

Craving Control: A Weighty Appetite

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“Ah, another beautiful day off!” Lalia stretched out on Jane’s couch and turned on the TV. “Time to relax, vegetate, and EAT.” She licked her lips. “I could use a bucket of nachos right now. . .”

“What about getting a job?” asked Jane, who was hard at work commuting from home for her tech company. “You can’t just lay on my mom’s couch forever, you know.” After the girls graduated, they’d been stuck in an economic rut, with Jane scraping by however she could and Lalia freeloading like she always had.

“Maybe not, but darned if I can’t try!” said Lalia gleefully, heaving herself up off the couch and toddling into the kitchen. After graduation, Lalia’s “assets” had only expanded, her exaggerated breasts and ass a constant distraction around Jane’s house as she wobbled and jiggled from room to room, devouring everything in sight. “Jane’s mooom! Can I have some nachos, please pleaseplease?” Despite being almost a foot taller than Jane’s old lady and in her twenties, the lazy redhead always acted like a spoiled toddler around her best friend’s mom. This of course only caused Jane’s mother to spoil her even more, cooking her massive meals and bringing her new helpings constantly. It was frustrating for Jane to watch... especially since her mom had never lavished that kind of attention on *her*.

“Certainly, dear! Sit right down in the living room, I’ll make you some. In the meantime, how about some brownies?” She handed a tray of them to Lalia, who grinned and licked her lips. Ever since she was a child the girl had had a very long tongue. Some might say, “unnaturally” long. With a slobbery giggle, she slurped up a whole brownie with her tongue, swallowing it whole. The wet “ga-loonk” of chocolate hitting her already half-full stomach was audible from the living room where Jane worked.

“Ugh, Lalia! Are you eating AGAIN? Mom, stop feeding her!” Jane was disgusted and envious of Lalia’s ability to gorge endlessly. Often it seemed like the red-head had been born with elastic skin. By the time she got back to the living room, Lalia had demolished the brownies and was licking the platter clean with her almost prehensile tongue. Jane recoiled at the sight of Lalia’s bouncing belly, swollen with treats but still growling for more. “You’re spraying crumbs everywhere! Don’t you have any manners?”

Lalia crashed down on the couch again, deepening the dent her plump ass had worked into the fabric. “Manners are for people with restraint. And I gave that up in freshman year! From now on, Janey, anything I want is all for me.” She licked her lips, rubbing her stomach. “Including boys.”

“Don’t be a lech,” Jane warned her, wondering how Lalia could be so rude and crass and not be ashamed of herself. She herself was embarrassed over the many pounds Lalia’s proximity had helped her gain. Around the binge eater’s gigantic meals, Jane’s two or three or four extra helpings seemed like nothing... and those helpings added up.

“Oh, p’shaw. I’m going to a party tonight, and there’s nothing you can do to stop me.” Lalia pulled out a bag of chips from between her huge breasts that she’d stolen from the kitchen and began chomping them down.

Jane fumed. Always it was Lalia going to the expensive parties, flirting with the hot boys, just like in college. What was it about Lalia that men couldn’t get enough of? She was rude, crude and loud, constantly eating, burped with a total disregard for manners, her huge rack was always jiggling everywhere. . . Oh right, *that*. Jane found herself mesmerized by Lalia’s gigantic tits for a moment, trapped as they were in a tight white tank top. The cleavage just kept going and going and going. . . She snapped herself out of it.

“Well I’ll have you know I’m going to a party too,” she lied, trying to get her best friend to pay attention to her. “There’s gonna be guys, and drinking, and. . . and food, and everything.” She wished she hadn’t said that last bit as Lalia’s eyes lit up.

“Food? Aw, you’re just messing with me. No way would you ever go out partying. You don’t have the *stomach* for it,” she giggled, tipping the chip bag so that the final pile of crumbs poured into her mouth. She promptly pulled another from in between her airbag breasts and began eating that one. “Boys aren’t that hard to get, at parties. All you gotta do is learn to shake it a little! You should try it.” She wriggled on the couch, digging her enormous pale booty even deeper into the couch-dent underneath her.

