

The Fat Girlfriend Trap

Warning: This is a weight gain story. If it is not your type of thing, please do not read it. You have been warned.

By Polarisdreamer & Berserker1133

Chapter 2: Kelly's Freshman 15+

Comfortably slumbering in bed Monday morning, Kelly was feeling warm, rested and rejuvenated, quite a feat considering she'd had a rather busy weekend. Two weeks into the semester Michael had visited her just like he'd promised. She'd traded shifts waitressing in order to have the time to devote the whole of Saturday and Sunday to catching up with him.

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He arrived late Friday night with a rich pasta dinner his mother had made, Kelly loved Michael's mother but to be honest it wasn't the food she was interested in Friday, it was Michael. For someone accustomed to sex every day or every other day, waiting two weeks to have her sexual needs satisfied was an eternity. Kelly was practically on Michael the second he walked through the door.

As such, she did her best to scarf dinner down quickly so she could drag Michael up to her bedroom as soon as possible, turning down an invitation to hang out with her housemates in the process. Once they were alone, Kelly wasted no time in stripping down to her underwear and letting Michael touch her body in all the ways he knew she loved. However, as he got to her breasts, Michael made an unexpected comment, "Have you put on some weight? You look incredible, babe. Look at the size of these boobs! They've gotten huge!"

Kelly instantly felt goosebumps all the way down her spine and blushed at the same time. The fact of the matter was that she had noticed her bras fitting a little tighter this week, but she'd placed the blame on her clothing shrinking in the wash, not her breasts growing. Putting on weight was a no-no, it was always looked down upon by her parents, her cheerleading friends, and her dance friends; however, here her boyfriend was lavishing her with compliments because of it?

Kelly didn't know how to feel, but regardless the praise felt nice. It had been so long since Michael had showered her with praise like this while touching her so sensually, she was almost too horny to think straight, "I... I dunno. Maybe. D-do they really feel bigger?"

"They do. I love it." Michael hummed, as he unlatched Kelly's bra and used his tongue to tease her nipples, "Whatever they are feeding you here, keep it up."

"Mhh, I will." Kelly obediently hummed, deciding to process the fact that she might have put on a little weight sometime other than right now. Without any disturbances, the high school

sweethearts stayed up late into the night going at it again and again until each of them was well and truly spent.

On Saturday, Michael had planned out the whole day. In the morning he roused Kelly with more sex before he took her out to an expensive brunch, followed by mini-golf and ice cream. He made sure to shower her with praise every step of the way. Stuffed silly, Kelly was happy Michael suggested a movie next so that she could have some time to rest and digest. She loved it when Michael treated her like a princess, but she wondered where he was getting the money for all these activities since he'd emptied his bank account to help get her into college.

Michael's response was an honest one, his mother had given him a credit card for the weekend. With this blank check in hand, that night the two of them drove far away from campus to a somewhat local Dave & Busters arcade where they got dinner and drinks thanks to their fake IDs. While Michael stayed sober enough to drive, Kelly went from tipsy to drunk pretty fast. She couldn't stop herself when she was having fun.

She forced Michael to stay until the place closed around 1AM so that they could earn enough tickets to win a large stuffed unicorn that Kelly had been begging for all night since the moment they'd first explored the prize gallery. Over the course of the night, Kelly consumed a plate of chicken fingers, French fries, a chocolate milkshake and about three sugary mixed drinks.

In contrast to Saturday, Sunday was much more relaxing. Sleeping in until noon, the high school sweethearts took it easy once they woke up. Kelly proposed a walk around campus, which Michael accepted. The two of them stopped by the Starbucks so Kelly could have her coffee, and Michael even bought her a pastry for breakfast. Finding a pretty place to chill and talk around the shady outside of the cafeteria, Kelly vented to Michael about her first two weeks of college while she ate.

In truth, she was finding it difficult getting adjusted to her new college life. Her housemates were always kidding, joking around, having fun, and inviting her to hang out and do stuff with them, but in truth the idea of having fun without Michael held her back from accepting these invitations.

Instead of having fun, she was slaving away on classwork, homework, and work-work at the restaurant she was now waitressing at. She was lonely, she was stressed, and she was horny. She conveyed to Michael that the only things keeping her going were their nightly skype dinner sessions, and the snack-filled care packages he seemed to mail her every few days. She especially loved the poetic love letters he would stick in the middle of every care package more than anything.

Trying to be responsive to Kelly's problems, Michael scrapped his plans for the night and suggested hanging out with her housemates. Kelly was ecstatic, so much so that she quickly told Sabrina via text. The fat goth being equally excited quickly got Dom, Logan, and Kev to set up a

pong table so that the friends could play some drinking games and get to know each other a little better.

The night was a rousing success, after playing pong and flip cup, the apartment crew ended up turning Mario Cart into a drinking game as well. With everybody getting along and having a good time, it was Logan who offered to pay for pizzas for everyone. With the feasting and drinking in full swing, as the group got drunk, they also got more honest, and it seemed everyone had something nice to say about Kelly.

In response to Kelly chugging a beer and finishing the whole thing in record time, Kev burst, "I never saw a girl your size drink a whole pint that fast! You have my respect Kelly."

This complement of course only encouraged Kelly to drink more.

Reacting to Kelly demolishing the last slice of pizza, Logan offhandedly cheered, "Wow! You finished the box! Good f*cking girl Kelly! You're a chef's dream."

Although Logan's attention then turned to Sabrina complaining about not getting the last piece, Kelly attention remained on Logan's choice of words. 'Good f*cking girl' tickled Kelly's praise kink in just the right way to drive her crazy. The only way she was able to stay sane was to quickly give Michael a few smooches, much to the chagrin of Kev who told the couple to get a room rather than engage in public displays of affection.

Before Kelly or Michael could respond to this jealous criticism, Sabrina started loudly smooching Dom in order to annoy Kev into temporarily leaving the room in protest.

Logan followed Kev outside, perhaps to tell him to chill out. In the meantime, Kelly and Sabrina went upstairs to the bathrooms, while Dom and Michael played another round of Mario cart.

