Tabitha’s Experiment (2 of 2)
By Mollycoddles

Weeks flew by in a blur, Tabitha’s life now a consistent routine of eating and sleeping. She was eating constantly when she was awake now; the only times that she wasn’t eating was that short sliver of time that it took her to rouse herself from her bed in the morning, tidy herself up, and waddle to the feeding table and the short sliver of time when she finished her final meal of the day and had to waddle, burping and hiccupping thickly, back to bed to collapse into a stuffed stupor. Inevitably, all that eating quickly started to materialize as extra pounds on her body. Her face grew softer and rounder, a crease forming to mark her burgeoning double chin. Her breasts gained a cup size, forcing Tabitha to struggle more and more with the clasp on her bra everyday until her ballooning boobs burst over the rims of her cups and her blouse buttons gasped for release. Her thighs thickened until they rubbed together with every shuffling step and her belly inched out in front of her more every day, bigger and rounder and heavier and tubbier. She was growing plump, then tubby, then downright fat as her weight crested 250 pounds, then 300 pounds, and edged up toward the 400 mark.

“N-no more. I can’t. It’s too much. I’m… I’m absolutely stuffed.” She was so full that she could barely breathe, her overstuffed belly pressing so hard on her lungs that she could only gasp shallowly. “I’ve never been so full…. One more bite and I just know I’ll pop!”

“Now now, Tabitha, you know we wouldn’t let you pop. Why, then our fun would be over!”

Despite her love of eating, she couldn’t entirely get over her parents’ programming. Almost every day, Tabitha fretted that she couldn’t keep living like this, caught in a cycle of sinful gorging and endless indulgence. She would get too fat. She would get so big that she wouldn’t be able to walk! She would explode. But nothing was enough to dissuade her from continuing to eat and eat and eat. Her clothes grew tighter every day, until the button snapped from her shorts in the middle of an extra gluttonous meal and the zipper slid down as her stuffed tight belly barrelled out triumphant. It wasn’t long after that that her plumpening boobs and growing gut started to tear the buttons from her blouse. Luckily, Janet was happy to shop for new clothes. Tabitha favored stretch fabrics now that she knew she was going to keep growing, but even spandex only has so much give. Her new black tights were a godsend, nice and stretchy and comfortable with plenty of room to grow… but only days later, Tabitha’s belly was so round that it stretched the black material to the point that it was an almost transparent gray.

“I can’t… my waistband… it hurts… oh it’s going to cut me in two…”

Tabitha’s tummy was so overfull that even the slight pressure of the elastic waistband around her middle felt like a vice. It would only be a matter of time before it snapped under the pressure, the fraying elastic whining every time that Tabitha inhaled a rattling, gasping breath.

Tabitha was a natural glutton, completely unable to resist food. She would eat herself up to the brink of explosion at every meal, only stopping when the food finally ran out, Janet and Dr. Plantier too exhausted to keep feeding her. Despite all her early pretentions to resistance, Tabitha proved an eager student. She started every feeding session licking her lips and begging to be fed like a baby bird and she ended every session so obscenely bloated beyond reckoning that her round full belly flushed bright fire engine red. She was like a human balloon, every swallow like a pump of helium, blowing her up bigger and bigger, and Dr. Plantier and Janet both eagerly awaited the day, with a giddy combination of dread and excitement, when Tabitha’s yawning hunger would finally prove her undoing, the day that she finally gulped down one bite too many and burst apart at the seams. How many more days would they get to spend with their inflating charge before she finally pushed herself too far? Tabitha’s appetite was growing as fast as her figure, her growing belly requiring more food everyday just to reach the same levels of satiety… If this kept up, Tabitha would eventually reach the point where it was impossible for her to eat enough to keep full. What a day that would be! Dr. Plantier and Janet kept careful notes on her progress.

“How are you feeling today, my fine little piglet?” asked Dr. Plantier as she and Janet struggled to lift Tabitha from her feeding chair after yet another gorging session. Tabitha’s meals lasted longer every day; sometimes she would continue to eat late into the night. “Did you get enough to eat?”

