

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A duo are training for an eating contest, but the thin coach pushes their friend too hard and they're stuck in a food coma for the event, so they have to compete in their place

Contains: *Weight Gain, Stuffing*

Eating Contest

Annie leaned back in the dining chair. The painted, flea-market furniture creaked from the effort of supporting nearly three hundred pounds of girl and an extra thirty pounds of pie. Her roommate, Kyra, came from the kitchen bearing two more pies.

"Just two more, and you'll hit fifty!" Kyra said, "The record is forty-five, so if you can do this, that prize money is all ours."

"Kyra," Annie huffed, "I'm so full..."

"Of course you are," Kyra said, grinning, "You're the champion eater of this friendship, and you've got me here to push you to your limit."

"I might *-haa haa-* pop!"

"Pfft, don't be silly. You'd have to eat at least *twice* this many pies to pop. I've seen you put away a whole chicken for a snack!"

Annie only groaned. Kyra picked up one of the pies, and a fork, scooping a big bite.

"We'll cheat a little for these last two. You just relax and chew."

Annie grimaced but opened her mouth. Kyra stuffed the pie into her mouth, then rested the fork in the tin while Annie chewed. She caressed the tight mound of Annie's belly, giving her roommate a couple of encouraging smacks. Annie's cheeks bloated in surprise, but she kept chewing.

Kyra fed Annie another bite, "That's a good girl... you're gonna be all nice and stretched out for that contest tomorrow..." She rubbed Annie's firm bloated belly lovingly. "Those other losers won't stand a chance..."

Kyra's alarm went off, and she dressed quickly, bouncing with excitement that the big day had finally come. She didn't find Annie in the living room or kitchen, so she knocked on her door.

"Annie! Are you still sleeping? We have to be there in twenty minutes!"

No reply came.

Kyra checked the doorknob. It wasn't locked. She pushed it open.

Annie lay supine on the bed. The single bedsheet covering her underwear-clad body bunched up over her hips, having slid off the mountain of her massive belly as it rose into the air like a smug mountain.

"Annie?"

Kyra crossed the room, laying a tentative hand on Annie's enormous belly. She gave it a few wobbles. "Wake up big girl, it's showtime!"

Annie didn't wake up.

Kyra leaned in closer to take her obese roommate by the shoulder, shaking her.

"Wake! Up! Annie!"

Annie let out a whining moan, then rolled onto her side. The frame and mattress springs creaked so loud Kyra was afraid the damn bed might break. She shook her friend several more times, and even tried yelling in her ear. Nothing worked.

Kyra put on her shoes and grabbed her keys.

"Contestant number three is falling behind, folks! We might see an early 'tap out' this year!"

Kyra struggled to keep the pie down. Her normally flat middle was distended and hard. And she'd only eaten five pies!

"Give it up, beanpole," A massive woman to her left taunted.

"Yeah, come back when you're at least a size ten!" Another to her right added.

Kyra closed her eyes. She thought of all the nights over the past month she'd coached Annie. She quoted those same 'encouraging' words to herself.

"Come on girl, dig deep. Open your throat so the fruit can slide down faster."