

Slob Collar Weekend

The usual relief Phoebe felt after surviving another work week was nowhere to be found as she stepped inside of her apartment and recalled what her weekend plans entailed.

Begrudgingly she got out of her uniform to change into a pair of black pajama pants and an old, white shirt she wouldn't mind losing. Undoing the hair tie keeping her shoulder length locks of brown hair in place, she tried to mentally prepare herself to dive into a world of complete lethargy. As much as she wanted to relax, this was far from her preferred method.

Phoebe found her boyfriend, Landon waiting for her in the living room. Like her, he had prepared for the weekend's activities by adorning himself in a t-shirt and pair of pants that he wouldn't mind getting dirty. Though he could tell that she was nervous about what he had planned, he couldn't have been happier. Hoping to get a laugh to ease her nerves, he approached her with a smile as he flamboyantly flung his fingers through his short, black hair.

"So, are you ready for the big show?" Landon asked.

"Not really," Phoebe replied, glancing away from her boyfriend to stare at the ominous, pink box sitting on the coffee table.

Putting on a more empathetic expression, Landon walked forward to place his hand on her shoulder. "We don't have to do this if you don't want to. I've gotten by so far with pictures and stories on the internet for this long. Getting to experience it in real life isn't worth forcing you to do something you're not comfortable with."

Phoebe shook her head. "A deal is a deal." Acknowledging Landon's concern, she tried to put on a small smile. "Besides, it's only fair since you won the coin toss. I'll have my turn with you next weekend."

“Heh, heh, yeah,” he replied, nervously scratching the back of his head as he recalled that he would have to partake in her “interests” within a week’s time. “Wait right here, I’ll get the equipment out for you.”

Excitement overriding any fears that Phoebe would completely reject him, Landon opened up the box and picked out what was inside. The black, leather collar looked normal enough, with an intricate pattern woven into the fabric to make it extra eye catching. However, the offsetting part was the metal protrusion in the center with a black and eye mark on it that was directly connected to the remote in Landon’s other hand.

“So, this is it?” Phoebe asked as she was handed the collar.

“Should be considering the price tag,” Landon said as he looked over the control. “The collar is supposed to have the ability to change a person’s body to meet whatever desires they want. They’re usually a lot more expensive, but I was fortunate enough to find one at a discount that had our specific specifications in mind.”

“That’s...strangely convenient,” she commented.

“Well, apparently it’s second hand. Another couple used it so much that the setting was stuck on one specific set of features. Thankfully enough, they just so happened to have the same kinks as me.”

“There are more people into...this?” Phoebe asked.

“Are you really surprised?” Landon replied as he continued to fiddle with the controller. “We live in a modern age where people from across the world can talk to one another. Statistically you’re bound to find someone with the same interests.”

“Yeah, but...I didn’t think it would be for this,” she said, tapping her fingers along the side of the collar.

“You can still back out if you want,” Landon said. “It’s not too late.”

Taking a deep breath, Phoebe snapped the collar around her neck. “I’m ready when you are,” she said, putting on a small smile to try and ease her boyfriend’s concerns.

“Then here goes nothing,” he replied, hitting a button to activate the collar.

For a few seconds the couple stood and waited for something to happen. Though Phoebe attempted to breathe a sigh of relief from the assumption that the collar didn’t work, her calmed state didn’t last for long. Ominous groans began to emanate from her belly, coming alongside a pressure that continued to build. Hearing the noise grow louder, Landon stared intently at the small bulge forming around her mid-section. Upon Phoebe pressing her hand up against the protrusion, the gurgling noise gave way to a small burp escaping her lips.

“I think it’s working,” Landon said, unflinchingly stepping through the belch.

“Is this really what you UUURRRP want?” Phoebe asked, rubbing her hand against her gut to try and ease the pressure. “This is so BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPP disgusting.”

“Better get used to it,” Landon commented. “This is just the beginning. If you wanted to stop now you could still-“

“BOOOOUUUURRRPP no,” she belched back. “A promise is a promise. I’m going to UURRP see this through.”

“Then, would you mind if I touch your belly?”

Phoebe opened up her mouth to protest, only to be interrupted by another burp. Mumbling to herself asking why she had agreed to this, she nodded her head. Graciously accepting her invitation, Landon got down on his knees to place his hand against her gut. Softly pressing his fingers into the swollen sphere forced out more burps from her mouth. Perhaps getting a little too excited over getting to experience the real thing, he pushed his head against

her stomach. This forced out another gas bubble, this time in the form of a small fart that squeaked out of her rear.

