

A Mile in a Slob Girl's Panties

In the middle of the night, the college dormitory halls were filled with an eerie silence. Sulking about the corridors was a young man named Thomas, dressed in all black and carrying with him a backpack holding precious cargo. Making sure no one saw him, he slipped inside the safety of his dorm room. His stealth was immediately broken by his friends as they flipped on the lights and tossed off his hood to reveal his short blonde hair.

“You got the goods?” Pete asked, the scrawny, red-haired man the default leader of their group.

Thomas smirked. Unzipping his backpack, he reached inside to retrieve his ill-gotten treasure. Keeping them a fair distance away from his face, Thomas held aloft a pair of disgusting panties that showed the remnants of being a shade of bright pink. The large undergarments in question could have been mistaken for a pillow cover if it weren't for the ragged lace lining the sides of it. Rather than question where or why the dark stains had found their way into the fabric, Thomas was just content to see the impressed looks on his friends' faces.

“Is it really from her?”

“Care to give it a whiff and find out?” Thomas replied, pushing forward the filthy underwear and snickering as his friends backed away with visible disgust.

“No, that's definitely Witchy Wova's alright. I can smell her fat ass from here.”

Thomas held out his hand. “Alright then, time to pay up.”

“Nope, not yet,” Pete replied. “You got the undies, but that's only half the job. The plan was for you to get her nasty, granny panties and model them for us.”

Thomas's confidence took a nose dive as he was reminded the stipulations of their deal. "Come on, you know how disgusting this thing is. Isn't it enough that I broke into Wova's creepy ass apartment to get these?"

"Sounds like someone doesn't want to get paid," Pete teased, the other guys sharing in the enjoyment of seeing Thomas struggle through his predicament.

"Fine, I'll do it," Thomas relented. "But I'd better not see this shit online. You got it?"

"Sure, sure," Pete waved off. "Now get undressed, you're due on the runway."

Grumbling and mumbling the entire time, Thomas stripped off his clothing. Left standing nude in the middle of the room, he kicked off his underwear and threw it next to the rest of his belongings. Feeling completely ridiculous with his manhood hanging out, he at least took solace in his tanned complexion and toned muscles that put the rest of the group to shame.

Accepting Wova's panties from Pete, he put them on one leg at a time. Pulling them past his thighs and up to his waistline, he let the elastic fabric take hold around hips. The feeling of leftover grime and gunk rubbing against him sent a myriad of unpleasant sensations through his body. Grimacing at the awful scent that wafted up to his face, he turned back to receive his payment only to find Pete and the others pulling out their phones.

"What the hell man?" Thomas asked.

"We'll pay you afterwards," Pete said, getting just the right angle to capture Thomas's humiliating moment. "Besides, you honestly think we weren't going to do this? You really are an idiot. Don't worry, should make a good ice breaker next time we go out for drinks."

"It's not just that. I'm worried about Wova finding out that I--"

"Oh, I already know."

Thomas swiveled his head back and forth, looking for the sound of the hefty woman's voice. "Did you guys hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"Her. It's--"

Thomas clutched his head as his body began to shake.

"You think you could just waltz into my home and take what you want?" the voice asked him as he stumbled around the room. "Were you never taught any manners? Well fine, if you want my underwear so bad, I'll let you have them. Although, they may be a little big for you. Don't worry, I can fix that."

To the sound of maniacal laughter echoing through his head, Thomas felt the tremors affecting him grow stronger. Holding onto his desk for support, he gasped for air while the other guys stood still doing nothing. Just as Pete reached a hand out to help, a sharp pressure in Thomas's gut pushed them away with a squeaky fart.

"The hell man?" Pete asked, him and the others taking several steps back. "You don't need to freak out just because you rip one."

"It's not just BWOOOOOORRRP that," Thomas belched. "She's here! Inside my head!"

