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Male gainer fiction tumblr

Inktumber Day 5: Don't forget your hot chocolate #inktumber, #inktumber2020, #chubby, #belly, #tummy, #tums, #chubby kink, #chubby men, #chubby boy, #weight get #male weight gain marks come in nicely. Im really is starting to feel White. Can't wait until I've reached my goal I wonder how much more bad it is to get. Progress so far on that weight gain drive. #weight, increased #weight, weight gain #extreme, #immobile fat, #feedist, weight gain #bhm, weight gain #male, #weight gain art, #stuffed belly, #belly, #belly, #obese monster, body enlargement #full, #the werewolf Nicholas vanchan hyperSaturday led to some fun choices for some athletes to show up for this bod! If someone wanted me to look at them.... #dadbod, #obese, #fat, #feed me, #gaining, #me, #getting thicker, #make thicker, #male feedee, #male weight gain, #bhm #big boy, #chubby, #feed me more, #gay gainer, #bulking #chub, #bulking #chub, #male gainer, #stuff me, #bi gainer, #big boi, #bigger belly so my dumbass was like about Hemlock it's a ghost so it was secretive so I wanted to draw it, but I also wanted to do it as ghosts couldn't be sneaky the way they step on the squeaky floorboards and while I was doing the ghost art I was like nothing... but you know I don't care, there's a fat ghost my stomach didn't stop crashing last night! #weightgain, #bhm, #male weight, #bhmweightgain, #bellybhmfeedismfeedeefat, #male, #malegainer, #fat stomach, #belly rumbles, #belly gurgles, #YoutubeFeeling tight as a drum! #before and after, #round stomach, #stuffed stomach, #inflated stomach, #make I'm thicker, #bhm #male belly, #male feedee, #feederism, #feederism #belly a kink, #belly #stuffed, #belly, #me, #weight, #male weight gain, #maleweightgain, #male, #bhm gainerInktumber Day 2: Day Dreaming#chubby, #belly, #tummy, #tums, #chubby a kink, #chubby, #chubby boy, #weight, #male weight, #inktumber2020, #inktumberEmpty stomach. I swear this jumper is used to make #Clydesdale make me look thin ... #Fat belly, #Male weight gain, #Tight hehe's chunky clothes, #belly kink, #my oc, #weight, #male weight gain, #inktumber 2020, #Smokey!, #sorry pants so dark, I used the wrong color, #I wanted to draw. cat fat., #edit I forgot all my tail oh my god, I hate it here, #edit edit it has a tail nowNext Page Original gainer story So here it is, my first foray into #gainerfiction! Let me know what you guys think. I wrote this at the request of the guy on the gram so given his kinks - humiliation, dirty eating and unhealthy getting - so it may not be for everyone's taste, but all the reviews are welcome. If you guys think there's potential here I would do it more regularly!-----Bog, it's so damn embarrassing, I thought, as I turned around to see you panting panting behind me. Your red face beamed as the beads of sweat began to cluster along your eyebrows and nose. If you take your time, we will miss our booking! I spat in disgust: We're almost there, and once we get in you can go straight to the bathroom. I don't sit next to you when you look like this! Don't be aware of how you don't like it as much as I told you as you hit your 400lb gut, reminding me of all the fun we've had transforming you. I stopped and let you catch up, and then we'll get to the buffet. We were met, took a coat and went to sit down. You are growing apprehensive as you notice we are currently leading to a number of booths. When the waiter turned, signaling us to sit, his eyes widened when he learned of his mistake. There are other places available if that doesn't fit, he said with panic embarrassment, all the while his eyes are turning back and forth to your outdoor overhang. I smiled: It will be good, thank you, and the waiter apologized. You looked at me with incredulity: I will never get there, you whispered angrily. I kept you quiet and insisted you'd be fine. Then, with a sigh, you sat down guts only manage to pass the edge of the table. Look?, I smiled: Also, you know, drill. You sit there and I bring you food. The waiter came back with jugs of water and some reusable glasses of our coke. At one point his tray became dangerously rebalanced as it looked in disbelief that you had managed to place your imposing body in a tight cabin. You quickly sunk a pint of water, still trying to recover from a short walk to the restaurant. I laughed to myself and got up to bring the first course. When you watched me leave, you noticed our waiter standing at the bar with some of his colleagues, they were all looking at you. One of the girls started giggling and the other groped her face in disgust, casting a subjective look at your body. I came back with the first plate, delivered high with Chinese - chicken satay, beef strips in oyster sauce, spring rolls, salt and pepper chicken, mounds of rice, chips and shrimp crackers - and you ripped it out of my hand, so eager to start. Your knife and fork moved fast as you indulged in spicy treats, taking breaks only when you needed to drink or short, panting. As you ate, rice, vegetables and splashes of sauce began to collect on top of the intestines. The low, grumble burp signaled that you were finished, and I got back on my feet again. Italy this time I said as I sat the plate in front of you. Your eyes grow as you surveyed a bunch of pizza; 12 slices, each different, each smothered in a soy, rich cheese and a generous layer of tomato sauce. Pepperoni, ham, pork, chicken and sweet corn, vegetarian, meat holidays, they were all there. It looks like You said with greedy eyes and a broad smile. So in, I replied. disgustingly ill-mannered in gluttony. The couple next to us tried to calmly comment on your vile behavior, but we both heard them and it only spurred you on. As you continued to inhale each piece you could not contain the groans of intense satisfaction as you felt your stomach slowly harden with each sip. Glancing at the steam you exposed the entire width of your sauce-stained face to them and chuckled clumsily as you tried to swallow your last sip of pizza. Another deep burp marked the end of your sophomore year and finally forced another couple to leave, mocking you while they passed. I'm sorry he's such a pig, it's incredible how he behaves around food sometimes I'm told with poorly hidden glee in his voice. With them now from the ear I turned to you: This is the first time my pig to scare off other people, good work! I patted