“D-don’t be so lewd!” As interested as Jane was in the mental image of herself dancing naked for a bunch of boys, she would never sink to Lalia’s level. Their belching, big-bellied houseguest had had more sexual partners than Jane could keep track of, despite her constantly ballooning stomach. It was like the boys fell into her gravity well. Must’ve been all that center mass. “Well, go to your lame party then,” Jane said. “I bet they’ll toss you out once you destroy the appetizers...”

That night, of course, she was proven wrong. Lalia came home to their shared room after midnight, her red party dress shredded down the sides, her pink belly spilling through. She was clearly tipsy, her cheeks rosy and her gut sloshing with booze.

“You smell like barbecue sauce. Where have you been?” Jane dragged herself out of bed, turning on the light. Lalia’s belly was splattered with chocolate and frosting, with quite a few boy-sized handprints on her ample stomach. The party-girl hiccupped, causing her belly to bounce like an overfull water balloon.

“Oh nowhere,” she giggled, flopping into bed so hard the whole mattress bent down towards the floor. “Just had a few-URP! Snacks. A few. . . Dozen. And some dancing.” She

groaned with pleasure, rubbing her orb-shaped stomach. “And a few drinks. Okay, maybe I overdid it. But I had fun! That’s what counts, right?”

Jane sighed. As much as her friend annoyed her, she found herself genuinely worried about Lalia’s gluttony. The girl had porked up to over two hundred pounds since college, most of it concentrated in her belly and tits. Lalia seemed happy enough to eat and eat without a concern, but Jane saw she’d been moving slower lately, and her laziness had skyrocketed. How long would it be until Lalia really started to feel the effects of her gorging?

Every day for the next few weeks, just like she had since Lalia arrived, Jane’s mother cooked up a big batch of pancakes, waffles and bacon for the freeloading graduate. Not wanting to feel left out, Jane always tried to keep up with Lalia at these meals, but often found herself left in the dust by the girl’s immense appetite. Lalia scarfed down pastries, meat and fluffy butter-soaked griddle cakes with equal greed, but Jane began to notice something interesting as the weeks ground on: Lalia was slowing down.

Her appetite was bigger than ever, but something had happened: she no longer ate with the frantic speed of someone possessed. A few minutes into most meals nowadays, she started to flag, her large mouth emitting grunts and groans as she shoved more food into herself. Perhaps it was that she was perpetually stuffed from her previous meals, or perhaps her softening stomach left less room for food as more was taken up by inch after inch of sloping chubbiness. But either way, Lalia was getting lazy even during her meals. It was fascinating to watch her go downhill, and even a bit sad. Once an energetic class clown, the life of the party, the only thing Lalia rocked now was her stained pair of sweatpants.

The next morning, shuddering at a five-foot-long grocery store receipt, Jane had to put her foot down about her friend’s habits. “Okay, Lalia. Enough’s enough. You need a job, and you need it yesterday!”

Looking up from her platter of cheese-slathered mozzarella sticks, Lalia tried to speak with her mouth full, then swallowed in one huge gulp. “What do you mean?”

Jane swiped one of her mozzarella sticks and gobbled it down vengefully, her diet forgotten in her frustration. “I mean, you’ve been sitting around the house like a piece of furniture for months! When are you going to apply somewhere?”

Lalia waved a cheese-stained hand. “Don’t be a meanie. I’ve been applying all over!”

“Is that so? Where?”

“Oh, you know.” Lalia crammed several sticks into her face. “Places.”

“Sure you have,” Jane snorted, stealing a few more cheesy deep-fried treats just to teach Lalia a lesson. The red-head pouted as she paused in chewing, crumbs dropping out of her mouth.

“Hey, those are miiiiine!”

Jane dangled them out of reach. Lalia still had a whole plate left, but Jane knew the girl had to “have it all” or she was never satisfied. “Get an interview, or I’ll eat as much of your food as I can. No joke.”

“You wouldn’t!” Lalia swallowed a solid mound of cheese and breading as she gulped in horror. “I’ll tell your mom!”

