching his beard. “Little lady like you might not be able to take it. Not to mention, I don’t think you’d agree with side effects. They can really-“

Karin held up her hand. “Agree to this and I will consider increasing your food budget in exchange for decreasing our training time.”

Birdie took on a wide grin. “I think we have a deal. When do you want to start?”

“Now seems about right,” Karin answered, sliding away the plate of hot wings from in front of Birdie and pulling it over to herself. “Apologies, but I’m going to need to bulk up as much as I can.”

The look of disappointment on Birdie’s face was overcome with a smirk. “We’ll see about that.”

Birdie dug back into his food, constantly looking back to watch Karin eat. He let out a mocking huff between bites as he watched her daintily chew on the fried meat. By the time he got through most of the feast, she had barely managed to finish off her plate. Stopping to wipe a few stray drops of sauce from her lips, she paused to massage her overstuffed belly. Prodding her newly grown food baby brought forth a small burp she was too slow to stifle.

“Excuse me,” she said, wiping off a stray drop of sauce.

Birdie shook his head. “If you’re going to be practicing my style, you’re going to have to do better than that. Give me another one and actually try this time.”

“A bit uncouth, but very well.” Karin followed her teacher’s advice and let her fingers tap along her stomach. Opening her mouth wide, she let loose with a much louder burp that earned an approving nod from Birdie. “How was that?”

“You might just make it yet,” he commented, reaching down for the last plate of food only for Karin to pull it away.

“Sorry, but I’m going to BWOOOORP need all the food I can get,” she said, helping herself to the plate of miniature sausages. “Let me finish this plate and we’ll go for another round. No objections I assume?”

Birdie opened his mouth to protest only to recall who was the one that bought all of his meals. “Yeah, just take it easy this time all right?”

“I’ll do my best, but make no promises” she said, popping another meaty morsel in her mouth.

Karin paced around her dressing room, contemplating if her month worth of copying Birdie’s training style had been worth the high cost to her body. Standing in front of her full-length mirror, her eyes were immediately drawn towards her prominent potbelly. The round sphere of fat was present even before she ate anything, a constant nuisance whenever she tried to fit into her clothes. Not seeing fit to keep her added growth to her waistline, more fat had been packed onto her breasts to further strain her favorite jacket. Reaching back to pull her skirt down over the extra pudge of her rear, she began to doubt her own theories.

Her pondering came to halt as she glanced at the time. Doing the bare basics to make herself look presentable, she hurried out of her room towards the training area. Once there, she found an impatient Birdie doing his best to keep himself from indulging in the several food carts that were placed along the wall.

“About time,” he said, tapping his foot. “It’s not right to stand up a bloke like that. Especially, when he’s this hungry.”

“I do apologize,” she said, giving a slight bow. “The extra mass of your training seems to be slowing me down lately. I’ll have to rectify that in the future.”

“Bloody hell, if you’re struggling with just that puny thing, you’d better stop now,” he said, pointing an accusatory finger at her gut.

Karin pushed away his finger and approached the food carts. “You should know by now that the Kanzuki family isn’t known for giving up so easily.”

“Hey, don’t start without me!” Birdie shouted, running up to take his share while he could.

Lifting the cover off of the first platter, Karin helped herself to a plate of meatballs. Despite her rising hunger, she still maintained her usual etiquette of picking at her plate with a fork. Finishing the meal, she dabbed a napkin across her face to wipe off the lingering sauce and stifle a small burp. She paused as he realized that Birdie had already gone through three times the amount of food in the same amount of time. Remembering how he had suggested that the only thing that mattered was stuffing yourself as much as possible, she knew what she had to do.

Leaving her napkin and utensils by the wayside, Karin dived right into a plate of greasy chicken. Sinking her teeth into the tender meat made grease spill down her chin and tarnish her jacket. Not satisfied with devouring three chicken legs, her fingers began shoveling in handfuls

of chili cheese fries that added further stains to her outfit and face. Finishing off a platter of one dozen cupcakes, she washed it all down with a can of cheap beer. Chugging the ale in a matter of seconds, she slammed it back on the tray and let out a boisterous burp.

“Impressive,” Birdie said, giving her a small clap.

“Thank you. Now hurry up with your food so we can start our first match.”

