

Marissa felt the breath leave her body. The bracing cold of the air conditioning washed over her as she entered the casino. It was hot outside on the strip so the temperature change left her vision a little spotty. As Marissa's vision cleared she felt like she had fallen into a Candyland board. Clusters of lollipop trees grew to the ceiling, surrounded by rings of video slot machines pinging and whirling. a chocolate river ran through the center and the peppermint forest kids arcade blinked toward the back. The Candy Casino was one of the newer buildings on the Las Vegas strip catering to families rather than just male gamblers.

Marissa saw several men look up from the games and give her a once over. Drinking in her tight body model-esce body like one of their overpriced cocktails. Marissa ignored all of this and walked over to a small plain door labeled "inventing room". She kept herself in shape for social lubrication it provided and little else, the feeling of the tourists checking her out barely registered to her, especially this close to her freedom. Only when she was on vacation could she come here and live her true self,if only for a few hours. Her hand trembled slightly in excitement as she pressed on the door.

The door leads to a back area of the casino. the garish colors and theming giving away to white and gray cinder block and cement floors. a few turns and she came to an elevator which took her down to her final destination, the main lobby of the Berry Brothel. The lobby was decorated comfortably but not extravagantly like the lobby of a movie theater believing the technology and fantasy beyond. Marissa walked up to the counter where a woman sat in front of a computer. This woman seemed normal apart from two rather large details. One her greatly exaggerated curves, breasts that must be at least an Z cup. sitting on a tiny waist and supported by hips, ass and thighs that looked as if they would have trouble getting through a slightly narrow doorway. and Two the woman's skin was blue bright cerulean. the woman smiled at Marissa "Hi, what can I do for you tonight sugar".

Marissa was slightly nervous, this wasn't her first visit to the brothel but it still gave her a nervous thrill to simply ask for what she wanted. "I want a self-service weight gain-humiliation room please" she spoke quickly in a rush, excitement starting to build.

"Sure thing dear" the woman replied, her face placid as if Marissa was ordering a cup of coffee, rather than a chemical induced personalized masturbation session. "Do you want a Human Demon or AI"

"D-Demon?"

"Sorry, Hun just a private joke. Do you want a virtual Dom or a Real one?"

"Virtual is fine"

“Male, Female or Andro? Or do you want something more specific? Bitchy cheerleader and the like?”.

Marissa was going to say it didn't matter to speed up the process, her excitement was getting the better of her, but then she had a thought “could it be me?”

The woman blew a bubble from the gum she was chewing “Sure no problem. Really going all in the self in self-service huh?”

Marissa laughed “yea, I guess I am”

“You want an audience? You get a discount.”

Marissa considered it. “Not this time maybe next one”

The woman nodded, punching a few more keys on her keyboard, her massive breast jiggling with each key she hit. “total is on the receipt. swipe your credit card here. The charge will be for a room upstairs at the casino where you and your belongings will be taken after you are finished.” She produced a paper cup with a handful of pills, a small bottle of water and a temporary tattoo of a barcode. “here take these and then head round back to the clothing check”

Marissa followed the woman's instructions, swallowing the pills in one handful with the water then heading to choose an outfit for her experience. She chose a white, male undershirt sky blue blouse and a pair of black dress pants. Checking herself out in the mirror, She felt like a young professional that had just gotten off work and was heading home to relax with TV and a glass of wine. After changing, the woman at the clothing check helped her apply the temporary tattoo to her left wrist just above her hand, then scanned it, placing a match on the bag with her clothing then directed her to her room.

The room was small and plain about the size of a corner office. The walls, ceiling and floor were all a glossy black. Extending from one wall was a large table also glossy black ending in a loveseat and end table. The loveseat had been modified and two circles were cut into the seat. The circle closer to the rear revealed a hard point to connect various anal penetration toys that were laid out on the end table. Marissa ignored these. Focusing instead on the hole closer to the edge, which was set up for either vaginal penetration or a vibrating head, which were also laid out on the table. Marissa's hands were shaking as she selected a vibrator with a pattern setting and mounted it to the loveseat, positioning herself so it would touch between her legs when she sat forward. Kicking off her shoes she made herself comfortable. On the inside of the loveseat were two buttons, one green, one red. Start and stop. Marissa took a deep breath to quell her excitement and pressed the green button.

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Berry Brothel: Self-Service, Appetizer

The room came alive transforming around Marissa into a busy family style chain restaurant. Marissa couldn't believe how real it all looked. The sound of the conversations around her, the smells of the cooking grease, even the slight sticky spot on the table in front of her sold the illusion she was in public. A waitress came up to the table, dressed in a tight blouse and skirt clearly meant to exaggerate and show off her curves. She placed 2 plates in front of Marissa before settling into the chair in front of her. Shocked, Marissa found herself looking into her own face. Waitress Marissa smiled cruelly as real Marissa looked at the food in front of her, a tray of Mozzarella sticks on one plate and boneless buffalo wings on the other. Marissa picked up a stick and bit into it, nearly letting out a squeak as her pelvis touched the vibrating toy and letting out a gasp as she tasted the food. it was the best mozzarella stick she had ever tasted. Moist and juicy and dripping with flavor. She took another bite. And another. And another. it was so good she had to have more.