“Tattle-tale. Get a job, or I will swipe your snacks so much you’ll fit into your college clothes again,” Jane teased. It was time to put the pedal to the medal. If she didn’t, they would probably go broke from Lalia’s bingeing. She’d always known what was best for her friend, even if the big ditz didn’t realize it, and now was no exception.

Whining and grumbling, Lalia sighed, pulling out her smart phone from in between her mammoth breasts. “Fiiine. . . But it’s not my fault if I don’t get hired. Nobody appreciates a good rack these days.”

Jane ate the stolen mozzarellas, taking a surprising amount of joy in their fattening, gooey flavor. “You do know you can put more than that on your resume, right?”

Lalia groaned, scratching her soft potbelly. “But why should I *have* to?”

For the next few hours, Jane bribed, bugged and coerced Lalia into calling a variety of companies. Focusing the ditzzy girl’s attention was a monumental task, but Jane figured out quickly that if you put food in Lalia’s lap, she generally tended not to move. Like a cow, she grazed until every bite was gone, and only then did she heft her chubby rear and enormous breasts out of her chair. “I don’t want to work, though. It’s so... complicated.”

“You need to be a contributing member of society!” Jane felt her stomach gurgle as it digested the fried mozzarella she’d stolen. “Ugh, these things are so fattening, I can’t believe you eat them.”

“But I already contribute to society! I’m super cute! That’s a contribution, right?”

Jane sighed and reached for more of Lalia’s food. This was going to be a long process. . .

The phone calls weren’t enough, of course. She wouldn’t let her friend show up for an interview with her gut sagging out of her sweatpants. But taking Lalia shopping for business attire was even more difficult than getting her to apply for a job. Lalia insisted on wearing her sweatpants to the mall, apparently no longer caring about fashion enough to disguise her larger thighs and plump, wobbling rear. She attracted plenty of stares as well as her large bosom bounced, trembled and wobbled around. Her body was constantly in motion as she followed Jane around in flip-flops. “Jane, I don’t know about this... What if nothing here fits me?”

“You may have a point,” Jane said, examining the stores. “These won’t have anything big enough for you. We’ll have to try the plus size store. . . .”

Lalia harrumphed. “I’m not plus-sized!” Her massive booty knocked into a fake potted plant, knocking it over. “Okay, maybe a bit. . . . But only in the right places!” She sighed. “All this walking’s making me starving. Can’t we have something to eat?”

Jane shook her head. “And have you outgrow the clothes I buy for you in a week? No way!” But it was too late. She turned around to find Lalia was gone. Jane quickly spotted her loading up on cheap junk food in the food court. Piling her tray with cheap pizza, three chili cheese dogs and a double-large free-refill soda, Lalia was already biting into the messy treats like they were her only care in the world.

“How did you do that? I looked away for three seconds!”

“Listening to you is boring. Eating is fun,” said Lalia simply, chomping down on a chili dog and splattering nacho cheese on her breasts. “Whoops! I guess I’ll get that later.”

With no other recourse, Jane sat down beside Lalia and halfheartedly stole one of her fries. “You know, having you around is a terrible influence for me. I must have gained twenty or thirty pounds since you’ve moved in.” Lalia, her cheeks stuffed with meat and cheese, shrugged and swallowed, her throat bulging. Sometimes Jane swore her housemate’s neck could enlarge like a snake’s.

“Little padding will do you good, Janey. Get you some nice big frontal assets,” she smirked, shaking her chest at Jane. Jane blinked, dizzy from watching those huge airbags wobble around. It was like a classical ballet of tits.

“C-can you stop doing that around me? It’s very. . . . Distracting.” She grabbed herself a couple more fries. “While we’re here you might as well buy me a meal or something. I’m starving too, dragging your ginger butt around.”

Lalia rolled her eyes and pushed over a hamburger. “Eat up, Ms. Skinny Jeans. I worry about you too, you know. You don’t even eat fifth breakfast! How do you survive>”

Jane swallowed her pride, and the diss, and ate. Really, whenever she nibbled on fast food, she began to understand the way Lalia thought. The squish of greasy meat between her lips, the zesty artificial cheese and crunchy pickles. . . . It was almost enough to encourage her to stop stressing about Lalia, to just relax and enjoy herself.

