

Gogo Goes Slob

Alone in the lab, Honey Lemon was adorned in her white lab coat, with a pink hairband holding back her hair, as she busied herself with her latest experiment. Moving about the various beakers of strange liquids, she gracefully, stirred and mixed chemicals, an excited smile on her face the entire time. For her efforts, she was rewarded with a bottle, of smoking green goop, her eyes lighting up at the sight of weeks of hard work paying off.

Honey's moment of triumph was shortened as the door to the lab slid open for Gogo. Gogo was dressed in her typical bike pants, white shirt, and black jacket, the gloves on her hands leftover from the motorcycle ride over. Nonchalantly, walking into the lab, Gogo popped one last bubble of her gum before spitting it in the trash.

"Hey Gogo," Honey called out, keeping one eye on her mixture as she poured it into a bottle.

"Hey," Gogo replied, pulling off her gloves and taking the nearest free chair. "Where are the guys?"

"Oh, they went off on a weekend camping trip. Funny thing is, they left all their food here."

"Hope they know how to scavenge and hunt then," Gogo said. "So why didn't you go with them?"

"I was busy finishing this," Honey Lemon said, proudly, presenting the bottle.

"What is it?"

“It’s a mixture of vitamins, protein, fiber, and a few other ingredients cooked to perfection. If my notes are correct, this concoction should boost overall muscle mass, strength, and regain any vitality lost after an arduous activity.”

“So, like an energy drink?” Gogo asked, her interest in Honey’s work getting her out of the chair to examine the mystery liquid.

“Well, yes and no,” Honey replied, leaving the bottle on the table as she started cleaning up her work area. “It has the potential to greatly, increase a person’s physical prowess. If I get it right, one sip and you’ll have muscles bigger than Wasabi.”

“You don’t say,” Gogo said, picking up the bottle.

“That’s mostly guess work right now though. I still need to perform some tests. The mixture is far off from being safe for human consump-“

Honey Lemon’s eyes grew wide as she watched Gogo take a giant gulp of her concoction. Wiping a stray drop from her lips, Gogo put the bottle back on the table to address her awestruck friend. “The flavor could use a bit of work.” Holding up her hand to her mouth, Gogo stifled a burp. “It doesn’t feel great going down either.”

Pulling out a notepad, Honey started walking around Gogo, looking for any signs of change. “Are you alright? Do you feel any stronger?”

“No just UURRP a little gassy.” A low growl, emanating from Gogo’s stomach made her rub her stomach. “And a little hungry.”

Honey let a sigh of both relief and disappointment. “I guess that’s for the best. Though, to be safe, I advise you stay in the lab for monitoring.”

“That’s fine,” Gogo said, helping herself to one of the bag of chips from the group snack stash. Popping the bag open, she shoveled out a handful of chips to sate her appetite. “Let me know if I start growing a third arm or something.”

“Will do,” Honey replied, taking the bottle back to her work desk.

Taking constant glances between the bottle and Gogo munching on chips, Honey tried her best to think why her concoction hadn’t worked. Everything in her research pointed towards an increase in muscle mass, but both fortunately and unfortunately, Gogo hadn’t grown any bigger. At a loss, Honey picked up the half-empty bottle and went to store it in the fridge.

“Hey while you’re there, can you grab me a snack?” Gogo asked.

“What about your chips?”

Gogo answered by tossing the empty bag into a nearby trash can. “So what do we have? You said the guys left their food behind.”

Opening up the fridge, Honey pushed aside a few food containers to squeeze in her bottle. “Well there’s plenty to choose from, although nothing even remotely, healthy. Come over here and take a look.”

Wiping crumbs off her hands and shirt, Gogo strolled up to the fridge and peeked her head inside. Moving out of the way, Honey accidentally, brushed up against her teammate, swearing that she felt a bit of padding around Gogo’s usually, thin waist. Doing a second take, Honey watched Gogo mull over her options, a newly, pudgy stomach pressing up against her shirt. Before Honey, could get a better look, Gogo slammed the fridge door and held out a plastic container of kidney beans and rice, seasoned with a variety of spices.

“I didn’t think you liked Fred’s beans,” Honey said, unwilling to rudely, point out friend’s weight gain, as Gogo put the bowl in the microwave.

“I don’t, but for some reason though I’m craving the stuff.” With a ding, the supercharged microwave finished its job and Gogo retrieved the bowl, along with a spoon from the drawer. “In any case, if it’ll fill my stomach then I’ll try it.”

