

Allure of the Slob Woman Suit

With a strained tug that pushed the limits of his scrawny arms, Calvin succeeded in opening up the attic door at the cost of covering his head of short, blonde hair in a layer of dust. Coughing up the ancient dirt, the young man persevered up the ladder. He had already gone through the rest of the mansion in search of what his late uncle had described as an amazing treasure. Though the senile man had been more than a little eccentric with his tastes, Calvin was still determined to see if there was anything worth the trouble of taking on the distant relative's inheritance.

Making it up into the attic, Calvin paused for a moment to brush the dust off of his shirt and pants. Using what little light managed to slip its way past the curtained windows, he surveyed the room for anything valuable. Amongst the rickety chairs, dusty furniture, and racks of strangely large clothing, his attention eventually drew towards something in the corner. Pushing past a collection of old sporting equipment, he approached what appeared to be the visage of a large woman. Upon reaching out towards the figure, he heard a husky laugh echo in his ears.

"S-sorry," he said, reflexively backing away. "I thought for sure that I was the only one here. I didn't mean to trespass."

Calvin remained silent until he realized who his conversation partner was. Walking back over to the window and pulling the curtains aside allowed more light to shine onto the strange outfit. The lumpy suit looked a lot less realistic with sun shining on it. Still, he found the craftsmanship of the costume's hefty bosom and flabby belly strangely alluring. Although, it lost some of the effect once he saw the blank eyes and mouth hole hidden beneath the head part's long, black hair.

Picking the suit up from its resting place, Calvin thought about what to do with it. As he examined the fabric for any sign of what it was worth, he found a trail of metal leading up from the false, hefty rear. Tracing his eyes up the faux back flab brought his attention to a zipper at the base of the thick neck. As he hovered his hand over the metal tag, he heard the strange laugh again.

“Oh yes,” the voice whispered. “You’re so close to finding the real treasure.”

In the process of jerking his body in an effort to locate the source of the ethereal words, Calvin ended up pulling down the zipper. From within the confines of the outfit’s inner black void, an unseen force grasped onto his body. Pulled forward into the fabric he felt it start to envelop him. Though the feeling was soft and welcoming, the sudden blindness that struck him was enough to put him into a panic.

Calvin was able to stabilize his thoughts as his vision began to return to him. That didn’t help with the imbalance that left him staggering back and forth across the room, knocking over a shelf of dusty books in the process. Feeling like he was hauling sacks of potatoes, he sought out anything he could use to help him steady his footing. Managing to find a mirror, he slumped against it and waited for his mind to adjust.

A heavy, feminine voice leaving Calvin’s lips helped to get him back to his feet. Stepping back from the reflection, he saw the image of a hefty woman no less than 300 pounds standing before him. Moving his arms made hers move in unison. Though his first thought that this was just a very elaborate costume, the nature of his heaving bosom and belly looked like actual flesh. Tugging at the locks of long, black hair made him hear the feminine, husky voice again from his own mouth let out a squeak of pain.

Still trying to comprehend what had become of him, Calvin was thrown into further disarray by a rolling belch coming from his thick neck. Reeling from the powerful stench, he stumbled backwards into a chest. The press of his thick rear against the furniture pushed out a reverberating PHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT that sent ripples through his hefty form. Amidst the various gassy expulsions, he heard the woman's laughter throughout the room.

"Yes," the voice hummed. "You will be an excellent BWOOOORRRPPP partner."

Frantically waving around his pudgy fingers, Calvin managed to locate the zipper on his back. Pulling down the metal tag, he felt the added flesh revert into nothing more than fabric. Slipping free from the suit, he hurriedly kicked off the remnants and backed away. Left staring at the heap of cloth on the ground, he was still left to deal with the lingering, rancid smell in the air. With the echo of the woman's voice still hanging on his ears, he made a mad dash down the attic ladder.

Locking the front door behind him in an attempt to buy himself time, he didn't stop running until he reached the safety of his car. Sitting in the driver's seat, he gripped onto the steering wheel and took a few breaths of fresh air. Looking back towards the house, he spotted the attic window. He shuddered as "something" flashed by the glass moments before the curtains seemingly closed on their own. Speeding off down the road, he headed towards his tiny apartment. For once, he was looking forward to the cramped space and its knowable stains and spiders.

"Why the hell are you going back to that dusty mansion?" shouted out the shrill voice of Calvin's girlfriend, Kelly over the phone.

