

A Personal Trainer's Personal Slob Story

It was a day like any other. Strolling through the gym, I felt proud at the fact that my fit form was far more impressive than anyone else I passed. Sure my slender, athletic body was to be expected considering I was a personal trainer, but there was a certain pride I had in the fact that it came with a head of silky, black hair and a beautiful face to match. What little satisfaction I got out of modeling my body clad in a white tank top and black shorts in front of my mirror at home paled in comparison to the way people gawked at me as if I were a goddess.

In direct contrast to my super model-like appearance was my assistant, Tina. The mousy woman always had her bespectacled eyes glancing down at her phone, with her stringy, brown hair done up in a bun. While she was smaller than me, she lacked the muscles and curves to make full use of it. As pathetic as she looked wearing a similar outfit to mine, she served as an excellent way to boost my ego.

"Tina!" I shouted out, getting her to nearly drop her phone in shock. "Is today's fresh meat ready?"

"E-excuse me, Laney--"

"That's MISS Laney to you," I clarified.

"Right, Miss Laney, you really shouldn't call your clients that."

"Don't tell me how to do my job," I said, giving Tina a flick to the forehead. "You've seen enough of my sessions to know that I may be rough, but I get results."

"And complaints from management," she muttered just a little too loud.

"Want to say that again?"

"N-no, Miss Laney," she replied, shaking harder than a leaf in a hurricane. "T-the fresh meat is waiting for you in the next room."

“Good, now come with me,” I said, stepping through the doorway. “Maybe you’ll grow a spine when you see how to really make someone fit.”

Strolling to the front of the room, I eyed up the group of people that had managed to ignore the warnings and signed up for my training program. Their courage meant little to me considering each of them failed to be anything more than an overweight loser. The disgust I felt at looking at the chub adorning their forms was only suppressed by my desire to see them suffer in order to make their bodies into something respectable.

“Alright, listen up maggots!” I shouted out to the crowd. “The reason you’re here is because you’ve decided to get your fat asses off your couches and actually do something with your miserable lives. While you’re in my program, I don’t want to hear any whining about being tired or sore. That just means that the worthless sacks of flesh you call bodies are actually moving for something other than midnight snack trips to the fridge. Before we start, any questions?”

A large number of hands rose up.

“Well keep them until we’re done,” I shouted out. “If you have the energy to lift up your arms, then you can get to work. Let’s start off easy with fifty jumping jacks. Now get moving!”

The blow of my whistle got my sorry excuse of a class moving. Within moments, their pudgy forms began to bead with heavy layers of sweat. Soon, the sound of jiggling flab was joined by the echo of heavy wheezes that showed that my usual method was doing its job.

Working through their odor and pathetic display of physical ability, I began to make my way around the room. Anytime I spotted one of my clients slowing down, I would be quick to blow my whistle right in their ear to get them moving again. Seeing them strain their fatty limbs

to meet my demands made a shudder of pride go through my body. That made it all the more devastating to see that one of my clients was slacking off.

She was seated at the very back of the room, but her poor attempt to hide from me was undone by the fact that she was the largest person in the group. The green tint to her pale, chubby flesh stood out more thanks to her overburdened black tank top and yoga pants. Leaning back on her chunky rear, she seemed content to merely lean back and slide her pudgy fingers through her long, greasy black hair. The uninterested look on her face filled me with a powerful rage I had never felt before. It was as if her glazed over eyes looking past the small bump on her angular nose were daring me to do something about it. Looking back now, I realized that I had fallen right into her trap.

“The hell do you think you’re doing!” I shouted out, giving up on using the whistle to let my pure fury shine through.

The woman lazily shifted her head towards me. “Taking a break.”

“A break?” I asked, leaning down to stare into her face. “You think a land whale like you has earned a break? Far from it.”

“Let’s agree to disagree on that,” she replied with a wave of her hand. “And to clarify, I don’t appreciate you calling me a land whale. My name is Petunia, thank you very much.”

I let out a laugh right in her face. “Petunia? Like the flower? You’re far from being anywhere near a good fit for that name. If you want to actually do something other than disappoint the people who gave you that title, get your ass up and start moving. Keep jumping until you’re a sweaty mess ready to pass out on the-“

“BWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRPPPPPPP!”

