Weight Training 2
By Mollycoddles

“C’mon, let’s get you nice and full,” coaxed Abida. “Poor, poor Laurie didn’t even get anything to eat at that weight lifting contest! We really need to make sure we make up for that!”

Laurie’s belly gurgled softly. The noise was hard to interpret. It wasn’t the churning of digestion exactly, even though Laurie had already gobbled down several plates of greasy fried fare, and it wasn’t quite hunger, since Laurie had long since eaten her way into fullness. It was a combination of both that only encouraged Laurie to keep stuffing and her lovers to keep feeding her.

 Not much was open at this hour, but the group had found their way to a roadside Hooters, a casual chain eatery as famous for its fast, fatty, greasy fare as the skimpy attire of its waitresses. After a long day on the road, it was just the place for a hungry (and horny) traveler… and Laurie was a hungrier traveler than most!

“You lot about done?” asked Tiffany the waitress, grimacing at the table loaded with empty plates and platters. A small, tight-bodied shortstack with a classic bleach blonde beach babe look, Tiffany was used to being the center of attention during her work shifts here. Her tight low-cut tubetop showcased her ample chest, her cleavage welling up from the depths of her top, her fat nipples poking through the eyes of the owl in the Hooters logo on her shirt. Her ultra-tight orange booty shorts hugged her rounded butt, the rear seat perfectly following the curve of her backside, the cut so high that her shorts were always in danger of slipping up between her cheeks and turning into a thong. Most nights, dudes couldn’t get enough of her! She was always getting ogled. But tonight, no one noticed her at all. All eyes were on this massive fat hog eating herself into oblivion. It was no surprise that a girl that fat would attract attention, but her vast watermelon-sized breasts, sagging heavily against the table as she gorged, were big enough that she could be a Hooters girl herself… if she lost a few hundred pounds, at least!

This quartet had eaten more than their share! Well, three of them had ordered perfectly normal amounts of food. Frank, Abida, and Tina weren’t on a gaining mission after all. But Laurie, a vast tub who couldn’t fit into the booth because of her colossal bloated belly and had demanded that Tiffany rearrange three extra chairs to support her wide-load rear, had eaten a tall stack of pancakes, several quarter pounder burgers, chicken fried steaks, biscuits with gravy… the list went on. Other customers kept craning their necks to see where all that noise – that steady smacking and chewing, the occasional thundering belches – were coming from. Several were so impressed with the girl’s outlandish performance of gluttony that they even called Tiffany aside to ask if they could order extra dishes to be sent to her table, almost as if they were so mesmerized by her hedonism that they wanted to see how many plates of greasy, heavy Hooters fare it would take to make a fat girl explode. Tiffany hadn’t even seen anything quite like this, but it wasn’t her place to judge. Besides, Laurie didn’t even flinch when suddenly plates of nachos and loaded potatoes that she didn’t order suddenly started appearing in front of her – she ate them too, relishing the extra portions as if they were her due!

After several hours, the poor blimp looked like she had finally hit her limit. This was the first time that Laurie didn’t respond to Tiffany’s inquiries with a nasty, eye-rolling demand for more food. Instead, she simply stared into the distance, bleary-eyed, her plump cheeks tinged a sickly green, a light spatter of syrup surrounding her slack mouth. She’d finally eaten herself sick!

“Just the check please,” said Frank. “I think our friend here has finally eaten her fill.”

“Do you have a place to stay tonight?” asked Tina.

“Not yet, we usually play it by ear,” said Frank. “We’ll have to get Laurie’s scooter repaired in the morning, since there’s not much we can do before that. We’ll just have to pull into the first motel we see with a ‘vacant’ sign. As long as there aren’t any stairs.”

“Yeah, lard ass here really can’t do stairs at all anymore,” said Abida.

“Why should I do stairs?” said Laurie, a deep burp erupting from her core as she spoke. She winced. “Aww shit, I ate… too much… Frank… why didn’t you stop me…”

Frank chuckled. “We tried to warn you away from that last stack of waffles, babe. But you threatened to bite Abida’s hand off if she took it away from you!”

