**Witchy Switcheroo (2 of 2)  
By Mollycoddles**

**Erin shuffled through the double doors of the gym, wheezing with the effort. With Elizabeth’s help, she had barely managed to stuff herself into a pair of over-sized stretchies and a mammoth tank top. But even this outfit was barely up to the task of holding together – her ginormous breasts slopped to and from within the confines of the overmatched and stretched-out sports bra and she could feel a worrying draft on her backside that suggested her seat was already fraying under the pressure of her tremendous tush. The stitches down her legs were splitting, great bubbles of pale flesh bursting though on her thighs and calves, and Erin was reaching the point where she was more worried about her clothing surviving her workout than her.**

**Okay. Work had been weird. Good but weird. She didn’t know what to think about her sudden interest in food – “Fat Erin” must be taking over my brain, she thought – but that didn’t mean she just had to sit around and eat all day. She could still take control of her life! She could still work out! That would at least help a little until Elizabeth fixed everything.**

**Erin hoped for at least one small mercy. Maybe Chad wasn’t on shift today. At least then, she wouldn’t have to face her secret crush when she was as big as a circus fat lady. She looked up and all the color drained from her face as she saw Chad sitting behind the front registration desk, a big smile on his face as he watched enormous Erin waddle his way. Great. Just great!**

**“Hi there,” said Chad brightly. “Are you interested in getting a membership?”**

**“Chad… it’s me,” said Erin. She could feel her face getting hot as she flushed involuntarily. Gawd, this was embarrassing. She was so absurdly fat now that Chad couldn’t even recognize her under all this padding!**

**“Um.. I’m sorry, have we met?”**

**“You know, Erin Gonzalez. I come here all the time. I might have changed a little since the last time you saw me. I used to be… smaller.”**

**Chad kept smiling, but he shook his head in confusion. “Sorry, I think I would have remembered you. You’re quite striking and I never forget a beautiful woman.”**

**Oh great, now he’s teasing me, thought Erin glumly. She leaned one thick arm against the tabletop and sighed. Gawd, she was winded! How was she gonna actually do any exercise if just walking a few hundred feet was enough to knock her out like this?**

**“Hmm, let’s see.” Chad typed her name into his computer and shook his head again. “Sorry, Miss, we’ve never had an Erin Gonzalez in her membership list. But if you want to sign up today…”**

**Of course, I’ve always been fat, Erin reminded herself. In this timeline, she must have never signed up for a gym membership. Why would she? She probably hadn’t exercised a day in her life to get this big! And that meant… she’d never seen Chad before! No wonder he didn’t recognize her!**

**What exactly was she going to do now that she was at the gym? Her heart sank as the reality dawned on her. She was so fat that, even if she had the strength to lug her bulk to the gym, she didn’t even fit onto any of the equipment! The treadmills were all too narrow; her hips wouldn’t clear the sidebars… Not that it mattered, she was so slow and ponderous that she would probably be winded in less than a minute of running, er, waddling on the machine. And it’s not like she was going to join any of the aerobics classes in session! She could barely walk let alone jump! She had a sudden mental image of her new self, trying to keep up in one of her old jazzercize classes, the ground thundering and the walls shaking as the whale-sized girl wheezed along to the instructor’s movements. No, that wouldn’t do at all. What options were left for her?**

**Of course! The pool! At her size, she was like an elephant seal. And like an elephant seal, she might be awkward on land, but she could still be graceful in water. She could still swim a few laps. Fat floats, so she shouldn’t have any trouble!**

**She shuffled toward the locker room with a renewed sense of purpose, pausing only briefly to wedge herself through the door. Like most doors, it wasn’t built for a woman of her ample proportions. She was far too wide to fit, so she had to turn sideways and suck in her gut as far as she could. Even then, she could feel her ass brush against the doorframe as she squeezed through. Just a little while longer, she reminded herself, and then Liz will find a solution… it’ll be fine… don’t worry!**

