

## Sandra and Jonathan in the Hedonism Mansion

Driving past the front gates, Jonathan parked the car a few feet away from the mansion's entrance. Stepping out of the driver's seat, he fixed up the blue vest that complimented his white dress shirt. A second glance was paid to his black slacks, ensuring that his bushy, brown tail was free to hang out from his lower back. Bending down to check his reflection in the side mirror, he made sure his chin length, brown hair was neat and tidy to match with the well-groomed, triangular ears atop his head. This was all an effort to prepare himself for what was supposed to be a special occasion at the Hedonism Mansion. The same train of thought had not been shared with his girlfriend.

Exiting the car on the passenger's side, Sandra had to stop for a moment to pull out the hem of her red sweater as it got caught in the door. She fixed the garment to cover up part of her chubby belly, but at the cost of pulling down the fabric to leave one of her shoulders and bra straps visible. Turning her head towards the mansion itself, the wolf girl's grey furred ears stood on end to make themselves more prominent among her chin-length hair. Noticing the way her fluffy, grey tail swung back and forth against her grey sweatpants, Jonathan tapped against her arm to break her out of her excited stupor and get her attention.

"Are you sure this is the right place?" Jonathan asked. "It looks like we're the only ones here."

"I think so," she said, starting to stroll towards the entrance. "It matches the description of what I saw online."

Jonathan crossed his arms as he looked over the sizable structure. "I'm still a little worried that this is all a scam. Just because they claimed that they could indulge your fantasy, doesn't mean that you should blindly--"

“Come on,” Sandra said, tugging Jonathan along by his arm. “I want to see if the rumors are true.”

Pulled forward by Sandra, Jonathan pushed through the front doors to enter the mansion. Where there was supposed to be a foyer was instead a strange welcoming area that better resembled a luxurious dining room lit by the chandeliers hanging from the ceiling to illuminate the wooden walls. This extended to the long table covered in white cloth that held a collection of different sized, silver platters. Though they couldn't tell what was beneath the covers, the aromas that drifted out got the two of them to slowly shuffle their way in. Coming within inches of the table, they were broken out of their hunger induced stupor as the door slammed shut behind them.

“What's going on?” Jonathan asked, running back to the door to discover that they were firmly shut. “Is this some kind of sick prank?”

“Don't worry,” Sandra said, peeking her head across the table to decide which platter to uncover first. “It's all part of the experience.”

“Locking us in a mansion with no way out?” Jonathan asked. “How is this just an experience?”

Looking over her shoulder, Sandra merely smiled as she gestured towards a plaque on the wall above the table. Returning to the dining area, Jonathan leaned in to get a closer look. Engraved into the gold was a single phrase: “Welcome to the Hedonism Mansion. Enjoy your fill.”

“I don't like the look of this,” Jonathan said, his feeling strengthened by the unsettling, black and white eye symbol at the bottom of the plaque. “Sandra, we should look for an exit. Maybe there's a window we can pry-“

The clang of metal being moved made Jonathan turn his attention back to the table. An overwhelming aroma greeted him as he saw Sandra eagerly looking over the contents of the serving dishes. A severe sense of whiplash hit him as he observed that the silver platters were holding aloft a pile of fresh, greasy onion rings. He only had a few moments to appreciate the sight of the crispy golden skin before she began stuffing them into her face with reckless abandon.

“Sandra, stop,” Jonathan said, rushing over to her side. “You’re playing right into their trap. What if the food is poisoned or-“

Jonathan was silenced as Sandra pushed a handful of onion rings into his mouth. Immediately, the taste that spread across his tongue was enough to push away his concerns. Mouth watering as he caught another whiff of something delicious, he pulled off the cover of one of the platters to find a collection of fries. Though it wasn’t what he was looking for, it was enough to get him to indulge in a fraction of his girlfriend’s ravenous appetite.

Frantically waving their tails back and forth, Sandra and Jonathan made their way down the length of the table to eat more and more fried food, ranging from tater tots to overstuffed mozzarella sticks. They only stopped to either uncover another lid or lick the crumbs from their lips. Reaching the very end of their supply, they managed to lick up the last few bits of fries before bumping into one another.

Stumbling back from Sandra, Jonathan became very aware of an odd sensation going over his body. The jiggling feeling was produced by the sizable potbelly that he had developed over the course of the feast. Poking at the protrusion pushing out the front of his vest led to ripples making their way through the layer of pudge across his limbs and rear. Before he could

further examine more of the extra heft around his chest, he was stopped by a small belch parting from his lips.

