

“The Abduction”

CW: Dub-con, non-con, kidnapping fetish, mind games, weight gain, drug and alcohol use.

By Zaftig Industries



You met him on a feeder kink meetup site, the only time you'd ever bothered with such a thing. He was so nice, so charming, so unlike the other feeders, with their terrible profile pics and their “SHOW ME UR BELLY” messages.

No, this guy was handsome, funny, sweet... and clearly well-off. He'd traveled the world, and had the pics to prove it. The background of his profile picture was an *infinity pool*, for God's sake. The guy was loaded, and even better, he was modest about it. He never bragged about anything. And he didn't seem like a spoiled rich boy, either—he was clearly active in his local community, a volunteer, the whole nine yards.

You were attracted to his personality, as well as his wealth. He came across smooth, suave, a difficult thing to do online. He made you laugh, he was honest and earnest... and he was *hot*. Damn, but he was smoking. Chiseled jaw, five-o'clock shadow, tall aquiline features and what looked like a very fit body. The guy was a catch... and as far as you could tell, he was all yours. No one else had even gotten a response from him.

Since you were only a starting gainer, barely two hundred pounds of nerdy brunette, you were surprised he took so much of an interest in you. You got to know him over the course of a few weeks, and eventually you started discussing fantasies with him... Just teasing at first, sexting, that kind of thing. But then things took a darker turn.

You confessed some of your weirder fantasies to him: your fetish for being kidnapped, for instance. For being drugged and held against your will. Your secret desire to be force-fed and edged all day long, fattened beyond recognition. He barely batted an eyelid at these shocking confessions... and even admitted he shared some of your fantasies. Except he'd prefer to be on the giving end of the kidnapping and tormenting, rather than the receiving end. The idea thrilled you—to be spirited away by him, to some secret dungeon filled with food... You and your vibrator “explored” that particular fantasy dozens of times, even before your first date with him.

You'd rarely told anyone about all of this before, and yet you opened up to him... Maybe you already knew what might happen. You hinted at the darkness inside, you opened the door for him. Did you know, in the back of your mind, what was going to happen? Did you suspect it... Even hope for it?

It didn't happen on the first date, or the second, or the third. Everything was quite normal, at least on the outside. The two of you went out to posh restaurants, enjoying yourselves. You enjoyed yourself maybe a bit *too* much, honestly. So much food, so much wine... Stuffed and drunk, you made a fool of yourself on your fourth date, joking that you would *love* to be kidnapped and fattened by a handsome guy like him. Teasing, you winked at him and said he could abduct you *any* time.

There was a gleam in his eye as he nodded and smiled, laughing along with you.

On the fifth date, you had trouble fitting into your dress. All this rich food and drink had fattened you up lately, which made you very wet indeed—you were practically dripping by the time you got to the restaurant. A fancy affair with chandeliers and a sommelier, it was the richest venue yet—and your date was offering to pay, just like the first few times. What a dream!

But the other shoe had to fall, eventually. Didn't your mother always tell you, that nothing in life was free?

It was around the third glass of wine that you started to feel sleepy. *Really* sleepy, not just drunk. You felt slow and clumsy, your limbs sluggish... like you'd been drugged. The last thing you remembered was slumping in your chair as he offered you a forkful of medium-rare steak... which you happily swallowed, grinning like an idiot. What a nice date. What a sexy, sexy date.

And then everything went dark...

When you awoke, you were groggy, confused... and surrounded by grim, gray walls. You were lying on a circular bed, covered in satin pillows and silk sheets, your evening-dress still clinging to your flabby rolls. A pair of padded manacles around your wrists were attached to glimmering golden chains, bolted securely to the concrete wall behind you. Panic filled your mind as you glanced around at your new surroundings.

The room you were in was clearly underground—there were no windows, except for a small square one over your bed, much too high for you to reach. The walls of the room were all concrete, with heavy slabs of sound-absorbent padding filling every corner. No shrieks or screams would be heard, through walls like that...

Directly above you, there was a TV hanging from the ceiling, its screen dark. In one far corner, you saw an elaborate kitchen setup—with stainless-steel appliances, a kitchen fit for a cooking competition show. And in the other far corner... Nearly a dozen refrigerators, and several top-loading freezers. A half-open door on the far end of the room led to a pantry, filled with fruit, veggies and raw ingredients. A chef's personal heaven. And beside the kitchen, a small personal gym—no doubt meant for your captor to do some kind of Patrick Bateman routine, while you cried for release.

