

## The Customer is Always Right

By Jake (JMJ) and ST

“Ok, boys and girls. Show’s over for today,” Tammy said as she blew a kiss to the camera.

She threw her long blonde hair into a ponytail and logged off her account before putting her silk robe on.

“Another successful show, you still got it girl!” she told herself.

Tammy Stevenson was a retired porn star, formerly known as “Pawgy Carter”, a co-star in a few of the “Avengers” spin off pornos. She had been discovered just after her 22<sup>nd</sup> birthday while on a trip to California and never left. The producers loved how round and shapely her ass was after years of gymnastics and field hockey, so they immediately cast her into leading roles. Because of it, by the time she was 24, she was one of the most sought after “thick” white girls for adult movies.

However, the lifestyle, plus constantly having to dye her hair black for projects had taken its toll and before her 29<sup>th</sup> birthday, she retired. Now, she worked on her own hours and no longer had to sell her body for cash. She had saved up a good amount of money and was able to live relatively comfortably on just doing cam-shows and custom videos. Because of her name, she was still in high demand.

She went into the bathroom of her condo and washed her hands before turning on the shower. She hung her robe on a hook behind the door and glanced in the mirror for a moment. She was still in pretty good shape, albeit a little softer than she was during her porno days. She turned to show off her rear end and gave it a good slap, annoyed that it bounced significantly more than it used to. Turning back around to face the mirror, she noted that while her abs were still mostly visible, they weren’t as defined as they had once been. She was now 15 pounds over her filming weight of 130, but she was by no means chubby for her 5’1” frame. Although, if she had gained a few more pounds, she’d have been cast in movies with the word “plump” in them, a death sentence in the business.

“Gotta lay off the snacks, Tammy. Your ass can get bigger but if your stomach is doughy, the people might not buy your clips anymore,” she muttered to herself, poking at her stomach a bit.

After a long hot shower, Tammy moved to her bedroom, placing the video camera and tripod into a corner before logging on to her laptop to check her emails. She noted that she had a few custom scene requests, all from customers she had worked for previously. They wanted the usual; her in a slutty outfit, her masturbating, and one of her in a cheerleading skirt that showed off all of her ass. She chuckled at the requests and responded to each with her rates.

It was when she got to her last email that she got annoyed. The request came from an “AlwaysRight1”, someone who clearly had an ego. He said he admired how big her ass was getting and wondered when she would be producing more eating content to go along with the McDonald’s video she had done a week earlier with a BBW performer. The email stated that it was his favorite of all of her vids.

It was true, the video had been successful. It was probably her second or third most purchased video and that said a lot, considering it was only a week old. Still, while she appreciated the compliment, she was not going to do those videos often, especially not with what he wanted.

“Thanks hun, but I don’t do those types of videos often. Trying to stay in relatively good shape,” she typed out in reply, trying to keep her aggravation from coming through.

He wrote back to her original email almost instantly, again stating that he wished to see her eat on camera and that he would pay her. He knew her rates from a prior custom job and now wanted her to eat McDonald’s on camera. He had tossed down good coin too; 300 bucks which translated into over 30 minutes.

“You should definitely do more eating videos. BBW stuff is in high demand right now. Your video with KathrynBBW was amazing. It was fun watching her tease you for being smaller. It would be nice if you did more of it,” his reply email stated.

“This little perv won’t quit, will he? I don’t do that kinda shit, I’m not a fatty,” she said to herself while she typed out a polite ‘no’ to him.

“It’s obvious that you don’t mind eating, you housed that burger in no time. Plus, that ass has been swallowing up your panties more and more each time I log on. Maybe you should consider more requests like mine. Or at least work with other BBW performers,” the next reply read, within seconds of hers.

Tammy had only done the video with Kathryn as a favor to the woman for her husband fixing Tammy’s car. She never engaged in that kind of stuff, especially with a 300-pound woman like Kathryn, and who was trying to get even fatter.

They had met on the set of some porn years ago and Kathryn admittedly was a wonderful woman. She was sweet and her husband was sweeter; he had fixed her car for free. The video, well, that had been another story. The stench of the fast food had grossed her out at the time. And the sheer memory of that disgusted her.

She wrote back again, this time not even bothering to be polite. She knew she had gained some weight, but who was this jack-off to tell her she was getting fat?

“Look, buddy, I don’t know what you’re trying to do here, but this is the wrong person to try it on. I work very rarely with fatties, nor do I want to be one,” she typer out and slammed the send button.

His next response was even faster, almost defying logic.

“That’s really harsh to talk about other models like that? Who do you think you are? Now I really want to see you eat a whole cake. “

She was preparing to write a harsh response back, but he sent another message before she could start typing.

“You got a four day policy on vids, right? I expect by the end of Memorial Day weekend I’ll have my video, even if you’re busy. Maybe you’ll even enjoy doing it.”

She was beyond annoyed at this point.

“You know what, I don’t do this often, but fuck you. I’m keeping your money now. How’s that, asshole?” she practically broke her keyboard as she slammed out her reply.

“Keep the money, I don’t need it. I have a feeling by Monday you’ll need it to purchase something to cover your ass,” was AlwaysRight1’s reply.

“What the fuck did you say?” Tammy replied, stunned.

She sent the reply, but AlwaysRight1 did not respond. She tried looking up his email address on PayPal, but it kept informing her that the information was invalid. She wanted to report him, but when she sent another reply to his account, it bounced back immediately. He had clearly deleted it.

“What a fucking freak,” she moaned to herself before shutting the computer down and going to bed.

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Tammy got up at her usual time the following morning; making a cup of coffee and checking a few more emails before 10:00 a.m. The “perv” still hadn’t written her back and she was praying he wouldn’t try to track her down or correspond further.

“Guys like that can be scary,” she said to herself before taking another swig of coffee.

After mulling over her annoying Thursday night, she went about her day as normal; purchasing a cheerleading costume from a Halloween store that was open all year long, and shooting the scene for one of her clients, making sure to do several splits and bending over in exaggerated ways to show off her ass. It was around 1:00 p.m. when she took a break from the custom scenes and decided to log on her cam page to show off a bit.

The comments in the chat were the usual: “show us your tits” “let me see your ass” “will you go out with me”, etc. One stuck out though. It was from an anonymous account and it just kept asking if she was hungry. She tried blocking it from the chat, but it kept appearing over and over again. Frustrated, she apologized to the normal guests on the page and logged off, hoping this bot would leave her alone.

“Ugh, what the hell is with these sickos? You gain a few pounds and everyone wants you to gain more? What the fuck?” she said, exasperated.

She moved the mouse around, clicked out of the chat browser, and groaned.

“And two of them on back to back days! Unless it’s just the same guy...?” she asked out loud.

The thought lingered with her for a moment as she stood from her desk chair and made her way into the kitchen. She opened up a bottle of spring water and took a sip. She put it back down and then browsed her fridge for something to eat. Usually she had a big salad around 1:30 p.m. and as she looked for the fixings, she realized there was nothing in there to eat. She hadn’t gone grocery shopping yet.

“Just my luck,” she bemoaned before her stomach started gurgling. “I’ll have to order a salad before I go out later to the food store.”

She opened up her GrubHub app and typed in the Greek place up the road. She ordered her standard Greek salad and then waited for the delivery to arrive.

Thirty minutes later, the delivery boy dropped off her lunch and left before she could open it. Instead of her salad, it was a Pork Souvlaki sandwich and French fries. She called the restaurant, but the line was

busy. She tried again three more times, and each time she got a busy signal. She stomped her foot in frustration as she looked over what had been given to her. Her stomach let out another groan.

“Well, by the time they come back it’s going to be closer to 3:00 p.m. and that’ll ruin me for dinner.”

She glanced back down at the sandwich, which was dripping with Tzatziki sauce and Tammy shrugged her shoulders.

“Guess I could have half now and the rest for dinner,” she thought.

She sat down at the kitchen island and took a bite of the greasy sandwich. The meat was so tender and juicy that it almost slid down her throat effortlessly. She moaned in delight and took a heartier bite, the results being the same.

“Wow, this is really fucking good. Maybe I should call to thank them instead of complain!” she exclaimed before taking another big bite.

The sandwich and fries were gone rather quickly and she let out a large belch once every piece was ingested. She licked her fingers clean and returned to the living room to watch tv, falling asleep due to all the food that was now working its way to her stomach.

She awoke at 5:00 p.m. and wiped the drool off her face. Her stomach was no longer full and she felt energized. She went back to her laptop and logged in, answering a few fan questions before giving them a little show, showing off her boobs and then bending over in front of the camera and smacking her ass. It was always a crowd pleaser and today was no different; she received over 50 dollars in tips from her fans. She thanked them all once more and signed off, not noticing a message from an anonymous account that remarked that her ass was definitely getting bigger and how it appeared she wasn’t skipping any snacking.

Once done with work, Tammy decided to go out and get food for next week. She threw on a pair of baggy sweats and headed to the parking garage.

She had planned to only get a few heads of lettuce and some veggie burgers, but once inside she completely forgot those plans. Her stomach grumbled as she passed each aisle and without thinking, Tammy loaded her cart up with candy, cookies, generous amount of cold cuts and all other assortments of junk that she never would have dreamed about picking up just a few hours ago. Now they all seemed like amazing choices and that she needed to have them all.