Jonathan didn't have time to recover from the sudden outburst before he heard another burp from nearby. Though he hadn't witnessed it himself, he could still see the lingering effects of the outburst go through Sandra's body to jostle her similarly prominent gut. Rather than concern for the extra fat around her body, she seemed to get strange glee out of poking her heavier buttocks and breasts.

"How can you be so calm?" Jonathan asked. "Can't you see what this food has done to us?"

"UUURRRPP yeah," she replied, giving her belly a satisfied smack. "This is exactly what I was looking for. It feels good to be so stuffed and BWOOOORRP gassy. Shame that we already worked through all of the food. I was really hoping we could keep eating until we're as big as--"

A creaking noise drew Sandra and Jonathan's attention towards the other side of the room. Opposite the entrance, a door opened up to reveal another dining area. Despite not knowing what lurked inside, a single whiff let the couple know that it contained more food to satiate their ravenous hungers. While Jonathan was understandably cautious about going further into the mansion, Sandra showed no such hesitation as she ran forward.

"Come on, slowpoke!" she shouted out, squeezing her way through the door. "I'm not going to BWOOOOORRRRPPP save any for you if you don't hurry up."

Jonathan started to call out to her, but realized it was futile. Pinching at the fat around his waist, he shuffled forward towards the door. Having to suck in his new gut to fit through, he

managed to squeeze into the next room just before the passage behind him closed up to leave them trapped once more.

“Sandra I’m UUURRRRPPP serious about this,” Jonathan said, hurrying to join her next to another collection of covered dinner platters. “We need to stop before things get too out of hand.”

“That’s exactly what I want,” Sandra replied, licking her lips as she lifted up one of the covers.

Jonathan’s concerns took a backseat to the aroma that heralded the appearance of a plate of burritos. The meager attempt he made to resist the indulgent spread lasted until Sandra grabbed one and tore through half in one bite. The sight of meat and beans dripping onto her chest was more than enough to get him to ignore his situation to grab a few burritos for himself. As he sunk his teeth in, he was rewarded with a delicious flavor that pushed him to grab several more.

With the plate of burritos emptied out, the couple spread out across the table to find more food. What awaited them was a smorgasbord of different kinds of Mexican cuisine that could usually be found in a cheap fast food joint rather than the high class mansion. The stark contrast did not register in their heads as they preoccupied themselves with chowing down on tacos, quesadillas, and even a few churros to add some sweetness to their taste buds.

The culmination of Sandra and Jonathan’s eating arrived at the platter in the center of the table. Lifting off the cover, the pair of them stared at a massive mound of nachos covered in gooey cheese, grease, meat, and beans. Attacking the pile with reckless abandon, the pair made short work of a meal that would have usually left them full after just a few bites.

In an effort to lick up the last few crumbs from the platter, Jonathan ended up accidentally bumping into something. Lifting his head back up, he finally got to see the mess of stains littering Sandra's sweater. The various spills of sauces let his gaze wonder across her body to realize she had easily doubled in size since they first arrived. Seeing that her besmirched clothes looked to be on the very edge of tearing apart, Jonathan was reminded by the sight of drippings going down her two chins that he wasn't much better.

Tilting his head down and scrunching up his extra chin, Jonathan's ears raised up as he took note of his newly developed man boobs. Brushing a chubby finger across his stained vest eventually led to the sizable hole that had popped open to give his gut room to breathe. Too busy looking over his shoulder to see his tail slowly sliding across his chunky rear, he failed to get out of the way of the wolf girl.

Turning back, Jonathan jumped slightly as he realized Sandra was standing right in front of him. Despite her plumped up and messy appearance, she didn't seem to mind as she shuffled forward. Upon her belly pressing up against his, Jonathan licked his lips as his body pushed him to lean in with her. Feeling strange satisfaction in their fattened forms pressing together, they inched ever closer to locking their lips.

Jonathan was broken out of his trance by a rumbling sensation that emanated from his lower body. Feeling a similar tremor spread out from Sandra's gut, he tried desperately to figure out the source. His hesitation led to Sandra pushing a little too hard to try and finish the kiss, only to result in the pressure building up inside of their bodies blasting out as a pair of squeaky farts.

"Sorry," Jonathan said, breaking away from Sandra to get out of the fog of flatulence they had left behind. "I don't know what came over me."

“Something UUUURRRP wonderful I’d say,” Sandra replied, purposefully waving her tail around to spread the odor around the room. “They must have BWOOOOORRRP stuffed that food full of things to make us extra UUURRRP gassy. I might smell more like a skunk after we’re done with this.”

