

# “THE SLIPPERY SLOPE”

*By Zafting Industries*

*[CW: Bimbo-fication fetish, brain drain, hypnosis, brainwashing, weight gain, breeding kink, intoxication kink]*



Your girlfriend is stoned again.

She's been getting stoned a *lot*, lately. Ever since she started an OnlyFans to chronicle her gain, your girlfriend Aisha has been leaning a little heavily on the old Mary-Jane. She claims it's to "handle the anxiety" of making content, but more and more it's becoming clear to you... She just *loves* getting high and stuffing her face on-camera. It's becoming an addiction, and honestly, you can't complain.

She was *also* high, you dimly remember, back when you two discovered she was into feederism--a few years back, when she asked what you were smiling at and you showed her the OnlyFans gainers you'd subscribed to. The two of you had been opening up to each other, sort of an "I'll show you my kinks, if you show me yours" type of night. That night in the hotel room, she'd watched five solid minutes of a pot-bellied white girl stuffing herself, then looked up at you with those doe-brown eyes, face framed by her mane of curly dark hair, and she'd said with perfect earnestness:

"Damn... That was kinda hot."

Two years on from that moment, you've done a lot of "exploring" together, and things have gotten a bit... weird. In a good way, but still.

When you'd first met Aisha Beckham, she'd been a soft-but-toned hundred and fifty pounds--a curvaceous bombshell in a compact, five-foot-four frame. She'd been a soccer player in undergrad, a mobile and sturdy defender, not the star of her team but an asset all the same. She'd just finished her master's degree in Psych, and had been gearing up for her PhD. But after that night...

She'd changed, bit by bit. She'd started exploring the feedist world, finding the kinks that worked for her, discarding the parts of it she didn't enjoy. She was so meticulous back then--everything she liked had been saved into neatly organized folders, on her laptop. She'd been so precise, so buttoned-up.

Since then, Aisha had... well, she'd let her hair down a little.

"Babe! Come help me with this thong? It's too tight..."

You rise from the bed, shaking off those fond memories of yesterday. You've been scrolling through your phone looking at some old photos--from Aisha's "skinny" days, when she'd been around two hundred pounds of plumpness. She'd been amazed at her own size, at how "huge" she was. How adorable that you'd both considered her "fat" back then.

You peer into the hotel bathroom, where Aisha is trying on various lingerie in preparation for her stuffing shoot. She's having a little trouble, because this particular lingerie set--a lacy black thong and strapless, low-cut bra--doesn't quite fit. She's gotten too fat for it.

Which... isn't a surprise, really. Recently, she's been getting too fat for *everything*.

Your formerly thick girlfriend has ballooned in merely a few years to an absolute whale of a woman--a soft, pampered, overfed three hundred and fifty pounds, give or take a few rolls of blubber. Her former hourglass shape has bloated, softened and melted into a blubbery parody of itself, her enormous ass, heavy tits and dangling belly the only sign she'd ever been merely "curvy." Her round, plump face with its smattering of freckles, carries a pensive and pouting expression--she's struggling to pull the thong up over her thighs, even as she sucks on a blunt and exhales a mist of smoke through her mouth and nostrils.

She's always been one to partake, even before she met you--a weekend blunt once in a while, edibles for a concert. But the real feedback loop started when Aisha realized she could *eat* more, the more stoned she was. Her limits, her gaining plateau, no longer applied when she was absolutely zonked. And so she started smoking before stuffing sessions, hotboxing in the car before hitting the buffet...

"Just as performance enhancement," she'd insisted, exhaling yet another cloud of smoke in anticipation of your last barbecue-shack date. "Just so I can fit a little bit more. This shit is sooo good for appetite, babe, you should try some..."

'Performance enhancement' was exactly what it was. Aisha had quickly become an eating machine, gobbling and gorging at every buffet in a twenty-mile radius, asking for second courses and sometimes, thirds. She was a methodical, steady eater, sometimes taking hours to pick away at her meal--but eventually, with the help of THC, she always brought down her prey. Even if she needed your help to waddle to the car afterwards.

Somehow, her little 'performance enhancement' trick followed the two of you home--at first she'd only smoked before going out, but soon she was having a few blunt hits "to relax" before bed. And a few after work, as well. Her brilliant intellect was still there, but your gorgeous softening girlfriend was getting a little... dulled around the edges, from all the weed. Her studies had fallen off, and she'd put her PhD on hold, claiming it was "too much stress."

