

Gotta Rub That



Witten by Victor Waite

Illustrated by SmallerGod

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-=*Troll Fattening II*=-
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A Collaboration with SmallerGod
Jenny Belongs to SmallerGod
Vic Belongs to Victor Waite

The consequences of procrastination! Vic and Jenny discover that sleep is not in fact the way to treat troll fattening. While not the worst fate for the cowsune, Vic is still attached to the idea of walking on her own. Can Jenny solve this problem before Vic's mobility is just a memory, or will she proud new owner of a fattened mattress?

Content Warning: This First Draft is intended for **Adult** readers and the following tags apply: Collaboration, Adult, Short Story, (Smallergod), Female, [Jenny], Nonbinary [Vic], Donkey, Cowsune, Weight Gain, Belly, Belly Play, Navel Penetration, Troll Fattening



Illustrated by SmallerGod

A low gurgle rolled across the open meadow, filling the night air with an ominous rumble. The sound rose and fell in intensity, like a terrible beast on the verge of waking, only to culminate in a earth shaking belch. A quiet apology kneecapped whatever tension that might have built, and a worried moo finished it off. Vic cradled her belly in her arms, a mass of dough and blubber that overflowed from her hold. It's lower curve encroached on her thighs like a plush apron, a sharp contrast to its upper roll. Packed and firm, the swell of her stomach stood starkly and obviously against her soft figure. It rose high enough to push her breasts apart and strain her night shirt, a sight Jenny quite enjoyed. Concern crossed Vic's eyes while she poked and prodded the mass of troll meat in her belly, while her partner crossed the room with a much softer expression.

Jenny placed a hand on her girlfriend's bloated middle and gave an affectionate rub, gently soothing the ever-churning beast of Vic's stomach. The cowsune's eyes crossed with that touch, and the stress in her posture relaxed. In that gentle wake, the effort of her meal caught up with her. Subjected to a food coma that only grew stronger, it took only seconds for her eyes to drift shut. Her jaw dropped in a wide yawn, prompting Jenny to lean more of her weight against her lover. The donkey succeeded in slowly bowling Vic over, and once laid out, she dropped into sleep quickly. Her full, labored breaths gave way to shallow snores, interspersed with tireless burbles from her belly. Jenny laid her head against Vic's plush lower roll, and together the pair drifted into sleep. There would be time to solve her problem tomorrow.

Despite living an evening of gluttony and feasting, Vic was apparently not satisfied. Gluttonous desires followed her into the subconscious realms, flavoring her dreams with unhinged hunger. That burning need manifested as a world of food that stretched as far as the eye could see. The cowsune stirred in that indulgent wonderland, and her eyes beheld a much sweeter reality. Wispy cotton candy clouds drifted across a orange sherbet sky, cutting the warm colors of the horizon with pastel pinks and blues. The land

bellow brimmed with desserts, candy studded fields that stood against chocolate fudge mountains in the distance. Milkshake rivers carved lazy paths through gentle fondant meadows, a tranquil home to several candied creatures. Vic drank in the wonder of her world for only a few seconds, before its delectable winds roused her appetite and spurred her to action.

Like a beast starved, Vic tore across the land as quickly her fattened frame allowed. That initial burst of needy strength carried her only a few feet however, leaving her swaying belly to dictate her pace. The cowsune lumbered toward a hunk of crystal that protruded from the spongy earth, a naturally forming rock candy. Her plush stomach squished around its angular edges, limiting the reach of her tongue while she slurped along its surface. A deep moan of approval resonated in her chest with its overwhelming flavor, spurring her to sample more. Vic gripped it tight and willed it deeper into her grasp, unknowingly rocking its base. A shocked, muffled yelp issued from her chest when she finally broke it loose, and its full mass tipped onto the hill of her belly. The cowsune struggled for only a short instant, before the slope of her gut sent the crystal careening toward her mouth.

In a hedonistic display of dream logic, Vic's maw stretched up, out, and over the hefty rock. It glided over her slick tongue and lodged at the back of her throat, where her eager gullet took hold. A reflexive swallow was all it took to send that hard shard of calories toward her stomach, and it carried with it a hose of blissful sensations. Vic guided the crystal with one hand while the other massaged the bulge of her throat, savoring the grand bulge of its form. Flavor and texture to a back seat to size and weight as it swelled her chest, gradually dropping into the churning cauldron of her belly. Her muscles wrestled it down in seconds, and it landed in her depths with a satisfied slosh. The cowsune's hands rushed that awkward bulge and rubbed it over, delighting in the consequences of her gluttony. That naked chunk of sugar stood no chance against her belly however, and painfully soon, she dissolved and churned it

down to gastric soup. Determined to chase that fleeting high, Vic gazed over the land and rushed for the nearest feature to gorge and devour.