"You must be delusional from the fumes," Pete accused. "Why don't you get that nasty thing off and go air yourself out in the shower?"

Grabbing hold of the worn out panties, Thomas tried to pull them off. However, no matter how hard he tried, the undergarments remained in place. With a mix of panic and frustration, he continued to attempt to rip off the underwear. Forced to stop as a fart and burp came bursting out both ends, a shiver ran down his spine as he watched a lone strand of his hair fall in front of his face and turn an ebony black.

“What the fuUUUUURRRRP!?” Thomas belched as more of his hair reached past his shoulders and turned a dark black. Whipping around his growing strands, he became aware of the layers of grease and grime that clung to them. Stopping with a curtain of frayed and disgusting locks dangling in front of his face, he pushed them aside and felt a layer of pudge grow across his cheeks.

Bringing his fingers to his face, he felt his rigid jawline had softened up into a set of soft chins that gave way underneath his touch. Running his fingers beneath his eyes let him experience the dark circles beneath them that paired well with the changing of his blue irises to a dark brown. He only had a moment to experience his plumped up lips before they were parted with another burp. Along with a cloud of rotten breath, the belch carried with it a different voice that was simultaneously more feminine and huskier. It was a familiar sound, one that made him all the more terrified of what was happening to him.

A sudden jolt of pressure forced Thomas to look down. His view of the stolen panties became obscured as his belly lurched forwards with swelling mass. The abs he had spent so long sculpting through exercise and dieting were a thing of the past as they were replaced with a beer belly made up of various dips and fat rolls. Watching a thicket of black hair spring up around his belly button, he and the other guys tried in vain to think of how this was happening as the coarse strands trailed down to his nether region.

To better match his drooping gut, Thomas’s pecs began to sag underneath an abundance of extra weight. As his nipples reached halfway down his doughy gut, his chest began to swell into a more spherical shape. He immediately recognized what was happening, the structure and shape of his developing bosom similar to the sagging mammaries that he and the other guys had

ridiculed Wova about behind her back. His guess was confirmed by the darkened color of his nipples clashing with the pale skin tone that had taken over his body.

Finding himself falling forward under his newfound weight, Thomas was pulled back by an unhealthy amount of blubber being padded onto his rear. The sudden appearance of his chunky butt cheeks was enough to fill out the once spacious panties. He could feel the fabric sink deep within the crevasse of his butt crack, leaving a good portion of his doughy ass bare. Again he attempted to snap the panties off, but all that managed to do was further upset his stomach and reverberate his newly plumped up, cellulite speckled backside with a sputtering fart.

Swinging about his new assets in an attempt to disperse the smell, Thomas felt the last of his muscles get buried beneath his added blubber. Not content just to make his once muscular arms into adipose stuffed appendages, his changes included filling the underside of his armpits with bushels of hair that brought with them a horrendous body odor. Wincing at his own stench, he stomped his bulky legs around the room, uncontrollably spouting rancid gas from his mouth and rear.

Pulling away the veil of chest-length, black hair from his face, Thomas realized that his so called friends had run off from his odor and changed state at some point. Left by himself, he waddled his hefty form over to his mirror to be met with Wova's visage. Daring to let his hand reach beneath his foopah, he pressed his hand against his crotch. Amidst the thicket of pubic hair beneath the soiled fabric, he failed to find the one thing he was most worried about losing.

"There, now isn't that better?" Wova's voice echoed in his head.

"I'm sorry, just UUURRP change me back," Thomas pleaded to the empty room.

“What are you talking about? Isn’t this what you wanted? To be a slobby girl that gets insulted by people that don’t know how to mind their own business? Why else would you dare to break into my apartment and steal my favorite pair of underwear?”

“I was wrong,” Thomas spoke up, barely audible over the sound of another fart slapping out of his rear. “Please, I don’t want to be stuck like this.”

“Hmmm, I suppose if you want to change back that badly, I think something can be arranged.”

“I’ll do anything, please.”

