

## 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.

By Polarisdreamer & Berserker1133

### Chapter 3: Buried Treasure

As the weeks after Halloween flew by, winter gradually rolled into the bustling college campus. The days grew shorter, the weather trended colder, and Kelly continued accumulating weight. Like many college coeds this time of year, the posh and pretty young woman spent less and less time being active and more time sitting around, studying, and eating.

Shortly before Thanksgiving, Kelly broke out her winter wardrobe. Her thickening legs now found a home in dozens of pairs of stretchy leggings and comfy accommodating sweatpants. Her swelling stomach, and ballooning breasts were now routinely shrouded either by large sweatshirts stolen from Michael or fluffy jackets that tended to obscure the fact that she was piling on some serious poundage.

To casual passersby, Kelly's softening figure probably didn't raise any eyebrows. She'd gone from skinny to chubby in one semester, but still had no problem blending in among the college's typically chunky coeds. However, to those closest to her, it was obvious Kelly's freshman 15 had snowballed a little out of control.

Michael knew it, Sabrina knew it, and all the guys in the townhouse knew it. Kelly was well aware she'd put on some weight, but in her mind, it was 15 pounds at most, and the extra weight only enhanced her beauty. After all, she didn't own a scale, she got nothing but positive feedback from others about her appearance, and she had enough to worry about thanks to her busy semester.

To put it simply, Kelly was in denial.

The bubble would have to burst at some point or another, but nobody in her life seemed to want to be the straw that broke the camel's back. Over Thanksgiving break, Michael picked Kelly up and she stayed over at his parent's house for the duration of her time off. Not once did Kelly even stop by to visit her unsupportive parents, despite her mother pestering her to do so.

Prior to her arrival, Michael had prepared his parents regarding the noticeable change in Kelly's figure and urged them not to bring it up, so they didn't. From Kelly's perspective Michael's loving parents showered her with food and affection, same as always.

When she wasn't royally stuffed from Thanksgiving or from Michael's constant pampering, Kelly did have the urge to see some old friends again over break, but Michael succeeded in keeping her all to himself by truthfully claiming that he wanted to make up for their time spent apart. For Kelly, sex with Michael over the week-long break was a taste of heaven she'd happily

trade a few social visits for. Cybersex had done its part to hold her over, but nothing was as good as the real thing.

For Michael, the sex with this newly tubby version of Kelly was less than ideal, but certainly something he could stomach for the greater good. It was weird that Kelly got out of breath so quickly when she was riding him on top. It was weird feeling Kelly's soft beer belly pressing against his flat and firm stomach when he took over on top after she got tired. It was even weirder still, feeling Kelly's body perspire from their sexual exertions during a rather chilly time of year. Once upon a time, during sex the only part of Kelly that would jiggle were her breasts, yet now, her thighs, hips, love-handles, upper arms, and belly had joined the jiggle fest.

Her face had filled out a bit, and although he preferred the more angular nature of her facial beauty when she was skinny, he still found Kelly's chubbier face attractive. He liked fondling her swollen breasts maybe even a little bit more than before she'd put on weight, but the gut was a distraction he could live without. Same with how chunky Kelly's thighs and butt had gotten, those aspects of her gain were certainly a downgrade from before. Although the biggest downgrade, in Michael's opinion, was one he discovered when he'd been going down on her. Kelly's upper pubic area had grown puffy.

It was safe to say Kelly had fallen into the fat girlfriend trap big time.

She'd gone from extraordinary high school hottie to ordinary college chubbette in only a few months. Seeing her looking so pudgy did certainly put Michael's fears and anxieties at ease about Kelly possibly dumping him. In her overfed condition he doubted she could do better than him. Michael looked at Kelly now like buried treasure, although instead of covering her coveted body with heaps and piles of sand, he'd hidden his girlfriend's true beauty with loads of excess fat.

He hadn't expected Kelly to fatten up so fast or quite so much, but between his praise and her unhealthy college routine, perhaps it was inevitable. Even so, since Kelly's weight had reached a point that Michael felt was appropriate enough to probably repel most threatening suitors, he wanted to subtly encourage Kelly to get her act together, so she didn't continue to put on weight needlessly.

In an act Michael thought was genius, on the last day of Thanksgiving break, Michael took Kelly out shopping and bought her a fashionable pair of jeans and a few stylish, yet conservative, tops that both flattered and concealed the excess girth of Kelly's figure. Lavishing Kelly with compliments about how pretty she looked, he urged her to wear the outfit when he picked her up for the holidays in just about a month's time.

Eager to please, Kelly of course promised to do just that. In Michael's mind, he figured the tight jeans would do his dirty work for him. If Kelly started to outgrow them, she'd surely start getting her act together and start keeping her weight in check so as not to disappoint him. He could pull the same trick for Christmas, Valentine's Day, and Easter, keeping Kelly just chubby enough to repel unwanted male attention for her last semester but not so fat as to become a lost

cause, unable to eventually reclaim her slender perfection after a summer of diligent diet and extra exercise.

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Upon her return to campus for the homestretch of the semester, Kelly thanked Michael for the ride, buckled in and endeavored to get through finals like a champ. Between studying, working, and socializing, Kelly didn't have a spare second to think about the growing spare tire she'd developed throughout her fattening first semester of college or the pair of jeans she was supposed to fit into for Michael come Christmas time.

Weeks later, as the semester officially ended and winter break began, the townhouse mostly emptied. Kev and Dom went back to their families in Cleveland, and Sabrina went back to her family outside of Philadelphia. That only left Kelly and Logan. Logan stayed because he signed up for two classes during the winter session and Kelly stayed because she planned on working.

Two months off from school was a long time and Kelly didn't want to abuse Michael's parents' endless hospitality. She knew Guy and Pam would let her move in indefinitely if she really wanted to, but in Kelly's mind that was a last resort and only if Michael's parents agreed to let her pay rent. She didn't want to go through life dependent on the charity of others. Instead, Kelly felt the best thing she could do was to keep busy with her job waitressing and pick up more hours before the holidays so she could finally afford to pay Michael back for all his financial assistance this year.

