

## The Fat Girlfriend Trap

Warning: This is a weight gain story. If it is not your type of thing, please do not read it. You have been warned.

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### Chapter 4: Dream Come True

Savoring the last few drops of her latest vodka-cranberry, Amber's eyes lingered on the way Kelly's overfed figure filled out her little waitressing outfit as the irresistibly chunky blonde bent over to wipe down and clean up the fifth table she'd served tonight. Since the semester didn't start until the end of the weekend, the college town was still pretty empty, but Amber could care less about that, not when Kelly's plump backside jiggled back and forth as she cleaned. Its girth appeared to stretch the seams of her tight black skirt. Kelly had definitely gotten bigger over the past month.

As she finished wiping, and forced herself upright, Kelly placed her hands on her hips for a moment and let out a sigh of relief. That's when she spotted a lone French fry had fallen onto one of the table's seats. Looking around to see if anyone was watching, Kelly was lucky she didn't turn her eyes toward the bar, otherwise she would have seen Amber's eyes zeroed in on her as her greedy stomach overrode her brain for the fifth time tonight and she picked the French fry off the seat and quickly tossed it into her mouth without a second thought.

Something about the way Kelly had developed a habit of snacking on her table's leftover food just turned Amber on to no end. Then again, so did the fact that she was currently wearing one of Kelly's sexy party dresses that the overweight former cheerleader had outgrown months ago.

It had been almost a month since Kelly's New Year's Eve blow-up with Michael. That night Amber had been kind enough to let her sleep over so she wouldn't have to stomach the indignity of sleeping on the couch outside his bedroom door. The next day, Michael was quick to take responsibility for his behavior at the party and was very apologetic about everything he'd said, but Kelly wasn't in the mood to hear it. Too hurt to forgive him right away, Kelly took the advice Amber had given her the night before and suggested they put their relationship on a break until the summer.

Her logic seemed persuasive at the time, long distance wasn't working, and her weight had become an issue... Perhaps the best thing was for each of them to spend some time apart, for her to start taking her weight more seriously, and for them to experience dating other people before deciding if continuing things was really what each of them truly wanted.

Michael had been devastated by Kelly's decision, but reluctantly accepted Kelly's terms rather than face the prospect of getting flat out dumped. He even offered to give her a lift back to campus, but Kelly explained Amber had already offered to drive her.

In tears, Kelly returned to her off-campus apartment later that day. Since she wasn't dealing with the fallout of New Year's Eve very well, Amber offered to stay for a week or two to keep her company and cheer her up. Although since she didn't pack for it, she'd have to borrow Kelly's old clothes.

Four weeks later, Amber hadn't left yet, and had taken up temporary residence in Dom and Sabrina's room since Kev's room seemed to have a permanent scent of axe deodorant that Amber couldn't stand or get rid of with scented candles, Febreze, or air fresheners.

Every time she planned on returning home, to prepare for her own return to college, Kelly begged her not to go, and Amber couldn't say no to her. She'd had a crush on Kelly since they'd started cheerleading together, and even though the big, beautiful blonde had relegated her to the 'friend zone' all January, she couldn't leave Kelly in her time of need.

Without Michael in her life, and despite claiming to be taking her weight more seriously, Kelly had turned to food for comfort and to Amber for companionship. Since Logan was around all break, the old friends had access to a delicious unlimited supply of literally anything they wanted. The southern gentleman was all too happy to cook up a storm for Kelly and Amber anytime Kelly asked.

This arrangement only exacerbated Kelly's weight problem, which was made worse by two facts. One, tonight would be Amber's last night staying with Kelly since Kev, Dom, and Sabrina returned tomorrow, and since Amber really needed to pack her things in preparation for her own return to college, and two, she'd heard from friends back home that Michael had been spotted hanging out with Molly Patterson at the local pizza place. It was the same place they'd shared their first date, and now he was eating pizza with somebody else...

Putting her empty vodka-cranberry glass by the corner of the bar she was sitting at, Amber picked up a fry from her plate and bit into it, as she watched Kelly swallow the chair-fry she'd just shamelessly consumed. While such gross behavior might disgust others, it did nothing, but drive Amber crazy. Tonight, was her last night with Kelly, and although she wanted to be a good friend, she'd never be able to live with herself if she didn't at least communicate to Kelly how she was feeling about her, especially now that she'd gone and chubbed up so severely.

"Kelly!" Amber chirped, as she motioned for her friend to come join her at the bar.

Kelly lumbered over, and sighed once she reached her, "Amber, I'm working. I can't keep coming over here to talk to you right now."

“You’ve served like what? Five tables all night. This place is dead. Face it. Pop a squat next to me. Give those feet a rest.” Amber countered before patting the empty stool next to her in an attempt to encourage Kelly to sit her big booty down.

Seeming to see some sense in her friend’s words, or succumbing to her newfound laziness, Kelly heaved herself up onto the stool with a grunt and let out a sigh once she was done. Moving her heavier body around took a lot more effort than it used to. Leaning forward to scoot her butt into a more comfortable position, Kelly’s big breasts knocked Amber’s empty glass over. Blushing with embarrassment, Kelly squeaked, “Oh sorry! The girls have a mind of their own these days.”

“It’s okay, nothing but ice in there.” Amber smiled, as she gazed at Kelly’s breasts. Even hidden under a button-down shirt and tie, they still looked huge. Gazing lower, Amber took a gander at her friend’s big doughy gut and then finally feasted her eyes on Kelly’s plump butt.