The power of the woman's belch forced me to fall backwards onto the mat. I blinked a few times, trying to deal with the shock of what had just happened and the awful smell that lingered in my nostrils. When I finally managed to stand myself back up, it was just in time to watch Petunia waddle her way towards the exit.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" I called out.

"Home," she replied, not even bothering to look my way. "If I'm going to chill out, I'd rather do it in my own living room. Maybe I'll come back AFTER you've learned your lesson."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, stomping towards her.

My anger only increased as Petunia slammed the door shut. Left without a way to properly scorn her for the audacity of her behavior, I turned my rage towards the remaining group. Their exercise routine had come to a stop due to the little outburst. Thankfully, it was something easily solved with another blow of my whistle and a glare.

"I don't believe that bitch," I said out loud to Tina. "Why the hell did she even sign up for this if she was just going to quit?"

"S-shouldn't we be worried?" Tina suggested.

"I don't care about her leaving a bad review. I'll add it to the collection."

"Not that. There was something off about her. It's like there was this super natural aura surrounding her body. It's almost like she's some kind of--"

"Ungrateful lard ass who doesn't know who she's messing with," I interjected. "Ugh, I'm getting tired just thinking about her. Tina, get me my drink."

"R-right way," she replied, hurrying to grab my bottle.

Even if I dreaded the mix of protein and veggies I held in my hands, the health benefits were more than enough to get me to drink them. So focused on how I would get back at Petunia,

I didn't notice at first that something was off. The typically bitter tasting shake was replaced with a long forgotten sweet flavor that danced across my tongue. By the time I realized this, I was already halfway through the bottle. Finally understanding that I was chugging down soda, I tried to spit up the sugary liquid only for a belch to push past my lips.

"Tina, what the hell were you thinking giving me this?" I asked, pouring the bottle out on the floor.

"B-but I didn't--"

"Don't make excuses," I said, shoving the bottle into her hands. "Instead, you clean this up while I finish up the class."

Watching Tina scurry away, I tried to refocus my efforts on finishing up the group's routine. I had to hold back on using my whistle for fear of disturbing the bubbles lingering in the back of my throat. Forced to remain silent, I bid my time considering various ways to get back at Petunia should she ever dare to show her face to me again.

One week had passed since my run in with Petunia and I hadn't seen any sign of her. However, I was certain that she was spying on my every movement. While I couldn't prove that she was the one stalking me, she was the one who I kept putting at fault for the odd change in my diet.

Everything I ate seemed to turn into its unhealthiest version the moment I put it in my mouth. Protein shakes turned into thick milkshakes. Salads were changed to baskets of chili cheese fries in the blink of an eye. Even bowls of fruit would be swapped out for a collection of pastries if I ever turned my head away from them. As much as I would have liked to avoid

playing along with this “prank” I was aware that starving myself wasn’t going to work. Any joy I got from getting to eat the things I had forbidden from touching my tongue was undone as I was reminded what such a destructive diet could do to a person’s body.

Rather than my standard gym attire, I had come into the training sessions that day covered in a hoodie and sweatpants. My hope was that the baggy clothing would be enough to obscure the layer of fat around my mid-section and the chub around my rear. Though a few of my clients seemed to notice the way the fabric hugged around my heavier chest, I was hopeful that talk of my extra weight would remain as a hushed whisper thanks to my reputation. Unfortunately, that only lasted up until I led the group in our daily exercise routine.

The added fat clinging to my body made what was supposed to be a warm up session become grueling. Each shift of my legs brought my attention to the excess fat clinging to my thighs and arms. Just a little over halfway through the set, I was plagued with perspiration beading down my face to soak my clothes. Trying to retain my image as top class personal trainer, I tried to push through my exhaustion with heavy breaths. That was until one of my exhales devolved into a rolling belch.

In an instant, the atmosphere of the room changed as everyone focused their eyes on me. That was when they began to notice things such as the bit of my belly peeking out from beneath my hoodie and the way the seat of my pants sunk into my bubble butt. Rather than be forced to deal with this humiliation, I fought back the only way I knew how.

“What the BWOOOOORRRRPP hell do you think you’re looking at, worms?” I shouted out to the group. “Get back to work while I step out for a bit. When I come back, you fat UUUURRRPP asses better be sweating.”

Successfully getting the clients to resume their training, I stomped my way out the door. Trying to ignore the way my sweaty, chubby appearance drew the wrong kind of attention, I rushed my way into the break room. Slamming the door shut behind me, I vented out some of the leftover pressure in my gut through the use of a squeaky fart. Any relief I felt from the expulsion was undone as I spotted Tina staring at me.

