

The Stinky, Horrible, No Good Wishes That Ruined My Life

I watched them from afar as I rode on the stationary bike at the gymnasium. My thin toned legs peddled quickly as I stared at the men from across the room as they lifted weights. Their bulging biceps, their wide set shoulders, and their bubbly butts were all that was needed to make my dick grow hard within my ill-fitting shorts; which I wore for a particular reason. I licked my lips hungrily as I watched them lift with one another, jokingly touching one another's muscles or slapping the other on the ass. I could see the sheen of sweat that covered their body and the dark wet spots underneath their arms, which only made my cock even harder. And with the constant friction of my cock rubbing from one thigh to the other, I couldn't stop from looking at the men and fantasizing about them.

I don't know if one of them saw me staring, or if it was by sheer coincidence but eye contact was made with one of the men. I immediately looked down towards the screen attached to my bike in hopes that they did not see me staring, but when I glanced up all three of them were laughing and pointing directly at me. My face grew red with humiliation, and my cock grew even harder.

"Fuck," I winced to myself as I pulled my gaze from the men and back towards the screen.

"What I wouldn't give to be able to worship a real man."

"Have a wish? Would you give anything to make it true?" A voice on the screen said to me.

"What?" I said to myself, before I actually focused on what was on the screen. "Oh fuck," I cursed as I saw a tanned face with dark highlights staring directly back towards me. I clutched my chest in surprise at the face and felt my already rapid heartbeat increase by the scare. "God. I thought you were actually talking to me," I said to the screen, laughing slightly to myself at the thought of someone, not the television talking to me.

"But what if I was talking to you?" The man on the screen asked again, and my stomach dropped in response. This couldn't possibly be happening?

"What the hell is going on?" I asked, looking around to see if someone was watching me. "Am I on some sort of game show or something?" The men on the screen laughed in response.

"No Thomas, you aren't on a game show. I heard your wish, and was feeling quite generous," the man said as the screen pulled away from his face and revealed the rest of his body. The top half looked like a normal adult male, but as the camera pulled away I could see his lower half shifted from

human to goat. Two short furry legs extended from his muscled torso and ended in two dark cloven hooves.

“What are you supposed to be? Some sort of goat person?” I asked, trying to remember what that creature from Greek mythology was called.

“No, I am not A goat person. You could say that I am the original goat person. The name is Lucifer and it is a pleasure to meet you,” he said with a deep bow at his waist. I couldn’t help myself, but a fit of laughter tore through my lips and caused much attention to coming to me. The man on the screen’s smile turned downward into a frown. And in a puff of black smoke, he was gone from the screen.

“Believe me now?” A deep voice asked from the machine next to me. I turned and jumped in surprise. The goat man had somehow appeared in the empty bike next to mine, and without the goat legs!

“What the fuck man! How did you – weren’t you just talking – hold on. Who are you, really?” I asked, finally stopping my legs from riding the bike.

“No don’t stop,” he said with a wave of his fingers and my legs went back to peddling as if by some sort of unseen strings.

“How? What? What are you?” I asked as I attempted to stop my legs from peddling, but it was like they were glued to peddles and would not stop moving no matter how hard I tried.

“Lord. You mortals sure are dense. Cloven hooves. Lucifer. Weird powers. What do I need to come in with a pitchfork and red horns to get you to realize that I am...the...,” he left the sentence hanging knowing that I finally realized his identity.

“...the devil,” I said, finishing his sentence.

“Ding. Ding. Ding. Give the boy a prize!” He said, waving his hand once more towards my feet causing them to stop just as a cramp was filling my inner thigh. I stood from the bike and felt my legs falter, luckily I was quick enough to grab onto the side of the bike so that I would not fall.

“Need a hand fag?” One of the muscular men who was I watching earlier said as he and his friends passed me as I clung to the seat. He high-fived his friends as they all laughed at his comment and walked towards the locker room. Even with his asshole comment. I couldn’t help from my cock growing hard as the smell of their body odor wafted pass me or from taking a deep hit of the smell before it disappeared.