**Once in the locker room, Erin was faced with a new dilemma. Unzipping her duffel bag, she was relieved to find that she had a swimsuit that fit – she goggled at the yards and yards of blue polyester-nylon blend fabric. I guess even if the new me doesn’t like exercise, she still goes swimming sometimes, thought Erin. But there was still the problem of how she was going to get changed. At home, she had been relying, to her embarrassment, on Liz’s help to get dressed in the morning. But now she was all on her own. This was going to be a chore!**

**She grit her teeth. Well, there wasn’t anything to do except do it. She had to at least try! Huffing and puffing, she gripped the hem of her sweat top and yanked it over her head. Her sports bra was next, but it was difficult to get her swollen fingers under the edge of the tight fabric. Miraculously, she peeled it off without losing her balance – not even when her ginormous breasts flopped free and slapped against her gut with a loud PLAP. The noise was so loud that Erin was surprised when the other women in the locker room didn’t react. They were all studiously ignoring her with an intensity that signaled just how much they wanted to stare. Well, who could blame them? It wasn’t every day that you saw a woman as big as Erin.**

**She lifted one enormous, tree-trunk leg onto the bench with a sigh. She bent as far forward as she could, the blood rushing to her head and making her woozy as she worked to pull off her sneaker. How much DID she weigh, she wondered idly. She still had no clue. She hadn’t even bothered to try the scale in the apartment, confident that she had long since maxed out its capacity. But the gym had a heavy duty scale in the corner of the locker room. She had seen it many times on her visits in her previous life. She’d never bothered with it, simply because she’d never needed to… but now?**

**With some effort, she traded legs and pulled off her other shoe. She grabbed at the waistband of her leggings, wincing as she felt the elastic fray apart in her grasp. She’d really overstretched these pants and they weren’t long for this world. Whatever. She didn’t have time to worry about that now. She struggled with the waistband, tugging it down, down, down, over her blubbery belly, her massively plump pubic mound, feeling it pull as it slid over her ass, and then… oh no.. oh noo!!! Erin had moved too quickly for her own good and she could feel gravity reasserting itself. Freed from its confines, the twin globes of her ponderously plump posterior burst forth with a vengeance. The weight was too much and it was dragging her backwards. Erin let go off her leggings and held her arms out, hoping to steady herself. She could sense all the other women in the room staring, all bracing themselves for her impact, as if she was so fat that she might cause the whole building to collapse when she hit the ground.**

**“Oh gawd! Oh no! I’m.. I’m falling… help!!” Erin cried as she tumbled backwards, arms pin-wheeling, and landed with a crash on her vast rear. Luckily, her thick layer of jelly protected her from any damage, although she could feel the aftershocks reverberating through her blubber like an echo. Ugh! Her face went red again. The good news was that her padding was so thick that she hit the ground without sustaining any major injuries, but the bad news was that she was simply too fat to get up!**

**“Ugh! Oof! Ugh!” grunted Erin, flailing her thick arms and kicking her flabby legs uselessly. She was too round, her body suspended in an ocean of lard. The weight of her breasts and belly held her down and the gravity of her enormous rear prevented her from lifting off the ground. All that she could do was squirm and whine helplessly.**

**“Are you okay?” asked one of the other women in the locker room, edging closer to get a better look at this vast woman who couldn’t even get up off her fat ass because she was so huge. “Do you need some help?”**

**Erin sputtered in embarrassment. She hated to admit it. It was bad enough that she had to rely on Elizabeth for help with getting out of bed and getting dressed… now she had to ask complete strangers for help! But the truth was that Erin couldn’t afford to pretend she had any dignity. If she refused help, she would be stuck on the floor all day.**

**“Yes, please,” she sighed, her jowls quivering. The woman took her wrists and tried to lift her up as Erin heaved with all her might. She didn’t move. Erin was simply too heavy, but it was more than that… she was too weak, her muscles atrophied from years of disuse. Erin had to remind herself that all her years of loyal gym attendance hadn’t actually happened; they’d all been erased by Elizabeth’s spell. She wasn’t a toned gym bunny anymore, she was a massive blob of flesh, grown vast from years and years of overindulgence and lazy living. It would take way more than a single day at the gym to fix this! Erin was just fooling herself to think that this would make a difference. She was a blimp and everyone knew it! She didn’t have any business coming to the gym! What was she thinking?**