Thomas was greeted with a cacophony of wicked cackling befitting Wova’s true identity. “Very well, meet me at my apartment tomorrow. I’m sure you remember the way there. Bring my panties with you. Not that you’ll be able to take them off anyway.”

Clad in the biggest hoodie he could find, Thomas waddled at a glacial pace across campus. The attire did the bare minimum of covering up his body, still leaving Wova’s thick legs exposed and her fat rolls peeking out of tears and rips of the overburdened fabric. Even then, his attire came at the cost of drenching him in sweat under the searing, mid-day sun. The odor clinging to the witchy woman’s body permeated through every pore, soaking the hoodie in the foul juices halfway through his journey. Every few steps Thomas had to stop as his body was overtaken by a maelstrom of gas. Unable to control himself, burps would parse his fat lips and jostle about his multiple chins. The farts that constantly spilled without restraint from the back of Wova’s panties ensured everyone paid attention to him.

As both a blessing and a curse, everyone saw Thomas as Wova being her usual revolting self. That didn’t make it any easier to deal with the looks of pure disgust on their faces.

Whenever he passed by another person, they were sure to either spurn him away or head off running in the other direction. Any apologies he could force out were always interrupted by a series of burps forcing its way up his throat. Rather than futilely attempt to reconcile with the innocent bystanders, he continued his long trek towards Wova's apartment.

Reaching the apartment complex's elevator, Thomas was left a sweaty, gassy mess. Hitting the button for the top floor, he slumped against the wall in an attempt to catch his breath. Putting a hand against his chest, he felt his bountiful blubber still shaking from his long walk. Perhaps sensing his haggard state, his body let fly with a horrid bout of flatulence that lingered in the enclosed space. Stuck sucking up his own foul air, Thomas hung on to the hope that his suffering would end soon.

The elevator let out a pleasant hum, the door creeping open and giving Thomas a sliver of breathable air. Shuffling out into the hallway, he pushed himself forward down the same hall he had snuck along the night prior. Arriving at the door, he was greeted by the same, tacky, skull talisman that he had thought was an out of season Halloween decoration. Tapping his fingers against his queasy belly was enough to remind him how wrong he was.

Moments before his knuckles hit the door, it opened on its own accord. In the darkened corridors of the apartment, a familiar shape shuffled towards him. Unlike his baggy attire, Wova had chosen to dress herself in a black gown that matched well with her witchy nature. The thin fabric showed every fat roll of her body, leaving very little to the imagination. Splatter of various food stains besmirched the gown, not that she seemed to care. Noticing the look of fear in Thomas's eyes, she made no attempt to hide the malicious grin on her face.

"So glad that you decided to stop on by," Wova said. "Come on in and we can discuss our peculiar situation."

Gesturing for Thomas to follow, Wova turned to enter her apartment. No sooner did Thomas close the door behind him did the witchy woman treat him to a boisterous fart that billowed out the hem of her gown. Left to stumble about in the cloud of noxious air, Thomas was subjected to the unsettling noise of Wova giggling like a child at his suffering.

“Come now, you’ve been dealing with this smell all day,” Wova said, adding another fart to the stale air. “You can’t tell me you still haven’t gotten used to it. Oh well, perhaps it’s something you’ll learn to appreciate in time.”

Thomas powered through the gas and stood up straight. “Y-you told me if I brought back the panties you’d change me back.”

“I said we could work out a deal,” she replied, twirling a plump finger through her unkempt hair. “We can discuss in more detail in my bedroom. This space is getting a little too stuffy for me.”

Again Wova gestured for Thomas to follow, this time being merciful enough to only leave a small fart for him to walk through. Traversing the apartment, Thomas found himself glancing at the unusual objects placed on the shelves. Bottles of varying colors took up the majority of the space, their dim glow providing a small amount of light to pierce the darkness. Passing by the kitchen, he glanced at the plethora of junk food wrappers and emptied out soda cans spread out that doubtless contributed to Wova’s weight and gas problems.

