

Parznip the Super Sized Super Saiyan Part 2

By Haxcall

(Story is based around Dragon Ball Online. All characters are 18+)

It had been over a year since Parznip, a 300 pound Saiyan descendant, first went Super Saiyan during an angry fit at restaurant staff for messing up her order and bringing her food that would give her bad indigestion right before a big tournament expo. When she showed off her new transformation at the expo, the crowds went wild for her ability to go 'blonde.' In her transformed state, defeating her opponents became a trivial task as her enhanced speed and resilience meant that she could dodge all attacks that came her way or just stand there and let her opponents hit her with their strongest attacks and be taken aback as she didn't even flinch from them. Conversely, her own attacks were unstoppable. One punch from her chubby fist could knock an opponent out clean and one bump of her belly could send them flying out of the ring at high speeds.

She spent so little time in the ring that her indigestion from the bad meal didn't publicly become an issue. Instead, it only became a problem for her fellow participants as they waited for their matches in the locker room backstage. Foul gas flowed loudly between her wobbling cheeks and with each expulsion she had a widening grin on her face, as if daring her hesitant competitors to say something about it. None of them could work up the courage to complain about the golden and all of them eventually retreated into the hallway for the night.

In the end, Parznip won the tournament without ever even trying. In the aftermath of her victory she was approached by dozens of companies and agencies looking to sign her. In their eyes, she was on a path to become the next Hercule, although her rivals and critics would snidely imply she was becoming the next Bacterian, though never to her face. Within just a few months, Parznip found her face on the countless posters, billboards, toys and all other sorts of merch and adverts.

Thanks to this, Parznip now had more cash than she knew what to do with. She ate mountains of food for every meal and bought her own personal gym so she could strength train without any prying eyes or heckling majins. She all hired her Namekian friend Kotos as her official tailor and showered him in cash and sparkling water. The humble Namekian had little need for the money but his love of carbonated water wreaked havok on his alien biology, causing him to plump out until he was nearly as big as his friend. In exchange for this preferential treatment, he supplied Parznip with new outfits whenever she desired.

Having gotten over her initial inhibitions on the tight suit she had to wear at the expo, she discovered that she had become something of a body positive icon, with plus sized people around the world buying her merch in droves. She also discovered that there was a large audience of chubby chasing weirdos who would drool over every photo and video frame of her. To take advantage of this financial opportunity, she ordered Kotos to make her new outfits as form fitting and revealing as possible. Her new battle armor was even more skimpy than the last, with her breastplate now designed to be more bra-like in order to show off her heavy cleavage better and the jumpsuit underneath was now more like a one piece swimsuit, her massive ass now

swallowing the bottom half and shamelessly nearly bare for all to see. This had the intended effect, as her merchandise sales and licensing increased seven fold.

In between her fights and publicity events, Parznip would regularly visit the local Hercule Haus, the restaurant where her powers were first unleashed. This was both a blessing and a curse for the establishment. On one hand, the presence of a rising star like Parznip attracted a lot of customers to whatever businesses she frequented. On the other hand, Parznip was very petty and she regularly tormented the staff by ordering the Chun Special with extra cheese, the wrong order that had originally enraged her enough to unlock her transformation. Eating the huge, cheddar-filled meal caused her lactose intolerant digestion system to churned heavily and she would bombard the women's restroom with her stink, leaving it borderline unapproachable to anyone without a gas mask for hours.

One day, she arrived at H.H. and ordered her usual cheesy meal, which the staff dejectedly prepared for her. She devoured most of the meal in a short amount of time and waited for it to digest so she could make her 'customary' visit to the restroom. However, as she sat, she heard a commotion going on outside.

"Piss off, wolf fang bitch!" A male voice shouted.

"Hey man, I'm just trying to grab a bite." Someone else with a slight surfer accent said.

"Yeah well, you're going to have a hard time eating with a mouthful of broken teeth for thinking you're good enough to set foot in the same building as Parznip!" A third voice said.

Parznip turned around and saw what was happening. Two guys in Turtle School gi were harassing another martial artist in the parking lot. The young man's gi and fluffy hair were obvious trademarks of being of the Bandit School. Founded by famous baseball player Yamcha, the Bandit School of martial arts was the most widespread and easy to learn form of enhanced martial arts, with studios located in nearly every strip mall in the world. This also made them viewed as the least impressive form of martial arts and many other schools ostracized them as wannabe weaklings.