“There’s a, um, chest I wanted to take a closer look at,” Calvin quickly replied. “I think I can get the lock busted open today. I’ll see you tomorrow for our lunch date.”

“Well hurry it up,” Kelly said as he entered the building. “The sooner you get done with emptying that place out of anything valuable, the sooner we can sell it off and make it someone else’s problem.”

Hanging up the phone, Calvin took a deep breath. Asking himself the same question Kelly had presented him with, he wasn’t sure exactly why he had returned. After what happened a week prior with the suit, logic dictated that he should stay as far away from the mansion as possible. However, there was something in his mind that seemed to draw him back towards the attic. Unable to resist the lingering sensation of the suit’s embrace and the words of the mansion’s mystery inhabitant, he told himself that just seeing the bundle of fabric one more time would be enough to put his thoughts at ease.

Ascending into the attic once more, Calving braced himself to see the fat woman costume waiting for him. Rather than be content to be found lying on the floor where he had left it, the outfit had somehow found its way back onto its rack. Considering everything else the costume did, he wasn’t that shocked by the sudden mobility. However, it did make him second guess himself as he approached the mass of fabric once more.

Before his better judgement could talk him out of it, Calvin removed his own clothes and belongings. Left standing naked in the dusty room, he gingerly removed the suit from the rack. As he slid himself inside, he could hear the same voice from before letting out a series of pleased hums. Halfway in, the suit finished up the job as it enveloped him and sealed up the zipper to seal him inside.

Anticipating the change in perspective helped Calvin adjust once he was in the form of the obese woman once more. Clenching his fingers to ensure at least some level of control, he took heavy strides across the creaking, wooden floor. Returning to the mirror, he took his time looking over the details of his heaving breasts and chunky rear. Using his pudgy fingers to grasp at his belly fat brought a strange sense of satisfaction that urged him to continue exploring.

Before Calvin could dive between his thickened thighs, the stimulation brought about an errant fart from his backside. As the rumble traveled up his figure, it brought with it a belch that parsed his lips with a BWOOOORRPPP. Though the smell was as awful as he remembered, something about it seemed to bring with it a sense of comfort and warmth. Continuing to explore his fat rolls and release gas, the feeling he had hoped to drive off with the second session instead grew stronger as he continued to enjoy the suit's unique perks.

Calvin's self-exploration came to a halt as he heard a different kind of rumble from his stomach. The sudden hunger pang demanded food that was no longer inside of the house. Unwilling to leave the building in his current state, the obvious solution was to order delivery. All he needed to do was to make himself presentable.

Placing the order on his phone, Calvin sifted his way through the clothes scattered through the attic. What he eventually settled on was a sequin, black dress that tightly hugged his hips and left a generous amount of his cleavage on display. The outfit was undoubtedly made more for partygoing than casual wear, but it still managed an allure that had him staring at his reflection in the mirror until he heard the doorbell ring.

Carefully climbing down the ladder and wincing at every creak his heavy footfalls brought, Calvin headed towards the entrance. Taking a moment to steady his breathing, he fixed up his hair and opened up the door. Seeing the delivery woman standing outside with the extra-

large, deluxe pizza, made him second guess answering while in his current state. Working on instinct, he answered with a friendly smile on the suit's plump lips.

"Hello there, my dear," Calvin said, the words coming with the same voice he had heard from before.

"You're miss... Valerie, right?" the delivery woman asked.

"That's BWOOOOOORPP me," Calvin replied, taking the pizza. "Thank you very much." Gifting the delivery woman a sizable tip, he closed the door moments before the reality of what he had just done got the better of him.

Waddling his way into the living room and sitting down on the couch, Calvin lifted up the top of the pizza box. The smell wafted into his face and made his mouth begin to water. Without another second of hesitation, he began to chow down on one slice after another. While his intention at the start was to merely eat until he felt full, the effects of the suit seemed to enhance the flavor. Before he realized what he was doing, he was left with only a puddle of grease as he ate up the last bit of crust.

Leaning back on the couch, Calvin absentmindedly rubbed his hand along his stuffed gut. Circling around his belly button produced a number of belches from his mouth to aid in his digestion. Leaning to the side to allow a post-meal fart rumble out, he sighed in relief alongside the unknown presence that had brought him to the suit in the first place. For the first time, he felt at ease. Closing his eyes for a moment, he would allow the hundreds of pounds of flesh a bit more time holding onto him as he enjoyed a short nap.