Laurie moaned and belched again. “You know I have no self control anymore, Frank… ohhh Gawd, you know you can’t just… let me eat… or I’ll just… never stop… oh Gawd, I’m gonna explode…”

“You just got yourself to blame for that, greedy guts,” snickered Abida. She turned to Tina. “Don’t worry, this is normal, our Laurie here ALWAYS eats herself into a stupor every meal. You should see the stretch marks on this belly! That’s what happens when you eat so much that your belly just grows SO big.”

Tiffany returned with the bill, carefully ignoring Abida as she snuggled up against Laurie’s bulk and rubbed her bloated tum. Frank took the bill and frowned.

“Of course, we may have trouble getting a room tonight after we pay this bill. This eats up most of today’s prize money. That’s one of the hazards of this business. Our prize hog here keeps eating all the profits!”

“Ooooh… shut up, Frank, you love it,” said Laurie.

“That’s a shame,” said Tina. “You know, the company that I work is pretty generous with the accommodations while I’m on the road. I’m actually up in the pent house suite at the hotel and I was gonna ask if you all wanted to spend the night. Too bad it’s at the top floor, though.”

“Is there an elevator?” asked Laurie. “Of course there’s an elevator.”

“Yes,” said Tina. She looked at Laurie dubiously. “Though I don’t know that it could hold you.”

“Is there a freight elevator?” asked Abida.

\*\*\*

There was, in fact, a freight elevator. After paying their tab at the restaurant, shoving back in her trailer and returning to the hotel, it took only a few minutes for Tina to convince the staff to allow Laurie to ride the freight elevator. It only took one look at her for the staff to agree that this behemoth was far too much for the regular elevator – though the cables could easily lift several thousand pounds, Laurie’s fat ass was simply too wide to fit through the elevator doors.

The penthouse suite was definitely nice! A big open main room with a giant King sized bed, a gargantuan bathroom big enough that even Laurie could move through it without trouble, walk-in closets, and, right outside, a private pool. There were big kegs of bulking powder piled in the corner emblazoned with Tina’s face.

“Just ignore those,” mumbled Tina, a little red at the attention. “My sponsor is a bulking supplement for weight-lifters. It’s a little embarrassing to sell out, but I need someone to pay so I can go to competitions, right? Besides, as long as they pay for the suite…”

“Weight gain powder, huh?” Frank chuckled. “I bet we could find someone like that to sponsor Laurie. No one could be a better poster child for gaining weight!”

“Yeah, but I don’t need any powder to do that,” said Laurie. She slapped her bloated belly for emphasis, reveling in the way that her slap reverberating through her gelatinous flesh.

“Damn, you get a private pool? This is awesome!” squealed Abida. “Thanks so much for letting us stay the night with you here!”

“Yeah,” said Frank, “There’s so much space here. I think Abida could take the couch and if we call room service for some roll-away beds…”

“Don’t worry about that,” said Tina, “I’ll take the couch. You lot can use the bed. I mean, that’s okay, right? You’re, like… a thing, right?” Tina gulped, hoping that she hadn’t misread the situation. It really seemed like they were a threesome, but it was hard to be sure without asking.

“A thing?” snorted Laurie. “Honey, if you’re asking if we’re a threesome, then yes. It takes more than one lover to keep this girl happy.”

“Yeah, there’s a whole LOT of her to handle,” said Abida.

“Sometimes it takes even more than two of them,” continued Laurie, grinning evilly.

Tina felt her face flush. Was Laurie coming on to her? Gawd, she… she hoped so! She was so mesmerized by Laurie’s massive body, so desperate to press herself against that soft sweet blubber, to fondle those folds and squeeze those giant tits! Her body was built by plush living and rampant overindulgence; her performance at dinner had proven it! Tina was a girl who always had to follow rules and respect limits so that she could stay fit for competing. She had to train her body everyday to keep in peak form. But Laurie! Laurie was the exact opposite, a girl who devoted her entire body and soul to the fleeting pleasures of the moment, savoring food and drink without regard for the consequences. She didn’t care about anything but her own enjoyment and she imposed no limits on herself – the only limits she had to respect were the literal physical limits of her stomach as she ate herself into oblivion and only stopped when she was so overstuffed that she was in serious danger of bursting like an overfilled balloon.