Clearly drunk, Sabrina seemed enamored with Kelly's revealing crop top and jean shorts combo. Among the praising comments she hurled at Kelly, the one that stuck in the blonde's ear was this, "I told you to watch what you eat, but d*mn, girl! I wish my freshman 15 had gone to all the right places just like yours... F*ck you Darwin!"

Kelly's mind was a little too tipsy to negatively dwell on Sabrina's observation that she had put on some weight these first two weeks of school. Sabrina's tone and posture were so supportive and positive that Kelly took her friend's words as the odd complement that they were.

All in all, the night couldn't have been more fun for Kelly. She even succeeded in convincing Michael to stay until the morning. Since he was already drunk, coaxing him to bed had been no problem. Stripping down to her underwear and showing off the bigger breasts he seemed unable to get enough of, Kelly really gave him no other choice but to stay and satisfy her sexual cravings.

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The next morning, Kelly woke up to a plate of food shoved in her face. After she groggily wiped the sleep out of her eyes, she realized that her boyfriend had brought her breakfast in bed. Her immediate reaction to this realization was a loving, “Awww! You’re so sweet!”

“I thought you might be hungry after last night.” Michael smiled, as he recalled exhausting himself on top of Kelly after the lovebirds had retired to her room for the night.

“I am a little.” Kelly admitted, while the warm and fuzzy feelings within her slowly began to cool as she inspected the plate Michael was holding in front of her a little more closely.

The plate was filled with one very cheesy grilled cheese, mashed potatoes slathered in butter, a mountain of bacon, and a chocolate donut. The thought of eating all that made Kelly want to vom.

“Here you go beautiful. Eat up.” Michael hummed, as he placed the plate on Kelly’s lap and sat upon the bed next to her.

“Aren’t you having any?” Kelly hoped, while she arched herself upward and picked up a piece of bacon.

“I already ate downstairs. Logan made breakfast, but I thought you better have some to soak up all the beer you drank last night.” Michael explained with a poke to Kelly’s bloated tummy.

“Oof...” Kelly murmured in response, not realizing how full she felt until the pressure of Michael’s finger weighed on her bladder.

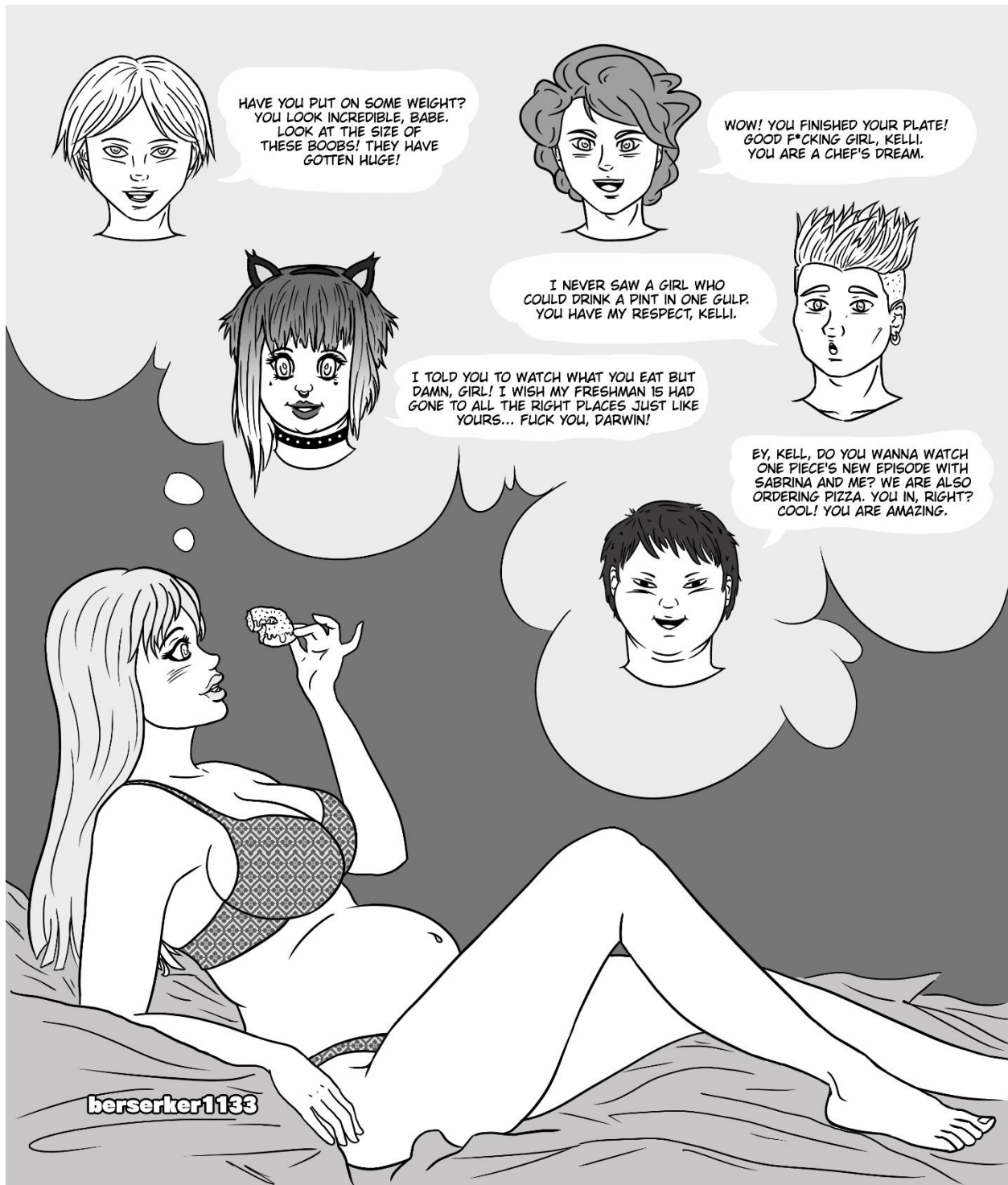
“Now be a good girl and eat up. I’ve got to go soon, and you’ve got class.” Michael reminded Kelly, as he lovingly squeezed her firm thigh.