Vic's eyes snapped open. Rays of morning light filtered through the window of their cabin, illuminating streaks of wooden floor and woven carpet. The last embers of the fire staved off the night's lingering chill, and that surviving warmth swelled with the rising sun. The songs of birds and beasts beyond her walls confirmed Vic was back home, and with a dreamy sigh, she filled away the fragments of that gluttonous vision into her memory. The stuffed-to-the-gills sensation of the night before lingered as well, lighting a modest confidence in the cowsune's chest. She reached down and patted her belly, a reward for a meal well eaten, only for her hand to meet fur long before expected. Vic looked down and found she could no longer see over herself. A vast expanse of dark fur created a second horizon in their home, and Vic's breath caught in her throat at the sight. A maelstrom of emotions washed over her, a potent mix of panic, embarrassment, pride, and shame. The awed gasp of her partner banished them all in an instant, however.

Jenny woke seconds after Vic, knocked from her fluffy pillow by the cowsune's conflicted motions. She indulged a few seconds afterward to watch that mountain of blubber jiggle and sway, making her admiration known in the process. Vic couldn't see the expression of mixed love and envy in the donkey's eye's, but she certainly felt it when Jenny buried her snout into that roll. Vic reached out to stroke Jenny's cheek and coax her closer, though the affectionate donkey was far beyond her reach. Instead Jenny obliged on her own, testing the depth of her lover's flab unprompted. The dough of Vic's lower belly enfolded her snout, its shelf climbing up her forehead and over her hair. The cowsune shuddered with that intimate touch, bouncing that flab against her lover's face in the process. Part of Jenny wanted to stay there for a long while, but the more persuasive pieces of her will knew there was more to see.

The donkey sank her pudgy fingers into Vic's middle and lifted it from her muzzle, a feat that drew upon most of her strength. She let that shelf of flab slap to Vic's thighs, then grabbed her love handles and began pulling her up. Her fingers and palms sank into that softness and made it nearly impossible to manage, though the two of them gradually levered the cowsune up. Vic's being sloshed and bounced and gurgled with every motion, filled to the brim with fresh and processed calories alike. The deepest reaches of her belly sloshed and groaned with a high calorie soup, borne from the lump of regenerating meat lodged in her stomach. The tight dome above her belly button was a testament to her meal's resilience, and at a quick glance, looked to be twice as large as last night. A pang of worry hit in the back of Vic's mind, only to fade when that bulge fell in range of Jenny's touch. She lavished it with affectionate rubs as Vic rose to her feet, only just tall enough to keep her belly off the floor.

"I don't know if we can get you out the door anymore," Jenny murmured, equally impressed and envious.

"I don't know how much longer I'll be able to stand," Vic admitted. Hidden behind the apron of that belly, her legs trembled in confirmation.

"Is that such a bad thing? You're almost warm enough that we don't need a fire anymore. And you don't need to hunt down food anymore." Jenny traced a finger up and down the globe of Vic's stomach as she spoke, confirming its reality once more to the both of them.

"I see your point, but if this keeps up we won't have a house to keep warm." As if on cue, a low burble rumbled out from her middle. Several pounds of flab gathered on her figure in the following seconds, closing the gap between her rolls and the ground. Floorboards creaked in protest, a desperate noise accented by a few sharp cracks.

“That’s a convincing argument,” Jenny whispered. “But would it be so bad? I could set up some supports under your belly, live in the little cave between your thighs...”

“The cave that would almost definitely fall in on you one day.”

“What a way to go though~”

“Jenny.”

“Alright, alright,” she grinned. “Let’s see what we can do.”