“I don’t know what’s come over me today. All this food seems just so good. One day shouldn’t cause too much damage to my figure though,” she mused.

Her eyes moved toward the other end of the deli department, fixated on the row of rotisserie chickens on a shelf. Her mouth opened and a bit of drool proceeded to escape down her lip. She wiped it with a free hand and made her way to the payload, picking the largest one and then a side of mashed potatoes and sweet corn to go along with it.

By the time she got back home, she ran up the stairs and right into the kitchen to preheat her oven so she could have the rotisserie chicken she had purchased. She pulled out the container of pre-made mashed potatoes and sweet corn and took turns throwing them in the microwave. She opened up a

bottle of newly purchased barbeque sauce and began to count down the minutes until she could dive into her meal.

Dinner, just as with lunch, did not stay on the table long. She tore through the tender meat with her teeth, dabbing remnants of the skin in the tangy sauce for extra flavor. She used a spoon to gobble up the corn and potatoes, all of the food doing nothing to dent the gnawing hunger she was now experiencing, but even still, everything was delicious. She had never tasted such good food in such a short time period, but she didn't want to stop.

She put the silverware and dishes in the dishwasher and ran it before taking a swig of water and letting out another burp. She glanced at her phone and saw that it was getting late, as it was now just past 9:00 p.m.

"I'll log back on tomorrow, it's a little late now and I just wanna veg out," she sighed.

Before doing anything else, she took off the sweats and changed into a loose pair of gym shorts and a tank top. She then grabbed a new package of Oreos, poured herself a glass of milk, and made her way to her couch to just relax and watch TV, while shoveling Oreos in her mouth in rapid succession and only stopping to drink some of her milk. By the time the 11 o'clock news was going on, Tammy was passed out and snoring, the Oreos all but finished.

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She wrestled herself off the couch on Saturday morning, vaguely aware of why she was sleeping there in the first place. She brushed the crumbs out of her shirt and glanced down out the container of Oreos. Only 4 remained and she scooped them out with a free hand and dragged her ass into the kitchen.

She turned on the Kerig and helped herself to a cup of coffee before reaching into a box from the supermarket's bakery and pulling out a large chocolate chip muffin. She licked her lips after she took a bite, making sure to get all the chocolate morsels that remained.

"Gotta keep up my strength for a long day of shooting," she noted as she made quick work of breakfast.

Tammy walked back to her work computer, pausing briefly to scratch her ass and tug at her panties. Her gym shorts, which had been rather baggy the day before now seemed to fit her perfectly, accentuating all of her full tush and the bouncing it was doing with each step. She tried to ignore this and sat down to log in to her cam page.

Once more she showed off her boobs, this time running in place for a bit to let everyone see how much they jiggled. However, her stomach was also jiggling along with her boobs, something that had not happened yesterday. She ignored this and just smiled as more tips came in. She chatted with all her fans for a few hours before it was lunch time. She told her cam-watchers that she'd be back on later and would really put on a show for them then.

She logged off and went into the kitchen to scope things out. She found that she had a ton of deli meat in the fridge and pulled out the smoked turkey, provolone and mayo, along with the garlic bread she had purchased. She piled on slice after slice of meat onto the bread, taking over a pound of turkey out of the package and then went to work adding the cheese and mayo. She smiled devilishly as she looked over the heaping sandwich.

“This should tide me over for a bit!”

She sat down on the stool and once more made short work of her meal, though she did savor each taste from her sandwich. She washed it all down with a 20 ounce bottle of Pepsi and then grabbed a bag of Doritos from the counter. She tore open the bag and began shoveling handfuls into her mouth, stopping only to pull out her iPhone and watch mindless clips on Youtube.

“The garbage that gets uploaded on here for free is ridiculous,” she said, munching away on more of the nacho cheese flavored chips, sticking her fingers in her mouth to greedily suck down the remnants of cheese dust after every few handfuls.

She paused the video and used an orange-tinged finger to open up her emails. She had another request for a video, from the same account, “AlwaysRight1”. Somehow, his account was back and now he was seemingly taunting her.

“Saw your earlier video. Def enjoyed it. Hope you’re enjoying your weekend, can’t wait to get my McDonald’s video,” his message read.

“I’ll say this again, I’m not eating on camera. I don’t do that kinda stuff. If you keep harassing me I’m going to report you!”

His response confused her, to say the least.

“You can report me if you’d like. Won’t change anything other than you wasting time you could spend doing something you enjoy. “

“Don’t think I would report you for harassment?” she questioned, while taking another scoopful of chips from the bag. She let out a content belch once she finished swallowing.

“I’m sure you will. I’ll leave you be then. Can’t wait to see tonight’s show,” the next response read.

She clicked on the message bar, but when she went to hit send, she was told there was an error.

“Grrr, this is getting aggravating. I should really report his ass!” she groaned.

She looked down at the empty bag of Doritos she was eating. Her stomach rumbled again and took precedent over other matters.

“Creepy motherfucker probably just wants to mess with me. If he does this again, then I’ll report him,” she said.

Tammy pulled herself off the stool and changed into a clean t-shirt and a pair of boy shorts, though it wasn’t easy. Her t-shirt did not cover her stomach at all, and if she had been paying attention, she would have realized that her belly was starting to stick out above the waistband of her shorts, shorts that now looked to be at least one size too small. A not-safe-for-going-out amount of ass flesh poured from the leg openings. From lunch alone, she was probably fifteen pounds heavier than she was upon waking up, and that was not counting the weight she had gained the day before. She kept that out of her mind however, as she had to do a Q&A with her fans.

The questions came in fast and furious as almost 100 people had logged in to ask one of their favorite former porn star questions. She tried her best to answer them, but she of course missed some. The

typical questions were about if would she return, did she miss it, did she keep in touch with any one of her co-stars, etc. There were some not-so-typical questions as well, and those, while she ignored them, seemed to get her a little hungry.

“What are your favorite toppings on pizza?” was one. There was also, “Have you ever tried a Friendly’s Double Marshmallow S’Mores ice cream?” and “How do you turn down good food when you live in such a food friendly city?”

Tammy didn’t process these questions, nor did answer them, but each one seemingly made her mouth water. She began thinking about all the restaurants around her and how she really hadn’t tried them. She probably should do that, she thought, telling herself that she only lived once.

“Hmm, maybe they have a point. I should probably start trying new places,” she leaned back to consider this idea.

She kept on answering questions until the Q&A ended. She reminded everyone that she’d be logging back on around 9:00 p.m. and promised a good showing for them, when the cameras were rolling. Once the computer was back off, Tammy went to Yelp on her phone and looked into the most highly rated take out spots in her area. She settled on a burger joint and ordered a double bacon cheeseburger with extra bbq sauce, chili cheese fries and a large double chocolate milkshake. She had never been a burger eater before, but the app had told her it was one of the best in the state and she figured that it was as good of a reason as any to give it a try.

Whoever had written that review had been correct, Tammy surmised later that evening as she wiped up the remnants of bacon from her plate with a stray French fry. She let out a loud belch and patted her full stomach, not acknowledging that it was much larger than it had been the day before. Tammy shifted in her seat, hating how uncomfortable she was in her shorts.

“Damn washer fucked these up, too. Oh well, no point in changing now. I’ll just do my vid and then shower before bed.”

She slurped on her shake before grabbing a spoon and scooping out whatever the straw had been unable to collect. Finishing up, she looked to the counter closest to the fridge. She took note of the box of Devil Dogs, but decided against it. Instead, she once more returned to her workstation. She plopped her ass in the seat, oblivious to the thinning fabric as she did so. She greeted her fans with a flashy smile, the start of a second chin becoming more visible. Her dimples, which were non-existent until a few hours ago, positively beamed on her chubbier face. She asked them what they wanted to see and, per usual, was asked to show her tits.

“Oh, you don’t even want to play around at all, do you? I guess I can oblige,” she said into the camera.

She removed her too-tight top from her body and tossed it to the ground, allowing her tits to sag down onto her flabby pot-belly. She tweaked a nipple and bit her lip, playing up that she was incredibly horny. It must have worked because one of the patrons asked if she could suck her own tit.

“I think I can try,” she said before lifting her larger breast up with one hand.

The boob went in her mouth easily, something that she had never been able to do before. She gave it a good suck and slowly played with the other one. She was thoroughly enjoying herself and began to feel herself get wet. She removed the teet from her lips and glanced back at the chat.

“You look all hot and bothered, glad you’re enjoying yourself. Maybe you should be sucking on something else while you go to work,” one of the chat members suggested.

“Well, I wasn’t thinking of breaking out any of my ‘equipment’ tonight, unless you’re going to spend a little cash, honey,” she replied.

The original poster had no problem complying with this and sent another 25 bucks her way. She winked at the camera and told everyone she’d be right back.

She made her way to the bedroom, giving her very plump rump a wiggle for the camera while she went about getting one of her dildos, turning her living room light on so the fans could get a better view later.

With one in hand, she got into the living room, but dropped the flaccid toy unintentionally before she got to her desk. She was about to bend over to pick it up when she decided instead to have a little fun with her fans.

