

“A Self-Made Woman”

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CW: Intoxication kink, second-person view, weight gain, masturbation, mild corruption kink, mild slob



You did this to yourself, fatass.

All of it.

You gradually wake up from a stoned haze, realizing you've passed out on the couch for a few hours. Your body feels heavy... slow. But it's not just the weed making you feel that, no. It's *you*. Looking down at yourself, you're struck with a moment of baked fascination, your glacially slow brain churning through a lot of feelings at once as you stare down at your massive frame.

You always had a big appetite, growing up. You had a hunger for pleasure that lurked inside, and eventually in your twenties, it got loose. Embracing your feedism kink and your natural lust for food, you started buying yourself little treats. Snacks, really. A whole bag of chips on Tuesday... an entire cake on a lazy, stoned Saturday, forked into your mouth piece by piece as you gobbled and gorged your spare time away, zoned out in front of the TV or a video game.

Some people recommended you get a feeder--why do all the hard work of gluttony on your own? But you knew, deep down, you didn't need *anyone's* help to get huge. You could do it yourself, with three easy steps: lie around, and smoke, and eat.

You could do the whole damn thing *yourself*.

Now you bite your lip as you take in the absolute blimp you've grown yourself into. You're bigger than you ever thought you would be, bigger than your twenty-year-old self could have imagined even in her wildest wet dreams. You're huge. Frankly, it's a little frightening--your belly is massive, your thighs wide and cumbersome and laden with bulges and rolls. Heaving yourself forward, you realize you can hardly sit up on your own

anymore--you're too overburdened with flesh, massive bingo-wing arms jiggling as you try to heave yourself upright on the couch.

Defeated by gravity, you flop back onto your couch, staring at the ceiling. The room spins a little as you wheeze heavily: just the act of attempting to sit up has gotten you out of breath. Running a hand through your dark hair--some of it flopped over your face when you fell back--you clumsily tie it into a ponytail and prepare to try again.

It used to be so *easy*, the act of standing up. Before you started smoking on the regular. Before you started ordering enough takeout for a large family, and gorging it down in a frenzy of late-night munchies, nearly every night. Sure, it was a little expensive, but you needed the calories. You were bulking up, after all.

Now you're about as bulky as a person can be, while still being able to move. Your chubby hands massage your belly through the thin material of your tank-top; the bottom of it has been rolling up all night, and now you finally give in to the demands of physics and pull it up entirely, letting your big, flabby gut spill out.

To say your stomach is big is an understatement. The heaving monument to greed and gluttony that dominates your middle is so protruding that it hides your entire lower body from you, and it's so heavy that when you finally DO manage to stand up, you know it's going to hang down past your blubber-roll-covered knees.

"Huff... Huff... Jesus, I'm *huge*..."

You squeeze and pinch and massage the huge pile of fat, utterly entranced, your edibles making the experience nearly transcendent. You feel yourself getting wetter and wetter as you reach around the sides of your belly and feel the dozens of plump, soft, cascading rolls that have long since replaced your old humble spare-tire from a decade ago.

"Just *covered* in fat... Oh, fuck, I'm such a hog..."

You jiggle your gut, giggling stupidly as it wobbles around. When you're on enough drugs, your whole body is your plaything, a soft and jiggly playground you love to enjoy. And that's when you remember the half-finished box of pizza on the table next to the couch.

In the TV-lit glow of the living room, you reach over to the table, prying open the box... Everything about you feels so slow and clumsy. So heavy with fat. The cannabinoids bonding to your endocannabinoid receivers remind you, in exquisite detail, how soft and

blubbery your arms are. How the fat hangs in thick, cascading rolls off of your biceps, once young and strong, now pale and lazy and decked in silky pink fat.

Once again the slightly aroused, slightly frightened thought crosses your dazed mind:

You did this to yourself.

Bite by bite, pound by laborous pound, you built this body. You've turned yourself into a temple to pleasure, to sensual freedom, to the freedom to eat a second dinner and then a third and then a fourth... and then, of course, dessert. You transformed yourself into a living monument to joy, to pleasure, to gluttony.

Just lifting the still-warm pizza to your mouth and biting into it causes your fat-buried pussy to throb with delight. The pizza is so greasy, so cheesy, so laden with carbs and calories... You chew faster, entering a sort of piggish frenzy, as you think of the new fat this will put onto your waist, onto your tits, onto your massive ass. You gobble and chomp and slurp down slice after slice, gorging yourself, until all the remaining pizza is gone and the previous feeling of fullness in your gut is replaced by a tight, overstuffed sensation.

In a surprise to no one, you've gone and eaten too much. Again.

"Fuuuck, I'm full... **HUORRRRP...**"

You belch wetly, wiping your mouth with one hand, briefly considering saying "Excuse me" to no one because damn, that was a loud one. You smirk to yourself at the idea... and spark up a joint, sucking down the smoke, holding it in before exhaling and coughing slightly.

"Mmf, yeah, that's the good shit..."

Your vision softens, blurs, swims at the edges. Your body is on fire with pleasure, every nerve ending swaddled in soft, decadent delight. You are full and stoned and fattening up on the couch: your natural state, your natural habitat. Why did you fight it for so many years? This is all you want.

