

“A HELPING HAND,” part 1 of 2

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VIGNETTE #1: Enter the Chubby Hubby

In a quiet suburb on the outskirts of Aeon City, in a modest little two-level house full of old books and Tokusatsu action figures, there lived two retired superheroes.

Well, not “retired,” *per se*. More like “on break.” After countless battles and adventures, Bartholomew “Bart” Newclear and Maddy Evergreen had settled down to bask in the fruits of their heroism... and the fruits of Maddy’s new obsession.

“No, seriously, Mads... I’m stuffed. I couldn’t eat another bite.”

Bart sat back in the antique kitchen chair his mother had given him as a housewarming gift, groaning softly and clutching his stomach. He was loaded to the brim with Maddy’s cooking, a decadent lunch composed of pork *carnitas* tacos and buffalo-chicken-covered nachos gurgling in his stomach.

The sturdily built, tousle-haired young man took his round-edged square glasses off and wiped them on his shirt; the steam from his ample meal had fogged them, and he stifled a pork-scented burp as he put them back on, feeling stuffed as a Christmas turkey and a little sleepy. He wasn’t quite used to their newly “relaxed” lifestyle yet, and he shifted awkwardly, adjusting the waistband of his stone-washed jeans and the tuck of his button-down shirt.

Maddy, pulling off her apron and sitting down to nibble at her own plate, allowed the ghost of a smile to flit across her round, bespectacled face. *He’s so cute when he fidgets*, she thought, putting her chin on her palm and dipping a nacho in sour cream.

It felt good to be able to provide something for Bart, for once--other than cooking, all she'd contributed to their home were her grimoires, some rather spooky portraits, and some marble busts of famous wizards. Bart, by contrast, had done his best to bankroll the whole place and make sure it felt homey, comfortable and relaxing, with a large leather sofa and an expansive kitchen full of all the latest gadgets.

She'd put those gadgets to work soon after they moved in, using their new free time to research delicious meals of all sorts. She had always been interested in cooking--it was a kind of magical alchemy, in its own way--and she enjoyed seeing the satisfied smile on Bart's face after a big meal. Plus, he just looked so *cute* with guacamole on his chin. She would never tell him that, of course; she'd rather just leave the guac there all day, for her own amusement.

Bart let out a small "oof" of exertion as he unbuckled his belt, allowing his stuffed midsection to puff out an inch or two under their kitchen table.

"Phew! You're getting *real* good at this, babe. I swear, if you keep cooking like this I'll end up the city's chunkiest hero, heh."

Maddy raised an eyebrow.

"Don't be ridiculous, Bart. You've never gained a pound in your life--you're much too active for that."

"Maybe back when we worked with the Unlikely Heroes, sure." Bart patted his stomach, his cheeks slightly flushed. "But these days? I'm gonna have to start jogging more--all your delicious food is getting me *thicc*, as they say! Hah-heh."

Maddy's eyes tracked his hand as it slapped against his middle. It was true; her boyfriend had been getting a little... softer, lately. She hadn't paid much attention to it, caught up as she was in moving fees and sorting her personal library... and cooking, of course. She had never connected the dots that cooking for Bart so much might produce... well, *jiggly* results.

And he was getting jiggly... just a tiny bit. His chin had softened, she'd noticed that--and his biceps were less defined, lately. His rear was just a little bit wider, and his stomach... well, those abdominal muscles he'd worked so hard on as a Henshin hero were no longer in residence. In fact, he was looking kind of chubby...

"Maddy? You alright?"

“What? Yes. Of course. I am fine.”

She snapped herself out of the small trance she’d fallen into, feeling an uncharacteristic blush spread up her neck and into her cheeks. What was wrong with her? Why was she feeling so... hot and bothered?

“Okay.” Bart smiled... and burped softly. “Oof! ‘Scuze me. I think I’m gonna go lie down, maybe play some Viewtiful Joe--that was a *great* meal, babe. Let me know if you need help with the dishes?”

“I... I got it. Thanks.”

Bart shrugged and wandered off to the living room, where a soft creak announced him flopping down onto the leather sofa. Maddy straightened her circular spectacles, cleared her throat, and started washing dishes, struggling to focus herself.

