

Sweaty Gym Slobcks

Slamming his car door shut, Holt put his toned legs to work and ran towards the gym's entrance at full speed. Making his way inside the building, his fast pace took a hit as he reached the front desk. Coming to a screeching halt, he took a moment to let the female receptionist gawk at his toned, tanned chest outlined by his white crop top. Flourishing his short brown hair, he made sure to give her one last look at his tight butt within the confines of his blue gym shorts before making his way to one of the back exercise rooms. As he expected, he was the last of the group to arrive, a fact that his friends were very eager to bring up.

Jonathan was the first to approach, standing a full head above Holt. Putting his hands on the sides of his white shorts, he gave a wide grin as he flicked about his black dreads. "About time you showed up," he said, stretching out his black gym top to show off his well-built, brown-tinted muscles. "Me and Tiago were placing bets on how long you would waste time modeling for the receptionist."

Right on que, Tiago stepped from behind Jonathan wearing a similar outfit of a green top and white shorts, but with his black hair styled into a long ponytail. Though he was the shortest of the group, he more than made up for it with his bronzed skin being stretched by his bulging biceps. "Was it five or ten minutes?" Tiago asked, stroking his black beard and moustache as he joined the other two. "If the latter, Jonathan owes me \$20."

"Come on, I'm not that bad," Holt replied. "Besides, do we really have time for this? I'm already late as it is."

"I wouldn't worry about it," Jonathan commented, gesturing for the other guys to follow him. "Our personal trainer is a no show. Knew the deal was too good to be true."

“Let’s give her a few more minutes,” Tiago spoke up. “Even if it’s a total fluke, we still have access to the gym equipment. We can always pick up the slack if we need to.”

Proceeding through the door, the group of jocks were pleased to see that their personal training room more than exceeded their expectations. Various pieces of gym equipment were spread throughout the area, ranging from exercise bikes to weight lifting sets. A wide, soft mat took up a corner of the space, making it perfect for practicing yoga or doing simple stretches. Out of all the supplies, the one thing that stood out was a portion of the room centered around showing off a massive television screen. Seeing as how the TV was surrounded by a number of bean bag chairs and a long couch, the guys assumed it was for relaxing after their strenuous workouts.

Swiveling their heads back and forth as they surveyed the area, the guys all at once focused their attention on a window peeking into an adjacent room. The opening was setup up like a serving booth one would see at a baseball park, complete with a collection of devices to create drinks and a large variety of snacks. Among these various indulgences stood a woman wearing a pink crop top that demanded their attention with her head of wavy, pink-dyed hair and her wide grin.

“Hello gentlemen,” the woman said with a small bow. “So glad that you could make it tonight. I was beginning to think you got cold feet.”

Holt smirked and stepped forward. “Unlikely. Don’t think I could forgive myself if I missed out on seeing a pretty face like yours.”

“Well aren’t you a charmer?” the woman asked, simultaneously swelling Holt’s ego, and making the others groan. “Ah, but I’m getting ahead of myself. I know all of your names from

your profiles, but you aren't aware of who I am. My name is Jeanie Summers. I'll be the one in charge of the experiment."

"Experiment?" Tiago asked, he and Holt turning towards Jonathan. "You never said anything about an experiment."

"I didn't think it mattered," Jonathan replied with a shrug. "We get a chance to help develop a new exercise routine and we get free stuff for doing it. Don't see much of a downside."

"My point exactly," Jeanie spoke up. "Over the course of my testing, you will be given a full regiment to adhere to. Aside from that, this room is free for the three of you to use at your leisure."

"Sounds, great," Holt replied, a glance at Jeanie's smile doing wonders to get him to join in. "How do you want to start? Sit ups? Running laps? Measuring my muscles?"

Jeanie let out a childish giggle. "I appreciate your enthusiasm to hit the ground running, but the first step of my program is proper nutrition."

Ducking below the window, Jeanie rose back up with her arms laden with three drink cups. Each of the containers was about the size of a man's head. Looking over the brim, the jocks grimaced at the strange, bubbling green substance inside.

"What is this stuff?" Tiago asked.

