

## Training a Pet Slob

Charlie sat alone in her living room, constantly glancing at the clock on the wall. Her fingers went back and forth between fidgeting with her long, brown hair and pressing into her chubby belly. The thought of pulling out her phone to cancel the meeting plagued her mind, only to be held back by a desire that she had longed to indulge in. Drifting her view to the side, she stared at a small, black box holding the key to what could either be a wonderful evening or an unfathomable disaster.

The ring of the doorbell made Charlie jump out of her seat. Doing a once over of her body to ensure her black shirt was free of wrinkles and her jeans weren't sagging, she approached the door. Recognizing the silhouette outside of the window did little to ease her nerves. Taking a deep breath, she opened up the door.

Waiting for Charlie outside was her girlfriend, Bailey. The girl with the short blonde hair loomed over Charlie by a foot and a half. Looking at the way Bailey's bright yellow tank top and shorts hung off her skinny body made Charlie all the more aware of how different the two of them were in terms of both physique and personality. That made it all the more astounding to her when Bailey lowered her head to plant a kiss on her forehead.

"How are you doing my little pudgy bear?" Bailey asked, as she wrapped her arms around Charlie.

"A little nervous to be honest."

"What for?" she asked, releasing Charlie from the embrace. "You told me you wanted to spend the weekend together. It's not the first time we've done it."

"Yeah, but...there's something I want to show you," Charlie said, closing the door behind Bailey and leading her inside.

Bringing Bailey over to the living room, Charlie sat her down on the couch. Claspng the black box between her sweaty palms, she sat beside her. “You know how a couple of weeks ago I showed you that file on my computer with the...um...”

Charlie placed her hand on Bailey’s shoulder. “It’s alright. I told you that you’re allowed to have your fetishes. I don’t judge.”

“A-are you sure? I know our last attempt didn’t go so well.”

“I wanted to try it out because I want to help fulfill your fantasy. Not your fault my stomach can’t handle more than a single bowl of chili.”

Charlie tapped her fingers along the side of the box. “If you say so.” Opening up the lid, she pulled out a black collar with intricate patterns sown into the fabric. Running her finger along a metal protrusion in the center, she handed it off to Bailey.

“Pretty impressive quality,” Bailey said as she examined the collar. “Should help to get us in the mood when we try again.

“It’s more than just a prop,” Charlie explained, pulling out a remote control from the same box. “I was browsing the internet one night and happened upon a sex toy site. They claimed this collar can change a person based on what’s input on this remote. One of the many settings they advertised was the thing we’ve been trying to do for so long.”

“Think it’ll work?”

“I doubt it,” Charlie said with a sorrowful sigh. “I don’t know what came over me. I’m out \$50 because I got a little too excited. We should probably just-“

“I’m supposed to wear it like this right?” Bailey asked, pointing towards the collar around her neck.

“Why did you put it on?”

“You already spent the money. We have to at least give it a shot right?”

Charlie opened her mouth to protest, but found it hard to argue with the genuine curiosity gleaming in Bailey’s eyes. “Just a little bit won’t hurt I guess,” she said, holding out the remote.

“Then let’s give it a whirl,” Bailey announced.

“Okay, here goes nothing,” Charlie replied, turning the knobs to the right settings and hitting the change button.

The couple waited in silence, unsure of what exactly was supposed to happen. A minute passed with nothing occurring and then another. By the third minute of inactivity, the two of them shared a wordless conversation that properly expressed their disappointment.

“Should have known,” Charlie said, putting away the remote. “I wonder if it’s too late to get a refund.”

“I don’t think it was entirely worthless,” Bailey said, sliding her finger along her neck. “The collar still looks neat. We might be able to use it for-“

A rumbling noise interrupted Bailey as it emanated from her stomach. The couple slowly lowered their heads to stare down at Bailey’s belly. Another unruly groan echoed through the room as her mid-section was overtaken by a series of tremors. Daring to sink her finger into her shaking stomach, all it took was a small nudge to send a burp up Bailey’s throat.

“Excuse me,” she said, waving away the air.

Charlie raised her finger and pointed at Bailey’s lower body. “Y-your belly.”