Birdie raised his eyebrow. “I would, but you ate everything else.”

Karin scanned the food tray and gradually recalled how she had stuffed herself. Merely poking at her further distended belly popped off a button that went sailing right into Birdie’s forehead. “Apologies, I didn’t realize how much this training would UUURP increase my appetite,” she said, wiping a few stray crumbs off her chest. “In any case, we’re both done eating so it’s time to spar.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Birdie said, rubbing his head as he got into position on the mat.

At the ring of the bell, Birdie made the first attack with a charging head butt. Weighed down by her recent meal, Karin’s usually eloquent footwork had her catch a glancing blow to her elbow. Motivated by getting the first hit, Birdie threw caution to the wind and went for a sweeping kick.

Even in her less than favorable state, Karin leapt into the air just as the kick was about to connect. She landed on the opposite side, only barely keeping herself upright as her feet hit the floor. The landing made her overstuffed gut bounce against her inner thighs, popping off more of her jacket’s buttons and sending an unruly bubble further down her digestive tract. A rancid fart blasted out of her rear, lifting up her skirt and gassing Birdie in the process.

“What in the hell?” Birdie asked, crawling away as fast as possible with his hand over his mouth. “You could kill someone with that.”

“I suppose my UUURP food hadn’t fully finished digesting,” Karin commented, scratching the beginning of her second chin. “Regardless, I’m not done sparring. Get up and we can proceed with-“

Karin was interrupted by her own belly finally breaking free from her jacket. Reaching down to catch her pudgy gut accidentally burst apart what remained of her jacket to allow her breasts to bulge out. Left with only an undersized, C-cup bra to keep her upper half decent, Karin let a puff of gas raise her skirt again as she surveyed her undignified state.

“On second thought, we’ll put a hold on the rematch,” she said, shuffling off down the hall. “We will reconvene after I find myself a suitable replacement for my clothes.” She paused as an ominous rumbling noise echoed from her intestines. “And perhaps after I air out a bit,” she added, running as fast as she could towards her room.

Birdie sat out in the gardens, snacking on a plate of finger sandwiches. It was one of the few places at the estate where he could eat in peace without being bothered by anyone. As he savored his handful of bread and meat, he couldn’t help thinking about the sudden change of the household’s atmosphere ever since Karin got serious with her training. The servants were starting to worry, both about her fighting ability and the overall image she presented for her family. For Birdie, he was just concerned that she would be taking up more of his food budget.

“Mr. Birdie,” Shibasaki said, the black suit clad butler seemingly appearing out of nowhere.

Nearly choking on his food, Birdie beat his chest a few times before turning towards Karin’s dependable steward. “Can’t a bloke eat in peace?”

“Your presence is requested by Ms. Kanzuki in the training area.”

“Ah hell, she wants to fight again? Can’t it wait until the place has aired out a bit?”

Shibasaki adjusted his glasses. “Are you denying Ms. Kanzuki’s request? If so, you will be forced out of-“

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” Birdie replied, getting up from the bench. “Just make sure there’s some food waiting in my room when this is over.”

“There is already food ready for you in the training room.”

“I know what I said,” Birdie grumbled, stomping off into the house.

Arriving at the entrance to the training room, Birdie steeled his nerves and opened up the door. He immediately regretted his decision as a wave of foul air came pouring out. Clenching his nose, he shuffled into the room. Taking a glance over at the empty food carts to confirm his suspicions, he continued forward to answer Karin’s call.

Having outgrown all of her usual outfits and still waiting for the appropriate attire to be made, Karin had to settle for walking around the estate in a white t-shirt and sweat pants. The t-shirt had been taken from Birdie’s own wardrobe, but it still barely contained her bulbous, beer belly as she pressed up against the food cart. Sinking her teeth into a burrito allowed a glob of meat and cheese to roll down her three chins and sink between the cleavage of her E-cup breasts. Stopping to wipe the mess off her chest, she gathered up the fallen food with her pudgy fingers and proceeded to lick her hand clean.

Finishing the last of the burritos, she flung back her hair, the grease clinging to the once silky strands gleaming under the overhead lights. Rubbing her hand along the part of her belly that peeked out from beneath her shirt, she let out several belches to relieve some of her indigestion. Hearing another rumbling noise, she leaned over to point her cushy rear in Birdie’s

direction. She only realized he was there when his cries for mercy pierced through the echoing PHHHHRRRRRRRTTT of her noxious fart.

