

From Fab to Fat

“Eww!” I screamed as I waved my hand in front of my nose, hoping the smell would vanish as soon as it appeared. The disgusting sound I felt in my bones made me want to hurl on the greasy trucker who stood in front of me. The obese man looked over his shoulder and smirked. His thin lips twisted into what he would label a smile and pushed his fat ass towards me. It was too quick for me to maneuver away and too disgusting for me to escape.

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The odor filled the convenience store, but it was like the smell was aimed for my nose. It was sweaty and musky like he hadn't washed in weeks. Bile filled the back of my throat as the trucker laughed.

“Fuck I'm gonna be sick,” I groaned, covering my nose and my mouth.

“Girl you're such a princess,” my boyfriend teased as he ran a hand through his long blond locks of hair. “Just breathe through your mouth. Or just hold it like I am,” he laughed.

I didn't understand why he or anyone else in the store wasn't complaining about the smell, but by the way, the slobby truck driver stared at me. His yellowed teeth and crusty facial hair were too much for me to handle. I didn't know if he was teasing me because I was gay or because I looked too clean to pass up.

“I need a restroom,” I said loudly.

“It's around the back,” the cashier shouted back to me and I ran from the store. The blast of fresh air was like a gift from God as I took several deep breaths, driving the stench from my senses. I walked around the back of the store, dodging puddles of water and mud as I found the restroom. With extreme regret, I pulled open the muck-covered handle and jumped inside the bathroom and felt the bile return to my mouth.

“Oh god,” I groaned as the smell of shit and piss filled my nose. I held my nostrils between two fingers and walked towards the nearest urinal. Not wanting to travel further than necessary into the bathroom, I peed quickly and looked at the sink. I knew I would walk away dirtier even if I didn't touch the knob and decided I would just use sanitizer when I got back to the car – a whole bottle's worth of sanitizer.

“Just a few more hours,” I told myself as I fluffed up my hair. “Just a few more hours and you will be out of this hick state and off to college with people that actually have a brain.” My years of

torment were almost over and my life as a fashion student was about to begin. It was only a couple of hours and a few hundred miles away until my dreams finally began.

"I got a brain, jus' don't use it too often," a deep voice gruffest from the entry of the restroom. I heard a soft *click* and saw the obese trucker walk into the bathroom. "You jus' think you're so smart don't yah? Thank yah so much better than the rest of us?" He snarled his question and I lifted an eyebrow. His stained covered tank top, his ill-fitting janes, his stereotypical truck hat; all of it told the story of an inbred loser with no prospects.

"I don't think it. I know it. And it's pronounced jusT, there's a 'T' at the end of that word," I said condescendingly. I walked towards the exit, but the trucker stepped in front of me. His stench was so strong it even overpowered the years worth of filth that covered every surface.

"You won't think its soo bad when you are just like me," he said, smiling a large toothless grin.

"I will never be lick -," I began to say, but my words were halted when he pushed out a bleach into my face. I could have sworn I saw a green gas push from his thin lips and out into my face. I coughed and hacked, feeling the belch as it invaded my lungs. I ran to the sink, forgoing any hopes of cleanliness and pushed my face under the faucet. The water was irony and warm, but I gulped it quickly and wildly, sucking down the water until I felt my stomach bulge. But I felt something hard, I felt several somethings in my mouth as I gulped the water and spit it out into the sink.

Multiple soft *plinks* sounded as the objects were spat into the porcelain and when I looked, I never had a heart attack. They were teeth. It was my teeth. I picked up one and stared at my reflection and smiled. Three teeth were missing from the front of my mouth, and the rest looked like they hung onto my gums by a thread. The color changed before my eyes, going from perfectly white to a shade of tartar yellow.

"What the fuck did ya do to me," I screamed as the trucker laughed near the entrance. I moved back to the mirror and felt my body sway with the movement. I looked down and saw my stomach wasn't just bloated with water but with fat. It was swollen beneath my fashionable shirt. I turned to the side and grabbed it with both hands. It was soft and it jiggled. It was a feeling that I had never felt before. I lifted my shirt, still in disbelief, and saw that it had not only swelled with size was covered in hair.