The donkey parted from the warmth of her partner’s flab, then took a indulgent moment circling her. She made note of every feature, from the folds that hid Vic’s knees to the chins that obscured her neck, ensuring nothing escaped her critical eye. Most of her attention fell on the cowsune’s hips, which at least doubled the width of the door. She’d have to break down a wall to lead the hybrid out, a factor that severely limited her options. Jenny’s brow furrowed in deepening thought as she completed another lap, then another and another. No solution sprang to mind, and no possible lead tickled her imagination. Vic’s breathing grew heavy as the strain of standing caught with her, draining the last of her stamina while the donkey pondered. Lost in the halls of her own mind palace, Jenny only noticed when Vic lost her balance and fell to her back.

A thunderous boom shook the cabin, and reflex sent Jenny’s hand to her axe. She realized its source seconds later, though she didn’t relax. In the presence of that dominating mountain of blubber, higher thought fled. Reasoning that she needed a break anyway, Jenny flung herself atop that wobbling mattress of a gut. Vic wheezed with her heavy landing and let loose breathy protests, which went promptly ignored. The cowsune’s belly bubbled and groaned under Jenny’s considerable weight, a series of noises she took as an invitation. Vic wiggled and offered half-hearted protests while she reached for that heavy bump, thought they evaporated on

her lips with that first touch. Perhaps it was a side effect of the troll meat or simply Vic's tastes in pleasure, but her sensitive hide sang under Jenny's skilled fingers. Only a faint specter of rebellion remained in Vic's mind, fueled by the knowledge she may never move again if they don't nullify her ever-giving meal.

Even that hold-out of doubt gave way after a few short seconds. Vic sprawled back a slave to Jenny's exploring fingers, lost in the hedonistic satisfaction of a well-earned belly rub. Moans and groans of pleasure spilled from her muzzle, first a trickle, then a river as the donkey gained momentum. She swiftly learned where the cowsune's sweet spots shifted, moved by the steadily-growing flab that swaddled her form. Every hit earned an accented admission of bliss, bolstering Jenny's confidence in her skill. Still, she could only last so long against the allure of that belly herself. The donkey couldn't deny the jealousy that stirred in her core, that little bit that questioned "what if it had been her instead." The curiosity spurred her ministrations on, until she lived vicariously through her partner. Every mote of pleasure that sparked on her nerves aroused her in sympathy, building Jenny's needs up along side Vics.

She needed a more mutual approach.

In a move that stirred the blissed-out cowsune from her trance, Jenny sat up on the peak of her partner's belly. Her own plush hips sank into that dark-furred hill as she settled in, nestling her firmly into Vic's warmth. Despite the inches of flab that insulated the hybrid, Jenny felt the inner workings of her gut against her rear. The languid ripples and churns of her deepest passage weakly massaged her own fatty thighs, a faint sensation that didn't go unnoticed. The strength of that tireless gut brought a blush to the donkey's muzzle, and she couldn't help but feel it needed a break. Another grunt tumbled from Vic's lips when she planted her palms against her flexing stomach, squishing that tight orb instead of sinking into it. Jenny gave a teasing flex of her fingers, testing its tightness with a

ginger press. It pushed back with a stubborn resistance, and any more than the lightest force brought an uneasy look to her face.

Taking the hint, Jenny lightened her touch and got to work. The hide beneath her fingertips was stretched tight, enough to spread fur and show faint pink below. Streaks of darker red ran across its stretch as well, marking the exact sites of strain. Jenny hummed to herself and traced along those lightning bolts, ushering a myriad of soft moans from Vic's chest. The stomach upon which she rode bucked and writhed with exhausted urgency, driven by the needy roll of Vic's hips. The both sensed the lusts that rose in the room between them, but pinned under both Jenny and her own weight, there was little the cowsune could do about it. A mischievous glint flashed in the donkey's eye with that realization, and pointedly made no move to tend to her needs. Instead, Jenny reached into the shadow of her own belly and untied her pajama pants. A labored roll from side to side saw them shimmied from her legs, and free, she tossed them over Vic's face.

That discarded garment slid down her chins on its own, revealing the donkey in her bottomless glory. The plush overhang of her own belly peeked from under her own nightshirt, a plush pillow in its own right. That doughy ridge nearly rested on the back of her throbbing length, a modest spire that only just reached out from the shadow of her stomach. It bounced and pulsed with obvious intent, motions amplified by the rolling of her hips. Jenny scooted back across Vic's doughy expanse, slowly sinking from her view until she reached the fold of her belly button. The donkey's cheeks flushed when she ground her length across the subtle ridge above that divot, relishing soft flab and fur alike. Jenny's head rolled back as she indulged herself, spurred on by the subtle rumbles and gurgles of the stomach beneath. A pearl of pre gathered on her tip and dripped into Vic's fluff by the time she saw fit to continue, and both of them bit their lips in anticipation of what was to come.