For once in her life, she was saving money and wasn't blowing it all on clothes. This was mostly because she strongly desired to return Michael's kindness to her and show her appreciation, but also partly because some part of Kelly subconsciously knew that clothes shopping at her increased weight might be an embarrassing pill to swallow.

During the two weeks before Christmas, Kelly worked her bulging butt off waiting on tables, and Logan endeavored to succeed in his classes. While the two friends shared the same roof, they usually only spent meals together thanks to their conflicting schedules. Kelly found it amusing that Logan still cooked as if he was trying to feed six people, even though her mouth was now the only one he needed to worry about feeding, besides his own.

Still though, she was greatly appreciative of the free food, so she showed her thanks by making an effort to grab seconds, and sometimes, even thirds. The southern gentleman always got a kick out of how much she could eat and was never shy about throwing praise her way when she ate well. Kelly lived for that praise, since Michael claimed to be too busy with school to visit her before Christmas.

Meals aside, Logan purposefully tried to keep his distance from Kelly, for one plain and simple reason. As Kelly continued to fatten up, his attraction to the beautiful girl skyrocketed.

This one-sided sexual tension endlessly burned in Logan's heart and mind each and every time he caught a glimpse of just how soft Kelly was getting. On Halloween, when they'd been

dancing at a party Kelly was pushed against him by someone passing by. With his hand he'd accidentally felt the newfound softness in her abdomen, and he couldn't get that memory out of his head.

Even now, walking by the door to Kelly's room on the way to his own as Kelly packed her bags to spend Christmas and New Years with her boyfriend, part of him longed to see Kelly's softened figure. Noticing that Kelly's door was open a crack, Logan was unable to resist looking through the gap as he passed by. His intention was only to sneak a passing glance at the girl he was secretly crushing on, but his body froze in place once he realized what his lucky eyes were seeing.

Clothed in nothing but her underwear, Kelly was standing in front of her bedroom mirror. From what he could see, she was looking at her swollen stomach. Right where her flat tummy used to be, Kelly had grown an honest to goodness rounded beer belly.

Then suddenly Kelly turned, Logan felt his heart flutter as fear of being caught peeping like this filled his mind with worries. However, as Kelly started inspecting her lower body, particularly her butt, which had expanded a bit as well, Logan realized he was in the clear for now.

Trying to make a conservative estimate of how much weight Kelly had crammed onto her figure this semester, Logan guessed that she had to have packed on at least 40 pounds, a lot of weight for such a short girl. Thick and soft looking, Kelly had turned into the woman of his dreams in only a few short months. He longed to tell Kelly how attractive he found her, but he knew Kelly's heart was as pure as could be, and that she only had eyes for her boyfriend.

Thinking himself a Southern gentleman, Logan felt he had to respect that about her. Besides, just knowing that a girl as flawless as Kelly both existed and was happy, was enough for him. He was beyond satisfied by the glimpse he'd been able to sneak of her. As he made a hasty retreat so as not to get caught, the image of Kelly inspecting herself in the mirror stuck in the forefront of his mind like glue.

Unaware Logan had been lingering just outside her door, Kelly bit her lip as she pinched an inch of excess girth around her hips. She felt a bit puzzled by her heavier-looking reflection for a number of reasons. For one thing, it made sense that she'd gained the freshman 15. She'd been eating lots of southern comfort food, hadn't been exercising, and was living in an indulgent college bubble for months. She loved her new college life, and her new friends, but for someone who'd always been very skinny, suddenly being larger was disorienting.

In Kelly's mind, gaining a noticeable amount of weight felt like something very vague, an abstract idea of a situation that she'd never find herself in. Yet here she was with skin stretching to accommodate all the new layers of fat she'd accumulated around her increasingly curvy figure. It was clear to her now that she'd put on a fair amount more than 15 pounds. She was silently shocked by how different her body now looked compared to how skinny she'd been in high school. However, was she terrified? No. Was she sad? No. Was she disappointed? Maybe.

The vane side of her loved the fact that her boobs had swollen to such a large size. Her boyfriend couldn't get enough of them, and she enjoyed dressing to show them off. But on the flip side, she had a belly now, a kind of large one. Whereas big breasts felt feminine and sexy, a big gut felt embarrassing and shameful. For someone who once prided herself on her fitness, being out of shape was a tough pill to swallow. Far more difficult than the truckloads of fatty calories she'd been swallowing lately.

There were plus sides to becoming plus-sized, Kelly loved the sensation she felt when Michael firmly squeezed her inflated rear. She loved feeling energized every morning because she was eating enough calories to fuel herself through the day. Then again, her seductive face had softened a bit. Kelly could clearly see the change in her reflection. Michael loved her and wanted her no matter what dress size she was, but deep-down Kelly worried if he enjoyed this newer fuller version of herself just as much as the older skinnier version.

As she mused about this conundrum, knowing full well that Michael was due to arrive to pick her up any minute now, Kelly picked up the pair of jeans she promised she'd wear for him and tried to get them on. In a few short moments of struggle, the delicate balancing act Kelly was playing with her fragile self-esteem suddenly tilted toward panic.

"Logan!" Kelly yelled in need of some serious help and craving some validation to set her straight, "I need a man's opinion! Can you come in here!?"

"I'll be there in two shakes of a lamb's tail!" He replied from the other room. Moments later, he quickly pushed open Kelly's door and entered. His face conveyed just how blown away he was to see Kelly standing there with an undersized pair of jeans heaved up to her mid-thighs and nothing else but a pink bra clothing her tubby body. Almost at a loss for words, Logan managed to say, "What's going on??"

Kelly replied frantically, "Logan, please help me! This is a f\*cking emergency. I've gotten so fat I can't button my jeans. And this is the biggest pair I have!! I used to be so fit and skinny and look at me now. I can't fit into anything! Logan, I'm such a fat cow! Sh\*t! Sh\*t! Help me button this, I'm desperate, please!"

"I didn't catch a word of that Kelly, you gotta slow down." Logan tried to calm her since the girl was prattling on at a million words a second.

"Ughhh! Okayyy!" Kelly gasped taking a large breath before rephrasing, "Michael bought me a nice sexy outfit he wants me to wear for him today, but the jeans won't button up because of my keg!"

