Tracy allowed Dave to lead her toward the food court. What a pair they must make! Dave was a tall dark Latino fellow, wiry, with long shaggy metalhead hair and a scruffy goatee. Tracy was pale red-headed, freckleface short-stack who barely came up to Dave’s shoulders. On a normal day, the couple’s height difference was enough to draw attention, but today their weight difference was even more extreme! After a day of binging, Tracy was nearly as round as a Christmas pudding! She could barely waddle her legs were so fat, so her walk took on a shuffling, rolling gait, her arms positioned in T-pose at her sides because her flanks were too inflated to allow her thick, fat-swaddled arms to go down. Her body suit was stretched to its maximum and she felt like she was about to burst out of it; over that, she wore denim bib overall shorts that were similarly straining to keep her severely inflated figure in check. She could feel the braces on her suspenders rubbing against the undersides of her swollen boobs as she waddled and she wondered how much more life they had in them. Tracy looked like she might be taller than Dave is she lied down!

Tracy caught sight of her reflection in the glass of a passing store window. “Jesus, I look like a pumped-up balloon,” she whispered. “I just hope that I don’t pop like one too.”

Tracy honestly couldn’t be so sure that wouldn’t happen. Today was just… an insane day! When she woke up this morning, she was a plump but still petite XX pounds. Yet, for some strange reason beyond her understanding, she found herself possessed by a ravenous hunger once she left home this morning, a ravenous hunger that defied all her attempts to satiate it. It was like Tracy simply could not get full no matter how much she ate! Not that Tracy didn’t try. From the moment she left home this morning, all she’s done is eat… glutting herself on donuts purchased from the corner bodega and then making multiple visits to various fast food joints around town. And while none of that put a dent in her hunger, it’s sure had an effect on her waistline! Tracy didn’t think it was possible, but somehow her day of gorging has packed hundreds of extra pounds onto her short frame in less than a day. Now she’s so fat that she’s almost a perfect sphere of shifting, wobbling flesh… but somehow even that isn’t enough to stop her…

At the food court, Tracy stared at the flimsy plastic chair. “I’m not gonna fit in that,” she said.

“Oh sorry,” said Dave.

Tracy waited impatiently as Dave pulled up a second chair, placing it right next to the first. Tracy slowly lowered her mammoth bottom into the makeshift expansion, one gargantuan cheek settling on each chair. She held her breath as she heard the plastic creak beneath her bulk, half-expecting the chairs to completely buckle and send her tumbling to the floor… but they held!

“Dave, I don’t know how long these chairs are gonna last,” said Tracy dubiously. “They’re already creaking and I’ve been growing pretty fast today…”

“Don’t worry about it, honey,” said Dave. “If we have any trouble, I’ll just get you a third chair.”

“I don’t think you’re grasping what I’m saying…” began Tracy, but her thoughts were interrupted by a loud, ominous gurgle from her hungry hungry gut. Dave laughed and patted his girlfriend’s protruding stomach.

“Sounds like you’re ready to eat,” he said. “We better get you filled up before you try to eat the table from the sounds of it. What can I get you?”

“Ummm…” Tracy’s initial reticence vanished as she realized that, yeah, Dave was right; she WAS hungry!

After gobbling so many plates of greasy fast food, Tracy had hoped that she could at least feel full. But she was hungrier than ever! The only real difference after her latest binge was that she was bigger than ever now. Her breasts and belly pushed out so far in front of her that she couldn’t see over them, her feet hidden from view, and she could feel her butt pushing out behind her with so much force that her denim bib overalls were starting to give her a wedgie. Her body was round and plump and smooth, filled out like an over-inflated balloon, so spherical that her conical arms and turgid legs were starting to disappear into her main bulk and she could feel the hoops of her earrings tickling the tops of her well-padded shoulders. It was a miracle that her clothes were stretching enough to accommodate her growth, but that wouldn’t last forever. She could feel her bodysuit was being pushed to its absolute limits, the threads ready to snap every time that Tracy inhaled.

“Had enough, babe?” asked Dave after Tracy had eaten multiple dishes from every restaurant in the food court.

