

(A/N: This is a collaboration with [Jokermask18](#) A.K.A. [JWAPPEL](#).)

Content Advisory! This story contains:

- *Female Hyper Belching*
- *Taunting*

Series: Dragon Ball

Characters: Son Videl, Son Pan

Synopsis: Videl and Pan try to alleviate their boredom by having some gassy fun.

If you're not into any of the above things, please do not read!

It was a quiet Saturday afternoon for the family of Son Gohan. The man of the house was out on business, leaving his wonderful wife and daughter to fend off the onslaught of boredom by themselves. The duo engaged in a multitude of recreational activities—watching television shows and movies, playing video and board games, even training—but nothing could keep their interests for more than a few minutes at best. Both were currently lounging around in the living room, Pan lied half-asleep on the couch and Videl was playing with a paddleball. Videl checked the clock and her eyes widened at the time.

“Oh no, it’s almost dinner time!” she exclaimed, loudly enough to capture the attention of her daughter, “I better get cooking!”

“...Huh?” Pan muttered groggily, until the weight of those words truly hit her, “Wait, dinner?! That sounds great! I’m starving!”

The eleven-year-old girl's sudden burst of energy got a small chuckle out of her mother, "Well, you'll have to 'starve' for a little longer, because it'll take awhile to make enough food to satisfy *your* appetite."

Pan's lips curled downward, "Can I at least get a soda to hold me over."

With an approving nod from her mother, Pan moved faster than a normal human could track, seemingly vanishing into thin air for a split second, before returning to the same spot, only with a root beer in hand. While Videl was getting up from her chair and heading for the kitchen, Pan began chugging the contents of her can. The carbonated beverage cascaded down her esophagus before landing in the pits of her stomach, mixing with the boiling green acids that were already dwelling there, and forming large bubbles of gas from the chemical reaction. Pan put her right hand on her belly when she heard a low rumbling deep inside. She felt pockets of air shift around within her tummy, before some of it was dislodged and evicted up a valve at the top of the stomach. Pan barely had time to register what happened before a juicy belch blasted past her lips, catching her by surprise. Videl stopped in the kitchen and turned to look at her daughter, who just sported a look of content on her face.

"That felt good," Pan commented with a giggle.

"Pan, you should show better manners than that," Videl reprimanded with a stereotypical parental finger pointing.

Pan scoffed internally, wishing that her mom would loosen up once in a while, like what her dad said she was like as a teenager. Alas, Videl's acceptance of her role as a housewife had meant that she sacrificed much of her cooler (in Pan's opinion), tomboyish personality, so it was unlikely to happen anytime soon.

Videl was about to get the ingredients and kitchen ware needed to make a meal fit for a demi- and quarter-Saiyan, but was stricken with a sudden pang of thirst. Wanting to quickly quench it before getting to work, she fished through the fridge and picked out a can of Jetap, before popping it open and spraying some of the alcoholic liquid on her cheeks. Pan snickered at this, while Videl took a large swig of her drink, draining the can in a matter of seconds. Once the intoxicated fluid splashed into her gut, a similar reaction that happened in Pan's abdominal area occurred here too. As soon as Videl removed the can from her mouth, a beery burp rippled out of it, having the length, volume, and smell to be comparable to her daughter. When the three-second-long eructation ended, Videl's cheeks lit up in a scarlet flash.

"Ooohhh my goodness! Excuse me!" she apologized with her left hand clasped over her mouth.

There was a period of silence in the house before the juvenile giggling of the youngest Son member promptly shattered it. "Nice one, Mom! I didn't think... that you had... it in you!" her compliments were intersped by fits of laughter.

Videl's level of embarrassment continued to grow, "T-that was just an accident, sweetie. I didn't mean to."

Pan rolled her eyes and gave her an unconvinced smirk, "Not buying it, Mom. Dad told me how much of a tomboy you were back in the day and I bet that you miss that time."

Videl widened her light blue irises, baffled at how her adolescent daughter managed to back her into a corner like this. Then, she started to think about Pan's words; about how her 'tough girl' days were when she was at her coolest. But that was just a persona, right? An act that she didn't need to keep up when she met her high school sweetheart. Without that, she felt

comfortable sporting a more feminine appearance, like her wedding gown when she married Gohan, or the red dress and black leggings when she attended Bulma's '39th' birthday party. On the other hand, her feistier attitude did earn her some respect from her former classmates at Orange Star High School, and she still found some amusement when she thought back to the times that she beat various members of the student body in burping contests. Perhaps it would not hurt to relive some of that glory one more time.

"Maybe... you have a point," Videl admitted.

Pan's grin grew wider, "Great, because I've got an idea for curing our boredom: a burping contest!"