"Keg?" Logan tilted his head in curiosity, while he thought, 'Does she mean her belly?'

“My keg!” Kelly grunted, as her hands grasped her gut and started jiggling, “My beer belly? Spare tire? Potbelly! Muffin-top! My bulging waistline! You know what I’m talking about! You’ve got two eyes Logan! I know you can see it! I’m not crazy!”

‘You sound a little crazy...’ Logan thought to himself, before replying in a calm collected tone, “Umm, I think you’ve got a very nice-looking breadbasket. Nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Breadbasket?” Kelly scoffed, as she grasped her gut and squeezed it savagely, “More like pizza paunch. Ugh... I’m disgusting! What am I going to do? What am I going to do?? He’ll be here any minute! I can’t let him see me like this!”

“You’re not disgusting. Try and do up your pants. Let me see.” Logan insisted, trying to get Kelly focused on her problem at hand.

“No matter... how hard... I try... Ugh!” Kelly fumed, as she hopped a few times to hoist her jeans back above her thighs and butt, “\*phew!\* I just can’t get all the buttons to close!”

With that Kelly started attempting to button the first button, which was no problem. The next one appeared a bit harder for her, but she managed it with a grunt. The third one was where her gut really proved to be too much resistance. Her first attempt was a failure, so on her second attempt, she tried to suck in her gut. With some more effort, the third button eventually closed. That left two buttons to go that Logan could see.

That’s when Kelly paused and let her belly out for a moment, she couldn’t keep sucking it in without filling her lungs with some more air. When her belly returned to its true size Logan could spy a roll of fat forming between the still open buttons. Eventually this doughy paunch expanded enough to pop the third button back open. Blushing, Kelly furiously tried to subdue the button just as she had before, but the task was impossible without sucking her stomach in again.

“See what I mean?!” Kelly fumed clearly at her wits end.

“Suck it in and try again.” Logan calmly tried to reassure her, as Kelly bit her lip and did just as he said.

Sucking in her belly, Kelly pulled and tucked her pants together as best she could. Eventually the third button was once again firmly subdued. Before letting her breath out as she did before, this time Kelly attempted to clasp together the fourth button. Pulling and tucking with all the force she could muster; Kelly’s facial expression grew more desperate as her fatigue grew. The two parts of her jeans just didn’t want to come together. Her waist was simply too big.

Letting out the breath she'd been holding, and her belly along with it, the only thing keeping the third button from snapping off once again were Kelly's hands propped up against it.

"I need help!" Kelly demanded, sounding desperate.

"You need a larger pair of jeans. Why torture herself like this?" Logan countered a little puzzled by Kelly's futile behavior.

"This is the largest pair I have. Michael bought them for me a month ago. They fit fine a month ago! So why don't they fit now!?" Kelly vented clearly emotionally unstable, "Can you just help me?? Please???"

"Okay, okay!" Logan replied, as he stepped forward and tried to help.

After a lot of pulling, his strength was sufficient to force the fourth button into its proper place, but now one large roll of fat stood between him and fastening the last button of Kelly's jeans.

"Suck in." Logan requested.

"I am!" Kelly grunted in reply.

"Then this isn't going to work. Lay down." Logan shook his head, as he pointed to the bed with his hand.

Listening obediently, Kelly waddled to the bed as best she could and promptly laid her back upon her bed. She was about to ask what Logan planned on doing when he suddenly used one of his hands to push her newfound roll of blubber upward, and with his other hand, he managed to fasten the last button of her jeans much to her surprise.

"Got it! How's that?" Logan wondered sounding pleased he'd actually been able to accomplish such an impossible feat.

"I can't breathe... But... At least I fit..." Kelly grunted sounding uncomfortable and sporting quite the prominent muffin-top, "Maybe I just need to break them in, stretch them out, y'know?"

"Yeah, maybe." Logan nodded along with Kelly's delusions, as he helped her up off the bed.

"How do I look in them? I don't look hideous, do I?" Kelly vulnerably wondered, while she took a little twirl.

“You look irresistible.” Logan smiled. In truth, the sight of Kelly looking so pudgy, and getting to touch her belly like that had him feeling horny as hell.

“Thanks Logan. You’re the best.” Kelly returned his smile, let out a sigh and turned her attention toward finding something suitable to wear up top. Her eyes eventually settled on one of the sweaters Michael had bought her. Picking it up and trying it on, the stretchy red and green Christmas sweater fully covered Kelly’s upper body but looked particularly tight around her gut and love handles. Deciding she needed more of Logan’s male wisdom, Kelly asked, “Is this, okay??”

“Michael would be a fool not to think you look flawless.” Logan smiled, alleviating a lot of the insecurity Kelly felt was weighing her down.

Smiling ear to ear, Kelly was about to respond when some loud knocking started coming from the front door. Instead of offering a sweet ‘thank you’ as she’d intended, Kelly gushed with excitement, “He’s here!”

Hurrying out of her room and down the steps to the front door, Kelly had to catch her breath for a moment before she opened the door.

“Kelly!” Michael cheered, as his plump girlfriend jumped into his arms and wrapped her meaty legs around him. She felt much heavier to hold than usual.

“Michael!” Kelly returned her boyfriend’s enthusiasm before their lips connected and their tongues started dancing.

The impromptu make-out session lasted only a minute, or so, before Michael was forced to put Kelly down. His arms simply were not conditioned to holding this heavier version of his loving girlfriend that now stood before him.

“What’s wrong?” Kelly pouted playfully wanting to indulge in a little more action.

“You’re umm... a little heavier than I remember.” Michael tried to laugh off the elephant in the room.

Gulping, as a dash of embarrassment hit her doughy stomach, Kelly shyly played with the overstretched hem of her sweater, while she blushed and responded, “I’ve been eating all the treats you’ve been sending me like a good girl, so I guess I’ve put on a little weight this semester... but... I still look cute chubby, right?”

The instant the last syllable of her thought left her mouth, the plumped-up barbie girl lifted up her sweater to reveal her expansive muffin-top gut, to her unenthusiastic-looking boyfriend.



