

## Lucy's Lethargic Lotion

Lucy didn't quite remember the details of when or how she had come across the pink-colored bottle. Brushing back her chest-length blonde hair, she stared at the label with her brown eyes to discern its purpose. The packaging claimed that the lotion inside would cure any stomach woes and aid in digestion. On the surface, the bottle seemed to be an excellent reward for digging into the very back of her closet. However, she was wary considering the substance was approximately seven years out of date.

Holding the bottle up to the light in her bathroom gave herself a moment to consider what she was about to do. One of the few things she recalled about the lotion was that it had quite the hefty price tag. Then again, she wasn't sure what the aging process would do to a magic elixir. At the end of her mental battle, what got her to pop open the bottle and slather the pink liquid onto her skin was a dire need to make the most of it before it degraded any further.

Properly rubbing the mixture across every inch of her body from her buxom chest, skinny waist, and curvy rear, she failed to notice any immediate side effects. Holding the bottle up to her face once more, she read over how the serum required her to fully submerge herself in water. Already too deep in to back out now, she slipped into her recently filled bathtub and let her head dive below the surface.

Breaching the water with a satisfied gasp, she pushed her dripping locks back. Leaning against the side of the tub, she watched and waited for some sign of the lotion to take effect. For a few minutes she just sat there, feeling like a crab about to boil as she simmered in the warm waters. Though the feeling was pleasant it did little to dismiss the thought she had wasted her money on a fake potion.

Lucy's interest piqued as she felt a rumbling sensation in her belly. Sliding her hand across her waist, she tried to figure out what the strange pressure building up inside of her was. She got her answer as a gas bubble rolled up her throat to force out a burp.

Shifting in the water to get away from the lingering stench of the belch, she once more felt her belly turn and twist. Pressing herself up against the opposite side of the tub was what finally set it off. A small puff of gas escaped from between her ass cheeks to bubble up to the surface. The errant fart cloud preluded several others that congealed together into a singular, big bubble atop the water. All it took was a single prod to free the gas cloud to allow the sound and smell to fill the room to disgust her.

Deeming the lotion as little more than a way to cause indigestion, Lucy climbed out of the tub and grabbed a pink towel. Wincing as a few more puffs escaped her rear, she contemplated how stupid she was to let herself slather herself in a mysterious lotion as she toweled herself off. Drying off her hair and let it hang over her back, she told herself she would be fine once the gas passed through her system. At the moment, what she was more concerned about was dealing with a strange hunger afflicting her stomach.

Walking through her home with the towel tightly wrapped around her body, she pondered what she would want to eat. Making her way into the kitchen, she looked around until her eyes locked onto her pantry. Licking her lips in anticipation of the bevy of cookies and chips she kept in stock for emergencies, she opened up the doors and immediately her expression faltered.

The once delectable treats carried with them a horrendous odor that far outshone Lucy's earlier gas. Daring to rip open one of the cookie containers, she was met by a green coloring that looked anything but edible. Tearing into one package after another came with the same results, with various hues and aromas that made it clear that everything had been seemingly left to rot for

years. Turning her head away from the mess before it overwhelmed her, she brought her attention towards the fridge in the hopes of finding something fresher for her stomach.

Popping open the door unleashed yet another gust of foul air into the room. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she looked through the various shelves to see a similar plague of rot and decay had taken over her food. Even the items she had bought the day before were afflicted by the supernatural corruption.

Clenching her nose between her fingers, Lucy tried to think what might have caused the sudden and drastic degradation. Her concentration was broken as a loud belch parted her lips to add its own stench to the miasma of awful smells. As she tried to wave away the foul air, more gas leaked out of her rear to ruffle the edge of her towel. This combination of rude expulsions finally made it click that the lotion might have had something to do with the mass rot. Simply put, she had been cursed and she wasn't about to let it progress any further.

