

Another Personal Trainer's Personal Slob Story

My morning routine at the gym started off by doing my usual rounds. Poking my head into one of the rooms, my attempt at sneaking a glance at my former clients was undone by a flick of my pintail of dirty blonde hair. A glance at my face sent a sudden shudder through their bodies. Before I could fully step through to make a show of my toned arms, tight ass, and sculpted abs the group pushed themselves into overdrive. On most occasions, I would call their reaction a response to beholding amazing my fit body looked in a pink tank top and black gym shorts. The reality was that they were all completely terrified of being subjected to my special workout routine.

I was the gym's top trainer. It wasn't through gentle nudges that I got that position either. Anyone that I took under my wing was put through grueling training and diets in order to get the results they asked for and I wanted. This made me the terror of the gym, but I kind of reveled in my own infamy. Nothing gave me more satisfaction than seeing people get sculpted into athletic bodies that they, but most importantly myself, could be proud of. Or at the very least, getting to put down people that think they had a chance of obtaining a body as fit and perfect as my own.

As much as I would have enjoyed seeing people push their limits in my presence, that day had me starting off a meeting with a new client. I had a long waitlist that was filled out months at a time. However, this one had paid extra to move right to the top. The money was so high that I didn't even bother looking at her application. No matter what kind of health or body issues she was dealing with, I was certain that I could take on any client. That was before I actually got to meet Genelle in-person.

Before I entered the meeting room, my first sign that something was off was the odor. I paused as my nostrils were subjected to a smell akin to diving my head into a wastebin of month-old diapers. Unsure if someone had left their sweaty gym clothes in the meeting room again, I worked through the miasma of fumes in order to push open the door.

Any chance I had to keep up the façade of a friendly demeanor vanished once I laid eyes upon Genelle. Like myself, she had adorned herself in a tank top and gym shorts. Where the outfit differed was in the dingy color and stains adorning it. The disheveled attire was made all the more apparent thanks to the fact that it was stretched around a flabby body that couldn't have been less than 500 pounds.

Staring at the way this woman let her deep belly button freely stick out from beneath her shirt, I accidentally let the door behind me close. Sealed into the room, my nose focused on the rancid musk that emanated from the unruly thickets of hair around her armpits and navel. The sound of my coughing became covered up by a horrific BRRAAAAAAPPPP that spurted out of her rear carefully balanced atop two stools. Despite the fumes attacking my senses, this woman had the gall to take a pudgy hand off of the sagging meat sacks that were her breasts to wave at me.

“Hey BWOOOOOORRRRPP there,” she said, shaking her three chins and unkempt, long black hair in the process. “My name is Genelle. Are you trainer UUUURRRPP Christie?”

“Yes,” I replied, unwilling to hide my face of disgust. “You’re the one who hired me as their personal trainer?”

“Yup!” Genelle replied, heaving herself out of her chair and farting out another stink cloud in the process. “I heard you’ve worked miracles on so BWOOOOOOORRRPPP many. I had to see for myself if the rumors were true.”

“It won’t be easy,” I said aloud, both to dissuade her and myself from going any further. “I intend to push you through rigorous training. You will sweat AND cry before I’m done with you.”

“That’s just what I’ve been looking for,” Genelle replied, seemingly unshaken by the hidden threat. “I’ve tried so many other OOOOOOOUUUURRRRRPP trainers and none of them get results. I think you’ll be worth every penny.”

Something about the eagerness in her voice ticked me off. The way she seemed so excited to sink hundreds of dollars into a routine designed to test people’s limits seemed like an unintentional spit in my face. Looking over her sloppy form once more, I doubted that she would get very far. Even if it would be unpleasant to be around her stench, the idea of getting to see her break down brought a twisted pleasure to my mind. This lingering thought is what led me to copy her expression.

“Alright,” I said, crossing my arms as I loomed over my latest victim. “I’ll accept you as my client.”

“Thank you so much!” Genelle said, taking away some of my bravado as she reached out with her plump fingers to give me a sweaty handshake. Leaving my palm thoroughly disgusting, she brought her hefty form slamming back down onto her seat. Reaching below the table and into her backpack, she pulled out a bag of chips and popped them open.

“This calls for a celebration,” Genelle commented as she grabbed a handful of the salty snacks and brought them to her lips.