Dark patches of long curly hair crawled around my stomach, stretching wide and moving wild like bugs as it covered my once perfect set of abs. My tanned skin had grown pale, nearly sickly in color.

What was happening to me?

“This can’t be happening,” I squealed as I pushed at my stomach, but it bounced with realism. It was real and so was the hair. My mouth went dry as I felt something rumble in my stomach, a large knot formed within. I clutched my fatty sides as I felt my asshole pulse and I pushed.

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The obese trucker laughed behind me as I felt a heavy wet fart explode from my ass and the stench fell over my body and filled the room. The smell was horrible, far worse than anything else within the bathroom – worse than anything the trucker had made within the store. My eyes grew hazy and my mind was willing as I lost control of my body. My body seemed to grow heavy and I fell to the ground. I looked up and saw the greasy man staring down at me, smiling his toothless wicked smile.

“Yah gonna be one of my boys soon ‘nough.”

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My head throbbed with pain as I came from the clouds of unconsciousness, not knowing where I was or how I had gotten there. I rubbed my eyes, seeing the miles and miles of open road in front of me.

Did I fall asleep

I coughed several times, as I laid my head back against the window, tired and exhausted from the ride.

I wonder where we are

“Here,” a voice grunted beside me as a bottle found my hand. I tipped it into my mouth but coughed even worse when the acidic taste rushed over my tongue.

“Ughh! What the fuck Erik!” I squealed, opening my eyes to find that it wasn’t my boyfriend that handed me the water, but the disgusting trucker that I had seen in the bathroom.

“No! No! No!” I shouted as I looked down at my bloated gut that bounced along with the road. My hands squeezed the doughy mass that was now my body. I ran my tongue around my mouth, felling the holes in my rows where teeth should be. I stared at the slob of a man beside me and the disgusting state of cab of his trailer. Trash layered every surface; old fast food wrappers covered the floor and old bottles of alcohols jingled together in the back while dirty clothes sat underneath the front windshield. The stained clothing baked within the sun, pushing the stench of unwashed man into the air. The rotten stench assaulted me at ever turn, and I was in desperate need of fresh air.

I face the door, looking for a way to escape or at the very least a way to roll down the window. I found neither.

“Yah ain’t gettin’ away that easily boy,” the trucker laughed a hauntingly deep chuckle that made his body shake.

“Why?! Why me!” I screamed. “I never did anything to you! I don’t even know you!” The trucker gave me that crooked grin once more and shrugged.

“I don’t know, yah looked like a fun project and could use a little stench in his life.” I sat silently in his cab examining my body. I could not believe what he had done to my body and feared what else he could do.

“What else are you gonna do you me?”

“How about a game?” I felt my insides boil at his suggestion. If I was near one of the bottles that bounced around the inside of the cab I would have broken it over his head, but instead I choose to cut him with my words.

“What you wanna play I-Spy or something? Okay, well I’ll go first. I spy a disgusting pig who’s going to turn me back to normal, drop me off at the nearest bus station, and go drive off a cliff.” The large trucker laughed at my words.

“I was thinking a little bit like a question game.” He dug underneath his gut and into his pockets, pulling out my license. I reached to grab it, but he was quick. “I’ll ask questions from your ID, and if you get them right then you get to go back to normal. Sound like a deal?” I chewed the inside of my toothless mouth, practically gumming the inside of my lip and I nodded.

It couldn’t get much worse.

“Okay, whatever - I guess.” I grumbled as I laid my hands on my rounded belly. Just the soft feeling against my hands made my skin crawl with disgust.

“Let’s start with an easy one. What’s your name?”

“My name is John,” I responded as I stared out the window.

“ANNNHHH Wrong!” He said excitedly. “Looks like your name is Bud. Bud Clint.” My neck snapped quickly at him and frowned. I reached for the license, but he pulled it away once more.