Determined as she was, the same message didn't translate to her ravenous stomach. Though she tried to get away from the fridge, hunger pangs kept her in reach of any source of sustenance no matter how unappetizing. Begrudgingly turning back towards the collection of spoiled foods, she carefully picked through the mess in the hopes of finding anything remotely edible. Having to settle for a chunk of cheese with only a little mold hanging off of the side, she closed her eyes, pinched her nose, and took a bite.

Going against all logic, the taste that spread across Lucy's tongue was like pure ambrosia. The moldy piece of cheese brought more pleasure to her taste buds than even a well-prepared meal at the guild hall. Using this to her advantage, she scarfed down the rest of the rotten food before her own common sense could catch up to her. Trying not to think about what she was doing let her finish off the cheese with nary a single crumb left behind.

The strange sense of satisfaction Lucy got as she swallowed the last chunk of cheese was undone as she once more felt gas bubbles go wild inside of her. Though she tried to hold back the building pressure, it only delayed the resulting BWOOOOOOOORRRP forcing itself out of her mouth by a few seconds. A similar losing battle was fought in her lower intestines, her self-control at most making the resulting gas come out in a prolonged, high-pitched squeak rather than thunderous eruption. With her own noxious fumes swirling around her in unison with the other rotten odors, she had hoped it would be enough to stem her appetite. However, she still heard her stomach yearn for more.

Letting out a sigh of frustration, Lucy once more looked through her fridge for something to sate her hunger. With the cheese out of the equation, her standards for delectable dishes began to waiver. She started grabbing any piece of food that somewhat resembled its original color, hoping that it wouldn't poison her in the process. Gathering up a small platter of the salvageable food, she set it before her on the table and closed her eyes.

She grasped at anything her hand brushed against, not wanting to actually see what she was putting in her body. Again she was faced with a similar phenomenon of each rotten piece of food bursting with exquisite flavor. The taste still didn't detract from the awful aroma that wafted into her nose, nor the continued distress of her digestive tract. Too busy focusing on releasing the pressure through small, controlled releases, it came as a complete surprise to her when she reached out only to feel nothing on the table.

Opening her eyes once more, Lucy was shocked that she had managed to eat everything. Tilting her gaze towards her own body showed off a small splattering of leftover crumbs besmirching her towel. Adjusting the covering inevitably brought her attention to a round sphere taking up her once skinny mid-section. Poking at the potbelly proved its authenticity, alongside

forcing out another burp. The belch let a stray drop of drool fall from her lips, splattering onto her cleavage and making her aware of the extra heft that had been layered across her breasts. As she scrambled in her seat to wipe herself clean, she paused as a thunderous fart came spurting out to alert her of the added padding that had formed around her rear as a consequence of her less than wise meal.

Surer than ever that continuing to indulge her strange desires would worsen her condition, Lucy turned away from the aftermath of her disgusting feast and tried to leave the kitchen. She only managed to get a single foot out of the door before she was stopped by another deep growl emanating from her bottomless stomach. Chewing on her lip to try and suppress the urges, she massaged her swollen belly to get it to calm down. Though she was adamant in stopping any further corruption, the same message wasn't heard by the rest of her body.

Taking another step forward, Lucy's body moved on its own accord to bring her back into the kitchen. Though she tried to resist, it felt as if the various gas bubbles building inside of her were controlling her. Unable to stop herself from returning to the fridge, there was little hope of preventing the unthinkable from happening.

Unhindered by things such as logical thinking, Lucy's fingers got to work grabbing everything and anything in the fridge. It didn't matter the color or odor; her body deemed the rotten meals as the perfect thing to sate her hunger. Her lips opened up by themselves to allow a jug of chunky, spoiled milk to chug down her throat. Once more the silver lining to the disgusting act was an amazing flavor, but that wasn't enough for her to justify being controlled by the curse, nor what her feasting was doing to her body.