“No!” I said, finding the look of disappointment on her face as I smacked the chips away absolutely delicious. “Put that shit away and get on your feet. AND you may refer to me as Miss Christie. Am I understood?”

“Yes, Miss BWOOOOORRPRPP Christie,” Genelle replied with a salute of her pudgy arm as she stood back up.

“Follow me,” I said, trying to ignore another one of her farts blasting out as I led the way forward. “We’re going to start your first training session now. Mark my words, by the time I’m done, no one will even be able to recognize you.”

It was the first time I had actually been presented with a challenge by one of my clients. The frustrating part is that it wasn’t due to Genelle’s lack of trying. She always showed up on time and gave her best effort in an attempt to meet every routine I gave her. Not that I would ever show or speak about how impressive her efforts were. I was there to make her life a living hell. That meant being a complete bitch who shouted at her to keep going no matter how tired or sweaty she got. That’s what made it all the more frustrating when she hadn’t lost a single pound.

During one of our sessions, I had the displeasure of watching Genelle struggling using a stationary bike. The same gym shorts she wore during our first meeting were doing a poor job of hiding anything from view. The fabric kept riding up to reveal more of her doughy ass cheeks as

they sunk into her crack. A barrage of rancid farts coming out from the chunky rear mixed with the sweat to create a nearly unbearable miasma around her. The worst part was that this was only after a few minutes of her spinning her thick legs.

“Keep going, land whale,” I shouted out over the sound of her heavy breathing and belches. “How else do you think you’re going to lose that weight?”

“I’m UUUUURRRPP going as fast as I can, Miss *wheeze* Christie” she said, still moving at a snail’s pace.

“That’s bullshit!” I insisted. “Move those thunder thighs. Come on! You can do so much better than this sorry fucking excuse. Either you finish this off, or I swear I’ll kick you onto the treadmill on the highest setting and won’t turn it off until you’re a quivering mass of blubber, gas, and tears of-“

It was at this point that the fumes became too much for me. Stumbling back from her stench, I was forced to seek out cleaner air. Sitting down on a nearby bench, I looked for something to cover up my nose with. As my vision passed over Genelle’s stained bag, I considered the worst possible solution. While the notion of having to confront her old, sweaty gym clothes should have dissuaded me, I caught the whiff of something delicious inside. Driven by my curiosity, I unzipped the bag and was immediately filled with rage.

“What the hell is this?” I called out, bringing Genelle’s routine to a sudden halt. When she managed to turn her thick neck around, I was holding up a sack of still warm Glutton Burger in my hands.

“It’s my, um, after workout snack,” she replied with a nervous smile.

“And this?” I added, revealing a bottle of sugary soda.

“For hydra-BWOOOOORRRRPP-tion,” she said as she carefully heaved herself off of the bike.

“More like for undoing all of your hard progress,” I insisted as I shook around the junk food. “I keep telling you that have you have to stop eating this trash.”

“I’m sorry, Miss Christie,” Genelle replied as she fidgeted with her pudgy fingers. “I just get so UUURRRPPP hungry.”

“Hmph, looks like you’ve earned yourself another lap around the track,” I said, mostly to give myself a reason to rid myself of her smell.

“Yes, Miss BWOOOOORRRPPP Christie,” Genelle replied, waddling off and leaving a rancid fart cloud in her wake.

Desperate to recover from her onslaught, I sought refuge in her stolen goods. For once, I was actually grateful that she had brought in forbidden food. Unrolling the bag, I attempted to use the smell to unclog my nostrils. When that failed to do the job, I pulled out the burger and unwrapped it. Staring at the mess of greasy meat and cheese before me, I pressed it closer to get more of an effect.

The problem started when a whiff of Genelle’s lingering stench made me start to gag. In the midst of my coughing fit, my teeth ended up sinking into the sandwich. Though the bite was accidental, it still flooded my mouth with a flavor I had long forgotten. The way the burger made my body shudder with joy conflicted against my inner thoughts of how bad it was for my diet.

From there, it was as if I was a woman possessed as I ate through the rest of the burger. In between bites, I twisted open the bottle to take large gulps of soda to wash it all down. Left with only a stained wrapper, I used the excess grease with the included fries to clean up any remnants of the sinful indulgence. By the time I was licking leftover salt from my fingers, I had lost track of time.