It was interesting to Amber that Kelly’s hindquarters had grown too wide for the stool, its fatty excess hung off each side. Then there was the fact that Kelly’s big soft butt offered her a few inches of extra height when she sat down that she didn’t possess when she stood up. It was weird having Kelly tower over her a little bit when she was actually the taller one of the two.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Kelly wondered with some insecurity, as she noticed Amber’s long gaze lingering a little too long.

“What? I think you’re beautiful.” Amber giggled in her defense, as she shy’d away from fully voicing her interest in Kelly. That last time she’d been completely forthcoming with Kelly about her attraction was when each of them had been drunk off their asses on New Year’s. Amber didn’t quite have the same courage when she was sober, that’s why she was drinking tonight. Trying to push the boundaries just a bit, Amber added sweetly, “I love looking at your body Kelly.”

Although such complements felt odd coming from a female friend from her old cheer squad that she now knew had a lesbian crush on her, Kelly still deeply enjoyed the praise. It was the main reason she continued begging for Amber to stay with her all break. Amber was never shy about soothing her fractured self-esteem.

“I wish men felt the same way you do…” Kelly murmured, resting her hands upon her belly, and feeling a little insecure with herself. Even though she’d been the one to suggest she and Michael see other people, she hadn’t so much as attempted to talk to a guy since they went on their break. In all honesty, Kelly didn’t know how to approach men, and she frankly didn’t want to. She was convinced in her plump overfed state that any guy she expressed interest in would surely reject her. Such an eventuality was too much for her fragile ego to take right now.

“Not all guys are like Michael.” Amber reminded her, sounding a little annoyed by just how badly her no-good boyfriend had wounded her confidence. However, mentioning his name seemed to produce the opposite effect that Amber had intended.

“Oh Michael... I wonder what he’s doing with Molly? Like, why go out with her? He doesn’t even like red heads.” Kelly almost sobbed, as she teared up. Molly was a year younger than her and had also been on their cheer squad. After Kelly had graduated it was Molly who had claimed her coveted cheer captain position. And to make matters worse, the girl was pretty. Maybe not as much as a knockout as Kelly had been, but not too far off.

“Maybe they were just hungry, but even if they were on a date, who cares? You’re on a break. If he’s putting himself out there again, he’s doing what he’s supposed to be doing. You should be putting yourself out there too. Anything’s gotta be better than just sitting here torturing yourself.” Amber reminded her, as she put a hand on one of Kelly’s plump thighs to comfort her. The thrill of touching some of Kelly’s thick fat was enough to cause an excited shock to raise the hairs on the back of her neck.

“I don’t know... Men won’t like me now that I’ve gained weight.” Kelly sighed, deciding to put herself down rather than take Amber’s advice. Her eyes were starting to look a little glossy. Waterworks were probably on the way.

Amber couldn’t stand it when Kelly did this. It rubbed her the wrong way for someone she admired so much to be so down in the dumps, “Not true. If anything, you’re more approachable now than you were before.”

“How do you figure?” Kelly sniffed, wiping her eyes with her sleeve and reaching for a handful of Amber’s fries without asking.

As Kelly soothed what she was feeling with some of Amber’s appetizer, Amber watched her friend pig out and explained, “Men don’t necessarily approach the conventionally hottest girl in the room. IF you’re TOO hot a lot of men might think you’re out of their league and not even waste their time trying to talk to you.”

“So now that I’m fat...” Kelly paused to swallow the food she was chewing, “less guys will think I’m out of their league? Interesting theory...”

“Now that you’re heavier, more guys will probably think you’re within their ability to attract. Trust me.” Amber assured her friend, trying to cheer her up. It seemed like her efforts were working a little bit, but it was clear she needed to continue to try cheer her up. So, like a good friend, and a wannabe lover, Amber continued, “Besides, there are also guys who are just into thicker women...”

Dropping her volume down so far Kelly couldn't hear her, Amber blushed slightly and squeaked, "and girls..."

"What are the odds I ever find a guy like that?" Kelly sighed not having heard the last two words of Amber's sentence. She was too busy thinking that the prospect of finding a guy who liked her as she currently was to be a lofty fantasy.

"Well, there's always Logan." Amber joked halfheartedly. She was too nervous and excited to repeat the last hint she'd dropped. Besides, after spending a month sharing a townhouse with the southern gentleman, it was impossible not to know about the man's preference for thicker women, or that they each had a crush on Kelly.

"Logan?? Well, yeah I guess," Kelly hummed nervously, she recalled Logan saying he thought college women looked better after they gained the freshman 15 on more than one occasion, but she'd gained a lot more than fifteen pounds. She wasn't thick or chubby anymore, at her height and weight, she was officially fat. Not feeling too confident in herself, Kelly added, "but what are the odds I find a guy like that who's actually into me."

"Are you kidding me? He's totally got the hots for you." Amber laughed, amazed at how oblivious Kelly was about this.

"He does not." Kelly shook her head, as she carefully got down from the stool and muttered to Amber, "I've gotta get back to work."

As Amber watched Kelly slowly waddle away, admiring the way her thick butt jiggled side to side with every step, she added in an attempt to make her feel better, "If you made a move, he wouldn't say no."

"I wouldn't say no..." Amber once again squeaked at the end of her sentence so quiet Kelly couldn't have heard her.

Turning around, once again not hearing the last little hint Amber tried to drop, Kelly questioned, "How do you know that? Did he say something to you?"

"No, I just know." Amber explained confidently despite how tongue-tied she was feeling about her own interest in her friend.

"How do you know? You don't even like guys." Kelly scoffed, not sounding convinced.

"He loves watching you eat. I can see it written on his face every time we share a meal. Plus, I've caught him checking you out. Multiple times." Amber swore on her honor.