“We really should BOOOOUUURRRRP stop,” Jonathan said, trying and failing to stifle the gas. “If we can manage to find a way out of here then we can maybe use some of the UUUURRRP table cloths to cover up-“

A creak echoing through the room had Jonathan instinctively press his tail against his backside for fear of pushing out another fart. His cautious behavior was proven unneeded as the sound made him turn around to see a passage to the adjoining room open up. Peering forward to see yet another table of food at the ready to further degrade their bodies with unhinged gluttony, he was determined to stop playing the mansion’s little game. Unfortunately, he didn’t have much of a choice.

Jonathan was pushed forward as Sandra came charging at him. Acting like a world class sumo wrestler, the wolf girl managed to put her bulk to good use to push him all the way to the door. Though they momentarily got stuck in the entryway, a few more shoves from Sandra managed to get them into the next room at the cost of unleashing a loud BRAAAAAPPPPPP from the fox man’s rear.

Jonathan was nearly sent plummeting to the floor as he staggered forward. Managing to just barely keep himself standing, he tried to remain still to give his body a chance to stop jiggling. His efforts were all for naught as Sandra rushed past him to get to the table. Without so much as glancing in his direction as the charge made him let out a boisterous BWOOOORRRRPP, she got straight to unveiling the mansion’s next course.

The greasy, triple stacked cheeseburgers on the platters only had a chance to tantalize Jonathan for a few moments before they were gobbled up by Sandra. Eating with reckless abandon, she showed no restraint as she let loose a series of burps and farts to continue making room in her growing gut for the greasy sandwiches. Rather than disgust, she seemed to be invigorated by the smell. Unleashing another fart, she spread it around with a few shakes of her tail before leaning back down to grab another burger.

Sandra's efforts made fumes drift their way over to engulf Jonathan. The initial revulsion he felt was overwritten as a hint of the feast managed to make its way to his nostrils. Piercing through the rotten odor, the food's aroma managed to make drool leak out the corner of his mouth. Unknowingly ripping apart his pants further as he stepped forward, any chance he had to resist diving into the greasy meal was given up as soon as he slammed his gut into the side of the table.

Showing off a similar hunger to the wolf woman, Jonathan carelessly tossed aside the platter covers to allow easy access to the sandwiches waiting inside. Uncaring of the grease that trickled down his plump fingers, he was quick to bring one of the burgers up to his mouth to gobble it down in a few bites. Expressing his satisfaction with a hum and a belch, he showed his gratitude to his unseen hosts by going in for another one in spite of knowing what it would do to his body.

Jonathan's indulgent feasting had to pause multiple times for him to take care of his disheveled clothing sinking its way into his growing form. With his enormous, flabby belly having burst off most of the buttons from his vest, it only took the force of a particularly loud BWOOOOORRRRPP parting from his lips to finish the job. No longer restrained by the fabric,



his sagging man boobs were free to bounce against his gut to push more gas bubbles up his throat.

Unable to take the wedgie afflicting his meaty rear any longer, Jonathan attempted to salvage what remained of his pants by sinking his fingers into his waistline. However, his luscious love handles proved too much for the already strained fabric, a slight twitch being all it took to tear it asunder. The destruction of his pants left the entirety of his blubbery legs and thick thighs on display. In the wake of the garment's destruction, the pressure inside of his lower body release in the form of a powerful BRRAAAAAAPPPPPP. In addition to further stinking up his flesh with the smell of flatulence, the fart popped apart what remained of his underwear to send them flying across the room.

Turning away from the shredded remains of his undergarments, Jonathan tried to continue fattening up his already massive form only to see the last of the burgers get snatched up. Sinking her teeth into the greasy meat, Sandra let the grease leak down her chins to splatter across her exposed breasts. Seeing the tattered remains of her sweater lodged between her equally enormous gut's stomach rolls, he had to assume that she had gone through a similar wardrobe malfunction. Contently rubbing her belly to unleash a belch with one hand, the wolf girl used her other, pudgy mitt to snap apart the tight sweatpants still clinging to her lower half. Freed from the restraining garment, she celebrated getting to show off her nude, flabby form by unleashing a horrendous PHHHHRRRRRTTTT from her backside.

Standing in the direct line of fire, Jonathan received a face full of Sandra's fumes. Rather than revulsion, he looked at her gassy, gluttonous form with a new kind of adoration. For just a moment, he could grasp why she had been so eager to change her body into this slobby form.

However, he didn't have the opportunity to act on these urges before yet another door opened up to beckon them to the next room.

