Sisters 2 – Part 2

By Mollycoddles

Jesse flopped around on her bed, at least as much as she could without jostling her massively packed gut. She felt so full that she was afraid she might puke and her overloaded stomach gurgled and burbled loudly with the heavy work of digestion. Jesse hadn’t even bothered to change in pajamas; she still wore her bra and stretch pants, too stuffed and bloated to bother getting undressed before she collapsed into bed.

“Ohhhh Gawd… just let me die,” groaned Jesse. She desperately needed someone to rub her poor poor distended tummy but she was so full that she was afraid that the slightest touch might be enough to rupture her. Best not to risk it. She couldn’t believe that Jen could sleep on an even fuller stomach, but the steady snoring coming from the next room proved that it was so. Jesse simply could not believe it.

But eventually sleep even came for her and the poor tubby teen slowly drifted into uneasy dreams…

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In her dream, Jesse was back at the dinner table. What the heck? She was certain that dinner was over… yet here she was! But she was different. She looked down at herself and realized she was no longer a 300 pound heavyweight heifer; she was back to her old weight, the way she looked before Jen had left for college and their mother had turned the full focus of her attention on to Jesse. Jesse had never been exactly slim, she’d always had a thick layer of baby fat. But she remembered the days when she could be described as simply pudgy rather than massively fat.

Jesse shifted in her chair, thrilled to find that her butt, while still wide (there was no escaping those darn Sarovy genes!), actually fit comfortably upon a single chair. This was great!

But…

The table in front of her was loaded with food: deep dishes of pasta, platters of brisket, bowls of breadsticks, way too much food for any one girl! Jesse’s sister Jen sat across the table from her, already tucking in to the massive feast with wild abandon.

“Um, like, aren’t you going to eat anything?” asked Jen, spitting crumbs. “Like, mom’s gonna be sooo upset!”

“No way,” said Jesse, placing her palms against the edge of the table and attempting to shove her chair away from the table. “If I ate like you, I’d be as big as you!”

But the chair didn’t budge and suddenly Jesse knew why. Her mother was behind her, pushing her chair back in until Jesse’s soft, chubby gut bumped into the table edge.

“Oh, Jesse, I know you don’t mean that!” said her mother, swooping in to immediately begin the transfer of food from serving dish to plate. “You would simply break a mother’s heart if that was true! Please, you need to eat to keep up your strength! You need to eat, for my sake!”

“Mom, you always make too much food! There’s no way that I could even eat half of this…”

Mrs. Sarovy wasn’t listening. She tucked a napkin into Jesse’s cleavage to serve as a makeshift bib and pushed her plate toward her. “Come on, Jesse, eat up! That’s a good girl!”

Jesse opened her mouth to protest, but her mother pounced on the opening. The older woman shoved a heaping spoonful of creamed corn into her surprised daughter’s open mouth. Then another. And another! And another! Jesse had to choice but to chew and swallow.

Then again… was that really so bad? It really was good… The food kept coming and soon Jesse found herself anticipating every new bite. Delicious! Her reluctance gradually melted away under the onslaught of delicious savory treats and soon she could barely even remember why she had been so reticent to eat. What was better than eating, after all? Gawd, it was so good. Jesse gulped and chomped, slurping down her food so fast that pretty soon she was outpacing her mother. She had her mouth open and her tongue lolling for more before her mother could get the next bite to her.

“More…more…m-more please!” begged Jesse, her eyes going glassy as her mind lost itself in the pleasure of the feast.

“That’s my girl!” said Mrs. Sarovy, dabbing Jesse’s slack lips with a napkin. “I’m so proud of you! Now you’ve got a nice full belly, just what a mother likes to see!” She patted Jesse’s bloated gut, chuckling to feel the warm soft flesh bounce slightly under her fingertips. “But don’t worry, I’ve got so much more for you… I can’t let me little girl go hungry! Tonight, we’ve got a feast for you that’ll really make you bust your buttons!”