If possible, the Son matriarch's eyes grew wider still, "Really? Well, what are the stakes?"

Pan tapped a finger on her chin in thought, "If I win, you order as much food as I want, when I want, for the next three months; If you win, I'll do all of yours and dad's chores on top of my own for the same time."

Videl pondered Pan's proposition. The risk was great, but so was the reward. After a few moments, she reached her decision, "Game on, young lady," Videl answered with a smirk that matched her daughter's, finally regaining her uncouth appreciation for the immature art of burping.

"Cool!" Pan's eyes shone in anticipation, thinking that this would make for a gross, but fun, bonding experience.

Videl pulled out at least eight more cans of soda from the fridge and divided them between herself and Pan. After all, one needed the right ammunition for this kind of thing. Pan

reached for her first one and chugged the whole thing in less than a minute! With a smirk, she then thumped her chest and let out a nasty sounding burp that sounded like it came from a hardened trucker. Videl was actually a little proud of her for that. That is, until she remembered she was looking at her competitor. The daughter of Mister Satan figured her turn was up and attempted to copy her daughter's opening move. Unfortunately, she ended up choking on most of the soda and launched into a coughing fit.

“You're losing Mommy,” Pan taunted in a sing-song voice before belching again. This one was ever bigger than the last, being five seconds long!

Videl's eyes narrowed as her competitive fire was beginning to reignite, “I'm not finished yet!” She began chugging her second soda, this time nearly matching her daughter's former pace. Pan was on her second soda as well, though sipping it in a leisurely fashion. It was clear she wasn't worried and this made Videl all the more angry.

Thumping her chest, the daughter of Mr. Satan unleashed her first real belch in the contest. It was decent, though only half as big as Pan's first attempt. Videl scowled, knowing she'd once been able to do much better. Pan responded with another huge belch that won her the bout and began opening her third can. Videl did the same and managed to start off with a belch that surpassed her daughter's previous attempt! The good feeling that came with that was quickly destroyed when Pan unleashed a belch that blew her mother's hair back! Once again, the daughter of Mister Satan felt oddly proud even as she began opening her fourth can. This truly was a bonding experience.

The contest continued on in this way. Videl had actually started to regain some of her old skill but it didn't seem to help. Pan dominated each bout and only grew cockier over time. “Get

ready to order Mama, cause I am hungry!” The daughter of Mister Satan only scowled more deeply at this taunt. She refused to let her daughter win. It wasn't just about what losing would cost her either. Now, it was about pride.

But honestly, Videl was getting flustered. She had to admit that her kid was good. Scratch that, Pan was very, very good. As they went through what was now the seventh can for both of them, mother and daughter soon realized that it was almost over. There were only two cans left and one of them would belong to the victor. It was clear from her grin that Pan believed she knew which one it would be. “Ready to give up?”

But Videl refused. If there was anything left over from the Videl of old, it was that. She wondered, not for the first time, just what had happened to that girl? The tomboy who had dominated boy and girl alike in belching contests since she was seven! She even remembered winning a few farting contests in her time. Looking at Pan, she realized that she missed those times. She wanted them back. It was time for her to start thinking like the old Videl again, but how?

After the duo each finished their seventh can, Pan effortlessly belted out another first class burp. Though it was comparatively less powerful than her previous ones, it compensated with an odor that made the matriarch of the Son household go green in the gills. While Videl, with watery eyes, was coughing and trying to fan away the foul fumes, Pan was looking bored. Sure, she was certain that she would be able to pig out on as much food as she wanted to when this was over, which definitely appealed to her Saiyan nature, but there was another thing that her alien instincts craved: a good fight. Her father had gone on about how unladylike and badass

her mother was as a youth, so Pan expected at least something resembling a challenge, just to make her victory feel more earned.

However, right now Videl was not proving those stories true at all. In fact, her burps were barely able to get much reaction out of Pan aside from condescending amusement. Either the stories were lies or Videl had simply lost her edge. In any case, Pan found it disappointing, not simply because of the aforementioned lack of challenge, but because she had a lot of respect for mommy dearest. All of the tomboyish tales about Videl, not just of how she shattered gender stereotypes by utterly decimating sexist boys in belching contests, but also of her beating up bullies and leaping into danger to stop criminals. It helped influence Pan into shaping her personality to mimic the mother that she idolized, both as a tomboy and as a hero.

Meanwhile, Videl's mind raced to find a way to gain an edge over her daughter. Maybe she could use the Dragon Balls to wish for her old personality back. No, that would seem like a waste to use something so powerful to win such a juvenile event. Besides, what would Gohan say about it when he returned home? Nevertheless, if she cannot do that, then how will the daughter of Mister Satan triumph over the gaseous greatness of Pan? Suddenly, she thought back to what her husband said when he taught her how to fly all those years ago.