How very strange, she thought. I’d never thought of Bart... gaining weight before. Why does it sound so... So...

... Erotic?

VIGNETTE #2: Overstuffed Pillows

It was a lazy Sunday afternoon, and Bart was out getting groceries. Maddy had been sending him on grocery runs more and more often lately--it was fair trade, she felt, for all the cooking she’d been doing for him.

It was also, not coincidentally, a great way to get some “alone time” with herself.

As soon as she heard the front door closing, Maddy shut her book, set it on the coffee table and moved to the bedroom, shucking off her turtleneck and pants on the way. Usually a cool and reserved woman, she’d been filled with... lots of *energy* lately, energy that needed release.

Trouble was, Maddy wasn’t very good at expressing her emotions. When she did, it was often in a flat monotone, or simply through action. When she wanted sex from Bart, she simply asked... although sometimes, if she was feeling *really* romantic, she might light a red candle first

or tease him into the shower. But romance had never been her strong suit. She was a woman of powerful needs and few words, and her lovemaking followed suit.

Ever since she'd noticed Bart's new muffintop and chubbier cheeks, though, Maddy had been consumed with fits of passion. She hadn't said anything to him about it, but she'd returned to an old habit of hers: frotteurism. Also known as, the search for pleasure via frantic fornication with inanimate objects.

Pulling the sheets back and tugging their soft goose-down pillows to the center of the bed, Maddy made sure to close the shades, and finally shucked off her bra and panties, black lace fluttering to the floor beneath her. She stood before the bed fully nude, her solid but marbled and curvaceous figure growing goose-fleshed with anticipation. She always made herself wait, just a few moments, before diving into her "sessions." Did this make her a masochist? Maybe a little. But Maddy wasn't really a "labels" person. She just knew what she liked.

Her hand crept down to the fuzzy dark-blonde hair beneath her thighs, and parted her lower lips with two purple-nailed fingers. As she'd suspected, she was already soaking wet. Bart had eaten a big breakfast and an even bigger lunch, and for some reason, she'd found herself unable to take her eyes off him.

"Oh, Bart... You wonderful, oblivious idiot..."

Crawling onto the bed, she straddled the pillows, imagining her boyfriend's soft form beneath her. Except... once, inside her imagination, he had been a toned and rugged lover, almost Conan-levels of beefy rather than his usual litheness. Now, she imagined him bigger than ever... softer. Plushier, more jiggly, more...

"F-fat..."

The word escaped from her lips as she bunched the pillows beneath herself, shoving the largest one between her thighs and adjusting it until one soft corner was mashed firmly against her crotch. And then, like a woman possessed, Maddy began to hump her pillows, gasping and arching her back with catlike passion.

"Ohhh Bart... you've been eating so WELL lately..."

What was she even saying? Her fit of lust had consumed her, against her better judgment. The things she was saying, the ideas in her mind, were most undignified. Perverted, even.

But she didn't care. Rocking back and forth, she ground her modest hips against the pillows, imagining with each gyration that Bart was beneath her, his belly swollen with food. *Her* food, the meals she had filled him with... Stuffing him, growing him, like a teddy bear slowly being filled with fluff. Or, even better--a nice soft, warm waterbed of a man, gradually growing more and more substantial...

Normally a very composed and logical girl, Maddy was tossed on wild throes of lust, preyed upon by this new and unexpected obsession. She pictured Bart growing bigger, *wider*, heavier... Imagined how he would look with a bigger belly, a wider ass. Perhaps he would even grow moobs--the very idea made her tremble and come close to drooling with longing.

Finally, as her humping reached a crescendo, her pale and bare buttocks quivering, Maddy crested the wave of an orgasm. Her hips shook, her mouth flopped open and she buried her face in the mattress with a silent shudder of delight.

After collapsing in a limp and twitching puddle on the bed for several minutes, breathing hard, she finally rose and tucked her disheveled hair back into place, tying it with a black satin ribbon from the bureau on her side of the bed. Then, with a distant sigh of post-coital delight, she tugged her underwear and clothes back on and returned to the kitchen with a spring in her step.