Jesse should have been alarmed at her mother’s promise, but she couldn’t think about anything but eating right now. She needed more! Gawd, why was she so hungry? Her belly already felt filled up to the brim, yet she couldn’t imagine stopping.

“See? Like, it’s not so bad,” said Jen.

“Mmmff,” said Jesse.

“Now you keep eating,” said her mother, shoving a fork into Jesse’s open palm. “I’ll go get you some more food.”

“Mmff.. okay… Mom,” sputtered Jesse.

The food didn’t stop! Mrs Sarovy wheeled out serving tray after serving tray. Jesse vaguely thought it was strange – did the family even have serving trays? – but every new dish of food made her completely forget her reservations. All she wanted to do was eat! She didn’t care about anything else. She didn’t care if she grew as fat as Jen. She didn’t care if her butt grew as big as twin zeppelins! She didn’t care if she ate too much and just burst apart like an overfilled air mattress. All that mattered was the pleasure of consumption!

Bite followed bite, plate followed plate. Her mother cleared away the clean platters, replacing them with new meals. How many plates had she eaten? Surely she couldn’t still have any room… Her belly felt so incredibly full, she was so bloated that her puffed-up tummy had rolled out onto the table, making it harder for her to reach every new plate of food. But still she ate!

“Ooof… can’t eat… much more…” she finally mumbled, her breathing heavy with fullness. She couldn’t go on. One more bite and she would surely explode… Jesse had never been so full in her entire life!

Jen was happily gorging too, but her placid face revealed that she had none of the same misgivings that Jesse had. She was happy to chew, chew, chew, gorging herself like a stupid cow, even as she expanded like a water balloon hooked up to a faucet.

“Like, this is as good as the food at college!” said Jen happily, licking her lips as she reached for another chicken cutlet. Jen was huge. Her bloated belly flopped out onto the table, but her hindquarters had absorbed most of her new size. Her hips flared out several feet in either direction and her bottom was as big as two fully grown, ripe watermelons. Her ass was so big that Jesse could see it from where she was sitting, two big round mounds swelling out behind Jen.

“Jen, you really need to… like, stop eating so much,” said Jesse, pointing a chubby sausage finger at her sister’s burgeoning rear. Jen’s outrageous curves were already tearing apart the seams of the older girl’s cow-print leggings. “Your ass is getting gigantic. If you pack any more junk in that trunk, you won’t fit in your chair!”

The warning was ironic coming from Jesse, who was binging (and growing!) just as fast as Jen. Even a dimbulb like Jen could see the irony. Jen smirked knowingly.

“Like, maybe YOU really should slow down there, Jesse,” said Jen, who hadn’t paused in her own meal. “You’re starting to look, like, pretty full! Like, if your belly gets any bigger or rounder, like, I think you might, like, just totally burst!”

Jesse cringed. Those words were so familiar. Then she remembered why. Those were HER words! She had said them, just a couple years back, to Jen’s friend Alice. Alice was, like, Jen, a fat eating machine who never stopped stuffing her face. When Alice started spending more time over at the Sarovy house and getting fed by Mrs. Sarovy, of course, the poor fat girl was ballooning up faster than ever… Alice gained most of her weight in her belly, giving her a distinctly round appearance like an over-pumped basketball. If you saw how enormously bloated that girl’s belly looked after a typical Sarovy meal, you would have half suspected that she would blow at any moment! Jesse was always annoyed that Alice was at their house, mooching off the Sarovy’s hospitality, so she had said those words to needle Alice. “If your belly gets any bigger or rounder, one of these days you’re just gonna burst like a balloon!” She remembered with satisfaction how Alice’s face had crumpled at those words, how that barb had really hit home, almost as if Alice was realizing for the first time how truly gluttonous she had become… and that her constant binging made that warning ring true to her. How ironic that NOW Jen was saying those exact words back to her! And the worst thing was, they fit! She really WAS so big and round now that she looked like she might just burst. Honestly, at the back of her mind, Jesse couldn’t help but wonder if that wasn’t a real danger. No, no, of course not… that was just something that she’d said to scare Alice, not something that could happen in real life. Right?

