Finding Her Feeder (2 of 2)

By Mollycoddles

Isabel started slow. I need to pace myself, she thought, but she was so excited that she couldn’t help but bounce on her heels as she stood in the buffet line. There were SO many choices… sweet and sour chicken, pork fried rice, beef and broccoli… She wanted to sample everything! She wanted to eat everything! Carlos must suspect something, he must have brought her here for exactly this reason.

“Well… it’s now or never,” she mumbled under her breath. If she was going to glut herself like she desperately longed to, if she was going to gorge in front of Carlos and gauge his reaction, now was the time to do it. She grabbed a pair of tongs and dumped a great heap of fried noodles on her plate. Yes. This would be a good start. Next she was grabbing crab rangoons, foil-wrapped duck, eggrolls and spring rolls, anything within her reach… It didn’t matter, she just wanted to fill her plate, she wanted Carlos to see her filling her plate, she wanted him to wonder… she wanted him to KNOW that she was doing it on purpose, that she was doing it because she wanted to eat! By the time she returned to the table, her plate was so heavy that she needed both hands to carry it.

“You hungry, babe?” said Carlos. His smile seemed to indicate something… a sly bit of secret knowledge communicated in a nod and a wink? Was he on to her? She was too hungry and too flustered to even care at this point. All that she wanted to do… was eat!!

She blew through the first plate so fast that she didn’t even realize what she’d done until her fork hit the empty plate. She blinked in surprise – her tummy felt heavier and she could feel a bad case of the hiccups brewing. Oh boy, she had definitely eaten too much too fast… but wasn’t that the point? She looked up at Carlos and he was watching her with rapt interest.

“Oops,” she said slyly, playing up the innocent girl act. “Guess I was hungrier than I thought! Oh boy, look at how much I ate! I just gobbled it down so fast! I better watch my waistline or I’m really gonna blow up at this rate, huh?”

She smiled and batted her eyes. Carlos watched her impassively.

“That wouldn’t be bad, though, baby. I’ve said it before… you’d look good thicker.”

“You better be careful. You might get what you wish for.”

Carlos smiled and threaded his hands together. “I think,” he said, “That you should go get another plate.”

Isabel gulped. “What… what did you say?”

“You heard me. I think you should go get another plate. I think you should get as many plates as you want. I think you should eat as much as you want. I think you shouldn’t stop eating until you’ve had your fill.”

“Until.. I’ve… had my fill?”

“Yes. No matter what.”

“Oh Carlos…”

That was all the permission she needed. In a flash, she was back at the buffet. Her second plate was even bigger than the first. She shoved food down her throat with abandon, not even worrying how she might look to anyone else in the restaurant… all that mattered was her primal urge to fill her gut as fast and as full as possible. She imagined all those hundreds of calories in all that fatty, greasy food… what would it do to her body? What would go to her fat ass? What would go to her boobs, her belly? How big could she get?

After four plates of fried rice and mushu pork and teriyaki beef and orange chicken, Isabel was finally hitting her limit. She felt like an overinflated blimp! She leaned back in the booth, sinking deep into the plush cushions, and rubbed her swollen gut. Her T-shirt slipped up to reveal a band of belly flesh, that eased in and out with her labored breathing. She could feel her jeans strangling her every time that she breathed in and she desperately wanted to unbutton her pants. At home, when she ate, when she indulged in her secret desire to push herself to the limits of fullness, she wasn’t shy about stripping off her pants and lounging around in her comfortable stretchy undies… but she was in public here!

“Oh my Gawd… that was so good… oh Gawd, carlos, I am SO full. I don’t think I could possibly eat another bite.”

Carlos was staring at her, beads of perspiration on his forehead, his eyes bulging. There was a look of shock on his face, but it was more than that… it was lust. There was no mistaking it. Isabel patted his cheek weakly, so stuffed that she barely had the strength to raise her hand without slipping into a food coma.

“Baby… I have to… I have to tell you something…”

“I think I already know what you have to say,” said Carlos.

“Oh yeah?” Her eyes shot open and her cheeks ballooned with gas as she stifled a burp, then winced at the pain in her overfilled stomach. Her belly gurgled urgently, struggling to digest its massive gutload.

“Yeah. You like to eat. But it’s more than that for you, isn’t it? You LOVE to eat. You just love to eat and eat and eat and stuff your face until you’re so full that you’re ready to explode, don’t you?”

