

ROUNDING OUT RACHEL

A Weight Gain story written by HowdyThere5 and illustrated by Berserker1133.

Chapter 1:

“Fuuuuck.” Rachel moaned from under the covers, her head was throbbing and the rest of her body felt sore. She tossed and turned until her arm collided with the very reason why she was sore. “Oh, right.”

Her and “B-Rad”, as she liked to call him, had met last year at a frat party. It was the first party she ever went to as a Freshman and they both just seemed to click... kinda. Personality-wise they couldn't have been more different, where Brad was a self-absorbed meathead, Rachel was a more thoughtful yet free-spirited type of gal. But their sexual chemistry was dynamite! It was for that reason why they agreed for almost a whole year to be each other's friends with benefits. The two sophomores made sure they used their benefits as often as possible too.

As much as she wanted to stay in bed for the rest of the day reminiscing and nursing her hangover, her conscience was screaming at her to not be late for class. Didn't want to ruin her good student behavior after all! With great care and even greater focus, the horribly hungover brunette slowly rolled out of bed, only to flop onto the ground with a thud. Miraculously, her friend-with-benefits only groaned before resuming his loud snoring.

Stretching her back with a crack, Rachel suddenly realized why the dorm felt more brisk than usual. She was still naked. She looked about the room, too dark to see anything except the several piles of clothes strewn about the floor.

“Ugh! Why does he never clean after himself.” she cursed under her breath.

As much as she loved making out with her fuck-buddy, she always hated coming back to his dorm. She felt around for her DD-cup bra or her fav pair of sandals. Rachel could tell it was just going to be one of those days...

She scoured around the room, looking through pile after pile of clothes and junk. After several agonizingly long minutes, she had managed to get most of her belongings aside from her v-string thong. Rachel felt around desperately. While she was sure she could get away with it, the full-fledged Sophomore had never been a huge fan of going commando.

“Looking for something?” Brad spoke up from the bed, holding up Rachel's thong on his index finger. Or what she could only assume to be it. Honestly, it could've been any one of the “souvenirs” that he kept.

“Dammit B-Rad...” She grunted as she put her hands on her curvy hips. “I am soooo not in the mood for this shit right now.”

“Don’t worry, Rach. I’ll give it back if you give me a blowjob.” She could barely see, but she could tell the douche had that self-satisfied grin plastered on his face like he always did.

“C’mon Bradley, I’m seriously not in the mood. I’ve got my class soon.” Rachel crossed her arms across her bare chest.

While the nude brunette tried to act stern, Rachel was already squirming at the thought of having another go with Brad. She subtly tried to shift her arms as her nipples hardened beneath them. She shook her head to get the thought out of her horny little mind. She was a straight-A student! She’s never been late to class before and she definitely wasn’t going to start now.

The college wrestler scratched his head. “Oh yeah, your sex-ed class or whatever you were talking about last night. Why do you even need to go? You’re already a master!”

“Pfff, it’s a psychology class.” If he was going to play difficult, then so was she!

Rachel went to the bathroom mirror to get herself touched up, making sure to do an extra sway and shimmy of her hourglass figure. She heard Brad shifting around under the covers and smirked. Unfortunately, suddenly turning on the light while hungover was not the best of decisions, and completely evaporated any bravado she once had.

She took in the damage: her makeup was smudged around her bleary emerald eyes while her hair was a mess of brown tendrils and knots. Rachel washed her face of the dark smudges, revealing the cute freckles that were peppered across her face and button-nose. However, she couldn’t help but to admire her perky breasts below and especially her flat, if untuned, belly. She may not work out, but she was looking damn fine!

“C’mooooon. Stay a little longer!” Brad moaned like the man-child he was. Rachel rolled her eyes, not appreciating being taken back to reality.

She dried off her face with a crusty towel and began reapplying her makeup and untangling her hair. “This class is important for my major, Brad. I need this! And I’ll be damned if I give off a bad impression on the first day!”

“You saying I’m not important enough to you?” Brad grinned as he snuck up behind her and gave a satisfying smack to her firm rear-end, eliciting a yelp from the owner. “And besides, you and I both know there’s no way you could ever give a ‘bad impression.’”

“You’re just saying that so you can get a suck.” Rachel shook her head, but couldn’t contain her own mischievous smile to match the blonde hunk’s. This didn’t go unnoticed as Brad nudged his large boner in between her tight cheeks. She shivered as her breathing quickened. Rachel bit her lower lip.

“You know,” Rachel grinded her badunkadunk against Brad’s groin, “maybe I can stay a bit longer...”

“‘Maybe?’”