you on the stomach and pressed to see how full you are, still a lot of space I winked. You threw your head back and sighed back as you massage the thick folds of fat that were spilling into the cockpit. I topped up our drinks and gave you a few minutes of respite before asking what you wanted for your plate. Burrito you whispered, almost silenced by the sudden fullness you experienced. I rolled my eyes and went as you sat there unaware of what was to come. I went up to the burrito bar, and the chef asked what I would like, All said. He laughed and sighed: Yes, there is a lot of choice and it all looks pretty good. So what will it be? I smirked: No, I'm serious about everything, in one burrito. He stared at me. I don't think it's going to fit into one thing. Don't worry about it, just do your best. And that's when he started filling up your wrapper. Rice, black beans, chicken, beef strips, lettuce, tomatoes, cheese, sour cream, salsa, guacamole, extra garnish and corn. He was overwhelmed. The chef tried to fold the wrapper, but she couldn't cover the pile of fillings. The wrap began to tear and the chef swore under his breath. Don't worry about it, the guy who eats it won't pay much attention to the way it looks I joked. He put it on my tray along with a mix of cheesy, bacon fries swimming in fat and topped with more salsa and sour cream. Good luck, he said, as I made it back to the table. I found you restlessly stretching in the cockpit. Are you okay? I asked. I'm just so hungry, and you've gone for ages. It was worth it, believe me, I chuckled as I sat a heavy plate down in front of you. Fuck you moaning, rolling your head and stretching your neck in anticipation. As you started, the weakness of the hoop against over-generous filling became too obvious as an excess sauce the chicken fell, bouncing off the gut and onto the table. In hasty despair, you began to force the burrito into your mouth, deciding not to lose any more. I looked on with a strange mixture of shock, disgust and excitement. The effects of your frenzied eating is starting to appear all over your body. Your hair was wet with sweat, which started to cascade down a thick roll of fat on the back of your neck. Your belt started to cut under the canopy as the elastic was unable to stretch further. You can feel the hot, itchy sensation of fresh stretch marks cutting through the intestines and love handles. Your gluttony began to outpace your body, but you didn't care, you ignored the cries of your body to stop even for a moment and continued to gorge. I've never seen you eat like that, with such speed and greed. Soon the massive burrito disappeared, only the remnants of his dark spots on the T-shirt and crumbs clogging the table. With almost no breath, you reached for a bowl of greasy fries and started lifting lazy handfuls into your mouth as you finally started to slow down. I slide around your side of the stand and start massaging the canopy that hangs heavily between your legs. Don't give up, I whisper, you still have to get your dessert. I'm not sure I can, he sighed agitated, breathing. But I just smile in your face, your eyes are slightly glazed, and start kneading your fat more firmly. Strong, soothing, strokes weakening your engorged stomach. You breathe slowly becomes easier and you start to lose your sleepy stupor. Finally, after 15 minutes of belly rubs and a few pints of coke and water, you turn to me, Good Dessert. I smile and leave the cabin again. When I return, you will move lively and excited once again for what I have brought you. You look down on a plate of sweet treats - chocolate doughnuts, mini lemon meringues and strawberry cheesecakes, overflowing profiteroles with caramel dipping sauce and a bowl of whipped ice cream covered in sweets, chocolate buttons and sprinkles. You do a short work of desserts, wolfing everything down in seconds. I'm surprised you can handle it. You turn to a bowl of ice cream and start mixing it with a spoon, faster and faster, and it starts to melt while you work. You like some stray chocolate sauce from the lip and lift the bowl to your face. Gulp after a sip you smear down more cool pudding. You only stop because we're interrupted by a waiter. I'm afraid we should ask you, gentlemen, to leave, he says coldly. We have another side waiting at your desk and we think you have exceeded your stay. You roll your eyes and here, just sec. You lift the cup to your face again and hurriedly drink what is left. He starts to spill over on the sides of the bowl seep your checks. Then you turn to the waiter, the ice cream runs across your face and drips onto your tee. Done. I laugh, pay the bill and wait for yours to get out of the cab. You start to move awkwardly from side to side as you try to inch your way out, but that's not good. All the food currently resting heavily in the gut has placed you tightly in the cabin. You were so looked after away in an excited gluttony evening that you didn't notice that the table was now cutting deep into your torso, your soft belly bulging above and below the septum. You continue to fight and become red-faced and sweaty again. Your uncomfortable grunts began to draw attention to other diners in the now-packed restaurant. Some look at pity, others laugh, but must whisper to each other in disgust. You have become a spectacle, and yet you have never been more excited. What's left of your dick starts to harden deep into your fatpad as your constant struggle to get your t-shirt to ride up your swollen body, exposing your thick, soft fat to terrified viewers. The stand starts to creak under heavy tension and the family sat in the cabin next to our stand for fear of it collapsing. Eventually you manage to slide to the end of the stand and fall to the floor as the strength of your once trapped body is relieved. A sudden knock brought the restaurant to a quiet dead end and now you have to start an equally challenging standing up. You grab my hand, and I slowly grab you on your feet. You fix your tee and try to pull it on a tight frame. The lubricant and food stains have now spread, rubbed all over the top. We move to the door, and the party waits for our table to stand in silent judgment, and you try to wade past. We'll get to the car and burst out laughing. It was amazing, I giggle, you went full of pigs there. You laugh too when you turn to me: I can't wait to go back. back.

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