“Sorry, I UUUURRP didn’t see you there,” Karin said, waddling towards Birdie. “Are you ready to begin?”

“Begin what? By the smell of it, you’ve already ended something awful,” Birdie said, gasping for fresh air.

“Oh please, this is nothing,” she said, folding her pudgy arms together. “If anything, this is weak compared to what I did after breakfast this morning.”

“Yeah, I think I saw the wait staff running out the front gate. Made me think there was a fire considering how fast they booked it.”

Karin’s usual look of smugness faltered a bit. “It was wrong of them to abandon me, but it is understandable. Once I’ve fully mastered this new body, I’ll try to make the necessary adjustments to make it more accommodating to the people who work here.”

“Still can’t believe you’re willing to keep going with this. You’re almost as big as me and smell like someone threw rotting skunk corpses into a dumpster.”

Glaring at Birdie, she shut him down with another squeaky fart. “After coming this far, I’m not about to give up now.” Waddling towards the middle of the mat she attempted to take her usual battle stance. “Now, on your guard.”

“Alright, just don’t be gassing me to win,” Birdie replied, reluctantly making his way to the battle area.

The sound of the bell made Birdie throw up his chains in anticipation of an attack. He waited, but Karin remained still. Cautiously lowering his chains, he began shuffling towards her

in an attempt to figure out what she was trying to do. Her steadfast, confident smile remained even as he drew closer.

“Hey, what’s your deal?” Birdie asked, remaining an arm’s length away. “Thought you said you wanted to fight.”

“I do,” she replied, holding her position. “However, I wanted to be polite and give you the first hit.” Dropping her guard, Karin held her arms to her side and pushed her belly out. “Go ahead, give me your strongest attack.”

Perhaps a bit too willing to get some payback for multiple beat downs, stolen meals, and unpleasant gas bombs, Birdie smirked. Backing up to the wall, he came charging at Karin with his fist raised. By instinct he targeted the largest part of her body, the gluttonous belly that slipped further out of Karin’s shirt with each passing second. He realized his mistake a little too late as his knuckles hit her belly button dead center.

Karin was pushed back by the impact, but was unharmed. Her body became subject to wild jiggling, but that was the least of the damage done. The powerful punch had disrupted her overstuffed belly and the horrible digestive tract that had become the bane of Birdie’s existence. Gas bubbles came rolling out of both ends, forcing her mouth open and her sweat pants to tear asunder. The belch that sprung from her lips was loud enough to echo across the estate, bathing the room in the leftover smell of garlic and funky cheese. The reverberations of her prolonged fart undid the rest of her sweat pants, letting the noxious fumes billow out from her anus unhindered.

Birdie stood no chance as he stumbled away from ground zero. Clenching his hands around his face, he toppled to the floor as he desperately attempted to escape the foul air. As he struggled to survive in the fog of Karin’s gas, he could see through tear-soaked eyes that she

wasn't holding anything back. His sorry state did little to dissuade her from adding to his suffering with more deep belches and sputtering farts. It took several minutes before the last of her gas petered out with a final puff of gas to destroy her pants and leave her belly the only thing covering her groin.

"My BWOORRP my, even more impressive than expected," Karin commented as she massaged her queasy stomach. "Not only did your punch do nothing to me, the counterattack was simply divine."

"Smells more like hell to me!" Birdie shouted, accidentally getting a fresh mouthful of her rancid air.

"I think I'm finally seeing how to make this work," Karin pondered, poking her belly to force out another puff of gas. Adopting the same fighting stance, she once again presented her gut as a prime target. "On your feet. I am at the cusp of perfecting my new fighting style."

Hurrying to meet his master's will, Shibasaki made his way to the front gates. Putting in the code, he watched the gates slowly push aside to allow Sakura entrance to the grounds. With a red headband around her short brown hair, a dark blue vest, and long-sleeve white shirt, she couldn't help feeling more out of place than usual as she was led through the grounds and glanced at the servants maintaining the estate.