But she held back. Eating slowly, not allowing herself to give in to greed. That, after all, was how Lalia had gotten as big as she was: the girl was a doorway-filling pillar of fleshy, sensual pale flesh. Jane couldn’t stand imagining herself that big—in fact, since she was shorter, she would probably look even fatter! Worried, she put down the hamburger. Some calories were best left uneaten.

Eight chili dogs, seven slices of pizza and three hamburgers later, the two were finally on their way to the office wear section of the plus size store. Shortly they found that Lalia's body type was not exactly easy to contain.

"Rrgh, pull harder!" Jane had to step into the changing booth to help Lalia try on a black skirt. Tragically, the girl's booty was so chubby and swollen that even pushing and pulling on the skirt together, they couldn't cram Lalia's bandonkadonk into the garment. Finally Jane gave up and bought Lalia a skirt with an elastic waistband.

"Elastic? Sweet! Now I can eat even more! Although it's already pretty tight. . . " Lalia bit her lip as she tried to suck in her potbelly, which only bulged out more, soft pinkness oozing over the top of the skirt and straining the fabric. "Oof, maybe I overdid it at the food court. . . Nah, I could go back for more."

Jane was eyeing Lalia's bra. It was overflowing with creamy, hypnotic boob-fat, the heavy mammaries fattened on mountains of rich food and plenty of helpful genetics. "I'm thinking you need a new bra. How do you even breath in that thing?"

"By taking small breaths?" Lalia illustrated by breathing deep and Jane heard several fastenings snap on the back of the lacy pink boulder-holder. "Whoops. Now I *definitely* need a new one."

By the time the interview rolled around, Lalia had already begun to outgrow the fresh new clothes Jane had bought her. Jane's mom's cooking was to blame but so was Lalia, who found herself unable to resist midnight snacking and several beers a day even though Jane told her not to. On the morning of the interview, she found herself sitting on the bus, barely able to breathe.

"Ugh, this is so tight!" she squeaked, shifting slightly to try and make her blouse feel less constricting. This caused a ripple in the hefty flesh of her breasts, which blasted off a button and revealed a good three or four more inches of cleavage. "Well, I guess I should show off what I've got," Lalia admitted to herself, blushing.

She arrived at the building, Foxxon Foodsourcing Inc., and had even more trouble right away. Lalia was far too lazy to take the stairs to the sixth floor, so she wedged herself into the elevator. This had been much easier twenty or thirty pounds ago. "Oof, excuse me! Pardon me!" she whimpered as her belly, butt and breasts bounced and jostled the other passengers. By the time she got out her hair was disheveled, and she left several very happy men, a few irritated women and one profoundly confused lesbian behind.

Sashaying down the hall, Lalia immediately caught the attention of everyone in the office. Whispers and mutters about the size of her rear followed her as she rounded the corner toward the interviewer's office. "Humph," Lalia sighed as she walked in heels towards the door. "They're just jealous of my outfit. That's all." Glancing through the tinted glass wall, she saw the outline of a man in the interviewer's chair. "Sweet, the gatekeeper's a guy! Time to turn up

the heat. . .” She took a **very** deep breath. Her blouse strained, stretched, creaked. . . and three more buttons burst away, pinging down the hallway. A fourth popped off over her stomach, revealing her bellybutton.

“Perfect! Now I’m ready.” Huge chubby udders wobbling and heaving, Lalia bounced the door open with her ass. “Mr. Interviewer! I’m ready for a job, when do I start?” Her jaw dropped when she saw who it was. “Mike? What are *you* doing here?”

The dirty-blonde, goatee’d man behind the desk stared at her in fascination. “Lalia? *You’re* my three-o-clock? I don’t remember your resume coming in. . .”

“That’s because I crossed out the name and replaced it with ‘Red the Seductress,’” Lalia said, smiling. “I thought it sounded more professional.” She plopped herself into the interviewee chair, her chubby sides oozing through the gaps. “Did you like what you saw? I can’t believe you’re really interviewing me. Seems like just yesterday you sat behind me in class, handing me food!”