Charging forward like a stampeding elephant, Sandra's waddle towards more food was stopped as she got lodged in the entryway. Overwhelmed by her desire to continue stuffing her face, she wobbled her body around like crazy to try and get it free. In the wake of her flailing came a bombardment of gas from both of her ends. It was a combination of these smells plus the promise of more food that got Jonathan to follow in her footsteps in an attempt to push her through.

Pressing himself up against Sandra's ass, Jonathan used the meager muscles hidden beneath his bulk to try and shove her through the doorway. Inch by inch he managed to slowly move her forward, in the process sinking his fingers into her plush form. Pushed by his own appetite and a growing pleasure brought about by getting to be so close to the gassy, obese wolf woman, he let out a mix of a roar and a burp as he gave one last shove to finally get the two of them into the next room.

Jonathan's exertion succeeded in allowing the gluttonous couple to roll into the next room. Collapsing onto one another's bodies, the pair heralded their arrival with a cacophony of burps and farts. As the fumes settled into their flesh, an overwhelming aroma slipped through to bring their attention to the largest dining table of the night before them. Perhaps to accommodate their increased appetites, their host had seen fit to skip over the fancy plates to leave their meal out in the open.

Eyes becoming wide as they beheld the looming towers of flat, square boxes ahead of them, Jonathan and Sandra held onto one another as they waddled their way over to their feast. Slamming their girths up against the table, the couple flung open the lids to be met with the

heavenly sight of extra large pizzas loaded down with meat, cheese, and various toppings. They only managed to admire the sheen of grease along the top of their selection for a few seconds before they shoved their faces into the mess.

Each slice was passed down the pair's gullets in a matter of seconds. As they became more enamored with the meal, they managed to down several helpings at once. Clinging to a semblance of thought between their appetite driven, gas-filled minds, they managed to slap multiple slices into makeshift sandwiches to increase their portion size and sample various combinations of toppings. These acts of supreme gluttony were all done in an effort to eat it as fast as possible and further treat their taste buds to the overwhelming flavor.

Try as they might to savor each bite, their hog-like eating habits led to them letting drops of grease and loose toppings tumble down their forms. The downpour of oil left a shimmering gleam on their chests, emphasizing how similar Jonathan's massive man tits resembled Sandra's bean bag chair-sized breasts. The misplaced morsels were spread across the floor whenever they slammed their enormous guts against the table, or a long belch escaped their lips to jostle around their rows of chins. With gas constantly spewing out of their ever growing butt cheeks to wave around their tails, they had no hope of stopping their unleashed appetites under their own power.

As eager as Jonathan and Sandra were to eat every last bite, their growing forms ended up being their downfall. It became increasingly difficult to reach out and snatch up slices as their flabby bellies pushed them further away from the table. Not to mention the enormous strain it was putting on their bulky legs to keep them aloft with the weight of their sizable buttocks trying to drag them down. Even their impressive chests worked against them to block their view of the spread to force them to blindly grab at anything their sausage-like fingers could grasp.

Succumbing to his exhaustion and lethargy, Jonathan let out a belch to leave just enough room for the singular, unopened box still on the table. Undeterred by his hundreds of pounds of flab, he strained himself to lean across the table to get his last few bites. Letting out a torrent of burps and farts as he strained himself, he managed to clamber atop the dining area. Wriggling his body back and forth, he slowly made his way over the last pizza.

Just as Jonathan was about to dive his head into the greasy pie, he stopped as something as large and fragrant as himself met him there. Tilting up his thick neck let him look straight into Sandra's equally food-obsessed eyes. As the couple stared at one another, they had a silent conversation from the way their vision glanced between their modified forms and the last bit of their meal. Coming to an understanding as to why Sandra had been so eager about experiencing this kind of lifestyle for so long, Jonathan eagerly agreed to their compromise on how to finish the feast.

Exerting their obese bodies, the couple slammed up against one another to meet in the middle of the table. Once there, they dove face first into the pizza to gobble up the last few precious bites. Dragging their chubby faces through the meal of grease, cheese and meat inevitably led to them pushing up against one another. Overcome with post-meal ecstasy and unresolved urges towards their massive forms, they inched every closer to putting their lips together.

A loud creak emanating from the table made the couple momentarily freeze. Their first thought was that it was merely one of them letting loose another blast of flatulence. That theory lasted until they felt a crack start to form down the center of the table. Before either of them could even think to roll away, they were sent plummeting to the ground as the table broke in half.

Landing amidst a pile of shattered wood and a cacophony of gassy expulsions, Jonathan looked around to see if Sandra was okay. Watching her still jiggling mass pick itself up into a sitting position, he looked back towards his own body to check if any splinters had gotten stuck in between his folds. What he found instead were the numerous chunks of food that had been lodged into his stomach rolls over the course of his meal. Driven by another growl from his belly, he tried in vain to make his blubbery limbs reach out to grab the last few bites.