“What are you BWOOOOOORRRPPPP looking at?” I asked.

“N-nothing, miss Laney,” she replied, hurriedly stowing away her phone.

“Good, then get out of the way,” I said, forcing Tina to get off the couch.

Planting myself on the cushions and spreading out, I tried to relieve the aches and pains in my body. Pondering just how much more I would have to work to get rid of my encroaching blubber, I slid a hand across my face only to stop once I reached a small red bump on my cheek. Blindly reaching out towards a bottle on the table, I brought it to my lip to quench my parched throat and my mind off of things. On reaction, I should have spit out the soda that spilled out. Instead, I continued to chug down the sugary substance in an attempt to make up for the sweat still leaking from my pores.

“Tina, why are you drinking this BWOOOOOORRRPPPP crap?” I asked, slamming the empty bottle on the table.

“B-but I didn’t,” she answered. “It was water just a few seconds ago.”

“Stop giving me UUUUURRRP flimsy excuses. Instead of telling bold faced lies, make yourself useful and give me a massage.”

Tina smacked her lips for a second. “R-right away, miss Laney,” she said, shuffling towards me.

While I was suspicious of Tina's behavior, my worry went away the moment her finger pressed into my upper back. For all of the scolding I gave my assistant, I had to admit to myself that she knew how to ease aches and pains with her tiny hands. Lost in the feeling of my sore muscles getting massaged through my fat, I failed to recognize where her hands were moving until the hem of my sweater rolled up.

"Tina, what do you think you're BWOOOOOOOOORRRPPPP!"

The burp that parted my lips was due to the way Tina's hands pushed into my belly. Though I tried to scold her, there was little I could do in the wake of more gas bubbles rolling up my throat as she continued to grope my gut. While one of her hands continued to focus on my mid-section, the other moved on to squeezing my tits. As her touch moved towards my backside, not even a rumbling BRRRRAAAAAAAPPP from my rear could get her to stop.

Confused and under the influence of some strange force, I tried looking to Tina for answers. What I saw was a gleam in her eye that seemed unnatural for the timid woman. The expression of fascination only ended when she realized I was staring at her.

"I'm so sorry!" she shouted out, quickly removing her fingers and running towards the door. "Um, wait right there. I'll get you some towels and something else for you to drink."

Before I could ask Tina any questions, she bolted out of the room. Left by myself, I slid my hand along my exposed gut. Still feeling the warmth of her touch mixed in with my sweat, I tried to think of what had possessed her to do such a thing. Even more concerning is why I had chosen not to stop her. Shaking these feelings off as just part of my exhaustion, I tried to get comfortable on the couch as I waited for her to return to help cool me off.

Long after the gym was closed for regular business hours, I was taking advantage of the lack of unwanted gazes to take care of my problem. Despite my best efforts over the course of two weeks, I was unable to prevent my meals from being interfered with. Even if I could find the source, I doubted that I could stop the strange appetite that took over me every time I opened my mouth to eat. However, that wasn't my main concern at the moment. The true fear was that I was starting to enjoy the constant indulgences.

Sweaty and haggard after only a few minutes of running, the feeling of the underside of my doughy gut pressing up against my inner thighs reminded me of the double cheeseburger I had downed earlier that day. As the perspiration threatened to slip out my head-sized breasts from the confines of my tight hoodie, I recalled the pair of milkshakes I had carelessly chugged. With the last bit of effort, I pushed myself forward through the feeling of my sweatpants sinking between my meaty butt cheeks; motivated by my self-hatred for further degrading my body with a careless meal made up of greasy nachos.

Not even halfway down the track, I was forced to stop and lean up against the wall. Sliding down to the floor, I let out wheezing breaths to try and regain my energy. Each exhale blew my strands of oily hair to press them against my cheeks and worsen the pimples that had started to develop from my unhealthy diet. Trying to rub off the grease with my pudgy mitts forced me to slide across the second chin I had developed.

A belch escaped my mouth in my efforts to clean up my sweaty face. As the BWOOOOORRRPPP echoed through the room, my ears picked up on the sound of someone approaching. Try as a might to remain quiet, the constant gurgling coming from my gut wasn't helping. Attempting to ease my indigestion by rubbing my belly proved to be my downfall as I incidentally pushed out a rippling PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTT from my rear. Wincing at the

smell and sound created from the fart, I opened up my eyes to see an awestruck Tina staring at me from a few feet away.