“Can we use the pool?” asked Abida. “We brought swimsuits! We meant to hit the beach at some point on this trip, but it turned out that Laurie’s scooter wouldn’t run on sand… so that was kind of a bust!”

“Uhh… yeah! I think that would be fun… A little after-dinner dip, ya know?” said Tina, suddenly excited at the prospect. Had they really brought swimsuits? Oh shit, had Laurie brought a swimsuit??? Was she about to see Laurie in a bathing suit? Her heart beat faster at the very thought.

“Ugh, okay, but I need you two to help me get changed,” said Laurie. “You know how hard it is for a girl of my size to reach!”

The three of them used the bathroom to change, while Tina pulled on her one-piece in the walk-in closet. She was done quickly and then sat on the bed to wait. She could hear them in the bathroom, grunting and groaning and (mostly Laurie) swearing. She could only imagine how much work it took to cram a nearly half ton tubbette into a swimsuit! Gawd, Tina wished that she could watch the process. She bit her lip in anticipation and waited.

Eventually, the door opened.

Abida was wearing a purple one-piece, Frank was wearing trunks, and Laurie…

Damn!!

“Shit.” Tina’s jaw nearly hit the floor when Laurie emerged from the bathroom with Abida and Frank at either side to help steady the waddling whale. She was wearing a bikini – of course she was! The very idea that there existed a one-piece swimsuit that could stretch around those magnificent curves was utterly ludicrous – but it barely covered anything. The cups of her bikini top were barely bigger than teaspoons, hardly up to the task of covering the spherical siren’s engorged nipples let alone the heft of her massive mams. Laurie’s breasts were spilling out of her top, threatening to burst apart her clearly inadequate bikini top as they jiggled heavily with her every football. Her bikini panties were hidden from view by the sag of her bloated belly and Tina could only tell that Laurie was wearing anything below the waist by the way that the strings cut into the soft blubber of her ponderous hips. “Goddamn! Laurie, you have the most amazing body!”

Laurie smiled devilishly. “Why thank you, sweetie. What a sweetheart you are! Now then… let’s hit that pool, hmm?”

There was a ladder at the pool’s deep end, but Laurie was too wide to use it. Luckily, there were a cascading series of steps at the shallow end. Watching Laurie slowly wade into the shallows was like watching a hippo drop into a bath! She was so large that she displaced a tidal wave of water with every step deeper into the pool, sending gallons splashing over the pool’s edges. Tina was amazed to watch! It looked like the pool would be completely empty by the time that Laurie was fully submerged!

Laurie slipped into the pool, enjoying the feeling of weightlessness as the water buoyed her fat body to the surface. She was so incredibly fat that she couldn’t stay underwater, she simply rose to the top like an inflated pool float. No matter. Laurie really didn’t want to do anything but float anyway. She sighed wistfully, closing her eyes and sinking in a relaxed state of bliss. She looked like an island… no, she looked like a continent as she floated! She could have been a full grown hippo floating down the Nile if only she had a few crocodile birds perched on the mountains of her belly and bosom.

“So how much does Laurie usually eat in a day?” asked Tina.

“So far we’ve been averaging two contests a day,” said Frank, “But that’s pushing her limits. She’s barely got time to digest everything before we’re off to the next one.”

“Yeah, but that’s exactly how our prize hog likes it,” said Abida, “We always want to help her test her boundaries. You never know what you can do until you really put your belly to it!”

After their little pool party, the group retired back to Tina’s room.

Tina coughed. She had to act nonchalant. She’d seen a glimpse of Laurie’s eating potential at dinner, but she knew that a girl of Laurie’s immense size must be capable of so much, much more.