Isabel stared. Yes! Yes! That was exactly it!

He scooted closer to her, placing his own hands on top of hers as they sat on top of her belly. His mouth was at her ear and he was whispering everything that she had longed to hear for so long.

“I bet you love to see how much you can eat. I bet you love to test your limits. To just push and push and push yourself until you don’t even know how you could fit all that food inside your tiny little tummy. I bet you wish your tummy was bigger.”

“Oh my Gawd…” Isabel breathed, her breath hot and heavy. “Yes… Oh my gawd, Carlos, yes, that’s exactly it. That’s exactly what I want, that’s exactly what I need.”

“I know,” said Carlos. “It’s so obvious from the way you eat. You’re not like other girls, you’ve got no shame about your appetite. And I can see the way you tease. You want to be bigger.”

“I do! Oh Gawd, Carlos, I do… But… but is that… is that weird…”

“No,” said Carlos. “That;s what I want too. I want to see you grow, baby. I want this belly of yours to grow so big and round. I just wanna stuff you to your limit and then I want to take you home and make love to you.”

“OH gawwwwd… Carlos, please... I’m so horny… but I’m so full… I need you to help me up…”

“Why? Are you done?”

Isabel looked at him, a slow grin spreading across her face. This was even better than she expected! She was eager to get home, to strip off these constraining clothes, and let Carlos ravish her stuffed little body… but he was encouraging her to eat even more before they got to that stage! She had expected that he would be too excited about getting some action to wait any longer, but this boy was definitely a dedicated feeder! This was perfect! This was the man who she had always dreamed of!

Her crotch was moist and sticky inside her overly snug jeans and the pressure of the tight waistband on her overfilled tum only served to remind her of what an absolute, hedonistic glutton she had been tonight. That only made her hornier. But every bite she took, every twinge of pain as her stomach grew fuller, only made her wetter and hotter and hornier…. Carlos’ dick was twitching in his pants at the sight of his girlfriend bloated beyond her capacity, but he knew she could do even better.

“Hmmm… you’re right, Carlos. Now that I know what you want and you know what I want…” She stroked his cheek with a manicured finger, a dopey but seductive grin across her lips. “You want to get into these pants tonight, don’t you, baby?”

“You know I do.”

“Then go get me another plate of cashew chicken,” said Isabel. “And some more won tons. And anything that they’ve still got up there. You’re not getting into these pants until I bust them open. And these jeans are well-made, so you got your work cut out for you.” She winked seductively.

That lit a fire under Carlos. The poor boy didn’t need to be told twice. What feeder hasn’t fantasized about that exact scene, watching a beautiful woman eat and eat until she popped her buttons? It was already a ridiculous turn-on that Isabel was too bloated to get up to return to the buffet herself – now she was reliant on Carlos to ferry plates to the table as she chowed down – but that she was literally going to eat herself out of her clothes was so insanely hot that he thought he was going to lose his mind! He practically ran to the buffet, shoveled a mountain of lo mein and sweet and sour chicken onto a plate, and ran back.

Isabel ate. And ate. And ate! Finally, she had permission to eat to her heart’s content… She felt like a wild animal finally unleased and, despite her fullness, her ravenous hunger reasserted itself. Plate after plate disappeared down her gullet, her belly steadily advancing by inches across her thighs, her waistband pinching tighter and tighter, the fabric around the metal button whiskering as the pressure increased to dangerous levels. Damn they make jeans too good, thought Isabel as she wolfed her way through a crispy eggroll and Carlos whispered sweet nothings into her ear as he rubbed her overfull middle. Isabel was so full and so horny that she felt like a thermonuclear reactor about to blow and she knew she was going to have a complete meltdown the moment that she burst her button. She could barely keep it together as it was, her face starting to go green as she forced herself to eat yet more.

“Come on, baby, you’re doing so good. Keep going. Mmm. You’re really putting it away, aren’t you, babe? That tummy’s REALLY getting full.”

Carlos patted her growing gut as she ate and the stimulation of his hands caressing her swelling tummy only goaded her to eat faster. Carlos grinned.

“Wow, you like that, huh? Mmm, seems like you could just eat and eat forever, huh?”

