

Big Bella's Post Valentine's Day  
By Haxcall

Bella woke up in her trash strewn apartment to the sound and sensation of a rough fart that likely stained her bedsheets. It was the day after Valentine's Day and the forlorn young woman had spent all of yesterday drowning her loneliness in ice cream. Heaving her jiggly, gargantuan frame out of bed, she got dressed in her dirty t-shirt and sweatpants that hadn't been washed in weeks and barely fit her anymore, with her muffintop hanging out of her shirt and her pants' waistband was unable to be pulled over the upper half of her excessively generous backside. Despite her usually gluttonous behavior, she didn't bother eating breakfast this morning as she knew work would be easier on an empty stomach. She left her apartment, her neighbors giving her the usual sneers as she passed them in the halls, and she drove to work in her car that she was almost too fat to operate.

Bella lived alone, having no friends and definitely no lovers. She weighed well over 400 pounds, with a huge saggy, stretch mark covered belly, bloated lard filled breasts and two bulky, misshapen globes for asscheeks. Her skin was pale due to her rarely going outside unless she had to and, thanks to a diet of greasy food and poor personal hygiene, she was coated in bright red pimples. Her insides were a perpetual mess due to it always being filled with junk food and she needed to let out a brassy belch or fart every few minutes, with it getting so increasingly bad over the years that she had almost lost all control over her ability to hold in gas. Every time she left her apartment to go grocery shopping or other errands, she was always greeted by an audience of people who treated her with disgust or pity as they watched her ride around in a mobility scooter that audibly creaked and moaned under her weight while wearing ill-fitting clothes that were covered in filth and break wind uncontrollably.

Despite being a hermit and social pariah, Bella was also something of a romantic. She would love nothing more than to meet her Mr. Right and settle down into domestic bliss and be loved and lusted over every day and night but she knew that as long as she looked and lived the way she did then her chances of finding a hunk who would adore her and want to clap her dirty cheeks was close to zero, so she had to settle for the next best thing.

Her one joy in life was going to work at FeedCo. She had a great pay, great benefits and she only had to work a couple days a month. She was so good at her job that she had been the Employee of the Month fourteen months in a row. The only downside to her job that Bella had was that she wasn't allowed to work more days. She was especially upset that she wasn't able to work on Valentine's Day despite requesting it. The few people who were willing to make small talk with her were often confused about

what her job entailed and why she loved being there so much, however Bella was under an NDA to never speak of the intimate details of her job to anyone.

She arrived at the FeedCo parking lot and saw her co-workers arriving as well. Each of them were as fat and schlubby looking as her and the crowd of dozens of people created a small herd of gasping and gassy human hogs struggling to waddle across the pavement as they made their way into the building, all of them so out of shape that walking across a parking lot was like trying to run a marathon but all of them were determined to get to work and all the joys that it held for them. Once they all had entered the air conditioned building, they took a few minutes to rest before clocking in and going to their designated work areas.

She walked into her "office", a large room filled with robotics and multiple pallets of Valentine's Day candy from multiple sellers. In the middle of the room was a large, plush chair designed like a recliner but with a toilet bowl where the seat should have been with a large phallic device inside of it. Behind the chair was a large device that had a helmet extending from it and hanging over the seat. Bella got undressed and planted her wide, nude rear on the seat to await order. Bella would have to remember to file a request to have it adjusted to better fit her ever growing behind.

"Welcome employee Bella." A robotic voice said from a nearby intercom. "Today, we will be disposing of a surplus of Valentine's Day candy. It is expected to take anywhere between sixty to seventy hours. For your mental simulation during this period, do you wish to continue the Raul scenario or would you like to enact another scenario."

"Raul is fine." Bella said. Most other employees switched out their simulations almost every new work day but Bella had been happy with Raul ever since her first day on the job.

"Enacting Raul Valentine's scenario. Please place the helmet onto your head and remain calm and still as we begin the mental simulation process."