**“Here, let me help,” said another woman. “Poor dear.” The woman’s sympathy only made things worse! She was so fat that these women weren’t even shocked or appalled by her size – all they felt was pity!**

**A third woman soon joined and then a fourth, but every futile attempt to get Erin up off the floor only added to her embarrassment. Jeez! How big was she that it took four people to get her back on her feet? They were all doubtless thinking about how heavy she was, wondering why she let herself get this fat before even trying to lose any weight. And what could she tell them? Oh sorry, I’m not usually a bloated sow like this… it’s my roommate’s fault, you see. Ugh! How humiliating!**

**“This… isn’t working…” said one woman. “One sec, I’ll get some help.”**

**Erin squeezed her eyes shut and willed herself to stay zen. She couldn’t believe that four women weren’t strong enough to help her! She was even more humiliated when the woman returned with Chad trailing behind her.**

**“Oh no,” whispered Erin under her breath. Not Chad! Anyone but Chad! Sure, it wasn’t like she could hide her size from him, but… now he was gonna see her in her most helpless position! She hated the idea that Chad would see her like this and realize that she was so fat, that she’d let herself get so fat, that she couldn’t even stand up on her own!**

**“Oh hi there!” said Chad brightly. “I remember you! Erin, right?”**

**“Yeah, it’s me…” mumbled Erin. Of course, he remembered her! How could anyone forget a 600 pound blob of blubber?**

**“Let’s see if we can help you up! C’mon, we’ll all work together…”**

**Slowly, steadily, Chad and the women worked together to push Erin to her feet; she felt like tipped over cow being righted… or a beached whale being dragged back into the ocean. She could feel the eyes of every woman in the room on her and Erin suddenly remembered that her leggings were tangled around her chubby knees and her massive ass was on display, jutting out behind her like twin beachballs in the world’s most spectacular ghetto booty, her fraying overstretched panties wedged between her rotund cheeks.**

**“There you go,” said Chad.**

**“T-thanks, Chad… I don’t know what I would have done without your help…”**

**“It’s no problem, Erin. Although… ahem… so… your leggings…”**

**“Oh shit!” Erin grabbed at her leggings and yanked them up. Her face went as red as a tomato.**

**“Listen,” said Chad, lowering his voice. “I need to get out of here quick, I’m really not supposed to be here in the ladies’ locker room, and maybe this isn’t appropriate… but I just wanted to say… maybe, when you’re done with your work out… if you’re free later… maybe we could get some coffee?”**

**Erin nodded dumbly, her thick wattle of a double chin jiggling. Was this for real? Was Chad asking her out? She had been flirting with this guy for years without any results and today she came in as a waddling zeppelin, fell on her ass… and he just asked her out?!? This was insane! She was way too big! Then again… could it be that he liked her big? Was that what was happening here? “Sure… uh… sure, Chad… I’d like that…”**

\* \* \*

“Gawd, what a day…” Erin staggered through the front door of the apartment, gasping for breath, her body drenched with sweat. She felt another pang of regret that she’d let her pride get the best of her today and she had tried to get by without her scooter. Her eyes fell longingly on the scooter stashed in a corner of the living room and then on the devastated sofa and the enormous divot across all three seats that was obviously the result of years of supporting Erin’s monumental ass. All she wanted to do was sit down and relax for a little… She just needed some time to recover after an exhausting day. Sure, things weren’t as bad as they could be: Her promotion was still (relatively) on track and her failed gym visit had at least snagged her a cute guy’s phone number… but just carrying around all this extra poundage left her so tired!

The first thing that Erin noticed was the delectable smell in the air. She inhaled deeply, filling her lungs with the scent of delicious garlic and basil. Her enormous bely rumbled softly in response and her mouth began to water. Elizabeth must be cooking dinner and it smelled like she was making her famous spaghetti and meatball recipe. Not the most exciting dinner, but Erin was so hungry that she would have eaten a horse! The smell was so delicious that it almost distracted Erin from any thoughts about her very heavy situation. But not entirely!