Nearly through the sticks, she looked up and saw her doppelganger still sitting across from her grinning wickedly, when she noticed she was being looked at she waved Marissa off "D-d-don't mind me. I'm just enjoying watching s-s-someone enjoy all the things I can't have." Marissa noticed a small bit of delay as the double talked. She hoped it would smooth out as the A.I. got better at matching her voice. the stutter was annoying. "I wish I could eat like you." Marissa took another stick and dipped it in the marinara absentmindedly listening to her double talk "I-I-let me g-g-guess. Fast metabolism? Must be. if I'd tried eating like this I'd b-b-blow up" The Waitress stood up and walked away leaving Marissa to enjoy finishing her sticks and start in on the wings. The first 3 wings went down easy. Marissa savored the taste of the buffalo sauce coating her lips. A drop or two fell onto her blue blouse staining it but Marissa ignored this, literally lost in the sauce. It was around the fifth or sixth wing washed down with a mug of beer she noticed. A slight pressure had been building up in Marissa's gut but instead of coming out as a burp or fart, the relief was replaced by the external feeling of her clothing getting tighter, particularly in her skirt and the buttons of her now stained blouse. Looking down she saw that the buttons on her blouse were starting to pull. Grabbing another chicken wing she smiled to herself, enjoying the feeling of the vibrator through the chair and letting herself drift in the hazy of eating.

A haze that was broken by a loud burp, bringing Marissa back to the restaurant and the nearly empty plate in front of her. Marissa looked around at the other patrons noticing they were staring at her for her sonic interruption of their meals. Waitress Marissa came back over with another tray laden with food, giving Marissa the once over she smirked before quipping "Guess that metabolism wasn't as fast as I thought. Starting to look a little chubby there piggy". Marissa responded by putting a hand over her belly, A small pot belly was starting to form putting pressure on her blouse. Marissa rubbed the small ball of fat succeeding in scheming more buffalo sauce over her shirt adding to the air of sloppiness she was starting to feel. The bit of pudge was not limited to her softening belly either, all over her body she was starting to look just a bit thicker. she could still pass a skinny, but the word curvy would fit as well. Waitress Marissa replaced the wings and mozzarella sticks with a quesadilla and pepperoni flatbread. The grease pooling inside the curled up pepperonis made Marissa's mouth water. She sat forward reaching for a slice of the pizza gasping aloud as the vibrator touched her body.

the flatbread was again perfect. the cheese and grease felt so good going down her throat, she nearly food-gasmed "my, my, keep that rate up tubby, and we will have to wheel you out of here" the humiliating words only served to spur Marissa to eat faster, feeling the buttons tightening further around her growing stomach. It felt so good. Marissa picked up the pace, finishing the pizza in record time and starting on the quesadilla, cramming the food down as fast as she could, while washing it down from the mug of beer. A mug that never seemed to be empty or needed refilling by her taunting waitress. The beer was starting to affect her, giving everything around her a hazy outline as if her eyes couldn't quite focus on what was in front of her. She ate faster, and this time when her body expanded to make room for more food she felt two light pings. The buttons on the bottom of her belly and across her chest burst off, showing white undershirt through the gaps in the shirt. Gaps that were growing with every bite she took. She giggled as she saw her belly start to rest on her thighs. she adjusted her seating, spreading her legs a bit wider feeling every stitch in the now very over tight skirt as she did so. As she adjusted the toy grazed between her thighs, she stayed like that for a moment, savoring the pleasure of indulging herself, in lust, greed and gluttony. She was under sin city after all.

A strong hand pressed her back into the couch, moving the toy away from her pleasure center. "no, no, bad piggy. Y-you have to finish your dinner before you are allowed dessert" Marissa huffed, confused at being ripped away from such intense feelings. She looked up and saw the waitress standing next to her clearing away her last course to make way for the next one. a tower of fried appetizers. She noticed her beer mug was now replaced with a margarita glass. the waitress pulled out a mirror and held it so Marissa could see herself compared to the woman next to her. The changes were slight, but starting to form. Marissa's face was covered in sauce and grease. Her cheeks were starting to swell, losing the defined jawline she had started with. "Smile tubby " the waitress teased, pinching her cheeks in. Marissa smiled and found dimples starting to form which only made her grin wider. Still looking in the mirror she grabbed something from the tower and watched as the juice dribbled down her chin when she bit into it. Skinny Marissa brough the Frozen margarita glass to Marissa's lips "Here, wash it down with a bit of this. The alcohol will help you eat more and get even fatter for me. Would you like that my chubba wubba?"

"uh huh" Marissa answers through a mouth full of margarita, little rivulets of green streaming down her face and onto the ruined blue blouse. Another ping as another button went flying off her belly surging forward and starting to pool on her lap resting on her plumping thighs that were getting closer to each other . Further up her body Marissa cupped and hefted one of her breasts feeling its weight and how close it was to popping another button on her shirt starting again around the restaurant Marissa noticed the other patrons pointing and laughing at her. Making disgusted sounds and gestures at slobbishness she was displaying. Whispered words were carried to her ears that made her want to shove even more food into words like "pig" and "fatty" were common enough but things like "Disgusting" "Whale" "Gross" and "Cow" sent chills of pleasure up her spine the way the toy had.