Bella placed the helmet on and slowly felt herself losing control over most of her body. Her vision went black for a moment before she found herself lounging on top of a canopy bed inside of a beautifully decorated penthouse suite. Her body was now like that of a supermodel, a slender Size 2 with creamy, flawless, tanned skin and modestly plump but firm breasts and buttocks. As she stretched out and enjoyed the sensation of not being encumbered by her own body weight she heard a knock on the door and a shirtless, chiseled latino man entered.

"Hello, beautiful. I've missed you." He said.

"Not as much as I've missed you Raul." Bella said, her normally nasally voice replaced with one as fine as pure honey.

"I'm sorry we couldn't be together on Valentine's Day but we can celebrate like it's the 14th."

Raul pulled out a large, heart-shaped box of sugar free chocolate seemingly out of nowhere and approached. He took her in his arms and fed her a few pieces of chocolate, after which he kissed her for a few moments.

In reality, Bella was still strapped to the chair in the facility, with robotic arms shoving surplus chocolates and candy in her waiting maw, While her mind was her sequestered away in a simulation her physical body was under the computer system's control and she sat in her seat motionless, chewing and swallowing anything presented to her lips. For every piece of chocolate Bella was fed her simulated fantasy, the system crammed over 100 pieces of chocolate and other kinds of candy FeedCo was being paid to dispose of. Mixed in with the sweets were drugs designed to quicken the digestion process and allow her to eat far more than she normally could.

FeedCo was a company that produced drugs and technology and it had a heavy focus on studying obesity. It obtained its funding from food corporations, marketing itself as a place where they could dump their unsold products and publicize themselves as having "no waste" policies. FeedCo got rid of the surplus food by hiring the fattest, most gluttonous slobs they could find and having them eat it all while testing their own inventions on them. FeedCo utilized state-of-the-art tech and drugs based around biology and neurology in order to take full control of their workers' bodies and have them eat and digest impossibly huge amounts of food. This technology also gave them control over their employees' minds and senses and FeedCo allowed its employees to design their own fantasies to keep them docile and happy as their bodies were autopiloted into eating literal tons of food.

Back in her fantasy, Raul continued sensually placing chocolates into Bella's mouth until she signaled for him to stop.

"Oof, I feel stuffed." She declared, patting her belly, which remained flat despite being 'stuffed.'

"Well then, it seems like my little Bella's belly could use some attending to." Raul said

Raul cradled her in one arm and gently massaged her abdomen with the other. Bella felt herself fart, but the toot was so small that it was virtually inaudible and unsmellable. She also couldn't help but belch at one point but it sounded more like a tiny hiccup than a burp. Raul just laughed as she blushed adorably.

In reality, Bella had finished eating dozens of pounds of sweets and the robotic hands were now in "soothing mode", rubbing her belly to help quicken the digestion process and she began an extensive bout of belching and farting sloppily. Her farts became increasingly loud and wet until her body tensed up and shuddered as her bowels relieved themselves into the bowl designed into the seat and the results were flushed down the high pressure, anti-clog flushing system. The loads from her and the other FeedCo employees were so large that the company had to design one of the most powerful plumbing systems in the world to handle it all. This waste would be converted into high grade fertilizer that would be sold to various farms.

Back in her mind, Raul had just finished giving Bella her belly rubs, coinciding with the computer ending its belly rub program.

"Thanks babe, I feel so much now."

"I know you said you felt stuffed but perhaps you wouldn't mind partaking in a bit of sausage." Raul cheesily said.

He got up and dropped his pants and exposed his erect, impressively sized manhood to his lover, who smiled and crawled to the bed's edge to start sucking him off. She deepthroated him for over five minutes without him blowing his load before he pulled out of her mouth and gently push her onto her back and climbed on top of her, entering her and starting a long session of missionary sex. In reality, the computer system had enacted its "pleasure mode," extending the phallic device inside the chair to insert itself into her womanhood and had it piston in and out of her. Research had shown that subjects had a greater appetite when subjected to some kind of physical activity and the easiest way to do that was to enact prolonged sexual pleasure. Thanks to having control over Bella's mind, they could make the experience be as long they wanted and her orgasm be as strong as they wanted.