“Yeah it’s a little gassy so-“

Bailey paused as she looked down to see a layer of flesh was padded onto her once flat-stomach. Running her fingers along the growth confirmed that it was real. While she was slightly

disheartened to see her hours of diet and exercise go to waste, she knew what the sight of the extra pudge was doing to Charlie.

“Go on,” Bailey said, spreading out on the couch, “I know you want to touch it.”

“A-are you sure?” Charlie asked.

Bailey shook her head. “You see this?” she asked, pointing towards her collar. “This is supposed to mean I’m your pet, not the other way around. I’m giving you permission to do with me whatever you want.”

“And you’re okay with this?”

“I wouldn’t be here if I wasn’t,” she replied. “Now come on, not like you’re going to get another chance.”

Charlie obliged and sheepishly shuffled closer to Bailey. Taking a deep breath, she reached out a hand and pressed it against Bailey’s mid-section. The feeling of flesh beneath her fingers felt so soft and inviting. Not hearing any protests from Bailey, she brought over her other hand and proceeded to rub and grope the protrusion. Charlie’s anxiety began to drift away with each poke and prod of Bailey’s pudge, replacing it with a series of urges she had long tried to repress.

Charlie’s good mood faltered as she heard another groan emanate from Bailey’s intestines. Placing her ear next to Bailey’s stomach, she felt her body shake as the sound sunk lower through her digestive tract. Daring to poke at Bailey’s stomach once more, her face turned bright red as she heard a small puff of air squeak out of Bailey’s rear.

“I’m so sorry,” Charlie said, getting back to her feet and backing away from the couch.

“Why are you embarrassed?” Bailey asked, waving away the lingering gas cloud. “I’m the one that ripped one. Besides, this is what you wanted right?”

“Y-yeah,” Charlie admitted.

“Then come back over here and stop being so shy about it.”

Nodding her head, Charlie made her way back to the couch. Sitting back down, she immediately noticed another layer of fat had padded itself onto Bailey’s gut. Scanning across her girlfriend’s body, she didn’t recall Bailey’s pants being so tight, nor her breasts being as big. Reaching an unsteady hand towards Bailey’s rear, she recoiled as another fart sputtered out.

“Sorry, that one kind of stunk,” Bailey said, pinching her rear.

“More,” Charlie said, watching as a tear formed in the seams of Bailey’s pants.

“What?”

“I said more,” Charlie repeated, looking up at Bailey with her eyes full of desire.

“You got it pudge bear,” Bailey answered. Beating her fist against her chest, she let out a burp that dwarfed her earlier one. Leaning over to the side, she let loose a noxious cloud of flatulence in Charlie’s direction.

As Bailey sat back down, the sound of cloth tearing apart was heard from the couch. The pair of girls watched as Bailey’s belly lifted up the hem of her top to peek out with its bulbous flesh. Bailey let out another burp, forcing her top to rip right down the middle to reveal her breasts struggling to break free from her bra. Before either of them could attempt to clean off the shreds of cloth, another fart from Bailey split open the sides of her pants as her hips and rear spread to take up more of the cushions.

“I think I UUURRP get it now,” Bailey said, running her hand along the collar. “Every time I release gas it...um...” Bailey put her hand to her forehead. “Sorry, I kind of lost what I was saying there.”

“I think you meant to say every time you fart or burp you gain weight,” Charlie said.

“Yeah that’s it.”

“Should we stop?” Charlie asked.

With a shake of her head, Bailey reached down and pressed her hands into her prominent belly. Her mouth opened wide to release a burp that helped pop off the straps of her bra.

Clenching her fingers, she pushed out a sputtering fart that ripped asunder the seat of her pants.

“Let’s keep it going,” Bailey said, seemingly unaffected by the toxic miasma surrounding her. “I want to see how big me grow.”

Charlie paused for a moment as she tried to piece together what Bailey said. “I think you meant to say, I want to see how big I can grow.”

“No, I’m talking about UURRRP me, not you,” Bailey corrected, pulling off her bra to allow her heavy, D-cup breasts to hang freely against her belly. “Now stop worrying pudge bear and come on over here. I know you’re dying to touch these puppies.”

