

This is a series about bellies(huge ones), weight gain, and romance. If you don't like any of those things, this story is probably not for you.

A few pounds still didn't seem like much to Myre, but with them all going to her belly, they definitely felt like a lot. That was what she gained in the last month. Five pounds. Her usual work outfit wasn't fitting like it used to. Even with her hips and butt staying mostly the same size, her jean shorts were getting tighter from her expanding belly pressing downward on them. Her black tank tops were having similar problems. With too much motion, they'd ride up a couple inches. Behind her apron that didn't matter much. If anything, people watching would have their eyes drawn to her belly because of how she tied it intentionally to emphasize the crease between her small boobs and her stomach.

She was sticking out farther than ever - enough to really start blocking the view of her feet. And with that increase in size came an increase in clumsiness. It knocked things off the tables when she went around corners too quick, and made it harder to reach over the counters. It even knocked her off balance if she turned too fast. It wasn't from the size just yet, just the sudden increase in weight. Though you'd never get Myre to admit these were problems. They made her feel big, but more importantly, they made her feel sexy.

Regardless, she rushed around the shop, shirt ridden up behind her apron. It was tough maintaining several batches of different flavored ice creams. It was even harder teaching her bookish part timer Erica the basics while doing it all. "Oh. For the double fudge chocolate you want a cup from that container on the wall, and then another two cups from that one." Myre pointed with her nose while carrying a bucket of luke-warm vanilla ice cream into the cooler.

Erica did her best to follow Myre's instructions, grabbing both the indicated containers off the shelves. "You know, this would be a lot easier to do if you had the recipes written down and things clearly labeled."

Myre laughed as she walked back out of the freezer. "It would. I just haven't needed to before now. It's all in my head."

Erica adjusted her glasses up higher on her nose while pouring chocolate chunks into a vat. "I could help you with that. I'm good with organizational stuff."

"I thought you wanted this job to get a closer relationship with people?" Myre asked as she pulled her shirt down again. She rushed over to one of the churning machines and shut it off. Opening the gate, Myre's Marvelous Mix glooped down into a bucket.

Erica stammered. "Well I - you know - I'd be interacting with you to get the recipes written down."

Myre chuckled. "Don't worry. I'm only teasing. No, I'd appreciate it if you helped me get them written down. At least then I'd know they aren't complete gibberish on the page."

Just then the bell at the door chimed as a small family walked in. Erica volunteered to take care of them. A moment later she was scooping colorful chilled spheres into a bowl.

Still in the back, Myre watched the ice cream fill its new container. Watching the mix of hazelnut, peanut, and chocolate flow into the bucket reminded her of Rachel. *She was only half done drinking all that ice cream when I saw her, right?* Myre thought. *God she must be so much fatter now. I guess I just make a nicely fattening product...* Myre smiled, and looked down at her belly. She squished it with the fingers of one hand while remembering her conversation with Evan. *And I've gotten permission to fatten you right up too.* She thought and suppressed an aroused giggle.

The ice cream continued to glug into it's new container.

Melted ice cream worked so well for Rachel... And when she had me do it - i still think about it. Why shouldn't I copy her? I own this all and so what if I invest part of my business into making sure there's a bit more of me around...

While watching the transaction at the register, Myre grabbed a milkshake cup, and put it under the spout of the pre-frozen Myre's Marvelous Mix. Then without wasting a second, she chugged from the cup, cradling the bottom of her belly the whole time. It wasn't about the taste. It was just about getting all those delicious calories into her stomach. Oh god she wanted it so bad. She barely paused for breath and only gasped once she finished the last drops from the cup. Immediately a semi cold lump rested in her stomach, making her belly churn.

"Uhhhh..." Erica said, standing there, looking at Myre.

Myre stared back with a look of shock as the coolness in her stomach ran up her spine. "Oh. I can explain this," Myre said. She looked down at how she was still cradling her belly lovingly, then pulled her hand away. "Okay I can't really explain this easily.

Erica didn't say anything. She stood. Staring with a perplexed look on her face.

"Okay okay. You know what? I'm just going to tell you. Because this is going to come up at some point. So why not now?"

"Kay. You don't have to explain anything. Do what you want."

"Okay so remember when you asked if I was pregnant and I just explained that no, I'm just funny shaped?" Myre gesticulated in circles with her hands as if it would make it easier to understand.

"I do. Thanks for bringing that up. It wasn't awkward enough."

“Sorry... But. Well. You see I wasn't lying about being funny shaped. I pretty much only gain weight on my - well - belly... And I like it that way. Hah. So I'm just going out of my way to make my body shaped more like how I like it! See! Normal.” Myre gave Erica a crooked smile.

Erica grimaced. “You're making yourself fatter on purpose.”

“Yes. That is what I'm doing,” Myre admitted, doing her best to stay happy and confident.

“Okay.”

“Is that an 'I'm leaving and never coming back' okay? A 'I'm going to ignore that and get back to work' one? Or a 'Wow that's cool' okay?”

“Uhhh the second one,” Erica said, her face still looking like she'd smelled something awful.

Myre sighed loudly. “Oh thank god. I'm sorry you saw that. I was trying to be sneaky about it. I'm glad you understand.”

“I didn't say I understand. I just want to get back to work.”

“Right! Good!”