Moving down the app tower She grabbed a potato skin loaded with sour cream and bacon savoring the feeling of the crisp skin contrasting with the creamy topping. Marissa closed her eyes to better enjoy the sensation of the treat moving down her throat and turning into fat as it hit her stomach. She could feel the way her shirt was tightening around her sensitive skin, the cuffs tightening around her arms. the increasing tension on the last button that was keeping her shirt closed. All was turning her on so much she wanted to sit forward and please herself on the toy again. But she wouldn't, she would be a good piggy for her feeder and keep eating. She grabbed another greasy morsle from the tower. the button on her shirt blew off. Causing Marissa's body to shake as her flab readjusted its layout. Her breast sat heavy in her bra cups applying pressure but not straining it yet. Her belly had become a pot round and full sitting proudly in her lap as if she was pregnant. Her belly's size partially hid how much wider her thighs and ass had become inching closer to the sides of the couch she was sitting on as well as raising her body up a few inches. Closing her eyes and running her hands all over her sensitive skin Marissa let out a throaty moan and to her own shock rather than a piggish squeal the sound that came out sounded more like a cows moo.

### Berry Brothel: Self-Service 2 Salad

Marissa opened her eyes to find her setting had shifted, instead of a restaurant she had moved to a family basement complete with wood panel. In front of her was a small snack table with a large dressed salad on it and a fork lying next to it. Marissa picked up the fork feeling just how chubby her hands had become and stabbed through the layer of creamy dressing, she wrinkled her nose as she brought the fork to her lips. Skinny, Proper, Marissa ate salads. This fat slob she was indulging didn't want salad she wanted grease and burgers and fast food she wanted the heart attack special. She took another bite of the salad. At least she got to have full fat dressing now none of the lite shit she normally dripped sparingly on her greens. She took another bite and the Tv set in front of her clicked on. It showed a stage with a cheaply dressed background of a barn and silo. Something that would be used to teach about farms on a children's program. Marissa took another bite of her salad and saw on the screen the Waitress version of herself now dressed in a short red gingham dress a sexy knockoff of Dorothy from the wizard of oz. in a mock southern accent Tv Marissa waved out of the set saying "Well howwwwdeeee viewers, today we are going to learn about Cows!" Marissa took another bite of the salad. "Let's start with the basics. What do cows say?" The Country Marissa waited a beat before saying "that's right Cows say Moo. Can all the cows watching say Moo?"

"Mrooooo" the moo escaped Real Marissa's mouth before she could even think about what she was doing "MROOOOOOO!" another moo escaped her as the TV host said "i didn't hear you!" Marissa rolled her shoulder adjusting her bra strap that was starting to bite into her shoulder. A slight breeze made her notice that the under shirt she was wearing was starting to creep up her belly, but her belly didn't seem that much bigger.. she took another bite of the salad. savoring the creamy ranch more than the

bland lettuce under it, she noticed that her bra felt heavier now the straps starting to cut into her shoulder. She realized that all of this salad must be going straight to her tits. Then the light in her head clicked on not tits; udders. Taking another bite with a bit more gusto she used the other hand to heft up one, the weight of it felt great as she strained her own dwindling muscles to lift it. Tv host Marissa was addressing the audience again, "did you know that cows can weigh up to 3500 lbs despite eating nothing but grass?" The host looked directly into the camera at Marissa "I guess even if you eat nothing but lettuce you can still turn into a fat cow" Marissa responded with another Moo thru the mouthful of salad she had just shoved into her mouth. Her pants were really cutting into her body a few more pounds and it would begin to tear.

Adjusting her seat she pressed against the vibrator for a few moments savoring the humiliation of being a fat cow despite a vague trying to be healthy, the hypocrisy of her actions turning her on like a lover's embrace. she noticed that she didn't have to move quite as far to hit where she wanted. Her back fat and ass were pushing her forward toward the toy between her legs. On the Tv Farm Girl Marissa was still speaking "Did you know Cows are social creatures and can tell how one another are feeling. This is kinda like humans if you put a bunch of Fatties in a room they will all make each other bigger! So remember boys and girls stay away from fatties or you will blow up like that one there!" The farm girl pointed directly at Marissa who let out a burp causing her fat to shake. Looking down at it Marissa was shocked to see how big her tits had grown, filling up the cups of her bra and straining them. Rolling her shoulder again the pressure on her breast was getting painful but the only way to get rid of it is if it blew off. Marissa took a few quick bites of the salad in quick succession. She needed to get this bra off. Looking down Marissa frowned her tits had outpaced her belly and were now obscuring her view of the growing sack of lard. moving her hand around to feel it, she felt at the white undershirt had been pulled most of the way up only covering the top of her belly and her now massive udders.

On the Tv the Farm girl continued to mock her, wondering aloud if Marissa's tits were ripe enough to produce milk yet like a sow. Marissa for her part wasn't listening anymore, every bite she took put a bit more pressure on her bra clasp. pressing her nipples farther into the padding of the cups, adding new scraps of pleasure as they rubbed against the fabric. but the metal clasp hung on. more bites of salad and her breast jumped a cup size. Another bite of the salad, Marissa tried savoring the feeling of the dressing going down her throat into her belly and being turned into fat added to her tits causing them to swell and press on the padding of her bra and strap across her back. But she was finding it difficult. The clasp was digging in too deep, her bra far too small for her to lose herself in the pleasure. A few more bites and she achieved her goal, with a snick the clasp on her back came free and her tits spilled forward onto her belly. Filling up the slack in her undershirt as it became her new bra.

'Hee hee hee' the sound of high pitched giggling filled Marissa's ears but before she could look around and place it she noticed a change on the tv in front of her.