Tracy smacked her lips and licked her greasy fingers. She patted her gut, which now protruded so far in front of her that she couldn’t see her knees. “I…well, honestly, I’m still a little peckish… I know we can’t stay here all night, but maybe you could get me a little something for the road? Something light, maybe just a six inch sub from the sandwich place. No, make it a twelve inch. A twelve inch meatball sub.”

“Sure thing, babe.”

“Gawd, what’s wrong with me?” muttered Tracy. She couldn’t believe how much she had already eaten let alone that she was STILL hungry! And the idea that now a twelve inch meatball sub was considered a light snack for her? This was insane!

When Dave returned, he handed her the paper bag containing the to-go sub. “Alright, Tracy, you ready for dinner?”

“Dinner?” Tracy blinked. “Wasn’t this…?” She stopped talking as her stomach burbled loudly. Why was she protesting? She knew she was hungry! She knew she wanted more food. Why lie and pretend that she was full? “Yeah, I am!” she said eagerly.

“Great,” said Dave, “I’ve got just the place in mind.”

Getting to her feet was a chore, but Dave managed to help his ridiculously rotund girlfriend to her feet. Tracy wobbled along next to him, leaning on her boyfriend for support lest she topple over from the weight of her overstuffed gut. Gawd, how long could this go on? Tracy was certain that if she didn’t get her appetite under control she was going to absolutely split before the night was over.

Yet she was still so hungry that she couldn’t even fathom ending her day-long binge….

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“You doing okay, honey?” asked Dave, patting his overweight girlfriend’s plump hand in concern. “You gonna make it to the next stop?”

“Yeah yeah, I’m fine,” said Tracy, clutching the half-eaten sub in her pudgy, sauce-smeared hands. Her chubby cheeks were slathered with marinara sauce as she tore off big, gluttonous bites, dribbling cheese and meat into her cleavage. Her stomach gurgled urgently. Jesus, I can’t believe I’m still hungry, thought Tracy. I’ve been eating all day and I’m bigger than a house now! How long can this go on? How big will I grow? Will I burst my overalls? Will I explode? Her stomach rumbled again, the great bulk in front of her quivering in anticipation of the meal to come. Her stomach clearly didn’t care where this constant binging led as long as it meant that it got to eat its fill. Tracy bit her lip. This was all so strange that it was hard for her NOT to worry! But at the same time, her hunger was soooo intense and the sweet release of giving into her own gluttony was soooo intoxicating…. It was nearly impossible to resist!

Dave pulled up his truck in front of the Great Wall Chinese buffet. Tracy’s eyes bulged. Oh no! A buffet? Dave couldn’t possibly think that taking his supersized sweetie to a buffet was a good idea! She was already huge! If they let her loose inside that buffet, they would have to roll her home!

“A buffet? Oh Dave honey, I don’t know if that’s such a good idea… I, uh, don’t seem to know my own limits these days and if you let me just eat my fill…. I’m liable to just keep eating and eating and eating and never stop!”

“That’s the idea!” said Dave. “A girl should eat as much as she wants, right? What’s the point of eating if you don’t get your fill.”

Tracy felt like she ought to object, but how could she when she agreed 100%?

“Okay, Dave, but hand me a tissue first…. I’ve got sauce all over my face…”

After cleaning herself up as much as possible, Tracy had to rock back ad forth until she could rock herself to her feet. She needed a little extra help from Dave, who graciously planted his hands against Tracy’s prodigious posterior and helped to push her out of the car.

“I’ll just eat til I’m not hungry anymore, then I’ll stop,” said Tracy to herself. “That’s a reasonable thing to do. I don’t need to make a total pig of myself. I’ll just… I’ll just… eat… til I’m… full… I just wanna eat til… wanna eat til…”

Tracy’s voice trailed off as she wedged herself through the doors of the restaurant and her eyes took in the full spread of food, acres of sizzling platters of stir-fried noodles and broccoli beef and pork spareribs. Her jaw dropped as a renewed wave of insatiable hunger washed over her.

“What’s that, Tracy?” asked Dave, leaning in close.