Beside the bed was a wooden rack, with dozens of sex toys openly displayed. Panicked and without a weapon, you grabbed a large wooden paddle, brandishing it like a club. It felt good in your hands, making you feel badass, dangerous. Whoever had done this to you was going to *pay!*

And yet... There was a wetness, between your legs. This place was modeled after the exact fantasy you'd described to your new "friend," online. Had he... built all of this, for you? Before abducting you? What kind of a madman *was* he?

And soon the madman arrived, through a door set directly into the wall. A small remote with a button on it closed the door behind him, with a mechanical *click*. He pulled a chair over from the kitchen, ignoring your angry protests and shouts. He sat down in reverse, Ryker-style, his fingers laced together.

"Calm down, my dear. This is only temporary."

He proceeded to tell you he was fulfilling one of your fantasies for you. You had specifically wanted to be abducted *against your will*, after all. You'd described this exact situation to him, right down to the golden chains. He was simply enabling one of your fantasies... and while he had to play "bad cop" as your captor, he would happily let you go after a week, assuming you still wanted to leave.

Angry and suspicious, you squinted at him.

“A week of what?”

“A week of food. Of pampering. Of anything you want... except release.”

Brandishing the paddle, you found yourself surprised by his gentle tone, his warm eyes. This was not the face of a lunatic, or a serial killer. He really *did* want to please you, with this bizarre display of macabre showmanship.

Gradually, you lowered the paddle and stopped cursing at him. You started to listen. And the more you listened, the hornier you became.

He would keep you as a kidnapped pet, he said, just like you'd asked him to. One week only, a brief “vacation.” And if you didn't like it, you were free to go. He'd already taken the liberty of hacking your phone and changing your voice-mail message, to tell people you were on vacation. He'd cancelled your few social engagements for you. And he'd stocked your “kidnap chamber” with enough food, vibrators, drugs and alcohol to make your stay very, *very* enjoyable for you...

You rolled your eyes at him and informed him you could have cancelled your *own* damn plan, he didn't have to hack your phone. Why hadn't he just set this up with you, consensually, beforehand?

He shrugged and told you that if you'd known the kidnapping was *coming*, it wouldn't have been a “surprise kidnapping,” would it?

Grudgingly, a little grumpily, you agreed. And you laid back against the cushions, still feeling a little violated, but... placated. This really *was* your fantasy, down to every inch. Sure, he'd crossed every line, doing this to you... But you would forgive that, as long as he let you go.

“Ah, yes,” he said. “The release process. I've got plans for that.”

He pointed to the key dangling over the bed—far too high for you to reach. It was on a little spool of wire, attached to a red LED timer clock, with roughly one hundred and sixty-seven hours left to count down.

Once the full week was up, he said, the key would drop down, and you could unlock your manacles. Your clothes were in a trunk, by the exit door. All you had to do was unlock the manacles, get dressed, and ring the doorbell by the door—he would pay for your ride home. That was, of course, assuming you still wanted to leave...

Of *course* you would want to leave. What a ridiculous thing to say! You crossed your arms and huffed at him, as if this were just a spat between lovers, and not a crime worthy of FBI investigation. Really, you were still very angry and upset with him. But you would let this little “act” play out, for one week. After all, he'd gone to all this trouble...

Deep down, although you wouldn't admit it, you were *flattered* by all the attention. No one had ever done something this for you—you were just a chubby girl from Queens, no one had ever once considered doing anything so elaborate, so absurd just to please you. Granted, it was incredibly fucked up, but you *liked* fucked-up things. Your search history was full of shit like this. And you'd practically begged him to abduct you nearly a half-dozen times. You just never expected him to *follow through* on it.

With a barely suppressed smirk, you told him you were getting hungry. If he was going to be Mr. Scary Kidnapper Feeder, he'd better live up to his title...

His face lit up with joy as he saw you rub your soft belly for him, mashing your fingers into the flab.