“He can’t be checking me out as often as you do. I would have noticed.” Kelly doubted causing Amber to blush in response. It was nice to know Kelly was clearly somewhat aware of her attraction even if she didn’t exactly seem to reciprocate it in any more meaningful way than polite friendship.

With that said, Amber ordered another vodka-cranberry, and a shot of tequila, thanks to her trusty fake ID and Kelly continued with her shift even though the restaurant was rather dead.

As time flew by, Kelly eventually finished her shift and escorted a very tipsy Amber back home where the two friends subsequently partook in a lovely late-night lasagna dinner prepared by Logan. This was the norm for the month of January for both girls, although tonight Kelly unexpectedly asked Logan if he’d grab her a bottle of wine. After pouring Kelly a glass, Amber asked for some wine as well, but Kelly butted in, telling Logan, “Don’t do it. She needs to sober up. Leave the bottle with me.”

Doing as Kelly requested, Logan headed up to his room after cleaning a few dishes. Once he was out of their hair, Amber complained, “Why’d youuu do that? I’m not that drunk.”

“Because.” Kelly hummed, taking a large sip and gulping it all down before continuing, “You had a head start, and I need to catch up.”

“You’re gonna get drunk with me??” Amber squeaked with excitement.

“It’s your last night here. What kind of a host would I be if I didn’t?” Kelly giggled, as she once again raised the glass to her lips and took a big gulp.

The dinner was one to remember. After spending hours snacking on the job, Kelly stuffed herself with three helpings of lasagna, four glasses of red wine, and two slices of chocolate cake for dessert. Amber only managed two helpings of lasagna and half a slice of cake. As such, it was a tipsy Amber who had to help a newly drunken and swollen Kelly up to her room.

The journey down the kitchen hallway was simple enough, but the trek up the stairs was more interesting. Kelly was wobbly as she waddled up each step. In order to help her remain balanced, Amber’s hands had to push against her juicy booty rather firmly. Once she’d helped her stuffed friend up the stairs, getting her into her bedroom was simple.

However, after closing the door, Amber’s overjoyed eyes were treated to an impromptu drunken striptease, as the stuffed blonde suddenly started unbuttoning her skirt and shirt. Before Amber knew it, she was face to face with the gorgeously plumped up body of fat Kelly in nothing but her underwear.

Too stunned to speak, Amber just stared with her jaw dropped.

“Muchhh betterrrr...” Kelly cheerfully sighed, as she slowly fell backward onto her bed with a big thump once she landed. Laying on her back, her hands moved to cradle her swollen girthy gut. Pinching and inch of her fattened midsection, Kelly grunted, “Ugh... I’ve probably gained 10 pounds tonight... I’m supposed to be taking my weight problem more seriously... What’s wrong with me??”

Not sure how to answer, Amber didn’t know whether Kelly was actually talking to herself, or her. Trying to change the subject, Amber instead gently lay down next to her friend and asked, “Kelly, remember when we used to have to wake up at 5:30 every Tuesday and Thursday for cheer practice?”

“Cheer practice?? That was probably like 60 or 70 pounds ago for me...” Kelly drunkenly realized with a pouting expression on her face, “Thanks for making me feel worse about what I look like than I already do...”

“I didn’t mean it like that!” Amber gushed, alarmed, Kelly hard responded to her inquiry in such an unexpected fashion. It was then Amber realized Kelly was just super fixated on her weight right now, there was no changing this subject or dancing around it. Trying to save the moment Amber gushed, “I love the way you look now! I think you look even better than you did in high school!”

“How can you think that? I’m sooo fat!” Kelly pouted, turning her head away from Amber’s lustful gaze and trying to keep her gut from giggling with her mushy arms.

“You’ve said yourself you don’t hate everything about how your body’s changed. What’s not to love?” Amber countered, as she leaned upward and gently put a hand on Kelly’s belly. At first Kelly recoiled from Amber’s touch, but once Amber started to gently rub Kelly’s belly, the overstuffed blonde seemed to relax slightly and resume her eye-contact with her friend. Trying to reassure Kelly’s insecurity, Amber softly hummed, “It’s just a belly. A beautiful belly.”

“A big belly...” Kelly blushed, as she started having a full-on pouty meltdown, “I’ve ballooned up to almost 200lbs... I hate stepping on the scale Michael bought me and seeing that I’m heavier than the last time I stepped on... I hate that I’ve outgrown all the clothes I got for Christmas... I can’t wear tight dresses anymore unless I wanna look like a hippo... I can never wear a sleeveless shirt again, ever. This is the end of sleeveless shirts for me... I can never cut my hair short again because only skinny people look good with short hair, it’s some kind of law... Every single one of our friends from cheer is ten times hotter than me now... If I am ever very famous and on the cover of a magazine just because they have to put me there, they will go crazy with the photoshop, in an effort to make me look the way beautiful women are supposed to look and less like the way I actually look... I’ve been eating like crazy this year... The pounds keep piling on... I thought I’d slip back to normal... back to y’know... my real body... but I don’t think I’m going to get control of my weight anytime soon... Michael’s gonna dump me once summer comes for sure.”

“Forget about Michael for a minute. The world doesn’t revolve around Michael!” Amber grunted trying to make sure Kelly heard her, “I think fat might be your new normal for a while, but that’s nothing to be sad about! You’re curvy now! You’re a bombshell! You know what I see when I look at your body, BAM-BAM-BAM! Boobs! Belly! Butt! You’ve got it all! You’re stacked!”

Kelly’s reaction came out squeaky, “R-really?”

“Really-really! Would I lie to you?” Amber gushed, as she got on her knees and began worshiping Kelly’s belly with a two-handed massage.