“Oh, clumsy me, I dropped it. I better bend over to get it, he-he,” she said, winking in to the camera.

Tammy slowly bent over, grunting as she felt the waistband dig into her ample tummy. She felt pressure against her backside, but kept ignoring it until she reached her goal. Just as the object was at her fingertips, a rip echoed through the room, though she didn’t seem to hear it. As she stood up, the entire chat was able to view her skin tight white panties, stretched across her widened hips. Her poor booty shorts had been unable to keep up with her growth and had literally burst at the seams. Her cheeks wobbled back and forth as she continued straightening her back, her once soft, but blemishless cheeks now covered in dimples of cellulite. She didn’t register this and just sat back down and flashed the dildo for the camera.

“Hmmm, do you all wanna see me put this thing in my mouth or what?”

It took a moment for her to get an answer as the entire chat was applauding her and her huge ass, telling her she never looked better. One guy asked if she could sit on his face. She chuckled and politely said no. She continued reading questions before enough asked her to put the dildo in her mouth.

“Bout time”, she muttered to herself.

She slowly lifted the pale flesh colored shaft towards her mouth and slowly inserted it into her mouth, making exaggerated slurping noises as she did. She mockingly acted like it was too big for her to handle, but got it down towards her throat anyway, constantly teasing the fans by slurping and stroking her boobs. She continued this for a few minutes, rocking slowly in her chair along with each suck. She finally removed the object from her mouth and rubbed it against her breasts.

“What would you like to see me do next?”

As if all the followers were of one mind, they all, in one way or another, told her to ride the dildo for them. She giggled and moved the desk chair to the side and replaced it with a folding chair. She pulled the remaining bits of her shorts down to the floor and then lowered her panties to her ankles and placed



the dildo in the middle of the chair. She then positioned the camera somewhat downward so they could get her entire body in the frame and turned her back to them before gradually easing her lower lips onto the object.

“Ohhhh, that’s good,” she moaned, enjoying the shaft penetrate her.

She rocked back and forth on the dildo, using one hand to brace herself on the back of the chair while the other grabbed a handful of her tush. She was so into the performance that she did not acknowledge that there was much more ass to grab than before. She bobbed up and down faster and faster, more moans escaping her mouth as she felt herself get close.

“Fuck me! OHHHH, let me, let me turn around so you can see my face when I cum!” she exclaimed.

She gave her ass a good wiggle, letting her cheeks wobble delectably before standing up and facing the monitor. She dropped down on the sex toy and started riding it once more, this time pressing her hands on her hips to get the full effect and size of it in her. She moaned louder and louder, her soft paunch and fuller breasts quivering as she got closer and closer to an orgasm. Finally, she exploded, letting out a cacophony of expletives and cries as she slowly rocked in place, trying to squeeze the pleasure out for just a bit longer.

“Whew. I’m spent. Alright everyone, this bad girl is going to shower. Nighty night,” she said as she blew a kiss at her screen.

She logged off the cam site and then pulled the dildo out. It was soaked in her juices. She smiled and wiped it down with a towel before trying to pull her panties up. They wouldn’t reach past her chunkier thighs.

“Ugh, you know what, fuck it. I’m just about to take a shower anyway, who cares.”

She took them off once more and tossed them in the clothes hamper before taking a warm shower to unwind.

When finished, she went to the kitchen in just her bathrobe and pulled out two devil dogs from the box. She greedily stuffed them both into her mouth and chewed lowly, enjoying the contrast of the chocolate and the cream. She took out another and then put the remaining treats in the fridge. While inside the fridge, she took out a glass of whole milk (hadn’t she purchased skim?) and a package of Hostess cupcakes and headed to bed, she was still exhausted from getting off.

“Must have really worked hard today. I’ve never usually this tired from riding something,” she said, plopping her ass down on her bed and working on eating her goodies.

“Still, that was the best I’ve had in a while. If I get drained afterwards so be it.”

She sucked the cream out of one cupcake and then dunked it in the tall glass of milk before gulping it down whole. She did a little shimmy on the bed in approval of the food before chugging the rest of the milk and putting her head on the pillow. She was passed out barely a minute later.

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Sunday morning came and Tammy was awoken to the sounds of her stomach demanding sustenance. She glanced over at the digital clock next to her bed and groaned.

"It's only 8:13 a.m. I can still get some sleep, ugh!"

She cried out as her stomach grumbled even louder this time, causing her some pain as it did. She massaged it through the robe and realized it was futile to resist her hunger.

"Well, you know what they say about the early bird..." she trailed off to herself.

Entering the kitchen, the now chubby blonde was in the mood for some eggs. However, checking the fridge resulted in the disappointment of not having any to cook. She stamped her foot in frustration, annoyed that she'd have to leave the house once again. Her stomach made another audible noise and Tammy decided it was time to get something to eat.

"Guess I'm heading out. Hmmm, I did see that Dunkin Donuts had a new Coolata, might as well go there first."

Back in her bedroom, Tammy tossed her white bathrobe to the side and prepared to get ready. She tried putting a bra on, but after several attempts realized that it was a no go; the clasps were too far apart to ever close.

"What the fuck? Those were my biggest ones too! I know I put on a few lbs but damn this thing for not helping by shrinking in the wash too," she said out loud while tossing the formerly loose undergarment to the floor.

Her panties also did not want to go on, though with almost a herculean effort, she got them up past her thick thighs and covering her lower half. She was exhausted from the effort and her face was now beet red. She sat up, her stomach becoming a series of three rolls as she did.

"I'm, whew, really going to have to have a talk with the building super. My, huff, washer and dryer are gonna ruin everything I own!"

She stood back up and slowly made her way to the dresser, the thin bands of her underwear digging into her soft flesh and riding all the way up the crevice of her larger ass. She paused for a moment and then realized everything would probably be like this today. With that, she went over to her closet and pulled out clothes hangers containing what were clearly a mans set of clothes; two pairs of jeans, a pair of sweat pants, a dress shirt, and two t-shirts. She pulled the grey sweats off the hangar and was thankful that they went on easily, though she did have to pull the string all the way out to keep them from falling down. The shirt too was swimming on her but she knew that was better than the alternative. She was just thankful that her last boyfriend had left them there (and that he was a former college football running back), otherwise, she would be unable to leave her condo.

Glancing in the mirror to ensure she looked ok, the only troubling sight to her was the fact that her face was still red from exertion. Other than that, nothing else seemed out of place to her. She saw nothing wrong with the fact her face was much puffier than before, or that she now had dimples. It was all par for the course because usually Tammy would flip out if ANY article of clothing did not fit, even if it was a sock. For some reason her mind was in a haze and she remained completely oblivious to the fact that since Thursday night she had packed on almost 50 pounds. Everything about her was pudgier, from her softer shoulders, puffy arms, rounder but fuller breasts, a pot belly that was a calorie or two away from becoming a full fledged paunch, and thighs that were starting to rub together when she walked. Tammy,

however, thought all was as it should be. As a result, she grabbed the keys to her car and took the two minute drive to Dunkin Donuts.

Once inside the eatery, the smells and sights of all the lovely donuts that were being brought out overwhelmed Tammy's senses. She had not been inside the store in years, even when getting coffee she always did the drive through. Now, being back in one, she understood that she had been missing out for all these years. She looked over the menu as the woman behind the counter greeted her.

"What can I get you miss?"

"Uh, let me get a ham, egg and cheese, a sausage, egg and cheese, oh, and some hashbrowns, those look good. And a large Kit-Kat Coolatta."

The cashier took the order.

"Can I get you anything else? Would you like to try our Hershey's Cookies N' Crème donut? They're very popular. Or how about our double chocolate donut? A blueberry donut? We also have the traditional glazed, powdered and jelly too."

The teenager looked back the guest who had been listening intently and was still fixated on all the donuts on their racks.

"Um, miss," she asked, hoping the woman was ok.

Tammy had been paying attention and couldn't decide which ones to get. So, she did the most rationale thing.

"Yes."

"Uh, yes what?"

"Yes, I'd like those donuts please. Actually you might as well make it a dozen, the brownie batter and apple n' spice look good too. Just mix them up."

The cashier rang her up and then put all the donuts in a box. Tammy took them and then her drink and other sandwiches and happily left the store. She did not get far, the sweats were starting to sag once again. They were just too big and she grumbled to herself and tugged the string so it was once more sagging to her thighs, hoping it would be enough for her to reach her car.

She made it back to her apartment, having to stop two times, once to tighten the string again and the other to take a bite of her sausage egg and cheese sandwich (she had already eaten the ham egg and cheese in the car. The door open, she placed all the contents down on her coffee table and began to devour everything in sight. Even while going through her third donut, Tammy still felt pretty ravenous. She bit into the fourth one, the chocolate dripping from the doughy center and smearing on her chin. She paid this no mind, her only goal now was to quell the burning hunger in her abdomen.

"Mhmmmm, the apple n' spice was such a good choice," her eyes closed as she revealed in the tastes. "The brownie batter is still my favorite though."

Tammy plopped the rest of the donut into her mouth and went to view the emails on her phone regarding custom videos. Some were the standard fare, pleasure yourself, shake your ass, there were a

few more complicated ones; wear a superhero costume, workout in tight clothes (which she was not doing). Still, as she tossed back a few of the hash browns, her eyes found their way to the email from "AlwaysRight1". Curiosity got the better of her and she quickly typed a reply of "hi" to his email, expecting it to get bounced back.