Not a large girl by any means, Kelly didn’t know what she’d done to signal to Michael that she would ever want to eat this much in one sitting. However, sitting across from her boyfriend’s very eager face waiting for her approval, she couldn’t bring herself to refuse his sweet jester. Besides, she was desperate to be his ‘good girl’ no matter what the cost.

So she ate.

And ate.

And ate some more.



Logan had quite the talent for cooking, Kelly conveyed as much to Michael while she forced herself to endure bite after bite of filling breakfast food. To her surprise, as she continued to make a pig of herself, Michael suggested she start eating dinner with her housemates to help solidify her new friendships. Never getting the sense that Michael really liked her housemates all that much, this support meant a lot to her.

She hadn't told Michael this, but she did want to get more involved with life inside the apartment. It wasn't so fun staying in her room all the time away from everybody.

Yet, knowing that Michael was giving up sharing dinner with her over skype every night, Kelly offered to share an every-night late-night snack skype session with her lover to make up for it. It was a new arrangement that Michael warmly accepted.

As the morning conversation continued, Kelly ended up eating the entire plate, all the while feeling herself slowly expanding. Her tummy had morphed into the shape of a sizable food baby; however, the fullness was more of a concern to Kelly than her gut's newly expansive size. She'd been eating more than usual since coming to college, probably as a way to cope with stress from school, her non-existent social life, and to cope with the loss of her regular sexual outlet. She also was exercising far less than she normally did back in high school. The walk to school and the walk to her job were both less than half a mile away from the apartment, meaning that even the number of steps she was getting on a daily basis had markedly decreased.

In retrospect, it was no wonder her bras were all feeling a little tight. How could she not put on a little weight after two weeks of sedentary behavior and eating junk? The bigger question in Kelly's mind was precisely how bad the damage was. She didn't own a scale. However, after getting ready and realizing all her jeans still buttoned easily, Kelly rationalized that any weight she had put on couldn't have been all that much.

Deciding to sentence herself to some elliptical time this coming week, Kelly soon forced her weight worries from her mind, as she kissed Michael goodbye and headed out for class.

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At first having Kelly join in on more of the apartment's usual activities was a bit strange for the guys. Having a posh and pretty woman like Kelly around caused them to temporarily modify some of their normal behaviors. Dom tried to be better about throwing his trash away and not hog the living room playing video games with Sabrina, Kev tried not to belch in front of her and did a better job not leaving his laundry in the dryer for days on end, and Logan made an effort to prevent the dishes from piling up in the kitchen. However, after a week or two of the crew's best behavior everyone slowly fell back into their old routines, but Kelly didn't seem to mind.

This was probably because all of the guys, and Sabrina, attempted to make Kelly feel at home by including her in what they tended to do. For Dom and Sabrina that was watching Anime, playing video games, and eating junk food, for Kev it was partying, watching sports, and drinking. Logan was happy to accept Kelly's help in the kitchen when she offered it, but generally the two of them didn't hang out all that much. Of all the guys, Logan tended to spend the least amount of time actually at the apartment.

Kelly was a very nice girl to be around and everyone's fondness for her only grew as the semester progressed. Yet, to everyone's amazement, fondness for Kelly wasn't the only thing

about the girl that was growing. Kelly's freshman 15 even became a topic of conversation behind the blonde's back...

"All September I didn't notice any change in her body, but I knew college life would catch up with her eventually." Kev noted to Logan, as the two of them jogged outside the gym, "I was thinking where does a nice slim girl like that put all the beer and food? And in October it was like BOOM, ass and titties."

"Yeah, she's filling out. I think the extra weight looks good on her." Logan added causing Kev to nearly laugh.

"Ha, that's because you like them thick, but I'll agree with you this one time, Kelly looks good with a few extra pounds. I'd hit that in a heartbeat." Kev chuckled much to Logan's annoyance.

"Aren't you still seeing Cece? Why do you keep scoping out Kelly?" Logan questioned.

"No, me and Cece are done man. I'm single and ready to mingle." Kev clarified.

"I thought we agreed Kelly's off the table?" Logan responded.

"She is, long as she's still dating Michael, but hell it ain't a crime to look at eye-candy. She checks me out too. I've caught her." Kev replied defending himself from Logan's accusation.

"A likely story." Logan sighed doubting Kev's usual boasts.

"It's true. She even grabbed my abs when I gave her a lift to class on my motorcycle." Kev bragged. The man's beat up 1987 Yamaha Virago probably wouldn't sell for \$500, but still Kev was obsessed with showing it off to all of his ladies.

Logan doubted the authenticity of this story too, "That hunk of junk still runs?"

"It runs. A motorcycle is a motorcycle dude, chicks can't resist." Kev argued sounding very defensive about his bike.

"You're right about that." Logan conceded recalling Kev's impressive track record with the opposite sex since Freshman year.

As the semester continued when the friends would go to a bar for drinks, Kelly would come with them. When they ordered pizza, made pasta or ate late, Kelly was always hungry too. She was having more fun, drinking more, eating more, and spending more time on her increasingly plumper butt watching either sports with Logan and Kev or anime with Sabrina and Dom.

Though her slim body was beginning to blow up rather fast, her newly acquired bad habits that were causing this fattening freshman 15 phenomenon to occur were only garnering praise from her new circle of friends and her long-distance boyfriend. Praise which only served to endear Kelly to her new fattening lifestyle...

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Two months into her college adventure, Kelly was enjoying nearly every aspect of university life. Classes were tough but rewarding, her friends were fun and spontaneous, and her job, while exhausting, was paying her well. For the first time in her life, Kelly had managed to save up some money over the last few weeks. It was only \$300 at the moment, but Kelly hoped to save enough money to reimburse Michael for all his financial help by Christmas.

She knew in order to achieve this goal she'd need to stop spending so much of her paychecks at the mall. Shopping was an expensive habit she'd been unable to break since starting college. The issue was two-fold. First, Kelly loved acquiring new clothes. She loved trying clothes on in stores, she loved buying them, and she loved showing them off to everybody she knew. Second, to stop her influx of new accommodating clothing would force her to acknowledge that she'd actually outgrown a lot of her older smaller outfits.