“Ugh, that reeks,” Phoebe said as she pinched her nose. “It’s smell like a...a...that square thing.”

“You mean a trash can?”

“Yeah, that’s BOOOOURRRP it,” she belched out. “Sorry, I think this gas is getting to my head.”

“Maybe you should sit down for a bit,” Landon suggested as he guided her over to the couch.

“You’re probably right,” she replied, taking her seat, and wincing as another fart rippled out.

“Sit tight here. I’ll be right back with a little treat,” Landon said before rushing into the kitchen.

Left by herself, Phoebe decided to do a more thorough examination of her changes. Carefully moving her hand towards her gut, she felt up the added chub that was beginning to stick out from beneath her shirt. As gentle as her touch was, that didn’t prevent a few more burps from rolling up her throat. The belches brought her attention towards a tightness in her chest that guided her hand upwards. Grabbing onto her bosom, she confirmed that her breasts had gained an extra layer of pudge to go alongside her softer belly. So lost in the strange satisfaction she experienced from groping her mammaries, she didn’t even try to hold back another fart. Despite the feeling of the extra padding on her rear rippling from the release, her attention became drawn to a heavenly aroma that parted through the smell of her gas.

“I hope you’re hungry,” Landon announced as he returned to the living room with a pizza box in hand. “I ordered this before you got home. Figured you would like some extra fuel to help with your body.”

“You know I can barely finish off two slices, let alone an UURRRP entire pizza,” Phoebe said as he sat down next to her.

“Even if you can’t finish the whole thing, we can save the rest for later.”

“I still think it’s out of the question. There’s no way I can-“

Phoebe went silent as Landon opened up the lid of the box. The heavenly scent from before came back stronger than ever to engulf her face. Given a chance to survey the expanse of greasy cheese and meat displayed before her, a glazed over look took over her eyes. Coming to her senses as a drop of drool began to form at the corner of her lips, she quickly recovered by wiping her face clean with the back of her hand.

“Maybe just a bite or two,” Phoebe relented.

“Open wide,” Landon said, holding the first slice up to her face.

Despite her added weight, Phoebe still nibbled at the pizza at her typical, slow pace. This method fell apart as she became more and more enamored with the indulgent flavor. Finishing off the slice in record time, she let out a guttural belch. Before she could have a chance to excuse her outburst, Landon was quick to offer a second helping. Without hesitation she opened up her mouth to receive her next helping.

As Phoebe continued to make her way through the pizza, Landon circled one of his hands around her exposed gut. The constant motion ensured that the gas from before was frequently bursting out to blend their awful stench with the smell of pizza. Though part of her was still disgusted by what was happening to her body, a thick fog in Phoebe’s mind came with an urge to

focus solely on indulging herself. Ignorant to various stains along her clothes and a particularly loud BRRRRAAAAAAPPPP bursting out of her rear, she managed to finish off the entire pizza without a single crumb left.

“Woah, guess the collar is doing its job,” Landon said as he surveyed the empty box.

“I’m UUUURRRP sorry,” Phoebe said. “Me not-I mean, I didn’t know I was so hungry.”

“That’s the marvel of technology at work,” Landon replied, putting the box aside as he stood up from the couch. “If you want some more I took the liberty of stuffing our food supplies to the gills to last us through the weekend. Just tell me what you would like.”

Phoebe pondered for a moment on what next to treat her taste buds too. While there was a myriad of suggestions in her head, there was one specifically that came to the forefront. It was less about filling her gut and more about giving Landon exactly what he wanted.

“I have an idea, but it’s not BWOOOORRRRPP a typical meal,” Phoebe said.

“Oh yeah? What did you have in mind?”

Rather than speak, Phoebe leaned forward to press her hand against Landon’s bulge. Instantly understanding what she meant, he wasted little time pulling down his pants and underwear. Whipping out his rigid member was proof enough to her that he was really enjoying her display of hedonism. Rather than continue to question how he could be attracted to a total slob, she merely moved her head in to swallow up his cock.