“Good, Doctor… I just…” Tabitha stifled a belch. “Oh! Excuse me! Oh that chair… it’s getting so tight…”

It was true. Tabitha’s bottom was expanding along with the rest of her, her inflating flanks now spilling over the armrests of the feeding chair so much that they interfered with her captors’ ability to fasten the restraints around her chubby arms. Not that Tabitha needed them! She was a willing slave to her greed and she eagerly awaited every new day of unrepentant gluttony.

“My my, my fat little princess, it looks like you’ve grown too wide for your chair. What do you make of that, Janet?”

Janet clucked her tongue. “Must be from all that eating, Dr. Plantier. I’m afraid that our little Tabitha here had made quite the pig of herself lately. And you know what happens to greedy little pigs who spend too much time at the trough? They do start to pack on the pounds!”

The two women laughed as Tabitha blushed pink. She was embarrassed but at the same time… she kind of liked how they teased her? It was so loving, so tender… like they really cared for her despite everything? The tone was so different from the harsh critiques of her domineering mother!

“Our favorite fat girl’s had too much to eat, so we better get her a new chair. We wouldn’t want you to have to miss a meal just because your ass is too big to fit, hmmm?” Dr. Plantier chuckled as she reached behind Tabitha and grabbed a heathly handful of butt blubber through the blonde blimpette’s straining tights. The doctor gave it a hefty jiggle and chuckled at Tabitha’s reaction as she squeaked in surprise. “What do you think, Tabitha? Would you like a new chair?”

“Y-yes, please…”

“I don’t think we’ve got one big enough, doctor!” said Janet.

“Well, well, how do you like that, tubby? Your fat ass is so big that we just don’t have a chair sturdy enough to hold you anymore! How much do you weigh now anyway? I’d estimate about 400 pounds…”

“Probably more like 450 by now,” said Janet.

“A good start, but hardly enough,” said Dr. Plantier. “But don’t worry, we’ll fix that soon enough. I think I have a solution for our chair problem, though…”

They didn’t have a chair big enough, so they simply pushed two chairs together and let Tabitha site with her bulk spread across them. It was a temporary solution and, as she sat down to eat once again, Tabitha wondered how long it would be before she needed three chairs to support her burgeoning weight. Or even four? Or more…

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Tabitha continued to gorge and grow. Janet and Dr. Plantier didn’t bother with the restraints anymore when they brought her to the feeding table. She was too fat to escape now, even if she wanted to… but the truth was, deep down in her heart, Tabitha didn’t want this to end. The rational part of her mind continued to worry about her size. How big would she get? She passed 500 pounds and rapidly approached 600 pounds, her entire body swelling bigger and rounder by the day like a balloon being inflated. She was too vast now to even qualify as a human balloon at this point; she looked more like a human blimp! She couldn’t wear clothes anymore. She couldn’t fit through doors. She could barely even waddle. She needed help to do everything! The only thing that never got harder for her… was eating! But at the same time, despite all the troubles and worries of gaining, she didn’t want to stop! Every day was pure bliss as she finally got to enjoy the hedonistic abandon that she had always dreamed of! Her hunger was boundless! Part of her felt like she could eat forever but part of her worried that she would literally pop if she didn’t restrain herself and then the fun would be over. She almost wanted to cry at the thought, not because she was afraid of popping but because it would put a stop to her constant binging and gluttony.

At a certain point, Tabitha’s weight became a mystery. She ballooned to 600, to 700, to 800… But after that, Dr. Plantier didn’t have a scale capable of weighing her! Not that it mattered, Tabitha was so fat and heavy now that she could barely stand upright for more than a few seconds without sweating and gasping yet alone long enough to actually stand on a scale for weighing!

After another gorging session, the two women stood back to admire their handiwork. Tabitha sat across four chairs now, leaning back, her belly huge and round, her plump cheeks flushed with the exertion of her gluttony. She was exhausted.

“Tabitha, wake up! Wake up!” Janet shook her shoulder.

“Hmm? What?”

“It’s time for bed, honey.”

“Can she even walk now?” asked Dr. Plantier, stroking her chin.

Janet giggled. “Let’s see.”