"Ms. Kanzuki is most elated to have you join her today," Shibasaki stated as he led her through the gardens. "She has been hard at work these past few months developing a new fighting style that is sure to bring the Kanzuki family's martial arts prestige to greater heights."

"That's great and all, but I'm just here to check on her," Sakura said. "She sounded really different over the phone. It was like she was stuffing her face while she spoke."

Shibasaki let out a heavy sigh that carried with it a wave of unspoken worries. “You’ll understand more once you meet her.”

Sakura shrugged as she continued to follow Shibasaki. Her attention wavered from the path as she heard the sound of loud chewing coming from behind a hedge. Sneaking around the corner, she peeked her head out to see Birdie sitting in the grass munching on a box of doughnuts.

“What are you doing here?”

Birdie jumped into a standing position, dropping his precious box of doughnuts along the grass. “I’m sorry miss. I was going to share, but...” His fearful look dissipated as he realized who was staring at him. “Who the hell are you?”

“Me? Who are you? Last time I checked, Karin didn’t hire goons.”

“Well ain’t that rude?” he asked as he wiped his nose with the back of his hand. “As a matter of fact, the miss has me on the payroll to be her personal trainer. I earn my keep through hard work and my share of bruises.”

“Oh, so you’re a training dummy,” she said.

“You trying to start a fight or something?” he asked, twirling around one of his chains.

“Not at all. If you can get through a match with Karin, you’re pretty impressive. I should know after we’ve fought each other so many times.”

Birdie lowered his chain. “Wait, are you’re here to fight her?”

“Best I can tell,” she replied with a shrug.

Dropping his chain, Birdie ran up and embraced Sakura in a hug. “Thank you, thank you!” he proclaimed, squeezing hard enough to show his appreciation. “That’s one less day I have to deal with that crazy-“

“Watch your tongue,” Shibasaki said, walking around the hedge. “Release our guest. She is due for an appointment with Ms. Kanzuki.”

“Heh, her funeral,” Birdie replied, abruptly dropping Sakura to the ground. “Word of advice, make sure you stay away from her backside. Been knocked unconscious several times from her ripping nasty-“

“That is enough,” Shibasaki said, silencing him with a glare. “Ms. Kasugano, if you will follow me.”

“Sure thing,” Sakura replied, unable to shake her feelings of unease as she watched Birdie pick up his fallen doughnuts.

Walking the halls of the Kanzuki estate, Sakura could sense the numerous changes that had occurred since her last visit. The servants had gas masks hanging from around their necks, their fingers twitching towards them at the slightest creak or groaning noise. Passing by the kitchen she noticed the chefs hard at work preparing enough food to feed a massive dinner party. Parsing what she could from the conversation, she was surprised to hear the head chef worrying that it wouldn’t be enough to last through the night.

“Ms. Kanzuki is inside here,” Shibasaki announced, stepping aside and gesturing towards the training room.

“Wait, aren’t you coming in with me?”

“I’m afraid not. The training room is a bit...harsh for those of us with weak stomachs. If you need my assistance, merely knock on the door and I will answer your demands as best I can.”

“If you say so,” Sakura replied, hesitantly sliding open the door and stepping inside.

The once spacious training area now played host to a collection of food platters, most of which had already been scraped clean of their contents. Sakura's attempt to survey the room further was hindered by an aroma similar to a rotting trash heap rushing through her nostrils and down her throat. Stumbling into the room, she could feel the temperature rise several degrees as Shibasaki closed the door behind her. As she opened her mouth to ask why the butler would seal her in, she was silenced by what sounded like a thunder clap. Powering through the awful air that burned her tongue, she managed to find Karin seated in a corner.

Karin was spread out on a couch, taking up the entirety of the two cushions with her wide rear. Grease trickled down her chins as she stripped what meat was left from a chicken leg, the drippings seeping down her chest to lodge themselves between her massive, beach ball-like breasts. Reaching a pudgy hand between her boobs to pick out a stray morsel of meat, she threatened to tear off the custom-made, red jacket that was tightly wrapped around her upper torso. Finding her lost bite, she popped it in her mouth and let out a satisfied belch. Upon hearing Sakura cough at the smell of the rancid burp, Karin stretched a wide smile across her chubby face and flung back her mop of frazzled, grease-laden hair.