“Miss UUUURRRRRPPPP Christie,” belched Genelle from down the hall.

Upon hearing the slob waddle towards me, I rushed over to the nearest trash can. Stuffing the remnants of the feast inside, I covered it up in garbage to hide the evidence. Wiping my hands clean with a used gym sock, I turned back and tried to regain my usually stern expression just as she returned.

“You’re done already?” I asked, trying my best to hide behind my tough persona.

“Y-yeah,” she said, struggling to catch her breath. “Can I have some of that BWOOOOOORRRRRPPPP soda? I think I’ve earned it.”

“Er, no,” I said, stepping in her path to ensure the trash can was obscured. “Not until you give me another lap around the-UUURRP!”

The belch brought my words to a standstill. With the taste of the greasy meal lingering on my tongue, I struggled to come up with a response. Seeing Genelle’s head tilt as she gave me a curious expression, I knew I had to act fast.

“Ugh, you reek!” I said, turning away from her. “Forget the lap. Carry your fat ass to the shower and clean up. We’re done for the day.”

“But what about my-“

“I said move it!” I shouted out, sending her stomping off and buying myself a chance to reflect on what I had just put in my body.

It had taken several months, but Genelle was starting to finally show progress. She was still fat, but no longer did her clothes look painted on. On some days, even her belly button could be hidden beneath a 2XL tank top. The odor remained a persistent issue, but her gassy expulsions were thankfully becoming less frequent. While I would like to say that it came from her sticking to my strict routines, the truth was that I was taking away one of the major hurdles that had stopped her from getting fit in the first place.

The discovery of Genelle’s constant snacking provided a direct cause and effect as to why my routines weren’t working. While the most direct solution would have been to simply forbid her from junk food, she always seemed to find new ways to sneak it in. Whenever this happened, I always made an act of stowing it away or tossing it out. However, that was far from the truth. In reality, she was providing a reliable source for my worsening addiction.

As I watched her struggle to dance alongside a video tape I scavenged from a dusty box in the gym’s storage room, I got a chance to sample her confiscated goods. Bags of chips in a variety of flavors came first, with not a single one tasting anything less than heavenly to my tongue. To balance out the salty treats, she had stuffed her bag with a variety of candy bars that had started to melt from her body heat but still tasted good enough for me to persevere. This was all topped off with a collection of soda bottles that felt amazing as they tickled across my tongue. Unfortunately, the sugary drinks weren’t as kindly accepted by my stomach.

My binge session became interrupted by a wayward UUUURRPP rolling up my throat. Clamping my hand across my mouth, I watched on to see if Genelle had noticed. Thankfully for me, she was too distracted by the movement of outrageous, 80s hair to notice. Unfortunately, this also meant that I was the only one around for the belch to draw attention towards my body's issues.

Keeping a mouth clamped shut with one hand, the other was used to tug at the bottom of my top to try and hide the potbelly I had developed. I accomplished hiding my navel but had to be careful not to pull too much for fear of making my breasts slip out to reveal their added bulk. So focused on that, I had little room to deal with how my bubble butt was sucking up my gym shorts. Before I could do something about my in-progress wedgie, I was alerted to the overly 80s music petering off.

"Wooooh," Genelle said, her slowed movements giving me just enough time to hide away the wrappers. "Don't think I've sweat this hard in a UUUURRRP while."

"Hmph," I said, crossing my arms to obscure my figure. "Sounds like you're finally understanding the benefits of a good work OOOOUURRRRRP!"

"What was that?"

"Nothing," I insisted as I tried to control the bubbles within my stomach.

"Miss Christie, can I have some of the snacks you confiscated from me?" she asked, her own hunger keeping her from prying too much about my digestion issues. "I think I've earned a little treat."

“Absolutely not,” I replied, unwilling to reveal that I had completely devoured the stash.
“What you need right now is a shower. You absolutely reek.”

“You got it, Miss Christie,” Genelle said, giving me a salute before waddling off down the hall.

Left by myself, I took the walk of shame to dispose of the wrappers and empty bottles. My wayward steps came with more bubbles to roll up my throat. Thankful for the solitude, I let the burps out in the hopes of relieving the pressure before I had to see Genelle again. The strategy worked up until some of the gas managed to squeak out of my rear.