“I just wanna eat til I bust! Oh Dave, this is too much food… I want it all!”

Tracy inhaled deeply, the delightful savory smells of the buffet filling her lungs and making her head swim. Her chest puffed out as she breathed in, straining the braces on her overalls and reminding Tracy of the all-too-real danger of a blow out. If she wasn’t careful, she was going to eat herself out of her clothes again.

Once again, Tracy needed to lean her weight against Dave so that she could waddle through the restaurant. This was getting harder and harder as Tracy grew bigger and she was sweating and panting, her chest rapidly rising and falling, by the time the maître d’ showed them to a table.

By now, Tracy had made peace with her enormous rear and the fact that she needed at least two chairs to hold up her ever-growing bulk.

“I’m gonna need three soon at the rate I’m going,” mumbled Tracy as she shifted her weight, her vast butt spread across two chairs and still sagging over the edges.

“Why don’t you tell me what you want and I’ll bring you a plate?” said Dave.

“Aw sweetie, you read my mind,” said Tracy, smiling widely. She squinted at the buffet line, but she only hesitated a second. “Why don’t you bring me some of everything? We’re not in a rush, are we?”

Dave grinned. “Of course not.”

Tracy couldn’t believe herself. Only minutes ago she was promising herself that she wouldn’t gorge herself but now? Well, after gaining several hundred pounds of pure blubber in just a day, it seemed silly to restrain herself. Why bother? And that food did smell soooo good? Why not indulge herself to her heart’s content?

Tracy attacked one plate and then another, scooping huge gobs of greasy noodles into her mouth and slurping them down. She barely registered as she finished one plate and started on another; Dave expertly made sure that there was always a new platter of food in front of her, ready to go when she finished the last one. Tracy had a sudden memory flash into her head, a scene from an old movie: The bit in ‘European Vacation’ where the Griswold family daughter Audrey had a dream she was at an endless feast, new dishes constantly being ferried to her by an army of servants. Tracy giggled. She rather felt like that herself now! In that movie, Audrey was horrified to find herself suddenly swelling up with fat after her binging and gorging. Tracy too was blowing up… though she couldn’t bring herself to care all that much!

Plate after plate after plate…. The food kept coming and Tracy kept eating. Her promise to only eat until she was full was meaningless because Tracy was simultaneously overfull and ravenously hungry. Her belly felt packed, so much food inside her that even her cavernous, beachball-sized gut was hard and tight to the touch. Yet the fullness was great! It only stimulated her appetite more, sending her to reach for ever more dizzying heights of gluttony! Tracy’s body was rapidly growing with her insane indulgence, her bloated belly slowly, inexorably pushing out further in front of her, covering her lap and pushing apart her tree-trunk thighs to hang between her fat legs. Tracy’s arms were swaddled with fat, her fingers so plump now that they looked like little piggy sausages as she delicately snatched eggrolls and wontons to cram between her lips. Her breasts were rising in front of her, like bread dough, threatening to overwhelm the bib of her overalls and spill out in front of everyone. Behind her, Tracy’s butt spread wider and wider, oozing over the sides of her chair and testing the limits of her denim.

Chew chew, swallow. Munch munch eat eat EAT! Tracy was in a rthythm of pure ecstatic greed. She could feel her clothes tightening around her, pulling snugger and snugger. She felt like a big greedy caterpillar about to burst from its cocoon. She flinched slightly in her seat as she felt the snaps in the crotch of her spandex bodysuit finally give up the ghost with two loud pops. Luckily, no one could see that. As long as her overalls held together, she was fine. With that rationalization, Tracy saw no reason to stop. She was going to keep eating forever!!

As she ate and grew, another movie scene popped into her head, the climax to ‘Monty Python’s Meaning of Life,’ the scene where a gigantically fat gentleman diner at one bite too many and violently exploded all over the restaurant. When Tracy had watched that scene as kid, she had laughed. She wasn’t laughing now! She felt like she was very much in that same situation! Which bite would finally prove to be one bite too many for her poor poor overloaded belly and overstretched skin?

