

Dancing Sisters

Chapter 3

The girls ordered more food that night and continued their gluttony, soft ethereal whispers in their minds the whole time as they continued to gorge. They both finished the night looking far bigger than they started. The night ended after their bloated bodies felt the waves of tiredness wash over them as they grew sleepy from the oncoming food coma.

Neither of them made it hope that night, they both just fell asleep in the dance hall, on their backs, their huge food babies rising above them like mountains. The floor might not have been that comfortable however they were not in a state to move.

Groggily waking up the next morning Caitlin wakes up first, looking down to understand the source of the strange feeling on her abdomen. She is met with more breast than she was used to.

“Wha...” She groggily says, taking in her surroundings. “Floor??” The fog of confusion laying a thick haze in her mind.

Looking down again she notices that her boobs are indeed bigger, they bulge over her bra.

That isn't it though...

She looks further down and notices that her belly is still sticking out, significantly less than her flashes of last night lead her to believe but still she has definitely put on some inches around her waist. In moving she notices that her butt feels squishier.

“What the...” She says looking around the room. She can't see Abby on the floor with her. Trying to remove the necklace once more she is still met with the same resistance as she previously faced.

“I wonder where-“ Her sentence is cut short when she notices Abby in the office, through the open door.

Her sister looks significantly bigger than she did yesterday but her food baby has diminished mostly. The shorter sister still looks quite rotund but that isn't what shocked her the most. It is the new mountain of food that she has before her.

“Abby...?”

Abby grunts and greedily continues to consume the food before her. With great effort Caitlin rises to her feet, her new found weight jiggling on her frame. She starts to walk towards Abby when she hears a voice.

Eeeeeeeaaaatttttt...

Looking around to try and locate the voice within the room, still in denial about its true origin.

“Abby... You shouldn’t eat anymore...” The smell of grease fills her nostrils and Caitlin freezes and starts salivating. She watches as her sister gestures towards the mountain.

“Eat up Cait, I’m starving.” Abby returns to filling her face.

Eat piggy... Eat...

The ethereal voice fills her mind once more. She can’t resist, she sits down and starts to consume another round of food.

This is how the next few days play out, both sisters continue to eat and stuff themselves over the next few days. Constantly full, continuously rubbing their round bellies and never sated the women are now getting ready to open their studio.

“Shit Abby. We are opening in a few hours, and we haven’t even practised or set up a lesson plan. We’ve just been eating.”

“Mmmmm” Abby just moans in response as she takes a big bite of pizza that they ordered not too long ago.

“Abby!” Caitlin snaps.

“Yeah... Yeah... Mmmm...” She licks the grease from her fingers.

“We need a plan! We need to practise!” Caitlin loses her cool, but not her appetite as she grabs another drumstick from the bucket of chicken they ordered.

“We’ve got this, don’t worry...” Abby trails off as she goes to pick up another slice of pizza.

“No!” Caitlin showing an amazing amount of resolve and restraint, throws the half eaten drumstick back into the bucket. She jumps to her feet as quickly as she can.

Her bloated form quaking from the sudden movement, Caitlin’s distended belly jostling on her frame. The exertion causes her breathing rhythm to change, she lets out a small burp and looks at Abby, her eyes transfixed on her sister’s bloated frame.

“What are you looking at?”

“You... Erm... I don’t think you can do ballet with a gut like that...”

“You’re one to talk!” Caitlin points angrily at her sister who is still sitting down, surrounded by food.

“Oh yeah? Let’s go get changed and get a little practice in before the students arrive, I’ll show you!” Abby says defiantly.

Struggling to her feet, the shorter sister stands straight and bumps her stuffed stomach against the edge of the office desk. Stumbling and not realising her new circumference she looks down with wide eyes.

“Didn’t think you were that big did ya?” Caitlin smirks, teasingly. “It’s ok, “We’ve got this” right?” She chuckles and reaches out a hand and rubs the top of her sister’s food baby. “I don’t think you’ll even fit into your leotard.”