"No way, this thing goes thro...what!"

She practically choked on the fried potato as not only did the message go through she had received a response.

"Glad you're still thinking about my request. I don't think eating a burger or two on camera is such a bad idea, do you?"

Tammy typed fast and furiously, reminding him she had already said no.

"Really? Is it that bothersome to enjoy a rich, juicy burger on camera? One with extra cheese dripping on the sides?"

Tammy's mind began to race. Sure, the guy was a dick, but he had paid her, right? And was it really that bad to eat on camera, especially something so delicious sounding as the burger he was describing?

"I, I already said no and I'm not changing my mind" she resolved as she typed that out.

"You know, maybe you should change your thoughts on this. I'm told eating and putting on weight is in with models these days."

"Yeah nice try dipshit. I'm not gaining any weight, least not on purpose. The 'shelf' may be holding a few more books these days but it's not trying to become a library, got it?"

She unconsciously rubbed her ample behind, both upset and also amused with how it felt.

"We'll see. Food, especially chocolate, is so sensual, I'm sure you'll agree. And if that leads to a few extra pounds, who cares? Your fans will still love you. Anyway, I just sent a few more dollars to hopefully change your mind. Talk to you soon."

Before she could respond, a familiar "ping" lit up her phone, informing her that indeed he had deposited another 200 bucks into her account.

"This fucking guy," she yelled.

Tammy angrily tossed her phone onto a couch cushion and folded her arms across her chest. This was getting ridiculous. Still, at least she was getting paid for all these messages.

"This can get me a red velvet cake and then some."

Her mind thought of the gooey treat and she felt a warmth rush through her body.

"Ohh, that does sound good. Maybe, maybe later. I'm starting to get sleepy."

The rounding blonde finished off the remainder of her "breakfast" and then turned the TV on to catch up on some news. It had the desired effect because it did not take long for her to pass out once more in a food coma.

Her eyes fluttered a few hours later and she woke up, glancing at the time and getting annoyed. It was almost noon and she had barely accomplished anything today. She lifted herself off of the couch and towards her work desk. She eased her ever-growing butt on to her desk chair, annoyed when she felt a fleshy side dig into one of the arm rests. She ignored it and logged on to her cam page, greeting her followers with a smile that only emphasized how heavy she was getting.

The comments were surprisingly subdued in spite of her appearance, some just saying “thanks for being fan friendly” and a few other pleasantries before most logged off. However, roughly 57 stayed on (down from the initial 83) and showered her with praise, telling her how beautiful she looked, to keep doing what she was doing, and so forth. They even started sending her more tips.

“You look stunning. Only girl who could make baggy sweats look good” read one.

“Keep it up girl. Love me a thicc one like you” was another.

Tammy was flattered by their opinions of her and answered their questions for over an hour. She then asked them what she should do for Memorial Day. One told her strip at the beach, another told her to enjoy some apple pie (which sounded amazing). Finally, she got the answer she was looking for, barbeque! She had a fancy one on the patio and the thought of grilling some burgers and steaks sounded amazing. She figured she could wear the old American flag bathing suit she owned before remembering that it probably wouldn't fit anymore due to her laundry situation.

“But I don't remember the last time I washed it. It couldn't have shrunk, could it?” she asked herself before her stomach made its presence known once more.

She realized she had to eat and politely told her audience she would be back later. The pressing need was handling lunch.

Lunch turned out to be another turkey sandwich (all of the remaining turkey, 2 pounds of it) and a box of Kraft mac & cheese. Tammy devoured them like they were nothing, pausing only for a few seconds to drink from her bottle of soda.

As she ate, her body continued to grow, seemingly all the calories she was ingesting were turning into fat immediately. Her shelf like ass swallowed up the stool for her center island as her hips started to spread over the edges. Still, she continued feasting, only too eager to continue her new gluttonous ways.

After all the turkey and cheese had been consumed, Tammy slowly walked to the fridge for a snack. She tried widening her stance to accommodate for the fact her thighs were now rubbing together, her pace turned into a lumbering waddle. She got to the fridge and found her desired snack, more Hostess cupcakes. She was about to sit back down on the stool when she reached down and pulled at the waist band of the sweats to allow them to loosen up. There was no need to tighten them that much anymore, it was clear she was getting closer and closer to filling them out properly.

Tammy's afternoon became a mixture of checking emails and eating. Most of that was done in the kitchen but she would periodically go to the bathroom after drinking too much soda. She was still completely oblivious to her growth; the only thing that even remotely caused her any cause for concern was when she had to keep tugging at the sweats waistband, even that eventually became a mild nuisance, one easily remedied by more food. Food was something she had always battled with, not

wanting to become the “fat porn star”. Now though, now it seemed as though any restraints were gone, never to return.

Her deluge of food lasted through dinner time. She used a free hand (the other was popping Cheez-It’s into her eager mouth) to scan Grubhub to find the best and fastest pizza spot around. She placed her order (a large pepperoni and a large extra cheese, along with a dozen garlic knots) and resumed snacking, the thoughts of the upcoming Italian delicacies sent a shiver down her spine, but in a good way. In fact, had Tammy not been preoccupied with mindless eating, she’d have noted that she was getting a little damp below the waist, especially when she was eating chocolate. Still, she shrugged this off and went back to eating.

Dinner finally managed to quell most of her insatiable hunger, leaving her stuffed and content. She leaned back in her stool and let out a raucous belch. She giggled at this and let out another one, feeling the fullness temporarily leave her swollen abdomen. She was still uncomfortable though, the stool getting a little too cramped for her liking. So, she decided to get up and log back on to her website.

The walk to the office desk took longer than it had in the morning, both due to the food she had eaten still trying to digest itself as well as the fact she had gained more weight today than she had the two prior days combined. At over one hundred pounds more than her old weight, Tammy had graduated into the BBW category, though she did not appear to be satisfied stopping there.

She shuffled her feet and dropped down on the desk chair, again frustrated by the armrests. She pushed past this though and accessed her account once more.

The people on there seemed to be the same 15 from before and they all kept tipping her, telling her how amazing she looked. She blushed, she was used to comments like “show your tits” or “lemme see that ass”, it was nice to be told she was beautiful. Plus they kept sending her tips and weren’t asking for anything in return. She didn’t know who they were but she was awfully grateful.

“You all are the best, seriously,” she gushed.

“You are. You look absolutely stunning and radiant. Seriously. Don’t know what’s changed but you do. Keep going.”

“Yeah, what he said. Whatever you are doing suits you. I wouldn’t stop.”

Tammy blushed again, her second chin becoming more prominent as she did.

“Gosh you guys. Well, what do you want to see tonight? My boobs? My ass?”

The nice comments stopped, albeit briefly. Ass was the winner before the guys told her to go with what she wanted to do. She stood up and moved back so her body was in frame before pulling her sweats down and showing off her voluptuous ass. She gave it a quick slap, the ass flesh jiggling still even after it normally would have stopped. She put a finger to her mouth in a “who me kind of pose”, truly enjoying how good she felt due to the compliments she had received. She bent over slightly and began twerking, sending her thighs and ass into uncontrollable movement as her rolls jiggled happily. The only downside was that she was winded much sooner than usual and even felt herself starting to sweat. She apologized to the chat and told them she just needed a moment. She was still not used to carrying around so much weight.

“No worries gorgeous. If you need to take a break you take a break.”

She thanked them again before peeling off her t-shirt to reveal her drooping boobs; boobs that now settled to where her waist used to be. She picked one up and flicked her nipple with her tongue, even more shocks of pleasure permeating through her. She felt more sensitive than ever before and her panties were really starting to get damp now.

“Hey, you’re in CA right? Have you ever been to Angelo’s bakery?”

“I have not. Why?” she questioned. She didn’t even know why this would really be asked when she had promised them a show.

“Oh, just because they have the best chocolate chip cookie dough cupcakes ever. I get them a lot for my wife. They’re so good. They even add a bit of chocolate filling in the middle for that extra kick.”

She didn’t know why, but this excited her. The thought of chocolate filling running down her throat really got her hot. Without thinking, she asked what else they had.

“They have that, then they have a chocolate mousse cupcake that it to die for. It’s so creamy and light. You can have like three and barely feel full.”

Tammy bit her lip at this. The thought of these pastries sounded heavenly. With a free hand she reached down past her flabby midsection and towards her absolutely soaked underwear.

“That, that sounds amazing. Does, phew, anyone else have any good bakeries by them? It all sounds soooo good,” she cooed. She was not acting one bit.

The group seemed to pick up on this and began describing more and more eateries that they had experienced. A double chocolate layer cake here, a vanilla bean custard cake there, a salted caramel cookie somewhere else. Tammy closed her eyes and imagined all of those items in front of her, her free hand frantically trying to get access to her dripping pussy.

The problem was, her panties would not budge. She had put on so much weight that day that they were now firmly plastered to her lips. She tried futilely to tug them down but it was no use. She groaned in frustration and continued to pull on the cotton material, desperate to get them off so she could finger herself. With one last pull, the panties, strained to their limit anyway, completely ripped from her bulging hip and allowed her entry.