Getting a whiff of my own fumes made me shudder as I recalled my degrading condition. Though I had managed to hide the thirty extra pounds I had gained from most people, I couldn’t cover them up from the eyes that looked at my body the most. Each morning in front of my mirror, I told myself that I was supposed to be the epitome of fitness. It was my career on the line to keep myself as the peak of human health. Despite that, I still couldn’t stop myself from giving into my urges to eat junk food at every chance I got.

Shrugging off the wayward fart’s fumes and disgrace, I shook out my limbs and stepped where Genelle had just stood. Too focused on my task to pay any mind to the slob’s lingering stench, I hit play on the VCR. As I waited for the tape to begin, I took a deep breath in preparation to throw myself at the same, hardcore dance exercise I had put her through.

My determination lasted until the lack of seeing outrageously out of date fashion reminded me why tapes had been discontinued long ago. Letting out my frustration with a groan and a small PHHHRRRTTT from my rear, I trudged back over to the VCR and hit the rewind

button. Left to wait until the tape was ready again, my degrading sense of self-control managed to lead me over to the vending machines to grab an armful of snacks to gorge on instead.

Genelle was doing an excellent job of drawing the attention of everyone else in the swimming area. In spite of her size, she was making excellent time as she took one lap after another through the pool. Each swing of her chubby arm served to demonstrate how much better her stamina had become following my tutelage. Some of the other swimmers purposefully stopped their own sets just to get a glimpse of her darting through the water. While it was an achievement at how well my training had worked for her, any pride I felt about it was undone by what it had cost my body in the process.

Most of the time, my trips to the pool would have called for me to put on my skimpiest bikini in order to revel in the gaze of others. However, for this visit I had instead purchased an extra-large, one-piece swimsuit that tightly hugged at my body. The skintight material hid little of my 300-pound form. While this did give some emphasis to how much larger my chest had grown, the fabric also managed to bundle up my belly fat into an unsightly sphere that had no hope of being hidden. As much as I wanted to fix up the wedgie affecting my doughy rear, my fingers knew better than to mess around with my backside.

Thanks to my worsening diet issues, I had made the unwise decision to add extras to Genelle's usual contraband session. Her choice to start sneaking in smaller snacks was nice to see in terms of her path to healthy living, but made my body crave so much more. Whenever I had the chance to take what little junk food she brought in, I added from own stash to create a

suitable meal to keep my increasing hunger at bay. At the moment, my mind was focused on containing the storm inside of my gut created from the greasy onion rings and chicken wings I had downed shortly before arriving at the pool.

“All done, Miss Christie!” Genelle announced as she swam over to the side.

“Bull UUUURRPP shit,” I said, lifting my body off of the bench to shuffle to the edge of the pool. “There’s now way you completed five laps.”

She smirked at me and gestured towards the crowd of onlookers. “I think they’d say differently.”

Crossing my arms in spite of their pudge, I let out a huff. “Well, THEY aren’t your trainer. Now get your fat ass up here while I think of your next punishment.”

“Don’t you mean exercise?”

“Whatever!” I shouted a little too loud.

Thanks to my outcry, I and everyone else in the pool area got to watch as Genelle lifted herself out of the water. As she waddled over to me, it was still obvious that she was overweight. The main difference was how she carried her extra chub in comparison to her formerly bulky form. As she made her way over to me with a towel hanging around her shoulders to show off her shaved down weight through a two-piece, yellow swimsuit, a dire realization came to my mind.

As Genelle approached me, a sudden slip of her feet made her stumble forward. While she was able to catch herself to prevent sending us both to the floor, it still led to our bellies bouncing against one another. In the time it took for both of our guts to stop jiggling, I kept

glancing back and forth between our two figures. A single comparison was enough to show that both our breasts and buttocks were equal in size. However, the infuriating part was that as our guts settled, mine appeared to stick out just a few inches further than her own. At some point, I had actually managed to exceed her weight.

“Miss Christie, what did you have in mind for my next exercise?” Genelle asked.