Going against her better judgement, Charlie sat back down on the couch. Pressing her belly against Bailey’s, she let her fingers sink into the engorged boobs. After a few seconds of gentle kneading, something possessed Charlie into going a bit harder. Her thumbs pressed into the swollen nipples, amazed at how deep her fingers could go. The constant groping of the heavy breasts aided their growth, while simultaneously leaving Bailey to spout out one burp after the other. When Charlie finally released the heavy mammaries, she marveled at their plump nipples and basketball-like size.

“Come on, me want more cuddle,” Bailey demanded.

Paying no mind to her girlfriend’s bad grammar, Charlie let her fingers sink down to Bailey’s bountiful belly. Repeating the same motions of touching and pressing at the fattening flesh pushed out several farts from Bailey’s widening rear and helped her body fatten up. As

Charlie's fingers sank into the plush stomach, she compared it to her own mid-section. Bailey had already grown past Charlie's size, easily breaking the 250-pound mark. Tapping her fingers along Bailey's deepening belly button, a smile formed on Charlie's face as she wondered just how big Bailey could get.

Charlie stopped as she felt something drip onto her scalp. Running her fingers through her hair, she felt several drops of a viscous fluid. Feeling another trickle of the substance, she looked up to see drool leaking out of the side of Bailey's mouth and dribbling down her two chins. Looking past her chubby cheeks, she saw a blank look in Bailey's eyes.

Peeking down at Charlie, Bailey let out a burp that sent more spit in her direction. "Why pudge bear stop? Me enjoying good feel."

"Something isn't right," Charlie said. "Maybe it's not too late to reverse the effects of--"

Bailey shut her up with a thunderous fart that shook the couch and let her ass cheeks grow big enough to pop off her panties. "No! Me want good feel. Keep touching."

"Bailey I don't think that's a good idea. We don't know what else the collar can--"

Charlie was once again silenced as Bailey wrapped her arms around her. Pulling her up against her body, Bailey pressed her face between her heavy breasts. "Me show you what do."

Unable to escape from the blubbery restraints, Charlie couldn't do anything as Bailey roughly tore off her clothes one piece after the other. Left just as nude as Bailey, Charlie felt Bailey's hand reach around to her back and slide against her rear. Pressed closer to her sloppy girlfriend, she noticed that Bailey's once short hair had grown several inches and had taken on a greasy sheen. A side glance let her see several strands of unruly hair peeking out of Bailey's usually well-groomed armpits. The sight momentarily made her forget her situation as she pondered if the hair growth had extended to another part of Bailey's body.

As Bailey turned her around to poke at her belly, Charlie's legs were left to dangle over Bailey's foopah. "See BWOOOOOOORRRP now," Bailey said, running her fingers along Charlie's belly. "Feel good huh?"

"It-"

Again Charlie was interrupted by a cloud of flatulence bursting forth from Bailey's rear. The combination of the strong odor and the feeling of being pressed against Bailey's flesh made something stir inside of her. Just as Bailey's own decreasing intelligence had eased her worries, this new sensation pushed aside Charlie's concerns in favor of fulfilling the fantasy she had always wanted.

"It does," Charlie finally replied, "but if you want it, you're going to have to be a good girl. Do you understand?"

"Uh huh," Bailey replied, a shake of her head sending more drool from her lips to splash against Charlie's back.

"Then put me down. I want to take a good look at you."

Bailey did as she was told, gently putting Charlie back on the floor. Free from Bailey's grasp, Charlie slid her fingers along the engorged stomach. The way Bailey's fat folds felt under grasp was everything she could have imagined, but it still wasn't near enough.

Taking both of her hands, she pressed down with all of her weight. Bailey's mouth opened wide to let out a bassy belch that sent a rotten odor into the air and surged her globular breasts forward to rest atop her gut. Pushing a few more times on Bailey's belly, Charlie watched as each burp packed on more fat onto Bailey's limbs. With one hand balanced on Bailey's gut, Charlie lifted up one of her pudgy arms. Just as she suspected, she was met with a thicket of armpit hair that had gone through the same growth spurt as Bailey's weight. Daring to press her



face close to the arm pit, she took a deep inhale to appreciate the awful body odor clinging to the coarse strands.

Content with the growth of Bailey's torso, Charlie wiped the drool off of her pet's three chins and got down on her knees. Kneeling before the fatty gut, her hands briefly massaged Bailey's thick legs down to her cankles. However, her main prize was located beneath the belly, where her curiosity pushed her to dive into the dark abyss.