“Keep talking boys, I, I’ll be reading everything.”

It was true. As Tammy slipped two fingers past her lips, she read more and more about all the wondrous food items she could be eating. She pumped faster, her belly smacking against her forearm as her breasts smacked her belly. She was really getting into a groove, pressing her ass down more and more on her desk chair and then inserting a third finger in. She cried in bliss as she worked herself closer and closer to an orgasm.

She still kept one eye on the monitor as she lifted her breast up and put it in her mouth, grateful that she could suck on it without having to really hold it up now. She felt her thighs get more and more coated in her juices and this only encouraged her to pump faster. As she glanced up, someone was

talking about the wedding cake he had at his recent birthday cake and how amazing the chocolate frosting was.

“Won’t lie, had I had the frosting near me, I’d have eaten it straight out of the container with a spoon.”

Immediately, Tammy pictured herself doing that, only in her mind she was naked and riding a big cock. This was too much for her and she began pumping even faster, really grinding her hips into her chair and being as aggressive as she could about it. Further images of eating entered her mind and she exploded at the thought of eating all this food. Her hand was absolutely drenched in her own cum and her chair was caked in juices. She let out a gasp and then giggled. She really had enjoyed that. And, judging by all the extra tips she had gotten (almost 200 bucks!), her fans had too.

“I am glad you all enjoyed that. I’m going to clean up now. I’ll be back tomorrow to have a BBQ with you all! Mwah!” she gasped between breathes.

Tammy used her clean hand and shut her computer off. She basked in the afterglow for a few more minutes before deciding it was time to get up and clean off.

Her movements were labored as she was exhausted from double clicking the mouse. She felt sweat pour off her body and wanted nothing more than to sleep. However, she also did not want to go to bed all gross like this and decided a quick shower would help.

Even running her hands through her much fatter body did nothing to wake Tammy up from the spell she was seemingly under. Lifting her belly to clean her thighs didn’t shake her back to normal, nor did feeling it smack against the top of her thighs when she was done. No, everything seemed to be perfectly fine to her, even when her now shelf like ass banged into the shower door.

“Damn door! Should be able to hold full figured gals like me better,” she said, rubbing her swollen cheek.

Tammy entered the kitchen in just a towel, a late night snack the only thing on her mind. She opened her fridge and was happily greeted by a carton of Friendly’s Sundae Xtreme Chocolate Fudge Brownie waiting for her. She clapped her hands in excitement and carried it to the bed, feeling her pussy starting to leak once more.

“Oh, round two already? Well, let’s enjoy the moment,” she mumbled to herself.

The first spoonful sent a torrent of pleasure through her body and Tammy let out a moan that her neighbors probably heard. She didn’t care, she was too busy enjoying the chocolate. She took her towel off and sat on the edge of her bed naked, shoveling spoonful after spoonful of the delectable chocolate cream into her mouth. She wasn’t even touching herself; the eating alone was doing enough to put her on the edge of another orgasm.

“I can’t believe how good this is, mhmhm!” she moaned.

She clenched her toes against the carpet and picked up the pace on her eating. Her logic was simple, the faster you eat the ice cream the faster you can finish getting off. So, that was just what Tammy did. The metal object kept being brought to her mouth at a quicker pace, her doughy arm jiggling uncontrollably as it rocked with the movement. Tammy looked down to thankfully see that everything was finished. She took the spoon and coated it with all the leftover ice cream and then shoved it in her mouth,



sucking it more intently than any cock for a porno she had ever done. With her other hand, she happily lifted up her sagging paunch and began flicking her clit, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as she did so.

This orgasm was even stronger than the one she had just done on cam, sending her entire body into quivering convulsions as she dug her hips into the bed and grasped the sheets with a free hand. She was once more covered in sweat only this time she had no intentions of getting up. It would require too much effort and she was somewhat full from the ice cream. Tammy leaned back on the bed, letting her pudgy feet lift up from the floor and giggled.

“I may be trouble going down the frozen food aisle from now on,” she giggled to herself.

She took the empty carton and tossed the spoon into it before putting it on her night stand and passing out. The well over 200 pound woman fell asleep easily and soundly, a stupid, chocolate ringed grin on her portly face as she did so.

\*

Tammy woke up around 9:30 a.m. on Monday morning, bits of chocolate still on her face. She let out a loud burp and rose from the bed, the mattress glad she did so. It looked different than the one she had fallen asleep on, bigger in some way though she didn't seem to notice this.

She also didn't seem to notice that the door frame leading into her bedroom was wider, nor that the furniture seemed different, everything having been reinforced with sturdy metal. Tammy was oblivious, the only thing she needed to do at the moment was eat.

She shuffled her rotund form into the kitchen (still naked), and opened up the fridge in anticipation of something good. Unfortunately, the fridge was rather barren compared to what she had been hoping for. All that was in there were a half-eaten box of cupcakes and a few stray devil dogs. She pouted while opening up the cupcakes to start her morning.

“Well, I had to go to the store anyway to pick up stuff for my barbeque anyway, so this isn't totally inconvenient. Oh! And the supermarket has a Dunkin in it too! Lucky!”

She returned to her living room where she had discarded her ex's clothes from the night before and began putting them on. She wasn't even going to bother with underwear, the washer had seen to that she reasoned. The outfit, which she had been positively swimming in only 24 hours prior was now seemingly made for her. The top was quite snug in the sleeve and chest area, the design on the front of the shirt starting to fade due to being stretched out.

The sweat pants no longer needed tying, in fact she was actually pulling on them to hopefully let them out so her impressive belly would have more room. She tugged more, shifting her blubbery thighs and feeling them pressed tightly against one another. She then reached around and tugged at the material covering her ass, hoping to get breathing room for her famous “asset”. Tammy's ass was massive, two round beach ball sized balls of flesh that stretched the cotton material to its absolute limit. They hung down her tree trunk thighs and her hips jutted out like a bustle. If someone tried, they could probably fit a bottle on each cheek. Her full calves and pudgy feet rounded out this picture of a now obese woman.

Had she been so inclined, the reading on the scale would inform Tammy that she was now 251 pounds. A real BBW, Tammy was slowly beginning to forget all aspects of her old life. She had always been on the “thick side”, hadn’t she? That’s why she was wearing these somewhat properly fitting pants, her old boyfriend had been a college football defensive lineman, she never dated a running back.

“I need to get food though, I’m starving,” she said, patting her ample tummy and thinking nothing of it as it bounced from the touch.

As she prepared to leave, she checked her emails and saw one from “AlwaysRight1”. It did not bother her as much as it previously had, though it wasn’t smooth sailing either.

“I see you’re having a barbeque today, I look forward to watching it,” the message read.

“I appreciate that and your support but you need to stop hounding me. I may be a thick girl but I’m not actively trying to end my mobility any time soon. I don’t even like McDonald’s. It’s not good. I only chicken burgers anyway. “

Her logic wasn’t that sound, she was doing exactly what he wanted for a video, she just wasn’t going to masterbate while eating. It was almost the same, but she really couldn’t let him win this argument after fighting with him for the past few days.

“Ah yes, chicken burgers. That’s how your ass got so big, I see. That make’s sense.”

She could hear the sarcasm through the computer screen.

“I don’t appreciate that tone,” she wrote back.

“Sorry, I guess McDonald’s isn’t high class enough for a fat woman like you. Guess you don’t want those empty calories going to your growing hips.”

Her blood pressure was once again getting elevated.

“Well you thought wrong I guess. I have a healthy appetite for sure, but I never said anything about trying to increase the number on the scale.

“Oh, well. Guess I’ll just have to wait and see how your barbeque goes. Maybe you’ll change your mind afterwards. Sometimes we let our appetites get the best of us. Chow.” his pointed typo glaring.

Like before, her reply got bounced back. When she looked at her funds, she noted that there was even more money in her account.

“This guy won’t quit. If he wasn’t so pushy I might be inclined to do it but he’s acting like I’m a gainer. Just cause I got a little heavy since my porn days doesn’t mean I’m purposely trying to blow up.”

Tammy felt her head go foggy for a moment. She was eating more than usual, wasn’t she? Was she trying to get bigger?

“No, it’s just, stress. I’m eating more because of stress. Yeah. Stress...”

With that, she exited her apartment and made her way to the supermarket.

\*

Once at the store, Tammy waddled as fast as she could to the Dunkin Donuts, eager to get something to tide her over. She got a large Vanilla Bean Coolata to wash down the half a dozen donuts she had picked out along with 4 wake up to go wraps. Her mouth watered as she bit into the first chocolate glazed donut, a shiver running down her spine.

“Ohhh,” she let out an involuntary coo. She was getting wet again but knew she had to press on.

It was relatively quiet, probably because most people already had everything they needed for the holiday. Tammy had intended only to buy a package of turkey hot dogs and chicken burgers and the respective buns for them when she made her list yesterday, but that list now was filled with more than just those items.

Instead, as she glanced at the yellow piece of loose leaf paper, a package of buffalo burgers and angus hot dogs were now listed at the top, along with several other items that had not been seen previously. A pound of mac and cheese, cheese, a steak, a bag of frozen French fries and a container of egg salad for the barbeque, along with hot pockets, powdered donuts, ranch dressing, among other things were listed below.