Checking her phone, Rachel’s smile went ear to ear. “Looks like you’re in luck, B-Rad. I’ve got just enough time to squeeze you in.”

Suffice to say, Rachel was starting her Sophomore year at Biltworth College on a high note.

Rachel strutted into the classroom, her signature high-pigtails bobbing rhythmically up and down. Or rather she strutted in as best she could. She had opted to stop by the cafe for a large black coffee to help nurse her hangover. As much as Rachel despised black coffee, desperate times called for desperate measures.

However, seeing the unabashed gawking from every male student in the room certainly helped ease her mind. Even at her worst, she still managed to attract quite the crowd. She even caught the balding professor eying her up and down before shyly looking away. The brunette smirked.

Rachel was every man’s wet dream and she knew it, that’s why she dressed the way she did; perky DD-cup breasts packed firmly into her favorite purple crop-top. Her firm butt and slim legs packed into a snug jean short-shorts and leggings combo. And of course, her chestnut hair was done up in her signature high-pigtails style that she absolutely adored. She liked to label her look as “slutty yet classy.”

The buxom brunette made sure to put an extra pep in her steps and a sway of her hips as she made her way to one of the remaining front desks. To have a better view of the board, of course!

Almost as soon as Rachel had sat herself down, another student lumbered into the classroom, albeit in a far less glamorous way. The overweight student dragged his heavy feet across the floor where Rachel had effortlessly pranced about. His baggy jeans weren’t as baggy as she was sure he meant for them to be considering the strain his tree-trunk thighs were putting on the seams. Even his arms were fat, practically bursting out of the sleeves of his red T-shirt. Yet his most prominent feature was his massive potbelly that pressed against said shirt to the point that everyone could see the deep indentation that was his belly-button. A little bit of his underbelly even poked out from beneath the hem, revealing the pasty flesh for everyone to see as well as earning him some snide remarks and gossipy whispers.

“Wow, look! It’s the Pillsbury Doughboy!” One of the male students snickered to his friend.

Another girl gossiped, “I can’t believe he’s wearing that shirt.”

“He should probably hit the gym if he’s wheezing this bad just from walking...”
Another murmured.

Rachel watched him sympathetically as lumbered his way to the desk furthest from the white board, his dirty-blond head hung low and his eyes staring straight down at the floor. Where the other students wore their disgust for this student on their face, Rachel was perhaps the only one who felt a twinge of pity... and curiosity. Not in the sexual kind, she had her type and he was certainly not up to snuff. However, she couldn’t understand how someone could let themselves go like that. It’s not like it was that hard to stay in shape, was it? After all, it was easy for her!

“Alright! Welcome everyone to Social Psychology - Human Sexuality 269!” A few snickers escaped from some of the students. “Yes, yes. Get that out of your system now, because you’ll find this class to be far more serious than its title would have you believe.” He said sternly.

Rachel was drawn out of her usual focus to immediately be overcome by a tsunami of boredom. She could feel her eyelids become heavy as the middle-aged Psych Professor droned on and on about the class. Even with the caffeine, it wasn’t enough to tide her over. Perhaps sitting in the front of the class wasn’t one of her best ideas.

While Rachel prided herself on her excellence in academics, it didn’t mean the brunette was always enraptured by them. Quite the contrary usually. She was just speedy and efficient with her work. However, after what felt like hours of attendance followed by an even longer and drier summarization of the class and whatnot, he finally capped the class with a massive bombshell.

“--More importantly, I’ll be assigning a group project as your final.” Groans echoed throughout the classroom as he procured his attendance paper again. “Yes, no one likes the project at first, but it doesn’t matter if you don’t like it. You’ve got all of two entire semesters to work on it. You’re all more than capable I’m sure. Besides, the possible topics will be interesting, I can assure you. Anyway, don’t worry, I’ll be pairing you all up at random.” After a thorough and loud clear of his throat, he continued, “Lisa Higgins with James Sutherland, Gerald Mitchell and Sydney Kyles, Lewis...”

As the Professor went on, the classroom was already a buzz with students gravitating to their partners. Unfortunately, a switch had turned off when he first went over attendance, and Rachel had to play “Guess Who” for who she’d be partnered with. She looked around eagerly to see who her partner would be, pigtails swinging wildly, only to realize that the only other people with no partners were herself and the large student in the very back of the class.

“... and Rachel McGuire and Cory Russo. Alright, that should just about do it. You’ll all be researching multiple fetishes and kinks of your choice and their social, cultural,

anatomical, and behavioral impacts on human psyche and sexuality. Be sure to plan this out; it's a big portion of your grade." He wagged his finger. "And don't think you can procrastinate 'til the last minute, nor expect any pity extra credits from me either!"