Abby pokes her rotund gut and then turns her attention to her sister and cups her boobs and gives them a playful jiggle. “I might have the bigger tummy but you’ve got tits now sis, I don’t think you’ll fare so well yourself bouncing and jiggling around.” Her hands go lower and rub the taut expanse of Caitlin’s stomach. “You aren’t so small yourself sweetheart.”

“Go get changed, we will see.” Caitlin says grumpily as she pulls her leotard out of her backpack.

Turning back to see Abby she sees that her sister is stripping off right before her. No shame, no restraint, Caitlin feels herself blush as Abby’s exposed abdomen comes into view. Her bulbous belly outstretched and taut from the pressure within. Her belly button is rather shallow, likely from the sudden increase in size. The round orb captivates Caitlin as she stares at its huge mass wobbling on Abby’s frame.

“Woah...” Caitlin can’t help but comment.

Abby focuses on Caitlin and realises where her stares lay. Oddly proud, she takes a deep breath and stands up straight, the action only making her appear bigger and rounder. Her sister really did embody the apple body type.

“I know, I’m pretty big now huh?” She gives the side of her titanic gut a slap, the deep “thunk” echoes in the room.

“Yeah...” Caitlin adds, mesmerised by her bloated sister.

Cautiously she reaches out her hand and starts to rub the side of the food baby, her hand is met with fierce resistance and warm flesh.

Abby let’s out a soft coo. “Your hand feels good on it...” she closes her eyes and leans her head back.

“It is so big...”

Abby only moans in response.

Snapping out of it, Caitlin removes her hand and starts to remove her clothes. Abby is still reeling from the light interaction with her stuffed gut.

Abby looks forward once again and is met with the sight of her sister taking her clothes off. Her stuffed stomach, not nearly as big as Abby’s, is sizable and very bloated. Caitlin has clearly plumped up over the past few days, a quick growth for sure but her growth is not as localised like Abby. Caitlin’s food baby is taking a back seat to her impressive chest, which has gone up multiple cup sizes since the gorging began. Her fatty bosom now looks to be G or H cups, they bulge obscenely over her largest bra, an E cup.

Abby stares slack jawed at her sister as she looks her over. Her breasts are not the only thing having experienced growth, her hips have also gained a significant amount of inches. They flare out wildly from her frame, even with her tightly packed stomach her shape resembles that of an Hourglass.

“Holy shit Sis...” Abby trails off, in shock at the difference in her.

“What?”

“You look... Good...” Abby says, causing Caitlin to blush.

Both sisters blushing, they look at each other once again and slowly walk towards each other, their bodies now pressing against each other. Caitlin’s breasts resting atop of Abby’s hugely distended stomach. The meeting of flesh causes both women to shiver, slowly Abby reaches to poke her sister’s breasts.

“Hey...” Caitlin says softly in a faux protest.

“I didn’t believe they were real...”

“What about this?” Caitlin’s hands now reach around Abby’s gut. She lowers to her knees and stares at the huge dome eye to stomach.

Abby tries to peer over the large stomach but realises that her sister's head is mostly blocked by the mass.

Good girls...

The eerie voice whispers softly into their heads.

Caitlin hefts her sister’s stomach. “Shit this thing is heavy!”

Abby once again feeling oddly proud gives it a quick smack on its side, it barely moves as her stomach is too tightly packed.

“I know...” Abby replies with a sultry smile. “So... are we going to practise?”

Caitlin looks over Abby’s stomach and right into her eyes. “You think you are getting into that leotard?”

Abby nods.

“Come on then, let’s see.” Caitlin replies and hands Abby her leotard whilst also grabbing her own.

Both girls start to put on their leotards, the room erupts in a flurry of huffs and puffs as they struggle to get their leotards on. Each girl facing their own issue, Abby, her massive stomach, Caitlin, her breasts primarily but also her food baby isn’t helping.

After a few final pulls and grunts both women are in their respective leotards, Abby's a deep purple, its fabric now stretched thin around her round stomach, the fabric at its limits, constricts her stomach making her appear even rounder.