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*Some time later...*

You lost track of time, after the first few days. You stopped looking at the clock overhead. You were much more interested in the TV, in the bong by your bedside... and the sex toys on the rack. And eating, of course. Endless, constant eating.

He was a maestro in the kitchen, although most of his meals were simple, almost intimate. Pho-style meatball soup, flatbread pizzas, truffle-buttered grilled cheese and creamy tomato bisque. Baby back ribs, pork nachos, *salsa verde* enchiladas... His home-cooking was delicious, but sometimes he came home with fast food instead, just to "spice things up" and ensure you were getting regular doses of junk food, on top of his cooking.

You dispensed with the dress, after the first few days—lying around nude, so he could admire you. Orgasms became frequent, especially when he left the room and allowed you a little privacy to... Experiment, with yourself. The more you ate, the more you smoked, the deeper you sank into the fantasy around you. You found yourself flirting with the idea of staying... just existing like this, from meal to meal. You would *never* do so, of course. But it was fun to consider the idea...

One thing kind of bothered you—he hadn't climbed into bed with you, or touched you at all. He cooked shirtless a few times, even naked once, with a "Kiss the Chef" apron on. But he'd never laid a hand on you. And frankly, it was getting a little frustrating. You'd shared your darkest kinks with him, he had literally *committed a crime* to put you in your ideal sexual scenario... And yet, he wasn't making any moves. What the hell?

The more you ate and the more you smoked, the more you wanted him—desperately, hungrily, with all the fire of sexuality enchained. You *thirsted* for him, and in your more stoned and drunken moments, you begged him to climb into bed with you. But he always smiled, shook his head... and offered you another snack, saying the same thing every time.

"I don't put out for skinny girls, darling. And you're still *so* skinny..."

Skinny? How *dare* he call you skinny? Furious at this, you ate even more, just to spite him. You ate until your stomach groaned and ached, and then choked down even more food. How *dare* he deny you his cock, after putting you through all of this? It was so selfish of him! The least he could do was fuck your brains out, make all your suffering worth it. And yet, he refused.

The scale attached to the bed did climb, bit by bit... but not fast enough for you. Dismayed that you only had a single *week* to pack on weight here, you gorged and gorged, nearly making yourself sick... but the scale only crept up by ounces. You wanted pounds, glorious pounds... and again you toyed with the idea of staying longer.

It was insane, it was sick. But... Would it really be so bad? Would it really be so terrible, to be his fattened pet, his kept hog? You would miss the outside world, sure... But your life hadn't been the most fun lately, anyway. You worked retail, your family were a bunch of toxic assholes who made Christmas and Thanksgiving miserable, your apartment was tiny and cramped. You missed your friends, yes, but they had always been trying to "help" you lose weight, blissfully unaware you wanted to *gain* it, instead.

Would it really be so awful, to just... let all of that go?

But you couldn't. No way. You were not a farmyard animal, you told yourself, you were a *person* with needs and desires beyond rampant gluttony. A human being couldn't just live in a bunker and eat like a hog, forever. Eventually you would get bored with the weed, and the free food, and the orgasms. Eventually you would get sick of being a sloppy, lazy pig.

But as the days crawled by, you didn't get tired of it. In fact, you sank further into the fantasy, asking him to hand-feed you, and eventually, begging him to force-feed you. To your delight, he obliged. Once, he even helped you climax using an oversized hitachi wand, smiling sweetly at you while your eyes rolled back and drool drizzled from the corner of your lip. He was patient, helpful... And yes, sometimes he was cruel. But only when you *asked* it of him.

The end of the week came much too soon.

Drifting in a haze of gluttoned, stoned stupidity, you were watching trash TV—some kind of documentary about morbid obesity. Starring on such a show had always been a fantasy of yours, and you nearly envied these women, so fat and helpless they couldn't move. You were, in fact, masturbating to the show when the timer above your bed finally went off.

Surprised, you glanced up to find the "escape key" descending. It dangled in front of you, your sweet freedom finally granted. Almost reluctantly, you took it... Unlocked the manacles. Stood, stretched... and walked around the room, for the first time.