"A specially designed nutrition shake I created myself," Jeanie proudly proclaimed. "I have carefully concocted these drinks to provide you with everything you need to reach your ideal body types."

"Doesn't look very appetizing," Jonathan commented, taking a whiff of the drink only to turn his head away.

“It is a prototype,” Jeanie explained. “I’ll make sure the next batches are more palatable to your smell and sight. However, I assure you the flavor is more than satisfactory. Now please, drink every last drop. I would like to get started as soon as possible.”

When neither of his friends stepped up to guzzle the sketchy shake, Holt was more than happy to play the role of the brave hero and grab his cup. “Well, don’t be rude,” he said, hoisting up his shake. “The lady is doing all of this for us, the least we can do is play along. That is unless you’re a bunch of wimpy cowards.”

Falling prey once more to Holt’s taunting, Jonathan and Tiago took their own shakes in their hands.

“If this kills us, we’re not talking to you anymore,” Jonathan said.

“Ditto,” Tiago replied.

“Whatever. Just shut up and drink,” Holt said, clinking his cup against the others’ before chugging it down.

Though Holt put on a courageous performance, he had fully expected to be drinking down something similar to raw sewage. That made it all the more astounding the pleasantness of the shake’s flavor as it slid down his throat. Egged on by the unparalleled taste, he drank it up as easily as he chugged down beers back in college. Slamming his empty cup onto the counter, he couldn’t hide his smug smirk as the other two finished a few seconds after him.

“So,” Jeanie asked, leaning forward with a notepad and pencil in hand, “what did you think?”

“Pretty good,” Jonathan commented. “Although, I couldn’t quite figure out the taste.”

“Yeah, what did you put in it?” Tiago asked.

“That’s classified information,” Jeanie said as she scribbled down some notes. “I’ll reveal the contents of your shakes when or if the study requires it.”

“I don’t think it matters,” Holt said. “It tastes good and I’m sure it gives plenty of fuel for a hard work-BWOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRPPP!”

Jonathan and Tiago backed up as they got caught in the lingering cloud of Holt’s burp.

“Really man? You couldn’t hold it UUUUUURRRRP in!” Jonathan belched.

“Jeanie, BWOOOOORRRRRPPP I think there’s something wrong with the drinks,” Tiago said, rubbing his stomach to try and get rid of his indigestion.”

“There is admittedly a side effect of added gassiness, but it’s nothing serious, I assure you.” Stowing the empty cups back behind the counter, she unflinchingly leaned through the men’s lingering burp clouds to hand them each a docket of papers. “Now please follow the routines described in these packets. I’ll be over here observing your progress.”

Holt smirked as he skimmed through his papers. “Just make sure you UUURRRP keep your eyes on the prize,” he said, giving a smack to his butt before heading off towards the weights.

As Holt began to pump iron, he felt his body become wracked with more gassy belches. In-between each of his reps, he lifted up his head to let out a burp and admire Jeanie. As she had said, she was eagerly watching his progress along with the others. Still hoping to impress her enough to become more than just her test subject, he powered through another belch to continue his weight lifting.

Finishing up his 20th rep, Holt momentarily paused to check on the other guys. Tiago had taken to the mats, having been instructed to go through a basic yoga routine. However, each crunch and twist sent another gnarly bubble past his lips that kept him in a rancid miasma of his

own making. Jonathan wasn't doing much better, his time on the exercise bike becoming more torturous with each of his belches. This all culminated in an unruly grumble that echoed not just from his stomach, but from the other jocks as well.

It started off with Holt straining his body a little too far and accidentally letting slip a small puff of gas from his rear. Jonathan followed suit, slumping against the handlebars of the bike to catch his breath only to suck in the putrid air of his own fart. It all culminated with an ominous groan from Tiago as he got into the cow position. All it took was overextending himself just a little too much to bathe the room in the aftermath of a loud PHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT.

With their gym swiftly turned into sauna of gas, it was no surprise that the men began to sweat. Used to pushing themselves to the limits, they worked through the strain of the moisture and menacing odor to try and finish their routines. Though their efforts were valiant, their session was still brought to a screeching halt by the sound of an air horn courtesy of Jeanie.

