

Selfabsorbed

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Chapter 1

“Okay, see you in 15, girls!”

With a careless slam, Addison closed the apartment door on the salacious scene of her girlfriends. The thick wood deadened the music, but the throbbing bass still radiated through, a pleasant match for her pounding chest.

She and her friends had really gotten closer in recent months, physically as well as emotionally, and the thrill of orgy nights together had her glowing with energy, even as her stomach rumbled.

With her beautifully styled golden bob, elegant features and pristine, svelte person, she was someone *special*.

Unlike the weirdo lingering in the hall ahead.

Compared to Addison and the others, Zoe was about the same age, but she was a totally different being. She had a plain face and a figure a little *too* curvaceous to be fashionable, the thighs especially chubby. She was also far too quiet and restrained for a girl still in her twenties. Addison never heard a sound from that apartment, opposite her own, despite her *supposedly* being a sex worker.

That was how she justified her absurd latex bodysuit at least.

Given that she wore it everywhere she went, Addison suspected it was just some shameless kink of hers. Paradoxical as it seemed, she couldn’t imagine Zoe ever being bold enough to *proposition* anyone.

“Excuse me.”

Addison was startled to be so rapidly proven wrong, but she just sneered at her neighbor.

“Sorry,” Zoe went on, her unusually deep voice growing louder, to be heard over the music, “but could you keep it down in there? It’s almost midnight. And this is the second time I’ve asked.”

Addison scoffed at the request.

“What do we care about some shut-in? Just stop listening, you perv!”

Zoe's expression darkened.

"If you don't keep it down I'll have to report you to management."

"Pfft, good luck with that. Bella's dad owns the whole building. Now outta the way, I've got pizza to pick up, and then we're gonna have the loudest, lewdest fuckfest you've ever heard, probably all through the night!"

There was a hungry gurgle at those words, but not from Addison.

Zoe's expression had changed, a hardness coming over her face, and a strange, intense composure.

"You getting pepperoni on those pizzas?"

"Shyeah! Not that you're having any, creep!"

Her strange neighbor looked her up and down, the glimmer in her eye positively predatory.

"Gods you're such a weirdo," Addison muttered, unsettled.

Especially as Zoe licked her lips.

Black rubber hands went to her back, and there was the growl of a zipper.

Something about the situation seemed suddenly very wrong to Addison. There was an instinctual tension, *danger* in the air... but she refused to be intimidated by something as mundane as a naked fat girl.

The layer of latex peeled back with a slick noise, which made her wonder just how long Zoe must have been in the suit. The inner lining was gleaming with sweat, and she could smell body odor even from several paces away.

"You're gonna fumigate me now?"

The smile died on her lips, as she saw those on Zoe.

Not the ones of her face... but of the *other* faces... lining her freshly exposed body.

Mouths and eyes were opening as they pushed up, released from the suit's confines and gasping, moaning, even wailing in eerie, muted tones.

Zoe had faces covering her skin, on her breasts in lieu of nipples, on her shoulders and hips and stomach, lining her arms, even looking out from the palms of her hands. All joined in a twisted chorus of moans as the voluptuous woman moved, peeling off the rest of her suit.

To reveal a huge, twitching cock, two groaning faces on the oversized balls, and another peering out from her glans, encircled in the clutches of her foreskin. The face of the woman who had occupied Zoe's apartment until last year.

"Addison!" the face exclaimed, "you have to help me! She won't let me out! Oh gods, please help me cum! You've got to suck me off, I'll lose my mind if you don't!"

When she spoke the whole shaft twitched, the humid stink of musky cock radiating out, her lips drooling precum onto the carpet as she seemed to squirm in surreal, disgusting desire.

Far from rendering aid, the only thought in Addison's mind was escape.

Ignoble perhaps, but not imprudent.

Zoe was prepared, however.

With impossible speed and power, she caught the other woman, slamming her back against the wall, grunting as she ground her cock into the girl's thigh, setting all her *other* faces moaning in some twisted, reflected pleasure.

"Let me go!" Addison demanded, squirming in her grip, "you can't do this! Not to *me*!"

Zoe just pressed that pleading penis harder into her thigh as her hands explored the woman, fingers caressing as if licking a succulent cut of meat.

"We'll stop making noise! We'll move out! You can have the whole floor to yourself, whatever you want!"