“Gosh, look at you...” Michael said, as he perversely marveled at the grotesque nature of his girlfriend’s bulbous midsection; however, it wasn’t just Kelly’s belly that had grown larger and rounder since Thanksgiving. Her face had continued to soften, her thighs and hips looked poised to burst her jeans right at their seams. Even her arms had continued filling out to the point it was very noticeable.

When they met Kelly was a health-conscious twig, but looking at her now, it was a radical transformation. Some dinner dates, some care packages, some encouragement... It really hadn’t taken much to banish any semblance of her formerly athletic body from her current bulbous form. Her abs, firm legs, fit arms, everything had been shrouded under the new layer of thick chub she was sporting all across her body. Where she was once thin and trim, Kelly was now plump and shapely, with lumpy bulges of fat creasing and folding around her swollen midsection. Trying to keep it cool, Michael added, “You look great, as always, but umm... Yeah. Look at you. You’ve... You’ve blossomed into an even more beautiful version of yourself. I’m almost speechless in the wake of your beauty.”

“Aww! You always say the sweetest things!” Kelly joyfully hummed, as she pulled her sweater back over her big belly and leaned into her boyfriend for a big hug, while teasing, “I’m such a lucky girl! You must really love me. I got chubby and you turned into a chubby chaser!”

“Chubby is fine,” Michael reassured her, as he thought to himself, ‘for now,’ before warning, “just don’t overdo it.”

“I won’t. I’ll diet after New Year’s Eve, same as always...” Kelly sighed, before looking up at Michael’s face and accusing, “but you’ve gotta quit fattening me up with all the care packages. Before you got here, I almost couldn’t squeeze my fat ass into these jeans.”

“That would have been a tragedy, because you were born to wear the sh\*t outta these jeans.” Michael enthused, as his arms reached lower and squeezed Kelly’s juicy butt cheeks. There was a lot more to grab back there than there used to be. Unable to control himself or completely hide his disgust, he continued, “I doubt my care packages are responsible for all this junk in your trunk. What happened? What have you been eating fatty?”

Having never been teased like this before, Kelly blushed guiltily, pursed her lips, avoided direct eye contact and muttered, “I’ve been lazy... I’m not trying to put on weight, but also haven’t had the willpower to stop it... Plus, I think I’m starting to... enjoy it to some extent? Still figuring that out.”

“What???” Michael burst trying to mute just how alarmed Kelly’s statement made him feel.

“I dunno...” Kelly squirmed not knowing full well what she was feeling or what exactly she was trying to convey to her startled boyfriend, “the extra weight makes me feel... womanly.”

It's nice being curvy for a change. It's nice having big breasts and a butt... Not a huge fan of the belly though."

"I'm sure you'll lose the belly once you start exercising again." Michael assured her, ultimately pleased by what he was hearing. He loved Kelly and didn't want her feeling miserable with herself now that she was temporarily much heavier than normal. Bringing up his hands to fondle his girlfriend's lovely, inflated breasts, he continued, "I must admit, I am loving what you've got going on upstairs. You have my permission to keep these big titties."

"Mmmh... I dunno. I think it's a package deal." Kelly shrugged, as she enjoyed the way Michael was touching her.

"Huh?" Michael hummed a little confused, while Kelly softly grabbed his hands and slowly brought them south so he could grab ahold of her doughy potbelly.

"I think if I lose the belly, the boobs will shrink back to normal too." Kelly elaborated feeling a bit curious about both her boyfriend's true preferences and her own. Were bigger boobs worth having a belly? In Kelly's mind, it was an open question. In Michael's mind, it wasn't, and he basically conveyed as much in his response.

"That's a shame. They're fun to play with." Michael replied lowering his voice, leaning in, and whispering in Kelly's ear, "I was hoping you'd let me titty-f\*ck you before we drove home. I gotta appreciate them while you've got'em."

Feeling a surge of excitement in the pit of her stomach, Kelly was unable to contain a blissful smile, "Yes you do."

An unconscious part of Kelly's brain didn't like the subtext of Michael's statement. He made his preference clear, and that preference was thinner than she currently was. However, right now, Kelly was too starved for sex to pay this unconscious revelation much mind.

"We have the place to ourselves, right?" Michael wondered looking around.

"Logan's upstairs, but we can put music on. He won't hear a thing." Kelly promised, eager for some physical affection from her man.

After some horny frolicking in bed, the drive home was ultimately long and uneventful. The couple chatted on and off. They even shared a meal about an hour into the drive. Michael had wanted to stop at a Salad Works, but Kelly wanted a burger from Wendys so that's what they ultimately went with. After her meal, Kelly was forced to discreetly undo the top three buttons on her jeans because they were simply too uncomfortable to keep together now that she was full. All that embarrassing work with Michael to get them back on after sex had all been in vain, but Kelly did her best not to dwell on her misfortune.

She made a mental note to switch to leggings from here on out. After all, a stretchy waistband was a girl's best friend during the holidays. However, with two weeks of home-cooked meals awaiting her at Michael's house, cold weather putting a damper on any inclination she felt to heave her hefty booty off the couch, her love of Christmas cookies and sappy hallmark movies, soon Kelly would be dealing with a new type of strain. The kind that didn't involve her shrinking wardrobe.

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The trouble started a few days later, on Christmas morning. Holiday feasting had Kelly feeling more bloated than usual when Michael woke her up to present her with her first Christmas present of the day. A scale.

Fearful of stepping on right away and a little insulted Michael had gotten her such a gift, Kelly promised to weigh herself at the start of her New Year's diet in a week's time and keep track of her progress every week after that. For the first time in a couple days, Kelly was reminded her boyfriend preferred her thinner. No longer starved of sex, Kelly had time to dwell on this fact, and dwell on it she did.

Freshening up in the bathroom, Kelly's eyes lingered upon her fat reflection, she felt she looked hideous, she wanted to look away, but she forced herself to keep looking. She tried to convince her brain she wasn't the size of a parade-float, she was just bigger than she used to be. Michael preferred her skinny, and that was fine. After all, under all her newly acquired fat, she was still that beautiful skinny girl he worshipped above all else. Wasn't she?