Each morsel of rancid food further distorted her figure with added weight. Thanks to the help of a moldy cake, the taut potbelly around her mid-section developed into a doughy gut that

pushed open her towel to hang between her legs and show off her deepening belly button. The part of the towel covering her torso did very little to stop her chest from further engorging, the fabric hiding less and less of her melon-sized breasts as she was forced to guzzle down murky looking soup. Through the plumping up of her limbs and the thickening of her thighs, her attention was inevitably drawn to the vibrations taking over her widening rear just as she finished off a collection of slime covered ham slices.

Lucy's meaty backside used its newly acquired heft to slap out one rumbling fart after another. The tremors that riddled her blubber with each release proved more than enough to unravel the towel and leave her chubby body completely nude. At some point, the various BRRRRAAAAPPPPPPS that came out of her rear surpassed the stench of the things that got shoved down her gullet. She had a chance to compare the two smells as a particularly loud BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPP belched out to let her re-taste the various meals still lingering in her stomach. Becoming light headed from the awful odors, she managed to turn her thick neck to the side and realized something else was growing. Each release of a burp or fart coincided with a jostle of her hair, the strands creeping like vines across her expanding back flab in an effort to make her look like a complete slob.

Estimating that she was nearing over 300 pounds in weight, Lucy put her mind to work trying to figure out what to do as she was guided like a puppet over to the pantry. Any attempts to stop herself from swallowing up moldy bread and snack cakes were met with similarly futile results. Unable to fully prevent her cursed chub from directing her actions, she at least tried to direct her hunger towards something that could help.

Focusing her mind, she tried to remind her body of the stash of chocolates she had left in her bedroom. Appealing to her raging sweet tooth worked in convincing her bulky legs to begin

waddling towards the treasure trove. Grimacing as every other heavy stomp was accompanied by a loud fart, she managed to survive the bombardment of noxious fumes all the way to her room.

Spotting the box on the nightstand, her body stampeded towards it with vicious intent. Ripping open the cover revealed that the chocolates were just as disgusting looking as the rest of the stuff in her kitchen. The rotten morsels were the perfect thing to keep her body distracted as her eyes focused on the nearby bookcase and a tome Levy had gifted her. Leaving one hand to stuff strangely colored chocolates into her mouth, she forced her unused, sausage-like fingers to grasp the book and tuck it beneath her arm.

No sooner did Lucy manage to acquire the book did her body finish off the last of the chocolates. Forcing out another burp to cap off her meal, the curse swiveled her blubbery mass around to make the return trip to the kitchen. Actually thankful for her glacial pace, she was able to control her hands long enough to get them to skim through the pages. Stretching a wide grin on her chubby face as she got to the section on reversing curses, her good mood was halted as her hand tossed the book to the kitchen floor as she once more charged towards the fridge.

As much as she tried to stop her movements, there was little she could do to prevent her further degradation. Her fate was sealed as her blubbery arms reached into the back of the fridge to pull out a collection of take out bags she had no recollection of buying. Ripping apart the paper bags revealed a plethora of grease soaked burgers and fries that were in similar states of decay. It was the perfect meal for her corrupted tummy to continue destroying her once svelte figure.

Sinking her teeth into the rancid meat let the ancient grease slip past her plump lips to dribble down her multiple chins. The streams of sauce caressed her beachball-like tits, the various droplets being sprinkled across her plump nipples as a guttural belch put a momentary

halt to her feast. Continuing to snake their way down her cleavage, the grease and grime sunk between the folds of her stomach and pooled inside of her belly button. The droplets finally hit the floor after running down the sides of her chunky thighs and grazing the edges of her cankles. No sooner did she feel her pudgy toes splash through the spill was she forced to take yet another bite.

Lucy's rabid eating habits flung some of the grease over her back. The few droplets that didn't get trapped in her back fat were instead soaked up by her oily hair. Through her panic of being unable to control her body, she had failed to notice that the greasy locks had managed to reach below her knees to brush against the ground. Her elongated hair was further sullied as a rippling fart came bursting out of her rear to flutter the strands as if they were a curtain for her massive ass.