With that, most of the class was quick to leave, partners a mix between excitedly planning out what to do and cursing out the professor for dropping this project on them. Rachel, however, was ecstatic to meet someone new and, hopefully, ace this project with! She made her way over to introduce herself, her breasts bouncing happily within her form fitting crop-top.

"Hey there! I'm Rachel! I'm guessing you're Cory?" The busty brunette leaned across the table to offer a handshake.

Cory could feel his tubby face get hot as his brown doe eyes were perfectly aligned to see into his partner's deep cleavage. He quickly looked up into her bright green eyes before she called him a creep for staring too long. He managed to mumble out, "Y-yup... that's me... Nice to meet y-you."

Rachel cocked her head at the odd display. "Aaaaaanyway, looks like we'll be working together on this project."

"Mhmm..."

She shrugged and sat down on the table, oblivious to the fact that Cory was very obviously ogling her. While he didn't mean to act so pervy, another part of him couldn't resist it. After all, what were the odds of a guy like him being partnered up with a girl this gorgeous!? Not to mention, those pink thong straps of hers were pretty hard to ignore when she was sitting this close to him. Hell, she was practically sitting right in front of him, giving him a great view of her pert ass. However, he couldn't help but shrink from the guilt of acting like some sex-craven incel on top of his...lackluster appearance.

Cory nervously scratched one of his moobs while deep in thought, before quickly pulling his hand away in shame. The action didn't go unnoticed by the bodacious brunette.

"Yeahhh, I feel you. As much as I love my crop-tops, they are a pretty tight fit sometimes." Rachel jostled her D-cups in the process of readjusting her shirt.

"Y-yeah." If Cory was red in the face before, now he was practically boiling. He couldn't tell if he was lucky to be partnered with the hottest chick on campus or that she caught him gawking at her like some caveman. "Most of my shirts are pretty tight too..."

He internally cringed. What was he thinking? Hell, what was he talking about? Of all the things to mumble out, he goes on to talk about how tight his own shirts are?! She has eyes! She can see how fat he is! He must be making this girl so uncomfort-

“I know right! It’s like: ‘Should I even bother with a bra when these work just as fine?’” Rachel exclaimed, glad to finally get him to talk a bit more. “But I guess that’s the price to pay for being fashionable.”

“Ummm...Can’t say I can relate...” He crossed his legs as he looked down sheepishly at his own moobs pressing against his T-shirt. Several moments of awkward silence passed between the two; Cory too embarrassed to speak and Rachel not knowing what to say to draw him out of his shell.

Rachel could tell her partner was really nervous and shy. He was barely even engaging in conversation, no matter how much charm she tried to throw in or ease the situation. She would’ve thought it was impossible for anyone to resist her overwhelming charisma, but she supposed there’s always a first for anything.

Hopefully, this guy won’t be like this the whole year...

“Say... how come I’ve never seen you before around campus?” Rachel tried to break the tension with another icebreaker. Anything to make this less awkward than it already was.

“I transferred.” He mumbled back, keeping his brown doe eyes staring down.

“Oh really? From where?” This had more than piqued her interest.

Before he had a chance to respond, Cory’s stomach let out a ravenous growl. The two of them could’ve played a drinking game for how many times Cory went red in the face by this point. Cory braced himself for an onslaught of jabs and insults at his expense. However, when he looked up, all he saw was excitement in her eyes.

“Yeah, I’m getting pretty peckish too right now.” Rachel rubbed her own slim belly. “Good thing the Dining Hall has some good grub!”

“Oh yeah?” Cory lifted his head up in excitement.

Rachel flashed a radiant smile. “Hell yeah! We should meet up there in a bit. Maybe figure out a schedule and what to do for our project.”

He nodded, his chin doubling as he did so. “That...sounds like a pretty good idea.”

“Alrighty then! It’s settled!” Rachel put out her hand. After a brief moment of confusion, Cory embraced his lithe partner’s overenthusiastic shake.

As the two left to prepare for their fateful meeting, however, they also heard some comments from the remaining students on their way out.

“It’s too bad I didn’t get paired with her.” One male student murmured to his partner.

“I feel you, man. I feel you...”

“Damnnnn, to think that tub o’ lard got lucky to land her.” Another lamented.

For Cory, he felt all the confidence that had briefly built up evaporate in an instant. Rachel merely shook her head at their lack of subtlety. While the chestnut-haired beauty didn’t know how well she and Cory would get along, there was one thing she knew for sure: at least Cory wasn’t a shallow douche like these people who only want to get in her pants. She just had a good gut feeling about him.