The question went over my head as my mind tried to process this information. In the span of several months, the person I was supposed to help lose weight was now causing my own to skyrocket. Even without taking my worsening digestion into account, the added heft was completely unacceptable. My mind lingered on how people failed to see me as a threat anymore. The hushed whispers between my coworkers now echoed much louder in my mind as I realized how much they had been talking about me. With my thoughts in a panicked mess, I came to the conclusion that I needed to undo this damage as fast as possible.

“MOVE!” I yelled at Genelle as I shoved her out of the way.

With a running start, I dove into the pool. Trying not to consider how much I resembled a whale doing a belly flop in the process, the moment I hit the water I started to move. Swinging my arms and legs like I used to, I attempted to copy the slobby woman’s feat. However, my lack of exercise and poor food choices showed their strain as I moved at half her speed. Each time I breached the surface to get a breath of air, everyone around me got to hear my haggard voice. Towards the end of the first lap, my weariness made me not care that a few of my belches echoed out through the area. All of my energy was going towards just swimming towards the wall.

Upon my palm hitting the edge off the pool, I swiveled my body around in preparation to go for a second lap. As I pushed away, the sudden motion spelled doom for my upset digestion.

Pulling away from the wall I was moved further along by a rumbling BRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP erupting from my rear. While the water covered up the smell, the torrent of bubbles created in the fart's wake made it clear what had happened.

Meekly paddling back to the pool's edge, I swiveled my head around to see that people all had their eyes on me. My previous reputation kept most of them silent as I stared out at them with wide eyes. That didn't stop the usual suspects from turning away to whisper a little too loudly about my body's state. As I continued to look on in horror, my sight eventually fell upon Genelle. As our eyes met, she merely gave me a wide grin before she took her leave towards the changing room.

"Hey!" I shouted as I clambered up the ladder. "Who said that you were BWOOOOORRRPPP done?" I continued, taking longer than expected to get to my feet. By the time I managed to waddle over to where she had been standing, she was long gone. In her place was one of the gym's managers.

"Christie," he began, shaking his head as he took a look at my weary body. "Come see me in the office. We need to have a chat."

"But I-"

Any chance to defend myself was undone by another PHHHRRRRTTT slipping out of my rear.

"Ugh, wash up first and THEN come see me," he corrected, leaving me behind to stew in my own gasses and humiliation.

It was far later than most of my old gym sessions used to be. Back when I was in shape, part of the fun was going to workout during busy hours to see how many people I could distract with my body. Now, every single person that I saw as I made my way to the exercise machines made me shudder. Both from a combination of my own anxiety and the gas I was trying to keep within my disgusting form.

Finding a mostly secluded area, I laid out my workout supplies and mentally prepared myself to go through some of the same, arduous training I had put so many others through. Unfortunately, my own decision to place mirrors along the walls made me stop in my tracks. The reflection caught every single inch of my 500-pound figure. Standing at my full height threatened to pop apart the XXXL shirt I had managed to squeeze over my flabby gut. The top was only able to cover so much thanks to the massive hole it had ripped at the top of the collar to make space for my heaving, head-sized breasts. I was just glad that the pair of sweatpants I had managed to squeeze around my hips hadn't torn in a similar fashion when my chunky rear unleashed a massive, blubbery BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP in my car on the ride over.

As I stood there, staring at my visage, a sudden realization took over my form. I recognized the shape and size of the person I was looking at. However, it wasn't my own. Another shudder going through my system managed to set the bubbles free in the form of a BWOOOOORRRPP from my lips that reeked of the fast food I had scarfed down as "energy" for the workout. It was the very same stench that had assaulted my nostrils on the first day I had met Genelle.

Coming back to my senses as a PHHHRRRTTTT squeaked out of my backside, I rushed to get myself moving. Lifting weights with my chubby arms only lasted until I could feel the bristly hairs beneath them become drenched in sweat. Similar issues occurred when I attempted to shift my thick thighs to use a stationary bike, only to stop upon feeling my underwear getting sucked into my swampy butt crack. Forced down to the floor to try and scrunch up my belly rolls for sit ups, I had to directly contend with the hairs lining my navel frizzing up with each attempt.