She shifted in her seat, feeling the chairs creak ominously under her billowing buns and feeling the new unfastened bodysuit slide up her belly and backside.

Then it happened. With a jagged splintering crack, the chair under her left buttock was the first to buckle. Tracy started to fall, instantly causing the chair under her right buttock to collapse as well and dump the lard-assed girl to the ground.

The impact of hitting the floor started a chain reaction. Her blubber rippled wildly, causing the buttons at the sides of her overalls to burst immediately and her cascading fat to spill out. Her suspender braces likewise popped, allowing her breasts to overflow her bibs. All over, Tracy could feel seams tearing and threads popping as her denim overalls and spandex bodysuit both exploded into ribbons under the pressure of her swelling body.

“So much for modesty!” whispered Tracy to herself as she realized that she was now lying on the ground, in public, wearing nothing but her over-burdened undies and the shredded remains of her clothes.

Tracy lay on the floor, burping and hiccupping softly. Her chubby cheeks were spattered with sauce and syrup, her clothes were in tatters. But the worst part? She was still hungry! She desperately wanted to keep eating but… she couldn’t even move!

“Oh Gawd, Dave… it’s finally happened… I’m too big to walk… I can’t move….”

It was true. Her latest binge had ballooned her to over 800 pounds, her distended belly so vast that she was no taller lying down than standing up. Her arms and legs were ringed with innertubes of new fat, making it impossible for Tracy to bend her joints and making her look like a sexy female Michelin man. Her face was so fat and her rosy freckled cheeks so plump that her eyes were set in a permanent squint.

Tracy was too big to move so she could only wait patiently as Dave and a crowd of helpful strangers gradually lifted Tracy and carried her to the Dave’s truck. Well, I guess many hands make light work, as they say, she thought. She could feel so many pairs of hands squishing into her soft flab and she couldn’t help but smile. It felt like she was getting a Swedish massage!

“Oh my God, Tracy! What’s happened to you?”

Tracy groaned. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, her mother would catch her! It was naïve to think that her mother wouldn’t eventually come to investigate all those reports about the fat girl eating her way across the city when Tracy failed to return home.

“Hey Mom… guess I’m what you might call… a little hefty now…” She chuckled at her joke, sending ripples through her buttersoft flesh. Tracy was absolutely enormous, weighing well in excess of 800 pounds. She was a big blubbery mountain of lard, pumped so full of new fat that she looked like a quivering sphere. She was nearly entirely round, her greatly inflated figure dominated by her gargantuanly rotund belly and two perfectly plump breasts like a pair of sloshing water balloons.

“A little hefty?! My God, Tracy, you’ve turned into a whale! What have you done to yourself?”

“Just a little, er, overeating,” said Tracy, “But ya know what, Mom? I don’t think I’m going to drop all that winter weight after all. In fact… I think I might just… gain a little more…”

“Tracy, you’re huge! You need to… I need to…” Her mother stuttered incoherently, completely unable to comprehend what she was seeing. You’re a blimp!“

“Thanks for the ego boost, Mom!” said Tracy jovially. This morning, she had been annoyed at her mother’s barbed insults but now she couldn’t bring herself to care. She was as big as a house, so what could her mother tell her that she didn’t already know?

“What have you done to yourself? How could you have gained all this weight in just one day? This is insane!” She turned to Dave. “Dave, you have to take her to the hospital! Something’s not right! We need to fix this!”

Dave looked to Tracy for instructions, but she could tell from his face that he didn’t think Tracy’s mother knew what she was talking about at all.

“I don’t want to go to the hospital,” said Tracy, “In fact, I’d much rather hit up another restaurant, if you’re still game, Dave?” She patted the summit of her monumental belly. “I don’t think I’m nearly full yet.”

Dave nodded. “You heard the lady!”

“B-b-but…” Tracy’s mother tried to get her words out but she was just too stunned. She couldn’t believe that Tracy wasn’t listening to her!

“Bye, Mom!” called Tracy as Dave hopped into the cab and fired up the engine. “I’ll see you when I get home! Don’t wait up!” Tracy paused. “Unless you want to put out a midnight snack for me! I have a feeling I’ll be hungry when I’m done! Eating does work up such an appetite!”