Mike gulped. “Y-you remember me?”

“Sure!” Lalia waved a hand. “You were that shy dude who was always creeping around, staring at my butt. Well, everyone did that, but you more than most.” Feeling her ass overflow and dangle over both sides of the chair, her nearly-three-hundred pound body wedged into her office wear like a sausage into a casing, she suddenly felt self-conscious. “So, I know what you’re thinking. I m-may have put on a few pounds since college. But my mind is as sharp as ever!” She tried to tap her forehead with his pencil, but ended up poking herself in the eye. “Ow!”

“Ooh, I’ll take that.” He snatched the pencil back. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, just demonstrating my... versatility.” She’d picked up this word from the crosswords puzzle that morning. “Hey, this is an office, you got any donuts?”

Mike blinked. “Uh, we’re a food company, so yes. . . There’s a few left over from our staff meeting.” He handed her the whole box, trying to compose himself as his old crush licked her chubby lips and greedily opened it. “So, uh, miss. . . Lalia. What are your qualifications?” He sipped nervously on a glass of water.

Lalia stuffed several donuts in her mouth at once, speaking through the crushed dough and frosting. “Well, I can peel a banana using only my tongue! And fit about five hot dogs in my throat.”

Mike choked on his water.

“Oops, am I not supposed to say that in an interview?”

Mike coughed to keep from asphyxiating and held up his hand. “Ah, no, no, it’s fine. In fact we staff a whole line of catering and food products here, so. . . fitting things in your face is. . .” Lalia was halfway done with the donut box. “Could be. . .” And the donuts were gone. “Helpful,” he finished, amazed.

Stifling a burp and wiping her mouth clumsily with a manicured hand, Lalia swallowed hard and leaned back in her chair, letting her gut stick out. “Catering? Sweet! Can I be a taste tester?”

The interview was definitely getting out of hand, but Mike didn’t mind. “Well, uh, I’ll have to ask you a couple more questions first, but we do actually have a quality assurance position open. . .”

Lalia whooped. “I’ll take it!” she hollered, sucking the icing off her fingers. “How much does it pay? Will it keep me in beer money?”

Mike frowned, trying to concentrate. “Now, Lalia, you can’t just ask for a position. I have to evaluate your work ethic, and. . .”

Rolling her eyes, Lalia tugged on her blouse. Her titanic breasts popped off another more button, exposing easily seventy percent of her dozen-plus pounds of tit flesh. “Really? Because it’s kind of hot in here, I don’t think I can last that long.”

Eyes popping, Mike reached for his phone. “L-Lalia, I really can’t have you behaving like that in my office. I’m afraid you don’t seem qualified, I’ll have to—” Lalia’s hand came down on his, electrifying his skin with arousal. She was standing up, her chubby belly poking out in front of her. He had no idea how anyone so plump could possibly move that fast.

There was still chocolate icing smeared on her lips as she leaned over to kiss him. “I don’t know, Mike. I think I’m pretty qualified,” she whispered in his ear, the smell of donuts on her breath as she licked his earlobe. “Why don’t you ‘evaluate’ me more thoroughly?”

“Well, I guess I could... consider it.”

Always a professional, Mike decided to give his new recruit a longer interview. About an hour long, in fact. He evaluated her from several angles, and reviewed her performance from above, from below and all over the desk. By the time they were done, Lalia was exhausted and covered in sweat... but employed.

Some time later, Lalia arrived home with her clothes and hair a mess and chocolate all over her face. Jane was snacking on an entire pizza, the stress of Lalia rubbing off her, and squawked as she saw her friend. “Lalia! Are you okay? What happened?”

“I got the job,” giggled Lalia, humming as she walked into the kitchen to grab an armful of toberone, some Pocki, and several slices of leftover chocolate cake.

“You what?” Jane was flabbergasted. A chubby, lazy, sex-obsessed ditz like Lalia, landing a job on the first try? There was something fishy going on here. “Okay, what position?” she asked cautiously.