And then, about a year into becoming a "practicing" feedist, Aisha had discovered she had a bimbo kink.

It was all downhill from there.

"Daddy, help me out here... I'm getting a bit too... Huff, *big* for this bra..."

You roll up behind her, cupping her flabby tits through the tight-fitting bra, your cock straining against your boxers as you press it against the doughy cleft of her ass. She wiggles her flabby ass at you, the warm blubber rubbing up against your crotch. The glazed look in her eyes tells you she's *very* stoned, and clearly in "submissive space" already. Ready for teasing.

"Aw, did someone get too fat for her own slutty outfits? Again? What a shame."

She whimpers, the sound pitiful and childish, as you squeeze her tits. Once a leading student in her Master's program, Aisha has grown a bit... ditzy, of late. Between all the weed and her bimbo-kink "training," she's willingly and eagerly put herself in a permanent "bimbo doll" headspace, her mind simplified down into a few simple desires: Eat, smoke, and be a good bimbo for Daddy. Nothing else enters her mind until you say so. And you find yourself leaving her in that space longer and longer, these days...

And to think, at first, she'd been so adamant about dividing reality from fantasy. So insistent that you only do Bimbo-hypnosis on weekends. Even then, she'd been worried it would bleed over into her "normal" life... that it would change her.

She'd been right.

Giving in to her kinks *had* changed her. Her priorities had shifted radically--she was no longer the relentless workaholic and go-getter she'd once been. The more you helped her indulge her various "niche interests," the more she'd relaxed, let go of her responsibilities... And let go of her figure.

Her personality had softened along with her waistline, as she'd eaten and masturbated and bimbo-trained herself into happy, submissive bliss. In her few remaining lucid moments--and these are few and far between, lately, outside of family visits and hosting friends--she'd bragged to you that she'd *always* wanted this life, deep down. This life of laziness and indolence and gluttony and mindless, rapturous sex.

During one particularly long smoke-session, she'd confessed that the only reason she'd clung onto her workaholic life for so long was that she'd known the minute she let go of it, she'd fall headfirst into her vices. And now... well. She's been immersed in those vices for *years*. And it shows.

As you help her pull the thong up her massive chunky thighs, the warm shea-butter smell of her filling your nostrils, you admire the many rolls decorating her sides. Her tramp-stamp tattoo, **DADDY'S GIRL**, and the little pig-emoji tattoo on her right cankle, stand out in the glow of the ring-light beside your bed, its illumination bouncing off the mirror into the bathroom.

As you finally tug the thong into place for her, she plucks her joint from the ashtray beside the mirror, taking another heavy pull. You slide your hands around her front to caress her belly, slapping it a few times from beneath just to watch it jiggle. The heavy folds of fat dangling off its sides jiggle and bounce as well, the ripple effect of spanking her blubber spreading through her entire torso.

"You're putting on weight, babygirl... *Again*."

You feel her shiver with delight at your words, a slow stoned smile spreading across her face.

"Really, Daddy?"

"Oh, definitely. This set fit you just a month ago... Now look at it. Practically swallowed up by all this soft... jiggly... *flab*."

You gently poke her fat stomach to emphasize every word, and you feel her ass push against you eagerly as you remind her what a greedy, gluttonous little bimbo she's been lately.

"Sorry, Daddy... I just love food so much, I can't stop eating lately..."

She takes a few more hits off her blunt, and then turns to you, adopting a mock-serious tone. Her pink, glitter-coated nails sparkle as she lifts the joint to her lips again... and again.

"Actually, I've been meaning to say, we should like... Maybe we should slow down. Like for real, I'm not even playing... I don't wanna be a buzzkill, just saying, I'm getting like... REALLY big..."

You can see her fighting her own bimbo training, just to say this--her slurring voice and distant, glassy eyes come into focus, for a moment, as she speaks. Her conscious mind is struggling against the urges of her unconscious--the fastidious, careful person you once knew, wrestling with the gluttonous hog you've both unleashed inside her mind.

You pause, putting your lust on hold for a moment as you meet her gaze.

"What's the matter, princess? Something bothering you?"