“I heard someone had a fun time last night.” Nicole eyed her roommate. Not even a minute in their dorm, and already Rachel was being hounded by her golden-haired counterpart. If there was anyone on campus who was even close to rivaling Rachel’s own hourglass figure, it was her blonde friend. Fortunately, they hit it off fairly well when they dormed together last year, quickly becoming besties and the life of the party wherever they went. Though, it probably helped that they had a bit of a friendly rivalry with each other, especially over Rachel’s good friend.

“Oh, it was more than just a ‘fun time.’”

“Lucky bitch.” Nicole breathed.

“That’s me!” Rachel winked.

“When are you gonna quit hogging Brad!? It’s not like you two are even going steady!” Nicole whined and leaned her firm caboose on her desk. The two of them knew how close Rachel was with Bradley, even if Nicole was a smidge jealous of her slightly shorter friend. Or maybe more than just a smidge...

“Cause he clearly likes what he sees!” Rachel pursed her lips while she seductively squeezed her breasts together and gave her ass a haughty spank. “Sorry, Nikki.”

“Tch! Whatever!” Nicole whipped out her phone from her curve-hugging jeans. While her hips and butt weren’t nearly as curvaceous as Rachels, something that always grinded the blonde’s gears, they were still quite cute despite being overshadowed by her perky boobs. She aggressively tapped at her screen, trying to engross herself in her socials. “Don’t you think it’s a bit early for the club, anyway? You’re not a stripper after all.”

It was an inside joke between the two roommates considering Rachel always dressed like she was going to a party or club. Or a long session of sex with her go-to fuck-buddy. If you asked Rachel, it was because she had impeccable taste!

“Har, har. No, I’m meeting up with my partner for our semester project.” She clarified

as she stuffed her bag with her books and laptop, already prepared to ace this group project. “I’m meeting up with him at the dining hall so we can go over some things.”

“Ooooooooooh! Sounds like a daaaaaaate! Who’s the lucky man?” She repeatedly nudged Rachel.

The brunette couldn’t help but roll her eyes. “One, it’s not a date. Two, you wouldn’t know him.”

Nicole didn’t even bother making eye contact, she was too engrossed in her Instagram and Snaps. She barely even uttered out a response. “Hmmm. You’re going out to eat and it’s with a new guy? Sounds like a date to me, girl.”

“It’s noooooot!” Rachel sang harmonically.

“Liar liar! Wait! Hold up! Does this mean Bradley’s finally free for the taking?” Nicole finally put her phone down and bounced up and down like a giddy school girl, causing her impressive rack to jiggle like jello within her tight hot-pink T-shirt.

“Pff! You wish bitch!” Rachel laughed. “That boy’s all mine!”

“Oh? Then the guy you’re seeing isn’t your type then?”

“No, he’s a bit too...fluffy for me...” Rachel put it as delicately as she could. She had tried to say it in the least bitchy way possible. However, she didn’t expect the blonde bombshell to break down into hysterical laughter. “What? What’s so funny?”

“Oh my gawwwwd! That’s too funny!” Before the brunette could ask what she meant, the buxom blonde was already hollering to the third occupant in the room. “Hey Bridge, get in here!”

“I heard!” A high-pitched voice echoed from the shared bathroom. “What’s gotten into you, girlfriend?”

Nicole cackled like a witch. “I know right! It’s just too funny!”

“Seriously! I can’t believe Rachel’s meeting up with the campus fatty!” Bridget sauntered out from the bathroom, clad in lycra. A visible muffin-top was flowing over the band of her dark green workout shorts.

“Like you’re one to talk, Bridget.” Rachel placed her hands on her hips.

Bridget flipped the bird. “Puh-lease! You’re lucky you’ve got a good metabolism. With the way you eat, it’s a miracle you’re not 500 pounds!”

Where Rachel and Nicole had managed to dodge the Freshman Fifteen last year, it had unfortunately found its way onto the red-haired girl’s own burgeoning hips. It seemed

all the partying and beer didn't acclimate well with some figures. To add insult to injury, Bridget had been fairly flat before the Freshman Fifteen but the weight only seemed to go directly to her beer-belly, giving her a constant bloated-look. No doubt she was heading out to the campus gym like she had vowed by the end of Freshman year.

The chubby red-head eyed her lithe friend with envy. It's not like she wasn't wrong! That bitch could really eat and drink! Bridget subconsciously poked and prodded her own jelly-belly, her fingers sinking a bit too deep for comfort.

"And you'd think after you gained some weight, you would've gained some empathy too." The chestnut-haired model fired back.

"C'mon Rachel, chill a bit." Nicole dabbed at her eye lest she ruin her perfectly applied mascara. "Seriously? You don't see the irony of it?"