“No my name is . . .it’s um . . .” My head throbbed as I tried to say my name as I tried to remember my name. My real name.

It was on the tip of my tongue, but I just couldn’t form the words. “Oh, it’s Buuu . . .Buuud. Why can’t I say my name?” My heart raced as the I continued to attempt to say my name, but the more I tried the harder it became. “Bud. It’s Bud. It’s Bud! IT’S. BUD! What the fuck!”

“That’s fine, that was a hard one for you. Let’s try something a little easier. How much do you weigh?” I shot him a glare, knowing that it was a loaded question.

"I will give you within 20 pounds. Sound fair enough?" I knew what it said on the card, but I had a inkling I knew the game he was playing. It wasn't what it said, it was what he wanted it to say. I looked down at my large heavy gut and tried to calculate the weight.

I was 160 before, so I had to be at least 220 maybe even 240.

"250," I said hopefully, but by the way he smirked I knew that I was once again - wrong.

"Oh wow . . .," he said as he gazed from the road back to my license and then back to the road once more. I felt a pit of fear grow in my stomach, but when I felt my belly begin to gurgle, I realized that it was not fear that grew within me. It was me that was growing. My already bulbous stomach swelled in all areas, squeezing out from under my shirt. I grasped for the once sliver of gut that peaked from underneath my shirt to the full beach ball that now showed. The shirt rode further up my stomach as it swelled forward, nearly matching the girth of the trucker.

I felt the sides right as the torso turned heavier and thicker. I could feel the way that my chest inflated growing rounder and shapely, nearly womanly in size as they came to sit atop my doughy stomach. My hands pushed and felt as each part of me turned softer and softer, until my entire body was like a bowl of jelly, jiggling along the road. I was too far shocked by my even girthy body that I didn't even notice the swelling of my lower body. That my body raised several inches into the air as my ass tuned from perky and petite to heavy and fat. The waistband of my jeans dug into my hips and stretched tightly across my cheeks as it threatened to burst.

"How - how much does it say?" I said, frightened by the answer.

"322 pounds. Damn boy you are a thick one!" He whistled to emphasis his point and I felt a slight surge of weight around my body as if he added extra weight to his statement.

"Please! Please just stop!" I begged. "I don't want to play anymore! Just let me go. I won't say anything to anyone! Just let me off at the side of the road. I just want to go to college and be normal again."

"College?" He asked with a raised eyebrow. "You think someone like you could go to college?" I didn't want to ask what he meant, but I could feel the words as they tumbled before my mind could stop me.

"What do you mean . . .someone like me?" The trucker gave me a toothless yellow smile that made my large gut grumble with disgust. The gaping holes in his grin and the crookedness of his seat set my gag reflex alive.

"A dumb man like you probably didn't even finish school let alone think about going to college. You're just a useless dumb country boy with hay for brains. Why yah' think you're in this trailer with

me?" His words pressed on my memory shifting and rearranging my past to reconcile with his words. I concentrated the ones I felt being pushed out of my brain, but they slipped through my fingers like running water. The hours spent studying, the good grades, the years spent in a classroom were erased and replaced as his word took root in my mind like a parasite that fed on my past.

It was like a new movie of my life played in my mind's eyes. I never had good grades, I barely showed up for school and when I did; it was just so I could make a few bucks blowing the football team. The hours spent studying vanished and became hours spent on the couch with my racist, sexist, homophobic father. We would sit there for an entire weekend and not move unless we needed a beer or to take a piss. But more often than not, we would just unload into the couch or underwear if we weren't naked.