Caitlin's is painfully tight around her chest as it flattens her boobs to her chest as much as it can. Unfortunately for her, her breasts are too big to be diminished too much, her lighter baby blue leotard makes it much easier to see her nipples through the fabric. Her thick nubs practically on show.

"I can see everything..." Abby chimes in.

Caitlin tries to look down and see if she can see them but since her growth her breasts are too large for her to be able to see her nipples without manipulation. She rushes out of the office to the dance hall, the mirrored wall helping her see the damage.

Abby was right, her thick nipples can be seen rather easily beneath the fabric. She barely has time to be shocked at that when she takes in the rest of her expanded body. The blue leotard cuts tightly into her blubbery form and is extremely stretched around her midsection and large tits. She turns around and looks at the damage behind, her fat rolls on her back now visible as the fabric clings to every inch of her fatty form. Her ass has consumed the fabric that should be covering some of it, it looks like she is now wearing a G string, her huge fat cheeks on display. The cellulite ridden rear is near enough uncovered, sticking out behind her like a shelf.

Abby wobbles into the hall and Caitlin notices her pause as she stares at herself, her form looking like she is expecting. Abby's hand roams to the top of her stomach and starts to stroke it lovingly. The purple fabric is only really struggling around her abdomen. The huge purple orb protrudes from her and her stomach, much like Caitlin's ass, makes a shelf of its own.

Both girls lock eyes and that fierce look of sisterly competition returns to them as they square up. Caitlin goes first, lifting herself onto her toes, her whole frame quakes, her face reveals her shock as she can't hide the extra effort required to get her to start moving. She leaps from toe to toe in big long strides, her boobs shaking wildly on her torso, the delayed drop causing her to be pulled off balance. She does a quick spin and feels the centrifugal force acting much harsher on her than previously. She stops her spin but quickly realises that although her legs have stopped, doesn't mean that she has. Her boobs and belly continue with their momentum and pull her another quarter of a turn before she falls forward, her hands on her knees, panting from the extra weight crushing her lungs.

Looking at the floor, her heaving chest rising and falling as she feels her heart beating in her ear drums. She hears Abby erupt into laughter. Looking up angrily she sees her bloated sister with her head leaned back, laughing aloud.

"You think- *huff* You can- *Huff* Do better?" Caitlin says out of breath.

Silencing Abby almost immediately, Caitlin watches on as Abby thunders into the centre of the hall.

She attempts to raise herself to her toes but thanks to the uneven distribution of weight, she struggles to counterbalance her belly. After two more attempts she manages to get used to the balance. She leaps from foot to foot in a long stride but struggles with balance a little bit more.

Caitlin, already laughing, continues to watch.

“Hey, my centre of balance is off, once I get it, I will be running laps around you Sis.”

Caitlin just laughs more.

Abby starts over but this time is much better at her balance, she leaps from foot to foot a few times before she starts to do a spin. The 360 spin, much like Caitlin pulls her off balance as her stomach feels the biggest change in forces acting on it. Being so taught it doesn't cause her to continue another quarter spin but the heavyweight moving around does wind Abby.

“My spin was better than yours!” Abby says triumphantly

“Yeah but you have no balance, what use is a ballet teacher who can't balance!” Caitlin bites back.

“You are one to talk, you are swinging about the place!”

“We are both right... This is going to be harder than I thought...”

“Well... I mean we just need our students to balance, we don't need that ourselves, right?” Abby says.

“Yeah... I guess.”

“We have got this; think how long we have wanted this. They will start showing up in an hour. We can't let some food stop us from living our dream.”

Caitlin nods.

“Now, let's work over a teaching plan. We should make sure the place looks presentable.”

Cooooonnnssuuummmmeeee

The voice rings once more. Both girls look at each other and then at the open office door, their sense of smell going through the roof, they can smell the remainder of the food still uneaten.

They look back at one another and both dart for the office to get the food.