She had made up her mind--while they were certainly illogical, these new lusts could not be ignored. Nor could they be resisted. Maddy was going to do more than cook for her boyfriend, she had decided...

She was going to make him *fat*.

VIGNETTE #3: The Awkward Convo

"Bart! It's so nice to see you! You look... um, *great*, how are you doing?"

Sitting down across the booth from Bart, Yatika "Tika" Rashmani raised an eyebrow, her brown eyes flicking up and down Bart's frame. A fellow superhero-turned-homebody, Tika moonlighted as the glamorous "Flapper" of the super-duo, "Dapper and Flapper." But she'd maintained a friendship with Bart and Maddy even outside of their career as life-saving do-gooders... a friendship that suddenly put her in a very awkward position.

Tika was easily six feet tall and quite willowy, her fine-boned Southeast Asian frame immaculately coiffed and made up, the loose chiffon blouse and denim shorts she wore accentuating her slim shape. She prided herself on her appearance, and never left the house without a hand mirror and her helpful fashion-designer AI assistant, PENELOPE.

Bart, by contrast... well, Bart had never been a fashionista. He had good taste in superhero costumes, for sure, but his day-to-day attire had always seemed a bit... sloppy, to Tika. His trademark red scarf (always on display or on his person, no matter the season) and his predilection towards cargo pants had always bothered Tika. But now...

Well, now there was no getting around it. Bart had gained weight.

A *lot* of weight. He wasn't huge, not really, but he was big--bigger than Tika ever remembered seeing him. His sturdy, reliable frame had filled out, his stomach bulging over his waistband, his cheeks softening, his chin doubling. She hadn't seen him in several months, and it was... well, it was just a *shock*, to see her friend transformed like this. She'd agreed to meet him at Extra Helping, the local barbecue joint, just to catch up on how he was doing post-superhero career. But she couldn't take her eyes off his overstuffed Metallica T-shirt and the doughy, meaty consistency of his upper arms. What had happened to his *biceps*? They had entirely vanished!!

Bart paused in the middle of recounting the story of buying his new home, and the many ups and downs of living with Maddy.

"Tika? Tika, are you okay?"

"What?" She blinked. "Yes. Yes, I'm fine. I just, ah... Head in the clouds, you know?"

Bart smiled, his warm eyes catching her evasive glances around the room. With a bit of embarrassment, he adjusted himself in his seat, pulling down his T-shirt as it tried to ride up his belly again.

"Hey, it's alright, you don't have to dance around it. I know I look... a bit different, lately."

Tika froze. Her posh British upbringing didn't allow her to confront issues like this head-on, and her brain short-circuited as she struggled to find a way around the thorny situation she was now in.

“Wh-what? What are you talking about, you look *fine*, the same, I mean you were fine before, it’s fine, everything’s fine... Where’s my tea, I ordered tea when I came in...”

Bart chuckled. Even his *voice* was a little deeper, Tika realized--a little throatier. *Fatter*.

“It’s okay. I know that I’ve... put on a little weight, this past few months. Living with Maddy has been a lot more, um, *relaxing* than I expected.”

Tika coughed into her sleeve.

“Well... now that you mention it, I did notice you looked a little... Well-fed...”

Bart smiled.

Perks of living with a witch who’s also a cook, I guess. Besides... Maddy seems to like me this way, you know?”

Tika blinked as her brain temporarily shut down again.

“She... does?”

“Yeah!” Bart beamed. “She says that I’m ‘filling out in all the right places,’ whatever that means. But honestly, as long as she’s happy, I don’t really care how I look. We’ve worked so hard to settle down like this... it’s just nice to see her smile, you know?”

Tika smirked at this ludicrous idea, feeling a bit more at ease.

“I wasn’t aware that Maddy *could* smile, honestly.”

“It’s more of a smile in her eyes, yeah. But it’s there, trust me. And she’s been cooking up a storm! Everything she makes is so good... I just can’t resist her food! Oh, speaking of which, my order’s here...”