“When did I add these?”

She pondered this for a moment but once more, her head got foggy.

“I guess I always had these on there It makes sense.”

With her head still hazy, she made her way to ensuring each item on her list was added to the shopping cart. Her mouth positively watered as she added the steak to the rest of the items, she was always a big steak eater, even when she was thinner. She put the burgers on top (buffalo cheddar burgers, to be exact) and put the hot dogs in as well before turning back towards the registers.

The bakery department was on the way over to check out and as she got closer the smell hit her nostrils and almost stopped her dead in her tracks. She brought the cart to the display window and peeked down, the man next to her getting a good view at her panty less ass sticking out, the top of her crack now on display. He shook his head in disgust and walked away, though Tammy paid him no mind. She was too busy eyeing all the desserts.

She was about to show restraint and leave when one of the bakers, a large man himself, entered from the back and smiled.

“Tammy! I was wondering when you’d show up!”

“Who, me?” she asked.

“Of course, you! You think I’d confuse one of my favorite people with someone else?” the baker exclaimed.

Tammy wanted to tell him she didn’t know who the fuck he was. She wanted to tell him she’d never met him before. In fact, her lips began forming those words, but when they left her lips they turned into.

“Thanks Carter. You’re one of my favorite people, too,” she smiled.

He reached over the counter and shook her hand before reaching down into the display case and handing her a black and white cookie, winking as he did so. She blushed in response, her two fully formed chins jiggling as she took a grateful bite. She loved black and white cookies and Carter always made sure to take care of her.

“Wait, who is Carter?” she thought to herself as she continued to chew. She wanted to ask him how he knew her but all that came out was a belch.

“I know, Tam. You talk to me all the time which I appreciate. Besides, who else is going to try the creations of a lowly supermarket baker?”

He wiped his hands on his white apron and went to the back.

“How do I know him?” she asked herself.

But the thought ended completely when the obese man returned, this time with a sheet cake. He placed it on the top of the counter and pushed it towards her.

“Here you go, one specially order double chocolate chip sheet cake, with mocha frosting!” the baker beamed.

She was about to protest but then thought differently. Obviously she had ordered the cake, she was just a little foggy from the heat. It was making her forget things. Like the list. Like acting like she didn’t know Carter. Yeah, it was just the heat.

“Thanks hun, I appreciate this. I’m sure it’s amazing.”

She took the large cake and put it on the top of her cart. She popped the rest of the cookie into her mouth with one hand and used the free one to shake the fat man’s hand.

“Anytime, Sweetheart, I love the look on people’s faces when they enjoy my stuff. Anddddd, before you go, how about one more for the road?”

Tammy eagerly accepted the second black and white cookie and this time leaned in further to kiss him on the cheek. Carter giggled nervously and went back to his baking.

“Such a nice man,” she mumbled in between bite of cookie.

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After loading up her car, Tammy returned to her condo just in time to see an Amazon package get dropped off in front of her apartment door. The worker nodded his head at her and left, even as she tried protesting that she had not ordered anything. He paid her no mind and got on the elevator and back to the lobby.

Tammy pushed the large box into her apartment and left it there while she attended to getting her items into the fridge where they belonged. She went back into the living room with a knife and opened the box up to find that it contained some underwear, a few bras, t-shirts, two pairs of sweats, and a bathing suit. She lifted up the packaging for the yellow swimsuit and opened it up before holding the garment up. It was a large one piece and the front had the word “CAUTION” on the front and the back

said “WIDE LOAD,” with an arrow pointing down towards the rear. Tammy began laughing at this immediately.

“He-he, it’s true, I am a bit wide down there. This will be good for the video later. I just don’t remember buying these, but this is my kinda humor so I probably did it late one night while drinking”, she reasoned with herself before throwing it on the floor next to her.

With all the items unpacked and the tags taken off, Tammy brought them to her washing machine and threw them in, hoping to get the bathing suit ready for her show later. As she waited for them to get clean, Tammy took out the box of recently purchased powdered donuts and began eating. She was still starving but knew she needed to save room for her grilling later. She preheated the oven and took the fries out, throwing them on a pan.

“The fans love to watch me cook and eat, can’t disappoint them,” she said, seemingly forgetting all her prior claims to not eat on camera.

The hour and a half went by and Tammy finally heard the dryer “ping” and anxiously removed all the clothes. She put her new underwear and the rest of the items in their respective drawers before taking off her t-shirt and sweats to put on the bathing suit.

Surprisingly, the bathing suit was very baggy and Tammy was relieved that the washer hadn’t shrunk it like it had apparently done with all her other clothes. She pulled the fabric as best she could to keep it somewhat form fitting and brought her camera out to her patio. She was on the 14<sup>th</sup> floor of the condo and faced the water, so she wasn’t going to be seen by many people. She grabbed a patio chair by it’s armrest and moved it out of the way so she’d have more space. She set it up in an area that would allow her followers to see her in all her sexy glory, turned the grill on and then went back inside to get the food.

She put a tray of fries, mac and cheese and potato salad on the side and put the meat next to it. She wobbled over to the camera and turned it on, a smile on her plump face.

“HELLOOOOOOOO EVERYONE! Happy Memorial Day! As you can see, I bought so much food for a barbeque, I just hope people show up! I don’t think I can eat this by myself” she stated before winking at the camera.

Tammy lifted up the package of burgers and threw them on the grill, the flames rising as the fat hit them. While she grilled, Tammy would occasionally mention what she was cooking along with teasing them about how hungry she was. She put the 6 burgers on a separate plate and put them on her patio table and sat down.

“These all look soooooo good. I just don’t think I can eat them all!” she moaned while taking out a bun and putting a burger on it before giving it a good squirt of ranch.

She bit into that first burger and her mouth suffered a sensory overload. Her taste buds were on fire from the amazing buffalo seasoning and ranch. She took a larger bite and once more her body shuddered from the good meat she was presently devouring. Tammy finished the burger off with two more large bites and then took her plastic fork and started in on the potato salad. Just like with the burger, the food was so good and was already disappearing faster than she had anticipated. Without knowing it, Tammy had finished it all and was reaching for another burger.

“The food is amazing! If this wasn’t a balcony, maybe I’d eat it all naked,” she giggled again before taking a bite of her second burger.

She went through the remaining 5 burgers and sides in just over 45 minutes. It only took so long because she had been teasing her members, not because she was full. Actually, the food was only making her hungrier and it had come as a severe let down when she realized it was all gone. She pouted, both for show and for the dilemma of not having anything to readily eat at her fingertips.

“I better start making more. What if my guests show up? They’ll have nothing to eat!”

She stood up and grabbed the hot dogs and threw them down. She hummed to herself as she watched them cook and slowly did a little dance for her audience. She craned her head to the side and laughed, giving her pronounced ass a good shake. Her cheeks jiggled enticingly, the masses of cellulite moving on their own.

“Do you like my bathing suit by the way? Do you think I’m really a ‘wide load’ or what?” she asked the camera.

To emphasize this, she smacked her ass with the non-spatula holding hand and watched her ass move once more. She smiled happily and lifted up a cheek and let it drop. She bit her lip in pleasure and turned to her front, tracing a hand over her erect nipples. She was really getting in to this.

“Mhm, I think I’m just curvy. It’s not like my ass doesn’t fit through doors,” she muttered.

For some reason, this thought popped up in her head and when it did she felt the front the suit pull into her snatch. She tugged at them but her hand grazed her moist pussy and she almost had to stop the video right then and there. Being somewhat professional, she stopped this and just let it go before returning to her cooking.

Like the rest of the food, the 8 hot dogs did not last long, even as Tammy mocked giving some of them head. She would tease her fans by deep throating a beef wiener and then bit into them once out of her mouth. She was enjoying herself so much, she did not know what had come over her. The thought of eating and her fans watching her do so excited her more than any dick had ever done before. She happily slathered the buns in ranch and mayo and ate each hot dog more ferociously than the last. It was such a rush.

With the hot dogs finished, Tammy wanted to wait a bit before getting to her steak so decided to bring out the rest of the sides she had made. As she stood, an outside observer would have noted that the bathing suit, oversized before, was now just a smidge too loose for the obese woman. She had definitely put on more weight, as evidenced by the fact that her ass had added some dimples and her biceps were starting to bulge towards her elbows. The front of her suit was starting to get pulled tight across her swelling paunch, her belly button indent now visible. Still, Tammy was more focused on eating to be bothered by a shrinking bathing suit.

The kitchen walk only intensified her hunger and as she bit into a French fry, Tammy could have sworn she smelled blue cheese. She turned toward her center island and saw that in three large Ziplock bags appeared to be chicken wings. She lifted one of the bags up and took a whiff. They smelled incredible.

“But, when did I buy these?” she was befuddled.

Tammy tilted her now fully doubled-chinned face and thought. She definitely hadn't purchased them today. As she thought more, her belly started grumbling again, taking all of her concentration away and forcing her to focus on a more pressing issue.

"I probably got them the last time I went shopping before today and just forgot. They smell heavenly, though."