Under the duress of my sweat and gas, I came close to giving up; if not passing out. I had already lost my job at the gym thanks to my self-destructive nature. It was only through pity that my former coworkers had been willing to give me a chance to lose the excess weight and get my diet in control. However, I could never get it out of the back of my mind that it was all just an excuse for them to laugh at what a slob I had become. This feeling of spite towards those that had betrayed me kept me going, albeit not for much longer.

Managing to do half of a fifth sit up, I came collapsing to the ground in a mess of sweaty flesh. My heavy breaths became interspersed with frequent belches as I desperately tried to recover. Left in a puddle of my own perspiration, any attempts to sit up were discouraged by a blubbery BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAP slapping out of my rear. Caught in my own stink cloud, I not even the growling of my hungry stomach seemed capable of getting me up. With tears welling up around my eyes, I was about ready to accept the indignity of having to get several gym employees to help me back up.

“Hello,” said a handsome man with silky, black hair as he hovered his face over mine.

“H-hey BWOOOOORRPP there,” I belched back, too stunned to worry about the rude greeting.

Rather than disgust, the man seemed to revel in the burp's smell. "My name is Min," he said as he held out his hand. "Can I help you up?"

Grasping my pudgy fingers around his, Min proved his prowess as he effortlessly picked me up. Looking over his figure, I let out a groan at how his appearance was akin to a powerlifter. I couldn't help thinking that he was there either to use me as nothing more than extra weights or to laugh at my sorry state. Instead, he handed me a bottle of soda which I snatched from him without a second thought.

"Looks like you were thirsty," he said with a confident grin.

"So UUUUUUURRPPP what?" I asked back between gulps.

"So...I was thinking that you needed a good meal after all of that effort."

Before I could ask exactly what he meant, Min brought over a collection of takeout bags. Just like the soda before, any wayward thoughts I might have had about his intentions were overtaken by my body's needs. Tearing open a bag to get at the overstuffed burritos inside, I barely listened to his words. It would only be after I went through a dozen of the greasy morsels before I heard of his "unique" interest in me. Thankfully, my hearing became crystal clear once he proposed an alternative method of shaping my body into a more attractive form.

The apartment was a far cry from its former self. When I was in peak condition, I extended my need for perfection by keeping my residence free for any messes. The excessive cleaning had also been in service of the boyfriends I called on whenever I needed a different type

of workout or just got bored. However, most of them had quickly cut ties with me once they saw what became of my once impressive figure. Thankfully, there was at least one person that still found me irresistible.

Hearing the front door open, I couldn't prevent an excited shudder from running through my body. As the footsteps drew closer to my room, I couldn't prevent a deluge of farts from slipping out with one PHHHRRRTTT after another. While the smell would have been enough to dissuade most people, Min took in the aroma with a deep inhale as he stepped through the doorway. His constant worship and the bags of takeout loading down his muscular arms was just one of many ways that he was able to show off his undying adoration for my disgusting body.

A single whiff of the greasy burgers slipping through my miasma of stink got my enormous, flabby belly to let out a deep growl. As much as I wanted to heed the call of my seemingly bottomless stomach, I didn't have the energy. That made sense considering I was burdened with a pair of chunky ass cheeks that took up the majority of my queen-sized bed. Even if I could move, the strain of shifting my beachball-like breasts would quickly take the wind out of me. Still, I attempted to sit up through the support of my back flab; scrunching up my rows of chins into the process to allow him to see the hunger on my pudgy face.

"You settle back down for now," Min said with a wave of his free hand. "I'll take care of what you need."

"I'm BWOOOOOOOORRRPP fine," I belched out, trying to ignore how my body was already encased in sweat from the mild amount of physical exertion. "All I need is some UUUURRRRP food to get my energy up."

“Just sit tight for a bit longer,” he replied as he spread out the takeout bags. “Your lunch is coming right up.”

As much as I wanted to use my former ferocity to command him to feed me at that moment, that had long gone. My aggression had gone the way of my muscles ever since I surpassed 1000 pounds in weight. I had lost track of when the event happened, only that it was long after I had given up on ever going back to my old body. While working was out of the question, my finances and need for food were all covered by Min. All he asked in return was that I let him indulge his unique interests.

Min kept to his promise as he crawled along my blubbery body to deliver my first meal. Opening my mouth wide, I accepted the greasy, triple-stack cheeseburger with no resistance. Though I had experienced the taste countless times before, my body never grew tired of the unique flavor of the trashy food. Leaving several more of the sandwiches within reach of my plump, sausage-like digits, my feeder boyfriend moved on to taking care of his own desires.