A tired-looking young hipster waitress brought out a large burger and a small tin bucket of sweet-potato fries on a wooden platter, placing it in front of Bart, who actually had to wipe a little drool off the corner of his mouth with the back of his plump hand.

“Ooh, this looks *amazing*. You gotta try this, Tika--it’s like, a turkey burger with guacamole and aioli sauce, or something. I’ve been dreaming about this sucker all *day* since I saw their online menu!”

“It looks... Ravishing, yes. But I’m on a diet.”

Bart nodded in understanding, fishing the still-hot fries out of the tin bucket and cramming several in his mouth at once.

“Oh, I get it... *mmf, chomp*... different strokes for different folks. Maddy says diets are a scam and I shouldn’t try them, but honestly, I’ve been thinking about it...”

Tika gave him a skeptical glance... which Bart missed as he grabbed his burger with both hands and sank his teeth into it, aioli sauce squirting onto the wooden plate.

“Have you really?”

Bart nodded, talking around a mouthful of ground turkey, cheese and onion.

“Yeff”m... “ He swallowed. “Yeah. I mean, I’m not *oblivious* Tika, I know I’m getting a little heavy. But I’ll get around to dieting once Maddy gets her new cooking hobby out of her system. In the meantime...”

He tore into the burger, guacamole dripping down onto his gut, smearing his T-shirt. Bart didn’t even seem to notice, appearing lost in the ecstasy of consumption.

“... in the meantime... *gllp*... urp... *Bon appetit*, right?”

“Uh... sure,” said Tika, restraining instinctual disgust as Bart gobbled down half the burger in under thirty seconds. “*Bon appetit*, indeed.”

Privately, she began to wonder just what Bart and Maddy’s relationship was like, these days... and how Maddy could stand being with such a slovenly...

She stopped herself before even finishing the thought, but it lurked at the corner of her mind, fed by her revulsion as Bart licked sauce from his fingers and grunted in satisfaction.

Maddy’s boyfriend was turning into a slovenly *pig*!

VIGNETTE #4: Midnight-Snack Voyeurism

Maddy stirred from dark, miserable dreams to feel a shifting in the bed beside her. The mattress creaked... and Bart's heavy, warm frame beside her heaved out onto the floor, the floorboards settling under his girth with an audible *pop*.

Maddy grasped for him, mumbling in her half-sleeping trance. But his heavy footfalls were padding away... towards the kitchen.

She shot bolt upright, her sleepiness leaving her as she heard him open the refrigerator door, the milk-bottle clinking against each other. She had been waiting for this night. Tonight, she was going to catch him in action doing something she had suspected for a long time... the coveted, much-anticipated *midnight snack run*.

The last few weeks had been a blur of cooking: omelettes, crepes, pasta, chicken, pork, dumplings, mountains of rice slathered in soy sauce, and of course dessert as well. She had kept him so well-fed that Bart rarely left the sofa lately, preferring to play his video games or binge Henshin shows. In a way, she'd been training him: like Pavlov's dog, he now salivated when the oven timer went off, or when the aromatic scents of Maddy's cooking floated over to him from the kitchen.

And Maddy couldn't help it--she *liked* this new dynamic in their relationship. For the first time, Bart was depending on her for more than affection and companionship--he was depending on her for his daily meals, every day making him more and more eager to slurp and gobble down the goodies she made for him.

It was exhilarating, the way she almost *controlled* him with food, the way she could elicit responses with nothing more than the clink of silverware on a plate or the soft rustle of food-packaging opening. Like a plump house dog, he would come jiggling into the kitchen at the merest hint of Maddy cooking, and she often caught him snacking even in *between* meals. It was thrilling to watch him grow so close to her, like this... thrilling to watch him grow, and soften, and grow lazier and more sluggish. And now, the cherry on top of her decadent sensual feast had arrived: he was eating *even at night*.

Slipping out of bed and into her Grumpy Cat slippers, Maddy pulled on her bathrobe and snatched her phone from the bedside table. She could hear wet, sloppy smacking sounds from the

kitchen: the telltale signals of Bart giving in to his new appetite. He'd gotten hungrier and hungrier as Maddy continued to overfeed him; she had to admit this had been deliberate on her part. She'd known he would get hungrier more often, the more often she fed him... and his constant snacking had only expanded the needs of his already capacious belly. Several months into living with her, he was almost *constantly* hungry.