Walking felt strange, almost unwelcome. Your muscles had atrophied during your stay in the enormous bed, and the mirrors of your kidnapper's home-gym reflected a body swollen and saggy with new fat, speckled with fresh stretchmarks. Your pussy had grown fuzzy and unshaven, your hair a little unkempt. Fascinated, you played with your slightly-larger belly, still loaded with your last meal. A brief fantasy flitted through your mind of getting back into bed, for another week... maybe for a few months...

Shaking it off, you advanced to the door, where a small red button was mounted. It read "**PUSH FOR SERVICE.**" Clearing your throat, you pushed the button and asked to be let out.

You heard footsteps descending the stairs, and the door opened. Your kidnapper was there, wearing nothing but a towel, clearly summoned from the shower. He cleared his throat awkwardly, and nodded at your clothes beside the door.

"You'll want to dress first. I've got a lot of bay windows up there, and the neighbors would be... Rather surprised by your lovely body, I think."

You snorted at him, rolling your eyes again. Pulling your clothes out, you tugged them on, finding them... Restrictive. Too small, too tight, too *confining*.

You'd gotten used to being lazy and naked, lounging around with your belly out and no waistbands cutting into your soft flesh. You felt uncomfortable in clothes, now. Unhappy.

You glanced at the door again. Beyond it lay the world... your boring and unpleasant job. Your fat-phobic friends. Your toxic family.

You turned around to survey the room again. It looked so different, from this new perspective. Much less frightening.

Here... in here, in your paradise, there was only pleasure. Lazy bliss. Gluttony and hedonism and sinful, endless delights, paid for by your kidnapper, every need provided to you. Yes, it was a prison, that much you couldn't deny. But it was *your* prison, and against every fiber of common sense inside you, you *liked* it here. It was fun, it was sexy, it was... Home.

You turned to regard your kidnapper, who looked a bit bashful in his towel. You saw him for what he was: a very clever, very fit rich boy who had gone *way* too far with his little "gift" for you. There was fear in his eyes for the first time—fear of lawsuits, of jail, but most of all, fear of your *disapproval*. Any sane woman, at this point, would probably slap the shit out of him for what he'd done. Call him a monster, a pervert. A criminal.

But you didn't see him like that.

Standing on your tiptoes—he was quite tall, compared to you—you planted a kiss on his lips, for the first time since your dates, before the kidnapping. He seemed surprised... but leaned into it, cupping the back of your head, running his fingers through your hair.

His towel dropped to the floor.

You glanced down at the end of the kiss, and of *course* he was packing. Why wouldn't he be? Every other part of this experience had been absurd and catered exactly to your needs—of course he was hung like a horse on top of everything else. You felt your heartbeat flutter as you watched his cock rise, a firm shaft of insistent need. It grew and grew until its tip was mashed into your soft, flabby belly.

Coughing awkwardly, he retrieved his towel.

"I suppose... I should call you that car, now."

You stopped him as he made to cover himself again.

"No," you said, and you couldn't believe your own words.

"What?"

"I said... No. I'm staying."

You kissed him again, this time aggressively, pinning him against the wall. With one hand you fondled his cock, and with the other you raked his chest with your fingernails. A week's worth of raging, pent-up sexual frustration was inside of that kiss.

"I mean it," you said, chest heaving as you pulled away again. "I like it here."

He swallowed, eyes brightening. Clearly he hadn't expected this.

"For... for how long?"

“As long as I want. I’m your *captive*, remember? Your helpless, abducted piggy. I can’t *leave*, not until you fatten me up as big as you want me...”

You leaned in, your grip tightening around his cock, purring in his ear the words you knew he needed to hear. The words that would seal your fate as a chained-up, overfed sex object—the life you *truly* wanted.

“Piggy is hungry, Master. Please... chain Piggy up again. Feed her. *Fuck* her. Piggy doesn’t want to go outside... she wants to *eat*. Please, Daddy? Please feed and fuck your Piggy... It’s all she wants in life.”

His cock was rock-hard in your chubby fingers, now. Breathless, he steered you back to the bed and pushed you into it.

Pulling the key off its dangling wire, he threw it into the corner... and bound the manacles to your wrists again, the heavy *click* of the mechanism making your loins flood with arousal. As he traced his way down your tubby belly with kisses and dove face-first into your dripping pussy, you reclined against the satin pillows, your mouth a silent “O” of complete satisfaction.

“Piggy” had come home at last.

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