“Mhh... That feels good... I like the way you think...” Kelly hummed before her conventional sensibilities reminded her, “But this is all wrong. I’m not supposed to like being at my heaviest weight ever. I’m supposed to want to shed these pounds ASAP! I’m supposed to be panicking! I’m supposed to be dreading summer and calculating how many hours per day I should spend on the treadmill! I’m supposed to feel disappointed in myself!”

“Kelly, this body...” Amber countered, as she grasped a hold of a large chunk of Kelly’s plentiful belly with both hands, “feels like a friggin’ celebration. Your body is amazing, like, wow! I’m drunk on it! Thank you lasagna! Thank you, wine! Thank you cake! Thank you poor willpower! Gosh you are so sexy... I just wanna...”

“Wanna what?” Kelly muttered completely flustered but wanting Amber to continue.

“Kiss it...” Amber admitted blushing fiercely.

“But Amber... I’m so gross...” Kelly whined in a slurred drunken tone.

“I think you mean gorgeous! Those silly G words that end in S are easy to confuse.” Amber giggled before getting more serious, “F\*ck diet culture, f\*ck social constructs of conventional beauty. I wish you could love your body as much as I do. You are so beautiful.”

“I...” Kelly stammered feeling confused. Her body was torn between contradictory impulses on one hand she wanted to be ashamed of how much she’d let herself go, on the other, the praise Amber kept lavishing her with felt amazing. She was actually quite curious how Amber kissing her belly would feel...

Leaning into her big, bellied friend, Amber gently fell atop Kelly and snuggled in for a hug she felt the girl needed.

Almost out of breath from the weight of Amber’s body resting upon her overly full stomach, Kelly managed to wheeze vulnerably, “You can... kiss my belly if you want. I’m sorry I’m so...”



“Don’t be sorry.” Amber sighed, as she enjoyed feeling so close to her mushy friend, “And I shouldn’t. I’m not going to want to stop with your belly.”

“Maybe... I don’t want you to stop with my belly...” A submissive voice spoke out of Kelly’s mouth. She didn’t even realize what she’d said until she’d said it. Shocked and blushing, Kelly’s eyes lingered on Amber’s waiting for a response.

Her blue-haired friend’s eyes locked with her’s for what felt like an eternity. Yet, at the end of this eternity, Amber sighed, “We should just go to bed. We’re drunk.”

And just like that, the conversation came to a close, Kelly got under the covers and Amber joined her. Exhausted in more ways than one, both girls found sleep in each other’s arms.

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The next morning, not much was said regarding their conversation the previous night. The girls had sobered up, and both were feeling a little shy about expressing themselves. So, instead of communicating, the girls headed downstairs to enjoy the lavish breakfast Logan had prepared for them. Eggs, bacon, sausage, chocolate chip pancakes, biscuits, gravy, chicken and waffles... There was so much food the meal hardly fit on the kitchen table.

After eating her fill, Amber excused herself from the table to start packing her things to leave. Kelly wanted to say something to stop her from walking away, but her mouth was so stuffed full of biscuits and gravy, she missed her chance. Gobbling her food down quickly for the next few minutes, once Kelly was finished, she thanked Logan and waddled upstairs to check on Amber.

Peering her head into Dom’s room, Kelly noticed at a glance that Amber had changed out of her pajamas and into a bra and panties. Her cheer friend was currently squeezing herself into the pair of jeans she’d worn when she’d driven Kelly back to school over a month ago, although it looked like she was having some trouble getting them buttoned. Looking upon her friend from the side, it looked like her tummy was pretty bloated from the morning feast Logan had prepared. Gazing closer, it almost looked like Amber’s tummy looked a little fleshier than usual too.

Not wanting to spy on Amber anymore without her knowledge, Kelly revealed herself by squeaking, “How was breakfast?”

“Ugh... Filling...” Amber grunted, while she gave up on her efforts to button her jeans and turned to face Kelly. The blonde’s eyes resisted inspecting Amber’s food-baby, but she could tell in her peripheral vision that her friend was clearly filled to capacity. Seeing that Kelly had frozen in place, Amber sighed, “Come in, I’m just getting ready. Nothing you haven’t seen before in the locker room.”

With an awkward smile, Kelly entered the room and looked down upon the bag Amber had packed up with worry, “You’re really leaving, huh?”

“I have to. Your friends are coming back today. I’m not going to have a place to stay.” Amber shrugged sounding displeased as well.

Not wanting to be left alone, Kelly bartered, “You could stay in my room, like last night.”

“I’d love that, really I would.” Amber sighed reluctantly, as she grabbed her shirt and threw it on over her head, “but I’ve gotta go home and pack up. College starts for me on Monday too.”

“Ugh…” Kelly loudly groaned clearly unhappy she wasn’t convincing her friend to stay.

“Don’t do that.” Amber replied trying to nip this in the butt before Kelly threw one of her fits, as she pulled her shirt down and attempted to tug the hem low enough to cover her bloated stomach. However, it seemed that there wasn’t quite enough fabric to do the job, prompting Amber to wonder, “Did my clothes shrink in the wash? They’re not fitting right.”

Ignoring what Amber had just said, Kelly whined sounding equal parts entitled and desperate, “I don’t want you to leave.”

“I know, but I have to.” Amber conveyed yet again. She could tell from Kelly’s frown that her overweight friend wasn’t ready to accept her answer. Wrangling herself out of her shirt, with a little frustration Amber emphasized, “I don’t want to, but I have to.”

“Just stay a little longer. Stay for lunch.” Kelly continued trying to bargain. She was seeing Amber struggling with her clothes, but her brain couldn’t process anything else right now other than to try and keep her friend from leaving her.