“Elizabeth!” she called. “Did you find a cure yet?”

“Ohhh… Erin… you’re back?” came Elizabeth’s voice. “I, uh, didn’t have time to…”

“You didn’t have time? Aw, c’mon! Lizzie, you can’t expect me to keep up like this! I’m ready to have a heart attack just lugging this fat ass around!”

“Well, I’m glad to hear you finally admit it,” came a familiar voice. “They say that’s the first step toward recovery.”

Erin froze. She knew that voice. Oh, goddamnit! She had completely forgotten that her mother was coming over for dinner.

Her mother stalked out of the kitchen, Elizabeth following close behind.

“S-sorry, Erin, I didn’t have get to… you know, the thing,” said Elizabeth, pointing at Erin’s mother behind her back to indicate exactly why she hadn’t got around to it. “Your mom came over early and, uh, I had to get started on dinner for us all and…”

“Hi Mom,” said Erin dully. Her mother was always giving her guff about her size. At least, her mother was always giving her guff back when she was “thin Erin.” Nothing was ever good enough for Mrs. Gonzalez, who found fault with her daughter’s voluptuous curves and protruding posterior. Who know how she would react to a daughter who now weighed over a quarter ton and had a butt as massive as a Volkswagon?

Erin was vaguely surprised to see that her mother hadn’t changed. She was the same svelte, ginger-haired virago that she had always been. Mrs. Gonzalez looking like an older, more prickly version of Erin. The older woman arched an eyebrow as she took in the sight before her, a monstrously fat woman, busting out of her ill-fitting leggings and tank-top, her flabby gut sagging nearly to the floor, her jumbo-sized butt cheeks muffintopping out of her over-stretched stretch pants, her pillowy arms propped against the wall to keep her upright, her deep cleavage welling out of her top, her double chin so thick and chubby that it threatened to overwhelm her first chin, her whole body slick with sweat. There was no way that Mrs. Gonzales wouldn’t read her the riot act!

“Hmm, have you gained even more weight?” sniffed Erin’s mother. Of course that would be the first thing that she said!

“If only you knew,” mumbled Erin under her breath. She had to remind herself that, in this altered reality, her mother had always known her daughter as a 600 pound whale. Grunting like the enormous sow that she was, Erin waddled toward the couch. She put her chubby hands to the small of her back, helping to support herself like a severely pregnant woman might. Mrs. Gonzales watched her obese daughter’s plodding trek with morbid fascination.

“My God, Erin, I didn’t think it was possible, but you’re even bigger than you were last time I visited! How much do you weigh now? 400 pounds? 500 pounds?”

“600, actually,” muttered Erin as she dumped her fat ass onto the couch with a crash and a satisfied groan. She half-expected the ruined sofa to completely collapse under her bulk; it creaked and sagged but it held on. Mrs. Gonzales shook her head, noting that Erin was so wide that she completely filled the whole couch by herself, her flabby flanks hanging over the armrests. Erin wasn’t actually sure that she was 600 pounds. She hadn’t yet found a scale capable of handling her extreme poundage, so she was really just guessing from eyeballing her girth in the mirror.

“600 pounds?! My god, Erin, don’t you have any pride in your appearance? Don’t you worry about your health? I cannot believe that my daughter has allowed herself to disappear under all this disgusting blubber!”

The elder Gonzales stalked over to her daughter and grabbed a handful of exposed belly fat, shaking it vigorously for emphasis. She dropped Erin’s gut and watched with a sneer as the fat girl’s blubber wobbled for several seconds before coming to a rest.

“Mom, I’m really not in the mood… I’ve had a really long day…”

“And everyday is gonna be like that as long as you’re carrying around all that extra weight. I’m just worried about you, sweetie, you know I want what’s best for you.”

“Mom, I don’t need your concern,” said Erin, gritting her teeth.