Static filled the Tv when it resolved the picture had changed from a cheap kids show to an 80s themed workout space Physical by Olivia Newton John played in the

background. the digital Marissa stepped onto the mat in thematically appropriate work out gear complete with leg warmers ``alright ladies are you ready to get into shape!? Or do you wanna to keep being fat cows?"

"Moo!" The sound escaped Marissa before she could choke it back with more salad. She took another bite in defiance of the fitness instructor.

In response the Instructor grinned evilly "Well let me convince you otherwise, first let's do some crunches! The Instructor layed down on the floor and began doing crunches at a rhythmic pace intime to the music. "See Fatty, this will give you the toned tummy all the guys want, I mean can you even reach down there under all that flab?" In defiance Marrissa reached her hand to touch her pussy, she made it but not without effort. her gut was soft but it would only compress so much and she nearly smothered herself in all her newly grown tit flesh. Her struggles caused the vibrator to graze her pleasure areas sending shockwaves of pleasure through her body. She ate another bite of salad, every nerve on her fattened body on edge begging her to take the final step to orgasm. But Marissa didn't take it; instead she reached for the bottle of beer that had appeared next to her and took a long pull from it, backing herself down from the edge. The beer had an immediate effect on her belly causing it to surge forward and tighten as the gas expanded Marissa grinned drunkenly, with her gut distended she wasn't sure if she could reach her pussy anymore, but she was glad that her stomach was out pacing her tits again, coming into view just past her nipple. She took another swig feeling her pants tighten around her body there wasn't much give left in them and it wouldn't be long before the burst. With another swig she let out a massive belch that shook the room and deflated her stomach a bit, hiding it once more under her tits but this didn't bother Marissa too much. She took another bite of the salad. she would get it back soon

The instructor changed from crunches to rhythmic leans and stretches "Hey fatty? You remember what it's like to look like this? She gestured to her trim and muscle body while Marissa looked down at her soft pot belly and jiggling thighs that she had to keep spreading further apart to keep them from touching Marissa took a stab at the bowl and found that it wasn't a lettuce salad any more but a giant bowl of potato salad covered in the thickest fullest fat mayo imaginable. Smiling, she took a bite of the potato salad and stared at the instructor on the screen mentally responding to her taunts ``yes I remember what it's like to look like you and it did not taste nearly this good" She took another big bite as if to prove her point.

After the stretches Marissa and the Fitness instructor fell into a rhythm. While performing various exercises and features of physical fitness she would taunt her real world counterpart who would respond with spoonfuls of potato salad. The Potato salad did not seem to have the same effect on her as the regular salad. Her weight was no longer focused on her breasts now but on her ass pushing her closer to shredding the black pants she was wearing "Hey! Hey Fatty! You on the couch!" On the TV screen Fitness instructor had stopped calling out to Marissa. "I have a test for you. Stop stuffing your face for a sec!" Marissa obeyed, wondering what new humiliation this could be. She placed the bowl on the snack table beside her "Good job piggy nice to see you have a bit of self control left. Now what I want you to do is simple. take both arms and

raise them above your head! With a flourish the Instructor demonstrated the move “can you do that for me piggy?” Marissa grunted with exertion and swung her arms over head, she felt the flab that had settled there jiggle with the movement feeling her muscles straining with the effort of holding up her newly added weight with a mock gasp the instructor clapped her hands with fake excitement. “Well done! I guess you're not completely immobile yet, you can put your arms down now” Marissa let her arms flop to the ground. Her arms were so tired she couldn't pick up the bowl in front of her.

The fitness instructor got into position for squats. Facing her toned ass to the screen the instructor began doing perfect squats showing off just how toned her ass was. “See fatty,” she taunted. “This is the kind of ass the boys want. big, but toned. No one wants to see your pig butt. Cheesecake is a dessert not padding for your ass. With a mouth full of potato salad Marissa heard a rip sound on both her hips, and the slight feeling of pleasure release. Her pants had given up the fight and now were beginning to tear like a sausage bursting its casing. The rip continued to move down from her hips along her legs. Marissa pressed herself into the toy as she ate riding the high of growing so big she was destroying her clothing. pressing herself deeper into the toy, she reveled in feeling her belly, ass and tits jiggle and shake. She was so close she could practically taste it, then a siren went off.

Marissa collapsed back into the couch frustrated. she was so close to going over the edge, shoving potato salad into her to numb the frustration she turned her attention back to the tv. it was some sort of POV doctor show or a parody of one. The camera was as if she was the patient lying on the bed. on either side of her were two copies of Skinny Marissa, one in a fetish latex nurse uniform, the other in a doctor coat and nothing else. They both wore expressions of mock concern on their faces “Well Dr. Marissa, is there anything you can do for this Pig? The Nurse asked

“Sadly no. I've told this lard ass time and again that she needs to lose weight or else it might prove a serious health risk. But the cow just kept getting bigger and bigger and here we are.”

Marissa drank in this humiliation her arousal and ruined orgasm causing her to mumble threw a mouth full of potato “I want to do better but everything just tastes so good”

Ignoring her, the Doctor kept on speaking “Still no reason not to do our jobs. Let's get this done. First off weight”

“300 lbs Dr”

“That can't be right! The patient's last exam was only last week! She was 250 then”

“It's correct Dr. I just triple checked. This porker has put on 50lbs in a week. Lord only know if she will last the year”

“Geez how does a person let themselves get this big”



“You know exactly how. Some people are just greedy piggies who don't know when to leave the trough. They eat and eat until they end up here”. For the first time the Doctor and Nurse looked at Marissa through the screen “Isn't that right fatty?”