“No way, I’m not eating anymore of Logan’s food. My jeans can’t afford it. Look at this.” Amber grunted pointing her finger right into her exposed tummy, it actually sank a little bit into her skin. Focusing on Amber’s softened midsection, Kelly watched, as Amber started jiggling her slight pudge, while she complained, “Mush. Mushy. Mush-mush. Your bad habits are rubbing off on me.”

“I’m sorry!” Kelly muttered a little embarrassed that Amber had clearly gained a little bit of weight apparently from just hanging out with her so much.

“Don’t be. It was vacation.” Amber reasoned, as she looked down at her full tummy and sighed, “I just need to start jogging again.”

“Go for a jog with me.” Kelly demanded seeing an opportunity to create a positive new habit and to keep Amber around for at least another hour or so.

“You wanna go for a jog? Right now? After all that breakfast?” Amber placed her hands on her hips and questioned skeptically.

“It doesn’t have to be fast.” Kelly muttered a bit quieter than she had spoken before.

Seeing the desperation in her friend’s eyes, Amber let out a sigh and gave in yet again to her crush’s demands, “Alright, I could use the exercise anyway before sitting in a car for a few hours.”

“Yay!” Kelly squeaked gleefully having finally gotten her way.

“Can I borrow a sports bra? And some gym shorts?” Amber inquired more as a formality than anything else. Amber knew full well that her fattened up friend had plenty of clothes in her size that couldn’t fit Kelly now at all.

“Of course.” Kelly nodded graciously, as Kelly waved Amber to follow her into her room.

Once they were inside, Kelly approached her closet and began peeling herself out of her pajamas. Amber’s eyes were on Kelly’s naked backside, when she abruptly turned around completely unclothed and offered Amber the clothes she’d requested.

Blushing fiercely in the face of Kelly’s exposed swollen breasts, Kelly seemed to enjoy Amber’s flustered reaction, giggling, “What? Nothing you haven’t seen before in the locker room.”

Amber begged to differ, Kelly was nowhere near this fat and gorgeous in high school, but she wasn’t about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Accepting the clothes with a satisfied grin on her face, the girls got ready together before heading out of the house and over to the school’s empty track. To Amber’s surprise and enjoyment, Kelly had opted to wear nothing but a sports bra and gym shorts too. Quite the bold choice of workout attire for someone so round and squishy. Amber couldn’t take her eyes off her, especially when Kelly threw her long blonde hair into a messy bun and she could see more of Kelly’s beautifully softened face.

Once they arrived, Kelly stretched for a bit in an attempt to limber up before her jog, although the swollen size of her belly made it much more difficult for her to touch her toes compared to her days as a cheerleader. Seeing Kelly struggle, Amber offered to help her stretch, though in truth, she just wanted an excuse to put her hands on Kelly’s luscious curves. Her whole body felt deliciously soft, warm and inviting. It could have been Amber’s imagination, but it almost seemed like Kelly enjoyed being touched by her.

After stretching, the girls began a slow warm-up jog around the university’s track. The coolness of the morning air was eased by the warmth the sun provided against Kelly’s jiggling

body. Running used to be effortless, but now it took a lot of effort to heave her thighs upward with every step. Amber fared much better, but didn't push the pace, after all she was still full from breakfast and she quite enjoyed watching Kelly's weight bounce around on her frame.

After a few hundred meters, Kelly strained to keep moving her body. She was overheating quickly, and her breath was growing labored. She started to perspire. One flimsy sports bra wasn't enough to support the swollen sweater puppies she'd grown over the past few months. Groaning as she felt a small cramp in her side, Kelly's forward momentum slowed shortly after she'd made it a full lap. Her thick thighs felt sweaty and were rubbing together uncomfortably with every step. The girth of her stomach made it hard not to hunch forward, as she continued trying to suck in enough air to keep going.

Recognizing Kelly's struggles, Amber slowed down with her and eventually stopped when Kelly did. Rolling onto her back on the inside of the track, Kelly's plump arms and legs spread out in an 'x' shape as she felt consumed by the weight of her doughy body. Amber watched as Kelly's round stomach inflated and deflated with every large breath she took.

"You okay Kelly?" Amber wondered a bit concerned by her friend's sudden exhaustion.

"No... \*Huff\* I can't believe I'm out of breath from jogging two warm-up laps around the track..." Kelly gasped, as she slowly used her arms to help heave herself into a seated position on the ground.

Amber didn't have the heart to point out that Kelly hadn't made it two full laps. Not even close.

"Two laps are half a mile. You did great." Amber cheered trying to make her fat friend feel better. Although, she couldn't help, but feel increasingly excited by how plump and out of shape Kelly had gotten. In the back of her mind, she was wondering what Kelly might look like a year from now. It was a glorious picture in her imagination.

"\*Pant\* Two laps used to be nothing... \*Huff\* I'm sooo out of shape..." Kelly groaned, as she gazed passed her swollen breasts at her doughy rounded belly and frowned, "Lugging around this gut is exhausting... I must look so sweaty and disgusting."

"You can have a tummy and still look yummy." Amber countered blushing slightly, as she marveled at how luscious and sexy Kelly looked all sweaty, fat, and exhausted.



“How can you think that?” Kelly echoed a sentiment she’d been grappling with for the better part of a month.

Seeing the pain and confusion on her crush’s face, Amber’s heart melted for the girl.