For what had become a weekly routine for Calvin, he made his usual excuses to his family and friends in order to buy himself free time at the mansion. Once he was sure that the doors were locked and the windows were covered, he got out the necessary supplies and outfits that he wanted to use. With everything else in place, he would eagerly slip into the suit once more to take on the identity of Valerie, a form he had grown into both metaphorically and literally.

As Calvin began to slip his heftier, feminine form into one of the dresses, he heard the fabric strain against his body. The struggle to get the red gown across his doughy body was a result of the numerous feeding sessions he indulged in. Excess fat around his belly stretched out the dress to leave his stomach rolls on display. The once modest collar had been stretched out into a cleavage window that showed off a wide expanse of his bosom. Even sitting down had to be delayed due to needing to pull the skirt out from between his plush buttocks.

Rather than bemoan his now over 400 pound alter ego, Calvin strove to further enhance its features by digging into a spread of different fast food bags. A basket of fries went down easily enough, even if a few of them made their way past his lips and down his two chins to get lost between his breasts. Upon slurping down an extra large soda, a few taps of his fingers against his belly freed up some much needed space through the use of an echoing BWOOOOOOORRRPPP. Reveling in the aftertaste and sound of the belch, he moved on to sinking his teeth into a triple-deluxe, cheeseburger. Savoring the meat, the peak of his enjoyment came as his chewing was accompanied by a rumbling BRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP spurting out from his rear.

As the fart petered off, Calvin looked around the living room in order to decide what piece of decadent food to eat next. A flash of something in the nearby window made him give

pause. Feeling a chill down his back flab, he very cautiously hoisted himself up off the coach. Shuffling over to one of the windows, he noticed that he had forgotten to draw the curtains over it. For a moment, his heart refused to beat as his mind wandered on the worst case scenario.

Pressing his chubby cheek up against the glass, Calvin saw no sign of anything moving around the backyard's poorly managed gardens. Shifting his eyes back and forth, he tried to find whatever had drawn his attention. The longer he stood there without seeing anything, the more his worried thoughts became overridden with the hungry growls of the suit's ravenous stomach.

"There's no need to UUURRRPPP worry," Calvin said to himself, the words coming from his lips but holding onto the husky woman's voice. Grabbing the curtain with his pudgy fingers, he pulled it over with utmost care to be certain that the window was completely blocked off. Squeezing against his mid-section, he pushed out another blubbery fart to ease his nerves with its intoxicating aroma. "This is my BWOOOORRPP time to really enjoy myself. Not scaring myself with non-existent ghosts."

Unsure if this was really himself talking, Calvin made his way back to the couch. Picking up where he left off with a milkshake and an overloaded chili dog, he resumed stuffing his face with unhindered gluttony. The more he ate through the feast, the less his worries lingered on unwanted eyes and more on the issue of what was happening to his outfit.

Just as Calvin was gobbling up the last few bites, his gut finally burst out from the dress. Moments later, his tits followed suit as they plopped out to balance atop the doughy bulge. Using the force of the bouncing bosom, the gas bubbles lurking inside came rumbling out to rip apart the back of his skirt and give his fat ass room to wiggle about.

"Oh UUURPP dear," Calvin commented as he stood up and surveyed the damage. "I suppose I went a little too far this time. No matter," he said, shrugging off the dress as he

approached the box in the corner of the room. “Thankfully, the gracious owner of this house was more than happy to lend a helping hand,” he commented, reaching out to grab another dress to slip into in time for the next delivery order to arrive.

It had taken a bit more planning than usual, but Calvin was more than willing to put in the effort to make this evening a reality. The couch that had become like a second home to him was now a paradise of indulgence. Surrounding the well-used, fart scented cushions were dozens upon dozens of bags of fast food. The variety ranged from simple baskets of fries, glazed doughnuts, chilled bottles of soda, and overstuffed burritos that had no possible way of eating without dripping their contents out. With everything else in place, all that remained for him was to put on his evening attire.

Putting on the slob woman suit was simple enough for Calvin. What was more difficult was stopping himself from fondling the beloved love handles long enough to get through the rest of his preparations. A set of lacy, white panties struggled to fit over his meaty thighs but eventually found a home by sinking into the set of chunky, cellulite-speckled ass cheeks. A similar struggle faced the matching bra as it was hugged around a set of breasts that were larger than his own head.