The two women heaved their titanic charge to her feet. Tabitha’s bare belly sloshed like she was an ocean in motion, a massive gelatin-filled blimp. Her breasts, as big as ripe watermelons, threatened to tear apart her shredding tank top at the seams; it was so tight that her burgundy nipples were visible through the material and a yard of cleavage was visible over the stretched neckline. Her tubby tushie quivered, her frayed panties barely adequate to cover her colossal cheeks so that a good foot of plump butt cleavage was on display. Her face was hidden under layer of new blubber, her chubby cheeks so puffy that her mouth was forced into a permanent pout that only made her cuter. Her double chin had ballooned into a thick wattle of flesh that enveloped her neck so that her head almost seemed to sink into her rotund body. Her arms were so puffed and plumped with blubber that they resembled inner tubes and she had to hold them out to her sides in a T-pose because she couldn’t bend her fat swaddled elbows much anymore. At her size, she was almost completely helpless, a nearly immobile blob of lard that relied entirely on the kindness and indulgence of Dr. Plantier.

“H-help… I can’t… I can’t stand…” moaned Tabitha.

“Oh, but we ALWAYS help you to bed,” said Dr. Plantier, trying hard not to giggle. “We want you to try it by yourself, Tabitha. We need to test your mobility for our study.”

“Yes,” agreed Janet with a wink. “For the study.”

“Ughhh….” Tabitha moaned as she placed one foot in front of the other, her footfalls thundering through the warehouse as she struggled to heft her colossal bulk. Within moments, she was gasping and panting, sweat sloughing off her blubbery flanks. She had to pirouette her arms to maintain balance so that the constant jiggle and bounce of her blubber didn’t overwhelm her and cause her to tip over. It was anyone’s guess which way she would tip when she fell. Would the combined weight of her belly and breasts pull her forward? Or was her butt big enough to outweigh them both and pull her backward? Tabitha grunted and groaned as she shuffled down the hallway, her broad hips brushing the walls.

“P-please… I can’t… it’s too hard…”

She was whining so pathetically that eventally Dr. Plantier had to take pity.

“There there, Tabitha, you did really well. Look at that, Janet, she was able to walk, why, a good ten feet! And stay on her feet for, what, a minute? What amazing progress! Let’s help her, there’s no way our little hog is going to make it through the door without help.”

Tabitha sighed with relief as the two women took up their positions at her sides and helped to squeeze her through the doorway into her bedroom. At over 800 pounds, Tabitha could feel the doorframe pinch as they shoved her through.

“We’ll have to get that door adjusted,” said Dr. Plantier. “It’s not going to work for much longer with the rate that our little project is growing.”

“Are we… almost done?” gasped Tabitha as she collapsed into bed. The bed groaned under her, nearly buckling. “I can’t get.. much bigger. I’ve… so huge… I must weigh… a ton… I can barely walk… p-please the experiment must be almost over, right?”

“Oh, Tabitha, don’t worry your pretty little head. You have to understand, we have so much to learn yet. We want to know just how big you can get. We want to know, if we let you eat and eat and eat to your heart’s content, when will you stop? Don’t you want to know that too, Tabitha?”

Tabitha did, in fact, want to know that too.

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At night, Tabitha lay in bed. She was always so completely overstuffed that every night was a battle between the pain in her overfilled belly and the fog in her food drunk brain to see how quickly she would drift into slumber land. She could see the pale white mountain of her towering belly in the dark, a massive quivering mound that now made it nearly impossible for her to get out of bed without help. She lay pinned beneath it, softly burping and hiccupping as she waited for sleep to overtake her.

“Tabitha? Tabitha, are you asleep?”

“Hmm? What? Oh, Janet… what’s going on…”

Tabitha blinked. It was Janet. The younger woman often helped Tabitha prepare for bed – stripping her out of her tight clothes and squeezing her into jammies or undershirts, hoisting her colossal bulk into bed… But she had never come to Tabitha in the middle of the night before.

“Did you have a good day today, Tabitha? Enjoy your meal?”