Twenty-four-seven bimbo sub or not, she's still your true love, and you want to listen. Clearly something's been bugging her, and you see concern cross her face as she pulls on the blunt again, nearly a roach by this point.

"Yeah, like... Sure, I'm wet *all the time* from doing this stuff so much. It's amazing. But like... You know how we've been doing those new deep-dive spiral videos? The ones with the subliminal inductions?"

You nod along--you put together that playlist for her yourself.

"Well I think it's been working, like... TOO well. It's supposed to make me dumber, right? Because, like... I've been getting *really* dumb lately... Like the other day I couldn't even spell 'necessary' in an email..."

You nod again, sagely, and you ask:

"Do you *like* getting dumbed down, princess?"

Her eyes slip out of focus as she tilts back into submissive head-space, her training kicking in. Her next words are murmured, practiced, well-rehearsed.

"Yesss, Daddy... Dumb bimbos are *good* bimbos..."

She sucks down more noxious weed-smoke, the hint of a smile forming as the word "princess" hits her brain--one of her hypnosis triggers--and she sinks a little deeper into sub-space. When she speaks again, it's barely a mumble, her higher functions clearly struggling to work through the fog of weed and hypnotic conditioning.

"But like... How dumb is *too* dumb, y'know? The other day, like... I was getting off to that fat threesome video. And I was edging and edging like a good girl, and I looked up at the clock and like, *three hours* had gone by. Like, is that too dumb? Am I too much of a bimbo?"

Part of this, you know, is roleplay. She's always loved the idea of losing control of her kinks--letting them consume her, mind body and soul. And occasionally she expresses worrying about "going too far." But for her, that's part of the illicit thrill--the moments when she struggles against her conditioning, when she fights back.

But she hasn't used her safeword yet, and so, you're *quite* happy to ease her back into the warm comforting bath of mindless fat bliss. You put your arms around her, leaning down to kiss her plump double-chin, punctuating your words with loving little pecks all over her fat neck.

"You will never..."

*Kiss.*

"Be too dumb..."

*Kiss.*

"For me."

*Kiss, kiss.*

She purrs appreciatively as you run your tongue up her neck and graze her earlobe with your teeth. She presses her soft body against yours, face burrowing into your Misfits T-shirt, and groans with delight as you reach down to squeeze her ass.

"Th-thank you, Daddy. That makes me feel better. I... I want..."

She giggles uncontrollably, the weed getting the better of her. You slap one huge, soft asscheek and kiss the top of her head.

"Use your words, Princess..."

"I want to get dumber for you, Daddy. I want to get dumber and I want to get fatter. I want to be your..." The end of her sentence is a breathy whisper. "I want to be your fat, mindless bimbo blob. Please Daddy, please..."

That's the final straw that breaks your willpower. You take her by the hand and pull her out of the bathroom, to the queen-sized bed in the middle of the hotel suite. As you lead curvaceous, stoned fat queen to her temple of worship, you pause to flick on the camera on its tripod. You gotta keep working your hustle, after all--and you know she'll get off to the video, the moment you two are done fucking. The deeper she's gotten into bimbo kink, the more she's come to love watching her own sex tapes. Preferably while eating.

She tumbles into bed, giggling, her braids spreading around her like a halo.

"What're we gonna do on the bed, Daddy?..."

You give her a stern look. She's slipped into Little space a bit... but she also has that mischievous grin on her face, the one that says "I'm going to be a brat today until you *physically* put me in my place."

"I think you know what you're going to do, Princess... Now, take your medicine."

Her eyes wander to the bowl of edible gummies, five milligrams a pop, sitting next to the bed. She blinks slowly, clearly trying to form a coherent thought... and failing, several times, as her conditioning kicks in. "*Take your medicine*" is one of her programmed trigger phrases.

"But Daddy... I'm already *sooo* high..."

"And Daddy wants you even higher, baby. Eat up."

At the sound of another one of her trigger phrases, her face goes slack and then adopts a goofy, zoned-out grin. You can play with her mind as easily as silly-putty at this point... and she loves it. She's a pliable, willing plaything for you, a fat greedy horny concubine for you to brainwash and fatten as you see fit.

"Yes, Daddy..."

She grabs a fistful of the gummies and crams them into her mouth, not measuring her dose at all.

