Blockage

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Written by Septia.

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-Groogmbrlg-.

 “What was that?”

 “Just my tummy tum, yesterday's supper is still acting up,” the teen at the desk responded whilst she fiddled with a puzzle, her focus dedicated to the task with her chair shoved in as fair as it could to the desk.

 The response was enough to have the girl's guardian leave the young mistress Bentoinette to her activities.

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“Certainly are acting up, aren't you chubby tubby? But in the best way. Hnngr,” Bentoinette grunted as she heaved herself away from the desk, her tummy sliding out from under the desk – in a manner like it was just another drawer. Its top laid flat as it brushed underneath the desk, and remained so all the way out. -Phooufpf- was the sound it made when the last side slipped free. “Whooaa,” the girl heaved as the force of tugging the gut send her spinning back on her revolving chair, arms clasping onto her stomach until she came to a halt. Once settled, Bentoinette took a closer look at her belly bulge – or rather, belly cube.

 “Ooo you were really something huh? Cutie-pootie.” -Bwmmoomw- the hunk of flesh reverberating like a over-pumped tire when Bentoinette's palms were smacked into its sides, though the sound from the squared gut turned muffled in just a few moments.

 Bentoinette's stomach laid like someone had taken out the seats of a sofa and stacked them all under her skirt over her lap, though by the nature of its form her clothes could only reach so far around the bulk, and left a gap of skin showing to the skin-coloured cube just above her pelvis.

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“Still boggles my noggin how you ended up giving my belly corners,” the lady stated as she trailed her fingers along the curved edges of her midsection, following it to the flattened corners that smoothed out to flat ninety degree drop. -Ghbrlurhhg- “Certainly wasn't square when we shoved you up there, but now there you are, almost like you're packaged up in a little box for me.”

 -Ghbrugl- -Ghllrsth- The stomach churned, the cube of an abdomen undulating when the internal organs kept up brewing whoever it had enclosed.

 “Suppose you are right, its like we turned you into my very own little box of chocolates, but,” she poked a finger at the top of her belly, it was still soft enough to create a diver on the skin, but didn't disturb the rest of the flattened shape, “will the view live up to a bounty of bon-bona, or will I have made you too fudgey-muddy?” -Chrgllrfth- Her stomach resounded with a clasp of clay, at which she patted it like a pet. “Too globby it is. Can't expect too-too much of ya, I mean you already make me look like a cargo shipper – sloughing you around like this – when I melted and ground you up in my tummy-tum, that is already beyond expectations. You just had to behave and compact into a nice bulge and you'd done your job as tum-munch, but you had to be all special.”

 Bentoinette had kept spinning on her chair as she conversed with her digestive system. At some point all the rotations started to add up and her insides expressed their disproval. -Fuugrllbrt-.

 “Moofg... do not have to repeat on me, I got it the first time,” the lady said and heaved her gut – and with it, herself – from the chair. “Whooa, you are heavy as balls. Yeah yeah the irony isn't lost on me but, mmppfgh...” She cradled her stomach, heating herself up and waggled off towards storage, “you are a bit more of a pressing concern than acklowledging terms of phrase, buddy-pal.”

block Secret, names are important in this one.

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“And you don't need to make it fancy, don't want your butt to put too much pressure on mine.”

 -Pfhiirrth- A gale of stank, wafting in breezes of dirt and tinted with a tart caramel hue, plumed out through her backside. The fumes dispersing in the storage crate below. -Pfrllth- -Brrooftth- Some further puffs of dusky fog wisped through as Bentoinette scooched her rear side to side over the crate brim, her rump chub curved over it imitating clumps of batter.

 “Sure-fine, you are doing well for rump fudge so far, smooth, a little stanky but least I am not consti-paaammf... spoke to sooon...,” she wailed and clasped her tummy.
 Behind her pucker trembled back and forth, convulsing as the weight from within compacted the bowel brew to funnel through her colon, jamming her bottom clogged. Despite the lack of space her rear kept kneading down and scoffing chunks through her intestine.

 -Sphrllt- The rim of flesh pried and bent, warping into shape as the load backed her up, flesh parting, moulding to a square nozzle. “Oh you gotta have to be kiddin. This is how you wanna depart form my bottom?”

