

A Quick Treat

In front of a wide, curved monitor, its glow lighting up the darkened room, was a gigantic, anthropomorphic pig. His pink gut with a happy trail leading to a bundle of unkempt pubes popping out from the bottom of his shirt now acting like a makeshift bra for his hefty moobs. The belly itself threatening to cover up the bottom of his keyboard. His eyes were trained on the social media before him, a blunt toothy smile on his face as his tusks were coated in blotches of chocolate. A single snort of a long sniff brought his attention to a white plate by his mousepad, the remains of a few dark-colored crumbs making his smile all the more wider.

Gus's three-fingered hooven hands clacked across the keys of his mechanical keyboard, his head forward and hunched as he pressed his stomach more into his desk, feeling the chugs of digestion deep within his body. "Seems like you're moving along nicely don't you think?" he said to no one in particular. He couldn't help but take his hand and grope all around his fat belly, stroking along his fuzzy hot pink skin.

The pigman was writing up a post on his account full of many followers, all primarily imbued with a cult-like fascination with his fat. Just one post of his gut even in the most blurry of qualities would have hundreds of humans practically begging to become a part of its girth. He loved the attention, and couldn't help but give a lucky few the dream they oh so desired.



[Welcome my little piggies!] he said, beginning his message. [If anyone knows a Carson, well you might wanna say your goodbyes here now.] A picture taken ahead of time was then uploaded, his hand violently pushing into his stomach as the top frame only showed his dangling tongue, one stained with the flecks of a kind of chocolate cake. [He's getting a bit of a nice spa treatment! Just his mashed up remains bubbling away in my acids. You should feel bad that isn't you. I thought you all wanted to be in me?]

He submitted the post and like a hive mind, it gained thousands of hearts, comments, reposts without even a minute passing. Various comments from people around the world talking about the kinds of food they'd be for him. How much they'd devote their life and possessions to him before their final purpose began. Gus had so much power, and it only made his cock push out and grind into his cum-dried underwear. A... peculiar pair of underwear, the tag on the back labeled with the word - Brendon.'

One after another he'd flirt with a few commentators, teasing them at how they'd be the perfect morsel for him, all the while describing the way Carson ended up. [I watched him with no hesitation take off all of his clothes, his little cock playfully bouncing in the air as he couldn't help but stare at my tummy. He pressed his ear up against it and giggled. My fat hooves brushing his hair, calling him a 'good treat.' I could feel flecks of his precum smacking my thick thighs, and I knew he had no chance.]



Gus moved onto the next post, crafting a web of sections that'd complete the whole story, forcing his followers to give even *more* traction to the post as they scoured for the next part, which would only bring in more people from the algorithm. The population of a small country was now viewing these posts, their minds twisting to the desire of being devoured.

[I fed him one of my chocolate concoctions, just a simple two-liter bottle filled with my special ingredients. Used to be filled with fizzy soda you know? He took it *all* down, the globby consistency filling his throat, bulging it out with the cream inside. Immediately the transformation began as I could see his petite feet flowing outward like lava, touching each other as they enveloped over the other like several layers of fat, the skin there turning fluffy and dark. I raked the buttery flesh with my foot hoove, watching the bundle collapse into mere crumbs as his precum lost its wetness, but not its warmth. It *oozed* out of him, out of his cock, getting all over my pig feet. Don't worry, don't worry snacks, I made sure he licked it back up into him. At least before he couldn't with my special butter now expanding all around his body.]

The pigman was writing between strokes of his own cock, his hand still blemished with Carson's remnants, now covered in long, bunches of uneven lattices of porcine seed that shot out into his underwear. He couldn't remember if said underwear used to be a person or not, but that didn't really matter to him.



One particular response to his post was getting a lot of attention for its colorful details. A fellow writer perhaps? Gus made it the next person to reply to. [I picked him up by his armpits before he could transform any further, he'd be delicate as hell eventually. His lower body was more of a... base, heh heh. Right onto a white saucer that called his name, the cold temperature of the plate making that cute little jiggly body of his wiggle, his chocolate filled vocal cords trying to speak in these adorable sounds. Like a high-pitched chipmunk, he was begging me, pleading for me to eat him as he shrunk down to the size of my hand. A fucking BEAUTIFUL lava cake. I had to tell Carson, the funny rascal, that I don't eat human flesh and blood. He had to go all the way, *all the way*, before I'd savor him.]

It was like the boar was reliving the exact moments. Every word he typed on a keyboard that was getting to be as messy as his underpants was a spasm of recollection that traveled down to his cock for a nice pulse as he jerked more and more with every post submitted. He was going to explode, but he wanted to finish right when his story was completed.

With all of his willpower, he found another chance to keep writing. [Carson, Carson, Carson... his funny glasses fell off his head. His hair was wilting, becoming the same flakes as his body. Every part of him was a dark chocolate, and his funky eyes kept staring at me even as he lost his arms, his hands, everything that made him so human. The man's head was like a deformed frog, and that smile was stuck on him as



his head was collapsing, the grin getting wider, and wider, and wider. I could hear little wispy noises that I imagine were him hysterically wanting me to eat him. I pressed a hoof into the side of his trapezoid-esque shape, digging my nail into it, rubbing around as he giggled like a fat idiot. All that liquidy warm cocoa, flowing out from where my hoof prodded. I imagine it feels heavenly, *very heavenly*.]

He was getting so close now, so fucking close. Gus's cock was like a firehose, getting precum all over the back walls now as the front of his crusted underwear could no longer hold back anything as all of his seed sifted through it. Just one more message, just one more **fucking** message.

[His eyes were staring at me as his body was nothing but a small cake. I took my spoon, and I pushed it into the top of his head. No more brains there, nothing more at all. Only that same chocolate paste. Whatever was left of that brain was sweetness, synapses now sugar crystals. I twirled the spoon around, mixing together all of that, eventually going a bit too far as I just destroyed his head, his eyes mixing into all that fluff, that perma-smile crushed by the slightest of pressures. My utensil was just covered in... him. It. A gorgeous lava cake that was all for me. And so I plopped it into my mouth and licked it clean, and I savored each and every bite as I scooped piece after piece of the treat until it was all gone, until... it was all in my belly. And my teeth, and my plate, and perhaps a few crumbs on the ground.]



Gus rushed to finish the last of the words with one hand as the other held his climaxing cock, his underwear ruined as a flash of white, pistoning rope after rope, splattered everywhere it could. It landed on the floor, a few grains of the lava cake, the baked good itself able to feel every particle of its body at all times no matter how disintegrated it was. It was everywhere, and nowhere. The pigman felt like he cummed buckets, and rested in his gamer chair while taking in huge huffs of air as his heart felt like it'd burst.

He didn't care to clean up his hands as he went back to type his last post, his stomach making odd noises. [Seems like it's that time. Carson's just fat on me but we all know what happens to food in the end. Gotta go take care of these grumbles my piggies. Dream tonight of being in my belly, like the good meal Carson was.]

Upon hitting post and getting up to go do his duty, millions of humans around the world had a series of synchronized ejaculations, all because they wanted to be food, and savored, by a fat, greedy pig. Many more would be consumed by Gus, and both parties involved couldn't wait for that to happen.