Kelly was aware she'd put on some weight these first two months, but she was in denial about precisely how much she'd packed on. She didn't own a scale, her eyes tended to see what they wanted to see when she looked in the mirror, and everyone around her gave her nothing but praise for her appearance, especially Michael.

In truth, she'd never been happier. The only aspect of her life that she longed to improve was her long-distance relationship with Michael. The distance was simply not fun. Texting was nice, video calls were great, but only seeing her lover every two weeks was the worst. To make matters worse, Michael had reported to her yesterday that he was having car troubles. He couldn't attend Halloween at the university with her.

Unhappy about this development, Kelly had a hard time sleeping the night before Halloween. The prospect of going a full month without sex weighed down upon her mind, and she'd already been feeling starved for pleasure. Two weeks without sex was forever, but a month was eternity. To make matters even worse, her feet ached from work. She wished Michael could give her one of his amazing foot massages, but he was half a state away.

Eventually, although it wasn't easy, Kelly was able to pass out into unconsciousness for a short amount of time. However, around 4AM a loud laugh abruptly caused her to half-wake up. It sounded like Kev. Trying to ignore the noise, Kelly rolled over in her warm bed and hugged her pillow tightly. Yet, the noise coming from downstairs continued. Waking up a little more, Kelly figured out what was happening. Her musclebound roommate was probably up late playing video games with his cousins from California. Again.

It felt like he did this once a week, and it never got less annoying. Getting out of bed, Kelly hugged her arms across her breasts to insulate them from the chilly air. Sparing one hand to

open her door Kelly quickly noticed the door to Dom's room was slowly creaking open too. It was Sabrina.

“*Hwaah*” Sabrina yawned instead of saying an actual word.

“Hi.” Kelly replied guessing that was what Sabrina had attempted to say.

“You want me to shut him up?” The fat goth grumbled, as Kelly watched the plump girl scratch the roll of belly fat hanging over the waistband of her dark pajama pants and out from under her black tank top.

“I'll tell him.” Kelly replied feeling guilty that Sabrina had been the one to make the trip downstairs the last four times this had happened this month.

“Are you sure?” Sabrina wondered struggling to keep her eyes open.

“Yeah, I'll shut him up this time. You go back to bed.” Kelly smiled, as she closed her door and started walking slowly toward the stairs.

The hallway was dark, but both girls' eyes had adjusted to it. As Kelly scanned the floor to ensure she didn't stumble down the steps, Sabrina took a passing glance at her bubbly blonde friend. Kelly's silhouette had thickened, that much was obvious. She was more of an hourglass now than she was a month ago, with big breasts, widening hips, a thick booty, and a starter belly. Kelly didn't seem to notice or mind the extra weight she'd gained, but Sabrina made a mental note to give her a little friendly notice tomorrow about her changing figure.

After blinking a few more times, Sabrina suddenly realized Kelly wasn't wearing a shirt, just a pair of tight pajama bottoms. Nearly coughing, Sabrina managed to say, “Umm, Kelly. You planning on flashing Kev your titties to shut him up?”

“Huh?” Kelly grunted turning around in confusion, before suddenly realizing Sabrina was right and stammering, “Oh my... Oh my god no, haha... I don't know what I was thinking...”

“You weren't thinking. We're both half-asleep.” Sabrina rationalized, while she watched Kelly quickly scurry back into her room, and re-enter the hallways, as she buttoned down her silky pink pajama top.

“I don't even remember taking it off, I must have gotten warm under the covers.” Kelly blushed embarrassed over her almost tragic accident.

“Happens to me all the time.” Sabrina assured her with another big yawn.

“Still. I owe you one.” Kelly replied with gratitude.

“You don't owe me sh*t. You'd have done the same for me.” Sabrina shrugged, as Kelly again began walking toward the stairs, her bigger body now fully clothed.

“Only if my squirrel brain even noticed.” Kelly squeaked disappointed in her own lack of self-awareness.

“Forget about it. Goodnight!” Sabrina responded trying to cheer Kelly up.

“Goodnight!” Kelly waved, while she continued her trek.

Sabrina vanished back into Dom’s room the moment Kelly started walking down the steps. It seemed to Kelly that the old wooden steps were creaking more loudly than they had when she’d moved in. It was a change Kelly assumed was related to the cold turn the weather took recently, not her notable increase in weight. When she reached the bottom of the steps, Kelly could hear Kev’s voice even louder than she could upstairs.

“Breach on three... two... one... Go! Go! Go!” The silly jock cried out, as Kelly scurried over from the bottom of the steps toward the living room. The room was pitch black except for the light emanating from the TV.

Once she entered the room, she quickly snapped, “It’s 4AM Kev! People are trying to sleep!”

“No, no, no, the next room over! The NEXT ROOM OVER! F*CK Richie! You’re gonna get us all killed! Is that what you want RICHIE!! Jesus Christ!” Kev roared into his headset, as he tapped furiously on his controller.

He hadn’t heard a single word Kelly had just spoken...

Standing to the side of the couch astonished he didn’t hear her, Kelly wondered how Sabrina would have gotten his attention. Probably by standing in front of the TV and blocking his vision mid-game. Not as bold as Sabrina, Kelly stood and silently observed Kev playing his game obnoxiously loud for the better part of five minutes before she could see the match had concluded. Then she swooped in and got Kev’s attention by walking directly up to him and plopping her butt down on the couch next to him.

“Kelly what are you doing up?” Kev wondered quickly muting his microphone and taking his headset off.

“You’re being sooooo loud. You do this every Thursday.” Kelly complained, as she crossed her arms just under her bust and pouted.

“F*ck. I’m sorry Kelly. Thursday is the only day my cousin’s, and I can play. I muted the TV just like Sabrina asked me.” Kev explained sounding a little guilty.

“The TV isn’t the problem.” Kelly growled, “It’s your voice. You’re way too loud.”

“Well, there’s not much I can do about that. My voice carries. Not my fault.” Kev argued, but Kelly wasn’t having any of it.

“Just promise me you’ll try to be quieter. If I don’t get my beauty sleep... I’m not a nice person.” Kelly swiftly informed him.