Which was just the way Maddy liked him.

Creeping towards the kitchen on slippered feet, Maddy pulled out her phone. The smacking and chewing was very audible now... and every so often, it was interspersed with a soft burp, a guttural Bart-belch that made Maddy's neck hairs stand on end with perverted delight. She peered around the kitchen doorway, pulling up the video recording app on her phone...

Sure enough, there was Bart, scarfing down the remains of a Black Forest Cake she'd bought for him the day before. Really, it was amazing the thing had survived so long--he'd eaten half of it yesterday, but had apparently forgotten about it until now, growing absent-minded about food in his constant grazing. Now he was returning to the original scene of his crime, digging a fork into its dark wet interior and scooping out huge chunks to shove into his already stuffed cheeks.

Maddy bit her lip in excitement as she watched him stretch, yawn, burp... and grab a bottle of milk from the fridge door. Lit by the light of the still-open fridge, he turned towards the kitchen table.

Maddy had to suppress a gasp.

Maybe it was the lighting, maybe it was her own wishful thinking, but he looked *huge* to her right now. She knew he was over two hundred pounds at least, because he'd hovered around that weight even when he was skinnier... but this looked like a *lot* more than two hundred to her. Maybe close to two hundred and fifty! Maybe *more!*

Elated, she watched him jiggle towards the kitchen table, his swollen belly jutting out in front of him. The happy-trail of fuzz on the bottom of his gut led down into his overstretched Power Rangers boxers, his widened rear wobbling a little as he walked. His love handles quivered as he pulled out a chair and sat down, the chair *audibly* groaning underneath him.

Maddy felt a twisted, eager heat spread up from her loins and through her neck, making

her skin tingle and the corner of her mouth twitch in a sinister half-smile. She raised her phone... and started filming.

What she beheld was majestic, like a massive wildebeest grazing at its favorite watering hole. Bart forked small chunks of the cake into his lips at first, washing them down with modest sips from the glass milk bottle. But soon this wasn't enough for him, and he began to eat faster, breathing heavily through his nose as he gobbled and gobbled, seeming to slip from a "normal" pace of consumption to something more... primal. Something animalistic.

Maddy squirmed with delight, zooming in to catch every single crumb that fell onto his gut, every smear of chocolate on his lips and cheeks. Finally, Bart put the fork down... and to Maddy's mingled disgust, arousal and amazement, he began eating the cake with his *bare hands*.

Soon he'd reduced the fine chocolatey confection to rubble, bits of its moist mass scattered across the plate. His gut was hugely distended, and she heard him groan with both satisfaction and discomfort as he pushed the plate away.

He lifted the milk bottle and took a long chug, and when he lowered it, the richest and most foul and decadent belch she'd ever heard emanated from his lips.

“BRRRRUHHHALLLCH.”

Wiping his mouth with one hand, he made to rise, and Maddy leapt into action.

Stepping out from hiding, she slipped her phone into her pocket... but not before clicking on the voice-recording app, and hitting **RECORD**. She wanted every instant of this night to be replayable, forever, for her personal enjoyment.

“Hello, Bart. Enjoying yourself?”

He was licking his fingers clean, and stopped mid-lick, a guilty and almost childish expression on his face.

“Uhhh... hey, Mads. I um, I couldn't sleep...”

“I can see that.”

She crossed the room to him, naked under her bathrobe, the tie in the front the only thing holding back her soft Rubenesque body from his grasp. She noticed his eyes flick to her cleavage

and then back up to her face... and the blush that lit his cheeks, illuminated by the fridge, was so beautiful she almost wanted to *scream* with delight.

Oh, my filthy little hog, she thought to herself, *we're going to have so much fun, you and I...*

When Bart made to stand up, she planted a hand on his pale, doughy chest and pushed him down again.

“Not so fast. Did you really eat that *entire* cake, for a snack?”

