A Fatty Meal 2: Up the Assets

by Anonymous

Summary

The protagonist of "A Fatty Meal" and his prey meet again. This time, he decide to shove the obese man (and the two prey guys in his fat belly) up his ass, and digest and absorb him through his bowels. Contains gay sex of all sorts, anal fisting, Anal Vore, rectal digestion, scat transformation, heavy scat, and male weight gain in an hourglass pattern. This is unrepentant, irredeemable vore porn without plot, even worse than the first part. I've outdone myself in digusting.

It's about a month later that I meet my ass enhancement again, at another vore club. Craving the stretch of having something that big inside me and excited by the thought of making my ass grow again, I ask him whether he'll be my meal again.

"I don't know. I did promise these two guys I'd anal vore them."

"Come on, you can shove them up your ass before you go up mine."

He actually laughs.
"Sure you're up to it? It's quite a stretch."

"Yeah, I like a challenge."

The guys turn out to be a petite skinny blonde and a lean, muscular, tattooed guy with long dark hair who looks a bit like a rockstar. Their names are Steve and James, respectively.

Once we all strip, Fatty leans over and spreads his huge, flabby cheeks, asking me to lube him up. His hole, trained by ample traffic both ways, is much bigger than normal, the muscle holding it shut much thicker.

"Can I fist you?", I ask.

"Yeah, just shove it in."

I don't quite just shove it in, but nearly. I pour a shitload of lube over his hole and slide in my whole hand, open. To my amazement, it encounters almost no resistance. I curl it into a fist and fuck him with it, deep and rough, the wet squelching, slapping sounds echoing though the room each time I punch into his bowels. His hole twitches, his dick drips. His mouth lets out little high-pitched squeals of pleasure.

"Enough, enough", he cries after several minutes. "I'm going to cum."

I withdraw my fist from him, his guts gaping open, red and wet. I turn to Blondie, who's already kneeling on the floor behind Fatty.

"Like what you see?" I ask. "Cause that's where you're going. Skinny little thing like you, bet you're not even gonna make a difference in that fat gut."

Blondie moans something vaguely affirmative and grips the base of his cock. It's short, thick, with a blunt red weeping head. Looks positively delicious.

I drop down to lie on the floor in front of him and take his dick in my mouth.

Above me, Fatty backs up to Steve and presses the boy's head against his hole. I watch from below as the giant anus flexes and relaxes, engulfing Steve's head with ease. The boy moans into his predator's rectum. The large flabby ass and belly wobble as Fatty shifts, then bears down again, making Steve's narrow shoulders slide effortlessly up his ass. The huge, stretched hole twitches with pleasure around the boy's chest and shoulders every time it slides down another inch. Fatty's cock drips with pleasure, a string of precum gluing it to the folds of fat on his belly.

So does Steve's. I can only imagine what it must feel like, shoved into a tight, hot, slick tube and surrounded by thick layers of soft fat and powerful gut muscles but he obviously enjoys it. He blows a huge, thick load in my mouth by the time Fatty's reaches the bottom of his ribcage. I release his cock and roll out of the way. As if on cue Fatty grunts and squats down, engulfing the boy's belly, hips and ass in one shove. The sudden motion makes the layers of pudge on his body shake violently. Then, he lifts himself back up, Steve's legs hanging from his anus as his hungry guts slurp them up. His huge fat gut wobbles as its prey wriggles deeper inside it, getting comfortable, then settles. It's huge, but you couldn't tell looking at it there's a skinny guy trapped inside. There is no stretch to the skin, no telltale tautness, let alone the outlines of body parts pressed into the skin through the wall of the digestive track. Nothing. Just fat. A soft, wobbly, man-sized mountain of fat.

Fatty leans over again, bracing his arms on the bed. His large, soft pale ass cheeks spread partway under their own weight, revealing the loose, twitching pink hole between then. The thick thighs are wide apart, round, full balls and a thick, short, hard dick with a flared dark red head dangling
between then. His gut hangs low, round and soft and heavy, swinging slightly.

James walks up, asshole raw and open and dripping cum from being fucked by Mike, and pushes both fists into Fatty's butt. Not fast, but not slow either, just a long, steady, confident slide that stuffs both his whole arms into Fatty's colon. Then, he spreads his arms apart a bit and shoves in his head and shoulders too.

Fatty gives that little porcine squeal of pleasure again and shoots off, cum spilling all over the soft, pale orb of his fat belly. His pink, stretched hole twitches around its prey. He pants dazedly as he comes back from his high. Meanwhile, James continues crawling up his ass, pushing his torso in inch by inch.

I have a better idea.

I kneel behind him, grab his hips and unceremoniously shove my tongue into his ass. It's loose, dripping wet with my boyfriend's cum, the muscle spasming as I eat it out. James pushes back onto my tongue, dragging his upper body partway out of Fatty. His chest shines with lube and slime.

"Go on, eat that ass", Mike cheers me on as he watches. "Suck my cum straight out of it!"