Letting out a sigh in response to Kelly’s sincerity, Kev backtracked on his dismissive attitude, “I’ll be quiet. We’re almost done anyway. I’m sorry for waking you. I just get excited.”

“I know. And don’t worry. I forgive you. I know you can’t help it sometimes. I like that about you. Just not at 4AM.” Kelly concluded, as she relaxed her arms and stood up from the couch.

Kev stood up as well, towering over her, “I feel bad now. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you? You wanna a ride to class tomorrow on the bike? Or a massage? You name it.”

“A foot massage would be pretty awesome. My feet are killing me.” Kelly mused, as she pondered Kev’s offer.

“Done. I give the worlds best foot massages.” Kev bragged, as Kelly raised her arms to get his attention. As much as she craved a foot massage right now, it was her duty as a girlfriend to respect Michael’s wishes, and she knew he’d hate the idea of another man touching her feet.

So instead of letting things play out, Kelly countered, “Finish playing your game. Don’t be rude to your cousins. I’m just going to grab a snack and go to bed. I think a ride to class in a few hours would be nice. Let’s put a pin in that foot massage idea.”

“Your loss.” Kev shrugged, as he put his headset back on and got back to gaming, wishing Kelly a sincere, “Sleep well.”

“I’ll try.” Kelly hummed, while she wandered off into the kitchen.

Arriving at the fridge, Kelly gazed upon her options. There was plenty of food, but none of it was specifically hers besides a Caesar salad she’d snuck out of work earlier for dinner. Although the salad had been good it hadn’t exactly been delicious enough for Kelly to want to finish or filling enough to really satisfy her.

On numerous occasions, both Logan and Sabrina had assured her that she was free to have anything in the fridge, so Kelly turned her eyes to some pizza wrapped in tin foil and Tupperware bowl of Logan’s famous chunky-cheesy crab dip. She’d had the stuff on numerous occasions and had become completely addicted.

Not bothering to warm up the pizza, once she unwrapped two slices, Kelly started eating them cold. The dip, she threw in the microwave for a minute before taking it out to stir it and

then heated it again for another minute in the microwave. Once the dip was ready, Kelly looked to see what Kev was up too. Engrossed in his game, Kelly knew he wouldn't disturb her. So, she dipped her cold pizza into the cheesy crab dip and took a bite.

“Mhhh! F*ck that’s sooooo goooood!” Kelly exclaimed unable to contain herself.

Bite by bite she kept dipping her pizza into the heavenly dip and giving her mouth a wonderful euphoria. The joy wasn't as good as the joy she got from orgasms, but in the absence of Michael, it was the next best thing.

Kelly ran out of pizza well before she ran out of dip, so Kelly retrieved another piece of cold pizza from the fridge to finish off the dip. Well and truly full when her little binge was complete. Kelly lumbered upstairs and passed out soon after her head hit the pillow.

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Two hours later, her alarm rang out. Signing an end to her peaceful slumber and the dawn of her first Halloween in college. Exhausted, getting out of bed was a real struggle. Kelly fell back asleep three times before her repeating alarms finally forced her to wake up. Now running slightly late, Kelly sent Michael a 'good morning' text before heading off to her shower.

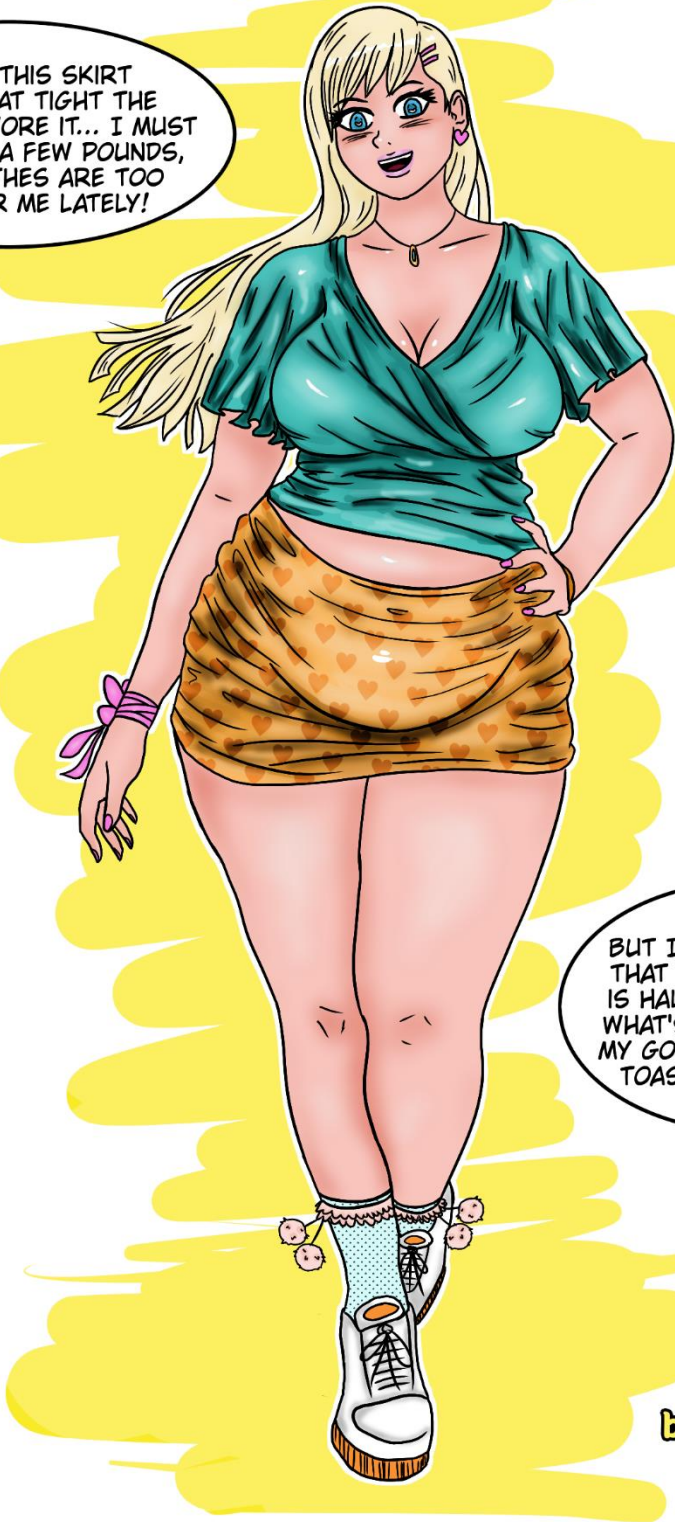
She was still bloated from her sizable late-night snack, but the memory wasn't on Kelly's mind. She was thinking about the rest of her day. Specifically, as she took her time washing herself in the hot water, she pondered the pros and cons of skipping her 8AM class.