Jesse blinked, looking down at her enormously distended stomach as if seeing it for the first time. She put her hands to the sides of her big pink tummy, squeezing her sides as if to test her own fullness. She was so full that pressing on her stomach made her feel a little queasy as if it might cause the tremendous amount of food packing her gullet to burst back up her throat and out her mouth. She had to concentrate to keep from being sick.

“Like, maybe you shouldn’t go in for a second helping, Jesse.” Jen’s advice was a little late, Jesse was already dumping another gutload of carbs onto her plate.

“Just… a little… more,” wheezed Jesse as she started to mow her way through yet another helping. What was she doing? She was stuffed beyond belief, engorged to the point where she was starting to worry about her own personal safety, about how much damage she would do to the house when she exploded… Gawd, what was wrong with her? Now she was thinking about “when” she exploded, not even “if!” Like it was an inevitability! This was insane, she knew that she could stop eating at any point, but she didn’t have the willpower. She NEEDED more! Despite the pain, despite the fullness, she couldn’t think of anything better than just eating and eating and eating forever… She knew that couldn’t happen, though. Sooner or later, she would reach her limit. Not just her satiety limit, but literally her own body’ stress limit. When she blew, she could just imagine the scene and it wasn’t pretty!

“No, like, for real, Jesse, I think maybe you should, like, totally cut back…”

“Like, whatever!” Jesse snapped. Whoa, had those words come out of her mouth? What was wrong with her? Not only was she eating like Jen, but she was talking like her too! WTF??

“Like, I just think you should be careful… before something happens…”

“Like, what’s gonna happen?” snapped Jesse.

But on the next bite, something DID happen.

“What the?” Jesse yelped. She bounced to her feet, peering behind her. “What was that? It felt like someone pinched my butt? Jeez! What’s going on? I still feel it! My ass is… my ass is tingling!”

Jen’s jaw dropped and her eyes bugged out of her head. “OMG, Jesse! Your butt is getting bigger?”

“What? What the hell are you talking about, Jen? My butt isn’t…oh!”

Jesse’s protests were cut off as she felt her plump bottom push out, sliding against the material of her stretchy pants. What the hell? Jen was right! Her butt really WAS growing! She must have eaten too much and now she was paying the consequences; all those calories were pumping up her ass! Was that even possible? Sure, she’d pigged out… but it was absurd to believe that she could eat so much that she would immediately start to gain weight! It took tie for calories to convert to fat, right? But the proof was right there in front of her… or rather, right there behind her!

“OMG, my butt is totally huge!” shouted Jesse, her hands flying to her absurdly overinflated hindquarters. Her plump posterior was literally blowing up in real time like a pair of party balloons, each rotund cheek already exceeding the size of a basketball and showing no signs of stopping as they stretched the fabric of Jesse’s overstrained leggings.

“Um, I totally warned you not to go for seconds,” said Jen, rolling her eyes.

“Like, no way! You, like, didn’t say this would happen! My butt is huge! I’m huge!” Jesse’s elastic waistband unceremoniously snapped with a loud PING! as it succumbed to the force of her burgeoning belly, widening hips, and ballooning rear. Her pants immediately slipped down, exposing the top half of her butt. Her black thong panties – Jesse’s rear was so big these days that the only options for her were either thongs or huge shapeless granny panties – slipped between her cheeks.

“Ughhhh! These are, like, giving me the worst wedgie!” whined Jesse. She futilely grabbed at her knickers with her pudgy hands but her ass had grown so vast by this point that it was totally out of her reach. The wedgie kept getting worse as her hinder grew bigger and bigger, her enormous buns bloating fuller and wider and deeper, her tearing panties pulled tighter and deeper. “My butt is eating my stupid panties! Like, someone do something!”