“You guys hungry? Want snack? We could order room service?”

Laurie sat spread across a loveseat intended for two people, her bulk filling the space from armrest to armrest. She was far too fat to be able to dry herself, so Abida and Frank had to rub her down with towels, lifting her giant boobs and hefting her flabby rolls dab her dry. Laurie raised an eyebrow, her piggy eyes gleaming with renewed greed.

“Room service? Hmmm…”

Abida grinned. “Please, Tina, you must be joking. Don’t you think it’s a little dangerous to tempt Laurie like that? She’s ate so much at dinner it’s a miracle that she didn’t blow apart before we even left the Hooters. And now you’re gonna try to get her to eat even more? Tsk tsk, for shame!”

“Abida, sweetie, shut up,” huffed Laurie. Of course, Abida wasn’t REALLY trying to dissuade Tina from ordering more food; she was saying the magic words that would be sure to get Laurie all hot and bothered. Laurie absolutely loooooved to hear her lovers chastise her for her weight, her appetite, her greed – it was all part of this game that they played. Laurie was greedy for any attention. Even when she was slim, she always loved when people noticed her spectacular body. She had been sooo proud of her boobs once, loving the way that her hefty (ha!) G-cup hooters would wobble from side to side when he sauntered down the hallways at school. But as she grew, she came to appreciate more and more when people paid attention to the other parts of her expanding physique as well. Her broadening ass, her burgeoning belly, her plumping cheeks and double chin, her thickening arms and legs… When people whispered behind her back about what a monstrous fat cow she had become, Laurie strained to hear, her crotch growing moist at the knowledge that no one could ignore her massive presence. Gawd, she loved it! Nothing was better than lavishing attention on her corpulent body. Already her pudgy fists were clenching, her toes were curling, her pussy – buried under the fleshy avalanche of her belly – was growing moist.

“Laurie, really, you already out did yourself at dinner, don’t you think? Feel how full this tummy is. Come here, Tina, feel this gut!”

Tina gulped, but she followed orders and placed a trembling hand against Laurie’s massive belly. Her fingers sank into the spongy blubber, but she could feel that her stomach beneath was still packed tight.

“We don’t want our prize piggy to pop now, do we?” said Abida. “I think we better pass, hmm?”

“Shut…up,” moaned Laurie, barely able to contain herself.

“Order it all,” said Laurie. “I’m going to eat every item on the menu. Correction, YOU’RE going to feed it all to me.” She turned and fixed Tina with a sly grin, placing a plump hand seductively on Tina’s lap, dangerously close to her inner thigh. Tina gulped and stuttered. Laurie chuckled to herself. She had read the situation entirely right. She could tell that Tina was agog over her, mooning over her vast and ponderous body and absolutely desperate for any chance to be close to her. It was the same obsession that Laurie remembered seeing in Abida’s eyes, that Laurie had used to wind Abida around her little finger for years before they started dating. And now she was going to use Tina!

“I…I…I…”

“What’s the matter, Tina? You’re not scared, are you? A big strong girl like you?” Laurie leaned in close, bending so that Tina had a clear view of her cavernous cleavage squeezed inside the cups of her out-matched bikini top. “Oh, you’re not scared for me now, are you? Afraid that I couldn’t possibly handle that much food? You don’t really believe Abida, do you? You know she was just joking… well… sort of… I guess we’ll just have to see.”

Tina nodded dumbly. She picked up the phone and dialed room service.

“Hello, room service? Yes, this is Tina Fenton in the penthouse suite. I’d like to place an order.”

“Ah yes, Miss Fenton,” said the voice on the other end. “Will you be ordering your usual dish? The garden salad?“

“Um… actually, could I get… everything on the menu. I mean, one of everything on the menu? Except the salad.” There was a pause on the other end of the line and Tina felt suddenly foolish. They weren’t actually going to fulfill her order, were they? They probably thought this was just a big joke. But maybe the person on the other end remembered the enormous fat girl who had traveled up to the penthouse via the freight elevator earlier tonight and decided maybe this wasn’t a joke. Or maybe they just remembered that Tina’s manager always paid his tab so, eh, who cared whether it was a joke or not… either way, they would get paid!