Parznip, however, found members of the Bandit School to be somewhat cute. Saiyans and their descendants have a tendency to be attracted to those who are strong, in personality if not in physical strength. Bandit School fighters were well known for having high opinions of themselves, even in the face of stronger opponents, something that Parznip found admirable.

"Beat it, loser before we decide to beat you into the dirt!" One of the thugs threatened.

"Well you can try if you think you're tough enough!" He said defiantly.

In the blink of an eye, one of the thugs shot a high speed punch at him. Surprisingly, the Bandit School user successfully dodged it and countered with a Wolf Fang Fist, sending him flying back. The Bandit Schooler attempted to jump away into the air to perform another move but the second thug grabbed him by one leg and slammed him into the asphalt. He began to curbstomp him into the concrete, soon joined by his dazed comrade. The poor Bandit schooler was tougher than he looked but his resilience was swiftly pushed to its limits. The two thugs were about to cause him serious physical harm when suddenly a golden glow shined from behind them and they

felt a nearly crushing amount of power approaching. They turned to see that it was Parznip, fully transformed and with a displeased look on her face.

“What exactly are you doing?” She asked sternly.

“Oh, Parznip! It’s you!” One of them said in a fanboyish squeal. “We’re just making sure this poser trash knows his place.”

“Oh really, because I see two pieces of trash here and he isn’t one of them!”

With near instantaneous speed, Parznip flew at one of the thugs belly first and sent them flying over the horizon. With equal quickness, she jumped backward and buttslammed the other into the ground, leaving him in two deep and wide indents in the concrete where her ass had landed, but she wasn’t done with him yet. She had come up with a new attack and this was the perfect opportunity to test it.

“Wait... please... Let’s talk about this...” The thug coughed out, only for Parznip to squat down over him. A ball of dark green energy formed between her cheeks and her belly rumbled like an earthquake.

“Gassy Glasser!” He shouted dramatically.

The powerful energy blast was accompanied by a fart that echoed across the entire city. For nearly ten seconds, the entire parking lot was surrounded by a near blinding emerald light. When it was over, the thug was unconscious in a crater, engulfed in a stench that would cling to him for months. As people began to gather in the parking to see what happened, Parznip approached the Bandit schooler, who was stumbling to his feet, bruised but not injured.

“Are you okay?” She asked

“Yeah. Thanks for the help. Of course, I was about to pull off my big counterattack. I had those two right where I wanted them.” He blustered.

Parznip laughed gently before continuing.

“What’s your name?” She asked

“Herbcha. I don’t know how I can repay someone like you for your assistance.”

He remarked

Parznip nonchalantly picked him up over her shoulder and flew off with him.

“There is one way I can think of...” She replied.

Later that night, back at Parznip’s house, the sound of slamming and grunting could be heard throughout the entire neighborhood. Still in her Super Saiyan form, a nude Parznip bumped and grinded on top of Herbcha’s manhood. The force of her lovemaking would have long since shattered the bed frame had it not been reinforced with Katchin, the strongest metal in the universe. Herbcha had already blown his load over ten minutes ago but Parznip kept at her aggressive humping, with gratuitous belches and farts as the cheesy Chun Special still churned within her. Eventually her body stiffened and shuddered in the throes of release and she let out a roar of sexual ecstasy, inadvertently powering up so much that all the objects around them went flying.

After that, Parznip immediately passed out and fell asleep, Herbcha stuck against her massive girth and iron cuddling grip. It wasn’t until nearly noon the next day that the plus sized warrior groggily woke up and he was able to excuse himself and go to work. He was confused and conflicted over what had just happened. He ultimately found the experience to be enjoyable but chose not to dwell on it. Parznip was a famous martial artist and this was likely just a fling she would quickly forget. He would boast to his

friends about last night, of course, but he wouldn't become obsessed with her like some pathetic fanboy. He went down to the local studio dojo where he ran his own Bandit School and got it ready for when his students arrived after the school day had ended.

However, as he got prepared to start the day, he suddenly received a large amount of photo texts from an unfamiliar number. He opened it to find an attachment of photos containing many selfies of familiar looking sweaty boobs, stretch marked buttocks too big to fully photographed and a moist, unshaven groin with glowing yellow hair. The attachment came with a message:

“Tonight at 8. I'm taking you out to eat dinner and you can pay me back by eating me.”

Herbcha froze as he read the message and his face grew beet red. A famous, ultra strong fighting champion had decided to make him her boy toy and he was filled with panic and aroused interest in equal measure.

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