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Hours later, Tracy finally hit her limit. It happened so fast and so completely that she almost surprised herself. By that point, Dave had escorted her to nearly every restaurant in the city; Tracy had eaten a path of destruction through town, growing bigger and bigger at every stop until she now weighed – if she had to guess – over half a ton. Luckily, no one had complained about her increasingly scandalous appearance as her tattered clothes continued to rip and tear. Her overalls were completely blown to ribbons and her body suit had snapped off her bottom half to only vaguely work as a tank top now… luckily her underwear had miraculously stretched to accommodate her new girth so she hadn’t been denied entry into any restaurant for indecency. Although she was almost denied entry to a few simply because she couldn’t fit through the door! By the end of the night, she was such a blob that she completely filled the flatbed of Dave’s truck and weighed the vehicle down so much that the muffler dragged against the rode as it drove.

“Ooof, I feel like a blimp,” moaned Tracy. “Correction: I don’t just feel like a blimp. I AM a blimp! I guess Mom was right!”

“You sure you don’t need help?” asked Dave, struggling to haul Tracy’s gargantuan form out of his truck. It was like trying to shove the ocean, but eventually Tracy rolled out of the truck and plopped out – onto her own front lawn. Home at last! After a day of endless stuffing, it was good to be back. She had insisted that Dave bring her back home after she finally started to feel full… because honestly she didn’t trust herself NOT to keep eating now even though her hunger had finally abated!

“Yeah, I’ll be fine. I just need some sleep.”

“You want some help getting into bed?”

“That’s sweet, baby, but I better just do this myself.” She was half afraid that she might jump Dave’s bones if she got him in her bedroom… Now that her hunger was satiated, she was starting to feel randy. But she was afraid that she might crush Dave if that happened!

“Okay, Tracy… I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Night, sweetie!”

Tracy kissed Dave goodnight before he drove off. Then she started toward the house.

Belching and hiccupping, Tracy waddled thickly up the garden path toward her house. She was almost entirely naked now, wearing only her underwear and few shreds of her tattered overalls and bodysuit; her round, white body glowed in the dark evening like a full moon. Gawd, she was stuffed. Only an hour ago she was sure that she would never be full. A whole day of binging and gluttony had only left her hungrier than ever but then… it hit her all at once. Now her hunger was finally satisfied and Tracy was so absolutely stuffed past her outermost limits that she was certain she would explode if she inhaled too deeply. She was so round and full and tightly-backed that she felt like an overinflated blimp, her swollen, conical arms pointing out to her sides – she was so packed with blubber that she was stuck in a T-pose. Her breasts stuck out in front of her, two watermelon-sized orbs of quivering fat so big that she almost couldn’t see the massive beach ball of a belly that stuck out beyond them. Tracy’s double chin had grown so thick and padded that her neck was completely enveloped by fat, her head sinking into her body. Her face had plumpened too, her cheeks so chubby that her eyes were set in a permanent squint and her mouth in a permanent pout. Behind her, the gigantic rounded cheeks of her bloated bottom shifted and wobbled, straining the bounds of her decimated panties, with every step.

“What a day,” she thought, stifling another burp. She tried to cover her mouth but she couldn’t move her overpadded arm. If Mom thought I was fat before, wait until she sees me now! I must weigh more than half a ton! I can barely move…Gawd, what’s going to happen to me tomorrow? I’m full now… but what if I wake up hungry again?

Tracy paused, as she caught sight of something flashing in the rising moonlight. She squinted and was surprised to see a button lying in the grass.

“Oh, it must be that first button I popped this morning when I slipped on this path,” said Tracy to herself.

There was no reason to care, but, for some reason, Tracy felt like she shouldn’t just leave it there. There was something just so symbolic about that first button busted! It was like a virgin getting her cherry popped. Somehow, Tracy felt she should save it… as a reminder of this day, the day when she finally gave up resisting the siren call of food and gave up always denying her own appetite!  
  