"That will be all for today," Jeanie called out, gesturing for the men to rejoin her at the counter.

"But we've barely even BWOOOOOORRRP started," Jonathan said.

"We must not rush these kinds of things," Jeanie explained. "Your health is very important to me. I don't want you overexerting yourselves."

Tiago hung back to let loose a blast of flatulence before rejoining the others. "This is far from our limit. We can keep going no problem."

"Sorry, but those are the rules of my program," Jeanie explained. "Although I am quite impressed with your progress." Ducking behind the counter, she came back up with her arms laden with another trio of shakes. "Before you leave, I need you to drink these and rest a bit in the relaxation area."

“Seriously?” Jonathan said, wincing as the stench of his own gas. “You want us to drink another helping of these things?”

“Yes,” Jeanie said, forcing the shakes into the men’s hands. “I will be expecting the three of you to continue drinking them on a regular basis. I’ll put together the supplies you’ll need to make it at home while you rest.”

“Sounds like a UUUURRRP plan,” Holt said, gesturing for the other guys to follow him to the sitting area.

“How can you be so BWOOOOOORRRP carefree about this?” Tiago asked as they got out of Jeanie’s hearing range.

“So what if I’m a little gassy?” Holt replied, not helping his case as he sat down and released a rippling fart into the fabric. “I’m sure it will be worth it in the end.”

“You say that,” Jonathan spoke, waving away Holt’s putrid air, “but I’m worried about what kind of woman would actually UUURRRP want to be near us if we’re constantly spouting gas.”

“We got nothing to worry about,” Holt replied, looking over his shoulder to grin at Jeanie as she carried over a plate of snacks. “Just give her a chance. I’m sure we’ll see the fruits of our labor in no BWOOOOOOOORRRRPPPP time.”

Even after having repeated the route multiple times over the course of a month, Holt still found himself rushing to get to the training area. His sprint through the gym came to an abrupt stop upon seeing the receptionist behind the desk. Putting on his usual grin, he took on a pose in the hopes of showing off his muscles once more. Unfortunately, she didn’t exactly give him the reaction he was hoping for.

Right away the receptionist turned her gaze towards the part of Holt's pudgy tummy sticking out from beneath his gym shirt. Feeling the slight breeze against his underbelly, Holt attempted to pull his shirt down only to emphasize the layer of chubby flesh that had found its way onto his pecs. Pulling at his shorts to yank the fabric from between his chunky butt cheeks, he knew the show was over the moment he accidentally let loose a small fart. Seeing the receptionist wrinkle her nose in disgust, he hurriedly finished fixing his clothes and rushed over to the training area.

Wiping the sweat from his brow, Holt continued at a light jogging pace to meet with his fellow jocks. Just like him, they were both sporting unflattering potbellies that looked very out of place in comparison to the rest of their bulky bodies. Jonathan's once mighty pecs had sagged into noticeable man boobs that nearly outsized the receptionist's bosom. As for Tiago, he had the unenviable problem of his once loose-fitting gym shorts showing off quite a bit of added padding around his rear. While none of them wanted to point out their various additions, the same level of tact was lost upon Jeanie.

"About time you showed up," the woman said, poking at Holt's body with her pencil between writing down information on her notepad. "Did you get lost?"

"Er, no I BWOOOOOOORRRRP!"

Tilting up her neck, Jeanie took a whiff of Holt's gnarly burp. "Hmmm, it smells like you made a stop at Sal's Burger Joint before coming here." Squatting down, she lifted up the hem of his shirt to grasp a handful of his belly fat. "I'm assuming these indulgences are what caused your growth spurts as well?"

"We can't UUURRRP help it," Jonathan said. "Ever since we started drinking those shakes our appetites have been out of control."

Jeanie gave Holt's stomach one last squeeze before turning to face the others. "Care to elaborate?"

"Yeah, I've had the munchies like crazy," Tiago said, wincing as a fart was forced from his rear. "The local fried chicken place knows me on a first name basis now."

"Same thing with me and the pizza guy," Jonathan spoke up. "Not that he's been inclined to come anywhere near me after I'm finished with one of my meals."