Kelly had never skipped a college class before and in her mind, it was a slippery slope. If she skipped one class, what was to stop her from skipping another and another? She had invested everything she had, and everything Michael had in her education. Skipping class not only would be like slapping herself in the face, but it would also be like slapping Michael too.

Getting out of the shower, Kelly tried her best to hurry, but her routine always took time. She normally tried on at least three outfits before finding one that suited her given mood, but sometimes she'd try on as many as six or seven. Luckily today was no different than usual. Then there was makeup. Kelly always tried to be tasteful with it, but today called for a little more than usual to cover up the bags under her blue eyes.

Eventually Kelly settled on a vibrant light-blue v-neck that really flattered her generous cleavage, and a stretchy orange mini-skirt with a lovely heart shape design. She picked out some stylish socks that matched the color of her shirt and some shoes that matched the color of her skirt. Feeling confident and showing a lot of skin, Kelly knew she was underdressed for the weather today, but feeling chilly was the price to pay for looking good and it was one Kelly was fine with making, especially now since she was still warm from her shower.

I SWEAR THIS SKIRT
WASN'T THAT TIGHT THE
LAST TIME I WORE IT... I MUST
HAVE PUT ON A FEW POUNDS,
ALL MY CLOTHES ARE TOO
SMALL FOR ME LATELY!



BUT I'LL WORRY ABOUT
THAT TOMORROW, TODAY
IS HALLOWEEN! HMMM...
WHAT'S THAT SMELL? OH
MY GOD! LOGAN'S FRENCH
TOAST! I NEED SOME!!

berserker1133

Mostly ready, but not quite finished, Kelly headed downstairs for some breakfast intent on repainting her nails while she ate. Dom and Sabrina were still sleeping, but Logan and Kev were both at the kitchen table chatting.

“What’s up sleeping beauty? Looking good. What are you dressed up as? An angel?” Kev chirped trying his hand at flattery.

“Nope, just a girl who got maybe four hours of sleep last night at best. Thanks to you.” Kelly replied with a bit of attitude. She was tired, cranky and hungry, a perfect storm.

“Want some breakfast?” Logan offered trying to play peacekeeper.

“I would love some French toast.” Kelly hummed, as she turned her attention back to Kev, “Don’t forget you promised to give me a lift to class.”

“I remember. I remember. No worries.” Kev sighed, while he watched Logan spring into action preparing Kelly’s meal.

“How are you not tired?” Kelly wondered a little puzzled by Kev’s apparent attentiveness.

“I pulled an all-nighter. It will hit me after lunch.” Kev rationalized, as he stood up and excused himself, “I’ll be right back.”

Once Kev left the room, Kelly started painting her nails, as Logan continued to cook. The sweet smell of French toast graced Kelly’s nose, lifting her mood. Feeling her stomach growl, Kelly sighed, “Oh my god I’m sooo hungryyyyyy...”

“Yeah, not getting a lot of sleep will do that to you.” Logan hummed, as looked around the kitchen for the powdered sugar.

“Why is that?” Kelly wondered, as she put most of her attention into her nails.

“Umm, well sleep had been shown to have an impact on our appetite hormones.” Logan mused, “It can affect Ghrelin, Leptin, and Cortisol. Ghrelin’s job is to trigger your appetite to let you know that it’s time to eat. However, it has been found that when people are sleep deprived, their body produces significantly more ghrelin than usual, resulting in an increased appetite. Leptin is a hormone that suppresses our appetite when we’ve had enough to eat. When you don’t have enough sleep, your body produces less leptin, resulting in greater food consumption. And Cortisol levels increase when we are stressed, often causing an increase in appetite and a redistribution of our fat stores to around our waist. Cortisol levels also increase when we haven’t had enough sleep. Maybe it’s why we also have a shorter temper when we’re tired?”

“Huh...” Kelly hummed impressed by Logan’s pretty consistent wealth of random knowledge. “How do you know that?”

“I dunno, it’s something that always stuck out to me when I took biology last year.” Logan shrugged, as he put Kelly’s meal on a plate for her and then put it in front of her, “bon appétit.”

“Thank you so much!” Kelly chirped, as she suddenly realized something. Having just finished painting her nails, they needed to dry. Carefully tapping her phone to look at her time, Kelly realized she only had a few minutes left to eat before she had to go. As Logan turned to clean some dishes, Kelly stopped him, “Wait, Logan, could I umm... Have some help here?”

“What’s wrong?” Logan turned and replied looking concerned. He quickly noticed Kelly holding her hands up and realized her dilemma.

“My nails need time to dry, and I gotta hit the road soon. Could you... feed me my French toast?” Kelly requested sheepishly. She couldn’t help, but blush, it was such a silly thing to request. She hadn’t been fed by someone else since she was a baby, but here she was, with that as her only option to eat something before class.

“Ugh... I mean... Sure. Haha!” Logan stammered looking taken quite aback.

“You don’t have to. I know it’s kind of a weird ask.” Kelly blushed feeling she may have put Logan in an awkward situation.

“No, no. I’d love to.” Logan smiled, as he quickly took a seat next to Kelly and began cutting her French toast up with her knife and fork. He made sure to cut them into small pieces to reduce the risk of spilling any syrup or powdered sugar on Kelly.

“Come on, hurry up, feed me, I gotta go!” Kelly urged comically, as she held her hands in the air lackadaisically.

“Here, open wide.” Logan responded quickly but carefully forking a nice bite-sized morsal into Kelly’s eagerly awaiting mouth.