Poking and prodding Bailey's underbelly pushed more gas bubbles down the dimwitted girl's digestive tract. Farts came blasting out at regular intervals, creating a makeshift hotbox as Charlie let go of Bailey's gut. The feeling of the numerous pounds of fat pressing down on her back and the odor singing her nostrils made Charlie dive deeper towards Bailey's groin. Running her face along Bailey's crotch, she reveled in the feeling of numerous hairs sliding across her cheek. Finding comfort between Bailey's legs, Charlie reached up again to push out a few more puffs of rancid air. It was only after she had been gas bombed for several minutes and the weight of Bailey's belly threatened to bury her did Charlie see fit to escape the fleshy prison.

Removing herself from Bailey's nether region, Charlie found twisted pleasure in the odor that permeated her skin. Turning back towards her girlfriend, she was pleased to see that Bailey's fattened form had taken up the entirety of the couch. A stray squeaky fart brought her ass cheeks ever closer to spilling over the sides. Jostling about her three chins, Bailey released a monstrous burp that further sullied her face with drool and brought her breasts to the size of overblown beach balls. Tracing her eyes across the expanse of cellulite and fat making up Bailey's belly, Charlie estimated that she had easily surpassed 500 pounds.

"Why pudgy bear BWOOOORRP stop?" Bailey asked. "Me want more," she added, a pleading look in her eyes as a fart came slapping out with a loud BRRRRAAAAAPPPPP.

“Silly pet,” Charlie said, running her fingers across Bailey’s belly button. “If we keep going, you’re going to end up breaking my couch. I want you down on the ground. Pets aren’t supposed to be on the furniture anyway.

Bailey nodded her head as she strained to lift herself off the overburdened cushions. After several frustrated grunts and forceful gas spurts, Bailey managed to get into a standing position. Unused to her extra weight, all it took was a gentle push from Charlie to send her belly flopping onto the carpet. The impact shook the house, the walls echoing with a combination of Charlie’s blubber slapping together and her gas spewing forth from both ends. Just as she was about to stand up again, she was stopped as Charlie climbed atop her back.

“I want you to get some exercise first,” Charlie said, scooting along Bailey’s back flab. “I’ll tell you when to stop.”

“Me can do,” Bailey replied, as she started crawling across the room. Her speed was glacial, owing to her flabby belly dragging across the floor. By the time she reached the first turn, she had already become slick with sweat, mixing with her drool as it beaded down her chins.

Atop the mass of sweaty flesh, Charlie used her hands to both direct her obese steed and observe her progress. Laying across Bailey’s mane of greasy, blonde hair, she reached below to grope her partner’s luscious love handles and give a few motivational pinches to her ample breasts. Reaching behind her, she gave a soft smack to Bailey’s rear, impressed by the way it vibrated as she ripped another rancid fart. Leaning her face into the back of Bailey’s neck, she took a deep whiff of the sweaty strands of hair. Losing herself in the feeling and smell of her pet, it took a moment for Charlie to realize they had stopped moving.

“Are you okay?” Charlie asked, hanging over the side to come face to face with Bailey’s sweat drenched face.

“Me BWOOOOOOORRRP tired,” Bailey belched back. “Can me stop?”

Charlie placed her hand on Bailey’s face and wiped off the sheen of grease and sweat from her forehead. “Sure. You’ve done more than enough. I’ll give you what you want.”

Sliding off of Bailey just in time, Charlie watched as the slobby girl slumped to the ground. The entire house shook from the impact, leaving lasting tremors in Bailey’s bountiful fat. Pushing against the mass of flesh and gas with all of her strength, Charlie managed to get Bailey onto her side. Watching Bailey’s belly fat pool out onto the floor and hearing her simpleton of a girlfriend moan out for attention, what came next was only natural.

Getting down on the floor, Charlie cuddled up to her girlfriend. Pressing her comparatively small belly into Bailey’s, she sank her fingers into the fat rolls as she began to caress and massage her needy partner. Bailey made her pleasure known through a series of soft hums and burps regularly coming from her mouth. Digging her fingers into Bailey’s belly button to push out a fart, Charlie was delighted by the doughy flesh that enveloped her. While Bailey’s growth had slowed down, Charlie was content to lose herself in every pound of her girlfriend.