He said that you have to focus your energy from your stomach, she recalled in her head. Then, she also flashed back to when she heard Gohan say that his mentor, Piccolo, could fire *ki* blasts from his mouth, *Wait a minute. That's it!* Videl breathed deeply and concentrated hard, gulping down air to fuel her belch. She soon felt a spark of *ki* in her belly and smiled, *Alright,* she thought, silently thanking Gohan and Piccolo for not teaching Pan telepathy, *I'm on the right*

track, but I should try to limit how much ki I use. Otherwise, Pan will know what I'm up to and just copy me, then, I'll be screwed.

And so, the metaphysical energy continued to manifest in her stomach, acting like fire boiling water to produce steam as it stirred up more gas than any normal human ever could. When she felt enough build up, Videl proudly forced out the gas using her *ki* creating a shockwave that blew away Pan's orange bandana. When it finished, Videl sighed in relief and giggled at the befuddled face of her daughter.

"Wh-what was that?!" Pan exclaimed.

"Well, Honey, I guess I was just a little rusty," Videl replied, lips curled up into a smirk.

Pan narrowed her eyes in suspicion. She may be somewhat naïve, but she was not stupid. The daughter of Son Gohan found it weird that her mom could just pull out a totally awesome eructation at the eleventh hour after a series of mediocre burps. In addition, Pan could have sworn that she felt a minuscule ember of *ki* coming from her mother, specifically in her tummy.

Maybe... The quasi-Saiyan pondered for a moment, before dismissing the idea entirely, *There's no way. That's just ridiculous. She probably just got lucky, that's all.*

Putting the notion aside, Pan opted to pop open her eighth can of soda and began chugging it. Videl soon joined her and in a matter of seconds, both had completely drained their aluminum canisters of their sugary liquid contents. Pan patted her packed paunch playfully, feeling it press up against and peek out under her shirt. It was an expected result given that eight cans worth of delicious carbonated goodness filled that gut of hers, not including the can that she had taken a swig of before the contest officially began. Videl rubbed her own bulging belly,

starting to wonder how this competition would affect her figure afterward. However, she pushed that thought out for the moment, instead focusing on the here and now.

“Well, do you want to start the final bout, little lady?” Videl inquired with a smirk.

“Sure, but you’ll regret it, trust me,” Pan replied, matching her mom’s smirk.

Pan proceeded to gobble down as much precious oxygen as possible, making her abdominal area inflate even more so. She held her breath, and after a while, she was starting to become blue in the face, which made Videl frown in worry. The mother was about to ask if her daughter was all right when Pan decided to unleash her outright abominable eructation right in her face. It was by far her greatest/grossest one in the whole competition. Pan’s oral expulsion of air lasted an astounding ten seconds, actually shattering some of the windows, which Pan had a feeling would come out of her allowance even if she won. However, the smell was again in a category of its own, as the guttural belch blast carried a sickly green cloud of gas out of Pan’s mouth. Said gas cloud was composed of an amalgamation of every food and drink that the Pan had devoured over the past week, which to a full blooded human would have been a month’s worth of nourishment.

“How was that, Mom?” Pan giggled smugly after finishing.

“Ohhh...” Videl moaned, wholly discombobulated, “That was so nasty! I think that I’m going to hurl!” she slapped both hands over her mouth to keep herself from doing so.

Pan giggled even louder, savoring her mother’s disgusted demeanor. Eventually, Videl regained her bearings and threw a piercing glare at her daughter, at which Pan only snickered, “I take it that you didn’t like my magnum opus.”

That straw broke the camel's back, *Screw it*, Videl thought, *I don't know if it's the lingering nausea or seething anger, but I'm going to put this brat in her place, no matter what! That'll knock her arrogance ass down a peg.*

Then, she got into a battle stance, her legs spreading out two feet apart and bending at a 90° angle, and closed her eyes. The quarter-Sayian cocked her left eyebrow, confused. “Uh, mom, what are you doing?”

However, Videl closed her eyes, tuned her daughter out, and took deep breaths. Pan frowned at the silence, but widened her eyes as she felt something weird happen in her mother. Once again, the daughter of Mister Satan manifested her *ki* in her stomach, though now it was much larger, to the point that Pan could clearly sense it.

Huh? Why is there so much ki in her stomach? Unless... Pan thought, until her eyes widened in realization, *It's true! She did do it before and she's doing it now!*

As Pan was trying to process the current situation, Videl pressurized the gas in her stomach by charging up *ki* in order to increase the power of her burp. Meanwhile, a glow formed in her stomach, the heat of her *ki* causing her to sweat profusely. After a while, she felt a huge burst of energy finish building up pressure in her belly. This feeling made her smile in anticipation.