"Hmmm, I'll make sure to add funds to your accounts to make up for the increased food intake," Jeanie casually spoke as she continued to write. "For now, let us get on with today's session."

Slinking back behind the service counter, Jeanie produced another trio of shakes for the guys to chug down. The groan that emanated from Tiago and Jonathan did not dissuade Holt from strolling up to her. Rather than be shown up by the narcissistic jock, the other two followed suit to drink their shakes before they had time to think about it. Finishing off their pre-workout beverages with a round of burps, the guys got to work on their usual routines.

Tiago was instructed to work on his leg curls, finding getting on the bench difficult with his added heft. Holt took to the treadmill, at first starting at the highest setting only to immediately bring it back down to accommodate a strange sluggishness affecting his body. Jonathan had the unenviable position of climbing aboard the exercise ball to give his bloated form a much needed work out.

The effects of the men's increased hunger were made evident mere moments into their routine. As to be expected, each jostle of their bellies was accompanied by an unruly gas expulsion. If the smell wasn't bad enough, mere moments into their routine their bodies became drenched with sweat to add to their overall odor. A combination of the stench and their own

lingering lethargy had them making pitiful attempts to finish their sessions. This air of disappointment did not seem to effect Jeanie's mood in the slightest.

Making her way across the room, the studios woman got to work taking notes and keeping the jocks energized. Her support came in the form of more shakes alongside a collection of less than nutritional delicacies. Despite knowing how bad it was for him, all it took was a smile from Jeanie to get Holt to wolf down an entire cupcake to go along with his drink. Though Tiago and Jonathan were skeptical of the woman's junk food, a collection of ravenous growls from their stomachs had them devouring a plate of nachos and hot wings without much of a fuss.

The three men's intermittent snacking gradually slowed down their exercises. What little effort they put into working out only served to splatter themselves with misplaced stains as they ate whatever was handed to them. Their constant gas became accompanied with the sound of clothes straining and tearing apart under the deluge of calories and lack of a way to burn them off. Not even fifteen minutes into their supposed exercise routine, the trio came to a halt to help themselves to their wide collection of snack food.

"Come along," Jeanie said, gesturing for the guys to go over to the sitting area once more. "Rest and relax while I compile the data from today's session."

"Anything UUUURRRRP useful?" Tiago asked.

"Hmm, we'll have to see what my data says," Jeanie said, snapping pictures of the men as they relaxed on the couch. "I'll be sure to let you know if I find anything interesting."

"You mean, besides BWOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP me?" Holt asked, his usual demeanor unaffected by his sweat-laden body.

Jeanie let out a childish giggle. “Like I said, I’ll let you know if I find anything.” Turning on her heels, she turned on the television to the football game and took her leave. “Until then, enjoy yourselves. Oh, and let me know if there’s anything I can get for you.”

Parking unusually close to the gym’s entrance, Holt’s typical bravado was nowhere to be seen. Struggling to pull himself out of the driver’s seat reminded him of the goal for the night’s meeting. When he finally managed to squeeze himself out, his grunting was accompanied by a fart that reeked of his worsening digestion issues. Waving away the foul air, he turned his attention towards the gym only to pause as he caught a glimpse of himself in the side mirror. Forced to step back to see a full version of himself in the reflection, he let out a deep sigh and a belch as he looked over his sorry state.

Despite being bought just a week prior, the extra-large tank top adorning his torso was already a mess of various food stains and tears. Pushing his pudgy elbows together emphasized the cleavage of his man boobs, his sagging pecs far outshining any of the women he used to showboat for. Stopping before a drop of sweat could further sully his wiry chest hair, he released his grasp to allow his moobs to jostle against his flab-laden stomach. The impact sent a series of unruly gurgles roiling through his body. Clenching his pudgy fingers on the hood of his car, he clenched his three chins as a loud BRRRAAAAPPPPPPPPP came bursting out. Sliding his hand along the expanse of his fat ass to make sure his butt cheeks hadn’t slipped out of the tattered shorts, he pushed himself forward into the gym.

