

“Sins of the Flesh”

By Zaftig Industries

CW: Pig play, name-calling, brat training, messy eating, burp kink, graphic sex, mild drug usage.



It seemed so harmless, when your feeder first suggested it. It actually began as a joke--he'd bought you a fake pig-nose and ears for you to wear during a stuffing, "to help get you in the mindset." But then you actually *did* wear them during a stuffing, and you liked it. A lot. So much that you started wearing them *every* time you stuffed yourself.

And then he off-handedly suggested the idea of living "like a pig" for a few weeks. Going on all fours, eating from a trough, wearing the ears and the nose, twenty-four-seven. Even now, you remember how warm and wet you got from the idea--the heady rush of discovering a fresh perversion, a new form of depravity.

And then you started to seriously consider it. Why not? Your job was generous, with vacation days--you had a ton of them sitting unused, enough for at least a month of relaxation time. And your feeder was open to the idea, promising to pamper and spoil you every hour of the day. It became quite a tempting prospect... So tempting, in fact, that you decided to take him up on it.

It would be a short experiment, you decided. Just two weeks of eating and lazing around and indulging in your kink. And after that... Back to normal. Back to the grind. Back to being "stealthy" about your obsession with feedism.

That was three week ago. And already, just three days in... You're not sure if you can go back.

You're laying in your bed, surrounded by empty takeout containers, still wearing the pig-nose, now a permanent part of your wardrobe. Your stomach rises in front of you, partially obscuring the TV, which is blaring some random Netflix cartoon. You're stoned as fuck, your body tingling with THC, the "head high" delivered by your vape-pen caressing your sleepy brain. You feel *amazing*.

You were already pretty fat, even before you took this "vacation." Dating a feeder, how could you *not* be plump? You were chubby when you met him, a few years ago... A mere two hundred pounds or so, practically a starved waif. Since then you've steadily gained weight, and now you're a portly two-sixty-one, your pale and puffy belly a monument to all your gluttonous dates together.

But you've never done anything like this. Usually your dates are a short burst of eating, followed by relaxation, some smoking, some slow jiggly sex. But this... This is different. You have been *continually* eating for three weeks. You've given full consent for your feeder to stuff you, every hour you're awake—and he's obliged you.

Every morning when you wake up, still a little stoned from the night before, your feeder brings you breakfast in bed. Sometimes it's homemade stuff—eggs over easy, bacon with brown sugar and pepper sprinkled on it, orange-juice with a liberal amount of champagne mixed in. Other times it's takeout: McDonald's is a mainstay for the two of you, though he sometimes branches out to Panera, or Burger King, or another chain. Those meals are less heartfelt, sure... But they make up for it in calories.

Breakfast is a leisurely affair today, slowly pushed into your face as you mechanically chew and swallow. You hit your vape-pen right after waking up, and your normally witty and clever mind has slowed to a crawl, dominated by horny baked thoughts and the lazy impulsiveness of a stoner. After swallowing the last of your breakfast mimosa, you demand your feeder's cock. He's eager to oblige.

He's a slim little guy, barely a hundred and fifty pounds soaking wet. Stubbled chin, curly hair, a decent collection of tattoos. You love him with all your heart... but right now, love's not what you have on your mind. You are consumed with *lust*, with a feral desire for him to pull off those boxer shorts and plow you in the midst of your morning McDonald's feast leftovers.

Naturally, he can't give you what you want, without teasing you first. He knows you're a brat, and you always have been... and the best way to deal with brats in the bedroom is to tease and discipline them mercilessly.

“Are you sure, baby? You look pretty full... Maybe even too full to fuck...”

You shake your head furiously, stifling a belch, pulling your dyed-blue hair out of your eyes. You are *not* too full to fuck. In fact you are just full enough—the stretched, gluttoned, heavy hardness of your belly is making you dripping wet. You need his cock, right now, and you tell him so. You won't take no for an answer.

“Mmm, sounds like someone's feeling needy...”

He slips a hand under the waistband of your pink-lace panties and runs his index finger up and down the soft, fuzzy, moist cleft of your pussy. He leans in, his breath hot in your ear as he grazes your earlobe with his teeth.

