

“Ugh, mom, just.. come on! It's *just* a video game, okay? I'm only going to be gone for like.. half an hour at most.”

An exasperated exhale followed, with a plump and much put upon red panda stepping out of the kitchen holding a baking sheet in her hands.

“Rose, I.. yes, it will be a short half-hour trip and then you'll come home and play it for weeks on end, like you always do. I do not begrudge you enjoying these things but-”

The red panda at the door let out her own frustrated noise, one that was just shy of 'ugh, god' in meaning and did one last check of her outfit. Black skirt, fish nets, belt buckles everywhere lots of eye liner- she was definitely ready to show off a bit. Even her little muffin belly looked cute.

“You do though! Like, you just.. you *linger* and like.. *judge* me and I-”

The noise that came from Rose's mother after that was harsher, it spoke of many things left unsaid. Which was probably ominous given what she *did* say..

“And you do nothing! You lay around and make messes, you do not bathe and you wear dirty clothing and leave food everywhere! Go change before you go out, at least! Or else!”

Rose rolled her eyes and turned her head, holding her arms out at her sides, sneering in disgust at her mother.

“Or else *what* mom? You'll get pissy at me in 'the old country' lingo? What the heck else do you *want* from me? I put in for community college, okay? That was the deal.”

The red panda turned to leave at that point, while her mother did indeed start cursing in her native tongue. It *almost* made her feel bad about the whole thing, but not quite. Not really. Not when she glanced back and her mom was muttering and standing right by the doorway glaring. That sapped all the sympathy that might've otherwise happened. She didn't even understand most of it, just bits and pieces, single words and thoughts – something about 'all you're good for' and 'so be it' and then 'see if I help you again' and other nonsense.

“Ugh, she's such an embarrassment.. What ever. I just- *uwprhhhb*- ugh. There's lunch rearing it's head again. Damn onions.”

Rose winced, the bloated feeling that preceded that belch wasn't going away. In fact, as she walked, it started getting worse. Uncomfortably so. Enough that the red panda stopped after a block or two and loosened her skirt a bit, only to hear her belly let out a ferocious rumbling as pressure moved around inside her and.. Well, it didn't *feel* looser after she did it?

A little chill ran through Rose. She winced again, prodding at her belly.. at the plump swell of it, then squirming and tugging up her fishnets. It was always a pain getting them to stay up. She brushed off the feeling as best she could and started walking again, despite everything feeling *a little* wrong.

Or a lot wrong. Rounding the corner toward main street to catch the bus, Rose was *sweating* already. Her panties were bunching up, her bra felt gross, her ass felt like a swamp – it wasn't *that* hot though? The red panda fanned herself as the bus arrived and tried not to think about it.

“This a hot flash or.. something? I don't.. ugh. Why can't they j- *BWURPHHBT-*”

Rose got a bit of attention with that, and did not remember eating the chili dog that belch tasted of, but it happened just the same. She found herself a bit anxious with all the eyes on her, squirming in her seat, suddenly keenly aware of just how much flesh she was showing. Reaching down, she tugged at her 'distressed' top and couldn't get it to cover her belly where it spilled out over her lap. The splits in her fishnets were a bit worse than usual too and she could not for the life of her remember when that happened.

Something felt off. Rose wanted to put a finger on what but she was too preoccupied, her mom being a pain in her ass for starters, but also she was *hungry*, and then there was-

BwurumphhHHBBBTTT-

The fart rang out through the bus and Rose *knew* everyone could tell it was her. The red panda was just relieved her body made it hard to tell how badly she was blushing. At some point she caught someone staring, some older woman across the way from her, and sneered-

“What?! Say something if yer gonna! I'm not gonna apologize for being big.”

The words rang through the bus and felt.. strange. Heavier than they should be. Rose felt the impression they made on the air, on her – mostly because she felt *herself* reacting to it. For a moment she was painfully aware of herself, of how her arms thickened up and bloated into fat-swaddled things. How her waist spread out and overflowed over the seat she was on and halfway into the next. How her *fatass* thighs made her skirt not hide much of anything, and her thicker tits turned her crop top into not much more than a second bra. There was even a creaking, body-wide shudder that made her realize the woman in front of her.. tiny and old as she was? Wasn't *quite* as tiny as she used to be.

Or maybe Rose wasn't as much taller than her as she used to be?

“F-freaking.. forget it. *Gawd*. I need a *BWURPHHB*- reak.. and a sandwich..”

Rose pulled the signal to get off the bus, she was *close enough* to the game shop and wanted to grab something from a food truck on the way now anyway. Also she just wanted *out* of the bus. Standing up took effort, her heavy frame made it awkward and she felt.. strange.. about it. Un-used to her own weight, which was absurd.