“Mhh! That’s good.” Kelly munched talking with her mouth full. Once she finished and gulped down her first bite, she earnestly opened her mouth wide and demanded, “Another!”

With that Logan got into the zone, being sure to time Kelly’s bites precisely when she finished her previous one. In a short amount of time, a lot of eating was happening on Kelly’s part and not a lot of talking between either of them. Frankly, Logan didn’t know what to say, he was just enjoying the moment.

In five minutes, Kelly destroyed four pieces of French toast in record time. Logan could hear her enjoyment with each and every bite he had fed her. Now that it was all said and done, he was feeling fulfilled in a way he’d never anticipated.

“That was really kind of you. I loved it. Thanks Logan. You’re my hero.” Kelly chirped now that she was all finished.

“My pleasure.” Logan echoed, as he remained seated, and Kelly stood up from the table to find Kev so he could take her to class.

While Kelly did reach her class on time, she wasn’t able to stay awake through the whole thing. At 10AM when the class ended a stranger had to give her a nudge on the shoulder to wake her. Embarrassed and disappointed, Kelly strutted off toward the campus Starbucks taking time on her short walk to observe the various costumes people were wearing around the campus.

After some coffee and a chocolate pastry, Kelly did some homework in the library before heading over to the cafeteria. Following her normal Friday routine, Kelly joined Dom and Sabrina. The portly couple always attended the cafeteria on Fridays specifically because it was the day they served various calzones and strombolis. Kelly had developed quite a taste for the stuff and stuffed her face just as Sabrina and Dom did, although she never managed to eat as much as them.

Filled from lunch, Kelly headed to the campus mailroom before heading to her first afternoon class. Michael had responded to her text from earlier and told her that he’d send her a Halloween gift. Excited by what it might be, Kelly grabbed the parcel slip from her mailbox and redeemed it for a rather large package. This was larger than Michael’s normal care packages.

Picking up the box, Kelly carried it toward a trash can so she could open it and get rid of the bulky packaging. To Kelly’s surprise when she opened it, the box wasn’t filled with packaging at all, rather it was filled to the brim with snack sized candies.

“Ohhhh!” Kelly cooed thinking the gesture to be extremely sweet.

Michael knew one of Kelly’s biggest disappointments about growing up was aging out of trick-or-treating.

Grabbing a snickers bar, Kelly quickly ate it, threw away the wrapper and picked the box back up, intent on bringing the treats back to her room and going to town on them later. Kelly contemplated texting Sabrina and Dom and asking if she could store her candy in Sabrina’s car, but frankly Kelly didn’t trust the fatties not to eat it all, so she took her big box with her to class, incurring lots of questions from her peers in the process.

Throughout her two afternoon classes, Kelly grazed on her candy. Frankly the little chocolate sugar bombs were the only things keeping her awake today. Paying attention as best she could, Kelly was relieved when her last class let out and she could walk home and relax for a bit.

The entire townhouse was home for dinner, although after saying hello Kev passed out on the living room couch. Sabrina joked about letting him sleep through Halloween, but nobody was that cruel. After eating a wholesome salmon dinner with veggies and potatoes prepared by Logan, the housemates chilled in the living room and relaxed. In the spirit of Halloween, Kelly changed her mind about hoarding all her candy to herself and shared with her friends.

Logan had a piece or two, but it was really Sabrina and Dom who were putting in work on the candy.

“So, when is Michael getting here?” Sabrina wondered, as she munched on a Twix.

“Car trouble. He can’t make it. We’re just going to have a skype call later.” Kelly sighed, trying not to sound as beaten up about it as she felt.

“That’s a shame. We’re you two supposed to be Mario and Princess Peach?” Dom asked, as he sucked on a lollipop.

“We were.” Kelly sighed, “I lost my Mario…”

“Do you still think you’ll wanna go out and party?” Sabrina inquired sensing an opportunity to return some of Kelly’s signature kindness.

“Not alone.” Kelly replied frankly.

“Ey, Kell, do you wanna watch the new episode of One Pieve with Sabrina and me? We’re also ordering pizza, you in?” Dom jumped in and offered before Sabrina could get those exact words out.

“I think I’m a little sick of pizza tonight, but I’d love to hang out and watch stuff.” Kelly replied being polite.

“Cool! You’re amazing!” Dome cheered, as Sabrina sensed Kelly’s heart wasn’t on-board.

“It’s her first semester, I think we should let the girl party.” Sabrina argued trying to help Kelly out.

“If you don’t wanna party alone, you could come out with Kev and I.” Logan offered meekly from the corner of the couch.

“…” Kelly thought about it for a second. She really wanted to go out and drink tonight with Michael, but he wasn’t coming. She’d feel bad about going out without Michael, but she knew he’d feel bad if she didn’t have fun because of him. It was a lose-lose situation, so Kelly decided it would be best to just try and have some fun and share any fun stories with Michael later tonight during their zoom session. Finding her voice, Kelly made her choice, “I’d like that.”

“I’ll help you get ready!” Sabrina cheered, as she grabbed Kelly’s arm and dragged her out of the living room.

Upstairs the two friends chatted a bit while Kelly got ready. She’d made her Princess Peach outfit from scratch over the course of the whole month of October. As such, the actual dress she chose to decorate was a little tighter than it had been the last time Kelly had tried it on.

“Eww, I’m so bloated... I ate too much today.” Kelly gushed, as she looked at herself with some disgust in the mirror.

“The bloating will only get worse with beer.” Sabrina reminded her, as she helped Kelly with her hair.

“I know... Maybe I should wear something else?” Kelly questioned feeling a little insecurity.

“Don’t. You look great. I’d hate to see you put on a slutty outfit and some cat ears like the rest of the b*tches at this college. As Princess Peach, you stand out in a good way.” Sabrina replied trying to encourage her beautiful friend.

“Aww. You really think so?” Kelly hummed feeling happy with her reflection all of a sudden, until her eyes got to her puffy midsection.

“Of course I do.” Sabrina nodded.

“I don’t know. Look at me, I’ve got a beer gut going on...” Kelly pouted grabbing her tummy and frowning.