“Fuck,” I said, hating myself slightly at my piggish tendencies. I looked towards Lucifer, the literal fucking devil, or so he says as he raised an eyebrow in interest. “Sorry. What do you even want with me?” I asked, letting go of the seat and pulling myself up.

“I heard you call out for help. And here I am. Lucifer, ruler of hell, fallen angel, granter of wishes at your service and this is how you act?” He placed his hand on his heart. “I’m hurt,” he said, feigning sadness as he fell into his seat. “All I want to do is make all of your dreams come true, and you slap away my hand.” I knew this game. I had read enough books and seen enough movies. That the devil wasn’t this nice guy, but someone who would feast on the souls of the meek and mild. But this guy seemed different, cute even. He wasn’t the monster that literature made him out to be.

“And what’s in it for you?” I asked, walking closer to him. “What do you want? My soul?” I said, half joking. But by the way, his smile turned into a large toothy grin I knew that it was exactly what he was after. “You want my fucking soul?!” I shrieked loudly forgetting where I was located, causing people on the surrounding machines to turn towards me. “My Kia Soul,” I said to one older woman who was staring me down. She took my lie as truth and returned to her workout, luckily.

“It’s not like you are going to use it. Anyways hell isn’t that bad. I’m their. Most of the guys are their. Your grandmother is there,” he said with a wink.

“Grandma?” I gasped, shocked to hear that.

“Oh yeah, that bitch had it coming too,” he joked. “Let’s just say she had some problems that she didn’t share with the family,” he said as he sniffed and rubbed his nose. “But back to you, one soul for five wishes. After the fifth wish, your soul is mine upon death. Sound like a deal?” He held out his hand in anticipation of my immediate response.

“Uhh,” I said hesitantly as I stared at his hand as it hovered between us. Seconds seemed like hours as his Cheshire Cat-like grin seemed to continue to stretch.

“This offer does have a time limit to it, Tommy. Just think, one little soul and you could have any man you would want. Dream of any life, and make it true. All you have to do is shake my hand. Just shake my hand.” Lucifer’s voice dropped to a deep sensual tone as if his words were a lullaby trying to lure me into submission. Some part of me thought he was still faking it, but an even larger part hoped that he was telling the truth. I didn’t want to sell, my souls but death was a long way away. And if he could truly give me what I wanted in life, then it would be worth it.

“You got a deal!” His hand clasped mine and shook. It felt like a red hot iron was clasped around my wrist as his fingers wrapped around my hand. Irons that stretched between him and I. Cementing

our deal for all of eternity. The feeling of molten iron wrapped around my wrist only lasted for a brief moment but one that left a lasting mark when I yanked my hand away in pain.

“Something wrong?” He said sarcastically concerned, oblivious to the real pain that came with when a deal was struck with the devil. I shook my hand slightly, wanting the cool the burn and lessen the pain.

“Nothing,” I lied as I examined my wrist. The burn was one of a chain that encircled my wrist with intricate runes placed into each of the chain links. “What’s all this mean?” I asked, raising my wrist towards Lucifer.

“What? You didn’t think there would be a deal without fine print?” He laughed. “I have learned over the last thousand years how to make these iron clad. Excuse the pun.”

“But what does it say?” I asked, bringing my wrist close to my face. The symbols looked ancient, and swirled around each link, almost as if they were moving beneath my skin. Lucifer waved his hands in a dismissive manner, clearly not going to answer my question.

“Just lawyer mumbo jumbo. Nothing important,” he said, obviously lying.

“What if I don’t like my wish? Like it turns out that I didn’t really want it?” I asked, curious if I would ever come back to my current life.

“Oh buyers remorse? It happens. All you need to do is write three six’s in a row and then draw a circle around it.” He motioned the example in midair. “And the poof. Done! You will be back quicker than I can snap my fingers.”

I still had dozens of questions and more worries about the pact that I made with the literal devil. But I put those thoughts on the back burner, and moved forward with a more pressing matter. Right now I had five wishes, and with those; my life would be perfect until the day came that he came for me. So I had little time to waste. “So what is your first wish my friend?” He asked, lowering my hand. “I would say, I don’t have all eternity, but – you know – immortal and all.” My eyes wandered back to the men over in the corner working out, already knowing what my first wish would be.