The disquiet didn't stop while she walked. Rose almost regretted getting out of the bus despite how it at least got her away from the staring, she was hot already, sweating and tired and grumpy. Besides, there were eyes out here too – but it was a bit less easy to pin it on her if (when) she farted. And she did – every step she took was a little bubbling eruption. Right up to the food cart with its dollar priced grilled cheese sandwiches. Rose got two of them and refused to make eye contact when she was taking the sandwiches and vented a thundering *BWURUMPHHHBT* into the summer air when she got her food, then got back to walking..

Waddling, really. Rose's thighs were rubbing together every step she took, her ass was shaking and quivering, her belly kept bouncing up and flopping down over her thighs. It was an awful lot of motion, just none of it was taking her closer to her goal. The red panda just had to put up with it, then had to stop and sit on a bench when it got to be a bit too much. She half collapsed, staring at some kid on their bike giving her a look. At least.. she felt like it was a look.

It had to be. She was *huge*, and getting more so as she sat there. Rose winced as her belly swelled, gurgling and thickening until it was close to touching her knees. Plus there was her chest, two head-sized mounds barely restrained by her clothing. Those got everyone's attention, even if they were a little funky. Or a lot funky – Rose could even smell herself as she sat there, despite the breeze hitting her. A sharp, acrid stink that clung to her whole frame but wafted up especially potently from her pits. So Rose made a point of airing them out, letting the breeze get her sweating a bit less, as much as it could anyway. There was only so much she could do though, the twin beach-ball sized mounds of her ass were too big to get any air flow going with her tight black lace panties and skirt. Besides, every time she got them to cool down a bit- *VWURUPHMPHBT*-

..So Rose's ass wasn't getting any more comfortable, but the rest of her? She shivered a bit, shaking off an odd little spike of fear from.. something? The red panda swallowed and tried to ignore it, tried not to breathe hard and freak out just because she stood up and felt like she was half out of breath already. Rose kept her head down, trying to ignore all the tall people-

“Why is everything so weird today? This *sucks*, I- *uwprhhbt*- I didn't even, like..
BWURPHHBT- d-do anything different? I- ugh, why is mom so uptight about my time?”

Grumbling, Rose waddled her way past the other people out and about. She tugged on her clothing here and there, trying to get it to fit a bit better around her thick body, her fat little frame that seemed to so badly want to be as wide as it was tall. Everything felt sticky, especially under her bra and between her legs. Rose *tried* not to think about that and how pungent she definitely was when she walked into the game shop finally and saw the new release she wanted up on the shelves.

It wasn't really that she *rushed* the thing, Rose couldn't move that fast, but she got going as quick as her squat little frame could manage. That stench rolling off her though, the burnt onion body odor, was *thick*. Much like the body it was coming from. Rose felt it get a bit harsher as she walked, crawling up her nostrils, making her light-headed. She stumbled on the second step and for an agonizingly long fraction of a second she felt – she knew – exactly what was going on.

Rose *saw* as her arms bloated, dangling sacks of flab hanging off the bottoms of them. She watched as the counter the clerk was working at rose up three whole inches while she shrank closer to the floor – and got wider for every inch she lost. That fluffy red panda ass of hers quaked and shook with each waddling step, each time she had to fling her thighs out of each others way. She was a *mess*, a farty sweaty mess, which.. she wasn't this bad!

Right? Rose slowed halfway across the shop to lean on the counter and tried not to think about the skunk behind the counter reeling back, covering his face, and muttering 'fuck, this one again-' where Rose could definitely hear him. She spat something angry out under her breath and got back to waddling, to get her game finally, to get this over with so she could go home and veg out and enjoy herself. Only to get to the shelves and run into a *real* problem.

It was on the top three rows. Rose's diminutive four-foot frame couldn't even *begin* to reach it, and when she reared up to try and jump to grab at the lowest one not only did she come *nowhere near* the game, but she heard her stockings and underwear **both** tear themselves. The red panda's eyes went wide, she turned around so the clerk couldn't see only to find he'd backed off into the back room of the shop. Shuddering, trying to wrap her head around what was happening and why she felt so confused about it all, Rose realized her next big mistake.. she'd forgotten her phone.

Rose left the store with a *very* loud curse shouted into the air, and an even louder eruption of gas from her giant ass. It took three times as long to get home as it had to arrive, even taking the bus

most of the way, having to climb awkwardly to get into the seats on it. When she got there, Rose waddled her way into the door sweating all over again and panting. Her mom turned to look from the kitchen, seeming surprised about.. something? Not that it mattered.

“M-mom? I n- *hwurphhb*- need help r-*BWURPH*-eaching the game at the store. The clerk is a s-*twuUUPH*-id jerk and won't help me, okay? Also I'm *hungry*. Can we get burgers, or something? I need like.. eight burgers.”

Squinting at herself, Rose reached down and grabbed her belly, her fingers sinking into the soft flabby expanse of it and finding it felt rather nice. Soothing almost. Enough so that those odd spiky edges in her memory smoothed out a little, kind of like the rest of her had.

“Yeah... At *least* eight burgers.”

Stunned and silent, her mother stared for an awkward second or two, then nodded and grabbed her car keys – and a can of air freshener.