“Taste tester for Foxxon. I’m gonna be in hog heaven testing all their consumer grade bulk foods,” grinned Lalia. “It’s the perfect job for me, wouldn’t you say?” She slapped her stomach, already bulging with all the restaurant food she’d grabbed on the way home.

“Perfect,” Jane agreed. “Too perfect, actually. What did you do? Smother the interviewer with your stomach? Torture him with your giant knockers?”

Lalia shrugged. “It’s not torture if they like it, Jane. Besides, you should be happy for me. Now you don’t have to buy my takeout!”

Jane sighed. “Now if only we could get you on a diet, we might be able to fit you out the door for your first day.”

It turned out to be easier than that—they didn’t even need the butter to squeeze her into her car. And as it turned out, Lalia’s job was so easy she barely had to lift a finger—likely due to Mike. Every once in a while an employee would come in with some processed delicacy, and she would taste it, giving instructions according to her palate. Naturally, any samples that tasted good quickly disappeared in one or two bites down her gullet. “Waste not, want not,” she reasoned, and pouted any time she saw food thrown away. Once she’d tasted or simply devoured her sample, she wrote up a report and sent it to Mike, who often found her printouts tainted with crumbs or grease from some microwaved sample treat.

With this new, near-constant method of eating, Lalia slowly began to fill out more than she ever had before. At Jane’s house, she had to rely on whatever snacks were available, or wait for Jane’s mother to cook her something. But here, new food was constantly being brought in by an army of cubicle attendants and white-coated lab cooks, like a never-ending train of the munchies. For the first time, Lalia began to feel *full*. Really full. Almost uncomfortably so.

But the pain didn’t stop her from wanting more. Bored by the intervals when she had to wait for a new platter of copyrighted and trademarked snacks, she stuffed her desk drawers with cheap junk food and ordered donuts by the dozen from the catering departments. Jane often found Lalia sprawled out on the couch when she got home, a blouse that had been merely tight that morning now bursting at the seams with rolls of stuffed fat.

One day, Lalia was groaning and gasping by five o’clock. She’d overdone it on the opening salvo of “taste testing,” and whimpered as she kneaded her stuffed middle. Having already gained several pounds in the few weeks she’d worked at Mike’s company, Lalia was feeling the “squeeze” in more ways than one.

“Jaaane. Jaaane, come here!” she wheezed as soon as she got home.

Jane sighed. Lalia's behavior was becoming harder to take now that the girl was literally *paid* to stuff her face. Not that she was jealous or anything. One way or another, Lalia always seemed to get what she wanted, whether it was money, boys, or more food. Jane wished the same could happen to her. "What do you want? I'm busy," she lied, sipping on a beer as she played World of Warcraft. Jane had picked up alcohol as a hobby since Lalia's jiggling body had become more and more subtly distracting. It hadn't helped her lose weight, her soft middle growing even more paunchy under the influence of cheap beer, but at least it kept her from freaking out every time Lalia forgot to put on pants for a midnight snack.

"I need a stomach rub," pouted Lalia. "Please? I don't think the fifty TV dinners I ate today agreed with me. . . Or those three dozen sugar frosting cakes," she belched, wiping her crumb-flecked lips. She was a sight to behold, the buttons on her low-cut collared shirt straining and creaking from the bulk of her overfed stomach. While not technically obese, Lalia was now pushing the outer limits of "chubby" and was bridging over into "fat" territory. Even a girl of her size couldn't pack on so much weight without some of it ending up in embarrassing places, like her plump rump-dimples and her modest but wobbly love handles.

"What's in it for me?" Jane quaffed her beer and mashed her warlock's hotkeys. She was beginning to understand what bothered her about Lalia: the girl always got what she wanted. Wedged into a position of power, Lalia was a debauched queen of the couch, with Jane and her mother feeding her at her whim.

Lalia smirked and pulled some large bills from her wallet. "How about fifty? I'm rollin' in dough now. And food." She unzipped her skirt, allowing her pillowy belly to ooze out. "Or I could hook you up with that cute guy down the street you're always staring at. . ."