Jonathan's efforts were stopped as Sandra shuffled herself over to him and stuck her face between his folds. His confusion was replaced with exotic bliss as her mouth moved along his skin to lick up every last morsel. Reveling in the sight, smell, and sensation of her sloppy form so close to him, he only needed to glance at the crumbs stuck to her love handles to figure out how he could reciprocate the gesture.

Diving towards Sandra, Jonathan copied her movements to begin licking and sucking across her flab. Judging by the cute moans that left her lips, he had to assume that she was enjoying the unorthodox grooming method. Tumbling over one another's bodies, eating up every last bit from their feast, they were more than happy to treat each other to prolonged blasts of gas to keep their minds in a haze of primal instinct.

The couple's tongue bath came to an end as they met face to face once more. At the risk of being interrupted again, they wasted little time pressing their mouth together. Grasping onto what they could of each other's enormous, over 1000 pounds bodies, they reveled in the feeling of the weight they had gained over the course of the evening's events. They managed to keep the make out session going up until a pair of burps rolled up their throats to force them apart.

"Excuse BWOOOORRRP me," Sandra replied, a reddish tone appearing on her pudgy cheeks.

Jonathan let out a laugh that was swiftly cut off by a fart billowing out of his rear. “I think proper UUUUURRRRP manners are far behind us for now.”

“Sooooo, what did you BOOOOOOUUUUURRRRRRPPP think?” Sandra asked.

“I finally get what you were UUUURRP talking about,” Jonathan answered, making his point known by sliding a hand across his prominent chest.

Unable to hide her excitement with her rapidly wagging tail and deluge of gas, Sandra lunged forward to Jonathan in for another hug. “Thank you for making this one of the best BWOOOOOOORRRRPPP nights ever.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” Jonathan said, not even flinching as prolonged farts rippled out of their rears as they pulled each other close.

The couple’s attention was drawn away from each other by the ring of the bell. Looking towards the source, they found a small table with a pair of drinks. Behind the beverage was a doorway far too small for their bodies, but with the distinct sound of crickets coming from the other side to signify it as the exit. Hanging from beneath the table was another plaque.

“We are glad you enjoyed your evening with us. When you wish to leave, simply drink these and you will be returned to your original forms. Please enjoy and we hope to see you again soon.”

“Don’t know if it’s BWOOOORRRPP true,” Jonathan said, wobbling his ass back and forth to shuffle towards the table, “but I’m inclined to UUURRRP believe them everything we’ve been through.”

Unleashing another fart as he bent down to grab the bottle, Jonathan brought it up to his lips and drank. As the liquid flowed down his throat, the hundreds of pounds encasing him began

to dissolve away. Rapidly returning to his original size, albeit lacking clothes and still holding onto the body odor, he was relieved to see that the plaque's claim had been true.

“Don't get me wrong, I had fun with that form,” Jonathan said, picking up the bottle and carrying it over to Sandra, “but I think I prefer being able to move faster than a snail. If you want to stay like this for a bit longer, I can take that time to find some makeshift clothes for the ride home.”

“I UUUUUURRRPPP can wait,” Sandra said, lovingly squeezing her gut to produce another, loud PHHHRRRRRRRTTTT. “I'll change back later. Now if only there was a BWOOOORRRP bell or something to summon more...”

Sandra trailed off as her eyes shot towards another door opening up on the side to reveal another dining area. Summoning up the last of her strength, she heaved herself into a standing position to waddle towards the offering of various desserts. While she was motivated, there was only so far she could get before she was stopped dead still by her hips getting caught on the doorway.

“I've got you,” Jonathan said, rushing over to try and push her out. “I might not have the bulk this time, but maybe if I push hard enough I can-“

A powerful belch erupting from Sandra's mouth drowned out the fox man and sent her toppling backwards. With his hands still buried her butt flab, Jonathan had no chance to get out of the way before the hundreds of pounds of flesh fell down on him. Enveloped by his girlfriend's mass, he shuffled his way forward to poke his head out from beneath her backside.

“Sandra, are you okay?”

Jonathan's question was answered by loud snoring. Though he couldn't see much from his position, the way the living mound of flesh rose and fell with each breath made it clear that

she had fallen asleep from exhaustion. Knowing how futile it would be to try and get her to move before she recovered her meager amount of strength, he tried to get comfortable. With the lingering smell of the night's events tickling his nostrils, he let himself drift off to sleep alongside the slobby wolf woman to bring an end to their evening of hedonistic bliss.