Later in the morning, after Kelly had calmed down, she gave Michael his gift. His parents were quite impressed she'd been able to pay him all of his money back. Michael himself was blown away, he couldn't conceive Kelly was capable of such monetary restraint, but seeing was believing, and he was happy to get his investment back. After all, this investment had rewarded him with some notable interest, a temporarily fat girlfriend, and some peace of mind.

Aside from some gag-gifts here and there, Michael's parents mostly gifted their son, and his blossoming girlfriend, clothes. Like Kelly, Pam, Michael's mother, was quite a shopper, and had purchased the plump college coed some articles of larger clothing that her undersized wardrobe desperately needed. Pam's clothing gifts stood in quite the contrast to Michael's clothing gifts. Kelly couldn't help but notice all of Pam's gifts fit her bigger body, but everything Michael got her was a size or two too small. The women laughed about Michael's poor haul, but in truth he'd purposefully purchased Kelly undersized clothes to try and encourage her to lose weight so she could fit into them.

After a filling breakfast, Kelly donned a dressy blouse, and pair of jeans Pam had gifted her, as well as a new cardigan to keep her warm. The larger clothes did well to conceal Kelly's

bulging midsection and emphasize her womanly chest, hips, and butt in a conservative way. Rather than pay her a direct complement like usual, Michael teased that she was dressing up like a grandma.

Taking the teasing playfully, Kelly did her best impression of an old lady and got a laugh out of her lover before explaining she didn't want to wear anything too fancy when they went over to visit her parents. As much as she wanted to avoid them entirely, her mother's nagging had worn her down this time. In the afternoon, Michael drove Kelly over and the couple spent the evening with Kelly's family.

Gerald, Kelly's father, held Michael in high esteem since the young man was a great apprentice for his electrician business. However, he was none too pleased that Kelly had run off to college against his wishes or that she'd come home looking so fat after only one semester. His first words after seeing his daughter walk through the front door were:

"My god Kelly... What has that fancy college of yours been feeding you?? You're bigger than your mother was when she was pregnant! I guess all that liberal propaganda they've been shoveling down your throat is fattening."

Wrapping her arms around her chunky midsection defensively, Kelly blushed and sarcastically responded, "I'll be sure to cut down on the liberal propaganda next semester dad. Jeez."

"Your college ought to offer a class on self-control and personal responsibility. That's the kind of learning you need." He chuckled to himself, as the stubborn man took another big swig of his beer and finished it off. While Kelly stood there fuming internally, her father just smiled and motioned for the couple to come in and sit down.

Michael expected Kelly to get some judgmental looks from her family and even some criticism from her parents, but, as Gerald been chastising Kelly, he felt like her father had flashed him a judgmental look of disappointment too.

Not wanting the holiday confrontation to escalate, Kelly and Michael didn't address her father's attitude, and instead tried to enjoy the chaos that was Kelly's family on Christmas. Aside from her parents, two Aunts and Uncles were at the house with their children, all of whom were at least a decade younger than Kelly. The place was a warzone of shredded wrapping paper, children running about, adults drinking, and dogs barking off and on.

The jabs about Kelly's noticeable change in weight were practically endless, although only her father was meanspirited. Her Aunts showed concern. Her Uncles conveyed surprise. Her cousins' jabs were more innocent, but no less embarrassing.

For instance, after dinner had long since ended, and Kelly was helping herself to some leftover cheese and crackers in the kitchen, Elise, Kelly's spunky seven-year-old cousin on her father's side, surprised her by slapping the blonde's bountiful ass and declaring:

"Big butt! You're it!"

"Elise! My name is not big butt! I'm gonna get you!" Kelly playfully threatened, as she decided to chase down her cousin as she usually did during such instances. Kelly normally went easy at first, letting Elise evade capture to let the girl enjoy the thrill of the chase, but then once Kelly grew bored with letting the little brat escape, she'd get serious and tag her in return to end the engagement. So that's exactly what Kelly did, or... well... It's exactly what she tried to do.

"I'm gonna... \*pant\* get you!" Kelly wheezed, as she rounded the couch in the living room for the third time. Letting Elise evade capture was easy enough, but the little bugger was so quick that Kelly actually felt herself tiring out from chasing her around. Her heavier and squishier body wasn't used to this much cardio anymore.

"Kelly's got a big butt, and she can't catch me!" Elise taunted much to Kelly irritation.

"That's it! No more playing around!" Kelly declared, as she once again darted off after her cousin. This time, as she tried to squeeze by her mother and Michael who were standing beside the couch, her widened hips caused her to bump into Michael making him spill his ginger ale on the carpet.

"Kelly! Ugh! Watch where you're going!" Lacey, Kelly's mom, complained feeling irritated she'd have to clean yet another one of Kelly's spills tonight. Her clumsy daughter had spilled some Dr. Pepper on her jeans, and the floor, just before dessert had been served. As a result, Kelly had needed to change into some stretchy black yoga pants she had upstairs.

Lacey didn't know Kelly had perpetrated the first spill on purpose, to avoid the embarrassment of having to unbutton her jeans in order to make room for her swelling stomach after all the dinner she'd eaten. The stretchy waistband of Kelly's replacement pants allowed the plump princess a degree of comfort and anonymity she enjoyed, although in truth the poor yoga pants were putting in a lot of work trying to contain the gains that had accumulated around Kelly's lower body these last few months.

The veterinary secretary wasn't happy with her daughter's rebellious tendencies, or the fact she'd gotten so fat, but she was happy to have her only child back home for the holidays. Although, she really struggled to articulate this appreciation, especially after Kelly had just created some more work for her.

"Sorry!" Kelly huffed, as she rounded the corner of the room and chased Elise back into the kitchen.

Seriously trying to tag her cousin now, Kelly got close a few times, but the slippery brat continued to evade her. Breathing a little heavier, and feeling more fatigued, Kelly continued trying to tag her cousin, but she slowly started to realize she was fighting a losing battle. She used to dominate this game with her cousin, but that was before she'd gotten so out of shape. Elise was young and full of boundless energy, whereas Kelly now knew she'd grown slower and clumsier since high school.