Jane blushed. "I don't stare at him! I just. . . appreciate him. I'll take the fifty, thanks." She swiped the money out of Lalia's hand. It would probably go towards more beer. . . Or maybe a pair of binoculars to watch the guy down the street do his Bowflex routine. "Here, turn over. I can't even reach all of your stomach," she said, sitting down on the couch next to Lalia. Under their combined weight the couch legs creaked and bent.

"Ohhh, thank you Jane," Lalia purred as Jane sank her palms into the sphere of flesh and began rubbing firmly. "I really don't know my limits these days. . . Guess my eyes are bigger than my stomach."

"I don't think that's ever going to happen," Jane grunted, squeezing and massaging the bulbous ball of Lalia's gut. "At the rate you fill this tank up, it's going to weigh more than the rest of you."

Lalia whined. "Oh, be nice! I got a job, right? Be nice to my belly, she's a money-maker now!" Lalia jiggled her stomach at Jane, then went limp and moaned with pleasure as Jane rubbed harder.

Feeling the girl's stomach gurgle and churn underneath her small, soft hands, Jane felt a rush of control. Lalia was a headstrong and often ditzzy girl, but apply pressure in the right places, and she was easy to manipulate. . . And Jane found she really liked telling Lalia what to do. "Pull down your skirt, I can't get at all of this when you're stuffed into it like that."

"Good riddance... It's too damn tight anyway." The girl's red heart-pattern thong was completely covered by her swollen, grumbling stomach, and Jane actually had to lift it up to rub the underside of the redhead's belly.

"Wow. You're like a waterbed," Jane breathed. Lalia's flesh was so... squishy. Almost elastic. Not for the first time, she wondered if her friend carried some kind of mutant overeating gene.

"Hey, what did I say about being nice?"

Jane smiled. "Don't forget who gives the belly rubs here." She pinched Lalia's fat, and the girl squeaked. "I'll say what I like when I'm in the belly-rubbing driver's seat. Got it?"

"Okay," Lalia sighed, giving in immediately for the sake of further pleasure. Jane felt another odd rush of joy at the way her housemate surrendered so willingly. So fat, pliable and weak-willed. So easily teased. She felt like she'd turned the table on all the busty girls who'd made fun of her back in school. Now one of them was prone, bloated and submitting to her. It felt good: it felt like power. Jane went to bed that night with a cruel smile on her lips. Living with Lalia might be some fun after all. . .

Lalia's work days passed in a daze of lazy, dressed-up gorging. She "tested" frozen foods, line after line of exotic mass produced desserts, cocktail treats, gourmet ice creams and even corn dogs by the bucket. The wear and tear on her wardrobe was incredible, a new inch or two added to her belly and buttocks every week. Eventually she stopped buying new shirts entirely, leaving her chubby gut to spill out the gap where the buttons had split off her biggest one. People around the office gossiped incessantly about the size of their new quality control officer, her legendary appetite, and of course her regular "career review sessions" with Mike in his office, which left her more unkempt and spilling out than before. Mike knew she was just using him to satisfy her cravings, just like she did with everyone, but he was only too glad to let the avalanche of lechery and greed that was Lalia roll over him every single day. He'd never imagined them being intimate, much less denting his wall ever day.

All good things, tragically, come to an end, and Lalia's perfect job was no exception. One fateful day after devouring an entire brand's worth of frozen yogurt treats, Lalia found herself still hungry. "Only eighteen gallons for testing today? P'shaw, a growing girl like me needs more than that," she said, heaving herself up from her desk. This was getting harder and harder to do every day, for some weird reason. Lalia only thought of her size increasing in the chest region, barely noticing how the rest of her body swelled, so when she got out of breath from just standing up she couldn't understand why. "Must be. . . a little too. . . Warm in here or something," she wheezed, clutching her yogurt-stuffed belly.

Swaggering out of her office to the break room, Lalia took pride in how her fellow employees stared at her, their eyes moving up and down to follow what she could only assume was the hypnotic bounce of her beautiful chest. In fact, the office workers were mesmerized by the grotesque jiggling of Lalia's fattened belly and ass, which bounced, heaved and wobbled like jelly stuffed into her half-ruined suit jacket and skirt. Split seams dotted every piece of clothing she wore and a gorged hiccup frequently slipped from her lips, which were ringed with cream from her gobbling. Murmurs of gossip followed her as the nearly-three-hundred-pound Lalia wobbled towards the break room.