"Sorry if the humor's lost on me," Rachel said sardonically.

"One of the hottest girls on campus is going out with one of the fattest dudes on campus!" Nicole playfully nudged her roommate. "Shit, what's his name? I remember seeing him around the other day."

"He looked like he was going to keel over just from walking!" Bridget laughed, causing her belly rolls to scrunch together like an accordion.

"Ugh! You two are terrible!" Rachel stomped her foot on the ground, causing her assets to nearly pop out of her crop-top. She was beginning to see a pattern today and was already getting sick of this high school bullshit. Wasn't college meant to be a time to grow-up and mature? Apparently this notion was lost on just about everyone else at Biltworth College.

"Come on! Lighten up! It's just a little bit of fun!" Nicole wrapped her slender arms from behind her. The pig-tailed hottie grimaced. She smelled the alcohol on her roommate's breath

"Jesus Nikki, don't you think it's a bit early to be pregaming? It's only-," the brunette went wide-eyed when she checked her phone, "- shit I'm gonna be late!"

She went for his favorite pair of sandals and her bags as she hurried out. Rachel didn't even bother saying goodbye as she flung open the door.

"Enjoy your daaaaaate!" Nicole hollered after her.

"Yeah! Make sure he doesn't rub off on you!" Bridget cackled in alongside her blonde cohort.

The last thing Rachel heard before she shut the door were the howls of laughter from

those hyena friends of hers.

The aroma of cheap, greasy college food wafted through the Dining Hall air. While her friends may have despised the Dining Hall and all the greasy concoctions it produced, Rachel really did enjoy it. She had to admit, but Bridget was onto something. Whenever she came here, the chestnut-haired beauty couldn't help but go all out. For campus food, it was actually pretty good!

Although, the same couldn't be said of the decor, what with all the grease stains on the walls and dirt-brown tiled floors. Even the windows were somewhat dingy. There were definitely some health and safety violations going on, but hey, good food is good food, right?

Fortunately for Rachel, Cory wasn't hard to find seeing that he was the largest student on campus. She spotted him from across the cafeteria, with a plate stacked high with fatty foods; burgers, cheesy fries, fried chicken, chili hotdogs, and more!

While Rachel was evidently disgusted at first, the brunette couldn't help but be genuinely impressed at the sheer amount of food Cory had loaded up. It was certainly no wonder how he had gotten this big. If Rachel had to guess, he was easily over 250 pounds, and at his height it really showed. What's more, she noticed that he already seemed pretty stuffed judging by how his buddha belly jutted out and stretched out his extra-large T-shirt even more than before.

However, she wasn't the only person gawking at the display of gluttony before her, as several students whispered and eyed the tubby man from his far-off corner. Cory clearly noticed too since he kept his eyes down as he slowly waddled his thick thighs to the most secluded portion of the cafeteria. Rachel couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt considering she was no different than the other gawkers in the cafeteria. But at least she was here as a friend! Hopefully...

"Long time no see stranger!" Rachel exclaimed, nearly causing her overweight partner to choke on his cheeseburger. "Oops! Sorry! Didn't mean to startle you!"

"You're thf-" Cory choked and struggled to swallow the rest of his burger and tried to regain some level of composure. "You're fine!"

"Great! Now, let's get to business," Rachel began, cracking her knuckles and getting to the nitty gritty of their assignment, "so we need to discuss the social, behavioral and yada yada impacts on the human psyche and sexuality. Any ideas what we should write about?"

He mumbled something noncommittal. He was too engrossed in his feast to really be bothered.

“C’mon! Don’y tell me you don’t have anything! Besides, if we have something we’re passionate about, it could make the project go smoother.” She winked.

Cory scratched his moob nervously while he felt all his blood rush up into his apple cheeks. She couldn’t tell if she was intentionally being this forward or it was just who she is.

However, the overweight blonde certainly had a few ideas in the back of his mind. Almost all of them involved Rachel.

From Cory’s vantage, he was really able to soak in Rachel’s physique. She was curvy-slender, with just enough of an hourglass to stand out from the crowd. Her perky breasts pressed against her tight purple crop-top so much he was sure she wasn’t even wearing a bra. He could even still see the bands of her pink thong sticking a good bit out of her waistband of her shorts. A little bulge formed in his pants.

“You must have an awful wedgie.” Cory thought out loud. When Rachel gave him a quizzical look, he realized what he had unintentionally blurted out and quickly put his pudgy hands to his mouth.

There were many thoughts going through his mind at once. Some were about how he should learn to stay quiet. Others went something along the lines of “this is why I should just stay an introvert.” And of course, the biggest one echoing right now was: “she must think I’m some sort of creepy troglodyte!”

However, to Cory’s utter surprise, the bombshell simply laughed. Not one of those awkward fake laughs but a genuine, hearty laugh. “Yeah, it sure does! Not many people realize the price you gotta pay for looking good! At least somebody understands the pain I have to go through!”

Cory was flabbergasted. She really didn’t care, did she? He couldn’t help but laugh along too. Just as soon as the awkwardness had appeared, it dissipated. He saw those green eyes of hers begin to glow with newfound light. This is just who she is, isn’t it?

“Ever thought about going commando? That way it won’t be eating your ass.” He shrugged and gave a smirk of his own.

“Stahhhhhp!” The freckled vixen laughed. She was glad to see her fat friend finally come out of his shell. “Everyone keeps pushing me to do that for some reason!”

“They might be onto something.” Cory smiled back, not noticing his partner eyeing up something beside him on the tiled floors.

“So Cory...” Rachel began while she helped herself to some of his french fries. “I couldn’t help but notice your bag there...”

“W-what about it?” He gulped. And so the tug-o-war between his confidence and self-

consciousness continued.

His bag was a mass of pins and badges of all sorts of nerdy memorabilia ranging from video games, movies, and anime. In fact, his pride and joy was his Hitsune Miku badge that was kept prominently on the side pocket of his backpack. In most scenarios the overweight sophomore proudly wore his nerdiness on his sleeve, but he couldn't help but feel a twinge of bashfulness as the hottest girl on campus sized him up.

She smiled. "It's got an overwatch pin on it."

Her smile was infectious as he gave on of his own and relaxed his shoulders. "Yeah! Love the game!... Do you play?"

"Heck's yeah I do! Or I guess I did." Rachel shrugged as she helped herself to another one of his fries. "It's *munch* been a while since I last played."

"No way!"

"Way. Why is that so hard to believe?" She arched an eyebrow.

Cory scratched at his messy hair. "Well it's just that..."

"Hey! Girls can play video games too, y'know!" Rachel huffed as she snatched a handful of his fries and shoved them in her mouth. "I wash a pwetty good Dva an' *munch* Widowmaker main. Damn these are some good fries."

Just as she reached for another handful of fries, Cory pulled them out of reach and swatted her greedy, slender hands away.

He protected it like a parent might a newborn baby. "Hey! Get your own!"

"C'mooooon! Sharing is caring!" Rachel whined as she stretched herself on the table, just barely out of reach from the salty goodness.

"Yeah, and I paid for them!" He shot back. "Besides, if you eat like me, you may turn into me!"

Rachel cocked her head, her high-pigtails swayed with the motion. "What do you mean?"

"I'm not sure if you've noticed, but I need to cut back..." Cory sighed, even looking like he was on the verge of tears.

"Hey, what's on your mind?" Rachel held out a comforting hand. After a moment of hesitation, he took it.

"I-I just can't help but eat. I feel sad, I eat. I feel angry, I eat. I feel stressed, I eat." Cory

lamented. He stared down dejectedly at the remainder of his tray of greasy, fattening foods. “It’s no wonder everyone’s always pointing and staring at me...”

Rachel observed her newfound friend’s situation with pity. Cory seemed like a real stand-up guy. Plus, it helped that he clearly wasn’t a shallow asshole like some of her other friends. She pondered a way to help him in any way she could.

After several somber moments of silence, it hit her! Rachel’s pretty little freckled face lit up.

She practically jumped out of her seat, snatching Cory’s still high-calorie tray of food without a word and speed-walked her way over to the trash can. The overweight blonde was in a brief trance watching her shapely buns swish and sway in those tight jean shorts and leggings of hers. He could feel his pants stiffen again, but even he was surprised that his gluttony won out over his horniness.

“Wha-Hey! What do you think you’re doing with my food?!” He struggled to get up from his seat in the dining booth. Cory made haste after her, or what someone could consider “haste”.

“Don’t worry, I’ll just take this!” She made her way over to the trash can nearest to them.

“Wait!” Cory called out after her. He had his hands on his knees, out of breath from simply standing up and waddling over to his lithe counterpart.

She arched an eyebrow. “What?”

“Don’t throw it away!” He breathed, whipping some sweat from his moistened brow. “There are people starving, you know. Plus, it’s a waste of money! Money I just spent! I hate wasting stuff!”

Rachel looked down at the food and shrugged as a new plan lit up in her mind. “Ok then.” And began ravenously tearing into the greasy feast with the enthusiasm of a starving animal.

Cory didn’t even try to hide his confusion. “Um..What now?”

