

Years ago, Debbie got out of the gym shower after her workout.

That familiar tingle of post workout energy spread throughout her body.

She checked her phone, replying to any messages her friends sent her.

Then, when she was sure she was alone, she checked the other app she had on her phone.

FeedNgreet was a relatively new app on the scene, and was created specifically for feedists to meet with each other.

Debbie had come to terms with her desires in college, when her last boyfriend before she realized she was a lesbian had introduced her to the idea.

It was strange, at first, but the more she thought about it the more it appealed to her.

Debbie worked her ass off her entire life, growing up in a poor household with her single mother.

She got scholarships from her volleyball career, and had actually gotten a degree in marketing before she had to move back home to take care of her mom when she got sick.

Now, she was working three jobs, all to pay off the mortgage of the little three bedroom house on the bad side of town she had inherited, and with one of her jobs starting to cut her hours, she was feeling the stress.

So yeah, getting to be a pampered plump plaything greatly interested her.

FeedNgreet had no new messages, as usual.

She was sure if she actually posted pictures of herself that she would get droves of requests, but actually putting herself out there felt like a huge step she wasn't ready to take.

The thought of any of her friends, or her surviving family, finding out that despite her perfect body she wanted nothing else but to be a huge fuckpig sent a chill through her body. No, this was to be something she kept to herself as much as possible.

She left the gym, waved at the cute receptionist who she was 60% sure was into her, and got into her old beat up car.

Just as she turned the key (a third time) to ignite the engine, she got a message on her phone.

It was from FeedNgreet.

It was from a QueenLover06, and it read “Hey I saw your profile. I’m new in town, and always wanted to talk to someone about this kink. Want to meet up for drinks?”

Debbie checked the person's profile. It listed her location as being several towns over, and she had created the account years ago. All the photos were of different animated characters, just like hers, so she had no way of knowing if this was even a real person.

She was tempted to just ignore it and go about her day, but then she got a message from one of her bosses that, yes, she would be having her hours cut, so she said “fuck it.”

“Sure!” she sent.

“Does this Friday work?”

That Friday night, Debbie walked into her local bar with the best dress she could find.

She knew QueenLover06 was wearing a black dress and was sitting at the bar.

She saw a woman matching that description and approached.

The woman had done up red hair and looked very, very pretty/

“Hey... queen? Debbie said to her, with a tentative look.

The woman smiled.

“You can call me Carol. And wow you are even nicer looking than I thought!”

Relief flooded Debbie.

The two sat at the bar and had drinks, while chatting.

They didn’t discuss anything kink related, just getting to know each other as best as they could.

Then, when they were loosened up from the alcohol, they moved into a booth where they could speak more openly.

Debbie explained the long history she had with how she discovered this kink, and how she would love to get fat if she could, but now wasn’t a good time.

Carol listened attentively, then offered her own history.

“I’ve always seen it as me being a caretaker. I want to make someone as happy as I can, and if that makes them fat so be it. More for me to love.”

The night was getting late so they exchanged phone numbers and left, and Debbie felt the butterflies in her stomach.

She hoped beyond hope that this was in fact, the one.

Back in the present, Debbie still thought about that first date fondly, despite everything.

Being turned into a tourist destination wasn’t something she thought would happen to her, but it had.

She felt the cleaning crew work to scrub all her various folds, while she sucked cream from a hose.

God, she was huge.

Who could have thought that innocent little redhead had such a devious streak to them.

Jackie, one of her nurses, clambered up the side of her.

“Okay big girl, time for your medicine.”

It wasn’t easy being this big.

Her body would have failed ages ago if Carol hadn’t spent a small fortune on medicine that would allow her to live like she did.

The medicine was ingested, and just for fun Carol made sure it tasted like cotton candy.

Debbie saw Jackie was breathing heavier than usual.

Then she noticed that her nurse scrubs were looking a little tight.

Before she had her feeding tube placed back in, she asked her about it.

“You look... heavier...”

Jackie rolled her eyes.

“You're one to talk, lard ball.”

She playfully slapped the side of Debbie's face, sending quivers throughout her body.

"But I guess Carol has been sending me a lot of gift baskets recently, for doing such a good job I suppose."

Debbie could see where this was going.

Carol was getting her hooks into another young woman.

The same had happened to her, and it had led to...

Well, this.

She almost wanted to warn her, to say what Carol was really up to.

But another part of her, buried deep under more than just flab, really wanted to see what it looked like from the outside when someone transformed like she did.