Though Phoebe had done this plenty of times before, there was a certain hunger that made her a bit more eager with her movements. Sliding her lips up and down the length of his shaft further entranced her by way of the droplets of cum that leaked on to her tongue. Giving in to these urges, she left one hand to grasp Landon’s waist while the other slipped into her pants to begin rubbing her womanhood. Increasing her speed to increase their pleasure, she was

bombarded with more flatulence erupting from her backside. Though she still found the smell repulsive, she was able to work through the rancid cloud with the goal of finding their release.

The end came in the form of Phoebe's mouth being filled with cum. Forcing herself to swallow the entire load had the adverse effect of letting her reach her own orgasm. Mid-way through the resulting moan, it was partially interrupted by an echoing BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP that reeked of her liquid meal.

"Woah, never see you that eager before," Landon commented. "Guess the libido increase was stronger than I thought."

"I feel like it's effecting my UURRP appetite more than anything," Phoebe replied. "For some reason I'm still hungry."

"I'm guessing you need some extra fuel for this thing," he said, letting his hand press against her belly to produce a puff of flatulence. "Be right back."

Rushing into the kitchen, Landon soon returned with a tub of ice cream. Recognizing her favorite flavor, Phoebe's eyes lit up as she reached out for the sweet treat. Just as she tried to heave herself off of the couch, he stepped forward to gently push her back down.

"Me want-I mean, I want ice cream," Phoebe said.

"And you'll get it," Landon said as he took off the lid. "I just don't want you exerting yourself. I want you to be little more than an overweight, gassy, couch potato. Would you let me feed you?"

"Fine, fine," she replied, punctuating her point with an abrupt fart. "Just feed me. I feel like I'm about to starve."

"You got it," Landon said, heeding her command by digging out a scoop of the frozen treat.

Leaning up against Phoebe's body, Landon proceeded to feed her the ice cream one bite at a time. Despite her earlier binge session, there didn't seem to be any signs of her being full. She took in every bite just as eager as the first, both to satisfy her appetite and her needy taste buds. While Landon thought he was doing an excellent job, he was relieved of duty as she reached out to snatch the tub out of his hands. He only had a moment to see the ecstatic look on her face before it was obscured by her bringing the container up to her mouth to eat directly from the source.

No longer tasked with keeping Phoebe fed, Landon took a step back to check her progress. Over the course of a very short amount of time, his formerly thin girlfriend had become definitively chubby. No more was this apparent than with the way her prominent potbelly stuck out further and further from beneath her shirt. Her ravenous eating led to more than a few drops of ice cream to fall from her mouth to splatter against the fabric trying its best to contain her engorging breasts. Watching as she took a moment to lean her thick rear to the side to free up room in her body with a loud PHHHHRRRTTTT, he moved his attention towards how best to reward her for her progress. Seeing the way her fingers attempted to reach between her thickening thighs, he found his answer.

Pushing her hands aside, Landon let Phoebe know what he was up to by pulling down her pants. Ducking his head beneath her belly, he dragged down her panties to give himself unblocked access to her groin. Opening up his mouth and pressing it against her womanhood, he set to work licking and sucking at her folds. The result was a mixed of muffled moans from above as she continued to eat while he pleased her. Sinking his fingers into her plush rear to remain stable, he gave it his all as he focused his attention on her clit. The result was feeling her

entire body shake in pleasure as she experienced another orgasm, drowning out the resulting moan with a pungent fart.

Upon getting a whiff of the noxious cloud that billowed out of Phoebe's backside, Landon extracted himself from her undercarriage to check on her. He nearly tripped over himself as he stood up, the culprit being the licked clean ice cream container laying on the ground. Any leftover from her indulgence were either drizzled across her chest or clung to her chubby cheeks.

"You're doing great," Landon said, brushing his hand across Phoebe's face, moments before she drifted off into a well deserved rest.

Phoebe awoke around noon the next day thanks to the smell of something wonderful drifting into her nose. Opening up her eyes, she was greeted by a plate of freshly made fried eggs that came with a sizable serving of bacon. Moving her head back and forth brought her attention towards a platter of sausages and a high stack of pancakes drizzled in syrup. Mouth watering as she spotted the plate of cinnamon rolls and muffins, she eventually met the expectant gaze of Landon.

"I know it's a lot," he began, "but I figured you would need the extra fuel considering, well..."