Rachel mumbled something incoherent through a mouthful of food. Some chewed bits nearly flew onto Cory’s wide-chest and round belly. He didn’t even try to hide his envy nor disgust.

“H-hey! What’re you doing!?” Cory looked on as Rachel continued shoving his food into her face.

She ravenously chewed and swallowed one of his double-stacked cheeseburger and his loaded chili cheese-dog. “Ishn’t it obvioush?”

“Besides you stealing my food!?”

“I’m doing you a solid and eating your junk food for you. This way, you’ll lose weight and people won’t pick on you anymore!” Rachel explained as she took another massive bite out of his chili-dog; cheese and sauce and grease sprayed out, but she didn’t seem to care. She merely continued to tear the fattening food apart, barely even taking the time to breath between bites.

After several long moments of intense stuffing, Rachel finally looked up to see the uneasy expression on her partner’s round face.

“Wha-?” Rachel asked through a mouth full of food, spraying some more food chunks out again. “Wha’sh up?”

“Y-you sure you should do this Rachel?” Cory looked down at his thick fingers. “I don’t know if it’s a good idea. Wouldn’t you gain weight and get as fat as me?”

The busty brunette stifled a laugh. “C’mon Cory! If I wasn’t sure I’d keep the weight off, do you think I’d be doing this?”

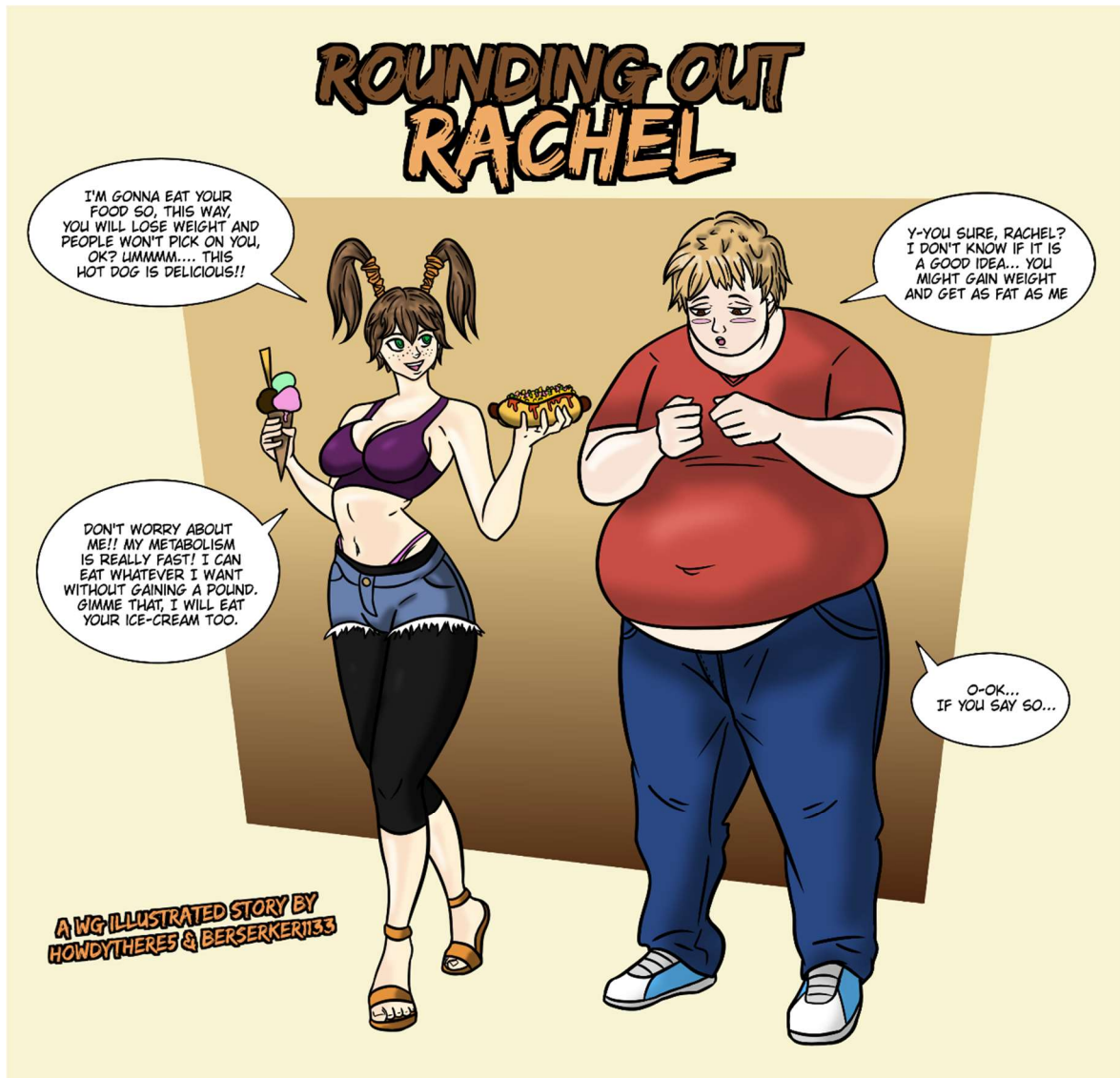
“Rachel...I-I don’t know...”