Sweaty.

Big.

Manly.

I wanted to worship that until the day I died. And if I made my wish right, I would only really need one.

“I wish that I could worship a real man. I wish that he would want nothing more from me than to be there to worship him! And that he wanted me to worship him as much I wanted to worship him.”

The devil's eyes grew dark as his iris's completely overtook over his eyes. The dark eyes were glassy and endless. It was then that I truly saw the devil in the person on the machine next to me. He raised his hand into the air and clapped his hands twice in rapid succession. "Granted!" My vision went black as I felt my body begin to fall into an endless pit, as if I was falling into the dark pools that were his eyes. And when I leaned, I touched possibly the softest bed I had ever felt in my entire life.

The Sultan's Boy

I stretched my legs in my new location as the sensation of pins and needles ceased as the feeling returned to my extremities. The cushions beneath me were plush and soft, which were luxurious but made it slightly difficult to roll to the edge of the massive bed. I stared at the large mattress. It had to be a king sized, or California king at the very least. I examined the rest of the new location feeling the money drip from every crevice. The room was immaculate; fine artwork lined the walls, expensive clothing hung in the walk-in closet, and jeweled accessories were scattered among the various tables and pieces of furniture. I looked out the window and saw a wide courtyard with beautifully crafted hedges and flowers of every shape and size. I walked over to the balcony and felt a blast of heat assault my face as I opened the doors. It was too hot to be where I lived, and too dry to be anywhere along the coast that neighbored my city.

"Where the hell did that devil send me?" I asked myself as I saw a group of people shuffling along one of the long walkways of the courtyard. Away from the balcony.

"Hello!" I shouted loudly to the people. They all looked up to me in surprise and with looks of shock on their faces, they scurried away. I looked down at myself and realized that I was no longer in the gym clothes that I had been wearing just moments before, they had been stripped away and replaced with a skimpy, blue thong did little to hide my cock or my ass. I ran back into the room and slammed the door shut. I looked back through one of the open windows and watched the people once more. The people's features were dark, and their clothes were heavy robes of varying colors.

"Am I in the Middle East?" I asked myself, realizing the dry heat was probably the heat from the desert. And from the sweat that was already beading along my face, it was going to be a hot first day in the desert. I tried the only other door to the outside and found that it was locked. I walked around the room with so many questions filling my head; whose room was this, who was I in this place, and why was I wearing a fucking thong? After pacing for an extended period of time I heard the door unlock from the outside and open.

"Perfect you are awake," the man said as he entered the room. I had never seen the man before, and the first thing I noticed about him was his size. Entering the room, his gut was the first to come into the bedroom before the rest of his body. He was a rather stout man, but large in stature. His face was round and a mass of dark black curly hair decorated his face, while the rest of his body was

wrapped in robes similar to those that I had seen earlier. "I am in need of a good bath." He said as he stripped away his robes and threw them onto the floor and took a seat in the corner. The hair on his face extended to the rest of his body, almost to the point where I couldn't see his skin due to the thickness of his hair. I stared at the obese man as he lifted his thick legs into the air and looked back to me. "Are you going to get into position? Or do you expect me to clean my own feet?"

It was like magnetism as I felt myself drawn to his large feet. My eyes grew wider when my body moved of its own accord, dropping to my knees and onto my back. I spotted along the floor until his large feet hovered over my face and my mouth opened wide. It was then that I realized it was me who was giving the man his bath.

His sweaty feet dropped onto my face without any worry for hurting my features. My tongue immediately moved to the soles of his feet, moving from his heel to the base of his toes. The taste of sweat and dirt rolled over my tongues as I moved up and down his left foot. He settled into his seat as he rubbed his feet over my face, bathing my features in his stench. The smell the horrid, the taste was even worse, but I couldn't stop my tongue from eagerly moving nor could I keep my cock from growing hard within my thong.