 Through the clasp of the pale skin, a clump in copper hue was framed. The brim warped as the square bar of belly fudge crept past the boundaries of Bentoinette's bottom. With it cuboid shape the hunk sprawled the lady's pucker quite far to accommodate its girth, each side a plane with a certain curvature to it, as if it had been treated with sandpaper. A trickle of colon fluids was painted over the slab by the rim, streaks of the viscous fluid dripping down the edges and dressing the heap of matte amber in a coat that glistened from the surrounding light. As it went on, the liquids eased Bentoinette's trouble by acting lubricant for the bottom.

 “Just don't block up booty-bum mmrff...,” the girl paused for a moment in a teeth gritting grunt, “for a bunch of compost you aren't half bad,” Bentoinette mumbled to herself and caressed the sides of her stomach. As she massaged, the stretch of mud slotted its way out of her rear. The girl's rim crawling over the waxed texture of the pale hunk, as it billowed out the board of muck curved bending towards the floor like the tail of a shamed pup.

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“Hrmmf...,” Bentoinette huffed and tensed her sphincter, the rim hugging onto the brown bar until it sunk through the texture of grime. -Shrllth- -Doplfgth- A smear severed the square loaf and the whole block rammed into the ground with a thud which reached all the way up the crate's side to jiggle the dumper's hind, speaking volumes of its density.

 “This wouldn't be as tough on my booty-bum if youoo-mf...,” the lady clasped her lips shut with her pucker trembling around the beam of mulch compressing its way through her rectum, the girth plumping up as the congested rump swelled to let broader hunks through. “Yeah you know what, screw my butt, I'm not gonna complain,” she hummed out with her spine tingling from the riding slab stimulating her brim.

 From smooth and uniform cracks and crevices begun to sprawl, the creamy hue bleeding more into umber earth. Her pucker latching into furrows and moulding past divots in the mud, the corners of her rim stretching with the hunk and snapping back to smear down onto the mulch until it got itself stuck once more. -Phrllirffth- Bouts of booty smog fizzled out in the gaps when they were not strained by the brick of dung barreling through the butt, the release of fumes clapping her cheeks over the mulch. Around the bar oozed streaks of smog that painted the air in scents that warmed as much as it prickled through one's nostrils with tangs of cinnamon and vinegar.

 -Dmmfppth- Bricks of butt clay smacked into one another, with gaps long enough to catch one's breath between the claps. When colliding the mounds smattered like custard tossed on a cake, which despite its sleek construction moulded like putty on impact. Below Bentoinette the stack was building all the while her rear deposited clotted bars of colon cement to contribute to its growth. From below it was an odd view to have the poofy cheeks clinging around such a broad, cuboid mound. With some imagination it looked like a pair of marshmallows melding around a chocolate bar.

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Buried in the odd crack through the mulched texture were pale specks, indigestible that made it through Bentoinette's colon, by being backed into the loaf of bottom bread.

 “Mooopf, was I really lugging around this much bulk? There is no wonder you were weighing me down-low, mmf, much better cramming you out my booty-bum though, didn't think you would be spending this kind of private time with my butt-rump today, did you?” She procured her rear with a giggle, scooching to shake the hunk loose from her posterior. Her shaking did, however, allow a stretch of butt mud to lob through with more haste than intended. Bentoinette bit her lip and groaned as the block bloated her rear during its escape out the backdoor. Fractures broadened to tear through the umber bile as it fell. -Shrllpuffth- The tail-end of the glob curled through like the last drop of honey in the jar, bending in the air on its way down to roll flat over the dung heap. -Bffnndd- the glob partially melding with the mulch, partially moulding it to the side under its weight, like strips of fried potato mashed by a seared fish fillet.

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sphere

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uncloged

”That mm, aught to handle-do it,” Bentoinette confirmed and kneaded back on her rear, caressing the spots on her booty which felt strained after hurling up untold kilograms of pungent gunk. Peering down, the jumble of square brown did remind her of something. “Hadn't expected that you'd really look-seem like chocolate,” she stated while drumming her fingers to her rump, “if a little crumbled.” A moment passed as she pondered. “But, if any chocolate, I'd see you as the store basic brand. You know, the one that is only good for crushing and melting either way, so fits you are all cracked up,” the fanned off some straks of cocoa bitterness lapping up the walls of the crate, but still marvelling at the melted waxy texture of the bowel nougat heap.

 She soon had to hold her nose in protection from the pillars of fume, still wafting them away with the other. “I'd have to get used to the smell though if I were to see-saw you as chocolate.” With a snicker she patted the top of her belly. Then brushed it. Then grabbed it. She glanced down, it hadn't shifted in the slightly. Corners, sides, flat, all still jutting out from her like a tacked on box. “You are still here?!”