"Look at the size of her. . ."

"Really takes her job seriously. . . the eating part, that is. . ."

"She's huge. . . I swear she was half that size last month!"

Lalia turned up her nose at such rumor-mongering. They were probably just jealous of her inherited ability to pack on extra cup sizes in the space of weeks. When she got to the break room, though, the simple walk had left her wheezing again. Maybe she should exercise more often? "Nah. I'll just buy bigger clothes. These ones are way too small," she justified herself as she opened the fridge. "That's what I get for not buying a belt expander..."

Usually too lazy to get up off her butt, Lalia had never been to the office break room before. Now she saw she'd been missing out. Dozens of lavish, carefully labeled employee lunches crammed the fridge to fullness. "Hot dog! Y'all been holding out on me!" Missing the name tags and assuming it was a free-for-all, Lalia yanked out the takeout bags and containers and began to eat. . .

When she didn't report back to the quality control center with her daily report, Mike went to see what was going on. He found her slumped in front of the fridge, legs spread to make room for her fat sagging belly, happily licking sauce from the bottom of a plus-sized Tupperware container. Boxes and lunch pails sat stripped clean all around her. "Lalia. . . What are you doing?"

Lalia belched, sucking down a bottle of champagne one of the employees had been saving as a gift. "Eating, what does it look like?" She was so bloated on stolen goods that her eyes had glazed over with the satisfaction of pure gluttony. "And I'm not half done! I bet there's another fridge on the floor below us. . ." Her stomach had flopped out of the torn-open hole in the front of her shirt, its pink stretchy bulk splattered with creams and beverage stains. It jumped and wobbled heavily when she hiccupped.

"Those don't belong to you!" He plucked the champagne from her, mentally adding drinking alcohol at work to her rapidly mounting list of crimes. If anyone saw her in her like this, he'd lose his job. . .

"Really? Shit." She patted her belly, which sounded much like a bass drum. "Well, the damage is done. . . Sorry about that."

She grunted as her skirt shredded down the sides of her thighs, flesh pouring out as the champagne bubbling inside her belly blew her belt clean off.

Mike shook his head grimly. As sexy as she was, as gorgeous and succulent and adorably jiggy as she was, he couldn't keep her. "The department is going to have my head for this. I'm afraid I'm going to have to let you go, Lalia."

"What?!" She blinked, bovine, and stuck out her bottom lip. "But Mike... I thought we, y'know, had a good thing going on here."

"What we *had* was you using me for sex and food," he said, a little more harshly than he'd intended. As she stared at him in shock, he heard other people crowding behind him, curious what all the fuss was about. "I'll... I'll have security bring your things out to the front desk. I'm sorry, Lalia."

Once her jiggy walk of shame out of the office was complete, Lalia wound up slumped unhappily in a booth inside a nearby rib joint, her box of office-desk snacks beside her. "Garçon, get me one of everything," she sniffled, stuffing appetizer bread into her face. "I've got some severance pay to blow. And I'll need oh, about three bottles of wine. . ." Abruptly her phone rang. Lalia picked it up. "Yello?" she mumbled, spraying crumbs into the receiver.

"Ah, hello there, Lalia," said a familiar voice on the other end of the line. "I hear you're no longer employed. . . What a shame."

"Hey, I remember you. The mystery guy with the limo. What gives? You didn't even call me the next morning..." Lalia waved over the waiter and tugging someone else's meal out of his arms. "I may not have passed freshman math, but I know when I get one-night-standed." She paused. "Stood. Stuck?"

"Take it easy, my dear," said the ominous. "I know you'll be looking for a new source of income. And I'll be glad to provide. . . if you agree to my terms."

"Yeah, sure, whatever," Lalia said around a huge mouthful of pasta. "GULP! Keep talking, Mr. E. I'm listening. . ."