"Mmm, this is exactly what I need after a long day of work," he groaned. He moved his feet around my face, moving one sole over my tongue and then replacing it with the other. Never before had I ever been in this position before, cleaning another man's feet with my tongue. I felt the taste of the man's toes seep into the back of my throat, making me want to retch but my body would not respond to the way my mind was reacting. My mouth addicted like it was addicted. Moving quickly along his feet, not leaving a single piece of dirt or smell stay untouched. He pulled way his soles and positioned his toes at my mouth. "Don't forget my toes baby," he ordered. I popped his big toe into my mouth and swirled my tongue around his toe. I moaned in pleasure as my cock issued forth a glob of pre into my thong. I could feel it seep through the fabric, causing my tented underwear to appear wet.

"Mmmmm," such a good servant the man groaned as his hands took his large moobs in hand and began to diddle his own nipples. From my vantage point I could see him pull and twist his nipples and throw his head back in enjoyment. His boner was obvious but mostly covered by his gut as it sat on his lap. He was massively fat and disgusting, but I couldn't help the need to worship him like a god. After my tongue felt like it had licked, and cleaned every available area of his toes did the man readjust himself once again. The unknown man pulled away his feet and I felt the spell that they had cast on me had been broken. I quickly wiped the saliva from my face and the taste from my mouth as I pulled myself from the floor.

“Fuck!” I said, spitting onto the floor, wishing I had mouthwash to get the taste out of my mouth. “So nasty!” I whined, unsure of why the devil would think this was what I wanted to happen.

“Oh? We playing that game today? Okay.” The man lifted himself from his chair with a deep groan and turned around. He placed his knees on his seat, hooked his fingers into his underwear, and pulled down. His two tanned, hairy cheeks came into view as a deep dread filled my stomach. Even from my seat I could taste his musk as it filtered into the air while even before pulled his cheeks apart. His dark hairy trench was calling to me as I stared at his hidden hole. “Eat my rank ass bitch!” The man said, dropping his once friendly tone and taking on more of a menacing approach. And once again I felt the draw of magnetism as my face inched closer to his ass with my tongue outstretched. If I had thought his toes were bad, I knew, even before touching his hole. That this was going to be bad, but I was going to love it.

The closer I was drawn to his ass the richer the air became as the smell of shitty hole wafted through the air. The musky scent of an unwashed ass, and the tastes that were buried deep within the curly dark forest that lined his hole enticed me and made me drool. My mouth fell open in hunger as I my lips closed around his dark hole and my tongue slithered into him. I could taste things, that I couldn't describe and even if I could I never wanted to speak the words out loud.

“Mmm, fuck get in there deep boy. I know you love the taste of a real man.” He squatted further, pushing his face harder onto my face and giving me more access to his hole. I feel the sweat of his hole run down my face and onto my tongue and I groaned loudly as I swallowed every drop. The man grunted in enjoyment as my tongue slithered around in his hole, cleaning the sweat and whatever else collected in his hole. My hands took ahold each of his chubby cheeks and pulled them further apart, my body pushed me to dig further to want more. I bathed my face face in whatever had collected between his cheeks. I wanted the scent on me, I wanted to be marked by him. I wanted to be engulfed by the true scent of a man.

“You ready for your breakfast?” he asked as I felt his cheeks tense around my face. My mind broke from the hypnotic spell that his ass cast on me, and I pulled away quickly. His eyes became twisted and devilish at my reluctance at my “breakfast”. “Oh, so we are going to have the feisty version of you today. Even more fun for me.” He stood up as I crawled across the floor on my hands and feet, not wanting whatever was going to happen next. I spit on the floor quickly and dragged my finger across the tile writing three six's in a row and then the circle. I looked back up to the mystery man one more time as he turned his round ass towards me. I felt one last twinge of hunger for his hole before the world around me fell away and I hit the strong cushion of a car seat.

Cum Guzzling Pig

“What the absolute fuck?!” I shouted as I turned towards the devil as he drove down a deserted highway. “What the fuck was that?!” I screamed again before I punched him hard in the shoulder, and pulled my hand away with more damage than I had left. I looked around the vehicle, trying to acclimate to my surroundings. I was in the front passenger seat of some sort of sports car. It looked expensive, and foreign and probably stolen knowing the person who was driving the vehicle.