Moving away from my chest, Min took pleasure in wallowing his face within my armpits. Nuzzling up against the sweaty follicles, he dragged his tongue across my skin to savor the filthy flesh he had become obsessed with. Moving back towards my torso, he followed the trail of hair around the peak of my blubbery gut to lead towards my navel. Upon reaching my belly button, he showed no hesitation in diving his tongue in and out of the hole to properly sample it. I could sense the pleasure he derived from the act from a combination of the tight squeezes he gave to my love handles and the moans of pleasure that carried with each of his haggard breaths. As degrading as the act was, I didn't care. All that mattered was that I was able to stuff food in my mouth.

The act of strange intimacy was prematurely stopped as we heard the doorbell ring. “Leave UUUUURRPP it,” I burped out, spending a sprinkle of meat chunks across my chest in the process.

“Hold on,” Min replied, standing up and wiping his face clean with a rag. “That must be the next food delivery. Just in time. At the rate you’re going, we’re going to need the extra supplies.”

“Fine,” I answered, punctuating my distaste with a brunt PHHHHHHRRRRRTTT from my rear.

As I fed off the last few burgers hanging around my chest, I paused as I felt something was off. Min’s footsteps came with a second pair that seemed unfamiliar to me. I furrowed my brow as much as my face pudge would allow at the annoyance that once again, he had failed to follow my instructions not to let anyone else into apartment. It didn’t matter how long it took for him to bring all of my food in. I had gotten tired of delivery people going slack jawed at my disgusting body until a gas cloud sent them away. Preparing to give the stranger a proper sendoff, I jostled around my belly in order to bring the bubbles inside to their peak.

Just as I was about to unleash the storm, my entire body froze as I saw her. She walked in adorned in a pink top and black gym shorts similar to the ones I used to wear. Similarly, her body was one of toned muscles with very little fat hanging around her body. Looking towards the face of the new arrival, I became acutely aware of who it was based off of the cleaner, yet still messy head of long black hair.

“BWOOOOOOORRRP Genelle, is that UUUUURRRRPPP you?” I belched out.

“That’s me!” she replied, with the same exact eagerness as the day we first met. “Wait, are you Miss Christie? I hardly recognize you.”

I tried to remain silent, only to have my body betray me with another
BRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP from my fat ass.

“Oof, that smell says yes,” Genelle replied as she waved away the foul odor. “So, this is where you ended up after you left the gym. How have you been doing?”

“Don’t BWOOOOORRRP ask,” I replied, hoping that she would just go away.

“That’s kind of rude,” Min commented as she staggered in with the rest of the order. “Especially for an old friend who’s willing to help out with your order.”

“I have to do what I can to please the customer,” she said, boldly showing off her bag with the delivery app logo printed on it. “Well, at least until my new career takes off.”

“Wait,” I said, straining my blubbery arms to sit up. “What UUUURRPP career?”

With a wide grin, Genelle strolled through a scattering of empty take-out bags to reach my bed. Climbing atop my body, she pulled out her phone. As the screen was held up to my face, my jaw hung open as I witnessed countless social media posts of her new body being loved by thousands upon thousands of followers.

“It’s amazing, right?” she replied as she stowed her phone away. “Several companies have reached out to me for some sponsorships. And it’s all thanks to you and your training program.”

The statement that used to fill me with pride instead gave me an intense sense of dread as I took into account what her perfect, fit body had meant for my own, slobby form. Looking

between her figure and mine, I didn't know what to say. I just sat there, stewing in the lingering fumes of my own gas as I tried to deal with my current reality. When Genelle finally left, I didn't even acknowledge it. My mind was too busy thinking of how much I had given up all for the sake of a single client.

I only came back to my senses once Min brought forth a plate of burritos. Leaving a kiss on my sweaty forehead, he returned to his spot in the middle of my gut. Upon feeling his tongue slather against my skin, I was able to focus on the meaty burritos in front of me. Hearing my stomach growl for more food, I inevitably gave in and started stuffing my face. Like it or not, this was the new me; completely unrecognizable from the peak of human fitness that I used to be.