Grasping the couch, Karin let out a huff as she strained her muscles to lift herself up. Managing to wobble to her feet, she swayed back and forth to retain her balance. She managed to remain standing at the cost of ripping more holes in the stockings covering her bulging legs and further straining the pleated, red skirt covering her lower half. Waddling her way up to Sakura, she showed no shame for leaving her medicine ball-sized belly free to jostle about. The doubled-over stomach was an incredible mass of fat rolls and cellulite that took on the monumental task of storing the shameful socialite's deluge of constant feasting.

“So glad you could BWOOOOOOOOOOORRP stop by Sakura,” Karin belched, the peak of her gut nearly bouncing against Sakura as she loomed over her longtime rival.

“Karin...what happened to you?” Sakura asked, lifting her vest up to her face in an attempt to protect herself from the smell.

“Do you like it?” Karin asked, doing a twirl to properly show off her obese form. “What you see before you is the UUUURP result of months of intense training.”

“For a hotdog eating contest?” Sakura asked, only half-joking.

Karin let out a small laugh that jostled her fat rolls. “I can understand why you’re apprehensive. True, I had my BWOOORRP doubts when I first started, but I assure you that the efforts are more than worth it.”

“No offense, but I don’t think there’s any amount of fighting prowess that can make up for being this big or...fragrant.”

“Ohohohohohohoho,” Karin laughed, bringing her meaty hand up to her cheek in an imitation of her infamous pose. The effects were lessened by an errant fart escaping from her rear to shake the hem of her skirt and add another toxic cloud to the enclosed space. “Very well, then I suppose that the only way to prove it is through battle. What do you say?”

“Fine,” Sakura said, taking up her battle stance. “But if I win, you have to stop this insane training regimen and go back to your old self. Deal?”

“I accept your wager,” Karin replied, stomping her feet into the ground. “I’ll let you have the first go. Give me your best shot.”

Not eager to get close to Karin’s aura of body odor, Sakura pulled back her hands to charge a hadoken. Sure that Karin would be unable to dodge with her fatty body, Sakura took

aim and let loose with a fire ball aimed directly at her bare belly. The hadoken hit its mark, but the energy quickly dissipated across the deep belly button without a scratch.

“Is that the BWOOOORP best you can do?” Karin asked, grabbing her flab to stop it from shaking. “I know you’re better than this.”

Spurred into action by Karin’s words and a desire to get her friend back to normal, Sakura threw caution to the wind and went at Karin with everything she had. Circling around the motionless woman, she threw out punches and kicks at various angles with everything she had. Each impact pushed Sakura back further without doing any damage to Karin. Even slapping Karin’s abundant ass fat with a whirlwind of kicks from a shunpukyaku only succeeded in making her butt cheeks wobble and pushing out a reverberating fart.

Frustration rising, Sakura put all of her strength into a final attack. Running up to Karin’s prominent gut, she let out a primal yell as she performed a shouoken. Her fist bounced up against Karin’s flab as she leapt into the air. Realizing too late that her attack had been useless, Sakura heard an unsettling gurgle from below.

The moment Sakura landed back on her feet, Karin pulled her in close and smothered her face between her cleavage. Gas came spewing out from both ends of Karin, surrounding them in a toxic miasma. Just as Sakura felt like she was about to pass out, Karin released her grasp and sent her falling to the floor with a belly bump.

“What do you BWOOOOOORP think now?” Karin asked, looming over her fallen combatant.

“It was certainly *cough* effective,” she conceded. “Either I’ve grown a lot weaker or you might have a point with your training method.”

“Then how about we make an arrangement?” Karin asked, holding out a hand and helping Sakura back to her feet. “I could always use another training partner and I think you’re the perfect pupil for my newly developed fighting method.”

“Well you did whoop my butt pretty good,” Sakura admitted. “I guess giving it a shot wouldn’t hurt. At least for a little while.”

“Excellent. Shibasaki!”

“Yes Ms. Kanzuki,” he replied from the safety of the hallway outside.

“Double the portions for my second lunch.” Putting her arm around Sakura, she hugged her close, paying little mind to the disgusted expression on her rival’s face. “We have a lot of work ahead of us and I want to ensure my new pupil is given the proper nutrition.”