“Look here.” Rachel struck a pose, jutting out her flat tummy while she balanced the junk food in her hands. “My metabolism hasn’t failed me yet and I know it won’t fail me now!”

“B-but-”

“‘But’ nothing! My metabolism is really fast! I can eat whatever I want without gaining a single pound! Rachel inhaled the rest of Cory’s chili-dog, making sure to lick off all the sauce and grease from her dainty fingers before snatching his triple-scooped ice cream from his tray as well. “Gimme that! I’ll eat your ice cream too.”

Cory couldn’t help but look on in shock as Rachel indulged further and further into his meal. He was so stunned that anyone would do this for him, least of all someone as kind, caring, and sexy as the pigtailed-beauty in front of him. But the rational part of Cory’s mind couldn’t help but see a glaring flaw in such a plan, aside from his food being gobbled up: he’d still have to work out and change his diet to lose the weight. Something that he really didn’t want to do. However, Rachel seemed really proud of herself, so he kept his mouth shut and watched on as his partner in crime devoured his food with gusto. He just hoped she was right about her metabolism, for her sake...



With a heaving push Rachel stumbled her into her dorm room, but not before her food belly had the honors of proudly entering the dorm first. She was so stuffed to the gills, she had to unbutton her jean shorts. Fortunately, she was able to keep a modicum of modesty with her black leggings she had stylishly chosen to wear. She counted her blessings in that regard.

Even Cory had been impressed and shocked at the amount of food she had managed to put away. She couldn't really blame him or the other people who gawked and gossiped as she lumbered her way back to her dorm in a haze. She looked almost comical, as if she had eaten a bowling ball; and was probably as heavy as one too. Rachel had to admit, she may have gone a bit overboard. Though to be fair, Cory kept trying to eat something only for her to greedily snatch it from his chubby paws.

She panted heavily as she plodded, her tongue lolled out of her mouth. Her formerly

brilliant green eyes had glazed over; eyelids heavy and on the verge of full-on coma! She internally debated whether she should go find the pepto bismol but decided it wasn't worth it. That would be a problem for tomorrow's Rachel.

However, she couldn't help but realize how quiet the dorm was. Too quiet...

Rather than being met by the usual loud gossips and witchy laughter from her shallow roommates, or their expected derision of her, there was nothing but silence.

The engorged brunette spied a post-it note at the far end of the room. She waddled her way, making sure to avoid the piles of clothes and dozens upon dozens of designer shoes that Nicole had tossed haphazardly about their shared living quarters.

"Hey bitch, you wouldn't pick up your phone so we're doing this the old-fashioned way. Me and Bridge are at that Beta Tau party. I'll try not to steal Brad from you 😊~ Nikki"

Rachel rolled her eyes. Typical.

They always did this, ditching and going to parties and bars without her. If Rachel didn't know any better, she'd say they were jealous of her!

Though, another part of her couldn't help but see this as a blessing in disguise. She could barely stand, let alone dance and chug beer from a keg tonight. Or other fun stuff with B-Rad...

Rachel cooed as she massaged her engorged, drum-tight belly. There'd be the rest of the year for partying and getting shit-faced. Tonight was the time for relaxation.

With an unlady-like grunt, she shimmied out of her booty shorts and leggings. Or at least tried to. Her stuffed tummy had other plans. With a rapid series of kicks to the side, she was finally clad in just her pink thong and purple crop-top.

Rachel quickly, yet gingerly, collapsed onto her previously neatly-made bed and covered herself in a cocoon of covers. All the while, she caressed and patted her tightly-packed stomach, a far cry from the previous washboard she had just hours ago. Of course, it's not like she could get fat just from this. Not with her metabolism!

But she couldn't help but wonder before drifting off into her food-induced coma...

Will this actually help Cory?

Could this help him come out of his shell?

Hell, will he even lose weight from such a plan?

In her mind it was worth a shot. Besides, it's better than getting all gross and sweaty at

the gym with nothing to show for it. Everyone knows it's a diet that affects someone's weight!

But what she did know for sure though was she'd have to eat a helluva lot more food for Cory if either of them were going to see results...