

*Stoner Feedee Encouragement Drabble (with illustration)*

*CW: Intoxication fetish, enabling, sinister feeder overtones, semi-immobility*



That's right. Take a nice, big drag off that bong. Hold it in... There you go. And let it out.

Now lay back and let the keef work its magic. It's a new hybrid strain I found, dispensary says it's guaranteed to fuck you up... and stimulate your appetite, into the bargain.

Now, I know five minutes ago you said you were "full." But in about thirty seconds that might change, so get ready. All that sweet THC is going to hammer into your brain like a comforting, fuzzy freight-train full of delight and confusion. And you're going to forget all about those silly ideas of being "full."

No, don't get up--I'll light the bong for you again. I know it's hard for you to sit up these days, with that massive belly in the way. That huge sack of flab pinning you down, oozing between your legs, rubbing against your FUPA and gurgling with the results of your latest meal. Life gets difficult when you're too fat to reach your bong, I know.

But don't stress about it--I'm happy to help you get high as a kite. No need to move, no need to budge one inch.

Not that you could move much, even if you wanted to.

It's been days, after all, since I saw you do anything but masturbate, eat and waddle to the bathroom. But that's just how you like it, isn't it? Stuffed, lazy, stoned out of your gourd. Lounging on your bed like a bloated hippie queen. Absorbing calories and exhaling weed-smoke. This is the ideal ideal life for you--you told me so, back when I first started feeding you. And now you're living the dream. Isn't it nice?

Alright, here's your bong. Take another drag... hold it... and let it out. Whoops, that strain makes you cough a bit, doesn't it? Here, have some beer. That ought to soothe your throat... and all the carbs will make that gut even fatter.

How do you feel, now? Floaty and dreamy, huh? How does your stomach feel--does it still feel "full"? Do you still feel "stuffed," "gorged," "packed to the brim?"

What's that, fatty? You don't feel full any more? What a surprise. How do you feel?

Say it louder, pig. I can't hear you mumbling around the neck of that beer bottle.

You're hungry? Starving? Practically drooling for a snack, for a meal, for a feast?

Well, lucky for you, I'm happy to help with that. Now just lay back, my sweet stoner blob... and let me satisfy those munchies for you...

*Open wide, pig.*