After a deep breath, Amber swallowed her nerves and shared her unfiltered truth, “Skinny doesn’t equal beautiful. Society’s standards of female beauty change with each generation. What doesn’t change, though, is the fact that your body is not a trend. It’s an incredible work of art that keeps you alive every single day. If you let society dictate how you feel about your body, you’ll never be happy with yourself. It’s our society that’s wrong. Not your body. Being

skinny doesn't make anyone morally superior and weighing more than other people doesn't make you less worthy. No matter what size you are, you are beautiful. Don't let anybody bring you down. Life is too short to waste it on hating your stretch marks when you can just as well love them. Your tummy loves you. So do yourself a favor and try loving it... as much as I do."

Kelly's sour expression seemed to soften, as she processed everything Amber just shared with her.

"You really... Love my tummy??" Kelly wondered with an undertone of lingering insecurity.

"Oh yeah. Your tummy is sooo sexy." Amber cooed with lust, as she leaned forward, stuck her face on Kelly's gut and lovingly kissed her soft and sweaty gut repeatedly.

Caught off guard by Amber's sudden affection, Kelly froze in thought. Amber was kissing her belly like she could spend the rest of her life doing just that. Kelly had hardly ever felt someone express such desire and appreciation for her body. It wasn't verbal praise, but this physical expression of it felt amazing, probably because Amber was so sincere.

"Mwwah!!" Amber finished with a big loud show of it.

"Mhh!" Kelly giggled nervously, as she began blushing, "Amber..."

"Yeah?" Amber echoed leaning in close to Kelly's face with a lustful look in her eyes.

She was waiting for Kelly's consent to escalate her affection. That much was clear. Kelly had half a mind to give it, but when she spoke, the only thing that came out of her mouth was, "Wanna get lunch?"

"Hmm... No can do. I gotta go. I already told you that." Amber grinned in such a way Kelly could tell the smile was just a mask to hide her disappointment.

"I'm... I'm really going to miss you." Kelly muttered feeling mixed up inside. Equal parts guilty and nervous. She was feeling something for Amber right now, but she was just too mixed up inside to sort out those feelings in a way that made sense to her.

"Me too." Amber sighed, as she leaned in and gave Kelly's sweaty body a big hug, "I'll always be one text or one phone call away. I promise."

"Good." Kelly smiled, while she squeezed Amber tighter. She didn't want to let go of her beacon of support this past month, but she knew it was time...

Heading back to the townhouse, Amber left after she took a shower. Saying goodbye wasn't easy, but Kelly did it without crying. However, minutes after Amber drove away, Kelly was left feeling rather deflated and depressed. Soon Dom, Sabrina, and Kev would be returning. Her friends would see how much she'd let herself go over break and classes would be starting up soon. It was exhausting to think about. So, exhausting that Kelly had a hard time motivating herself to take a shower, instead she found a spot on the couch, ordered some pizza for lunch, and watched some TV to pass the time.

A half hour into her little sullen stupor, Logan noticed the sad look upon her face when he entered the living room from the kitchen.

"What's wrong Kelly? You seemed so happy this morning." Logan observed with some concern in his voice.

"I was happy because I ate." Kelly admitted sounding pouty, "Now Amber's gone and I'm hungry again... My pizza is taking forever to get here..."

"Well, let's keep you happy then. I made pasta for lunch, want some to hold you over?" Logan offered trying to cheer the plump blondie up.

Before responding, Kelly turned her face to make eye contact with Logan. His eyes seemed friendly and inviting, but was there something else? Was it possible Amber's hunch about him was correct? Kelly didn't think so, but what the hell did she know? She was feeling vulnerable at the moment, alone... and pent up.

"Okay. Just a small plate though." Kelly replied giving in and letting her stomach do her thinking for her.

"Great." Logan smiled like the friendly fellow he was, before promptly retrieving a bowl for Kelly and filling it modestly with the pasta he'd prepared.

Giving Kelly the food, she didn't mutter a thank you, she just started eating. Logan intended to head back into the kitchen, but his eyes were mesmerized by the way Kelly was just inhaling everything in front of her. Dressed in nothing, but a damp sports bra and gym shorts, Kelly's rounded body was on full display in a way that Logan rarely got a chance to see. He couldn't take his eyes off her.

Stopping short of licking her plate clean, Kelly seemed dismayed by the fact she didn't have more pasta to munch on. Curious if she wanted more, Logan wondered, "Are you, all finished?"

"Yup." Kelly sighed sounding depressed again.

“How was it?” Logan wanted to know. It sure looked like Kelly enjoyed it, but he wanted to hear it from her mouth.

“Really good.” Kelly acknowledged, as her eyes drifted away from the TV, and she took in the look of the man currently waiting on her hand and foot.

Logan’s hair was long and dark. He kept fit but wasn’t some meathead. He had attractive broad shoulders and kind eyes. She’d always found him pleasing to the eye, but now that she was on a break with Michael and that Amber was gone, he was looking a lot better than she remembered, even from this morning.

“Want some more?” Logan offered a little uncomfortable thanks to the way Kelly was looking at him right now. She almost looked suspicious. Perhaps tempting her with more food was a step too far.

That’s when Kelly noticed something in Logan’s eyes she hadn’t seen before. Was it... desire? He was asking if she wanted more food, but did he desire to watch her eat more?

“I shouldn’t. I don’t wanna make a pig of myself before my pizza gets here.” Kelly probed to study Logan’s reaction.

Disappointment. The reaction on Logan’s face was clear as day. Logan did want her to eat more! This suspicion was confirmed by the next thing that came out of his mouth.

“How about something sweet? Dessert Maybe?” Logan proposed, as Kelly felt her heart beating faster.

Pausing to think how best to respond, Kelly realized she could be mistaking southern kindness for a fascination with her eating. She needed to be sure this interest from Logan was as Amber had described. Deciding to get some more information, Kelly wondered, “What do you have for dessert?”