“What do you want me to do, you bimbo?” said Jen, rolling her eyes. “You’re the one who got yourself into this mess! I told you to get your eating under control, but you just had to stuff your face like a pig! And look, all the calories are going straight to your fat ass!”

“I’m not the bimbo!” blubbered Jesse. Gawd, but it was true, wasn’t it? She really was the dumb one, not smart like her sister Jen. Jen was the smart one, right? Jesse felt, deep down, that wasn’t really true… that wasn’t the way it had always been, right? But she couldn’t recall a time when it hadn’t been true. Everyone knew that the Sarovy sisters were a couple of bubble-headed bubble butt bimbos, but everyone also knew that Jen was the smarter of the two. Jesse was all butt, no brains.

“It’s no fair, how was I supposed to know this would happen? You know I’m not, like, smart like you, Jen!” Jesse wailed as the seat of her leggings gave up the ghost, blowing out along the rear seam with jagged tearing sound. Her blimping booty exploded out, her panties bursting into ribbons. Jesse moaned out loud as she was showered with confetti shreds of burst fabric. The force of her pants exploding was so great that Jesse was knocked forward, nearly falling flat on her face. “I’m never gonna find anything to fit this monster booty! How will I go out in public with my whole ass showing?”

“Like, we’re gonna have to get you some custom-made booty shorts,” said Jen. “Like, don’t worry, little sister, I got you covered. Like, you can totally use my tailor! She knows everything about how to fit a gal with more junk in the trunk!”

Jesse nodded miserably. She couldn’t believe that she’d been reduced to this! Custom-made pants! And using Jen’s tailor! Jen was so bottom-heavy that she couldn’t buy off the rack pants and it looked like Jesse was doomed to balloon until she shared in that fate! It completely unfair, but what could she do? Jesse was just destined to spend the rest of her life as a big booty bimbo, a typical Sarovy woman, and there was nothing that she could do about it!

Nothing that she could do…

Nothing she could do…

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“Whazzit?” Jesse mumbled, blinking in confusion. Her cellphone lay on the bed next to her, buzzing loudly. Yawning and stretching, she picked it up to peer at the call ID. It was her friend Brianna. Ugh. What did she want now?

Jesse held the phone to her ear. “What’s up?”

“Jesse? Is that you? What’s going on, you weren’t answering your texts!”

“Like, jeez, don’t panic,” said Jesse, “I was just taking a nap. What do you want?”

“Taking a nap? It’s like 6:00 p.m.!”

“Yeah, well, we had an early dinner,” snorted Jesse, propping herself up against a pillow. She still felt absolutely stuffed, her belly just as tight and swollen as it had been after dinner. Jesse had hoped that taking a nap would help her digest, but she still had a long way to go before she was mobile again. She stared down at herself, peering over her small bustline to see the magnificent orb of her overloaded gut. Gawd, she was fucking stuffed to the limit! She still felt like she was going to explode if she breathed too deep. With a grunt, Jesse threw her legs over the side of the bed and slowly tottered to her feet. Her belly was so full that it threatened to pull her to the ground, but luckily her enormous ass behind her acted as ballast. Gawd, she couldn’t believe that, for once, she was actually thankful for her over-padded badonkadonk! She wondered how Jen was doing. She could hear her older sister’s buzzsaw snoring from the next room, so it sounded like Jen’s excessive dinnertime gluttony wasn’t interfering with her sleep!

“My mom made dinner and she fuckin’ stuffed me like a Thanksgiving turkey,” said Jesse. “I’m lucky I could sleep at all! Gawd, my belly huuuuurt so bad!” She winced as she ran the fingertips of her free hand over the arc of her bulbous gut, briefly fingering the deep crevice of her receding navel. There was more and more flab building up around her belly button every day, it seemed. Although given the amount of food that she ate at dinner, she was surprised that her belly button hadn’t popped into an outtie given how much pressure there was in her overloaded stomach behind it.

“I thought that since your sister was home, she was just gonna concentrate on her,” said Brianna.