Wait a minute...

You pause, frowning.

Weren't you going to try and get up? You dimly remember this, even though it can't be more than a few minutes since you last tried. And exactly half a pizza ago. Right, fuck, you were distracted by gorging on pizza. That makes sense, you reflect with a stoned chortle. That sounds like you.

But wait... Why did you want to get up in the first place? The couch was so comfortable, you could just lay here and digest, maybe... Then your insistent, needy clit sent out a throb that ripples through your whole body.

Oh right, fuck. You are *incredibly* horny and you need your vibrating dildo immediately. Yes, that also sounds like you. Fuck.

Emboldened with this new mission, you plant your plump hands against the back of the couch and rock yourself forward, your four-hundred-pound frame heaving and jiggling as you grow red-faced, struggling to launch yourself off the couch and... failing. Again.

You flop back against the couch and groan, letting out a small burp in the process.

"Fuhuuuck**URRRP**... Getting too goddamn... *Fat* to get up..."

This realization sends a fresh flood of perverse pleasure through your pussy, and you moan with barely suppressed need as the fantasy of being bound to the couch by your own fat goes through your mind. You want to lay here and think about that potential future for a while... but your clit is desperate, hungry, ravenous to cum. And she always gets what she wants, whether it's you gulping down a triple-decker burger in one sitting or you wearing a discreet vibrator to the local mall food court.

Your clit led you down this path, enticing you to eat with promises of a fatter future. And now look at you. Addicted to pleasure, you've eaten yourself nearly too fat to sit up from the couch...

Shivering with depraved bliss, you make a third attempt if you're honest with yourself, a final attempt. You don't have the energy to try again, after this. Your chest is heaving with exertion, your flabby breasts quivering as they rise and fall along with your swollen, bloated belly. Your heart is pounding in your chest, a blush in your cheeks, a thin sheen of sweat on your forehead. You can barely climb a flight of stairs lately, much less do a single sit-up, and your lack of fitness is really starting to sink in as you admit you are too goddamn fat to being doing *any* exercise, even simple things like this.

And of course, that realization sends another fresh throb from your clit. You whimper a little and plant your hands again, trying to ignore the absolute waterfall in your panties as you push and shove against the couch.

"Come on, *fuh-huuuck*... I'm not THAT fat yet... I hope..."

Much huffing and puffing ensues, but finally you manage to tilt your slippered feet onto the floor with a heavy THUD. You've achieved liftoff. Gathering yourself, you work what's left of your muscles and gradually, painstakingly heavy yourself into a standing position.

"Huff... Hrff... *Jesus*, that was tough..."

You're a bit wobbly, too; being so fat can put you off-balance sometimes. But you steady yourself, slowly jiggling to your bedroom, each step a cumbersome and slow process--you're loaded with food and weed, after all, and not very nimble even when you're not full of both of those things. These days, you go everywhere slowly--you're simply too goddamn big to hustle. You don't mind taking your time, though. Why rush to get anywhere? Other than work, your main destination these days is the couch. Your sanctum, your new home. Ground zero of stoned gluttony.

Heavily intoxicated, you fumble through your room in the half-light, until you find your vibrating dildo under a pile of bras.

"There you are, ya little bastard..."

But the thought of walking to the couch again exhausts you. All those steps. And your bed looks so soft and inviting... Ready for your massive bulk to flop into it...

And so you do, resistance crumbling as you lower yourself onto the battered mattress, the bedframe itself squeaking a little in protest of your sheer size. You grunt and groan as you struggle to pull off your sweatpants, and then your panties. You wriggle onto the bed, fat rolls bouncing and jostling, body quaking like jelly as you spread your massive thighs and reach down with the dildo.

This one is your longest and it still only barely reaches your clit around your titatic, wobbling belly and flabby overfed pubic mound. But you're soaking wet and the buzzing tip of your toy slides easily into your cleft, its humming edge brushing your clit and oh *god* it feels so good.

You dimly remember the half-finished two-liter of soda next to your bed and reach for it, desperately horny and desperate to fill yourself *more*, get bigger, get *fatter*. You twist off the top and start chugging as you buzz yourself towards the beginnings of an orgasm...

Glug, glug, glug.

Bubbly soda splashes into your huge gut to join the half-digested pizza and you moan around the neck of the two-liter as you crank the vibration setting up another notch. Waves of pleasure radiate through you as you slowly circle your clit with the toy, playing with it, teasing yourself. And then you feel the opening shudders of a climax as the thought crosses your mind once again:

You did this to yourself.

Your eyes roll back and you hastily set the two-liter back on the bedside table as the vibrations drive you over the edge, belching and moaning as you squeal out half-formed words in the midst of your ecstasy.

"Fuuuck, I made myself so... Fucking... **FAT! Urrrrpph!** Nnnfuuuck~"

That's the final straw for your overcharged libido, and you gasp incoherently as you finish, your body bucking, your fat jiggling.

As you sink into the stoned after-shocks, you realize... you're addicted to this. You can't stop. You'll never stop.

And you did *that* to yourself, too.

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