“I was thinking ice cream Sundaes.” Logan replied sounding a little pensive.

“That sounds good.” Kelly hummed, licking her lips and noticing the smile forming on Logan’s face. It was like he was relieved she’d decided to eat more. Amber had been right after all! Logan totally had a crush on her and loved watching her eat! The question in Kelly’s mind was now what to do with this information. She wasn’t ready to move on from Michael? Was she??

“Good girl. I’ll go make you one.” Logan happily spoke completely unaware he’d just blurted one of Kelly’s biggest sexual praise triggers.



“Wait Logan!” Kelly hummed unable to contain a frisky smile on her face. Her heart was suddenly racing, her fat belly was fluttering with butterflies. Her brain clouded with doubt was suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of intense attraction.

“Yeah?” Logan paused looking quite confused by Kelly’s sudden energetic response.

Unable to resist being driven madly horny by Logan’s previous statement, Kelly’s brain went into problem solving mode. She wanted more praise from Logan, and she knew exactly how to get it. Opening her mouth with a more confident tone than before, Kelly explained, “I changed my mind. I think I want some more pasta first.”

“Atta girl. You could always reheat your pizza later. You can’t beat fresh pasta.” Logan smiled, as he headed into the kitchen and brought back another bowl of pasta for Kelly. Handing her the food, Logan added a sweet, “Here you go.”

As he turned to leave, Kelly stopped him with a, “Wait. Keep me company while I eat.”

“Sure.” Logan nodded quickly sitting down next to Kelly, as she started once again inhaling the pasta.

“This is so good. What is this sauce?” Kelly blurted with her mouth full.

“It’s a creamy vodka sauce.” Logan explained, while his eyes marveled at the way Kelly scarfed down his food. It took everything in him not to ogle her belly, as she filled it up rapidly.

“I love it.” Kelly hummed with approval.

“I love that you love it. You’re a...” Logan was about to say before Kelly cut him off.

“Chef’s dream?” Kelly purred, as she took another large fork full of pasta into her mouth and swallowed with minimal chewing.

“Stole the words right outta my mouth.” Logan shakily replied feeling a certain way about how Kelly was acting toward him. It was like she was embellishing her enjoyment of the pasta she was eating... It was hot.

“Can you grab me another plate?” Kelly hummed the moment she finished off what she had in front of her.

“Still hungry?” Logan wondered in disbelief. Kelly was a good eater, but right now she was on another level, and he was 100% on board.

“Mhh-hmm.” Kelly nodded, licking her lips, as her eyes remained locked on Logan’s. Her belly was getting full, but she was too horny right now to truly process it.

So, she ate a third bowl of pasta.

Then a fourth.

The praise from Logan kept coming and Kelly’s mouth kept chugging.

“I love your appetite today. Nothing makes me feel more satisfied than having someone ask for seconds and thirds of something I cooked.” Logan couldn’t help, but marvel, as he handed Kelly her fifth bowl. Her gut had swollen outward. She was looking stuffed to the gills, but she wasn’t slowing down or stopping. For Logan, this was like a dream come true.

“Nothing?” Kelly huffed, so full from her pasta binge that she was getting out of breath.

“Hmm?” Logan hummed not following.

“Nothing makes you feel more satisfied?” Kelly clarified, as she tapped her swollen belly with her fingers, and cooed curiously, “What about sex?”

Blushing almost immediately thanks to the blunt question, Logan stuttered, “Umm... well I mean... sex is a different kind of satisfaction... when it’s with the right person.”

“When’s the last time you did it with the right person?” Kelly inquired too lost in her own thoughts to censor herself.

“I... Umm... What?” Logan managed to reply clearly flustered.

“Sorry, too personal.” Kelly bit her lip realizing how out of control she was being, but unable to bring herself back to normal. She was too far gone, drunk and praise and pasta. Leaning forward with the intention of standing up, it pained her to put any pressure on her belly, “Oof...”

“Finally had your fill?” Logan wondered. His eyes were delighted by what he was seeing. Kelly was looking like a beached whale on that couch.

“Just about, look at this belly. I’m such a pig... I feel like a beached whale.” Kelly moaned feeling distinctly uncomfortable because of how much she ate, but also definitely aroused by all the praise Logan was hurling at her for eating so much.

“Well, you don’t look like one,” Logan lied trying to make Kelly feel better about herself.

Seeing through this response, Kelly called him out, “Liar. This belly looks like it’s about to pop.”

“I wouldn’t say that.” Logan argued weakly.

“Touch it.” Kelly demanded, as she reached out and put Logan’s hand on her rounded gut.

The look of pleasure on Logan’s face sent shivers down Kelly’s spine. She could feel his desire, his appreciation of her body even though she was as fat as she was. Well... perhaps because of how fat she was.

“You like watching me eat. Don’t you?” Kelly questioned looking like she expected a prompt answer.

“I do.” Logan nodded as if under her spell.

“Why? I’ve gotten pretty fat since moving in.” Kelly followed up, again looking like she expected a reply immediately.

“Between you and me, I think the extra weight suits you.” Logan blushed feeling like his mouth had gone dry.

“You do?? This is a lot of extra weight.” Kelly exclaimed in what appeared to be a relieved disbelief. However, before the conversation could continue the doorbell rang loudly.

\*Ding-dong\*

“I’m sorry.” Logan shook his head, and lifted his hand off of Kelly’s stuffed belly, while snapping out of his honest trance, “That must be your pizza.”

“Don’t be Logan.” Kelly urged, as she slowly rolled her doughy body off the couch and struggled to her feet, “I’m gonna grab my pizza and then take a shower. Would you mind bringing me up some dessert when I’m done?”