“Yes, thank you. Oh gawd… everything was so delicious… I ate until I couldn’t eat another bite. I’m still SO full…”

“Hmm, I was just thinking, Tabitha, you know you went to bed without dessert?”

“I…I…I…”

“And it’s really not fair that Dr. Plantier gets ALL the fun of always feeding you. I think I should get to have some fun once in a while, don’t you think?”

Janet held a cookie to Tabitha’s lips. “Hmm, wouldn’t you like just an itty bitty sweet treat before you go to sleep, Tabitha? Hmmm?”

Tabitha accepted the cookie helplessly, opening her mouth so that Janet could push it in… and then crunch crunch crunching it up with numb acceptance. Mmm. It was good. Her gut twinged with the pain of fullness, but Tabitha’s greed was once again reactivated. She could never resist a tempting treat! Her only hope was that her captors showed SOME restraint in feeding her, as if they knew that given to her own devices Tabitha would eat until she literally split at the seams. They filled her, yes, they stuffed her to her very limits… but they never let her take that final bite that would definitely prove to be one bite too many.

“But you don’t just want cookies, do you? Let’s mix it up. I want to make sure you have your choice!” Janet grinned as she hoisted a plastic bag and Tabitha’s nose was hit by the delectable smell of cinnamon and sugar. What delicious desserts did Janet have with her?

Tabitha opened her mouth and lolled her tongue, helpless to resist, as Janet plied her with scones and cakes. She spoonfed tiramisu into the helpless hedonist’s eager mouth, daintily wiping the smeared cream from Tabitha’s lips with her fingers and then letting Tabitha lick that frosting away. She shoved slices of gooey apple pie into her face until Tabitha’s cheeks bulged with hot, sticky goo and cinnamon-spiced apple. She pushed cream-filled lady fingers into her, coconut macaroons, lemon wafers, walnut biscotti… the variety of treats was never ending! Each new taste set off a new flame of desire and Tabitha was completely incapable of saying no.

But what Janet was doing now was way too reckless! Tabitha wanted to warn her, to tell her that she was playing with fire… they had turned Tabitha into a blimp, steadily filling her and overfilling her and stretching her out until her skin was tingling and her belly was throbbing. She was pulsating with fullness, like a balloon inflated past its safety margin and aching to burst. Janet was going to make her pop and Tabitha was far too gone into gluttony and indulgence to resist!

“Janet, I couldn’t… I’m so stuffed… I can’t move… I can barely breathe… please…”

“Another cookie? I won’t force you. All you have to do is say no and I’ll leave you alone.”

Tabitha couldn’t say no. That was the one thing that she could never do. She could never, ever, not in a million years ever say no to food, especially not to a sweet treat! She opened her mouth obediently. Another cookie. Another frosted bun. Another slice of pie. Chew and swallow. And another. And another. Tabitha felt every bite pushing her closer and closer to rupture. It was almost impossible to fathom that she was still in one piece, that all of her insane gluttony hadn’t already caused her explode like an atom bomb long ago. How big could one girl get? Her mind went back to her parents. Is this what they were trying to protect her from? Had they somehow guessed, maybe from the hunger gleam in her eye or the way she always begged to eat dessert before dinner. They knew what she was, they knew what she would become if she gave in to the siren call of her own hunger! Maybe all those years of denying her what she really wanted actually were for her own good, they just didn’t want to see their poor poor helplessy greedy daughter explode. But now they weren’t here and Tabitha was eating even more cookies, forcing more sweet sweet deliciousness into her overloaded gut, ignoring the desperate signals of pain from her way too full stomach… just because she wanted to. She could almost imagine, if there was some way to measure her fullness, the needle on the gauge would be edging deep into the red… whistles would be going off, klaxons sounding, every possible warning that she was gonna blow! But Tabitha refused to listen, all she wanted… was more!

“Hmm, that’s good, isn’t it?”