“M-miss Laney, are you okay?” she asked, offering up a drink bottle.

“I’m UUUURRPP fine,” I belched, swiping the beverage from her. Unphased by the soda that met my tongue, I kept my gaze focused on her. “What are you doing here after hours anyway?”

“I don’t mean to offend, but I could ask you the same thing,” Tina replied. “Guess you were the mystery guest using the gym.”

“I had BWOOOOORRPPP to,” I shot back, guzzling down a mouthful of soda to regain energy. “Every time I try to work out during normal hours, I just end up humiliating myself.” Finishing off the drink, I used the act of tossing the bottle across the room and letting out a brunt fart to express my rage. “I’ve been trying to lose weight on my own, but it’s no use.”

At the tail end of my outrage, a hint of sadness broke through my rage. Rather than fight it, the stress that weighed more on my shoulders than my fat ever could finally broke me. “It’s not UUUUURRRP fair,” I bawled, uncaring of the squeaky fart that leaked out in the process. “After I’ve spent so much of my life perfecting my BWOOOOORRRPPP body, it’s all undone by some freaky curse to turn me into a disgusting slob.” Lifting up my shirt to fully reveal my gut, I grabbed it to shake it towards Tina. “What kind of person would find this UUUURPP attractive?”

“...I would,” Tina admitted, her face becoming red enough to rival the look of exhaustion on my own.

“What are you talking about?” I asked, watching as she pulled out her phone and held it up to my face.

I remained silent as my assistant proceeded to scroll through a collection of images depicting women similarly big and gassy as myself. Though I remained quiet in the wake of the stream of slobby images, my body was sure to express my internal shock through a constant barrage of gas. When she finally pulled her phone away, it felt like she had thrown off a veil to reveal her true desires.

“This is the reason that I got into personal training in the first place,” Tina admitted. “Getting to watch people’s jiggling forms push their limits. The various sounds their bodies make as they shake. Even the smell of their...expulsions are strangely fascinating to me.”

The moment of relief I saw on Tina’s face as she finished speaking sunk back into her body as she momentarily locked eyes with me. As my assistant tried to control her nerves by fiddling with her hair, I was left to ponder what exactly to do with the revelation. My brain wasn’t in any condition to process everything in my exhausted state. With the initial shock out of the way, all that remained was a lingering desire to ease my body’s burdens. It was because of this simple want that I took a leap of logic to solve both issues at once.

“Clean me up,” I commanded.

“W-what?” Tina asked.

“You BWOOOOORRRPP heard me,” I said, raising up an arm to show off my sweaty pit and the wiry strands peeking out. “Make yourself useful and clean me off.”

“R-right away,” Tina said, rushing to grab a towel.

Getting down on the ground, Tina began to slowly dry the perspiration from my body. Once more, the feeling of her rubbing along my flab filled me with a strange sense of satisfaction. The longer the massage went on, the more daring she got with touching my body. Becoming bold enough to push into my belly, she just sat there as I enveloped the both of us in a

rumbling fart. As the blast petered off, she tilted her head up at me as if she was the one who should have been embarrassed by the outburst. Rather than scold her, I let something I had been holding on the tip of my tongue spill out.

“You want UUUUURRPP more, don’t you?” I asked,

Upon receiving a nod in reply, I gently pushed Tina back. Though it was a struggle getting it over my breasts, I managed to pull off my hoodie to let the entirety of my chubby flesh be left on display. The sight of my bare blubber made a gleam appear in her eyes. She began to breath harder than myself, as if she had just been through a ten mile sprint. Rather than delay both of our urges, I let it all go with one command.

“Give me BWOOOOOORRRPPPP everything you’ve got.”

Leaping towards my body, Tina left behind the towel as she groped and squeezed every inch of my flesh. The sweat clinging to my skin was taken care of by a combination of her rubbing against me and her licking it up with her tongue. Not an inch was missed, even from my pock-marked face to the follicles dotted around my belly button. As she dragged her mouth across me, she showed no hesitation in letting her hums of pleasure be heard over the gas bubbles she managed to push out of me. Eventually, my own moans begin to peek through my burps as I completely gave into the unusual cleaning method.