Marissa hung her head in shame the tv was right about her. She was just another pathetic fatty. The life she had before was a lie, a joke she told herself to make herself feel better. She was a pig, a cow, a chubba wubba fat ass, and damn if that thought didn't make her pussy drip. Her vision swam in a drunken haze as thoughts of her family's reaction to learning that their model perfect daughter dreamed of being a pig. Looking down into the food bowl perched on her belly, she saw it was nearly empty with just a few bites left, bites she quickly shoved into her mouth. With no food to eat at the moment Marissa adjusted herself so the toy hit her spot again, amused that while her back fat was pushing her ever closer to the toy her ass now raised her too high in the air so pleasure was just out of reach without further adjustments.

Tv Marissa got a glassy look in her eye smiling at Marissa, “Good news fatty, it's time for your next course” puffing up her cheeks Marissa's skinny doppelganger blew hard at the screen filling it with a heavy smoky obscuring everything behind it. Slowly the smoke curled its way out of the screen and began filling the room making everything hazy. The smoke had a strong skunky smell to it that made Marissa feel high just after a couple whiffs, she could feel a big dopey smile form on her face

.Adjusting herself so the toy hit the right spot Marissa let herself sink into crossfaded bliss. Feeling her belly press into her lap made this action difficult and filled Marissa with even more arousal. Her udders had grown so big from the salads that at this new angle she couldn't see how big her belly was now, but rubbing her hands on it felt amazing. It was so soft, barley offering any resistance to her hands pressing into it. It was big too. She tried to finger at her navel smiling at how much of a challenge this was, between the size of her belly and the flab covering her arms.

The smoke had filled the room now. She couldn't see any of the surroundings or the table in front of her. One hand on the edge of her navel the other on her breast she rubbed and massaged, feeling her body sink forward closer to vibrator closer to the pleasure. Pleasure filled her mind as she sat there, playing with her newly grown body, reveling in all the new sensations. The strain of her arm muscles and they tried to hold all her new fat up, the warmth of her hand on the cold flesh of her gut, a spot of warmth in a glacier of ice, punctuated by a lightning bolt of pleasure from her finger running over her erect nipple. She could feel the crease between her thighs and her ass had moved closer to the edge of the loveset. Looking to the sides of her she saw that her ass filled the love seat she sat on, now she was sure another person would barely fit next to her.

Out of the smoke she heard a mocking voice “Poor Fatty” it teased “did someone get too high? Got a bit of couch lock? Well you know what happens next. After the high comes The Munchies.”The voice continued to laugh at her, its giggle growing more high pitched and multiplying as if there was a crowd of small children laughing at her. Drinking in the sound Marissa closed her eyes and let out a deep moan accompanied by the rumble of her stomach signaling she was ready for what was to come.

### Berry Brothel: Self-Service 3 Main Course

Another giggle echoed through the room “who’s there?” she called out her voice tinged with arousal and fear. Around her the setting of a suburban living room was replaced with that of a kitchen. A simple wood table sat in front of her ominously empty. Out of darkness streamed a line of grayish blobs humming a rhythmic melody like an old time work song. Marissa gulped she knew what these blobs were, she had read about them in hundreds of stories online. They were the munchies! And each one of them sported a bloated version of her own face!

**“Give you a caaaaaake, and I'll give you ten pounds”** the lead Munchie called as the group circled Marissa. The munchies voice was deep and heavy but familiar Marissa’s own voice pitched down to a baritone.

**“Way-oh eat up tubbo!”** The rest of the Munchies responded to the leader, like a team of railroad workers.

**“Grease on your brow, but hunger in your soul”** The leader sang out. Giving Marissa’s flab a squish, sizing up the amount of work their team would have to do.

**“Way-oh eat up tubbo”** The group responded to the leader’s call with thumbs up.

The munchies lumbered around the kitchen opening the fridge and cabinets, pulling out impossibly large plates of food. Full ham hocks, giant bowls of mashed potatoes, soon a full thanksgiving dinner complete with turkey was laid out in front of her. Marissa found herself licking her lips at all the food the munchies were expecting her to consume. Part of her was horrified, thoughts flitting to the red button at her hip, but a currently in control part of her was salivating at the mouth. An ice cream scoop was sitting in front of her, as she lifted it she noticed the layer of fat that had blown up her digits like sausages. She took a scoop of the mashed potatoes, savoring the butter and creamy texture, giving herself over to the munchies.

**“Picking up food and we're picking up speed”** the Munchies called. Marissa began to eat, shoveling spoons of gravy laden potato into her mouth.

**“Shovel as much as the fatty needs”**

**“Sugar and lard gonna earn your weight”**

**“All the way to immobility”** Marissa moaned through a mouth full of potato at the word immobility. The thought of being a pet pig to these creatures began building her arousal again

Putting the scoop down, Marissa grabbed a drum stick in each hand and began to two fisting them rhythmically, taking a bite of one, then the other, in time with the munchies song. The song had a rhythmic quality that was lulling Marissa’s already alcohol-dulled senses into a hypnotic state.