She brought them outside along with the rest of her food and threw them on the grill. As they cooked, she told her members that she was so happy they'd be joining her later (the video would have to get uploaded still) and that she hoped they were enjoying their holiday. She continued eating in between talking, shoveling forkfuls of mac and cheese into her greedy mouth.

"So tasty, I just wish I had more.." she said, mocking a tear falling from her eye.

She stood once more and checked on the wings. As she stood, her voluminous hip bumped into her chair and she paused for a moment when she looked back at the chair. Had it always been armless?

"Of course it's armless, your hips are too wide and would get stuck otherwise," she replied to her own question in her head. The answer made sense given the vastness of her hips.

"Oopsie, my bum tends to get in the way," she smirked, facing the camera.

Tammy brought the piping hot wings to the patio table and worked over the potato salad as she waited for them to cool off. Each bite caused her entire arm to jiggle as she brought more food to her mouth, her double chin deepening and seemingly growing with each mouth full. Her shoulders began digging in to the straps of her swimsuit and her cleavage seemingly grew more pronounced as she finished off the side. As she reached over for the wings, her viewers could see a belly now clearly stretching out the front of a now snug bathing suit.

It was only 3pm but Tammy had already eaten an entire barbeque set up by herself and was still hungry. She leaned back in her chair and patted her paunch happily, feeling it shake up and down. Even though it had been packed with food it still remained completely doughy, almost as if all the food had already been digested. One look at her and it was apparent that that was probably the case.

She had started the day just over 250 pounds but in the five and a half hours since waking up she had put on an incredible 80 pounds and had graduated from a mid-sized plumper to fully fat BBW. She had gained all over, though her ass and hips were still the main benefactors. Her hips were now over 70 inches and counting, the globes of her shelf like tush thrust out over the back of her chair as it swallowed the metal up. Tammy's lap was diminishing as her gut pushed further and further out onto her thighs, demanding attention. The suit was starting to strain around the sides of her belly and breasts, but she had more pressing matters to attend to.

"Such good food for this big girl," she belched, "oh, excuse me! I still have more food I can make, I just don't think anyone else is showing up. What should I do?"

She looked into the camera and let out another burp. She played this up for a moment and let out another one, laughing again as she continued to act like a glutton. Her viewers loved it, plus it signified that she had eaten something good which benefited her and her libido.

“I can’t let it go to waste though, can I? I guess I’ll just cook it and if people show up they can have some. I’ll be right back.”

The rounding blonde woman pushed herself from the table and tried to regain her balance. She was not used to carrying all this weight yet and it was a bit of an effort. Eventually, she stabilized and made the trek inside, her ham hock thighs rubbing together as she waddled slowly.

The kitchen looked different than it had when she woke this morning; everything was bigger and more modern it seemed. The center island was larger than it used to be but no longer had any stools. Instead, it held a cooking top, even though she already had a stove next to the sink. She was puzzled by this and as she stood there catching her breath, wondered why she would even have this. Her mind seemed to pick up on this thought and had an answer.

“It’s so you can cook more at once silly. You love to eat so what better way than to have more ways to cook more food?”

Tammy thought about that and had to agree. She did cook a lot and an extra stove top meant she could cook more efficiently. That thought made even more sense when she got to her now industrial sized fridge, one that was packed to the brim with all sorts of food items, the sheet cake for Carter sitting on the bottom shelf. She always liked to have a stocked fridge and remembered how happy she had been when she got it. Her stomach grumbled once more as she admired all the goodies and she grinned sheepishly. She pulled out three racks of seasoned ribs along with a previously unknown pound of macaroni salad and bacon mac and cheese and resumed her video.

The ribs took awhile to cook, so Tammy took turns snacking on the sides she had brought out and teasing her members with her big ass, asking them if it was big enough or needed to get bigger. She didn’t know why she kept asking those types of questions but each time she did she felt herself get damp. It was almost as if the thought of her getting fatter was turning her on.

“Mhm, look at this thing. How big do you think it is now?” she asked, trying her best to remove the tight fabric from her massive cheeks.

Tammy blushed as the fabric wouldn’t budge. She had definitely outgrown the bathing suit since she had purchased it. Her paunch wanted so desperately to be freed from its encasing but for now the material was holding on. She tugged the top a bit to allow her breasts more freedom, they too were trying to escape. She was definitely heavier than she used to be. It made her feel good and only encouraged her to eat more.

After almost two hours on the grill, Tammy could smell the ribs were finished. Her mouth drooled with desire and lifted the top, basking in the smell of the seared, smokey meat. She put them on her cooling plate and stood over them for a moment. She felt her body quiver with the movement and had to do all she could to stop from fingering herself right then and there. Looking over at the food, she realized that was more important.

The feasting that occurred was one of the greatest displays of gluttony ever captured on camera. No rib was safe as Tammy stripped each bone clean like a huntress. Her second and third chin jiggling joyously as she went through the food like it was on an assembly line. She had the perfect set up. Her right hand would grab a rib, she’d eat it, then would use her left to toss the meatless bone onto a separate plate



and then used her right arm to grab a new one. Bits of meat flew in the air and all over her oval face and plumped boobs. Tammy paid no heed to the display she was making, all that mattered was eating.

Food disappeared and seemingly re-appeared on her body as fat immediately. Her body continued to swell as she gorged herself, her face growing rounder and rounder as her third chin became a permanent feature and a fourth started to show. Her jowls bobbed as she liked the marrow out of a rib and then tossed it to the side. Her shoulders had completely swallowed up the two straps holding the suit up and her fleshy biceps were doing the same to her elbows. Her breasts, never her best feature, had positively ballooned and were now popping out of the top of her suit, bright red stretch marks covering them to her areolas. Had she been naked, those zeppelin sized hooters would have been resting on a very impressive gut, one that resembled an inflated trash bag more than a stomach. Seams on the side of her paunch continued to tear as she grew, spots of white flesh beginning to pour out.

As usual though, Tammy's main benefactor from gaining weight was her hips and ass. She was wider than she was tall, her love handles contained in the thinly stretched fabric like a sausage casing. Her hips had blown past the 80 inch mark and were now covering up the chair completely, both her cheeks were hanging over the edge of the straining metal. The chair groaned as she shifted to get comfortable, her drooping cheeks smacking against the back legs. Her thighs were pressed firmly together up to almost the knee, those knees, like her elbows, getting covered in excess adipose. Even her feet had swelled up to pudgy appendages that would no longer fit in any of her old shoes. She was pushing the boundaries of BBW and closing in on SSBBW, a woman who not only loved to eat but one who got turned on by overeating and the thought of getting even bigger.

Tammy let out a very content belch and tried laying back as she did so, the chair releasing a creak to signify that it wasn't a good idea to do so. She giggled once more, realizing she was outgrowing her chair. It made her hot, the idea that she was getting so big and fat. She glanced over at the steaks on the table and pondered cooking them too, but then her mind thought back to the cake in the fridge and determined that would be a better option.

"Ok, everyone, I hope you enjoyed this video. I'm going to upload it now and then shoot another sexy video of me going to work on a nice cake. Mhm, cake. I can feel it going right to my juicy ass already. Mhmm.." she moaned before struggling to her feet.

The effort proved too much for the bathing suit and the sides completely exploded, her love handles poured out and slapped against her voluminous hips. She didn't seem to even register this as she waddled to the camera and shut it off and then went about putting garbage away and the remaining food back in the fridge.

Inside her condo, Tammy removed the tattered remains of her outfit and threw it in the trash, cursing it's cheap fabric. She had already moved her camera into the bedroom and had taken the sim card out so she could upload her video. She plopped her elephantine ass into an armless desk chair that hadn't been there the day before and went about sending the video to her website. It took a little bit to upload so she snacked on a bowl of M&Ms that had conveniently been left by her mouse pad. She munched away on the chocolate candies, letting them dissolve in her mouth and swallowing what was left as if she were drinking a milkshake. She rubbed one hand on her breasts and thought about getting off right then and there but realized she still had a video to shoot. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the video was ready to go and she labeled it before taking a few more scoops of candy. Her viewers were

not surprised to see the morbidly obese woman eating on camera, nor did they register that she had been growing on video. To them she looked as she always did.

She took the sheet cake out of the fridge and placed it on the center island, getting a chill as her belly met the cold marble first. She let out a snort as the countertop brushed her hanging paunch again, feeling it offer resistance to her girth. Her mind flashed back to the first time this had happened, a memory that seemingly was implanted by someone else. She had been so amazed that her belly was now causing issues with her getting around that she had lowered herself to the kitchen floor that night and gotten off without any assistance from food or toys.

"Yeah, that was a good night," she said out loud as she felt herself get wet.

Deciding once more that she needed to shoot the video, Tammy gathered a fork and entered her bedroom, placing the sheet cake on the bed before removing its cover. She then went to her dresser drawer and pulled out a pair of panties that had been in the Amazon box before. They were gargantuan, easily 6 times the size of the panties she had been wearing only four days prior. She thought nothing of this and slipped them on, disappointed to find that they weren't that snug.

"I must be slipping on my eating," she pouted. "That's not good for business."

Her mind was completely into the gainer world as dozens of new memories flooded into her brain to provide the background for her current reality. She had put on a few pounds after her last movie and had decided to quit. When she did, Tammy found that people paid to see her eat on camera and had gotten into that, making a very successful living. Obviously, with all the excess eating she began to put on even more weight but that only seemed to entice her fans to keep coming back. So, she stuck with it.