Making her way across my chins, Tina inevitably brought her mouth to my face. There was a bit of hesitation, but that was swiftly overtaken by a rumbling sound from my stomach. Quickly locking her lips with mine, she got to sample firsthand the taste of one of my burps. Greedily taking the kiss from her, I pulled her in close to smother her body with my flesh. At the time, I wasn’t sure what I was throwing ourselves into, but I didn’t seem to care about anything other than reveling in the adoration of my sloppy form.

The confidence that I used to hold so dear was nowhere to be found as I made my way towards the door leading to Tina's apartment. Up until that point, the only thing she had ever seen me in was my various workout outfits. For our after work rendezvous, I had made the decision to adorn myself with a simple black dress. The garment's purpose of emphasizing my beauty was secondary to the fact that it was able to just barely cover up my wealth of fat.

While I summoned the courage to knock on the door, I tried in vain to get the fabric to fit better around my rounded gut. Trying to ensure not too much of my cleavage was being shown off did manifest a few belches to roll up my throat to jiggle my pimply cheeks. So concerned with trying to extract the fabric that had wedged itself between my ass cheeks, I barely noticed the door start to creak open. When I finally found the relief I was searching for, it came alongside a blast of flatulence that Tina willingly walked through to give me a hug.

"I'm so glad that you could make it," Tina said, sucking in my rancid fumes. "Although, I don't know why you bothered to wear that thing."

"Is there something UUUURRRPP wrong with it?" I asked.

"No," she replied, grasping my pudgy hand to pull me inside, "it's just you won't be wearing it for much longer."

Closing the door as I entered Tina's apartment, I spent some time just watching the way she sauntered through the hall. In the month since the revelation of her intentions, I was granted access to the wealth of "material" she used to indulge her urges. Everyday she would send me a sizable amount of content centered around worshiping sloppy bodies like my own. These torrents of content came alongside a deluge of her eagerly talking about the various fantasies and

scenarios she wanted to play out with me. The hesitancy I felt at the beginning of these began to wane as we got closer both emotionally and physically. Eventually, she wore me down enough to agree to a particular “game” in her home.

Even after Tina had explained in detail what the plan entailed, I was still left shocked to see an actual feeding trough in the middle of her living room. The wooden container was filled with a mix of tomatoes, carrots, lettuce, and other vegetables. Waddling my way over to the spread, I picked up a potato and brought it to my mouth. As soon as it touched my tongue, the vegetable became stuffed with melted cheese, bacon, and an overabundance of butter. Before I could fully finish the loaded baked potato, it was snatched away by Tina.

“Hold on there,” she said, keeping the buttery morsel out of reach. “We don’t want to get started while you’re still wearing that thing. Strip and then you’ll be able to eat.”

“Is that really necessary?” I asked.

“Yes,” she said, coming in to pull down the straps of my dress. “You’re going to get pretty messy. Not to mention, it wouldn’t feel right to have a pig wearing such a pretty thing.”

A strange shudder went down my spine at the utterance of the word pig. The shock of Tina’s order was dwarfed by my willingness to do as she said. Using her help to take off the dress revealed each inch of my flabby, 500 pound body. The excess heft and unshaved hairs adorning it had been a direct result of me no longer fighting against my body’s degradation. Swiveling myself around to look towards the trough, I tried to figure out where to start. Thankfully Tina was quick to assist again as she pushed by head into the pile.

All at once, a collection of vegetables pressing against my face turned into a collection of greasy chicken tenders. Rather than fight against my urges, I began to gobble up each and every bit of food that met my lips. As I ate, I could feel Tina rubbing against my body to help along my

digestion. Our combined efforts bore fruit as a series of unruly groans emanated from my stomach. Rather than hold the pressure in, I fully allowed my body to do what it did best.

Raising my head up from the trough, I let out a guttural belch that let me re-taste a wad of chili before dunking back into the feast. Raising up my hindquarters, I pushed Tina back a bit with PHHHHRRRRRTTTTT that came rumbling out of my backside. The combination of the fumes and my own exertion led to a wealth of sweat clinging to my flesh to enhance my already pungent body odor. While I would have believed my smell and mass would have made me undesirable to be anywhere near to, Tina was determined to prove me wrong.

Swinging my thick neck back and forth, I allowed grease to drip down my chins as I tried to see where Tina was. I got my answer as I felt her tongue slide up the length of my womanhood. The act pushed out a moan from my lips, while treating her to a squeaky fart that got her to move at a greater fervor. I tried to keep eating, but there was little I could do under the influence of her mouth sucking on my hairy, dripping muff. Unable to hold it in anymore, I let out a mix of a belch and a moan, as I rewarded her efforts with a BRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP from my anus and a surge of juices from my pussy.