“What? You said you wanted to worship some big manly man. Was that not what I gave you?” He asked. Even though he was wearing large dark shades I knew he never taking his eyes off the long stretch of road as he taunted me with my first wish. I looked out the window and saw miles of desert on either side of the vehicle and a dark sky, and pouted angrily for several long seconds. I couldn’t believe I already fucked up my first wish.

“Yeah. I guess so. But what was that shit near the end. I was okay with the ass eating, but you know-.”

“Oh? You’re not into that? Go figure. Well, there’s always the next wish,” he offered as he pulled over his vehicle onto a patch of sand right before an intersection appeared. He left the car running but stepped out with a deep groan of enjoyment. The hot desert air was a stark contrast to the easy breeze of the air conditioning within as it smacked me in the face from the open driver’s door. “Feels like home!” he groaned as he stretched his arms out towards the sky, and walked towards the center of the crossroads. I followed out of the vehicle.

“No. I’m not into THAT!” I shouted to him, over-emphasizing the word as I followed him on the hot pavement. “Anyways, I am glad I was able to get out of there when I was.” I said, thinking back to the heavy ass that was descending towards my face. I wondered what it would have been like if I would have stayed, my mind drifted to much darker and dirtier thoughts of what could have been. My cock jolted in remembrance and want. It did at least taste good, I thought to myself.

“There’s always a learning curve with this type of thing,” the devil said, breaking me out of my thoughts of fantasy, as he walked sat in the center of the crossroads.

“What are we doing out here anyways?” I asked looking around, seeing not a single car.

“You meet the devil at the crossroads. You don’t think I drum up all my business in the middle of a gym did you?” He asked as he ran a hand through his dark hair and laid on the ground. I was about to

ask him, if he thought that was safe but I knew he wasn't afraid of getting run over by a car. He was the scariest thing out here, and that included when it came to vehicular homicide.

"So I don't want to rush you. But I do have other appointments tonight, and don't enjoy an audience. Any idea what you would like for your second wish my friend?"

My second wish?

"Well you know since the first one worked out so well with my worshipping that big hairy ass. I don't think I will be going into another submissive role anytime soon," I joked, but then an idea formed in my brain. Why not reverse the roles. Why worship someone, when people can worship you? "I wish that I was worshiped by hot muscular guys," I said shooting him a look. "I wish that I was big, and meaty, and hot. And that guys wanted to worship every inch of me and couldn't get enough of me." I tried to keep adding to the wish, but before I knew it; the ground slipped out from under me once again and I slammed my head against the cement hard.

* * *

Much like last time I awoke in a space that I did not recognize. I let out a groan of annoyance as a shooting pain shot through my skull. I padded my hands around the bed, feeling around for a phone, a remote, or something that I could use to light of up the room. But before I found anything a door to a side room opened and outstepped a man.

"Well you're up early babe," he said as he dried his head with a towel. His naked muscular body was perfect. Not an ounce of fat on him, smooth, tan. He was a regular Adonis and he was calling me babe! Now this was a wish I could get used to living. Even from his backlit body I could see his massive cock swing back and forth as he walked towards me. He leaned down, and kissed me deeply. His tongue moved into my mouth and danced mine. His hands moved towards my face and took my cheeks in hand. And that was when I began to worry.

Something seemed off, I could feel him as he touched me but there was like a cushion around my face. It felt as if there was a layer of stuffing between his hands and my normally angular face. He broke my kiss and stepped away. His cock hard and rigid, pointing towards me. The tip already had formed its first sting of cum. I watched with hungry eyes as it dripped slowly from his cock and onto the floor. "Piggy hungry?" he asked. And before I could respond a snort came from my mouth.

"Piggy want daddies cock?" Another snort fell from my lips and I opened up. Like before, my body was moving in accordance with this reality and against my thoughts. He pulled away and threw back the comforter that covered my body, and that was when I realized the softness that surrounded my body wasn't pillows but my very tubby torso. If I had thought that the man in my last dream was

chubby than I was downright obese. I couldn't even see my lower body over the gut that fell to either side. My cock was completely buried within this new body. Two massive thunder thighs could be seen, and those two jutted out to either side, stretching what little give my underwear had within them. I opened my mouth to ask for answers, but I was caught off guard once again but this time by the muscular man straddling my body and placing his cock on my lips.

"Piggy wanna guzzle daddies load?" The tip of his cock oozed cum onto my gaping mouth and I nodded lost in the attraction I felt for this man. I could feel his powerful legs straddle around my large gut as he sat on my belly like it were a pillow. He slapped his cock against my mouth as I opened it wider wanting more of his cum. The sweet tease was more than enough for me to want more. "Come on. Let's hear you act like a real piggy. You know that's that gets me going." I half expected my body to oink for me again but this time, it didn't. So I forced one out. I forced several out. I watched as his cock spurting out a glob of cum onto my fatty upper body and he pushed it into my mouth with his thick manly hands.

"Fuck! Such a hot cum pig. You ready for the whole thing?" he asked, slapping his cock against my mouth more. I linked enthusiastically and hungrily as his hands found my oversized nipples and pinched and twisted them. "Bet this gets you excited doesn't it? Like your muscular daddy torturing your titties. I bet your little dick is hard too underneath all that fat."

He was right. I could feel it buried between my fatty thighs, oozing with lust at the sheer sight of this man and whatever he was putting me through. He leaned closer to me getting ready to push his cock into my mouth, but before more than his head was in my mouth. I heard a knock at the door.

"Oh, they are here earlier than expected. But I guess it would be a true birthday for you without all the guys huh?" He asked as he pulled a pair of underwear from the ground and walked to the front door.

"The guys?" I asked, unsure of what surprise was hidden before my front door. I was very afraid of what twisted reality the devil had concocted around my wish, but also very turned on.

The front door opened and I heard a collection of deep masculine voices chorus together as they greeted one another. Who was coming into my house? Would I know them? But my question was answered the two additional man came through the threshold. Ryan and Alex, those were the men's names and from the look in their eyes; they seemed as excited to see me in such a manner as I was too see such gorgeous men.

The three of them looked to be like copies of one another; each of them muscular, masculine angular faces, perfectly crafted hair, and clothes that looked like they were painted on. I could see their

upper muscles tense as they placed down the heavy plastic bags they were carrying. From the smells that entered the room with them I could tell that it was food, obviously for me.

“Well look what we have here!” Ryan, the black muscular man said. His southern accent added a personable tease to his voice as he came over and slapped my belly playfully. “Looks like we got a mighty fine hog if you ask me boys.” He placed his hands on either side of my gut, shook it, and watched it jiggle uncontrollably as if it was made from jello. “Alex? Michael? What do you guys think? Think this pig here is fat enough for us yet?” Alex came over with one of the bags of food and placed it on my bestie table and withdrew a large collection of cupcakes.

“I don’t think so, but I think we are on the right track.” Alex opened the large case and the sweet smells of chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry filtered into the room and my stomach gurgled in hunger. All three men laughed.

“Seems like someone’s hungry!” Michael chuckled as he climbed back over my wide body and resumed his seated position on my gut. He took one of the cupcakes in hand, slide his cock out over the waistband, and smeared the icing over his long shaft. “I know this is your favorite way to eat his sweets.” I opened my mouth and her forced the broken bits of cake and icing into my mouth and my cock lurched in agreement as my tongue its away around his shaft. I hungrily swallowed the desert covered cock. He pulled it free and I licked long its underside, cleaning every inch of sugar from his dick before he grabbed a second.

We continued that same method over and over again until every cupcake was gone. All while both Ryan and Alex stripped away their clothes and watched from their respective sides of the bed. I could feel them both grabbing and kneading my doughy body as they stroked their cocks. I could hear them as they teased and grunted in enjoyment.

“Fat pig.”

“Big fat boy.”

“Eat up Lardo.”