“Ugh, so did I!” muttered Jesse. “But she’s just making even more food than usual! Jen just eats like a pig, no surprise, but my mom’s meals are getting so crazy that not even Jen can eat all of them!” Jesse felt the weight of her belly forcing her spandex capri pants to slide down, exposing the elastic waistband of her cotton panties and the very top quarter inch of Jesse’s plump butt cleavage. She grabbed at the pants hem with her free hand and yanked it upwards with loud tearing sound.

Jesse paled. Oh no! It was just like her dream… sort of? The dream was already fading, so she only had a vague memory of something happening to her butt and pants…

“Oh shit!”

“What? What’s wrong, Jesse?”

“I just split my fucking pants! Fucking hell! These are spandex, too! They’re SUPPOSED to be stretchy! But great, my fat ass just ripped out the seat! Hey! Stop laughing! It’s not funny!”

“I dunno,” said Brianna. “It’s kinda funny! Remember how much we used to laugh about your sister’s fat booty? And how she was always busting the seats of her cheerleader spanky pants? I think we’d find your mom sewing up the tears in her pants at least once a week! And we used to laugh about how weird it was that neither your mom nor your sister thought that was unusual? How your sister just kept eating and your just kept cooking?”

“Yeah, yeah, what’s your point?” said Jesse sullenly. She turned to examine the damage in the full length mirror. Her butt was so huge that she couldn’t see it all in the mirror from this angle, so Jesse had to take another step away. Okay, there. That was better! The entire back seam of her spandex capri pants had completely blown out, the rip starting from the elastic waistband and following the curve of Jesse’s protruding posterior all the way down until it disappeared between her legs. Shit. There was no way to hide this. There was a whole lot of ass on display through that tear, both panties and skin. Jesse was gonna have to buy some new leggings!

Leggings. Gawd. Jesse couldn’t believe it had come to this! Her older sister Jen had spent her final year of high school wearing nothing but leggings and stretch pants because she simply could no longer fit her fat ass into jeans anymore. It wasn’t just that she was too fat. It was those treacherous Sarovy genes that made the women of the family store all of their excess blubber in their hips, thighs, and ESPECIALLY their butts. Jen was so pear-shaped that any pants designed with enough material in the seat to accommodate her monster booty would also be far too loose in the waist. The only solution was to switch entirely to stretch fabrics. Ugh, so tacky! Jesse hated that. You looked at Jen, her gargantuan buns billowing out of her no-support stretchies, and there was nothing to hide her extreme obesity. She was huge! Jesse had long promised herself that she would avoid the Sarovy curse, that there was no way that she would let herself get so fat that she couldn’t wear normal clothes. And yet here she was!

“My point is, it’s kind of funny that now YOU’RE the one who’s too big for her britches.”

“It’s not funny at all, where am I supposed to get new stretch pants big enough for this can?” snapped Jesse. She was really pissed!

“Jeez, Jesse, why don’t you ask your sister? Her butt’s still way bigger than yours and somehow she still finds clothes that fit her.”

“Oh. Yeah. That makes sense.”

“Yeah, I’m surprised that you didn’t think of that yourself! I thought you were supposed to be the smart one.”

Jesse winced. She didn’t like the sound of that. One of her biggest fears, other than growing as fat as her sister, was being as dumb as her sister. But this was just a momentary oversight, right? I mean, she was under a lot of stress, so it wasn’t surprising that she would overlook such an obvious solution. It didn’t mean that she was getting dumber or anything, of course not! Jesse gulped. She hoped not. There was no reason to think that she would somehow get dumber as she aged, gradually turning into as much of a bubble-headed ditz as her older sister. That just didn’t happen. Right?

“Whatever. You didn’t just call me up to insult me, did you?”

“No. I was GONNA ask if you wanted to hang out at the mall later, but I guess you’re busy with your family. I mean, I know the mall isn’t really your scene, but Krista and Jamie were going, so I thought I’d join them and ask if you--”

“Yeah, that sounds great,” said Jesse. Jesse was not much of a mall rat; that was really her older sister’s scene. But ANYTHING to get out of the house and away from her annoying family and their weirdo food hang-ups! “Um, like, I’d love to join you.”