Taking her attention away from Landon and the food, Phoebe attempted to look down at herself and felt her second chin scrunch up. The view afforded to her was one consisting of a massive hole in the center of her shirt where she could get a good look at the valley of cleavage that had formed between her pair of basketball-sized breasts. Reaching out to examine the stains lingering on the strained fabric from last night's dessert, she paused to look at her pudgy fingers. Placing her thicker hand on her mid-section, she realized that most of her shirt had been focused

on keeping her tits at bay. This left most of her barrel-like gut exposed to show off her belly button and love handles. Pressing her hand against her fattened up stomach had the adverse effect of sending a belch rolling up her throat to remind of her of the previous day's indulgences. The release further riled up her digestion, sending ripples through her body as the pressure continued to build. Not even trying to hold back, her chubby cheeks turned bright red as a billowing fart came out of the thick ass cheeks taking up the majority of the couch cushion to further tear part the hole in the seat of her pants.

"Didn't think you would progress so fast," Landon commented. "That collar we got was a pretty good bargain all things considered. What would you like to eat first?"

As distressing as her degrading condition was, Phoebe couldn't resist her hunger in the wake of the delicious food and Landon's expectant gaze. "Umm, let me start with the UUURRRP eggs and bacon."

"Sure thing, let me just run back to the kitchen to grab you some--"

Landon had to jump out of the way as Phoebe lunged at the platter with all of her weight. Forgoing the use of utensils, she seemed more than content to scarf down the food by either using her bare hands or pressing her face up against the plates. This method served the purpose of further sullyng her body with food stains and quickly appeasing her appetite. Finishing off the plate with another belch, she released a puff of flatulence to free up more space before going back in for the next serving.

Forced to watch from the sidelines, Landon licked his lips at the sight of his girlfriend so eagerly giving in to her desires. Each gulp of food further split her clothing apart as her body continued to increase its girth. So focused on her appetite, she didn't seem to care or notice the gas that left her body without hesitation. Though this left a mess of dropped food and desecrated

fabric lining the floor, he considered it more than worth it to see his girlfriend let go of her meeker tendencies in order to truly indulge herself.

Dragging her tongue along her last plate to relieve it of any lingering syrup, Phoebe turned her attention back to Landon. “BWOOOOOOOORRRRP more?”

Landon took a moment to register what she was saying. “Really? You want more?” he asked, receiving an eager nod in return. “I have some meals I can whip up quick, but it’ll still take some time.”

Phoebe scratched her chins for a moment. “That okay. We do other things until then.”

“Wait, what did you-“

Landon didn’t have a chance to confirm what she was trying to say before she grabbed his wrist and pulled him in. Pressing him up against her pudgy body allowed him to get a good feel of how much progress they had made over such a short amount of time. Wrapping his arms around her, he showed little hesitation to in squeezing her belly to revel in her added weight and force out a loud BRRRRAAAAAAAAPPPPP from her backside. As a burp petered out from her mouth, he could hear something akin to a moan from her lips. Guessing at what she was trying to do, he freed herself from her grasp to get into position.

Taking off his pants to reveal his rigid cock, Landon waited until Phoebe waved him forward before he continued. Sliding his member beneath her undercarriage, he wasn’t surprised to find that at some point her panties had been torn apart by her expanding figure. It took a few attempts to get into position; a problem occurring as he tried to push up against her gut to get close enough. Giving a harsh shove did the trick of plunging his cock into her womanhood and forcing out another thunderous belch. As much as he wanted to linger to make the moment last, Phoebe pounding her fists against her shivering sides made it clear that she wasn’t as patient.

Getting a good grip on her hips, Landon proceeded to jolt his hips back and forth. Various sounds began to fill his ears with each thrust, the first of which being a bellowing moan mixed with a guttural belch. There was also the echo of Landon's body constantly slamming against her belly, in the process destroying her t-shirt as her tits savagely jiggled about. Giving his all in an attempt to meet her desires, his increased speed came with an abundance of gas leaving both of her ends. Through this stimulation of scents and sounds, he gave one last push to fill her with cum and bring her to climax.

Panting heavily in the wake of his release, Landon slouched forward to land atop Phoebe. As comforting as it was to feel her flesh ripple from puffs of gas continuing to be expelled, his rest was short lived. Grasping the back of his shirt, she proceeded to pick him up to force him to look into her hungry eyes.

"Where BWOOOORRRP food?" Phoebe asked. "You said it take time. Time pass. Why no UUURRP food?"

"That's because I still need to make it," Landon replied, as he wormed his way out of her grasp. "I was a little preoccupied with--"

"You lied!" Phoebe shouted, pounding her fists against her sides as a furious PPHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT burst out of her backside. "You say time pass and me get food. Why no food?"