After almost twenty minutes of heavy sensual stimulation, the computer finally permitted Bella to orgasm and made sure it was as intense as possible. As Bella's body gasped and sweated the computer briefly went into standby mode to allow her to rest and catch her breath. In the fantasy world, Bella and Raul were cuddling in the afterglow of their tryst.

"Oh, Raul, you're the greatest person ever!" She said wrapped in his arms.

"No my dear, that would you." He responded

"But y'know. I don't feel stuffed anymore. In fact, I feel a bit peckish now." She said. "Do you have any more candy with you?"

"Well, luckily for you, I have no shortage of sweets for my sweetie." Raul said while he grabbed another box of candy from out of nowhere while computer systems readied another extra large serving of candy for her to eat.

Because Bella's mind was in a state of simulated lucid dreaming, her body could repeat the process of eating, releasing gas and waste, and orgasming indefinitely without the need for sleep. In her dream world, Bella's mind was disconnected from all sense of time or reality. In this world she had a super model body and a hot latin boyfriend who handed her sweets, massaged her and gave her sex beyond imagination. However, this was a job and Bella's time there was on a set clock.

After pleasuring her for the umpteenth time, though Bella found that it was just as exhilarating as the first, an alarm went off and Raul immediately got up, put on his pants and started walking toward the door.

"I'm sorry my dear but it's time for me to go." Raul said.

"No! I'm not ready!" Bella cried. She would have gotten up and chased after him. She would have loved to have grabbed him by his legs and kept him from leaving but the process of awakening her had begun and she couldn't move her fantasy body.

"Fear not, my love, it won't be long before we meet again." Raul said as he left out the door.

Bella's vision went black again and she awoke to the familiar feeling of her heavy body and bloated insides. Her nose was filled with the scent of her own gassy expulsions as she regained full control of her body again.

"Good work, employee Bella." The automated system said. "You have been in the simulation for 65 hours. You have eaten over 20 pallets of food and have released 135 pounds of fertilizer. You have once again set a new record for both food eaten and fertilizer released and have earned the title of Employee of the Month for the fifteenth month in a row. Your payment for your time and effort has been deposited into your bank account. Your next shift is two weeks from today. We at FoodCo appreciate you and all the efforts and data you have supplied to us."

Bella sighed sadly at both being separated from Raul and the knowledge she had broken her own eating record again. When she was first hired she was a chubby girl who could barely keep down, now she was the company's top feedee and one of the heaviest people on the payroll.

Bella simply stood up and nearly fell over. She had put on a lot of weight in the three days she was here and she still felt stuffed. She slowly walked over to a nearby mirror in

the room, her full belly sloshing and her bare ass bellowing gusts of rancid wind, and inspected her body in a nearby mirror. Her flabby body had definitely gained a new layer of girth upon her already significantly girthy frame. The digestion drugs and her bowel movements helped expel most of the calories from her body but she had still gained at least 30 to 40 pounds in the past few days.

Bella spent a few minutes getting used to her new weight and fat folds before getting again dressed and exiting her "office." As she left she saw her many co-workers leaving as well. Each of them looked as depressed as she did, getting to have a taste of their own simulated idea of heaven before being sent back to their dreary lives of being waddling outcasts.

As Bella squeezed into her car she mused on her lonely life, her out of shape, morbidly obese body and her rampant gas issues and how it was all likely to get worse as long as she remained employed here. However, she wasn't upset at the idea of growing fatter and slobbier or with the company for exploiting her issues for research and profit. She was upset that FeedCo couldn't find a way to make it so she could stay here with Raul indefinitely. She would happily give them full time control of her body to do with as they please in exchange for trading in her dreary real life for her idealized fake one. Unfortunately, company safety guidelines forbade any employee from undergoing more than two sessions a month. Bella would have no choice but to return to her life of forlorn food addiction until she could finally go back to her dream world and spend time with her dream man.

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