The speed of the song slowly began to pick up and Marissa felt body respond as if she was a puppet on strings being controlled by the munchies singing.

**“Blowing through dress sizes, making up time”** the lead munchie called.

**“Eat!”** responded the rest of the group. The word hit Marissa like a command and she shoved an extra large bite into her mouth. The Munchies song was so simple and repetitive, it was impossible not to fall in line with what they wanted.

**“Way-oh eat up tubbo”** the Munchies sang and she chewed. Marissa was consciously catching on to the pattern of the song now. so she knew she had to empty her mouth before.

**“Ain't nothing gonna stand in the way of our line”** the leader bellowed again and Marissa braced herself for the next extra large bite

**“Eat!”** Again Marissa found herself taking another mouth filling bite and rushing to swallow it before the next mouthful.

**“Way-oh eat up tubbo”** the song was training her, Marissa realized. Not only was the pace slowly but inevitably increasing but everytime they commanded her to eat she was taking a larger and larger portion. How long could she keep this up? She finished the drumsticks and reached for the scoop again to eat some macaroni and cheese.

**“Picking up food and we're picking up speed”**

**“Shovel as much as the fatty needs”** Marissa felt her arm violently forced forward on the beat grabbing and shoving a handful of pasta into her mouth without regard for table manners. A small munchie sat on her shoulder and teased her “silly fatty, pigs don't use spoons do they? And you want to be a good piggy don't you?” a look into a reflection of her own eyes made her nod yes, as another handful of macaroni was shoved into her mouth. Marissa smiled inside. It felt so good to be so out of control just letting herself go with the flow of what the munchies wanted her to do. It was making her so wet to be so trapped, so abused for these things.

**“Sugar and lard gonna earn your weight”** She felt her belly growing faster again, her weight pulling her forward. Her back fat and ass pushed her closer to the toy, she could feel it on her thighs teasing her by being just out of reach of her pleasure spot. She wanted to readjust herself, but the munchies wouldn't allow it. They wanted her solely focused on eating.

**“All the way to immobility”** The tempo of the munchies song kept increasing, and Marissa's arms moved to keep pace. they were moving so fast she was barely able to swallow before the next mouthful forced its way into her maw. If the song got much faster Marissa feared she would choke.

**"You gonna grow a ton-a-day's pace"**

**"Eat!"** the small munchie shoved a whole roll into Marissa's mouth, filling it completely so that she could barely chew it. Swallowing it whole was the only way she was able to empty her mouth in time for the next bite of food

**"Way-oh eat up tubbo"**

**"We'll make it two for the jiggle of your face"** As Marissa chewed she could feel her face growing, her cheeks puffing up causing her eyes to take on a squint. At some point a double chin had formed on her face and now it was threatening to become a 3rd.

**"Eat!"** This time Marissa was ready for the roll and was able to swallow it down, allowing herself a moment's breath before she was refilling her own mouth with another one.

**"Way-oh eat up tubbo"** Marissa's arms were so tired. trying to keep up with the ridiculous pace the munchies set her arm fat jiggled wildly with each mechanical jolt. Her arms weren't a part of her any more. they were just a part of a machine that was fattening her up like a hog. There was very little left of her now, just a mouth, eyes and stomach, a giant sack of lard that was attached to her mouth. A giant sack that was steadily growing larger as more calories entered her and were turned into soft fat. This giant blob had two slightly smaller blobs resting on top of it. Her once taut full breast had turned saggy and pendulous only held up by her ever tightening shirt under all her added flab spots of cellulite covered her everywhere.

**"Picking up food and we're picking up speed"**

**"Shovel as much as the fatty needs"** Looking down as she stuffed herself, she saw the changes to her lower body, the pants she had been wearing had been reduced to shreds stuck in her rolls the arms of the couch that had been so far away when she had first positioned herself at this table all those pounds ago were starting to close in on her hip when she had to reach for a particularly far away bit of food the resulting motion caused her saddle bags to brush on the side of the couch she could feel the cool metal of the stop and go buttons as they brushed against her warm fat.

**"Sugar and lard gonna earn your weight"** a Munchie brought a tropical drink cup up to Marissa's lips tilting it so she was forced to chug it, it was a Long Island Iced Tea but Marissa could barely taste it. Two more were forced into her before she was allowed to get back to eating her head swimming and all her senses dulled.

**"All the way to immobility"** the Munchies sang gleefully as they played with their piglet jiggling her flesh, slapping her ass, and giggling at Marissa's inability to respond to any of their teasing

### **"Picking up food and we're picking up speed"**

**"Shovel as much as the fatty needs"** The booze was really hitting her. It was hard for her to keep her eyes open. Worse of all, the food had lost its taste. It was no longer the glorious orgasmic food of when she sat down; now it might as well have been oatmeal being poured into her as she tried to sate the hunger.

**"Sugar and lard gonna earn your weight"** The Munchies walked around her as she ate observing their handiwork one climb under the table to play with the hanging part of her belly poking their finger into her belly button for extra jiggle

### **"All the way to immobility"**

#### **Picking up food and we're picking up speed**

#### **Shovel as much as the fatty needs**

**"Sugar and lard gonna earn your weight"** She needed to keep her eyes open. She needed to keep eating. She needed to cum. But she had over done it. She was too drunk. She was too stuffed. She wasn't going to cum. Women get to cum and she wasn't a woman any more. She was just a pig.