'I've gotta change tactics.' Kelly internally realized, as she stopped trying to catch Elise and started trying to herd her into a confined space. Slowing down, and moving with more intension, Kelly blocked Elise's escape to the living room, forcing the brat to retreat upstairs. Huffing and puffing after her, Kelly caught a glimpse of the girl just as she vanished into her room.

Catching her breath for a moment, Kelly slowly approached the doorway to her old room. The wood creaked loudly beneath her feet. When she rounded the corner, Elise was nowhere to be seen. Realizing his game of tag had just turned into a game of hide and seek, Kelly declared, still a little out of breath, "You can run, but you can't hide!"

Then she started searching. She started with her closet. Empty. She then lifted up the covers on her bed. Empty. Plopping down on the floor, Kelly looked under her bed and found someone, just not the creature she'd been looking for.

"Beans?" Kelly questioned, as she spotted her family's annoying little Chihuahua sleeping under her bed, "Have you seen Elise?"

Just then, Kelly heard a giggle from behind her. Tilting to her side, Kelly spotted Elise hiding behind the door to her room. She tried to get to her feet and nab her before she took off, but Kelly wasn't as quick as she used to be, and Elise got away, laughing as she did.

"I give up!" Kelly conceded before collapsing back onto the floor for a breather. Being defeated by a six-year-old was a tough pill to swallow, but Kelly had grown too tired to keep trying. Turning her attention instead back to her dog, Kelly urged, "Come here Beans, I haven't seen you all night. Don't you miss me?"

Making eye contact just long enough to seemingly comprehend what Kelly was asking, Beans turned his back to her and remained under the bed.

"Beans! Come here!" Kelly demanded, as the dog crawled further away from her.

"That's it!" Kelly growled, as she crawled under her bed after the dog. It was a tight squeeze, much tighter than Kelly remembered, but she wanted to pet her de-facto therapy dog. Forcing herself deeper under the bed, Kelly's inflated stomach slowed her progress considerably.

Her paunchy gut was creating a lot of resistance that made squeezing further toward Beans much more difficult.

“Beans! I swear to god! Get over here!” Kelly grunted a little desperate. She could feel her butt bumping against the frame of her bed and suddenly her progress completely stopped. Try as she might, she’d grown too thick to fully fit.

“Jesus...” Kelly gasped feeling embarrassed with herself. She tried to wiggle back out from under the bed, but her arms were too weak to move the majority of her bulk backward. Just as she was about to try again, she heard someone enter her room.

“What are you doing?” Michael’s voice echoed from behind her, as he got a good view of his chubby girlfriend looking completely wedged under her bed. She looked a little pathetic.

Watching Kelly play with her younger cousins used to fill him with pride. Pride that one day Kelly would be a good mother for their own future children but having witnessed Kelly bumbling around the house and witnessing the annoyed looks she received from members of her family while doing it, this time Michael was far from impressed. In fact, he was a little embarrassed by her display.

“Trying to grab Beans.” Kelly truthfully answered before embarrassingly admitting, “I’m a little stuck though, could you help me?”

“Of course.” Michael assured her, as he reached down and lifted up Kelly’s side of the bed, allowing her the freedom to both reach forward and grab Beans, and wiggle herself backward free of the bed.

“Thanks.” Kelly hummed as she stood up and cradled Beans like a baby.

“No problem. Your dad wants a picture.” Michael replied not sure how to feel after watching Kelly’s pathetic display tonight. Not only had she eaten a grotesque amount at dinner, but she’d also gone back for seconds and thirds. Then she’d gorged herself on dessert. And then she’d made a fool of herself wheezing around the house with Elise. And here he’d found her pathetically stuck under her own bed too fat to do anything without his help.

Over the next few days, this newfound disgust would linger. As Kelly lazed around day in and day out stuffing her face with abundant holiday treats, Michael’s opinion of his girlfriend soured. He didn’t want to believe it at first, but it wasn’t just Kelly’s body that had changed this semester at college. She’d changed too. She didn’t just look like a fatty, she was acting like one too. Around his parents this wasn’t the end of the world, but around Kelly’s family it was uncomfortable. It was like they were silently judging him for her behavior. Things got even worse for Michael once pictures of the new Kelly at her family’s house on Christmas started

circulating on social media. Suddenly everybody knew she'd let herself go, and his friends wouldn't let him hear the end of it.

Come New Year's Eve Michael was legitimately worried about bringing Kelly to the big party going on in town. Last year Michael would have loved to show Kelly off at a party like this, her beauty reflected well upon him and certainly enhanced his status at the high school among his peers, but now the reverse was true. Kelly had turned into a social liability and Michael was still weighing the potential costs and benefits of bringing her along.

"Who told her it would be a good idea to pose with her rolls out? Nobody wants to see that..." Michael muttered to himself alone in his room, as he scanned through some of the pictures Kelly had posted to her Instagram from the last few days. It was like the girl was proud she'd gotten chubby. Thinking to himself, Michael wondered, 'what is wrong with her?'

Venturing out of his room, he approached his family's living room where Kelly and his mom were both cuddling on the couch together under a warm blanket watching the hallmark channel. His mom was drinking a glass of hot coco, and Kelly was half-way through yet another chocolate cupcake. Heading over and grabbing it from her before she could finish it, Michael muttered, "I think you've had enough cupcakes. Shouldn't you be getting ready?"

Frowning because Michael robbed her of her sweet morsel, Kelly feigned an exhausted expression and replied, "I don't know if I wanna go... I don't have anything cute to wear."

"What about that nice black cocktail dress I bought you for Christmas?" Michael's mom interjected much to Kelly's surprise.

"Oh yeah Pam... That could work, but... I don't know. I'm kinda tired." Kelly complained not wanting to get out from under the blanket.

Michael could get the sense that Kelly wasn't too keen on going to the party. A fact that worked for him. However, his mother didn't seem to take the hint.

"Go try it on, see how you feel then." Pam encouraged, as Kelly reluctantly gave in.