Between her hands reaching out to load her thick arms with more servings of greasy, rotten food, Lucy managed to glance at her body and estimate that she was nearing over 500 pounds in weight. Already feeling her fingers sink into another mass of spoiled sustenance, she scrambled her brain trying to think of a way to get back to her book. Seeing the food get closer and closer to her mouth, she let out a mix of a yell and a burp as she forced her arm to toss the meal onto the floor.

Lucy's small victory did not sit well with her cursed stomach. The knowledge that the already rotten food had been further besmirched by the dirty floor did little to stop her legs from jiggling like jelly as she got down on her hands and knees. Try as she might to prevent what was about to happen, sure enough her unnatural hunger pushed her face into the spilled mess.

The wonderful flavors that graced Lucy's taste buds did little to ease the discomfort of experiencing her tongue getting slid across the ground. Her body forced her to gobble up



everything in her path, not once considering what was being pushed past her lips. Crawling around like a hungry hog, her constant chewing was accompanied with various gas expulsions from both ends and the sound of her belly dragging across the floor.

Having a moment of control as her thick neck craned up to release a deep belch, she managed to catch a glimpse at the opened up spell book. Straining her eyes to see, she managed to extract an incantation intended to purge oneself of a curse. Given mere moments to decide her fate as she finished off the floor food and turned back towards the fridge, she threw caution to the wind and managed to blurt out the magic words just before a loud BWOOOOOORRRRRPPPP echoed from her lips.

As the last of the burp died down, Lucy felt her body go temporarily numb. Gradually regaining control of her limbs, she breathed a sigh of relief that she was no longer being force fed garbage. Her momentary piece was broken as she heard a series of loud rumbling noises from her gut. Picking herself up off the ground, she leaned back and watched as her belly began to ripple. Gurling noises from within her gut drowned out any lingering hunger pangs. The small victory was almost completely undone as the churning gas turned her belly button from an innie to an outie. Already at the peak of panic, her worry only grew as an eerie, golden light began to shine from between her chunky butt cheeks. Tears began to streak down her cheeks, her fear getting the better of her as she tried to prepare herself for whatever was about to happen. Feeling the pressure build and build, she clenched her fingers around the edge of the table as the gas was finally released.

Burps and farts came spewing out of Lucy's ends with reckless abandon; no more than a few seconds passing between expulsion. Absolutely disgusted by the toxic combination of the leftover food and gas assaulting her senses, she tried in vain to clench her butthole and clamp her

mouth shut. Though her efforts proved fruitless, she kept trying to deter the gas from leaking out until she realized something was happening to her body.

Each UUUUUUUURRRRP and PHHHHRRRRRTTTT that erupted from her took with it a portion of the weight she had acquired from the fermented feast. Watching her body begin to shrink, she actively tried push out the last of the gas. The constant poking and prodding succeeded in quickening her restoration, but at the cost of awakening something inside of her.

The more Lucy squeezed and groped her hefty form, the more she began to enjoy the feeling of plush fat around her. At some point the various belches rolling up her throat gave her a sense of satisfaction at being able to retaste the strangely delectable rotten food all over again. As she neared the end of her release and a prolonged BRRRRRAAAAAPPPP came slapping out of her rear, she couldn't stop herself from letting out something similar to a moan as she reveled in her sense of relief and the aroma of her own stench.

Reduced to her old size, Lucy gradually let go of the table to stand amongst the leftover wreckage of her cursed binge session. Taking the spell book in hand, she once more made her way back to her bathroom to clean off the stench clinging to her skin. Retrieving the bottle of tainted lotion, she shook it around in her hands to feel the large amount still left inside. Though her body had been purged, there was little she could do to stop her curiosity from pondering when would it be the best time to try out being a slob on her own terms.