With all the requests that flooded in that year, Tammy found herself nearly 80 pounds heavier. The lifestyle had become addictive and Tammy soon discovered that she was getting off on it. With that in mind she increased her eating along with taking more video requests and continued to pile on the weight. She packed on just over 100 pounds that second year, her body storing fat easily. That second anniversary had been just over 6 months ago and those six months had helped contribute to the 383 pound woman that stood before her camera, a shit eating grin on her face as she stared at the cake. She turned the camera on and went to work.

"Hello everyone. So as you can see I've decided to get comfortable and enjoy a little after dinner snack. That sheet cake looks so yummy, smells yummy too. I wonder how much of it I can eat?"

She lowered her bulk on to the edge of the bed and reached over to the cake and dug the fork in. She acted amazed at the sight of the cake as she slowly brought it to her lips, moaning as she impaled the cake with her mouth.

"Oh god yes. I love chocolate soooooo much" she said with an exaggerated moan. "It shows on my big sexy body, doesn't it?" she asked into the camera as she lifted up her belly and let it smack against her thighs.

Tammy brought another forkful to her mouth, followed by a few more, all the while teasing her audience and poking her soft body. Each movement sent her body in to a sea of jiggling flesh, her belly and boobs swaying and her thighs shaking whenever she moved towards the cake. She put the fork in

her mouth for a moment and sat up and turned around, letting her viewers see her ass, and ass that was starting to swallow up her panties more and more with each bite.

“Hehehe, I think this cake is all going to go this big fat ass. Still, doesn’t it stink that it’s not even fatter?” she questioned while grabbing it with her free hand and giving it a good rub, letting her hands feel it move on it’s own. She was getting so wet but knew she had to keep eating.

She played with her ass for a little longer before getting on the bed on all fours. Her belly brushed the mattress as did her breasts, her nipples ready to cut diamonds because of it. She crawled over to the cake seductively and began eating, this time not playing for the camera and just doing so to eat.

This only picked up the pace of her growth as once more the calories she ingested automatically turned to fat once they passed her throat. Her face, puffy to begin with, became completely moon shaped as her cheeks swelled up like a chipmunk, her eyes getting squinter as a result. Her third and fourth jowls jiggled with the incessant chewing, drawing further and further down her vanishing neck. Her shoulders broadened even wider, stretch marks brightening as she grew.

Her biceps were like preheated dough, jostling with her movements and now completely obscuring her elbows. Her wrists too were beginning to get lost as her sausage like fingers grasped the fork in a death grip. Her breasts had continued to grow as well, though still not as much as her belly or ass. They were impressive however, sagging down onto the bed and eliciting jolts of pleasure as her nipples touched the cotton bed sheet. Her belly too was dangling tantalizingly on the bed, bright red stretch marks appearing out of nowhere it seemed as her weight rose. From the front you would not even be able to tell if she had been wearing panties or not, her paunch had completely covered her groin and if her thighs had not been there would have smacked against her snatch.

As usual, the main source of her growth was her hips and ass. As she reached further and further for the cake, her ass rose more and more in the air, a monument to gluttony. Her cheeks sloshed together and made clapping noises as they met, causing her to wiggle them instinctively to hear the sound more. She felt the panties start to seep deeper into the crack of her ass and thrust her hips out more so she could grind her snatch against the fabric. Her saddlebags, due to her positioning, rested close to the back of her knees, the cellulite shining under the lights of her bedroom.

Her thick thighs now met beyond the knees and forced her to slowly waddle at a molasses like pace. Her knees too were covered up by excess adipose, just like her elbows. She had cankles and portly feet that she would only put inside of flip flops, just to stay comfortable. She happily kicked her feet behind her as she continued to gorge, though her arm was getting tired. She thought for a moment before a devilish grin came to her face.

“This is too tedious for my poor arms. I think I’ll just dive in face first instead. What do you think? Should I just go ‘whole hog’? I’m a greedy girl, you know!”

And with that Tammy put her fork on the nightstand (not before liking it clean) and took a towel out. She put it underneath the cake and then dove right in.

The moment her mouth hit the cake, Tammy entered a state of euphoria like she had never experienced before. She began eating by taking a bite thrusting her ass back, and then thrusting herself forward for another. Her panties had really started getting tight and the friction against her sopping pussy was

driving her crazy. She so wished there had been someone who could fuck her from behind but the panties and cake would have to do for now.

Her moaning intensified as she ate, though they would get muffled once she threw her mouth on the moist chocolate. Her weight was rising just like the heat in her body as she gluttoned herself on this sheet cake. 400 pounds came and went, followed by 425, and then 450. As stuffed herself, Tammy's face became a chocolatey mess, bits of cake under her eyes and even some getting in her nose. That wasn't going to stop her from finishing this cake and then getting off.

"This little piggy is so fucking horny! Oink oink oink!" she squealed in between mouthfuls.

She was so into this and paused for a moment once more to smack her ass, loving how much it jiggled and how it was rubbing against her thighs. She was so big and soft, encased in her own fleshy cocoon. Tammy wanted more though and stopped touching herself to keep eating.

The thrusting into the cake continued until she got to the last few bites and the fabric snapped off her hip, the small indents still remaining in her gelatinous hip. Tammy paid this no mind and scooped up the last bits of cake with her hand and, after looking into the camera, threw them down her throat with an animalistic growl. She licked her fingers clean, making sure to get every last drop of sweetness in to her body. She winked at the camera before taking the cake container and removing it from the bed. She grabbed the towel and smiled back at everyone.

"Oh goodness me, I've been such a little oinker! I'm so horny though, I think I need to get off. Do you wanna watch? I'll bet you do!"

And she giggled as she wiped her head down with the towel before tossing it to the floor. She reached into the nightstand and pulled out a dildo, one that apparently had the ability to stand on its own. She licked her lips in anticipation and patted her hanging gut, a gut that even standing was resting just above her knees. She lifted it up and let it smack her thighs, the top of it just gently touching her upper pubic area, but enough to almost make her fall over in pleasure. She was so wet, her thighs were coated in her own juices and had started to touch her ankles. She was loving all of this.

"It's time for this big girl to get off. Hope my bed can handle it," she said before throwing her ripped panties to the ground.

She dropped the dildo on the bed and positioned it so it would stay upright. She then slowly hovered over it, carefully guiding it with one hand and balancing herself as best she could with the other. She finally positioned herself properly and lowered herself over the flaccid device. She was so wet that it went in easily.

Once it penetrated her pussy, Tammy was off to the races. She howled in the throes of orgasm after orgasm, feeling her entire body move of its own volition. She lifted one nipple to her mouth and sucked on it before taking both her free hands and grabbing her ass hard and grinding her hips ferociously. It felt so good to her that she wasn't even aware that she was still growing. Her belly flopped up and down against her thighs and boob, a thick plop sound with each bounce. Her ass was still clapping together as her hips shook uncontrollably from the physical exertion. She was so close and it was sooooo good.

Closer and closer she was to her orgasm, a new memory rushed in. She had tried to get into her bathroom and her 100 inch hips prevented her from doing so, forcing her to turn sideways and even

then it was a tight squeeze. This was of her just a week ago, standing on the new industrial scale she had purchased, finding out she had reached her first goal, a quarter ton. She remembered calling the condo board and telling them she needed renovations on her place, again. She knew she had put on even more weight since then and let out one final cry as she came harder than any person has ever cum before. She felt the entire bed get drenched and shuddered mightily in the afterglow of the best experience of her life. She looked at the camera, a stupid smile plastered on her fat face.

“That, oh fuck, that was so good. But, this big 508 pound woman needs a break. I’ll talk to you all later, this is Bountiful Tammy signing off.”

With that, she reached over her engorged stomach and hit the stop button on the remote. She fell back on her bed and just breathed a sigh, thankful that her busy day was over. She glanced at the night stand and saw that her phone had gone off. Curiously, she picked it up and saw she had a new message. It was from “AlwaysRight1”.

“Hmm, I know I’ve talked to this guy before, but I can place when that was.”

She opened up her phone and checked out his message. It wasn’t long.

“Hey there Bountiful Tammy. Saw your BBQ video and was so happy to see that you’ve been eating good. Still, I never got my McDonald’s video and it’s been over 3 days. You don’t want to upset one of your fans, do you?” read the message.

She thought about that for a moment. Sure, she was exhausted, but she didn’t want him to report on her message board that she wasn’t doing her part, right?

“Oh shit, I’m so sorry sweetie. I’ll take care of that tomorrow,” she typed out and hit send.

Even after eating an entire sheet cake, even after her feats of a barbeque, Tammy’s stomach still growled at the thought of more food.

“Scratch that. I’ll take care of that in a little bit. I’ll just shower and then head over to McDonald’s, they’ll be open, even on a holiday,” her follow up message said.

Tammy began the process of rocking herself out of bed, her titanic ass causing the bed to creak ever so. She laughed at that and was thankful she had taken Kathryn’s advice about bed’s for supersized people. She sent her message to “AlwaysRight1” and pulled herself up.

“After all, the customer *IS* always right...” she smiled.