As she chews and swallows slowly, you run your hand up the inside of one flabby thigh, your finger tracing the sagging soft bulge of her flabby loins, under her swollen belly.

"That's my good girl. Once you're nice and dumb for me, maybe Daddy will let you cum... Maybe..."

She pouts at you... but then brightens as you point to the other bed-side table, where her VR headset sits, its charging light pulsing slowly.

"Now... Watch your pretty pictures for Daddy while he eats out your pussy. Okay?"

She nods eagerly, breathless as she reaches for the VR rig, her fat-laden biceps wiggling as she straps it onto her head, working the straps around her braids. Then she leans back and groans with delight as her "Hypno Edge-Slut" playlist of videos starts, spirals filling the VR visor and soft, relaxing binaural beats flowing into her ears from the VR headset.

"Good girls edge... Good girls obey," croons the video. "Good girls spread their legs for Daddy."

"Good girls," she breathes, her thighs parting, "spread their legs for Daddy."

"Good girls go blank. Good girls drool for Daddy."

"Good girls... drool... Oh, *fuck!*"

The 'oh fuck' is your fault--you've slipped two fingers into the wet cleft of her cunt, rubbing slowly and gently at her clit. Normally you would employ a suction cup before the shoot to make her pussy look extra fat and puffy, but you're too eager today--you can't wait, you need to take her, you need to *breed* her. Now.

You need to claim her, on film, worship her pussy, make her cum what's left of her brains out. You feel a deep, feral need to reduce her to an object, an animal, your pathetic fucktoy. Brainwashed, fattened into lazy uselessness, and trained to cum on command. Your perfect toy.

"Ahhh fuck Daddy... *Fuck*, that feels so good..."

"Language, baby..."



But you don't stop--rubbing firmer, more insistently, as the spirals guide her once-brilliant mind down into the giggling, empty headspace of true submission. And when you reach for the tray of brownies at your bedside, prepared there for the shoot, she doesn't fight you as you fork chunks of the rich fattening treat into her mouth with your bare hands.

"Mmffuck, yesh Daddy... *mmm*f, feed me and fuck me Daddy, make me your pig, your fat dumb bimbo pig!!"

You can't wait any longer. Tugging off your boxers, you slide inside her, your shaft met with the soft, dripping clench of her pussy. She squeals in delight as the food, the spirals and the cock send her into an absolute frenzy of mindless ecstasy.

"Yesssssh oh FUCK..."

Ramming your cock into her, you glance up at a photo on the wall--Aisha getting her Master's. That was nearly two hundred pounds ago, and who knows how many brainwashing videos ago? The overfed, giggling, dumbly grinning fat breeder sow beneath you bears little resemblance to that short, but stately woman in her graduation cap and gown.

You know her well, and you're certain that eventually, she'll get bored with this facade. She'll cast aside the bimbo kink, lose a bit of weight and probably go back to school. Deep down, she's still too much of a disciplined, goal-focused person to set her dreams aside for long.

But until then...

Until then, you get to plow your fat brainless fuckpig every night, empty a load into her eager cunt, send her to sleep listening to bimbofication audio tracks. You get to mold and shape her any way you want, until she gets tired of it... or until she forgets she ever wanted anything else.

You're playing with fire, combining these kinks. You've never seen her like this--giggling and drooling, brownie crumbs on her lips, fatter than she's ever been and slurring out demands to make her fatter, fatter, fatter...

But you can play with fire a little longer. Maybe for another year... or two, or forever. Who knows?

As the rhythmic slap, slap of you hammering your cock into your fat girlfriend's fertility-idol body fills the room, you spare a glance at the camera. Even if she does return to her old self... you two will always have this to look back on. Aisha at her absolute dumbest, a

mindless greedy gluttonous bimbo obsessed with cock. And deep down, you'll both always know that's who she is, underneath everything else...

"Yes daddy more, feed me Daddy, I want to be huge for you I want to be *huuuuge*..."

Her slurred, stoned groans of delight hit a crescendo as you cram fresh brownies into her mouth, watching her eyes glaze as the edibles hit, her speech subsiding slowly into animal grunts of passion as you pound into her again, and again, and again.

"YES *mmff flph urrrrp*, FUCK yes!"

Your queen, your goddess, your concubine... Your breeder pig.

You know it isn't up to you... but God, you hope she never changes.