She knew damn well he had. But she needed him to say it. She needed to *hear* the words coming out of his mouth.

He shrugged, laughed weakly... and nodded.

“I guess... I did, yeah. My appetite got the better of me. You uh, you weren't saving it for anything, were you?”

His eyes lowered to her soft, inviting cleavage again... and then went back up to her face. Maddy's upper teeth grazed her lip as she saw the suggestion of a stiffy inside his overstuffed boxers.

“Bart... What have I told you about dessert?”

He frowned, now looking a little nervous.

“Jeez, Mads, it was just a snack...”

“What have I *told* you?”

Bart swallowed visibly, his plump throat bulging.

“Dinner... always comes... before dessert?”

“That's right. Did you eat any dinner before you had that cake, Bart my dear?”

He raised an eyebrow. She could see him trying to follow her little game, but he was either too stuffed and sleepy or too confused to track where she was going.

“N-no... Unless you mean the fried chicken we ate before bed... and the *canolis* after that... that was technically dinner, I think...”

Maddy rolled her eyes. He was such a sweet boy, he really was, but he was an absolute *moron* when it came to following her almost Machiavellian sexual intrigues. It was like trying to play chess with a border collie.

“Bart. You disobeyed my command, regarding the order of dinner and dessert. Do you know what that means for you?”

Bart’s mouth opened, and Maddy leaned forward, kissing him passionately. He hadn’t been expecting that, and it took him a moment to catch up. Finally he kissed her back, a little hesitantly, still nervous. When they finally separated, his eyes were glazed with lust, locked firmly on her cleavage. And his boxer shorts were visibly distended with an erection, underneath his dangling belly.

“It means... uhhh... I don’t know, honestly...”

Maddy snorted softly. He really was helpless. She leaned in, and traced her tongue along his plump cheek to his earlobe, nibbling it a little before whispering in his ear.

“It means I have to *punish* you, Bart.”

His eyes widened. The erection strained with obvious painfulness against his underwear.

“Oh! Oh, we’re doing *that* with this. I, uh... Okay.”

“Yes, Bart. We’re doing *that*.”

She gripped his chubby chin, forced him to look directly into her eyes.

“You know you’ve been teasing me, right, Bart?”

He was immediately lost again.

“I... Have?”

“Yes. Stuffing your cute little face all day. Lounging around on the couch with that delightful, *debauched* belly hanging out. You’re an incubus, Bart. A seductive little cream puff. And...”

Maddy stepped back, letting her robe drop to the floor.

“And I cannot *stand* it anymore, lover. You simply must be punished, right away. Understand?”

Bart’s jaw dropped as he beheld her in all her smooth, alabaster glory, the fuzz of pubic hair over her mound the only thing interrupting the flow of her curves.

“I... Mads... This is, uh... This is all kind of new for me... Where is this all coming from?”

Maddy dropped to her knees, tucking her hair behind her ears as best she could. Too late, she wished she’d brought a hair-tie from the bedroom. *Ah, well... live and learn.*

Her knees rubbed a little uncomfortably against the cold linoleum floor, as she gently pulled apart the small slit at the front of his boxers.

“Bart, that’s not your concern right now. In fact, I’d say where things are *coming* from is the least of your problems. I’d be more worried about what *you* will come from, and how hard, and for how long...”

She looked up at him, and even though she was on her knees, her eyes flashed with a gleeful malevolence.

“Finish your milk, Bart honey.”

His brows furrowed at this new, fresh curve-ball. For the first time, he moved to stop her, gently guiding her head away from his loins.

“Maddy, seriously. This is getting kind of weird... c-can we talk about this first?”

UGH! You colossal OAF, Bart! Just play along, dammit!!

Maddy’s thoughts boiled with frustration. She loved Bart so, so much--but he was so *stupid* sometimes. So slow to realize what was going on, how much she *wanted* him. Savagely,

desperately, with the hunger of a caged animal. And as he'd gotten bigger, that need had only increased. She would not be denied, tonight--not after he had accidentally clit-teased her for weeks and weeks with his swelling body, his bulging gut, his lazy behavior. All of it.