Letting out a grunt and a fart as he finally managed to get the bra’s hook attached across the expanse of back fat, Calving waddled his way over to the mirror. Just as he had hoped, the lingerie was the perfect thing to accentuate the improvements he had made to the body of “Valerie” thanks to the routine stuffing sessions. As much as he wanted to put proper attention

towards the suit's curves, he couldn't help his plump fingers from grasping onto the doughy, sagging gut that had driven him to experience life as an over 600 pound, slobby woman.

Calvin was prevented from spending the next hour rubbing at the stomach rolls by the ring of the doorbell. The obvious thought was that he had forgotten about a delivery order. While he had more than enough, he figured that a few more bags wouldn't hurt. As he shuffled his way to the door, he couldn't stop the stretched grin across his chubby face at the thought of getting to show off his flabby form to another delivery person.

"Hello there BWOOOOOORRRPP dear," Calvin belched as he threw open the door. "Feel free to leave the bags in the--"

Calvin stopped dead still as he recognized the bright red hair and stern look before him. In contrast to his fatty form's exposure, Kelly had come with her slender form adorned in a tank top and shorts. While he had hoped that this was just because his girlfriend was out for one of her routine runs, the fury in her eyes said otherwise.

"I've finally caught you in the act," Kelly said, slamming the door behind her as she cut off the only escape route.

"I-I don't know what you're talking about," Calvin stammered out. "I'm just the owner of this UUUUUURRRPPPP place."

"Don't play dumb with me," she shot back, shoving a finger into the deep belly button and wreaking havoc on the gas bubbles inside. "I saw what you did with that freaky suit. Makes me wish it was just as simple as you cheating on me."

"Kelly, please. There's more to this than you think," Calvin tried to explain.

“What? That my boyfriend gets off on being a ball of gas and lard,” she continued, grabbing on his gut and violently shaking it around. “Once I get you out of that thing, I’m burning it, along with his entire, creepy mansion.”

“Oh, that won’t do,” the words tumbling out from Calvin’s mouth remarked. “While you are being a quite unpleasant guest, it only comes from your ignorance.”

“Cut out that shitty older woman act,” Kelly insisted, continuing to jostle around his stomach. “Otherwise I’ll have to-“

Kelly’s constant agitation of Calvin’s digestion led to a prolonged
BRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP rippling out of his backside. In the wake of the powerful expulsion of gas, he could only brace himself as the tremors cascaded through the suit. As pleasurable as it felt, he knew it would only worsen the mood of his girlfriend. When the fart finally petered off, he opened his eyes and got ready to accept his punishment.

Calvin was met not with rage, but with a long, almost mindless stare looking back at him. The tension that had been keeping Kelly’s arms up had given way to allow the limbs to slump against her sides. Before he could reach out to see if she was still conscious, she answered his question as she took a deep inhale of the lingering, foul aroma. Bringing her head back down, she exhaled from her lips a pleading, “more.”

“What?” Calvin asked.

“Please,” she said, clutching onto the obese form. “I need more of your... your...”

In Kelly’s eyes, Calvin could see the internal struggle. For all of her damming words against the slob woman’s suit, something seemed to have awakened inside of her. Though his rational side told him to merely wait for her to calm down, he heard whispers in back of his mind

from the same voice that had started all of this. Unable and unwilling to resist the influence, Calvin merely let go and allowed Valerie to take full control.

“I’ll give you what you BWOOOOORPP want, my dear,” Valerie belched into Kelly’s face. “But only if you be a good girl and serve your mistress well.”

Without a word, Valerie gestured for Kelly to follow her over to the couch. Bringing her rear crashing down onto the cushions, the slobby woman gestured towards her feast. Eager to please her mistress, Kelly scrambled to gather up as much junk food as possible. With her arms loaded down with several different offerings, the smaller woman climbed up on the couch and held up a burrito.

With a hearty chuckle, Valerie eagerly accepted the meaty offering. Within just a few bites, she managed to finish off the burrito. Licking her lips clean of the leftover sauce she gave her servant a reward in the form of a belch directly to the face. Reveling in the shudder of pleasure that cascaded through her form, Kelly quickly picked up the next portion and offered it to Valerie’s mouth.

The once impressive spread of food started to dwindle in an effort to keep up with the obese woman’s appetite. Rather than waste energy barking out her orders like a lowly dog, Valerie was content to let her servant attempt to predict exactly what she wanted. Each correct guess rewarded Kelly with getting to experience one powerful belch after another. As much as the skinny woman seemed to enjoy getting to touch and feel the slobby woman throughout the feast, the lack of a certain something kept her on edge.

“Is something UUUUURRPPP wrong, my pet?” Valerie asked through a mouthful of chicken nuggets.