“Right away, ma’am,” said the voice on the other end.

Tina could scarcely think straight as she waited for the food to arrive. Laurie and her friends continued to chatter, occasionally smirking smugly at Tina as if they could sense the nerves behind her silence. Ughhh, she was going absolutely bonkers in anticipation! How many carts would it take to transport ALL that food up to them? And then to see Laurie eat it all… oh Gawd, she hardly dared to imagine the sight! Tina found she was as wet in her shorts as Laurie must be in her bikini.

When the food arrived, it did, indeed, require multiple carts. The hotel had followed Tina’s instructions to the letter, bringing everything from the breakfast menu – steel cut oatmeal! Three egg omelet! Banana stuffed French toast! – the lunch menu – club sandwich! Chicken focaccia! Falaffel! – the dinner entrees – New York strip steak! Whiskey roast pork shoulder! Bucatina Arabiata! – and the dessert menu – butterscotch pudding! Strawberry rhubarb cobbler! Artisan California cheese selection! It took five carts and three porters to lug it all up.

“There you go, ma’am,” said the lead porter as they prepared to leave. “You, uh, sure you can eat it…” His question trailed off as his eyes fell on Laurie. Oh yeah. There was no doubt that they could eat it all.

“Shit, Laurie, this is a little much,” said Abida when they were alone. “For real, are you sure about this? You already really stuffed yourself at dinner and now you’re really going whole hog? You pack too much in there and you’re not just bust outta that bikini… you’re gonna bust!”

Laurie rolled her eyes dismissively. “Really, Abida, after all this time and you’re still so skeptical? I should think you would know better by now. But if you don’t want to be involved, feel free to sit this one out. But me, I intend to indulge.”

She turned to Tina.

“Feed me, Tina,” breathed Laurie, opening her mouth wide and lolling her tongue. “I want you to feed me everything, every bite, every morsel every crumb. I want to eat and eat and EAT until I’m so absolutely full I couldn’t possibly eat any more and then I want you to feed me MORE. I don’t want you to stop until I’m ENGORGED. I want to be as big as a beached whale, as fat as a pig, as magnificent as a zeppelin. I want you to feed me until I bust.”

“Y-yes,” said Tina, mesmerized. Holy shit. This was happening!! This was really happening!!!

“Start with breakfast,” said Laurie, leaning back on the couch. Her bikini creaked struggling to contain her and Tina wondered how much this massive mamacita would have to eat before her big fat boobs sent that bikini top flying across the room. It made her squirm to think about it, but she didn’t ahev time. She had a job to do and she needed to do it!

Tina hacked at a stack of syrup-drenched waffles with a fork, ferrying big chunks of grainy sticky goodness to Laurie’s eager mouth. Laurie sucked down every bite; they were so soaked with syrup that she barely need to chew, it all slid down so easily. The waffles were gone in seconds and next she was moving on to the pancakes… and then the omelet… and then to lunch.

“Here, let me help,” said Frank, supporting Laurie’s head as the raven-haired blimpette gorged herself as if she was starving. You would think from her appetite that she hadn’t eaten in months… but she was just THAT greedy. Laurie loved to eat.

Between them, Laurie was being fed by two pairs of hands and it almost looked like she wouldn’t be able to keep up… but there was no underestimating how desperate Laurie was to get every bite inside her expanding gut. Her belly swelled bigger and bigger before their eyes, sagging between her legs until it hit the floor and started to spread outwards. It was a miracle that her bikini was still holding together, although Tina could hear threads popping whenever Laurie exhaled. It was not designed to withstand this sort of pressure! Tina absently felt her hands move to her own chest as she stared at Laurie’s vast bosom. She felt her own chest, her modest breasts pulled tight by the bulging muscles beneath, and thought about how very different she was from Laurie’s pleasure-built body.