“Of course.” Logan nodded feeling completely flustered by what had just transpired.

...

As Kelly wobbled off the couch and waddled toward the front door, Logan’s mind raced to replay what had just transpired. Though the mental images he recalled were all of how sexy Kelly had looked completely pigging out on his food, her words were more important to

remember and the way she sounded. Bubbly, extraverted, interested... She's sounded interested, in him...

Grabbing her pizza and making a slow lumbering retreat to her room in her horny and stuffed state, Kelly rested her pizza box on her bedside table and squeezed into her shower without much delay. She felt sweaty, gross, hot and bothered. It was a terrible combination. Her lust for praise had gotten the better of her with Logan, she'd stuffed herself like a big fat fool, and yet she still couldn't get him out of her mind.

As the water got steamy, she began to daydream that Logan had joined her in the shower. With a shock, she imagined him kissing her lips. In her imagination, she didn't resist at all. She embraced it. She imagined him squeezing her swollen breasts, as she did so to simulate the passionate feeling. Turning herself on, she dreamed of him cradling her globular gut and did so herself. She was giving herself goosebumps. Her mind then imagined Logan venturing further south...

Her hands crept to exactly where she craved Logan to sit her down on the shower bench, spread her legs and lick her until she came. Lost in her fantasy, Kelly imagined a voice, his voice, murmuring, "You are so beautiful. I love your fat belly."

"Ahh..." Kelly moaned trying to keep herself quiet. Her belly felt pained to the touch, swollen in size and heavy. She was insecure about it, but imagining Logan's praise made those insecurities subside. She tried to keep her pleased enjoyment of this fantasy under control, but...

The imaginary voice continued, "I want to hear you moan — you know I love the way you moan, my good greedy girl."

"Ooohh..." Kelly writhed with satisfaction, as her fantasy continued. She'd never imagined 'greedy' as praise before, yet here she was on the verge of an orgasm, getting off to the thought of Logan praising her gluttony. Part of her was embarrassed, she was excited by this odd scenario, but she was too fat and stuffed to protest why she was enjoying this daydream so much. It felt amazing, that's all she needed to know.

As her breathing grew faster and faster, she imagined more words out of Logan's nurturing mouth, "I love how you've gotten so f\*cking fat. You're such a sexy fatty."

"Ughh!" Kelly moaned unable to keep her elevating arousal under control.

She had gotten f\*cking fat. Everything about her had grown massive since she entered college. Her chubbier face, double chin, fatter arms, swelling breasts, ballooning gut, widening hips, plumping butt, thunder thighs... No part of her remained unchanged. It was a scary thought, but also, somehow, arousing.

Being a fatty put her in a submissive position automatically. Letting go and giving in to her inner glutton felt like she was giving up some of her agency to her imaginary suitor. Giving him more control over her. Earning praise and recognition from this imaginary man she wanted to impress felt amazing. The scenario satisfied an emotional craving she'd had as long as she could remember.

She was raised by a man who she could never please, who would never reassure her, who would never give her a word of encouragement. She had daddy issues. She was always looking for the nurturing figure she'd never had.

When Logan provided food for her, she felt nurtured. When he praised her gluttony, she felt appreciated. When he looked at her, all bloated and stuffed silly, she felt wanted. Even though she'd gotten so f\*cking fat, when he looked at her, she felt attractive. More attractive than she'd ever felt before. When she imagined Logan pleasuring her, worshiping the body she'd earned as a consequence of his nurturing assistance, the part of her brain that overanalyze everything, that constantly told her she wasn't good enough, or sexy enough, shut off.

“Ohh-MYY-GAWD!!!” Kelly moaned, sending herself over the edge.

Her whole life, she'd never felt such an intense release. Shaking in the shower uncontrollably, it was difficult for Kelly to stay tethered to reality. Her mind was somewhere else, and her body was experiencing a euphoria she'd never felt before.

It felt like hours, but it must have been no more than a minute or so...

Coming to, as the noisy shower continued to run, Kelly's brain was on fire. She'd gotten a taste of bliss and she wanted more. Finishing up even though her legs felt like jello, Kelly quickly dried off, threw on some undies and an old shirt that barely covered her breasts, much less her belly, and rolled into bed. Grabbing her pizza box on the bedside table, Kelly went to town, even though she was already well and truly stuffed to her limit. She needed more. More food. More sex. More praise. More everything.

Kelly managed to down six pieces before she needed to stop and catch her breath. Rolling onto her side, she began to massage and grope her greatly overstuffed stomach. It was odd, eating never felt sexual before, yet now... It certainly did. With every labored bite, she could feel herself growing closer to where she'd been before in the shower.

As she continued exploring herself, there was a knock at her door. It was Logan.

“Are you ready for dessert Kelly?” He asked, as she posed as sexily as she could and formulated her response.

“Ready as I’ll ever be. Come on in.” Kelly purred making eye contact with Logan the moment he stepped through the door and saw her.

The shock on his face was obvious. His face blushed, his eyes couldn’t resist feasting on her massively overfed figure. He wanted her. It was obvious. She hoped it was obvious to him that the feeling was mutual.

“Wow, you look...” Logan hesitated, struggling to find the right words, “Look at you.”

“I know, I’ve gotten sooo fat. I guess having you cook for me all the time really ruined my fit figure. I’m twice the woman I was when you met me.” Kelly cooed setting the stage for Logan to make his intentions toward her crystal clear, “I should probably go on a diet, but if you like what you see... I wouldn’t protest if you fed me some dessert.”

“Maybe a little.” Logan gulped, as his fluttering heart began to beat even faster with excitement.

Kelly was a dream come true.