I had never thought that Humiliation was so exhilarating, let alone being the object of such horrible teasing. All throughout my feeding, their touching, and their harsh words I could feel my cock was rock hard underneath my ever expanding my belly. At times I would push my tubby legs together and rub my shrunken cock between them, smearing my precum on them, feeling as if I were actually fucking a guy. My soft hands worked their way up Michael’s body, feeling the stark contrast between our two bodies. His hard backside and plump ass was tight while I could feel my squish against the weight of our bodies. His round and heavy pectorals were firm and high while my chest was heavy and

fell to the sides of fat. My nipples, stretched from the weight. They were once dime-sized now they were nearing the size of silver dollars. My the large thighs and my even larger ass I could see why I had awoken in the nude. Comfort if not for the difficulty it would be to find something that would fit over my expanded lower body.

“Damn piggy you are hungry today!” Alex said from the side as he pulled out a large tub. But this time, it was ice cream. It was several tubs of ice cream from what I could see. “Did you get it?” Alex asked Michael who was lazily pumping his cock in and out of my mouth.

“Of course I got it!” He shouted back as he pulled away his cock. I let out a sad groan as he pulled away from my body and stepped off my stomach. It was then that I really noticed how much it had swelled from my cupcake fest. I looked at the box next to my bed and realized it wasn’t just a box of twelve that I had devoured in my lust, but two boxes of twenty four.

“Fucking pig,” I groaned, feeling my stomach and how the loose feeling had tightened from the filling of my stomach. I pushed my thighs together and moaned in bed as I fucked my inner thighs. “Fucking fat ass pig,” I cursed as my hands further explored my own body.

Unknown to me Ryan, Alex, and Michael were all preparing something in the free space beside my bed. It wasn’t until they shook me free from my lustful humping of my belly that I saw what they had done.

“A trough for a real pig,” Michael said as Ryan and Alex dumped tub after tub of ice cream into the trough. I licked my lips at the sight of all the melted ice cream. “And while piggy is eating the boys are going to have some real fun with your body.” Both I could respond Michael pulled me from the bed and onto my hands and knees. I hurried across the floor, feeling my belly drag on the carpet as my face dove into the slosh of melted ice cream. I could feel each man picking a spot on my body to touch. Michael between my cheeks, Ryan on one side of my belly while Alex positioned himself on the opposite side.

First I felt Michael’s cock squeeze between my cheeks as it dug for my hole. Alex and Ryan both found their way into separate folds around my body and began to massage their aching cocks into my body. Each of the cocks rubbed and touched me in the most erotic way possible. The three men moaned in unison as they fucked and jostled my body back and forth. I could feel my the ice cream expanding within my belly, causing more to lay on the ground and slosh as the men fucked my piggy body. I Never would have thought this was the life I would want, it was so erotic, so sensual, so pleasurable. I didn’t ever want to go back.

“Can’t wait till your so fat I cant even find your hole,” Michael said, his words breaking me from the calorie endured pleasure.

“What?” I mumbled between mouthfuls of ice cream, unable to stop.

“Yeah. You’re gonna get so fat you wouldn’t be able to even see that cock of yours. Not that it’s a cock anyways. Tiny guys so swallowed by your belly I bet you haven’t seen him in weeks,” Ryan said as his fucking quickened. He took my handful of my ass while the other griped the side of my gut. “God and those tits. Fuck. I bet you need to wear a bra with how big those babies are getting!” He moaned, obviously lost in the fantasy.

“If he isn’t now, he will be soon enough. God I wanna just parade his fat body around the gym and show off how fat we got him. Would you like that? Showing everyone your fat fucking pig body?” Alex asked. “I bet the guys wont even recognize you anymore with all the weight you have put on. Just wait until we add another 100 pounds to you and you cant even leave the bed.”

My heart continued to rise at the words they were saying. The overwhelming sense of fear and anxiety matched with my aching cock filled me with confusion. Maybe this wasn’t bad. Maybe this would be a perfect life to live. Having these gorgeous men, worshipping me everyday, feeding me every night, fucking me every time they were horny. But as their fantasies turned more twisted I realized. They werent fucking me, they were using me to fuck. They didn’t want me they wanted my body, and they wanted more of it. This moment of clarity was what I needed to know this wasn’t that I wanted. I scooped ice cream into my hand and quickly wrote across the floor with my pudgy finger’s the three six’s and heard the three men howl in ecstasy.

“FUCKING FAT ASS PIG!”

And then all three of them were gone and so was I.