She had to be careful. Tracy was almost completely round now and if she fell down, there would be no way that she’d be able to get up again! She’d be left suspended on her massive stomach, her legs too short to reach the ground, her flabby arms uselessly flailing. Anyone passing by would see her rolling around like a big helpless blob!

Still, she had to try…

Tracy leaned forward, reaching forward as best she could with her flabby arms, bending her turgid bloated legs as much as she could. She grunted with the exertion, her knees popping and her heart racing, but the truth was that Tracy was far too fat and unwieldy to bend down… so it was no surprise when she lost her balance and toppled forward, flat on her fat face!

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“Augh! Goddammit!”

“Tracy?! Are you okay?”

“Dave? Is that you? I thought you went home?” Tracy blinked in confusion. Her face was muffled, but it didn’t feel like grass. Her face was buried in… was that a pillow? Her arms dangled freely, no doubt her stomach was lifting her too far off the ground to touch anything.

“No, I’ve been here the whole time! You’ve been in the hospital all day.”

“Hospital?! Why am I in the hospital? Are they giving me liposuction or something?”

“What? Tracy, you’re not making any sense! Why would you need liposuction?”

“Oh come on, Dave, stop playing dumb! Cuz I’m fat! I’m huge!”

“You must have hit your head harder than we thought,” said Dave, “cuz you’re talking crazy talk.”

Tracy opened her eyes. She, indeed, was in a hospital… lying in a hospital bed, on her stomach, her arms dangling over the side. She wasn’t hugely fat. She was exactly the same size as she was this morning before this crazy day started.

“Uhhhh… what’s going on?”

“Your mom found you passed out in the front yard,” said Dave, “You must have slipped on the wet grass and hit your head. You’ve been out cold all day!”

“Just all day?” said Tracy, sitting up. She winced as a sudden sharp pain shot through her head; she put her hand to her forehead only to discover a tender lump there. Wow. Dave wasn’t kidding!

“I must have been dreaming,” said Tracy.

“Oh yeah?” said Dave. “From the sounds of it, that was quite a nightmare.”

Tracy shook her head. “No. Not at all. Actually, it was a pretty good dream. In fact, it gave me some…. good ideas. I think maybe that dream was meant to teach me something.”

“Teach you something? What did it teach you?”

“Maybe I’ve been fretting about my weight too much,” said Tracy. “Maybe my subconscious was trying to tell me to lay off.”

“You DO fret about your weight too much,” said Dave. “I don’t know why you’re always so convinced that you’re fat. You’re not fat at all.”

Tracy paused. “But if I WAS fat… would that be a problem?”

“What? No, of course not. What are you even talking about?”

“Nothing,” said Tracy. But she was thinking.

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Tracy looked at her reflection in the mirror. Ever since her strange dream six months ago, she had been true to her decision to stop fretting about her weight. Her mother had been concerned at first but eventually gave up on nagging her daughter. She was supportive now, or at least as supportive as Tracy expected she ever would be. Dave, however, was a different story; he completely embraced Tracy’s new attitude and even seemed to enjoy her new extra weight. Because… okay, well, after weighing over half a ton, this new pudge was nothing. But it was a definite change, a little more than just the standard winter weight.

She still had the same lustrous red hair and sparkling green eyes, the same ever so cute dusting of freckles on her pale plump cheeks. But the formerly voluptuous shortstack had given free reign to her appetite, gaining enough extra padding in her hips, thighs, and chest that she had finally graduated to thicc. Tracy smiled at herself, pleasantly surprised to see the new flesh under her jaw compress into a second chin. She shouldn’t be thrilled by that, should she? Yet somehow Tracy couldn’t help but think of how cute it made her look. How ALL these new pounds made her look cute!  
  
That was good, because Tracy didn’t plan on ever dieting again. She was excited to turn this new corner in her life, living for herself and her own pleasures. She was glad that Dave supported her in this and she was curious – maybe a little nervous but definitely a lot excited – to see where this new attitude took her.

Tonight, it was taking her back to the Great Wall Buffet. Dave had made reservations there to celebrate their six month anniversary. Tracy couldn’t wait!

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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Best wishes,

Molly Coddles