“Come on, there we go, let’s get our fat sexy kitty all filled up!” cooed Frank, tilting a glass bowl of butterscotch pudding into Laurie’s mouth. She shoved her face into the bowl, lapping it up while snuffling like a pig. “That a girl! I thought you might still have some room inside that big big belly of yours. C’mon, let’s get some content for the website!”

As Frank fed her, Abida pulled out her cellphone and started snapping photos of the food orgy in process. Laurie was so massive these days that it was difficult to get all of her body in shot, so Abida had her work cut out for her. The slender Indian girl danced around the mammoth blob, snapping photos from every angle, as Frank shoved more and more food into her. Already, Laurie was mumbling, her mouth full, her muffled voice almost sounding like she was begging for mercy… AND begging for more! Her enormous, bloated gut began to push out in front of her, swelling and tightening as more and more food found its way inside her. Tina could see stretchmarks appearing along Laurie’s flanks. What a shame that such a perfect body should be marred in any way!

And poor Laurie! She was already sweating, her plump cheeks flushed. She could feel her skin stretching, feel the painful tingles running through her body as she literally pulled apart under the pressure of her own fullness. Her stretchmarks were, to her, a mark of pride, a physical reminder of every time that she pushed herself so painfully beyond any rational limits. But Tina had an idea.

“Hey, hold on a sec.”

They didn’t hold on at all. Laurie continued to eat, Frank and Abida continued to service her, as Tina momentarily disappeared into the bathroom. She returned with a big plastic bottle of baby oil.

“We use this to oil up before shows,” she explained, “But I think a body like yours, Laurie, needs some special attention.”

Laurie muttered under her breath, but any complaints that she might have had faded away as Tina squeezed the first squirt of baby oil onto the summit of her overloaded gut. The cool liquid felt SOOOO good!

“Oh shiiiit,” Laurie sighed, her breath exhaling as a cool feeling of relief washed over her. Tina rubbed the oil into her skin, making big sweeping circles across the fat girl’s throbbing red belly with her hands, kneading, massaging, pleasuring. Hearing Laurie’s gasps of pleasure only made Tina want to work harder to please this colossal woman!

As Frank shoved éclair after éclair into Laurie’e eager mouth, Tina was surprised to see Abida burrow beneath the fat girl’s overhanging gut. She could guess what Abida was doing down there, a suspicion confirmed by Laurie’s ecstatic moans and the way her huge body started to suddenly buck and twitch with pleasure. Good, thought Tina. She was hoped this was where the evening was leading! She moved her hands from Laurie’s middle to her breasts.

“May I?” asked Tina.

“I thought you’d never ask, hun,” sighed Laurie.

Tina squeezed Laurie’s pillowy pontoons, the soft flesh squishing between her fingers. Gawd, this was amazing! She’d never seen tits so absolutely ginormous, but she’d also never seen ANYONE so absolutely ginormous.

“I need… more,” moaned Laurie. If she thought having two loyal servants to cater to her every whim was good, having three was even better! Three pairs of hands were touching her, caressing her, stroking her enormous belly, tweaking her stiffening nipples, rubbing her nethers, and, most important of all, feeding her.

Abida was clearly struggling, though. The weight of Laurie’s gut bearing down on her was almost too much for the slender Indian girl to bear and it was interfering with her ability to eat out Laurie’s chubby pussy. The busty bitch was getting fussy, frowning and mumbling under her breath. Shit! Tina already knew, instinctively, that her job, all of their jobs, was to keep this porky pampered princess happy. Something had to be done.

Tina finished rubbing the oil into Laurie’s gut and poked at Abida’s side. “You having trouble down there?”

“Some,” gasped Abida.

“Mind if I cut in?”

Abida slid out. Her face was red and sweaty from the effort. “Be my guest! I’ll make myself useful elsewhere.”

Tina crouched down, placing her fingertips against the soft velvet flesh of Laurie’s cellulite-covered paunch. Flexing her muscles, she lifted. In theory, it shouldn’t be any harder than what she was used to at all those weight lifting contests! The big problem was that Laurie was so soft it was hard to keep hold of her; her soft belly flab squished out of her grasp like wet bread dough!