**"All the way to immobility"** the munchies song slowed to a stop and faded away like a train pulling into a station. Marissa's eyes were too bleary to really see the room fade back to the black shiny walls. Her 600lb body swayed drunkenly on her couch. Her arms resting at her sides. For the first time in what felt like hours Marissa stopped eating.

Marissa took a breath and really felt her body. She could barely move a muscle. She was so heavy. It felt like an enormous effort just to be able to stroke her stomach. but it was well worth the effort, to feel her hand sink into the fat. to feel how soft it was, how far out it stuck from her, the way she couldn't feel the peak of the dome, the feeling and knowledge thrilled her like nothing else could.

Rubbing the upper part of her stomach Marissa felt pressure rise up inside her again. Building like a balloon being inflated inside of stretching her over full stomach well past her limits. Her gut was drum tight, not an inch of space remained. She really had over done it she feared. Both hands rubbed to try and alleviate some of the pressure, but it didn't work. The pressure built to the breaking point. This was it she was going to pop! Marissa opened her mouth to scream her final breath

"Buuuuuuuuuuuuuurp!" The sound of the belch echoed off the walls of the dark room releasing the newly built up pressure allowing Marissa to shrink a little bit. She

had room to breath.the fear had sobered Marissa a bit and she started to wonder if she should keep going. She was so big now, wasn't this enough? She started to look around to hit the red stop button.

Then a familiar sound hit her ears. It was quiet at first but slowly got louder; calliope music. It was followed by a melange of smells that made Marissa's mouth water. Ice cream. popcorn, cotton candy, caramel apples, funnel cake, a carnival or better Marissa thought: a Circus. Marissa had been feeding her fetish online for a long time, so she had a pretty good guess what came next. If the circus was in town, then of course she was the fat lady. Marissa licked her lips and moved slowly to adjust her body so the toy was hitting her pleasure spot. Showtime.

#### Berry Brothel: Self-Service 4 Dessert

The darkness resolved into a hexagon of mirrors with Marissa at its center. the table in front of her had retraced, allowing Marissa a clear view of her reflection since her fattening. she moaned in stimulated pleasure, the weight of her belly pressing the toy harder into her spot the more she gained. She was huge. The couch which had previously been able to hold three of her was now full to the brim, containing just her enormous ass. the glow of the start and stop buttons buried under her fat. The remains of her slacks consisted of just a bit of black fabric peeking out from her belly rolls. Without her bra her tits hung down nearly to her first belly roll, her nipples a few pounds shy of being aligned with her navel. Her belly was the star of this show. it swelled out in front of her by a few feet, her arms not even coming close to touching the highest part of the dome. she pressed her sopping pussy harder into the vibrator. She was so big. More than her size was also how dirty she was, her feast had not been dainty but rather hoggish and sloppy. blots of grease shined on her pale skin contrasting dark blobs of ketchup and sauce which stood out like badges to her gluttony. She scooped up a bit of the ketchup with her finger and brought it to her mouth. god her arms were sore. the muscles seemed to, almost rebel at the slightest effort to use them. How was she going to keep up the feeding, if she couldn't use her arms?

A faint sound filled her ears "Hurry Hurry step right up!" the voice called doing a mock carnival barker impression "Come see Marissa the one ton wonder!" Marissa squirmed in delight on her couch. Was she really approaching one ton? Could she really be that big? One of the mirrors opened like a door and in stepped the the skinny version of herself dressed as a very sexy ringmaster complete with top hat and tails. she tickled Marissa under her chin "ready to go on my little piggy"

"Yes mam" Marissa said, shocked and turned on by how much deeper her voice had become as she gained.

Skinny Marissa's voice turned cold as she slapped Marissa across the face "Bad Freak, Pigs don't talk do they"

Marissa bowed her head submissively playing along with her demon "Oink Oink" she said

The Ringmaster beamed "that's better, now let's put on a show shall we?" exiting through the door she had entered and yelling "it's showtime!"

A mechanical whirling filled Marissa's ears as the other mirrored panels lowered opening like a flower looking up Marissa got the feeling she was in a pit the mirrors designed to allow anyone looking down a full three sixty view of her fat body at the rim of the pit she could see heads poking up watching her some of their faces twisted in disgust. "Gee whiz is she big!

"Darling if i ever get close to that big divorce me"

"Geez look at the rump on that hog"

The skinny version of Marissa walked around the ring of the pit taking tickets "who wants to see our one ton wonder go for two tons?"

When Marissa looked down the table was in front of her again now packed with sweets of every kind. The alcohol coursing through her veins triple-ed everything, while the toy pressing to her made her so sensitive she could feel every fiber of the couch she was sitting on. She reached out to grab one of the donuts in front of her and missed, the crowd laughing at her lack of coordination. Her cheeks burned at the humiliation making that glaze of the donut that much more tasty once she crammed it into her mouth. her next pass grabbed a churro. followed by a handful of chocolate cake. with each treat that entered her maw she heard the crowd "ooh" and "ahh" and jeer at the pig in the pit

"feast your eyes folks will she stop or will she pop!" the barker cried. Marissa moaned into the fried twinkie she was eating, popping was starting to feel like a real possibility now. throughout her whole meal she never had a single pang of fullness, but the feeling was now starting to settle in. She was running out of room. She tried to rub her stomach to aid it in making more room, but it was to no avail. she couldn't reach the edge of her belly, it pressed against the table as its weight drove the toy harder into her, intensifying her pleasure.