Entering Wova’s bedroom, Thomas’s eyes adjusted to the dim light that peeked beneath the windows’ black curtains. The fragrance that burned his nostrils smelled of Wova’s digestive tract and a variety of spices that fit well with the occult décor lining the walls. Growing accustomed to the dark room, he turned his head towards the disheveled dresser he had raided

the night before. He let out an involuntary gulp as his eyes passed over the drawer he had taken the panties from.

Taking her seat upon the bed, Wova spread out her legs and let her belly sink between her thighs. “Do you have my stolen property?” she asked, tapping her fingers against her gut.

“Yes,” Thomas replied.

“Then let me see them.”

Grabbing the hem of his hoodie, Thomas lifted it up to reveal the rotten panties still tightly wound around his waist. His walk of shame across campus had given the undergarments a fresh coating of sweat and gas to preserve its disgusting quality. That didn’t prevent Wova from shoving her face up against his groin and pressing her nose into his womanhood to get a good whiff.

“Oh yes,” she said, taking a deep inhale of the odor, “it’s definitely mine.”

“Then take it off and get me out of this BWOOOOOOORRRP disgusting body!” Thomas demanded.

Wova looked up to shoot him a nasty glare.

“I-I’m sorry,” he quickly replied. “Please just take off the panties.”

“Very well,” Wova replied before breaking into a series of indecipherable incantations.

Placing her fingers around the sides of the undergarments, Wova managed to effortlessly pull them off of Thomas’s flesh. Dragging it past his thick thighs and down to his cankles, she only stopped speaking once she had dragged the soiled garments past his feet. Freed from the grasp of the cursed panties, Thomas waited for the moment he would be returned to his old body.

A moment passed and then another. Left staring at his still transformed bulging belly and sagging tits, Thomas continued to wait on baited breath for something to happen. His stomach

started to shudder, taking with it his entire body as it was overwhelmed by a series of tremors. Just as the shaking reached its apex, his mouth and colon were forced open for a bombardment of awful gas that further cemented he was still stuck in Wova's body.

"Why am I UUUUURRP still like this?" he asked. "I thought taking those off would be enough to-"

Thomas interrupted himself with a prolonged PHHRRRRRRRRRRRTTTT erupting from his rear.

"The deal was you would come back and return my panties in exchange for me taking them off of you," Wova explained, storing her underwear away in one of her drawers.

"Removing the curse is an entirely different matter."

"Please," Thomas said, falling onto his knees and shoving another gas bubble out of his rear. "I'll do anything."

Wova mulled it over in her head, letting the silence be filled with errant farts and burps from her victim. "I suppose I do have a potion that will change you back. However, it isn't free."

"I'll pay whatever you want," Thomas immediately replied, scrambling to free his wallet from his pocket.

"I don't want your money," Wova said, walking back over to the bed. "What I would like though, is for some relaxation and stress relief." Grabbing the hem of her gown, she pulled it off her body like it was nothing. Climbing onto the bed, she shook her bare rear back and forth as she crawled to the center of the mattress. "Typically I get my satisfaction through self-stimulation. What I want you to do is help me explore more of myself."

Thomas took a moment to understand what she was suggesting, more out of his refusal to accept what she was proposing. The longer he took to respond, the louder the rumbling in his

stomach became. To the tune of a bassy belch forcing its way out of his throat, he nodded his head and climbed up onto the bed.

Begrudgingly following Wova's lead, Thomas let her grab his shoulder and bring him down onto the mattress. Straddling his face, she took her sweet time letting her gassy rear hover over him. Grabbing her butt cheeks, she spread them out and slowly lowered herself down. Any chance to call off the agreement or cry for help was demolished as Thomas found himself wedged deep within the crevasse of her gassy rear.