"I want dinner," the drooling predator replied.

Addison was powerless to resist, as she was pushed down, face up against the wall, careless hands smearing sweat all over her head.

The creature called Zoe turned too, then she felt a piercing, throbbing heat, spreading sensually throughout her body.

With a horrible, wet sound of sucking and squishing, she felt herself pulled backwards, her limbs folding into her... into Zoe... every part of her body mushed together in an instant.

Her hands and feet, her bones, organs, head, ass and ears, *everything* beyond her face seemed to swirl away into pure, erogenous sensation, overwhelming all thought.

When that warping rush passed, Addison found her mind cleared, at least somewhat... and she saw the wall ahead of her again. The smells of girl and the feeling of congealing sweat on her skin were stronger than ever.

Trying to rise, she felt a surreal bounce pass through her, but could feel no trace of muscular response.

She was totally helpless, unable to move anything but her face.

A giant hand loomed into view suddenly.

No... not giant, only mere inches from her surface.

The girl looking back at her from the palm proved it was Zoe's.

"Fuck," the other spoke, brow contorted with something between frustration and distaste, "I thought a girl as selfish as you might at least manage to escape and get help."

"What happened to me?!" Addison demanded, even her voice muted, robbed of force by the absence of lungs.

"Mmmmmh...."

The murmuring tone was Zoe's, get it was deeper and stronger than ever, seeming to resonate within her, as that hand brushed down over the odd mound of smooth skin around Addison's features... then down, over the woman herself, groping, then *squeezing*, her face scrunching up like so much squishy boob-flesh, the unwanted, irrational arousal only making it all the more baffling as she was groped.

"That was a good one, went right to my butt."

Features still contorted around that hand, Addison moaned, at the surreal, impossible realization.

Zoe slapped her, and she felt herself *jiggle*.

Addison was a face on Zoe's asscheek.

"Let me out!"

She tried again to free herself, to move, even just to feel her body, and Zoe's laugh reverberated through her, making the trapped face wince with her own lewdly rippling form. Addison was part of this impossible woman, merged totally with her ass, and while her features still moved, they were a mere coating over the fatty tissues of a wobbling buttock. The rest – her limbs, her torso, all of her body – was *gone*, leaving only the surreal sensation of that other person. The feeling, as Zoe rubbed her hands over *herself*, as though touching them both somehow.

"What a taste that was... I'm definitely gonna have to eat the rest of those girls too. So gamey!"

Addison groaned with impotent frustration, smelling the potent humors of that so-close ass, and the musky scent of pussy and balls at once, along with all the other myriad modulations of female fragrance, congealing on the slick, sweaty, skin of her host.

Including on Addison's own face.

She was horrendously soft and sensitive, a squishy, plush pillow of flesh, throbbing with Zoe's arousal, a parody of her human features, contorting in disgust and lust.

"Forget them, let *me* go! Or I'll... tell my dad!"

"Pfft! Good luck, food! Whoever you used to be, you're just an extra layer of fat lining my curves now! Now pipe down or I'll digest you the rest of the way!"

With a playful, teasing slap, she was set jiggling again, a low, humiliated whimper passing her lips at that perverse sensation.

Reeling, stunned and repulsed by her own body – such as remained of it – she struggled even to believe this was all real.

Perhaps she'd simply had too many drinks.

The sound of a door roused her from the thought.

A burst of vocals announced more people emerging from her apartment, then a slam cut them short once more, leaving only that dull, throbbing bassline... tingling through her as Zoe's body throbbed with twisted, sensual pleasure.

"So anyway, I told her to call a towtruck if she didn't like it!"

"Damn girl, you're so merciless!"

The voices were a familiar lifeline, Bella and Charlie.

They fell silent with a shocked breath, as the two caught sight of the surreal figure awaiting them in the corridor.

"Help me!" Addison cried, staring uselessly in the wrong direction, "Zoe's a monster, don't let her touch you! You have to help me!"

The scream which answered her was many times the volume she could produce.

That was good – someone would surely hear it, come to investigate, even call for help.

But they barely rose over the booming music, and the moans from within the apartment.

"You two waiting for that pizza too?" Zoe asked.

“What? I-yes... b-but... where’s *Addison*?!” Charlie stammered. “What... who are those *faces*?!”

“Get back,” the trapped woman called, “or she’ll absorb you!”

Zoe was moving forward, each step setting her sensitive ass swaying, making Addison groan with the unwelcome stimulation.

“Stay away!” Bella gasped, “or we’ll-”

Her voice was cut short by a series of slurping, squishy sounds, popping punctuating the wet sucking, and Addison felt the body of her assailant seemingly expanding another few sizes.

It was all over in seconds, and then she heard her friends’ voices again.

“Bella?! Where are you?”

“I’m here, but I... I can’t move! Someone’s sitting on me!”

Their moans were very close by now, just two voices among the many of Zoe’s frame.

“Ugh, idiots!” Addison groaned, “you got eaten! Even after I warned you! Now who’s gonna help us?!”

“What the fuck do you mean, ‘eaten’?!” Bella demanded, her muffled voice audibly outraged, “Zoe whatever this is it is *not* funny, so let us out before we kick your big bland ass!”

Zoe’s laughter rumbled through them, and the voices fell into an uneasy hush.

The woman’s hands caressed her own bust, slipping fingers into the horny mouths of their faces, then she raised those oversized bosoms with a slick peeling of sweaty layers of skin, to expose a gasping Bella.

“What the hell did you do to me?!” the face demanded, vibrations emanating from somewhere under her breast.

“I have to start eating smarter meals, these ones are so slow on the uptake. Can’t be good brainfood at all.”

The other was formulating a suitably vicious response, when she let her chest bounce back down atop the hapless face, smothering her in tit once again.

“Oh well, that’s enough food for tonight. Don’t wanna get too big for my bodysuit!”

With that, Zoe set off again, walking back into her own apartment.

Each step made her body shift, curves bouncing and swaying, fresh sweat seeping through her pores.

And those of her captive faces.

“Oh gods this is so gross,” Charlie gasped, from the vicinity of her tummy, “I can smell dick and pussy and everything’s all slimy! You gotta let me go, it’s fucking *nasty* here!”

She was right of course... as Addison affirmed, with each sniff of the air fumigating all those trapped women.

Zoe seemed utterly disinterested in their complaints, as she pulled her bodysuit back on, and as those tight layers of rubber enclosed them, the faces were flattened, their own sweat rubbed into them as their shapes compressed down.

It was as if they weren’t there at all.

Of course inside the suit they were all too painfully aware.

The smells were thicker than ever, musty odors that tingled in Addison’s sinuses, burning stronger the more she snorted them, making herself jiggle in revulsion at the taste spreading over her tongue. Her nostrils dilated, *grabbing, groping* at those unpleasant fragrances, as if fighting with them, even as she was dragging them into herself. It was so deeply depraved, being a mere face on an unwashed woman’s ass....

So why was she still huffing her own smell?

Somehow that was the most humiliating part. Her surreal, desperate arousal, welling up from every part of that sensitive body which had subsumed her, and the tingling sensuality of a face made of ass, tender and slimy and throbbing.

Zoe reclined, stretching out with a satiated sigh and stroking her stomach.

Her body was relaxed now, only the occasional flex of toes or shift of an arm disturbing the stillness, and they felt her breathing slow and deepen.

Mouths pressed shut in the latex, the girls had no way to talk, no ability to move... other than to breathe their own odors.

Eventually, even the thumping music and moans from across the hall faded to quiet.

With nothing to distract them, they were all coming to the same realization, over those passing night hours.

Zoe was serious in what she’d said – to this surreal creature, they were simply food.

Addison shuddered at the thought, repulsed... aroused... appalled and compelled by the awfulness and the surreal eroticism.

She was stuck there, immobile, without any hands to tease or motions to jiggle her sensitive new shape, yet the arousal still grew, *only* grew, that terrible erogenous tingling intensifying as Zoe's bulging curves gradually sank back down into her normal, chubby frame.

The dull throb was all over, permeating every part of their awareness, and with a perverse, grotesque thrill, Addison realized what it was.

They were feeling what remained of their bodies, slowly digesting.

It was the hot, humiliating, *erogenous* sensation, of what was supposed to be her, being steadily processed into food for Zoe.

Nothing could have been so wrong, so *degrading* and *disgusting*.

Addison hated how impossibly good it felt, as she snorted the smells of her devourer, in helpless, horny desire.