“You're such a good girl, stuffing your face for me like that... Getting fatter for me. Fatter every day. Look at you... My spoiled little glutton. My pet pig. Does piggy need Daddy's cock, darling? Does my piggy need a good hard plowing?”

You roll your eyes a little—you appreciate the dirty-talk, but he does lay it on a bit thick. Sometimes *too* thick.

However, you'd be lying if you said it didn't turn you on. You love his way with words... but right now you don't really need words. You're past that point already, past talking. You need *cock*.

To drive this point home, you stretch your chubby arm out—your hand still greasy from shoving a McGriddle past your lips—and pull down his boxers. His shaft, hard and thick and ready for you, bobs appetizingly up and down as you paw at it, squeezing it, gripping it...

“Mmm, Piggy's very *eager* this morning, isn't she?”

You open your mouth to tell him to stop messing around and fuck you... But what comes out is a wet, warm, McDonald's-scented belch. Oof, you're so fucking *full*. You can hardly even move.

Good thing you won't have to. Pigs don't do work during sex, after all—it's your feeder's job to do all the heavy lifting. So to speak.

The belch seems to push him over the edge. Wordless, he pushes aside the fast-food leftovers and yanks on your panties, roughly hauling them down your flabby thighs, past your roly-poly knees and hurls them into the corner. Then his face is buried between your legs, his lips tracing the softness of your pussy, his tongue running up and down and delving deeper, seeking your clit...

For a moment, he has trouble finding it. And you realize with giddy delight that your pussy has gotten *much* fatter these past few weeks. It's gotten so plump and puffy that it's practically buried your clit—but finally, your feeder dives deep enough and finds it, and your eyes roll back for a very different reason as he skillfully teases and edges you. Your body is a soft canvas of ecstasy as you pluck your vape-pen from the bedside table, and take a fat rip off it, the vapor curling towards the ceiling, illuminated only by the glow of the TV.

The curtains are shut, darkness enveloping the two of you, the stale smell of fast-food somehow adding to the ambience. This is no longer just a bedroom—it's the lair of a pig, a randy gluttonous beast who can't control herself, can't ignore her desires. Your personal pig-pen and pleasure den. Your sinful, hedonistic private kingdom. Or queen-dom.

When he finally mounts you and his shaft slides inside you, it's a struggle not to moan aloud. You clutch at the crumb-covered bedsheets and your legs twitch as he plunges deep inside you, his hardness filling you, satisfying you in a way no dildo or pleasure-toy can manage. His taut abdomen presses on your belly as he plows you, eliciting more burps from your sauce-stained lips. Your stoned brain is awash in pleasure, swimming in it, drowning in it. Surrendering to it.

You take another rip, and you begin to lose yourself in this moment, this bloated decadent eternity, his cock ramming into you again and again. Christ, are you *already* about to cum? He's just barely started fucking you, but you can't help it. Weeks of eating and masturbating and smoking have made your pleasure-centers pliant and eager, your body craving climax even more than it craves more food and fat...

The utter delight spreading from your loins sends waves of pleasure through your body, your overfilled stomach jiggling as he squeezes your fat-rolls, whispering in your ear while he fucks your brains out. He smells of aftershave and the outdoors.

“You’re going to get *so* fucking fat for me, aren’t you? Piggy.”

Yes, yes... *Yes*.

You practically *squeal* the word out, pulling him closer, whimpering as the orgasm builds and builds, sweeping your mind away.

Then you see it. A single deep-fried hash brown, left abandoned on the bedside table, a survivor of your gluttonous massacre.

In the midst of your orgasm, you grab it and shove it into your mouth, hurling away the wrapper. The greasy potato-chunks, oily and warm, slide down your throat as you chew and swallow and cum all at once, relishing the addition of new calories to your body, fresh fat that will make your stomach bigger, heavier, softer...

He’s right. You know it in the back of your mind—you can’t stop this train now that it’s rolling. You’re too addicted to it. Will you even go back to your job... or will you quit and become a fat, kept house-pig? You’re not sure if you’re ready for that, yet. But you know one thing for certain.

No matter what happens, you’re going to get so...

Fucking...

F a t.



-END-