"But I didn't..." Landon trailed off, only now understanding the true effects of the mental changes on Phoebe's intelligence. "You're right. I'm sorry. I'll go grab something right away."

Rushing out of the room before Phoebe could snatch him up again, Landon got fast to work on gathering up food. Hearing the whining noises coming from the living room, he left a few dishes to cook while he brought over a stash of snacks. Greedily snatching up the packages,

she tore them apart in an effort to get to the delicious treats inside. While this gluttony was the very thing he sought, there was still a feeling in the back of his head that she might be getting a little too into her new persona. Nevertheless, he still heeded her orders to bring her as much food as possible.

Despite each serving becoming larger than the last, Landon had to up his pace to try and keep up with her growing appetite. Dishes that used to feed the couple for several days were scarfed down in a matter of minutes in service of her engorging belly. All of this extra fuel went towards giving her plenty of opportunities to further stink up the living room with constant barrages of gas. Though Landon eventually became accustomed to the smell and required speed to keep her satisfied, there was little that could prepare him for Phoebe's massive growth rate.

As the last few rays of sun disappeared from the windows to be replaced with night, Landon turned on the lights to get a good look at Phoebe. Thanks to the collar and his constant attention, the majority of her ass fat had spread across the entirety of the couch. This meant that instead of sinking between the crevasses of the couch, any food that missed her mouth was more likely to wind up lodged between the numerous fat rolls making up her belly.

It was upon seeing the remains of her pants pop apart did Landon realize his new task. With the entirety of her flesh lit up, he set his mind on trying to remove what little amount of clothing managed to cling to Phoebe's body. Giving her another pizza to devour to keep her happy, he made his way towards the tight t-shirt wrapped around her torso. The garment barely covered up any parts of her massive mammaries, putting on full display her set of plumped nipples. Reaching for the shirt, he momentarily recoiled from the mess of stains and crumbs that clung to the fabric. Rather than try to forcefully tug the shirt past her multiple chins and thick limbs, he decided the best course of action was a more direct one.

Grabbing hold of the shirt's upper edges, Landon attempted to rip it apart with all of this strength. This amount of force was deemed unnecessary as the garment was easily torn asunder. Flinging himself down Phoebe's fat rolls and landing on the floor, he was thankfully cushioned by a number of empty food containers she had just recently licked clean. Looking past the pair of wildly jiggling tits, he watched as she finished off the last of her pizza and once more set her eyes on him.

"Me want BWOOOOOOOORRRP," Phoebe demanded, her three chins shaking from the belch.

"What did you say?" Landon asked.

"Me UUUUURRRPPP want fuck!" Phoebe repeated, making her point clear by slamming her butt down on the couch to the sound of a loud BRRAAAAAAAAAAAPP emanating from her backside.

"I don't know how we're going to do that," Landon explained. "I don't think I can even reach your womanhood like this. Maybe if you get down on the floor we could--"

"NO!" Phoebe shouted out as she furiously shook around her body. "No move, only fuck."

"But how can I do that when you're like this?" Landon asked.

"No care how, just BOOOOOOOUUUUURRRRRPPPP do it!"

"Okay, okay," Landon said, worried about what her temper was doing to their furniture. "Just give me a minute."

Surveying the needy blob of gas and fat, Landon tried to think of how best to approach the situation. As much as he wanted to get his own pleasure from the act, what mattered at the

moment was getting her to calm down. Knowing this, he recalled back to the day before and decided on his plan of action.

Getting down on his knees, Landon shuffled towards Phoebe's lower body. Upon reaching her belly, he heaved the mass of flesh above his head before diving between her legs. The very moment he let go of her heavy foopah, her gut came slamming down on his back to enshroud him in complete darkness. The combination of the tight quarters and noxious fumes turned the cramped quarters into a hot box of her gas. Though he wasn't able to see anything, he brushed the sweat out of his eyes as he continued to push forward until he ran face first into the folds of her dripping pussy. Hearing her continue to wobble about in an effort to sate her libido, he dutifully got to work.

Landon blindly dragged his tongue across her plump pussy in order to settle her down. He knew he was doing something right as his ears picked up the sound of her moans from up above. Each successful lick was accompanied with a blast of flatulence to further motivate him to continue. Becoming entranced by the same gas that had seemingly destroyed most of Phoebe's IQ, he continued to suck away at her clit in an attempt to appease her gassy queen.