As much as he wanted to remain unnoticed, the glacial pace of his waddling was not something that could easily be ignored. Everywhere around him he could hear people either gossiping about his body issues or gasping at the horrific stench that clung to him. Lifting up his

arm and taking a whiff of his armpit hair, he tried to recall when he had last bathed. Chalking up his declining hygiene as something that came along with his worsening weight and gas issues, he shuffled past the disgusted receptionist to make his way into the private exercise room.

Opening up the door, Holt was greeted by a loud PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTTTT echoing through the room. Wiping the tears from his singed eyes, he found the source to be the gaping hole in the bottom of Tiago's shorts. The tear was one of many adorning his outfit, each one dedicated to letting another part of his greasy, sweat slicked fat stick out. As the last of his fart petered out, Tiago wobbled about with his wide hips to turn to the others. Futilely trying to clean his sweat soaked t-shirt, he was forced to let a lingering stain of barbeque sauce drop from his beard, down his pudgy chest, and finally find a home in his deep belly button. Placing his hands on his bountiful love handles, the pear-shaped man gave a slight bow. "I'm UUUURRRP sorry," he belched, his cheeks puffing out before another burp came out.

Jonathan's own body answered with another gassy belch, the force shaking about his grease-drenched dreads to let them bounce against his plump cheeks and four chins. He beat against his barrel-like belly to rid himself of any lingering gas bubbles, unable to hide his gratitude that Tiago's earlier outburst hid his stench. However there was little he could do stop the others from staring at the curls of black hair that peeked out from beneath his shirt that reeked of body odor and fast food. Largest in both height and width, Jonathan had the unenviable position as the one that exemplified their inability to regain their former muscles.

"Good evening gentleman," Jeanie said, casually strolling into the room with notepad in hand. "Are you ready to begin today's session?"

The trio looked at one another and nodded before turning back to her.

"Jeanie, we wanted to UUUURRP talk to you about something," Jonathan spoke.

“Whatever it is, I’m sure it can wait until after the session is over.”

“No it’s can’t,” Tiago replied, forced to stop himself to let another one of his farts stink up the room. “We came here today to tell you we want to quit.”

Jeanie’s typically calm expression began to fall apart as she rapidly tapped her pencil against her notepad. “Why would you do that?”

“It’s because the experiment is a BWOOOOOOOORRRRP failure,” Holt belched. “We’ve been following your plan for months and it’s turned us into gassy butterballs.”

“I still don’t fully understand what you mean,” Jeanie said, tilting her head as she feigned ignorance.

“He’s talking about this,” Jonathan said, nearly ripping off his shirt in the process of lifting it up to show his doughy belly covered in sweat-slicked body hair.

“And these,” Tiago added, trying to repeat the motion with his bubble butt only to stop as another billowing fart further ripped apart the fabric.

“It’s obvious even to BWOOOOOORRPPP me that your weight loss program is total bunk,” Holt said, trying to look intimidating as he scrunched up his chins and pudgy cheeks while another blast of flatulence came forth from his rear.

Jeanie’s innocent demeanor gave way to a wide grin. “Whatever gave you the impression that this treatment was supposed to make you lose weight?”

The three jocks stared blankly at her, unable to process what exactly she meant by her words.

“I designed the shakes to promote your growth into my idea of a perfect, male body,” she explained, using the trio’s stunned states to freely grope generous handfuls of their fat. “What I consider to be the ultimate figure is one that is accustomed to the hedonism provided by the

modern age.” Her wide grin gave way to a toothy smile as she liberally shook her face against Holt’s man boobs. “These hairy, filthy, gassy, obese bodies are the epitome of what I was looking for.”

Jeanie was pulled away from the soft embrace of Holt’s chest as Jonathan tugged at her shirt.

“Sorry to disappoint you, but this isn’t what we BWOOOOOORRRP signed up for,” Jonathan said.

Rather than be discouraged, Jeanie turned herself around and pressed up against Jonathan’s body. Before he had a chance to continue, she tore open the center of his shirt. Left in awe at her actions, Jonathan let out a soft moan and a burp as she slid her face across his pudgy gut.

“Apologies for deceiving you,” she said, twirling her fingers through his belly hair, “but I’d say it was worth it. Sure these bodies don’t meet the typical standards of conventional attractiveness, but we are in modern times with more modern sensibilities.”