Exhausted from the act, I leaned against the trough to catch my breath. When I finally came around to lifting up my head again, it was to see that Tina had walked over to the other side. Her nude form was covered in a mix of my sweat and other fluids from her in depth exploration of my nether region. Despite both of our messy forms, she was quick to kneel down to press her mouth up against mine. Locking our lips together, she stayed there for a moment to let us share the flavors of our very different meals. When she finally pulled away, it was to offer up another carrot to me. Opening my mouth wide, I allowed the vegetable turned hotdog to slide down my throat to continue with our night of hedonism.

There was an odd feeling inside of the gym after being away for so long. Even if this was after the facility had closed for the evening, I swore I could still hear the echoes of trainers and clients alike in the halls. This spectral sound was inevitably swallowed up by the various noises made by my body but did the job slowing me down just enough to reconsider what I was about to do in the place where I used to rule with an iron fist.

I was brought back to one of the many plates of food on the table in front of me as droplets of crumbs came loose from my lips to tumble down my chins. The bits added to the smears of sauce spread across the pair of drooping meat sacks that were my breasts. My efforts to clean off the remnants from my belly's many fat rolls resulted in them bouncing against the padded floor of what used to be my training room. Had any of my former students had been around to see me, I was certain they would get their revenge by pointing and laughing at my double-wide, chunky rear, the various red bumps on my face, and the bristly hairs dotted across my form.

"Keep going," Tina whispered into my ear. "I need you ready for when our guest arrives."

Pushed by the gentle caress of Tina's fingers across my back flab, I dove back into the greasy feast. Not having to worry about having to make a mess in either Tina or my apartment, helped me to stuff my over 800 pound body without restraint. I further stained the floor each time my mouth was forced open to let out a powerful BWOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP. Even as I unleashed one billowing BRRRAAAAPPPPP after another, Tina stood behind me to keep up with my hunger and grope at my flab.

Lost in my moment of peak hedonism, I didn't notice at first that someone else had entered the room. Picking my head up from a bowl of baked beans, I came face to face with a woman that seemed familiar. Her skin was a palish green and her nose, adorned by a single wart bent forward to partially obscure her mouth. As I continued to stare at the strange woman with black hair, my brain tried to tell me I had seen her before. However, I couldn't recall seeing her so skinny.

"Wow, you really let yourself go," the woman said, grabbing a handful of my belly fat. "Guess that curse I cast was stronger than I thought."

"Pet-BWOOOOOORRRPPPP-unia?" I asked.

"In the flesh," she replied, standing back to show off her slim figure adorned in a black gown. "While you were stuffing yourself like a pig, I finally found a training regimen to give me the fit body you used to adore. It was a lot easier to keep up with the routine when I didn't have someone screaming in my ear."

"So you were behind UUUURRPP this," I said, gesturing towards my body and receiving a nod in response. "Whate are you here for then? To BOOOOUUUUURRPPPP mock me."

"Nah, I'm not some hypocrite," the witch replied. "Your master here invited me to come along for tonight's activities."

"It's true," Tina spoke up. "I ended up running into her while I was out shopping for one of your feasts. I recognized her and started talking to her about the nature of your condition. Specifically, the one thing that you're missing."

"What do you--"

My question was cut off by my own fart bursting out to the tune of a horrendous BRRRRAAAAAPPPPPP. In the wake of the gas bomb, Petunia charged forward to press herself

against my body. Feeling up my flab, she took deep whiffs of my aroma of gas and unwashed flesh. It was only once she had gotten a sizable helping did she let her gaze meet with mine.

“God I missed this,” Petunia said, continuing to grope my breasts. “From what Tina has told me, you’ve learned the benefits of having such a sloppy body. Don’t get me wrong, I appreciate not having to take up two seats at the movies anymore, but I wouldn’t mind getting a chance to really indulge in the sins of the flesh. That is, if the plump piggy is deserving of a reward.”

“I would think so,” Tina answered, coming up behind me to nuzzle her face against my back flab. “She’s been a good girl and finished off all of her food so let’s give her what she really wants.”

“Oh and what would that be?” Petunia asked; the question directed at my face.