“N-nothing at all,” Kelly replied, sweeping aside the empty wrappers before her mistress rather than answer honestly. As she piled up another helping of greasy meals in front of Valerie, the blob of a woman could easily tell what was missing.

Leaning forward in her seat, Valerie clutched Kelly’s face between her pudgy fingers. “You’ve done such a good BOOOOUUUURRRRPPPP job,” Valerie began. Pulling the skinny woman in closer, she used her free hand to gesture towards the numerous empty containers she had licked clean. “However, I think I should be able to handle the rest by myself.”

“B-but mistress I-“

An ominous groan from Valerie’s gut quickly cut Kelly off. Frozen in place by the anticipation brought on by the noise, the skinnier woman merely watched as her mistress heaved herself up off the couch. Squatting over the cushions, Valerie looked back towards her servant with a sly grin. In an instant, Kelly understood that the thing she desired most was within her grasp.

“Very good, my dear,” Valerie said as Kelly dove into the impression on the couch. “You’ve more than earned your reward.”

With her servant in place, Valerie brought her double-wide rear slamming down. The creak and groan of the couch was nothing compared to the euphoric moan that was muffled by her ass cheeks. Wobbling her backside back and forth, she could feel Kelly sinking deeper into her butt crack. Once she was certain that everything was in place, the slobby woman allowed the pressure in her gut to finally release.

Setting herself off with an open palmed slap to her gut, Valerie’s entire body trembled from the force of the pungent BRRRAAAAAAAPPPP that came rolling out. As the fumes rose up to further stink up the living room, she could feel a series of eager inhales shaking against her

rear. Following up with an equally powerful and rancid fart, she leaned back in her seat to resume her meal.

Though she was no longer assisted by her living seat cushion, Valerie was still able to keep up with her appetite. Each bite of food and slurp of drink meant more gas bubbles building up inside of her to gift to her loyal servant. Through the constant, excited squirming of the smaller woman, the slob was able to feel every shake and jiggle of her fattened form. Just as her mouth sucked up the last few fries of her feast, she gave another pound of her fist against her gut to cap it all off with one last PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTT.

In the wake of the minute long fart, Valerie failed to feel any movement from beneath her. Straining against her bloated belly, she managed to just barely lift herself up from the couch. Uncaring of the food containers she knocked onto the floor with her girth, she swiveled herself around to check on her servant. While Kelly wasn't moving, the steady rise and fall of her chest meant that she was still alive. As she continued to exhale the flatulence that had filled her lungs, the look in the skinny woman's eyes was filled with pure ecstasy.

“Good BWOOOORRPP girl,” Valerie said as she cradled her devoted girlfriend's face. “Rest now. We still have so much UUUUUURRRPPP fun to be had.”

With a mix of a yawn and a belch, Valerie rolled out of her king-sized bed. Scratching at her bare gut, she enjoyed the horrific morning breath lingering in her mouth for a moment before lifting herself up off the sunken in mattress. Waddling her way into the bathroom, she took care to tame her locks of black hair so that they properly emphasized her beautifully pudgy face.

Sliding a hand along her 800 pound figure, she voiced her approval of her progress with a brunt BRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPP from her rear.

Making her way back into the bedroom, she began to look through her rack of clothes to decide on what to wear for the day. Amidst the glamorous dresses, floral blouses, and skimpy lingerie, there was an out of place looking plain shirt and pants. The modest outfit was kept on hand only for when it was absolutely necessary to return to being Calvin for a time. Considering that they had just finished a store run a few days prior, that wouldn't be for a very long time.

The heavenly aromas of breakfast hurried Valerie to push aside Calvin's clothes and quickly wrap herself in a satin robe. Stomping her way down the stairs, she tried not to bump the various paintings on the wall depicting the mansion's previously plump owner as she followed the smell to the dining room. Waiting for here there along the table was a breakfast feast that would be fit for a group of ten people. It would be an excellent warm up to another day of stuffing.

Making her way over to the two chairs that had been put at the head of the table, Valerie found her dutiful servant. Dressed up in an apron that hung off of her skinny form, the once prideful Kelly was currently stretched out along the cushions. The two of them only shared a smile before Valerie got into position. Hovering her ass above servant's body just long enough to make Kelly shudder with anticipation, the slobby mistress eventually brought herself down. Starting off the morning by emptying out a powerful PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT from her gut, Valerie pulled in her first helping of bacon to properly maintain the body she and Kelly had grown to love.