Grasping Bailey’s heavy breasts, Charlie pressed the pillowy globes together to provide the perfect cushion to dive her face into. Drawn out of the comfortable cleavage by a deep belch, Charlie moved up Bailey’s body to bury her face into her armpit. Sucking up the heavy musk clinging to the wiry, blonde hair, her body went limp at Bailey’s strong body odor. Removing herself from the pit, she climbed over Bailey’s belly to roll across her back fat. Pushing her head between Bailey’s massive butt cheeks, she squeezed and groped every pound of ass flesh. Giving

the hefty slob a slap to the rear was the final trigger needed to fill her nose and mouth with a fart that lasted for what felt like an eternity.

Her entire body covered in Bailey's smell and sweat, Charlie crawled her way back towards Bailey's front. Snuggling up to the gargantuan gut, a quick survey let her take in the sheer size of her 650-pound pet. Shuffling up against Bailey's four, drool-covered chins, she pressed her lips against Bailey's just in time for her to receive a parting belch down her throat.

"Did that feel good?" Charlie asked.

Bailey gave a slow nod, her energy drained from her earlier walk and extreme makeover. "Me sleepy. Pudge bear stay?"

Wrapping her arms around Bailey, Charlie gently caressed her. "Of course," she said, burying herself in Bailey's flab as they both drifted off to sleep.

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Charlie's eyes creaked open as the light from her living room window peeked in. Groggily trying to sit up, she found herself unable to move. Blinking a few times to recall where she was, she was first surprised to see her fattened up girlfriend still clinging to her like a stuffed animal. After a few attempts to break free, Charlie managed to slip out of Bailey's grasp without waking the sleeping giant.

Taking a few steps back, she surveyed the aftermath of the previous evening. As much as she was impressed by how large Bailey had grown, she had her concerns about how it was affecting her health. Even in her sleep, Bailey seemed unable to stop the odd squeak from her rear or small burp from escaping her lips. Seeing the bristly hair poking out from underneath Bailey's thick arms, she glanced below the massive belly to see a similar bushel of body hair encroaching around Bailey's nether region. Lifting up her own arm, Charlie could still smell

Bailey on her, a testament to how much the two of them had cuddled up the evening beforehand. While her memories of the evening were pleasant, she found it hard to focus on the pleasure as she glanced at the collar still around Bailey's thick neck.

Charlie began tapping her fingers against her mid-section, the regrets she had put off during Bailey's transformation having come back in full force. She knew that Bailey had volunteered to be changed, but neither of them could have predicted just how far it would go. Finding the remote in the box the collar came in, Charlie pointed it towards Bailey and pressed the reversal button. As she watched the hundreds of pounds of fat melt away in mere seconds, she began formulating dozens of different ways to apologize for what she had done.

Just as Bailey shrunk back to her old self, she stirred from her slumber. Picking her lithe self into a sitting position, she stretched out her arms and let out a yawn that still clung with the bad breath her digestion problems had left behind. Scratching her head of shortened hair, she turned towards a guilty looking Charlie.

"Morning," Bailey said, stifling a yawn as she got back to her feet.

"Bailey...do you remember what happened last night?" Charlie asked.

"Yeah, every bit of it," Bailey said. "My brain was kind of dulled during the entire thing, but I could still tell what was going on. It just felt like there was this fog in my brain reducing me to my basest thoughts."

"I'm so sorry," Charlie said. "The way I treated you and touched you and humiliated you and-"

Bailey held up her hand. "What are you apologizing for? I had a lot of fun last night."

"You're not mad?"

“Why would I be? I’ve never experienced anything like that before. It felt good just being a slobby idiot. Not to mention, I think you’re a really good cuddler.”

“You mean it?”

Stepping forward, Bailey kissed Charlie on the cheek. “I sure do, my little pudgy bear.”

“Then...do you want to do it again?” Charlie asked, cautiously holding up remote.

“Sure. I cleared out my entire weekend anyway. Let’s go, your obedient pet is waiting for you.”

Smiling at Bailey’s ever present optimism and caring nature, Charlie held up the remote and pressed the button to continue training her pet slob.