"Okay, I'll see how it looks." She replied, while struggling to get off the couch. Reaching for Michael to help her, Kelly added, "I'm feeling heavy... Ugh... Can you help me up?"

"Sure thing. Up you go fatass." Michael teased, earning a frown from Kelly and a yelp from his mother.

"Michael!" Pam growled coming to Kelly's defense.

"He's just joking." Kelly assured her, as Michael helped her to her feet with a grunt.



While the couple headed to Michael's room, Kelly conveyed to him her desire to stay in for New Year's Eve. She wasn't feeling super confident in herself after an indulgent week and a half. She tried on the dress a few days earlier, and it wasn't exactly flattering for her figure either. Understanding where Kelly was coming from, Michael supported her desire to stay home, but expressed his desire to go out and at least see their friends for an hour or so before returning to her. Kelly found this acceptable, and returned to the couch, as Michael set out for the party...

An hour later, Kelly checked her phone. No word from Michael. Half an hour after that, Kelly checked again. Still, no word. Figuring that he'd lost track of time, Kelly sent him a few texts, but half an hour after that she still didn't get any responses. The night was still young, but Kelly was starting to feel a little worried. Michael was normally better at responding to her.

Not wanting to spend New Year's Eve alone with Michael's parents, Kelly reluctantly decided to surprise him at the party. Although she didn't really have anything pretty to wear.

...

At the party, Michael had indeed lost track of time hanging out among his friends. As these parties usually went, someone's parents were out of town and the place was going absolutely wild. Alcohol was being served in the basement, music was blasting everywhere, and the place was packed so tightly that it was hard to get around without bumping into someone every three steps. Michael had been hanging out by the pong tables in the basement until he needed a refill for his beer.

That's when he checked his phone for the first time since arriving at the party and saw all of Kelly's texts. Finding a lonely place in the corner of the room, he mulled over how best to respond. He was feeling fairly buzzed from all the beer he'd had and wasn't thinking as clearly as he could be.

"Oh, hi Michael!" A cheery voice squeaked, causing the young man to lazily lift his gaze.

His eyes were met with a treat. It was Amber, one of Kelly's friends from cheerleading. The brunette's hair was fashioned into very long pigtails, and she was appropriately dressed in skimpy red dress. Fit as ever, Amber's body was everything Kelly's used to be.

"Hey Amber. Where's you been all night?" Michael tipsy replied, not even realizing he'd slipped up with what he was trying to say.

"Dancing." Amber responded earnestly, trying to force her typically reserved voice to rise above the volume of the music. She didn't seem drunk one bit as she continued, "Where's Kelly? I wanted to say hi."

“Yeeeeeah.... Have you seen her Instagram recently?” Michael inquired, hoping he could dance around the truth.

“Nope.” Amber shook her head. Prompting Michael to grit his teeth and work up the courage to be honest.

“Well, she's gained a little bit of weight. It's been bothering her a bit sooo she hasn't wanted to go out.” Michael summarized with a shrug, “So here I am, all by myself... More beer for me.”

“How much weight? Like a lot?” Amber wondered, seeming more interested than judgmental. Her tone was quite a departure from his other friends when he'd told them the truth about Kelly, but it still didn't put him at ease. People had given him too much sh\*t for having a fat girlfriend for him to be chill about this.

“Umm, I don't know, \*gulp\* what's 'like a lot?'” Michael stammered feeling uncomfortable. He never imagined having a fat girlfriend would be so embarrassing.

“Likeeee, give or take 50 pounds?” Amber estimated, as she put a hand on her hip and seemed to continue thinking about it.

Letting out a sigh, Michael responded unenthusiastically, “Then... yeah. All she does is party and sleep. She loves her food and alcohol, and she isn't motivated to exercise. She started complaining a few weeks ago that none of her clothes fit anymore. Now all she wears are baggy sweaters and sweatpants. She complains, but she doesn't seem to want to change her lifestyle. She loves her carbs. I don't think she's slowing down anytime soon.”

“Oh my god, I can't believe it.” Amber gasped, quickly bringing her hand to her mouth to cover the smile that was quickly emerging from her lips.

Michael had seen this reaction before from some of Kelly's other female friends. It was like the jealous b\*tches had all been rooting for her to get fat the whole time. It annoyed him that Amber seemed happy about this news, but not as much as the fact that people continued to judge him right along with Kelly. Trying to absolve himself of blame, Michael immaturely continued throwing Kelly under the bus for the sake of his own reputation.

“College has taken a toll on her body. Her weight gain has gone everywhere. Her face, chin, arms, midsection, ass, and legs. All her clothes show off her gut and love handles. Her only source of cardio the last few months has been sex and walking to the door to pick up delivery.” Michael drunkenly complained thinking he could spin the truth in a way that might garner some sympathy from Amber.

“She must like that extra weight to keep her warm during those cold Ohio winters hahaha.” Amber laughed, seeming a bit excited by this news. Michael couldn’t understand the extent to Amber’s joy. It was one thing to root for the downfall of a competitor on the dating market, it was quite another to celebrate this much. He remained puzzled until Amber continued, “And you two are... still dating?”

And then he understood. Or at least he thought he did.

He always guessed that Amber had eyes for him. She’s always been kind to everyone, but it seemed like she was especially nice to Kelly, perhaps as a way of getting closer to him. Interpreting her present comment as a form of flirting, Michael felt quite flattered. He’d fantasized about getting with Kelly’s hot friend in the past on more than one occasion. It was nice to know he still had quality options if things with Kelly didn’t pan out, but in his mind that’s all Amber was. A plan B. In his mind, Kelly was still the love of his life, even if she’d grown into a bit of a social liability.

Not wanting to lead Amber on, Michael decided to be as truthful as possible about things with Kelly.

“Yeah, of course. I’m not attracted to women who are overweight, but Kelly is still very interesting... and funny... and... I think I love her,” Michael hesitated, before the alcohol in his system allowed him to continue with his thoughts unfiltered, “My friends keep teasing me about having a ‘fat girlfriend.’ And... I’m ashamed and embarrassed to say it, but I’m not as attracted to her as I was before. If she doesn’t get back in shape this summer, I don’t know what I’m gonna do. But... I’m sure she’ll get back to her old self. I’m sure of it.”