“You can’t be serious,” Tiago said, waddling forward to pull Jeanie away from a shivering Jonathan. “In what way are these bodies anything, but disgusting?”

Recognizing the strain on Tiago’s face, Jeanie quickly pulled away from Jonathan to stand directly behind Tiago’s backside. Getting down on her knees, she buried her face between his ass cheeks. Giving the confused man’s posterior a slap was all it took to send a prolonged PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT blowing into her face. Sinking her fingers into the bountiful blubber of his ass, she pulled her head back up once more to see that Tiago had taken on a more relaxed expression.

“Now you understand,” Jeanie explained, fixing her hair as she stood back up. “Though you may have lost your muscles in the process, I have gifted you bodies that are perfect for indulging yourselves to the fullest. No fear or worries about how you must appear in front of others. You are free to just be yourselves.”

“So what BWOOOOORRRP now?” Holt asked. “What was the whole point of this?”

Jeanie sauntered over to Holt with a gleam in her eyes. Despite the drastic gap in their sizes, she very easily toppled him over with a single push into his belly. Holt’s fall to the ground was cushioned by his bountiful back fat and thick bottom. As he tried to get up, Jeanie leapt forward to spread herself across his belly. The impact forced out gas from both of his ends, ensuring that his stench completely enshrouded to the two of them. Crawling her way across his body, she managed to lock her lips with his just in time to catch one of his burps.

“My goal is simple,” she said, laying back down to poke and prod at his flab, “to create a, for lack of a better term, harem of slobby men for me to spoil rotten.”

“How is that even possible?” Jonathan asked.

“Mostly with funding from my lab,” she said between peppering Holt’s deep belly button with kisses. “Those shakes I have been feeding you are an alteration to a real weight loss formula that has the exact opposite effect on people. My formula is already being shopped around to investors, but even this early I’ve been given more than enough money to do whatever I want under the guise of further research.”

Picking herself up from Holt, Jeanie returned to the serving booth. “With that being the case, my intention is to secure this place as my own personal lab,” she said as she mixed around a collection of chemicals. “You three would be my pets, given all the care and attention that money could buy.” Placing three more slob shakes on the counter, she rested her chin in her

hands as she leaned forward. “At any time I can return you back to your old selves. Not that I expect you to want it, but the offer is out there.”

Helping Holt back to his feet, Tiago and Jonathan huddled together with him to discuss their options. Though it was obvious that they had been used and lied to, it was hard to resist Jeanie’s offer. Never had they felt so free to eat what they want, not to mention the strange pleasure they found in the way she caressed their bodies. Unable to come up with a compelling argument amongst themselves, they waddled up to the counter to accept her offer and guzzled down another serving of her delectable shakes.

Jeanie skipped through the corridors of the gym as giddy as a school girl as she thought about the evening’s plan. The building was almost completely deserted, a side effect of her having bought out the entire complex to be used for her “research.” There was no ill will between her and the former employees, most of them getting better jobs within a matter of days. Besides, it wasn’t like they were too keen on staying and dealing with the odor of her personal collection. Pushing open the doors to the private training room, she tilted up her head and let an aroma similar to a trash heap of unwashed undergarments wash over her. Getting her fill of the intoxicating fumes, she put on a wide smile as she went about her daily routine of cherishing her big, sloppy boys.

First on her agenda was Tiago, the bottom heavy blob of flesh still in the same place she had left him the night before. Elephantine ass spread across the underused yoga area, he kept himself busy picking out crumbs from his wiry chest hair. Like the others, Jeanie had forgone trying to clothe him to avoid trying to find something big enough to cover him and giving her plenty of opportunities to cherish his body. Upon hearing Jeanie approaching him, he wobbled

about on his rear to try and face her. The sheer effort required to move his hefty form even a few inches was all it took to send rivulets of sweat down his multiple chins, between his sagging moobs, and sliding down his fuzzy belly. When he finally managed to face her, he brought himself back down onto the mat with a reverberating PHHHHHHRRRRTTTTT bursting out of his rear.

“Good morning to you too,” Jeanie said, pressing her face up against his belly.