In response, Sabrina made eye contact with Kelly’s reflection in the mirror and slipped her hand around Kelly’s softer waist. Assessing the damage herself with a poke and a prod, the plump goth instructed the pretty blonde, “Don’t stress out about THIS too much. You look hot. I mean, you should know that that if you start eating like the guys you live with...inhaling entire pizzas, guzzling beers, and frequenting the cafeteria buffet, you might lose your girlish figure sometime down the road, but right now, you look stunning. You’ve got nothing to worry about tonight. Just let loose and have some fun. You owe it to yourself.”

Smiling at herself in the mirror, Sabrina’s words really hit home in Kelly’s tired mind, “I am going to let loose. I am going to have fun. I do owe it to myself!”

“That’s the spirit. Go get ’em princess!” Sabrina cheered happy that Kelly’s mood seemed to finally improve.

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Letting loose after a few drinks was no problem for Kelly. With Logan and Kev looking out for her the trio party-hopped a bit before finding a party they all could really enjoy. Never leaving her housemates’ sides, Kelly partook in drinking games, some dancing, and more than a few spontaneous photo-ops. As the night wore on, Kelly continued having fun and didn’t want to head home, but her sense of duty to her boyfriend ultimately won out and Logan walked her home when she wanted to go.

Signing on only a little late to her scheduled style call, Kelly munched on some candy, as she waited to connect with Michael. In just a few moments, she saw her boyfriend’s face and

happily waved to him. It was readily apparent to Michael that his darling girlfriend was pretty drunk. Her makeup looked a little runny, her eyes looked a little bloodshot, and she looked VERY happy to see him. Far from being mad, he was happy she had gone out tonight and quit partying a little early just to spend some time with him.

After getting some typical pleasantries out of the way, Michael sought to confirm, “So you had fun without me?”

“Yeaahhh. It was sooooo fun. But I wisssssh, you were hereeee. We’d haveee a lot of fun right now.” Kelly replied in tipsy fashion, before practically depthroating another snack-sized twix bar.

“Why’s that?” Michael smiled seeing the horny drunken look in his girlfriend’s eyes with interest.

“I’m sooooo hornyyyy.” Kelly predicably replied with her mouth full, as she adjusted her bust in her tight pink dress.

“How horny?” Michael teased, enjoying the look of desperation on Kelly’s face.

“Sooooo hornyyyyyyyy I could literally die.” Kelly pouted very cutely.

“Well, we can’t have that now, can we?” Michael responded confidently intent on indulging his girlfriend’s mood, “Maybe there is something we can do about this over Skype?”

“You mean like... cybersex?” Kelly blushed sounding a little smitten with the fact Michael was suggesting this.

“Wanna give it a try?” He replied coyly.

“I’ll try anything at this point.” Kelly said, as she adjusted herself in her chair and wondered with excitement, “How do we do this?”

“Just do what I tell you. Start by listening.” Michael commanded, before he started praising her, “You make the world a sexier place... That lipstick looks beautiful on your inviting lips.”

“I wish you could kiss them. They miss you.” Kelly pouted, as she ate another piece of candy and shoved it into her mouth a little forcefully with her pointer finger.

“Oh, do that again.” Michael quickly added, while Kelly looked a little confused.

“What this?” Kelly questioned, as she stuffed another piece of candy into her mouth and muttered with her mouth full as she chewed, “you like the way I depthroat milkyways? That’s because I’m practicing for your d*ck.”

“Mhh, you’re making me horny.” Michael admitted, while he appreciated Kelly’s desperation.

“Join the club.” Kelly smirked, as she shot Michael a frisky smile.

Deciding to go back to praise, Michael replied, “That dress makes you look so f*ckabe. I just want to rip it off and f*ck you right now.”

“I wish you would.” Kelly smiled widely in response.

“Take it off.” Michael ordered, as Kelly quickly and obediently and started trying to do just that.

As she struggled, Michael could see his girlfriend’s increasingly soft-looking belly stretching the seams of her dress around her midsection. Nudging Kelly into the fat girlfriend trap was progressing far more easily than he’d thought.

Freeing herself from her dress, Kelly threw off her bra and panties and gave her boyfriend a beautiful look at her bare body.

“You have such sexy breasts.” Michael praised her in response, as his eyes fixated on her hard-looking nipples, “Is it cold in your room?”

“Nope, the heat’s running, you just turn me on.” Kelly blushed, as he cupped her breasts with her hands.

Kelly’s breasts had grown larger enough that her hands could hardly cover them. Michael had to admit he was pleased, the belly he could ignore as long as those beautiful boobs kept swelling. Trying to convey this notion, as he started touching himself, Michael gushed, “Mhh, I could stare at those tits all day.”

“These tits?” Kelly teased jiggling her breasts with both hands.

“Keep doing that.” Michael demanded feeling himself throbbing, “You’re driving me absolutely wild.”

“Are you touching yourself?” Kelly wondered with a pervy smile on her face. She loved the fact that Michael found her body so irresistible. It did wonders for her self-esteem.

“Yes. Touch yourself too.” Michael ordered, as Kelly quickly dropped one of her hands and did as Michael commanded.

“Talk to me.” She purred desperately touching herself. It wouldn’t take much more praise to send her over the edge, even though they’d practically just started. Wanting to spur her lover on, Kelly lustfully burst, “My fingers are on my clit. But I wish they were your tongue.”

Michael's response took a moment, but he soon gave Kelly exactly what she wanted to hear, exactly what she needed to hear, "Good. Girl."

"OOohhhhh!" Kelly's breath caught in her throat. She felt an immediate rush of intense feelings. Cyberf*cking Michael had her incredibly aroused in her drunken and horny state, but nothing compared to what those two simple words did.

She was hit with so many emotions at once, Kelly could barely tease them apart. She felt so proud to have earned that response from him... and a little confused by how sexual that pride felt. It was embarrassing that it took so little... just those two words... to put Kelly completely over the edge and in a very submissive place.

Regardless of rhyme or reason, the orgasm was powerful and loud. Her display was enough to send Michael over the edge. When it was all said and done, an exhausted Kelly partook in some more candy at her loving boyfriend's insistence.