“Mmm… soo good… urp… excuse me… gawd… I swear… I’m seriously gonna blow if I eat even a single more bite… I’m so stretched out… please… you need to stop feeding me… I can’t stop myself… I’m too greedy, Janet.. please, you know I’ll just keeping eating as long as you keep giving me food… you have to stop…”

“Oh, that’s interesting,” said Janet, running a finger over Tabitha’s tightly packed bell. Her rotund gut was as hard as a bowling ball, stuffed so tightly that it didn’t even have a millimeter of give. Tabitha was so full of food now that not even burping brought her any relief. “You say you can’t stop yourself? My my, how foolish of you to tell me your weakness, Tabitha.”

Tabitha’s lips quivered. She didn’t know what to do. She couldn’t get away; she was trapped beneath her own bulk, her massive belly and breasts weighing her down, and she couldn’t stop herself. Her only hope was that Janet would show her some mercy and stop feeding her at some point. But when? Another cookie brushed her lips and Tabitha bit it without thinking. Her stomach twinged. Her skin must be flushed bright red with the strain of holding together and Tabitha wondered: what would it be like when she finally burst? Would she split apart as blubber spilled out? Would she blow out like an overinflated tire? Would she detonate in a flash like a nuclear bomb going off?

“Hmm, how about some nice cool ice cream to wash that down?”

Tabitha was so full that she was delirious; the world was swimming before her eyes. How could it be that Janet had somehow lugged a soft serve ice cream machine into her room? Or was it just a long hose connected to something outside, in some other room? Tabitha had no way of knowing. All she knew was suddenly there was a hose in her mouth and Janet was pumping her full, full, FULL, of vanilla soft serve ice cream. She could taste ever sweet, creamy gulp pouring into her with the promise of making her ever bigger… She was literally being inflated like a balloon and surely, if it had been helium instead of ice cream, she would long ago have taken flight and sailed into the stratosphere. Her eyes rolled back into her head but she kept swallowing, unwilling to let a single drop go to waste. She needed it! She grew rounder and rounder, tighter and tighter… This was it. There was no way she could last much longer. Finally, the decision was made for her. For so long, she had managed to help off. To avoid popping, simply because the lure of getting to eat even more in the future might have been a enough of a damper on her appetite to make her curb her own excesses. But not anymore. She was certain she was tearing apart under her own internal pressure right now! At least she was gonna go out with a bang. She squeezed her eyes shut, but yet she never stopped sucking on the tube… not until it ran dry and she found herself futilely sucking air.

“Eh… it’s… empty…”

“You ate it all up, princess. Good girl. What a good little hog!” Janet patted her playfully on the apex of her gut, which was no so high and huge that its summit seemed to disappear into the darkness. “Rest up. You’ve got another big day ahead of you tomorrow.”

Tabitha belched, unable to talk.

“Sleep well, princess!” Janet giggled as she slipped out of the room.

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Janet’s nightly visits continued, but so did the daily stuffings. Between Dr. Plantier and Janet, Tabitha was being stuffed to obscene heights she never would have foreseen even in her wildest dreams. Eventually, she grew too heavy for the extra wide King-size bed. The mattress sagged dangerously under her bulk and the legs creaked loudly, threatening to buckle. They had to remove the bed and put a mattress on the floor when they smashed the doorframe so that Tabitha could waddle her bulk through the portal without getting stuck. Tabitha lay in bed, snoring loudly, her massive belly rising like a mountain above her, gurgling and churning with the sounds of digestion as she slept. She was so huge that she didn’t bother with clothes anymore. Even the plus-size mumus and titanic sweats that Janet found at specialty stores were simply not big enough to accommodate her vast girth. She was naked now, but for her XXXXL panties – the one thing she still insisted on wearing to protect her modesty, even though they were tearing at the seams.