Before Honey could inquire more about her strange habits, Gogo took the initiative in quieting her belly by swallowing a spoonful of beans. It took a moment before Gogo let the food past her mouth, letting her tongue grow used to the taste before going in for another helping. As Gogo ate, Honey stared in silence as she watched her friend’s stomach jiggle and shake. After a few bites, the skin around Gogo’s waist, peeked out from underneath her shirt, one more mouthful bringing her paunch oozing over her pants.

“Gogo stop!” Honey called out, just as one more helping of beans spilled Gogo’s stomach between her thighs.

“What did you want some too?” Gogo asked offering Honey the spoon.

“No! Look at yourself!”

Lowering her spoon, Gogo did as her friend said and instantly, regretted it. Dropping the container on the floor, she poked at her newfound flab, trying to comprehend what had happened to her. “What the-AGH,” she spat out, clutching her mid-section as she doubled over in pain.

“Oh my gosh, Gogo are you okay?” Honey called out, holding onto her friend to try and keep her steady.

“No I-OOOOOHHH.”

An unpleasant gurgling sound came from Gogo's stomach, as she staggered away from Honey. Holding out her hand to keep Honey away, Gogo spread her legs and all at once relieved her pain in the form of a fart, the force splitting a tear in her pants. While, both she and Honey, covered their noses to avoid the rancid smell, they both still had their eyes trained on the fat sticking out around Gogo's waist.

"I guess my mixture wasn't a complete dud," Honey said, trying to remain optimistic as she coughed her lungs out to get the rancid air out of her system.

"What's happening to me?" Gogo asked, another puff of gas exiting through the rip in her pants.

"If I had to guess, my experiment took effect, although in a way I didn't expect." Reaching into her coat, Honey pulled out her notepad and started to write things down. "To be honest, I'm not entirely sure how this will affect you. However, from what I've observed it's safe to say that your body will become fatter and gassier over time."

"WhaUUUURRRP?" Gogo belched.

"Don't worry, it won't be instant. I also believe that growth will only occur if you consume food."

"Oh that's...good," Gogo warily, replied, the churning sound of her intestines giving away to another growl of hunger.

"Something like this should be easy enough to fix," Honey said, storing her notepad and grabbing her keys. "I just need to go out to get the right supplies."

"What am I supposed to do?"

“In the meantime, stay in the lab and whatever you do don’t eat anything,” Honey said, rushing out of the sliding door just as it opened.

Left in alone in the lab, Gogo sat down in a chair and tried to calm herself down. She found the task harder than expected, as she was constantly, pained by the moans and groans of her own bloated body. Poking at the doughy flesh, she couldn’t believe just how much she had grown only after a few bites. Looking at the source of her weight, she was amazed to see the container had miraculously, fallen upright, leaving the beans mostly, unscathed. Plagued by the constant hunger in her stomach, her eyes kept going back to the container, wondering if it would hurt just to finish her bowl.

Retrieving another spoon from the drawer, Gogo picked up the container and sat back down. Filling her spoon not even halfway, Gogo lifted it up to her mouth and swallowed, watching as an extra layer of fat was padded onto her body. As much as the encroaching fat made her want to toss away the beans, her ravenous stomach, forced her to take in another bite. At a steady pace, Gogo continued to eat her meal, her belly, along with her body, thickening up with each helping. As the last spoonful passed her lips, Gogo could see that she had grown another 25 pounds at least and yet still felt just as hungry.

Pushing away the empty container, Gogo stood up and pulled off her jacket, her swelling torso turning the once loose garment into a strait jacket. Pressing against her stomach, Gogo tried to silence the endless hunger, cringing at the feeling of her added mass. The attempt only succeeded in forcing out another fart, from what was becoming a chunky rear, whose flesh poked out from another rip in her pants. The smell brought her into a coughing fit, making her lumber out of the chair and move about the lab to get away from the lingering cloud. Swinging her

widened hips back and forth, Gogo accidentally, stumbled into the fridge, her belly reminding her how much food was still contained within.

Opening up the fridge just a little bit, tempted Gogo with the multiple meals that were just a short microwave trip away from being ready to eat. Feeling her mouth start to water, Gogo slammed the door shut and walked as fast her chubby thighs could carry her to the other side of the room. Hoping to get her mind off of her hunger, she tried to pull out a stick of gum, not realizing that her plumped up fingers had no chance of fitting in her strained pockets. Heaving and jerking around in an attempt to let her mouth chew on something, Gogo formed even more tears in her clothing and stunk up the lab with a seemingly, endless supply of flatulence. All the while, her stomach groaned, pushing her ever closer to the fridge. At the end of her wits, Gogo resigned herself to opening up the fridge again and grabbing every container she could find. Sticking a dozen burritos in the microwave, she kept telling herself she would only keep eating until the pain went away.

With a ding that she both dreaded and rejoiced at, Gogo opened up the microwave and wasted no time shoving the first burrito into her mouth. The taste of the meat, beans, and cheese, were almost enough to make her ignore the thought of how much worse her gas would become afterwards. Only stopping to lick her fingers clean, Gogo moved onto the next burrito and the next, each time feeling her clothes get a little tighter. Burrito number twelve gave the last bit of flab needed for her thighs to burst out of her pants, her sought after gum pack, being tossed across the room from the force. Her wobbling ass was left almost bare, save for a set of panties reeking of her colon and wedged deep within her butt crack.

Taking out a freshly, heated plate of hotdogs, Gogo doused them in ketchup and mustard, ignoring the unruly sounds coming from her rear as her previous meal digested. Sloppily, taking

in half a hotdog in one bite, it dripped onto her growing shelf of a stomach, with even more splattering her shirt when a wayward belch sent specks of meat flying. Her drooping belly, covered up her lower half just in time, as her panties finally, snapped off, leaving a ripple effect in her butt fat. The still jiggling ass cheeks, shook even harder, with a sound like creaking wood spurting out from between them. To Gogo's relief, by the time she finished the last hotdog, her nose had become numb to the smell, allowing her to focus on the scent of her next meal.

Pulling out a plate of greasy burgers, Gogo's need to eat, was momentarily, put on hold to deal with what remained of her t-shirt, still tightly, clinging to her torso. After a lot of squeezing and pulling, Gogo threw aside the pieces of ruined fabric, unable to count the numerous holes torn in it. Reaching back as far as her chubby arms allowed, she unhooked her bra and her breasts sprung outward, happy to be free of their constrained prison. Blowing a stray hair out of her face, Gogo stared down at her engorged bust, at a glance estimating them each at around an F-cup in size. While her chest was big, it was still the smallest part of her body, her overall appearance, having taken on a pear-like shape.

With her fat free from any constraints, Gogo plopped her chunky rear down on two lab chairs and continued her war of attrition with hunger. The burgers went down her throat just as quickly as her last portions, her body taking the raw fat and distributing it throughout her body. A loud burp, shook her flab, jiggling through another session with the microwave to set up her next few meals. Gogo went through mini-pizzas, finger sandwiches, chicken wings, and other plates that could have made full meals for a group of three guys, each time hoping that her stomach would settle down. However, all her feeding seemed to do was proportionally, increase her gas production alongside her weight, belching and farting between almost every bite.

Gogo finished her fridge raid with a container of chili, her need to eat having gotten so bad, that she hadn't bothered to look for utensils. Scooping the beans and meat into her mouth, she tried to ignore the sauce dripping down her bare body, seeping into her fat folds. Even with her pudgy fingers aiding her feast, it wasn't near fast enough for her ravenous stomach's liking. Tilting the bowl up to her mouth, Gogo slurped down the chili, part of it spilling out of the sides of her mouth, and trickling down her three chins, creating a river that pooled on the floor below.

As Gogo shoved her tongue inside the bowl to lick up the remaining drops, she heard a loud creaking noise coming from beneath her rear. Thinking it was just another fart, she continued her clean up job, until she felt the chairs underneath give way. Gogo fell to the floor with a loud crash, her padded butt providing a soft cushion as she landed among the debris of the broken chairs. Mesmerized by the way her body still shook from the impact, Gogo couldn't help herself from groping her chili, soaked mid-section, not caring about the horrid gas bubble she pushed out in the process. The sensation was a strange, yet satisfying one, that made Gogo wonder just how much bigger she would get before she was satisfied.

Peeking into the fridge, Gogo wasn't surprised to find that in her gluttony, she had demolished the camping supplies, only leaving behind a few drinks and the bottle that put her in this state. Remembering the team's snack stash on the other side of the room, she attempted to stand up, only to come tumbling back down, under the weight of her own bottom. She tried and tried again, to get herself upright, but the best she could manage was a few seconds on her feet before she had to get back on the ground, unused to carrying so much weight.

With a growling belly to fill, Gogo swallowed her pride and got on her hands and knees and raised her rear into the air. At a slow crawl, she made her way towards the stash, dragging her belly along the ground, and leaving behind a trail of crumbs and sauce. By the time she

arrived at the cupboard across the lab, she already felt out of breath, feeling like she had earned the binge session she was about to partake in. Lying on her back, Gogo took a moment to rest, wiping a stray bead of sweat from her hair and watching her flabby belly rise up and down. Finally, regaining enough energy to sit up, she leaned to one side to let out a fart, further embedding the smell into the lab.

Before she could be struck with another hunger pain, Gogo swung open the door and started grabbing at whatever snacks she could find. Ripping open wrappers and bags, she stuffed her mouth with various chips, snack cakes, and candies, making a mental note to pay back her teammates after this was over, hopefully by then back to her normal self. So enamored with her new source of sustenance, she didn't hear the lab door slide open over the sound of one of her burps. Through the door stepped in Honey Lemon, carrying with her a bag of supplies and a look of shock.

“What happened here?” Honey asked, head swiveling back and forth between the pile of empty food containers on the ground, the trail of chili, and Gogo herself.

Swallowing a mouthful of cream-stuffed cakes, Gogo turned towards her teammate. “Hey, I just BWWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRP got a little snack,” she said, trying to laugh it off.

“A little?” Honey asked, putting down her bag and walking up to her friend. “You’ve eaten almost everything in the lab. If I had to guess, you have to weigh four, no, five hundred pounds.”

“Really?” Gogo asked, putting aside her snack bag to prod at her belly. “I mean I can’t have-“

Gogo paused, as an uncomfortable gurgling sound came from her lower intestines. Not having to think long about what was coming, Honey wisely, took a few steps backwards just in time to see Gogo's face scrunch up and turn red. With a grunt, Gogo released a loud fart, that lasted for ten full seconds, bringing with it an eye burning akin to a dumpster on fire. Coughing up a fit, Honey retreated to the other side of the room, as Gogo picked up a bag of cookies to munch on, undisturbed by her own gas.

"How can you stand to be around that?" Honey asked, busying herself with her bag of supplies, hoping to get her mind off the smell.

"I don't know," Gogo replied, spraying crumbs from her mouth. "I'm just used to it I guess." A small squeak of gas trembled out of Gogo's ass, making her drop her bag and pinch her nose. "Well, most of it anyway."

"Not to worry, this should take care of it," Honey said, mixing together a bubbling concoction of blue liquid.

"Are you sure?" Gogo asked, keeping her calm demeanor, but still wary of drinking any more strange fluids. "What if it makes me as big as a house or grow that third arm?"

"It won't...I think," Honey said, trying to remain optimistic as she brought the supposed antidote to her friend. "But we won't know until we try. Just make sure you drink every drop. I didn't count on you growing so big, so I had just enough materials to make the proper dosage."

Trusting in her friend, Gogo begrudgingly, opened up her mouth, letting a lingering burp blow back Honey's hair with the scent of her stomach. Standing on her toes, Honey could barely, reach Gogo's face, to tilt the bottle in, keeping it there until it was completely, drained.

Swallowing her medicine, Gogo let out another belch, the releasing gas seeming to take a few

pounds off her body. Retreating back to the kitchen area, Honey narrowly, avoided another one of Gogo's farts, which shaved off a layer of fat from her rear.

"Yes, it works like a charm," Honey said, finally, feeling comfortable enough to relax her muscles.

"What BWOOOOOOOOOORRRP is happening to me?" Gogo asked, her chins disappearing until she was left with just one.

"I created a serum that works with the unnatural gas production of your transformed body, to take out fat along with your unruly body odors. By the time you're back to your normal size, it should wear off."

Squinting, Gogo ripped another fart, taking away her cankles and tightening up her belly. "Just wish it wasn't so loud or UURRP gassy."

"Sorry, but that's the best I could come up with on short notice," Honey said, writing down some notes, while, she waited for the air around Gogo to clear. "Rushing to the store and back left me a little drained. Is there anything at all left in the fridge?"

Leaning her butt away, from Honey, Gogo let out another fart to shrink her chest to its old size. "Not any food, but I think there's a few drinks left."

Opening up the fridge, Honey grabbed the first thing she touched, eager to replenish herself after the exertion of both her body and mind. Without thinking she drank from the bottle, her dry mouth welcoming the cold liquid. Finishing off the beverage, Honey smacked her lips, a little taken aback by the odd taste. Wondering what it was, Honey looked down and her eyes went wide, seeing the last few green drops in the bottle.

“Oh BWWOOOOOORRRP no,” Honey said, just as she felt her lab coat grow tighter and heard her stomach growling with an insatiable desire to eat.