A low rumbling noise emanating from Wova's intestines sealed Thomas's fate. Letting go of any restraint, Wova let the gas inside of her colon come flowing out uninhibited. The same smells and sounds that had been plaguing Thomas showed their full strength as they overwhelmed his senses. Just as the first fart dissipated, Wova was sure to grace her living butt cushion with a fresh cloud of noxious gas. She found sick glee in the way he squirmed underneath her in a vain attempt to find breathable air. For his efforts, all Thomas managed to do was upset his own digestion and add his own foul stench to his torture.

"Now that we're BWOOOOORRRP comfortable," Wova began, "we can move onto the main event."

Shuffling herself backwards, Wova dragged her hairy muff across Thomas's face. Thomas immediately recoiled at the fermented stench that came off of Wova's womanhood, telling of how long she had gone without washing. Even knowing that the task would reward him with his old body, Thomas took his sweet time prying his mouth open. Putting his lips to her vagina, the taste that brushed against his tongue was akin to eating a mouthful of rotten fish.

"Better get UUURRRP moving," Wova said, reprimanding him with another fart. "Take too long and the deal is off."

Powering through the horrendous flavor, Thomas shuffled his mouth across Wova's labia in an attempt to bring her to orgasm. His efforts were impeded with a continuous output of gas alongside his own inexperience. To give him a helping hand and further her own pleasure, Wova began to shake her hips. Her movements sent ripples through both of them, adding Thomas's own foul expulsions to the mix. The combined motion of her body alongside Thomas's erratic tongue movements soon interspersed Wova's burps with a series of every increasing moans. Pressing hard against Thomas's face, she forced him to focus on her clit to bring her ever closer to satisfaction.

When Wova climaxed, it was to the tune of an atomic gas explosion and a moan that echoed throughout the room. Ears ringing from the noise and nostrils feeling like they were on fire, Thomas could do little as he was bombarded with her leftover gas. An attempt was made to free himself from Wova's nether region, only to be stopped by her slumping against his body. Unable to move from beneath her overwhelming weight, he had to lay there in her lingering gas cloud as she slowly recovered from her ecstasy.

"Not half bad," Wova said, finally seeing fit to roll off of him. "Especially considering it was your first time."

Too tired from the ordeal to answer, Thomas used the last of his strength to crawl away from the mattress. Slumping onto the floor, he held onto the side of the bed to try and get up. Standing up on shaky legs, he turned towards Wova and was met with a bottle of fizzy, green liquid held between her fingers.

"Here you are," Wova said, handing it over to him. "You've held up your end of the bargain so here's your reward."

Without needing to ask what it was, Thomas yanked off the cork and put the bottle to his lips. Chugging it like a beer at a frat party, he held the bottle high above his head with the intention of draining every last drop. As the last of the potion trickled onto his tongue, he let the empty bottle roll across the floor and waited for the results.

A hopeful smile appeared on Thomas's face as he watched the fat around his mid-section begin to recede. Grasping one of his greasy hairs, he watched the tips gradually lighten back to their blonde coloring. Just as his old hair color crept halfway up the strand, it suddenly stopped. Looking back down at his body, he saw that his breasts and belly had shrunken down, but was still a far cry from his old self. Pressing into his diminished rear still cursed him with a gas cloud that seemed insignificant after his session with Wova.

“What the hell? I thought that was supposed to UUURRP change me back.”

“Oh it will,” Wova explained, “however, it will take several doses. I should mention that these potions take materials and time to prepare. If you want the rest of your dosage, it's not going to be for free.”

Waddling up to him, she snagged his phone from his pocket and started typing in her number. “I don't have an exact measurement on how much you'll need, but I think the two of us can work out a deal on how you're going to pay for all of this.” Flinging the phone back at Thomas, she waddled her way towards the kitchen for a snack. “See you tomorrow, my not so little thief,” she added, leaving Thomas to deal with his new position as Wova's personal slave.