“Did you BWOOOOORRRRPPPP bring it?” Tiago asked.

Reaching into her bag of supplies, Jeanie held out a king-sized chocolate bar. The candy was swiftly snatched up by Tiago’s plump fingers to be shoved into his waiting maw. What few crumbs escaped his lips were caught by his rugged facial hairs to be used for later snacking. Placing a few more bars on his chest to keep his appetite momentarily satiated, she gave his butt cheeks a hefty smack before moving on to her next subject.

Jonathan was found sitting in front of the widescreen television with a bit of drool going down his chins to trickle against his drooping pecs. With his body spread out across the entirety of the couch, he carelessly let his fingers scratch at the patches of hair lining his stomach and poking out from beneath his arms. Reaching over to one of the couch’s cup holders, he guzzled down a can of beer like it was nothing to satiate his bulging belly’s thirst and produce a deep belch.

Seizing the opportunity, Jeanie leapt forward to bounce against Jonathan’s belly.

“Enjoying the game?” she asked, lifting her head up just in time to get a face full of one of his burps.

“Yeah, it’s a BWOOOOOORRRRP real nail biter,” he belched, clutching her with his thick arms to press her skinny form against his mound of fat. “They’re just about to go into overtime if you want to UUURRRRPP join me.”

Using Jonathan’s grease and sweat as lubricant, she slipped out of his grasp to climb up and place a kiss on his chubby cheek. “Perhaps later. First, I need to finish checking on the others.”

Reaching into her bag once more, Jeanie produced a party-sized bag of chips. Handing it off to the giant man, she was still impressed with how fast he managed to pop it open and chow down on the salty snack. Leaving him to eat in peace, she rolled down his belly to reach the floor. Pausing for a moment to let a burst of his flatulence enshroud her, she turned her attention to the largest member of her hedonistic harem.

The part of the room that used to be home to state of the art exercise equipment had been filled up by the sheer mass of Holt’s flabby body. He outsized the other men by hundreds of pounds, making it seem near impossible that his bulky legs would ever be able to move him more than a few inches. Though his feet were pinned beneath his pillowy thighs and gigantic backside, his body still shuffled back and forth in a poor mimicry of exercise.

Clutching a pair of weight in each of his hands, Holt increased his speed as he noticed Jeanie walk towards him with a gleam in her eyes. Each rep sent tremors through his flabby belly to sprinkle the floor with his downpour of sweat. The moisture clung to the tufts of brown hair spread across his form, enhancing his already atrocious body odor. As she stepped closer, Jeanie noticed the smug grin stretched across his face, the beaming smile momentarily broken by an echoing UUUUUUURRRRRPPP parting his lips. Always pleased with his endeavor to keep up

his jock mindset despite his drastic change in body shape, she rewarded him by letting her fingers slide across the expanse of his gassy rear before sinking beneath his foopah.

“I’m assuming you’re having a good day?” Jeanie asked, her fingers momentarily tangling themselves in the bushel of follicles around his groin.

“You BWOOOOOOORRRRP know it,” Holt belched, whipping about his mane of oily hair. “But it’s better now that you’re here.”

“Awwww, how sweet,” she said, patting her hand against his tummy to please him and get a sample of his flatulence as it spurted it out of his rear. “I’m assuming you need the usual treatment?”

“Of UUURRRRP course,” Holt replied. “Not like I can BWOOOOORRRRP reach down there myself.”

“I’d be more than happy to oblige,” Jeanie said, getting one last sniff of his gas before parting from him. “I’ll get right to it after I record my findings and bring over your meal.”

Leaving Holt to munch on a triple cheeseburger, Jeanie made her way back over to the snack counter. Writing down that Holt had surpassed 1000 pounds in weight, she had little doubt that the other two would reach the same threshold in a matter of days. Whipping up another batch of shakes to ensure they maintained their perfectly sloppy forms; she carefully placed a folder beneath her arm before carrying the drinks out to them. Once she passed out the shakes, she would allow them to see the list of possible candidates to add to their group. While she was happy with her harem, she was certain that a growing number of sloppy men would be more than enough to keep herself entertained for many years to come.