A splatter of Phoebe's wetness across Landon's face got him to crawl his way out from underneath her. Covered in a mix of both his and Phoebe's sweat, he wiped his face off with the remains of her shirt as he stood up. While he could still hear her moan echoing through his ears, her orgasm had apparently been strong enough to knock her out. Watching her peacefully slumber with her mouth hanging wide open, he figured now would be a good time as any to try and change her back before things went too far.

Returning to the pink box in search of the remote, Landon had a moment of panic as he realized it wasn't there. Calming himself down with the thought that he had merely misplaced it,

he began to scour the house. Going through each of the rooms and digging through the leftovers of Phoebe's meals revealed nothing. Having exhausted his options, Landon once more returned to the living room. The only place left to look was on the very couch where Phoebe slept. Unsure if he would even be able to wake her up, let alone move her, he decided to wait until morning. Hopefully then she would have a clearer head capable of listening to reason.

Landon was jolted awake by the sound of something loud crashing to the floor in the next room. In a rush to discover the source, he ran out in only his underwear to see what the commotion was. As to be expected, the couch that had been playing host to Phoebe's body had finally collapsed. This left him with a mess of broken cushions that reeked of her gas and a very grumpy slob splayed out on the floor with the remains of the coffee table lodged within her blubber.

Walking around the pile of flab, Landon gradually began to put together the various parts that identified the jiggling mass as Phoebe. The most prominent feature was her belly, the abundance of thick flesh making up the majority of her over 1000 pound body and ensuring she was comfortable despite the pieces of broken furniture stuck between her fat folds. Though she furiously flailed with her blubbery arms and legs, they did little more than wriggle about her plump fingers and toes. Making his way over to her backside put him directly in the line of fire from a billowing BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP as it slapped out of her elephantine ass cheeks.

Having to deal with the mix of pleasure and pain as he stood in the wake of the powerful fart, Landon forced himself to walk towards Phoebe's other side to check on her. When he arrived it was to see her head buried betwixt her pair of medicine ball-sized boobs. Furiously

shuffling her head back and forth allowed her strands of grease and sweat-slicked hair to dip in and out of her folds of back fat. Tapping his hand against her scalp to try and get her attention, Landon jumped back as she lifted up her head.

Brushing aside the lock of hair from Phoebe's face, Landon tried to get her attention by poking at her chubby cheeks. Slowly raising her head up put on display of the rows of chins that partially obscured the collar still clinging to her thick neck. Just as he considered reaching out to forcefully pop the garment off in an attempt to bring her back to a more manageable size, he was interrupted by a thunderous belch coming forth from her mouth that reeked of her previous meals. Opening his eyes after enduring the brunt of the powerful burp, he managed to look back to see the glazed over look in her eyes that was more than enough to convey the lack of thoughts in her head.

"BWOOOOOORRRRPPPP food," Phoebe belched out. "Food!"

"Phoebe, are you feeling alright? I think we might have gone a little too far with this. I need to change you back. Can you remember where I put the--"

Phoebe drowned him out with a loud BRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP from his rear. "Food! Food! UUUURRRP FOOD!"

The mammoth sized temper tantrum made it clear that Phoebe was in no state to help Landon in his search. While he would rather leave her be to look for the remote, there was only so much he could ignore the fact that the constant jiggling of her obese body was staring to shake the apartment. For fear of damaging more of their furniture and invoking the wrath of their neighbors, he made a mad dash towards the kitchen to grab whatever food he could find.

Sausage-like fingers incapable of reaching her mouth, it fell to Landon to personally hand feed Phoebe. Careful not to get his hand bitten in the process, he began to shove anything and

everything he could past her lips. Quickly going through the few bags of chips that had escaped her hunger the first time around, he moved on to filling her cheeks with whip cream straight from the can. Hastily reheated frozen dinners were tossed in her mouth with barely a chance to pull off the wrapping. Precious chocolates he had saved for a more slow and intimate feeding session were instead haphazardly placed in her mouth in an attempt to keep her hunger at bay. Through this intense binging, she kept him moving with the almost orgasmic like moans she made with each bite. Seeing the way her body shivered with desire as he continued to feed her his dwindling supply, he decided to see if he could find a way to calm her down.

“Phoebe want food?” Landon asked as she finished chewing up a bundle or reheated hotdogs.