"Come on lads give her some encouragement! She won't get nearly big enough without your jeers!" The barker egged

"Come on fatty, eat up!" One man yelled.

A woman looked to her daughter and said "this is why you have to eat your vegetables. You don't want to end up as a side show freak do you?" Marissa could picture her own mother scolding her in the same way. If only she could see her now, the thought of her mother's shock at seeing what her statuesque daughter had become nearly sent her over the edge into another orgasm. but she held it at bay. she had reached the last course. and she wanted to go out with a bang.



The crowd kept up its cat calls and humiliations. Marissa savored each one like the rich chocolate cake she was eating. She was getting so close to a final earth shattering orgasm but she was getting so full! A handful of blueberry pie was smooshed into her face. her body was operating on autopilot now, bringing treat after treat to Marissa's mouth. Her rational brain was sounding alarm bells to stop. If this kept up she was going to pop! This was getting out of hand, she needed to end it. Marissa looked for the button on the side of the couch. She had to stop this. She was packed to the brim, but she was still shoving food into her face. she turned her head and peered out thru bloated syrup covered cheeks. She couldn't find the button. While the munchies had been stuffing her, the tide of her fat had risen up and covered it. she was trapped! Another morsel of food passed her lips. She tried to move some of her hip rolls out of the way to get at the stop button, but the soft flab wouldn't move out of the way enough for Marissa to even see the glow of the button. Shifting her weight Marissa drove the toy deeper into her soaked pussy. if she was going to pop Marissa would make damn sure she got to come first. Another bite. Another insult. Marissa's orgasm was starting to crest. she just needed to shove a bit more food into her and she would be done.

In front of her the mirrored walls of room opened and out stepped multiple version of Skinny Marissa, the Waitress, Doctor, the Ringmaster and 2 of the Munchies standing on top of each other all of them shared the same look of mock pity that didn't quick hide the glint of evil in their eyes ``what's a matter piggy?" They spoke in unison a chorus of mockery, their voices distorting and echoing "are you getting full? Cause we aren't done with you yet" each of the doppelgangers grabbed a pie or cake from the table

"Come on Sweetie, let's see how fast that metabolism is," the Waitress teased, shoving a slice of Banana cream pie into her face.

Marissa chewed as fast as she could but before she could swallow the Doctor stepped up and shoved a piece of blueberry pie in "Come now eat up, Doctor's orders"

The Doctor was followed by the Ringmaster with angel food cake "lets go piggy, i want my two ton freak!"

Last were the Munchies with a chocolate cake they fed to her so relentlessly Marissa could barely take a breath "Sugar and Lard gonna earn your weight, All the Way to Immobility" Marissa swayed drunkenly unable to focus as the Feeders passed her back and forth between them shoving food into her mouth each time they spoke.

"Hog"

"Degenerate"

"Toy"

"Freak"



The Mountain of sweets in front of her was nearly depleted. All that was left was three more donuts. straining, she grabbed the first donut and brought it to her lips. Her entire body ached from the pressure that was building under her skin. the crowd around her lost definition as her beer goggles obstructed her view. She swayed drunkenly on her couch which creaked like it could snap at any moment under her monstrous weight. She brought the 2nd donut to her lips and chewed, savoring the rich taste. The skinny versions of herself had vanished at some point, she couldn't be sure when, god she felt good. She grabbed the last donut, shoved it in her mouth, and let go. moaning through a mouth full of donut Marissa screamed as the orgasm took hold of her every inch of her massive bloated body on blissful fire. Her vision went white with pleasure. Her skin felt drum tight, the lightest touch would break it. She felt amazing. Her muscles had atrophied to the point she couldn't move. Her belly hung nearly to the floor, its weight pulling her forward, pressing her harder into the vibrator. Her ass had become an ocean of flab, overflowing the couch she was pressed into. Her legs were buried under rolls and folds. Every inch of her body was swaddled in layers of soft fat. She felt so,... so... so fat. Her body was tensing, what was left of her muscles tighten every part of her massive body shook and jiggled with pleasure. She was so big. so tight . So good.

## Epilogue

Her muscles started to relax and she felt herself falling, sinking into the ocean of flesh she had become, every part of her body that had once been a human consumed into a giant blob. She would keep growing, until she covered the whole building, the entire strip, the state, the world. She was drunk on a cocktail of hormones, booze and pleasure. her thoughts taking on a hazy dream like quality as she mused about her body covering an entire galaxy, millions of people crushed beneath her weight. she was falling deeper and deeper asleep, passed out from the intensity of the orgasm. When she woke she was in a plush candy themed hotel room and still huge. Not as large as her dreams but at least a thousand pounds. Just moving her arm up felt like a chore. It was so damn heavy. On the bed side table was a pill and a card. The card read "We hoped you enjoyed your stay at the Berry Brothel piggy! Take the pill when you wish to revert to your normal size." Marissa sadly popped the pill in her mouth. She wished she could stay this size for a while, hit the slots, a show or even the buffet. She licked her lips at the thought of living her fetish in front of real tourists, but without a helper she was useless at this stage. She couldn't even masturbate, she was so large. So she swallowed the pill, sighing as she felt herself start to shrink. She closed her eyes and thought about what fun she would have the next time she paid a visit to The Berry Brothel.