Isabel burped, her eyes quickly scanning the restaurant. Their feeding session was so intensely erotic that it felt like every eye should be on them; luckily, no one seemed to have noticed. Of course not, why would they? There was nothing weird going on, it was perfectly normal to expect that people would be eating in a restaurant, right? Why would you even think that Isbel and Carlos were engaged in some hot and horny foreplay?

“How much are you gonna eat, baby? You gonna clear out the buffet? Ooo, I bet you could do it…”

“Oh Carlos… I can’t… I’m too full… I think… I’m at my limit…”

Carlos reverently stroked her belly, marveling at how big and round and firm it was now. It was as if Isabel was smuggling a bowling ball under her shirt.

“Baby, you’re not done. You said I wasn’t getting into those pants til you popped them… and I intend to get into them tonight. C’mon. Keep going. Open your mouth, baby, I’ll help.”

Isabel obediently opened her mouth and nearly swooned as Carlos placed a breaded shrimp on her tongue. He was feeding her now! Her boyfriend was feeding her! She cooed as she chewed, accepting everything that he placed in her mouth and forcing it down. She had come too far to stop now!

Her pants got tighter and tighter and tighter… the button pulled snugger in its hole but the threads refused to snap. Isabel cursed the tailor who had designed these infernal pants, who had worked so hard to make sure that they were durable! But… at the same time… this was better. It was an excuse to keep eating, to keep pushing… what was going to burst first? Her pants or… her? It was a genuine question. And it just made her SO incredibly wet to think about.

She was going wild, driven mad by the fullness of her belly and the tightness of her pants. How was it even possible that her jeans hadn’t burst yet? She twisted in her seat, inhaling as deeply as she could with her massively over-stuffed stomach pressing up on her diaphragm and lungs. She secretly hoped that maybe, just maybe, if she moved just right she could… encourage that button to blow. But then she stopped. No. No, that would be cheating. She didn’t want to pop her button because she’d cheated, she wanted to pop it because she’d eaten TOO much. She exhaled and felt her stuffed tight gut recede slightly. She was going to cross the finish line yet, but she wanted to get there by eating. No one was going to say that she wasn’t cut out for the life of a feedee!

And Gawd, what a life that would be! This was only the beginning. With Carlos to help her, she could eat to her heart’s content at every meal and Isabel already knew that she never again wanted to end a meal without feeling ready to pop. She was going to make it her mission to gorge herself to the gills and, when she was certain she couldn’t eat another bite, have Carlos keep pushing her.

“Do you think I’ll get fat,” said Isabel, her mouth full of food.

“Baby, I KNOW you’ll get fat,” said Carlos. “I’m gonna make sure of it.”

That was it. She twitched, too excited by Carlos’ words to keep still, and that was the final straw for her overloaded pants. The fly of her jeans sprang apart, her bloated belly bouncing free as it launched the button into orbit. The zipper shot down, down, all the way down, as more and more belly barreled free until the toggle hit bottom and full expanse of Isabel’s snug panties was on display. She could feel the heat billowing from her crotch – she was too horny for words!!

“Oh gawd Carlos,” she gasped as she pawed mindlessly at his chest. “I’m so horny… I’m dying. Please… take me home and make love to me! I need you now!” She belched loudly, enough that heads turned to look at them. “I need you now but I’m way too stuffed to even move. Oooo, just popping my button almost made me cum… I need you to fuck me now before I lose my mind!”

“Come on, baby, let’s get you home. I think the fun’s just starting.”

Carlos helped her to her feet. There was no way to hide her massive food baby, so she blushed with a combination of embarrassment and arousal when the waitress eyed her bloated bump oozing out of her unzippered pants. She had to lace her fingers together under her gut to form a cradle as she waddled from the restaurant, Carlos at her side, steering her and supporting her. She had never been so full before! But.. oh Gawd.. .it was bliss! She couldn’t wait to get home and GET FUCKED.

Carlos was right. The fun really was just starting.

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Isabel shifted in her chair, grunting as her flabby hips rubbed against the armrests. Entering patient data at the ward reception desk was the worst part of her shift, since none of the office chairs were built to accommodate a girl of her girth. Thanks to Carlos and his relentless feeding, Isabel had ballooned to over 400 pounds. Her thick curves had blossomed, her plump ghetto booty spreading into a massive rump that spilled over chairs and strained against the seats of her scrubs – her office ass rivaled any of the other nurses, even those who’d been at the job far longer than she had! – and her chubby tummy swelling into a bloated belly that filled her lap and settled on her thick, womanly thighs. Her breasts was so big now that they never stopped sloshing with her movement, jiggling as she typed and always threatening to tumble out of her scrubs when she bent over to check a patient’s vitals. Her love handles slopped over the elastic of her scrubs in two caramel colored avalanches of buttery brown flesh; her tubby tush ate up enough material that the waistband was pulled down when she leaned over her desk just enough to reveal the faintest hint of plush butt crack. When she managed to rise from her chair – which she did only when absolutely necessary – it was a production as she grunted and groaned, her joints popping and her stitches straining, until she was standing on her plump little trotters. She walked with a slow, undulating waddle, her wide body swaying with her every ponderous step, her butt sloshing behind her, her breasts bouncing against the shelf of her belly, her breath coming in long drawn-out puffs. She was getting too big to get around easily, but she loved it… Whenever she sat her ass down, hearing the chair creak under her bulk and wondering if it just might break… feeling the seams of her scrubs tense and tighten whenever she moved… knowing that the other nurses couldn’t stop talking about her phenomenal gains… they all nearly sent her into paroxysms of pleasure!

She loved her new size, loved being the plush, womanly figure that she always knew she could be… but it wasn’t just her womanly curves that benefited from her new pounds. Her arms were thicker, her legs chubbier, her face rounder… when she smiled, her double chin bulged. She was still the same girl with the same wavy shoulder-length black hair, there was just a lot more of her now. She was turning into a sexy little plumper and she loved every pound!

She smirked to herself as she thought about Carlos and his “relentless feeding.” That was a joke. It wasn’t like she was resisting! She was just as eager to eat as Carlos was to feed her, and her ample potbelly was evidence of that. She quietly placed one pudgy hand against the arc of her gut, feeling her soft tender flesh through the thin material of her scrubs and fantasizing about what it would feel like if it was even bigger. How many more pounds until she split the seams of her scrubs? The other office girls were already careful to limit their diet talk around her, sensing on some subliminal level that Isabel’s ever-ballooning figure and ravenous appetite meant she wasn’t interested in hearing that prattle. And they were right! They supplied her with a steady stream of pastries and donuts, always squealing and giggling in glee when Isabel accepted their gifts with a smile on her pudgy face and always bouncing in excitement to see her chow down. She was the living embodiment of pleasure for them, and watching her indulge in all the sinful snacking that they had to deny themselves… what a rush! It was no wonder that they all seemed to revel in Isabel’s gains almost as much as she did.

Mildred appeared at her shoulder, carrying yet another carton of donuts. “Hey, Isabel, I’ve got some more donuts here. You want any?” Her eyes fell on the open box already on the desk. “Oh, looks like you’ve got some.”

“I could always have more!” chirped Isabel. Her double chin wobbled as she talked. She was way past the point that she felt any shame for her outrageous indulgence. She spun her chair around to face her co-worker. At her size, Isabel had steadily outgrown uniform after uniform for the past year. The nurses gossiped about how her incessant snacking made her bloat up until her size 16s wouldn’t pull over her thighs. Then after she popped out of her size 18s, she briefly started to worry when size 20 got tight around her middle and backside. Size 22 was next, then 24, and 26… the Latina gordita was blowing up like a balloon and no matter how much her tummy advanced in front of her, nothing could dissuade her from her indulgences. She was wearing size 28 now and she’d already had them let out twice. She would probably graduate to a 30 within the month.

“You really DO like to eat, huh?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Isabel patted the top of her belly, where it was still covered by her scrub shirt. Her lower pot belly spilled under the hem and plopped onto her thighs in an avalanche of flesh.

“And Carlos… doesn’t mind?”

“Doesn’t mind? Do you think we’d still be together if he minded?”

“I guess.”

“Just between you and me, Mildred, I’ll tell you the truth. He loves it.”

Mildred raised an eyebrow. “So he likes big girls, huh? I should have known. What with the way you’re growing…”

“You could say I grew for him. Partly for him.”

“Only partly?”

“Well…” Isabel blushed. Was she really going to finally confess the truth? She’d felt it secret for SO long. “I mean. I kinda like it too?”

Mildred laughed. “No wonder you’ve been packing on the pounds. I figured there was no way that was all for a man’s benefit.”

Isabel shrugged. “Yeah… I mean, I just think it’s kinda… I dunno, I think it’s kinda sexy for a girl to have curves, ya know?”

Mildred laughed. “Well, you’ve got those in spades, girl. Listen. Some of the gals are going to go out for drinks after work. Do you want to join us?”

Isabel spun her chair around. “Oh, thanks for the invite, Mildred… but I’m afraid I can’t tonight. It’s my anniversary tonight, so Carlos has something very special planned.”

Mildred grinned. “Your anniversary, huh? So it’s been a full year already? Still not sure if he’s the one?”

Isabel grinned. “Oh, I think he’s the one. I think we’ve got more in common than I thought.”

Isabel’s confession that Carlos liked big girls and that she thought big was beautiful was the closest that she had come to dropping the bomb about her secret feeding life, even if the inevitable effects on her waistline couldn’t be disguised and even if all the nurses in the ward seemed determined to help her gain. Mildred’s eyes drifted down to that waistline, noting how well Isabel filled out her scrubs these days.

“Well, he’s certainly treating you well.”

Isabel leaned backed in her chair, patting her chunky midriff with a grin. “Yeah, I guess I’m getting a little hefty these days. Let’s just say that I’m a gal with an appetite and Carlos knows how to treat me.”

The two women shared a good chuckle. If only you knew how big my appetite was and how well Carlos treated me, thought Isabel. What a funny thought, to blurt out at work the full story of their secret feeding relationship! Nope, that wouldn’t do. Let everyone just think that she was easing into couplehood, letting her worries evaporate and getting comfortably fat. They didn’t need to know the full reality, that it was more than just that she enjoyed her size – it was that she was getting fat on purpose and would probably just keep getting fatter! If she kept gorging the way she did now – and Carlos kept bringing her food – she would be huge in no time. Eventually, someone might figure out what was going on. But for now? Well, for now let people wonder…

Many of the nurses whispered about the change in Isabel – and not just physical changes! She was more cheerful now, as if she was more comfortable with herself. They chalked it up to young love – of course, she would be happier when she had a steady boyfriend! They had no clue that the reality was so much more than that. She was so much more comfortable in a body that took up space; she loved the feeling of her body expanding, growing, always inflating. She glanced at the box of donuts stationed next to her computer and licked her plump glossy lips unconsciously. A hand reached out and plucked a powdered donut from the top of the stack. She placed it to her lips and took a deep bite, murmuring contentedly to herself as powdered sugar spilled onto the shelf of her cleavage. She chewed happily, savoring the delicious sweet flavor, the delectable feeling of deep-fried dough against her tongue. In moments, the donuts was gone, her cheeks bulging with confection. She glanced down and squeaked at the sight of her sugar-coated breasts. Quickly, she fanned herself with a plump hand to dust the powdered sugar from her boobs – though she mostly only succeeded in making the crumbs slip into the canyon between her plump pontoons. Oh well, that was part of the life of a buxom goddess.

Because that’s what she was now, wasn’t she? All those extra pounds had drifted to just the right places, turning Isabel into a delightfully overfull hourglass with wide flaring hips, a big round tum, and a pronounced balcony. She couldn’t be happier. Well… maybe if Carlos was here right now. She sighed, closing her eyes and imagining that he was here to feed her…She would sit back in her chair and open her mouth and Carlos would pop donut after donut into her mouth until the box was empty and his fat little girlfriend was delightfully, devilishly stuffed like a chubby little Thanksgiving turkey. Ooo, it made her tingle to just imagine that! She sighed as she glanced up at the clock on the wall. Shift was almost over. Thank goodness! She couldn’t wait to get home and see Carlos again… Every meal together was an exercise in eroticism! Life was good now that she had finally found her special someone, a partner who appreciated her interest in growth as much as she did!

“That’s great,” said Mildred. “I’m so happy for you two.”

As Mildred walked away and Isabel turned back to her computer, she reflected on her new life with Carlos. The past year had been good to her. After confirming that Carlos was indeed the right man for her that night, a full year ago, at the buffet, Isabel had plunged into the feeder lifestyle with her boyfriend. Together, they explored their growing excitement over Isabel’s growing body and growing appetite. She wasn’t sure where Carlos was planning to take her on this special night… but she had a good guess!

It had been a full year since the last time that they’d been to the Jade Dragon.

Isabel licked her lips. She couldn’t wait!

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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,

Molly Coddles