“Yes, UUUURRRP food!” Phoebe belched back.

“Would you like food AND fuck?”

There was a glimmer in Phoebe’s eyes that preluded a series of wild flailing that pushed out more of her rippling farts. “Food! Fuck! Food! Fuck! Food! Fu-“

“Alright, alright,” Landon said, placing his hands on her shoulders to momentarily settle her down. “Sit tight while I get everything put together.”

Landon rewarded the massive slob’s patience by wheeling in the special, triple decker chocolate cake he had been saving for the grand finale. As much as Phoebe tried to snatch the dessert up herself, she remained immobilized by her massive weight. Moving quickly before her flailing broke her through the floor, he very carefully placed the cart in front of her hungry maw. Jumping out of the way just as she plunged face first into the cake, he removed his underwear and made his way towards the back.

Pushing through another one of Phoebe's gassy outbursts, Landon grabbed hold of her doughy ass cheeks as he slid his cock down her taint. He knew he found his mark as he felt her quivering womanhood dripping with lust. Hoping that this would be enough to satisfy her, he took in a breath of the apartment's rancid air and plunged forward.

The first thrust was accompanied with one of Phoebe's euphoric moans being muffled by her mouthful of cake. Unsure of how long her meal would last, Landon put his all into giving the giant girl everything she wanted. While his dick was viciously shoved in and out of her womanhood, his hands were put to work squeezing every inch of her ass cheeks. His efforts were rewarded with getting to feel ripples of pleasure cascade through her wealth of flesh that subjected him to an onslaught of her farts. For just a moment, he managed to forget about his worries. Given exactly what he wanted, he was more than eager to join in with his own moans of ecstasy, embracing what he could of her backside as he gave one last shove to bring them to a near simultaneous orgasm.

Lifting up her head to let out a mix of a belch and a moan from her lips, Phoebe sunk her face back down to lick up what few crumbs remained on the plate. Pulling himself away from her, with his body reeking of her scent, Landon tried to take stock of any damage their intimacy had caused to the apartment. While nothing else seemed to be broken, he did manage to spot something wedged in one of her back folds.

Yanking the remote out from Phoebe's flab, Landon got ready to hit the reverse button. He paused for a moment to consider what he was going to say. Thinking over everything he had put her through over the course of the weekend, he was dreading the words that would come out of her mouth when she returned to normal. Bracing himself for the worst and getting ready to accept his punishment, he pressed the button.

The wealth of fat weighing down on Phoebe's body began to rapidly dissolve away. As she was brought back to her original size, Landon watched the light come back into her eyes. With the last few pounds of added fat being removed with one final foul release of flatulence, Phoebe stumbled to her feet and made her way over to Landon.

"Are you alright?" Landon asked, offering a rag for her to wipe off the stains of chocolate cake clinging to her face.

"Yeah, I UUURRRP think so," Phoebe belched, graciously accepting the clean to clean herself of the sweat and grease stilling clinging to her body. "I just have some leftover gas and my head still feels a little hazy."

Landon tapped his fingers together. "About that, how aware were you of what was going on?"

Phoebe put her hand to her chin, feeling the last few pockets of chub sink away. "It was hard to think of anything that wasn't feeding or having sex. It didn't hurt, but it just felt easier to go along with what my body was craving. At any rate, I was completely conscious of what was going on."

"Absolutely everything?"

"Yes," she replied, rubbing her hand along the collar. "I do believe I've more than earned my end of the bargain. Now let's discuss what we're doing next weekend."

Hearing those words, Landon couldn't hide the fear in his eyes. "Right, a deal is a deal. I know that site had a few more collars on sale. So, what do you want me to put on?"

Walking over to Landon, Phoebe snatched the remote from his hand. "Absolutely nothing."

"You want me to be naked?"

“I don’t see how else you’re going to keep servicing your sloppy pet without getting your clothes messed up,” she replied with a smile.

Landon’s jaw hung open as he tried to process what he had heard. “Wait, you enjoyed all of that?”

“Obviously not at first, but it kind of grew on me. Both metaphorically and literally.”
Taking another step closer, she locked her lips with his just as one last belch rolled up her throat.
“I’m assuming you don’t have any problems doing this again next week?”

“You can bet on it. Though, I might need to make sure I have more food next time.”

“And maybe a king sized mattress or two,” Phoebe commented, embracing her boyfriend to celebrate their newfound obsession with making her into an obese, idiotic slob.