Tabitha’s head swam, her mind lost in a heady haze of indulgence, as the non-stop parade of food continued. From morning til night, the scientists plied her with everything that she could possibly desire. She gorged on steak and eggs, broiled cod, chicken kiev, tureens of stew and bowls of hot soup, followed by mountains of French fries and garlic potatoes, buttery noodles and pounds of pasta, and the desserts! The desserts!! The fanciest French puff pastries and creamy sorbets! The scientists poured it down her gullet without regard for Tabitha’s protests – although her protests became weaker and weaker as she ate, little more than the token resistance of a proper lady ashamed of admitting her true desires too readily. She gorged like a ravenous animal, snapping down bites so eagerly that sometimes Dr. Plantier had to be careful lest she lose a finger. The scientist was giddy with delight. This was just more evidence of the glutton deep within Tabitha who had finally awakened and now was demanding to be fed. Once awakened, that hunger could never be satisfied. Tabitha was as round as a balloon, as big as a blimp, so overstretched and overfilled that she made a deep thrumming sound like a drum when Janet so much as tapped her bloated belly. Tabitha vaguely remembered seeing a film in which a character ate a ridiculous feast only to explode when offered a final wafer-thin mint and she could only wonder: what will be my wafer thin mint? What will be my undoing? All she did now was eat, food was her life and her world was the feeding table.

With her mattress on the floor, it took more work than ever for Dr. Plantier and Janet to raise her to her feet to help her waddle to the feeding table.

“You know,” said Janet, wiping her brow. “Tabitha is still pretty full from last night’s stuffing. Feel that belly. Pretty tight, don’t you think?”

“Hmm, indeed.” Dr. Plantier pressed a finger into the side of Tabitha’s billowing belly, causing her to hiccup loudly.

“I bet she’s so tight and round that we could just roll her to the feeding table.”

“Ha ha! I think you might be right, doctor. Wouldn’t that be funny?”

“Hey! Careful!” yelped Tabitha as the two scientists pushed against her flank and, indeed, the fat little piglet started to roll. It was an almost comical sight, but all Tabitha could think as they rolled her toward her next feast was: I’m so fat that they can roll me now! What would mother think to see me now!

“You have no one to blame but yourself, fatso,” said Janet, laughing. “Look at you! You just ate and ate and ate until you ate yourself round. You’re so adorable.”

“Isn’t she just?” agreed the doctor as the two women propped Tabitha up at the table. She was so big now that no number of chairs could support her weight. She pinched Tabitha’s cheek. “And how do you feel, Tabitha? Ready for another day?”

“Yes, doctor.”

“Good, because today’s a very special day, Tabitha. Do you know how much you weigh?”

“N-no, doctor.”

“You’re too big to weigh now. We’d have to bring in a cattle scale to get an accurate measurement. But when you ourgrew your five chairs, we checked the combined weight limit… And it looks like, sweetie, you’ve finally made it to 900 pounds. Isn’t that something?”

“900 pounds! Oh my g-gosh, I couldn’t possibly… there’s no way I could be that big…”

“That means it’s time to enter phase two of our little experiment.”

Tabitha blinked. “Phase two?” She could only wonder what that could mean. She was only 100 pounds away from half a ton. That didn’t seem very far away at all. She was a gigantic pile of flesh, a blob of a woman destined to inflate forever, as long as her hunger held out and her hunger was absolutely insatiable. Already her little pink tongue was running over her teeth in anticipation of the feast to come and her gargantuan belly was gurgling and grumbling to be fed, filled, stuffed… she was helpless in the hands of her two relentless feeders who were determined to push her to her absolute, creaking limits every day. What could they have in store for her now?

“Yes. In phase two, we see how long it takes before your hunger makes you the absolute fattest girl in the entire world!”

Tabitha’s piggy little eyes opened wide in shock. “The fattest girl in the world?! B-but I must already be…”

“What’s the matter, Tabitha? You don’t want to stop do you?”

Tabitha stared at the table, laden with food. She inhaled and all the delectable aromas of the grand buffet to come filled her lungs. Her mouth started to salivate.

“N-no. I never want to stop…”

“Good girl! We knew we found the right girl for this.”

Tabitha gulped. There was no going back now. Not that there ever was. This was her destiny. She was going to eat herself into oblivion and enjoy every moment of it. She opened her mouth and lolled her tongue, silently begging the doctor to begin the meal. Feed me, she thought, feed me everything, feed me forever, feed me until I absolutely explode…

Her gargantuan gut, packed to the brim and so full that it was as hard as a bowling ball, growled with anticipation. Tabitha couldn’t wait. This was her destiny and, possibly, her doom. But there was nothing that she wanted more.

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles