

Selfabsorbed

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Chapter 2

She had no idea when or how she fell asleep, but Addison awoke on what was, *presumably* the following day, as Zoe started to move about again.

Rippling layers of fat bounced as the predatory creature moved, stirring the new additions on her body to wakefulness as they felt their perversely sensitive reduced selves shaken and wobbled, jiggling like jello on her ass, under her breast and on her belly.

A normal woman would have begun the day with a shower, especially given how much stink and sweat had already accumulated in that humid rubber bodysuit, however Zoe showed no interest in reducing the congealed layers of slime slicking that shared body of predator and prey. Rather, as she warmed up and started to sweat anew, she rubbed herself happily through the latex, smearing the tart smells of her drooling pussy and clammy scrotum up around her whole midriff, rubbing the wetness over the other faces and sighing in pleasure as she felt them contort, and heard those faint moans.

That repeated at regular intervals, as she went about her day, the captives forced to breathe the thick, phomonal fumes and feel Zoe's own arousal and pleasure, leaving them twitching with inexpressible and irresistible lust as well as disgust.

It was many hours, before they were granted anything approximating fresh air.

A slick sound of separating layers announced the reprieve, then light returned, Addison and the others at last exposed to the world.

Or at least, to a room.

Gasping at the slightly less pungent atmosphere, it took the face on Zoe's ass a while to notice that the setting was a familiar one.

They were back in her apartment.

"Oh thank fuck! I knew you were just screwing with us!" Addison exclaimed.

Zoe turned, looking over her shoulder at her butt in the mirror, an eyebrow raised.

"You were just trying to scare us last night! You're gonna let us out again now, and we can just pretend this whole thing never happened!"

The woman grinned, as she regarded her ass with mild interest.

"A tasty meal but not a smart one, I guess," she said, patting her rear to set Addison wobbling again.

Running hands down her front and over her sides, she openly relished the feelings of all those faces, and the soft sounds of their moaning, slipping fingers into them, or pressing them to the faces on her hands.

"As if I'd give up a body so sensually gorgeous! Besides, you can't *un-digest* a dinner, dumb-ass. The meat-popsicles I slurped up last night are *gone forever*, and my kinky little keepsakes are just decorations to enhance my own beauty."

With a creeping, horrible clarity, Addison realized that the distributed tingles, that throb of layers of fat all over Zoe's form, were entirely absent now. She was aware of the body to which she was attached, feeling the arousal, the sexual energy and playful, teasing pleasure, yet she sensed none of the shape or structure, only a vague presence, of something greater than herself, of which she was only a tiny piece.

The face groaned, a low, juddering note of warbling horror and humiliating eroticism, as she realized that her throbbing, perverse, *intoxicating* pleasure was only coming from her face. A thin layer of Addison over Zoe's ass.

"Oh fuck, it's true," she whispered.

The predator's fingers sank into the plush squish of her rear, grabbing a handful of her food and squeezing, the pliant expanse of whimpering asscheek deforming sensually into her grip with a horny groan.

"You *leftovers* should be grateful, to get a second chance! To be part of magnificent body like mine, made useful accentuating my curves and beautifying my skin."

"No!" gasped the muffled voice of Bella, under a breast, "you have to give us our bodies back! This is illegal! I'll sue you!"

The plap of flesh flopping down over her face silenced the former woman.

"Now you needn't think that you get to hang out on prime real estate like my body for *free*," Zoe went on, "and *that* is why I came here."

She looked back at the reflection of her ass, petting the pretty lips of that pouting, pathetic face, as it tried to look outraged and appeared somewhere closer to aroused.

"Your rent for the privilege of a permanent stay on my ass is all your worldly wealth, morsel. That's bank accounts, passwords, security questions, all that shit."

Addison stared, momentarily shocked out of her horny haze.

“You mean you’re... *robbing* me?!” came her indignant gasp, “you’re not just a monster, you’re a thief too!”

Zoe giggled, patting her assface, forcing a few fingers into the throbbing openings of nostril and mouth to make it tremble at that stretchy sensuality.

“Dumb-ass, it’s not stealing to take what’s mine. You’re my bodypart, which means everything you own belongs to me. That’s just science! Or possibly medicine?”

Addison was certain that it was neither, but she couldn’t argue, or indeed speak a word, with all those digits driven into her lips and nose. She was too busy trembling in unwanted, overwhelming arousal. Her free nostril was slurping in the smells all around, as her disgust mingled with her lust ever more inextricably.

“Even if it wasn’t mine by rights, it’s only fair you pay for the skin-space. Not like you can use money anymore! You leftovers should be thanking me – most food waste doesn’t even get a *chance* at a deal this sweet. Besides, a girl’s gotta live, and how else am I gonna pay the bills? Eating a few rich meals is way easier than getting a job.”

“You mean this is what you do for a *living*?!” came Charlie’s revolted voice, “that’s so... sick! Give us our bodies back at once, you sickening monphhh-”

Zoe leant forwards, and the sounds were smothered in her scrunching tummy.

“Let me give you a little demonstration of where your precious bodies are now.”

With a deafening bellow, the only person present broke wind, a thick plume of brown gases bursting out through her backside, so close that for Addison it felt like an earthquake.

The face shuddered as she saw the plume billow past her, like a volcanic cataclysm of flatulence, but as much as she tried to somehow jiggle herself away, the ash of that eruption was already settling on everything.

Congeaing on her skin, *soaking* her eyes and nose, her mouth and tongue, covering everything in a layer of reeking, foul farts.

Impossibly repulsed, outrageously horny, she *sniffed*.

The scent was repugnant, yet compelling... familiar.... As she inhaled, Addison recognized the smell of her own past expulsions. Zoe was passing what smelt exactly like one of Addison’s farts.

She understood at once what was happening.

Addison was huffing the stench of her own digested body.

The fumes of what remained of her former self, the person she had been all her life. Reduced to a few pints of putrid digestive gases.

“Mmmm, you made a lovely cloud, whoever you were, food,” Zoe purred, as she passed ever more wind.

The face whimpered at the sheer depravity of that degrading experience, as she snorted in the smell.

She was truly nothing but a face on Zoe’s ass, forever.

They all were, the three friends mere decorations on the body of that surreal and grotesque predator who took such glee in their moaning and choking as they were subjected to her digestive vapors.

Addison could hear the others, choking and spluttering, gagging groans and whines blending with the still more twisted sounds of *sniffing*, the trapped and titillated faces flooded with the sensuality of their captor, yet lacking any outlet for that spiraling desire.

The face on Zoe’s hand was actually *licking* her lips, eyes rolled back in incoherent groaning gusto, hedonistic abandon to her depraved fate writ plainly on those soft features.

What horrified Addison more than anything was knowing how close she herself was to that disgusting display.

As Zoe blasted out another billowing cloud of gases, she *snorted* it.

She tried not to, naturally, fought the bizarre compulsion all she could, but the lust pulsating through her like the beating of blood was irresistible. She was part of another woman’s body, reduced and denigrated, dehumanized to the point of a mere meal... and she hated how horny it was making her.

As she sniffed the smells of her own digested self.

“Mmmm, looks like at least one of my snacks has the right idea,” Zoe observed, stroking a nail along her flaring nostrils, then pushing inside to give one a tweak.

That infringing finger was nothing next to how they were violating themselves already, with the fumes from her former body.

It smelled like her, yet still she raked those wafting fingers of stench into herself, jiggling with impotent energy and revulsion at herself as much as her situation.

“No,” she groaned out, aloud, “make it stop! It’s too awful... too disgusting.... Too *much!*”

To be turned into an *ass* was horrendous, absolutely so, yet the humiliation was infinitely greater to realize just how orgasmically *good* it felt, as she huffed the rank odors of her

devourer, and wobbled and bounced with the atrociously wrong pleasure of being a mere decoration on that achinglly erogenous form.

Zoe gave an easy giggle.

"I so love breaking a stubborn meal...."

"No!" Addison exclaimed, "stop it! I can't... it's so... awful.... I need.... Need...."

Masochistic adoration and abject loathing vied in her mind, and Addison felt her will crumbling, evaporating away just as her flesh already had.

"I need to cum so badly!" she wailed out loud.

Snorting like a putrescent pig she sucked up the stink, licking at her own lips with her impossible frustration and want.

"P-please Zoe! I-I'll do anything, just let me orgasm already!"

"Oh fuck that's sick," Charlie groaned, nauseated by the depravity of a show she could only listen to helplessly.

Muffled, Bella was still distantly audible too, as she spoke past the boob flopped on her face.

"Is she seriously trying to orgasm from sniffing her own body made into farts?! Addison, you're as fucked up as Zoe is! More! You should be trying to escape, and instead you're actually getting off on this!"

Zoe herself was just cackling, delighted by the sounds of the mental collapse of her asscheek... and the strain in the voices of the other two, audible even over the cacophony of groans from her other facial additions.

"Please, I'll do anything! I *need* to cum!" Addison squealed aloud, between those porcine snorts of smell.

Zoe slapped the pleading buttock playfully, then sank a few fingers into nose and mouth, kneading and violating those throbbing orifices to make both woman and meal shiver with pleasure.

"Leftovers don't get to orgasm, dumbass, you need genitals for that – and in case you didn't notice, an anal accessory like you doesn't have those! Sure, you probably feel this-"

Her other hand sank into the thick, slick shaft of her throbbing phallus, and the dozens of faces rose quavering voices with their want.

"-or even this-"

Thighs pressed tight, and gooey netherlips squished, labial folds kissing against weighty balls as Zoe gyrated her mixture of genitals together against her legs.

“Fuck I need to cuuuuum!” Addison howled aloud.

“-but the actual *release*? The orgasms you sorry scraps of food are so eager for? Well those are all mine. Just like everything else really. So rest assured, none of you will *ever* be cumming again.”

Muscles tensed throughout that twisted figure, as the leftovers of her gluttonous gorging convulsed on her ass with the self-destructive jubilation of a whole new form of erotic frustration. Addison was quivering, shaking from side to side and bouncing her buttock-body as she tried desperately to climax, and thrilled herself with her repeating failure. Her eternal denial and abject denigration were utterly intoxicating, and the asscheek contorted with her obsession and outrage.

Addison *hated* how much she *loved* it.

Loathed how she felt such a warped upwelling of surreal *gratitude*, towards the monstrous mutation which was her captor, the very woman who had stolen her beautiful body forever, to reduce her to a pathetic face on her oversized ass. She reviled Zoe... and revered her. Divinely revolting, a goddess of voluptuous curves and vile odors, Addison was almost as disgusted by that demonic being as she was by herself.

Defeated utterly, broken in mind as well as body, she gave up everything Zoe wanted to know.

Account numbers, passwords, all the woman would need to pillage her former life and modest personal fortune.

The revolting visage on her rear would hardly have need of such things.

She was pathetically glad, as the woman caressed her huffing nostrils and fed more farts into her.

Horried and horny in equal measure, her friends were quick to likewise volunteer their own details... before Zoe decided to share the torment with them too.

“Such smart leftovers this time!” she said, sounding pleased. “Although it can be fun when a meal puts up a *little* more resistance. You three gave up so fast.... Which means you go back in the suit all the sooner!”

So saying, she stepped back into her latex, her soles whimpering as they were returned to the slick, sweat-soaked confines. The faces lining her legs were next, then those of her crotch and ass, all plunged into the humidity of the slimy rubber, fermenting pheromonal and digestive odors mingling together to make it worse than ever.

Zippering herself up, Zoe chuckled, caressing her chest and ass indulgently through the squeaking layer.

“It must be really *ripe* in there, considering that haven’t had a shower in a few weeks, but then I wouldn’t want to disappoint a masochistic little creep of a meal like you were, dumbass.”

With a muffled gurgle, a ‘fresh’ blast of flatulence expanded the rubber hugging her rear, and the former women groaned and twitched as they smelled the redoubling stink. Addison’s nostrils were on fire with the poisonous assault, yet in her surreal obsession she was still snorting up the smells of musky pits and unwashed cock, drooling pussy and sweating feet, and most piquantly of all, ass and gas. Nauseated as all were, the others joined in that orgy of debasement, defiling their minds as they flooded themselves with the reek of their own former selves, reduced to mere clouds of noxious waste.

“Mmmmm, makes me so fucking horny, feeling my impotent bodyparts getting this worked up.... I think I’ll skip showering entirely this month!”

The leftovers had never been so deeply, desperately, *disgustingly* aroused.