Gazes locked, Jenny picked herself up and laid across Vic's belly. Her own hanging paunch brushed across her partner's lardy peak while she situated herself. She spent a careful moment aligning herself with Vic's belly button, then brought her hips down and dragged her tip across flab and fluff. A slight readjustment brought her to that deep divot in the cowsune's middle, and a deliberate drop hilted her in that tight space. Jenny's breath caught in her throat after diving down to her root, and a fierce heat kindled in Vic's fattened cheeks. In that instant a shared fantasy became reality, and their interest in resolving the troll meat problem dwindled to nothing. Instead, Vic rolled her hips as much as her weight allowed, squishing and smooshing that plush passage around Jenny's length. The donkey's lust flowed, and it wasn't long before pre saturated the improvised entrance. Jenny withdrew and cautiously pumped her hips once, and after confirming its slickness, threw herself to desire.

Jenny drew on all her strength and stamina to set her flabby figure in motion, setting a rhythm marked by the claps of hips against belly. Vic huffed and panted in time with those thrusts, working to keep up with the momentum imparted to her flab. She rolled her own hips and arched her back to match her lover's efforts, motions that rippled through every one of her rolls. The cowsune's love handles jiggled with the impacts of Jenny's tights, and her breasts jostled over her shoulders with each cycle. Vic twisted and wiggled to watch her partner's expression through the gap of her cleavage, though such a feat was easier said than done. Her rolls wobbled and roiled like a storm-battered ocean, with troughs and peaks breaking and restoring eye contact. Even that became impossible when Jenny reached out and braced herself against Vic's stomach.

The donkey set her grip on that tight boulder of a bulge, groping and kneading its curve with every thrust. The momentum of the moment combined with already increased sensitivity overwhelmed Vic, sending her into a blissful spiral. Her eyes squeezed shut as pleasure stole her vision and voice, reducing her vocabulary to needy grunts and moans. Jenny might have registered that change

had she not been lost in her own desires. While not as tactile as the cowsune's other passages, the raw hedonism of so thoroughly fucking her belly brought the experience to another level. Her length squished and squelched through that tunnel, soaked through her own desire. The donkey's fingers kneaded and massaged on auto-pilot, ensuring her partner's stomach received a deep groping. A deep rumble and grumbling gurgle answered every squeeze, overlapping and compounding until that mass of meat slowly softened. Neither of them noticed the dwindling pressure, nor the extra padding that gradually filled Vic's figure further.

The pair may not have noticed the consequences of their romp, but that didn't prevent them from happening. The cowsune's lower roll softened and swelled with a heavy influx of calories, tightening her belly button around Jenny's length. That extra squeeze sapped her stamina and endurance, rushing her to the precipice of release. The rhythm of her hips accelerated until her muscles locked, and a bray of bliss tumbled from her snout. Vic moaned in sympathy as hot seed flooded into her belly, building pressure until it washed out around Jenny's root. Ivory trickles ran down the pillowy folds of her belly, which only deepened as Vic processed her conquered meal. Jenny slumped against those soft curves as afterglow took her, chest heaving with climactic breath. Vic for her part proved much more passive, quietly teetering on the edge of a renewed food coma. Before either fell back into the embrace of dreams however, Jenny climbed over Vic's chest and cupped her cheek in her hand. Her other pressed into the cowsune's stomach, which yielded deeply to her weight.

"Looks like we got it figured out after all," Jenny mused.

A puzzled look broke Vic's stupor. "That wasn't the plan the whole time?"

"Nope," Jenny admitted.

A silent beat hanged in the air.

“Were you just gonna let me keep getting fatter?”

“What other option was there,” Jenny grinned. “We didn’t know what to do, so I thought it best to make the most of the situation.”

Vic blushed with the implications. “Well, I guess there are worse things that could happen to me,” she admitted.

Jenny’s eye gleamed. “Does that mean you want to be my immobile blob of a bed~?”

The heat in Vic’s cheeks surged to an inferno. “N-not exactly.”

Jenny gave a soft smile. “That’s alright. We know how to get you there if you change your mind.”

Vic said nothing.

“You’ve got time to think about it. You’re not going anywhere for a while.”

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it

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