“C’mon, Tina, you can do this! You’re not a weight lifting champ for nothing!” grunted Tina to herself as she hoisted the fat girl’s pannus with all the strength she had in her – clearing access to Laurie’s plump pussy. She slipped beneath and pressed her face to Laurie’s sweet spot, probing into the fat girl so that Laurie moaned even louder. Tina smashed her face between Laurie’s nether lips and ate, ate, ate, at the same time dropping Laurie’s belly so that it slapped against her. Laurie yelped out loud as a surge of pain shot through her – the impact shook her insanely full belly with an orgasmic intensity!

“More… more… more…” Laurie’s gasped demands were interspersed with the sounds of chewing, munching, crunching, as the three lovers took turns between pleasuring and feeding the behemoth beauty, filling her, overfilling her! There was never a moment that some new treat wasn’t being put to her lips, some new sensation coursing through her nethers… This night was dedicated to total abandon, total hedonism. Her belly swelled bigger and bigger, towering above her, higher than she had ever imagined…. In her wildest dreams, Laurie sometimes imagined how big she could get if she really tried or sometimes she went even further…. Sometimes she imagined herself growing so enormous, so vast and resplendent with flesh that she couldn’t move, not even to wiggle a finger, so big and bloated that the only thing she could do would be to lie back and eat and grow and eat and grow until she outgrew her room, outgrew her house, outgrew the planet. There was no limit in her imagination to how big she could get! In reality, her aching belly, stretched so very very very full, told her that her limits were very real… but tonight she felt like she was closer to them than ever before! Now Frank was between her legs, now Tina was feeding her, now Abida was fondling her overbloated middle. Her belly was even bigger than her boobs, bulging proudly beyond them – not so long ago, that would have been unthinkable! It would have made Laurie livid with rage to think that anything could eclipse her wonderous, stupendous bosom… but now… she just wanted to be big, big, big, bigger and bigger! If tonight was the night that she was to explode… then what a night!

She wasn’t sure when she finally passed out. But when she woke, she was fuller than she’d ever been before.

Laurie lay on the floor, stuffed to the absolute maximum. There was simply no way that she could force down a single solitary bite more. Her clothes were shredded, her seams finally destroyed by the force of her burgeoning belly which rose above her like an insurmountable mountain. She was naked now, a massive quaking blob of flesh, too big to contain. All she could do was gasp, her breath coming in long, difficult, ragged pants – partly because the enormous weight of her giant bloated belly and billowing boobs was compressing her lungs and partly because she was so obscenely full that her skin felt like it was surely splitting apart at every labored inhale. Gawd, she was sooooo stuffed. Forget her scooter! They would need to get a forklift to move her. She barely had the strength of will to even curl her pudgy fingers or wiggle her toes. Frank and Abida and Tina had fed her and fed her and fed her until she was begging for mercy… but her three feeders really wanted to see how much this fat girl could hold. They were determined to push her to her utmost limits and, even when Laurie protested that she was so far beyond full that she couldn’t even think about eating another bite, she conspicuously refused to use the safe word that could end this all. She must weight over 800 pounds by now. She was so full after this latest marathon binge that she’d probably packed on another 100 pound tonight!

“What’s that, Laurie?”

“Mmmf… f-full…”

“Oh, are you saying you’re full? Wow, I don’t think I’ve ever heard you say that before!” Abida chuckled as she patted the apex of Laurie’s monstrous gut.

“Ooof, d-don’t touch me… there,” groaned Laurie, barely able to form coherent words. “I’m too… too tight… ohhhh… you’re gonna pop me…”

“We will pop you one of these days, if you don’t stop us,” agreed Abida. “I didn’t hear you stop us, though, Laurie? Guess our favorite piggy here wants to pop, huh? Wanna see just how big and bloated you can get before you go boom?”

Laurie quivered.