“Oh, boy, here it comes,” Videl exclaimed excitedly.

“Here what comes?” her offspring questioned.

Videl ignored Pan and used her energy to channel the gas out of her belly. The glow intensified as it, the *ki* and the gas traveled up her body before entering her mouth, causing her cheeks to bulge outward and filling Videl's mouth with a light bright enough to make her puffed

out cheeks translucent. Then, she raised her head slightly away from Pan to avoid possibly hurting her and became the first person in history to burp out a blast of energy.

“buuuUUUrrrrrrRRUUUuuuuuuuuUUUCH!**”**

Suddenly, her mouth snapped open and she belched out a large yellow *ki* beam, which rocketed past Videl's lips and barely missed the top of Pan's head on its trajectory through one of the broken windows. The burp itself echoed throughout the house, shattering the remaining windows, and knocking down several books, expensive plates, and other belongings. The duo looked to see the blast vaporize some nearby trees, both of them gawking at the trail of burnt grass and destroyed foliage.

“Whoa, even I didn't expect that,” Videl admitted with a blush.

Pan turned back to her mom, “That... was... *awesome!* Let's keep going! I want to do that too!”

Videl paused for a moment, but then chuckled at the absurdity of the situation, “Ok, but the loser gets punished for six months in lieu of three.”

“Deal!” Pan shouted, her eyes shining with enthusiasm.

Both remembered their unfinished cans of soda and grabbed them for the *true* final bout. They were going to need it!

Once the beverages had been consumed, the empty aluminum husk that previously held them were discarded and Pan began the final bout by pausing to focus her *ki* then:

“BRRRRrrrrRRRRRRUUUUUuuuuUOOOOOOOoo-ooooOOOOOOOrrrp!***

!*”

A big energy blast shot from her mouth, twice the width of her mother's effort, though it only did a little more damage to the house by burning a few extra holes in the walls.

Videl applauded politely, then sucked in and:

*“*beeeeeEEEEEELLLLllllRRRRRrrroooOOOOOaaAAAAARR
RRrrrrrRRRRP!!!*”*

She not only managed to outdo her daughter, but shot out a stream of *ki* balls from her mouth in rapid succession. Pan was forced to jump on top of her chair in dodge in a rather comedic fashion. Videl laughed out loud at this when she was finished and an evil gleam suddenly entered her eye. Turning her gaze towards the ceiling, she forced out a small burp that resulted in a single ball of *ki* knocking some debris onto Pan's head, the quarter-Saiyan scowling in response.

“Okay Mama, you've had it! ***BIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIG
BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP
AAAAATTTTTTTTAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!!!*”**

Videl's eyes widened as her daughter unleashed a huge belch that contained a variation of one of Vegeta's most powerful moves. It packed enough force to blow her through the wall of her home and leave her smoking on the already slightly scorched lawn. Pan laughed at the sight and began jumping up and down in an absurd little victory dance.

“Yes! I win! HAHAAAAHA, I am the best!” This bratty sing-song voice awoke something in Videl and she slowly pulled herself to her feet, her eyes ablaze with fury. Pan watched with a mix of confusion and concern as her mother assumed a basic power-up stance and began

speaking in grunts, as though she were on the verge of transforming into some new kind of super form. In fact, it wouldn't have surprised Pan at all if that were the case.

Little did the young girl know that during all this, her mother was reliving her past, watching various images of her rough and tumble self flash and the victories she'd achieved flash before her eyes. Everything from belching contests to looking best in a bikini passed her by. They were soon replaced by new images of Pan besting her younger self in all these same events. Other scenes were also included such as a rice eating contest and a farting contest. Every last one filled the Videl of the present with even more rage.

“No! I... Will... Not... lose... to a... little... girl! *Even if she is my own daughter!*” Pan watched in amazement as her mother's slightly higher than average power level suddenly skyrocketed, her aura blazing to life around her. Videl then bellowed, “Ka... Me... Ha... Me...

****HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA***

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUU

UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

RRRRRRRRRRRP!!!!*”

The mightiest belch under the heavens, contained within the signature technique of both the Kame House and the overall Son Family, shot from Videl's mouth. It zeroed in on a horrified Pan and created a great explosion that destroyed the entire house! Pan lay amidst the rubble, somehow only dazed, “You win, Mommy.”

“Oh yeah!” Videl cried out in a rather good impression of her father, “I win! I'm number—oh crap!” The daughter of Mister Satan looked upon what was left of her home and decided to let Pan off the hook: she would need all the help she could get in order to collect the Dragon Balls and restore everything before Gohan got back!