I delve deep with my tongue while James squirms and writhes, then release him, letting him crawl into Fatty's bowels to join his boyfriend. The huge, greedy hole slurps him up like a noodle. Once James's feet disappear up his ass, Fatty turns around to face me. His hairy, flabby belly is certainly big enough to contain two people, lumpy and moving as his prey wriggle up his bowels into his huge, powerful stomach.

"Well, how do you want me?", he asks.

"On your knees on the bed. I'm going to squat down on you."

He complies. I slick my both hands with lube and rub it over my hole, stretch it out, shove both hands inside as far as they will go. I fuck them in and out, spreading them out like a speculum, enjoying the slow transformation of my hole into a pink sloppy mancunt, squelching with lube and wide enough to shove a grown man into without resistance. Then, I stretch myself even further, well aware that my prey is far above a normal man's size.

Finally, I upend the rest of the lube over Fatty's head and sit on it. It slips in easily, as do the shoulders and chest, the large, soft tits rubbing the inside of my rim pleasantly. Once I get to the gargantuan gut, I stop, the upper part of Fatty's torso lodged securely in my colon, and bear down with my whole strenght, trying to stretch my anus open as wide as I can while I let my weight pull me down onto my fat, stuffed butt snack. Success is gradual. With every contraction and relaxation of my belly my anus spreads an inch or a half, letting another inch or half of Fatty's fat gut slide into my bowels. The stretch and pressure are intense, a jagged edge of pain and pleasure that cannot be relieved by coming. My cock is half hard, dripping small dribbles of cum that have been squeezed out of my prostate.

Once I get past the widest point, it is both easier and harder. Easier, because I no longer have to stretch my hole to the incredible size of my prey. Harder, because my bowels are already filled far beyond capacity, and I have next to no way of controlling the rest of Fatty's slide into them. I rest my weight on my legs, catching my breath while my colon adjusts, for a long moment, then squat down slowly, carefully stretching my intestines and belly to fit my meal. As more and more of Fatty's fat gut disappears into mine, my hips and anus slowly close up, trapping him inside me for good, mushed and crushed headfirst against thick logs of soft, foul waste and deceptively soft intestinal walls. He likes this. By the time my hole reaches his dick, he's sporting a short, thick erection, jerking
Taking his ass is a strain again, the flabby but huge butt stretching my rim, but it's no longer painful. I can only feel of how good it will feel soon, with all that meat and fat inside me, digesting, absorbing, adding to my own body and expanding it.

I stop at Fatty's knees, my ass on the bed around them, my belly in front of me the size of a small car, pale and hairy and strained. I couldn't get up if I wanted, not with man in the intestines weighing me down with his considerable mass. It's hot, being immobile and helpless like that. I always liked the idea of being used, fucked in the mouth and ass by lines of strange men, stuffed with prey till I couldn't move, and this is very much part of the fantasy. I flop to the side and Mike pushes Fatty's feet into me, tucking them inside. I barely feel his hand leaving my wrecked rectum.

It takes me a couple of days to digest my meal. Three days while I lie with a vore gut the size of a car in front of me while the content of my bowels moves and softens and ferments inside them. Three days of doing nothing but absorbing nutrients and fat through my bowel wall and turning the rest into a giant pile of greasy, mushy, putrid shit. On the fourth day, my belly shrinks enough that I can get up, to about the size of a person, but it's still processing the load of now mush inside it.

On the fifth day a series of cramps constricting my overstuffed guts and a sensation of fullness in my ass tell me I am finally ready to let my meal out. I can barely waddle to the toilet before it starts. I let loose a giant fart, the sound echoing in the toilet bowl like an explosion. Then, the mudslide starts, a veritable deluge of soft, gritty, disgusting muck pouring out of me. The stench is unbelievable, a fetid combination of rancid fat, rotting flesh, and warm, fermenting sewage. Another explosive fart rips out of me, spraying the toilet walls with liquid shit.

As the chunky, semi-liquid filth pours out of me, my belly shrinks, gradually going from a three-foot orb to watermelon sized, then a slight outward curve, then my usual completely flat abs. I flush for the final time and get up to shower.

As I do so, I catch sight of myself in the mirror. My ass is twice as wide as it was before the expansion, each cheek as big and round and firm as a watermelon, the cleft between deep and tight from their pressure. My thighs are thicker with both muscles and fat by at least half their previous diameter.

My chest has gone from well-defined, moderately large pecs to a pair of tits larger than melons. They are heavy, firm, perfectly round despite their large weight. My nipples have also grown, from firm but flat little pink nubs, achieving the size, shape and firmness of very large strawberries. They are a similar colour too, flushed a pink so deep it's almost red.

My waist is still narrow, my belly still flat and firm despite the inch or two of fat that appeared under the skin.

The new hourglass figure looks almost feminine, a sharp contrast to my craggy face, thick body hair, and long, thick erect cock with large, heavy balls. I like it. I reach down to grasp my cock, then, with the other hand, squeeze and rub the newly grown nipple. I am surprised by the rush of pleasure that washes over me, the ecstatic feeling that radiates from my cock and tits to pool like a liquid in my newly emptied guts. Letting go for now, I step into the shower.

"Mike!", I call out, "Are you coming?"
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