“Like?”

“Like, what?”

“Did you just say ‘like’? Like, like like?”

“Like, what are you talking about?” snapped Jesse. She immediately slapped a hand over her mouth as she realized what had just come out of her. Like?? Was she seriously saying ‘like?’ That was absolute bimbo talk, the sort of empty-headed babble that her ditzy sister Jen would say! Oh Gawd, maybe she WAS losing her intelligence as she gained weight? Jesse hated that idea soooo much! It wasn’t fair that she would turn into everything that her dumbass sister was – stupid, fat, massively pear-shaped – and STILL not at least get one of her sister’s better attributes, a full chest, as compensation. It was so unfair! “I didn’t say ‘like.’”

“Yes, you did! And you did it again! Haha! OMG, Jesse, I can’t believe you’re starting to talk like your sister!”

“I am not talking like my sister! GAWD!”

“Haha that sounds just like Jen!”

“Shut up. Look, I’ll join you. I need to buy some new leggings anyway. Shit, this was my last pair.” Jesse craned her neck to look behind her. Her bubble butt protruded out so far behind her that it actually wasn’t too hard to catch a glimpse of her monumental booty when she stood like this. Unfortunately, all he twisting and squirming only made the problem worse and she could hear the rear seam tearing even further as she moved. “Shit, I’ve completely blown out the seat! Now what am I going to do? How am I supposed to go shopping for new leggings when I don’t have any leggings to wear when I go shopping?”

Jesse had a sudden mental image of herself waddling through the mall in her torn leggings, her colossal caboose sloshing with every ponderous, waddling step, the rip in her seat spread wide by the pressure of her enormous blubber booty and tearing further with every step. People would stop and stare, their attention drawn to her massive ass by the steady sound of threads popping. Not that people would need much excuse to stare at her fat ass! She was used to getting looks even when her pants were completely intact. Jesse shuddered.

“Jesse, what are you talking about? If you don’t have any pants, just go borrow some from your sister. Jen’s still bigger than you are, right? So you know that they’ll fit.”

“Oh. Yeah, that’s right. Good idea. Okay, listen, I’ll go get changed and then I’ll meet you down at the mall in half an hour. Okay, bye.”

Jesse punched the button to end the call, swearing at herself under her breath. Of course she should just ask Jen to borrow some of her leggings! It was such an obvious answer. She should have thought of that herself. Jesus, maybe she WAS getting dumber. What annoyed her, though, was that meant she was going to have to admit to Jen that she had split her last pair of leggings. And that meant she was probably going to have to put up with Jen teasing her about her inflating rump. Ugh, how annoying! Maybe Jen didn’t mind being so fat that she could barely walk, but Jesse didn’t appreciate being reminded of her massive size.

Jesse could hear her sister’s buzz saw snore coming from the other room. Jen had conked out immediately after dinner. When Jesse looked into Jen’s room, she could see the enormous bulk of her slumbering sister splayed out on the bed like a dozing hippopotamus. Gawd, she was huge! She filled the entire bed. It wasn’t possible, but Jesse wondered if Jen had actually gained even more weight since dinner.

“Hmmm… yessss… pass the gravy please…” muttered Jen, smacking her lips in her sleep.

“Jeez, Jen, are you really dreaming about food?” said Jesse crossly. She pushed against Jen’s flank and shook her hard. “C’mon, wake up, fatso! I need to ask you a favor!”

“Huh? What? Like, what’s going on?” mumbled Jen groggily as she blinked her eyes open.

“Like, I need to borrow some of your pants, dumbass,” said Jesse.

Jen sniggered. “Like, did you just say ‘like?’”

Jesse scowled. If things continued like this, she was going to be hearing that a lot! It was not something she was looking forward to.

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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,

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