“If she doesn’t, suit yourself. I’d take a fun girl with a beer belly over a beauty queen any day of the week.” Amber replied much to Michael’s confusion. He was about to ask her what she’d meant by that, when all of a sudden, Amber caught a glimpse of a familiar blonde walking down the steps of the basement, “Speak of the devil. That’s her, isn’t it? My god, she did get fat!”

Turning his focus to Kelly making her way down the steps across the crowded basement, Michael watched as she slowly stumbled down the steps. She looked totally drunk and was sporting a huge, bloated belly poking out of her unbuttoned jeans. Her shirt, one of the new long-sleeve button-down ones that his mother had purchased for her, appeared strained to the limit and hanging on for dear life around her bulbous muffin-top. Grumbling to himself, Michael cursed, “What is she doing here??”

Racing over to meet up with her, and shoving Amber out of the way, Michael had to contend with the overcrowded nature of the basement. Squeezing by people slowed his progress. He only caught up with Kelly a minute later at the makeshift bar. He could hear what she was ordering and wasn’t pleased.

“I’ll have a rum and coke.” Kelly tipsily requested, as Michael arrived beside her.

“Make it a rum and diet.” Michael clarified to the bartender.

“Michael! Stop it, don’t embarrass me.” Kelly huffed sounding very annoyed by Michael’s little stunt just now.

“I’m trying to help you! You obviously can’t help yourself.” Michael complained poking Kelly right in her exposed blobby stomach where her shirt was riding up. He then grabbed a handful of her belly and gave Kelly’s blubber a little shake.

Kelly turned so red so quickly that all she could do to deal with her embarrassment was to try and struggle to pull her shirt back down.

“When did you get here? No... What are you even doing here? I thought you wanted to stay in?” Michael questioned sounding disappointed.

“I wanted to stay in with you! And you never came home! So, I came here to find you, but I couldn’t, so I started drinking.” Kelly began explaining sounding quite inebriated.

“And now you’re drunk. Great.” Michael concluded before moving on, “What are you wearing? You look like a bloated couch potato.”

“I didn’t look this bad when I left the house. I swear.” Kelly promised, as Michael was about ready to snap at her. However, before he could get a word in, someone cut him off.

“Easy Michael, shame your girlfriend about gaining weight, it will backfire.” Amber explained, inserting herself between the squabbling couple. Turning her attention to her former teammate, Amber smiled and said, “Hey Kelly, I think you look great.”

“Really?” Kelly questioned doubtfully. She’d been practically ostracized the moment she arrived. It was like fat was a disease people were afraid to catch if they interacted with her.

“Really. You’re smoking hot.” Amber promised, as she leaned in and gave Kelly’s squishy body a big hug. Once they separated, Amber’s eyes lingered excitedly on Kelly’s pronounced belly.

Feeling this stare a hundred times over, Kelly recoiled and muttered, “Thanks, but I know, I gotta go back to the gym.”

“Everyone put on a little weight in college.” Amber replied, while she bit her lip and added, “I had a big crush on you last year, but if I’m being honest, it’s even bigger now.”

“What??” Kelly stammered caught off guard. She was too drunk to really put together what was happening.

Michael was stunned into silence too. Now that odd comment earlier made sense. Amber must have come out of the closet now that she was in college. He never would have suspected Amber was a lesbian, but she never did have a boyfriend back when she was in high school.

“I love your belly, it’s so cute!” Amber cheered, as she grabbed Kelly’s gut with both hands and playfully squeezed it three times blissfully squeaking, “Squeeze-squeeze-squeeze!” as she did.

Blushing so ferociously she felt she might explode, Kelly couldn’t form a sentence in response, much less a single word. Amber was always so nice that she sometimes seemed a little... off. But Kelly hadn’t known she was gay. Not until right now.

“I’d love to see you squeeze into your old cheer uniform.” Amber continued, as Michael stepped in and tried to put an end to Amber hitting on his girlfriend.

“She’s not putting on the cheer outfit until she loses the belly, and she’s certainly not going to put it on for you Amber. Keep dreaming.” Michael replied defensively, while he put his arm around Kelly’s shoulders and she quickly threw his arm off of her.

“I want to talk about bellies actually.” Kelly tipsily interjected. The overabundance of liquid courage in her system was helping her get over the momentary embarrassment she was feeling in response to Amber’s flattery and helping her focus on Michael’s rude behavior regarding her body, “You see I think it’s a bit funny, that y’know us ladies are allowed to have big boobs and that’s seen as really attractive but having a big belly... it’s not the same vibe. Why is that? It’s not fair, it’s not okay. It’s normal to get bloated, I’ve eaten a lot of food today, I’m pretty bloated, this is how it’s going to sit. Like, stop judging me Michael! Although this is a situation going on here with my gut, it’s not the worst, it could be better, but just because I don’t have a perfectly flat stomach doesn’t mean I’m hideous!”

“Amen Kelly! You said it!” Amber cheered much to Michael’s annoyance.

“Shut up Amber.” Michael grunted tired of her sh\*t, before replying to Kelly, “You used to be so beautiful and skinny, now you’re standing here with literally the body type of a refrigerator acting like nothings different! That’s f\*cked up! Your belly doesn’t make you hideous, but it’s not doing you any favors. Don’t get mad at me for being honest. Don’t let Amber confuse you. I’m the one who loves you, I’m the one who wants what’s best for you.”

“Sometimes I’m not so sure about that anymore.” Kelly snapped, not backing down, “You used to complement me so much. You used to call me beautiful every day... Suddenly, you judge me for eating cupcakes? Last Christmas you bought me a necklace, this Christmas you

bought me a scale. It feels like you respect me less simply on the basis of how big I've gotten. There are no complements now. Only silence. You don't think I'm beautiful anymore. All because I put on some weight. That's not love. That's not f\*cking love Michael!"

And just like that, Kelly stormed off, her softened body jiggling as she did, with Amber in quick pursuit.

"Kelly, wait! I'm sorry! I didn't mean..." Michael stammered not fully comprehending what had just happened.