For just a moment, my old self sprung up in the back of my head. I was reminded of my first meeting with the witch. There was also the revelation that she was the cause of my body’s degrading condition. However, she was also the one responsible for this recently laid back lifestyle that led me to having such an intimate relationship with Tina. With all of this in mind, I swallowed what little pride I had to let my urges take the reins.

“I...want you to fuck me,” I bluntly stated, my form quivering as the witch slid her hands across my blubber.

Grasping my chins, Petunia tilted my head towards her. “Very well. I’ll go ahead and give you a reward. Now, be a good girl and get on all fours like the hog that you are.”

Pushing aside the table of food, I did as commanded and plopped onto the mat. Trying to balance atop my belly, I kept my head up to watch Petunia take off her clothes. My time spent staring at the toned figure that looked eerily similar to my old self stopped as someone came up

behind me. Though I couldn't look over my shoulder in my position, I could tell by touch alone that Tina was getting in position to take care of my needs. Putting my attention back on the witch, she stepped forward to present her own womanhood to me.

"Time for your dessert," Petunia said before shoving her groin in my face.

Face pressed up against the witch's womanhood, I set to work using my eager mouth to lick and suck at her. In turn, Tina did the same for my own needy pussy. My first time giving and receiving at the same time mixed with the food sloshing around in my belly forced my body to start unleashing the pressure built up inside of my stomach. For Petunia, that meant letting my belches echo against her labia. As for Tina, she found new vigor in the way my farts burst out to clog her mouth. In this exchange of back and forth pleasure, I ended up being the first one to climax. Thankfully enough, the resulting belch and moan roaring up my throat was enough to bring Petunia to her own release.

Pulling herself away, the witch slid her fingers across the lingering wetness around her crotch. Licking up similar drops from my lips, I tried to keep myself steady as she sauntered back to run her fingers through my hair. "Seems like you've learned how to properly use that mouth for something other than engorging yourself," she said, wiping up some of the mess from my cheeks. "I suppose that earns you a little something extra."

"Is it time?" Tina excitedly asked.

"Indeed it is. Pig, roll over. Your masters are going to prepare a special tool for you."

Unsure of what was happening but more than willing to pursue further pleasure, I used the weak muscles beneath my flab to turn myself onto my back. Tilting up my thick neck as far as it would go, I looked on as Petunia strapped a leather harness around her waist. My eyes went wide as I saw the girthy, pink dildo she affixed to the front of the contraption.

Before I could ask any questions, my head was pulled back down to the mat. I only had a moment to see the lust-filled gaze in Tina's eyes before she smothered my face with her womanhood. With my former assistant properly nestling my head between her legs, I could only trust my sense of touch as the witch approached me. Feeling the toy slide up against the entrance of my womanhood, I found myself trembling at the thought of pushing myself further.

"Give it to BWOOOOOOOORRPP me!" I belched out, my muffled voice thankfully loud enough to signal my partners to begin.

Upon feeling the dildo penetrate my womanhood, I did my best to reciprocate by returning Tina's earlier favor. While I focused on eating out my assistant's pussy, the witch put all of her attention on repeatedly thrusting her hips. Each repetition shook around my blubbery form to stir up my remaining gas bubbles. The result was a bombardment of BRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPs that did little to dissuade Petunia's jolts and UUUUUURRRRPPPs that added to Tina's enjoyment. Amidst this indulgence of flesh, I began to lose myself to the pleasure. Unable to handle the girthy toy any longer, I ended up finishing Tina off with a loud moan as I orgasmed once more.

Drained from the act of passion, I remained laying on the floor as Tina pulled away from me. Feeling a cloth against my pudgy fingers, I graciously took it to wipe the mess of sweat and other fluids from my face. When my vision became clear again, it was just in time to see Petunia hovering over me.

"That was better than I could have ever anticipated," the witch said as she cradled my cheek. Lowering herself down, she locked her lips with mine just long enough for her to catch a leftover belch from my lips. "I've had my fill for now, so if you decide to go back to your old self, just give me a call."

“Are you UUUURRP serious?” I asked, forcing myself to sit up to see her getting her clothes back on.

“IF you really want to go back of course,” Petunia replied, making her way to the exit. “Whether you want to slim down or just want another partner to help with your body’s urges, Tina has my number.” Stopping at the door, she turned to shoot me a grin. “Either way, I look forward to seeing you again, land whale.”