She reached inside his boxers, gently cupped his rock-hard cock... and dragged her nails slowly along its length, just hard enough to confuse the feedback between pleasure and pain in his brain. Maddy was very, *very* good at mixing pleasure with pain. She'd been doing it for a lifetime.

Bart's eyes crossed and his mouth flopped open. He made a sound that might have been her name, or might have been one long drawn-out phrase: "*muhhhh*." She couldn't tell what it was supposed to mean, and she didn't care.

"Bart," she said, panting heavily as the fridge-light fell on his shaft as she tugged it loose from the cave of his boxers, "we can either talk about this, and ruin my mood... or you can drink that milk, and I can suck your cock so well that you *beg* me to let you cum. Which would you prefer?"

Bart's body shivered with raw lust, a whimper sounding from his throat as he reached for the milk bottle.

"I'm uhh," he gasped, "I'm fine with the second one. *Please*. God, please."

"I thought so."

And Maddy's mouth fell on his cock with the ravenous hunger of a woman possessed.

SCHLRRP!

She deep-throated him almost instantly, taking advantage of her general emotional numbness to ignore the gag reflex rising as she inhaled his phallus into the back of her throat. She choked on his cock, breathing haphazardly through her nose as she slid her head back and forth, raw-dogging his dick and covering it with her warm, wet saliva.

Bart groaned with a burst of surprised delight and fumbled with the milk bottle. He had trouble getting the top off--the little old-fashioned wire latch was defeating him in the midst of his lust-addled fellatio session.

Finally, he managed to get it open. Lifting it up to his lips, he slopped it down, milk spilling over his fat chin and smearing his cheeks.

Yes, thought Maddy with unbidden, insane lust as he guzzled. Yes, yes! Drink for me, you glorious hog, you fat PIG. Suck those calories down. Get bigger, fatter, wider. GROW for me...

“Gllk... Gulp... Mmff, oh *Gawd*... Gulk.. GLRP... **BRLLLLCH.**”

Yes, yes, YES.

He didn't last long under her careful ministrations. Knowing he was on the edge, and knowing she would still be consumed with need after he ejaculated, Maddy thrust a hand between her legs and began furiously flicking her clit, trying to catch up with him.

She made it there a little sooner than she'd expected. A vicious, almost mindless orgasm rolled through her as she fantasized that his belly was actually *growing* while she sucked him off, filling with milk, swelling and bulging and dangling...

Fuck, fuck, FUCK!!

Maddy came seconds before Bart finished--and the orgasm was too much for her. She lost her deep-throating rhythm and her mouth popped off his cock as she was wracked with shudders of sick delight. But seeing his precum beginning to flow, seeing his clenched and helpless face, Maddy took mercy and grabbed his dick, jerking him off as he crested the final moments of pre-orgasm and finally began to cum.

“Awwww, *FUCK* Maddy baby oh *god* oh GOD... **Brllch...**”

Heavy gobbets of semen splatted on her shoulder, her left breast, and some even got onto her cheek. Maddy watched it drizzle and spurt onto her body and onto the floor with the buzzing, detached post-coitus glee of a true nymphomaniac, lifting her jizz-streaked hand and licking the salty fluid off her knuckles in an ecstasy of depravity.

Finally Bart finished, a thick puddle of jizzum collected on the floor below him. Out of breath, he panted and gasped, whimpering and grunting as the final few droplets eased out of him. Maddy caressed his slowly shrinking cock, gently running her fingers along it, making his eyes roll and his body quake with over-sensitive pleasure before he finally pulled her hand away.

He took a long time to say anything, simply staring at her as he burped softly, trying to figure out what had just happened. Finally, he wiped the milk from his lips and ran a chocolate-sticky finger under her chin.

“We’re... we’re gonna talk about this tomorrow, right? Figure out... *huff, huff*... what this is all about, this food thing? B-because... if I’m gonna be chugging milk while we fuck... I’m going to need... *huff*, more napkins next time...”

Maddy nodded, a lazy half-complete purr rising from her throat as she dug her nails into his inner thigh.

“Of course, my love. But first... first, we need to clean this mess.”

END OF PART 1