“You get any bigger and you’re gonna weigh too much for the hotel,” said Abida. “Frankly, I’m surprised you haven’t fallen through the floor, to be honest.”

“Damn, girl, you really put it away,” said Tina, nudging Laurie’s prone form with her toes. Laurie groaned, belching softly in response. The gargantuan raven-haired blimp was so full of food and gas that even the slightest poke sent waves of pain through her over-stretched body. “You ate enough for an army! When the concierge sent the receipt… Jeez! Room service last night cost more than my entire stay in this room! You ate enough to feed a whole football team! It’s a good thing I’m not paying or I’d be bankrupt! Let me tell you, my sponsor is NOT going to be happy! They’re gonna be wondering how I managed to order so much food!”

Laurie belched and moaned. She was so stuffed that she couldn’t even move her heavy arms so that she could stroke her overfilled middle. But JEEZ… the revelation that she’d eaten THAT much filled her with a renewed excitement. Her pussy was sore from a full night of marathon sex, but Tina’s words almost made her start getting moist again. No. No, she needed to control herself. If she started getting aroused, then she would probably also start demanding more food…. And she was DEFINITELY past her limits now.

Instead, she just mumbled thickly. But Tina smiled. She knew what Laurie was thinking.

\*\*\*

Tina still couldn’t believe what had happened later that morning, as she helped Frank and Abida load Laurie back into her trailer.

“Careful!” snapped Laurie. “Oh Gawd, I’m so – burp!! – full…. Ooooh Gawd I just just burst if you don’t stop handling me so roughly!”

“And whose fault is that?” said Abida playfully, hefting her shoulder against Laurie’s backside.

“I…you were the ones who fed me!”

“You asked us to!”

Laurie snorted, but she didn’t have a response.

Frank wiped the sweat from his brow and turned to Tina. “Thanks for letting us stay the night,” he said. He noticed that Tina was holding a couple kegs of her sponsor’s bulking powder under her arms. “What’s up there?”

“Oh, I just thought… I’m allowed to give away some free samples of this stuff, you know, to help promote it for my sponsor.” She cleared her throat. “I, er, thought maybe you guys might like some? Like, maybe Laurie would find it useful?”

Laurie snorted again. “Oh hun, that’s sweet, but I don’t need any help getting bigger. I can do that all on my own.”

“Maybe,” said Frank, “But even if you don’t NEED any help, maybe you’ll WANT some.”

Laurie was speechless.

“Yeah, I thought so. Didn’t think this fat ass would turn down an opportunity to plump that giant rear of hers! Thanks, Tina, I’m sure we’ll find some good use for this!”

“This was a good time,” said Tina as she handed the kegs to Frank. “Where are you lot headed next?”

“We’ve still got a few more eating contests to hit before the summer’s over,” said Frank as he closed up the trailer. “We’re hoping to double Laurie’s online follower count by the time this is over.”

“She might also double her weight before this is over if last night is any indication!” said Tina. “I’ll be travelling the weight lifting show circuit for the rest of the summer, but maybe we’ll meet up again at some point.”

Frank grinned. “I think we’d all like that.”

And, as Tina watched them pull their car away, the trailer dragging heavily behind them, Tina thought: I’d like that too. She could only imagine how much bigger Laurie would be by the next time that they crossed paths.

\*\*\*

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:

Mollycoddles’ Amazon Store: http://www.amazon.com/Molly-Coddles/e/B00NCQSXAI/ref=sr\_ntt\_srch\_lnk\_6?qid=1438678183&sr=8-6

Mollycoddles’ Twitter: https://twitter.com/mcoddles

Mollycoddles’ Tumblr: http://mollycoddleswg.tumblr.com/

Mollycoddles’ DeviantArt: http://mcoddles.deviantart.com/

Mollycoddles’ Patreon: https://www.patreon.com/mollycoddles

Thanks for reading! You can also tell me what you thought of my writing (or send me suggestions for future stories) at mcoddles@hotmail.com . I always love hearing what people have to say!

Best wishes,

Mollycoddles