"That's. Not. True," I grunted as I tried to mentally latch onto my past, but the harder I focused the more the new me came into view. I drank cheap beer, I had a penchant for cigars, and a deep hatred for bathing. Reality seemed to settle around me as my past caught up with me. The stench that wafted through my clothes turned rancid as they yellowed from lack of washing. My soft skin grew hard and wrinkled from time spent in the hot sun or in a truck, while my chubby body turned even more obese. I could feel my body as it sank deeper into the cushion, like it had formed around my body from weeks of sitting in the same seat. "This is not me. This is not real." I repeated, holding onto the last pieces of my person. I stared in the visor mirror and screamed at the sight. I was hideous. The trucker laughed at my shriek. "Why would you make me this - this pig?" I clawed at the long scraggly beard and tried to not hurl from the stench that seeped from my pores.

"Well maybe yah aren't hay for brains . . . maybe yah' just shit for brains. Makes sense why you love being fat and smelly all the time. I mean even I bathe sometimes, but you - you just seem to love licking those pits of yours clean. Well, not as much as eating my ass after a long drive." I felt my mind shatter the moment he finished speaking. The last bit of myself was gone as my conscious was flooded with tastes and needs and wants that made my stomach turn.

"What was I sayin'?" I grunted as my hand drifted towards my gut, scratching the hairy underside.

"That you were thirsty," the trucker said as my mouth dried at his words. I licked my lips, trying to moisten them but my tongue felt bone dry. I looked around for a beer can or bottle but found none. I turned to the man as I heard the sound of his pants being unzipped. The room exploded with the harsh smell of his unwashed balls filled the cab of the truck. He tugged his cock from underneath his cut,

rubbing his uncut cock as it grew thick and hard. "Well it aint gonna drain itself." He said with a gruff. I licked my lips and knew I was thirsty for something other than beer.

No. No. No.

My inner voice screamed - though softly it had become - as I leaned towards the sweaty cock and took it into my mouth. I lapped my tongue around his foreskin as I felt the blast of piss hit the back of my throat.

"Mmmm," I groaned as I swallowed the first mouthful of his piss. He placed a hand on my head and rubbed my greasy hair as my mouth was repeatedly filled with his acidic urine. I felt the thirst dissipate and my stomach tighten and swell with every swallow. The trucker's cock hardened and stretched towards the back of my throat as my tongue worked along his shaft as he pissed in my mouth. I took a deep whiff of his stench and groaned, feeling my cock swell underneath my gut from his manly scents that sneaked into my nostrils. I pushed my face into his pubes, huffing the sweaty stench that seeped from his pores in complete hog heaven.

"Someone's a horny piggy today," he grunted as he adjusted his gut so that it laid on top of my head while I sucked his cock. I moved my chubby hands onto his thighs, spreading them wider until they could move towards his hole. He leaned back further into his chair, never letting his eyes off the road as my fingers slipped into his hole. "Fuck, someone's a real horny piggy today!" He groaned as clenched my finger with his unbelievable loose hole. "Oh, you're gonna love this."

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"OMMFFF!" I groaned around his cock as the stench of his wet fart invaded my senses. The smell, the feeling, the taste of it as I opened my mouth and sucked in his fumes while his cock stayed rigid in my mouth. I rubbed my cock against the center console, humping it like some deranged beast in need of release.

"You like that pig? You like sniffing my shitty hole? You like sucking my nasty cock?" He groaned as he pumped his cock in and out of my mouth. I could taste the cum that seeped from his tip and wanted more. I pulled free and jerked his cock with my shit covered fingers.

"Please I need your cum Sir. I need it! I want it so bad!"

"Oh fuck. Here it comes pig!" He shouted as he grabbed the back of my head and forced his cock into my mouth and exploded with cum. I greedily swallowed and licked everything that my tongue could find. The flavors I found was like nothing I tasted before, but the memories that quickly followed told me that this was how most of our rides went. The taste of his cum and the smell of his farts were my two favorite things in the world - followed closely behind by beer and smokes.

I could remember how he picked me up on the side of the road months back and gave me for the first taste of his cock. After that first lick, I was hooked. I never wanted to leave. And the longer I spent with him the more addicted I had become. The smell of his sweat, the taste of his hole, the sight of his obese body. I loved everything about him.

I was a useless plaything, and nothing else.