“You really ought to try this new diet I’m on,” said Mrs. Gonzalez, wandering around the apartment and running her finger along the top of the mantlepiece as if to test for dust. She was the sort of woman who would do that. “It’s done wonders or my figure. Maybe it’ll do something for yours. Maybe you’ll even FIND a figure under all that lard.”

“Sweetie, I can’t sugarcoat it anymore. You’re fatter every time that I see you. You can barely walk, you can barely even fit out through your front door. How can you live like this? You’re never going to find yourself a man—”

“Actually, I just today got a number from a guy at the gym.”

Mrs. Gonzalez arched a skeptical eyebrow. “You were at the gym? Hmm, of course you were. Well, okay, even if you find a man, how do you expect to make a living? No one’s going to hire a blob like you!”

“I have a job! I’m a food columnist at a magazine!”

“Yes, but you’re going to be stuck as a food columnist! No one will take a chance on promoting a fat girl—”

“I just got promoted to food editor today!”

Mrs. Gonzalez paused. “Okay! Fine! But…. But…” She sputtered, trying to think of anything else she could criticize, that she could blame on her daughter’s escalating weight.

“For real, sweetie, you’re just absolutely blowing up like a balloon these days. Why, you’re so huge that I would swear you look like you’re going to just explode if you keep this up. You know this can’t be healthy. Won’t you at least try to get control of your eating for my sake?”

“You know, Mom, I’m an adult. I don’t need your advice.”

Mrs. Gonzalez stiffened. “I’m just trying to help, Erin.”

“Well, maybe I don’t need your help. Maybe I’m just fine the way I am. Maybe I’m happy.”

Was she? Gawd, this was insane to think… but she sort of was? Her life wasn’t significantly worse as a fat woman, nothing like she’d feared… her job was secure, her love life looked like it might actually be improving, and, best of all, she had a real excuse to indulge in any kind of treat that she wanted. She thought back to that delicious mega-sized mocha cappachino she’d guzzled down right before work. Thin Erin would never have done that! Sure, there were drawbacks… the fact that she was way to rotund to get out of bed by herself or dress herself or even drive a car. But the more she thought about it, the more she felt like the perks of the position outweighed the problems.

“Is that how you are now, Erin? You’re happy being an obese pig? Happy being a massive blob? Look at you, you fill the whole couch now! I know you think I’m being harsh, but I’m just telling you the truth, sweetie.”

Erin laughed a harsh laugh. She couldn’t help it! It was so funny that, despite all the weirdness of the day, her mother was still exactly the same! It really put her mother’s nagging into perspective, to know that whether she was a slightly thick venus or a massively bloated heavyweight, Mrs. Gonzales’ reactions to her daughter would be exactly the same. It really made it hard to take her seriously!

“I am happy,” said Erin defiantly. She was surprised to hear the words coming out of her mouth. Okay, maybe they weren’t entirely true. Maybe she still wanted to go back to being “thin Erin.” But it felt so good to say those words and watch her mother’s face wilt. Let the old bat chew on that! Erin didn’t need to listen to this negativity any longer.

“Fine,” said Mrs. Gonzales, turning on her heel. “I see how it is. I know exactly what’s going on here. It’s that roommate of yours, isn’t it? Don’t lie to me! You started gaining weight as soon as you moved in together, so I know she’s a bad influence on you! I watched the sort of food that she cooks! And I know you, Erin, you have no self control! You just eat anything that they put in front of you!”

Erin laughed again, even louder. Her mother was right, but she had no idea how right she was. “Thin Erin” might have struggled to resist temptation, but just one day as “Fat Erin” had proven that she didn’t even bother to try resisting anymore. She was an eating machine, always hungry and always ready for more! But even more so, Erin’s mother didn’t realize how right she was about who was responsible for her daughter’s gain. Elizabeth had made her fat, yes, just not in the way that her mother thought!

“Fine, I can see that my help isn’t appreciated here! I guess I’ll just leave!” huffed Mrs. Gonzaeles

“Oh, come off it, Mom, you’re not even gonna stay for dinner?”

“Bah! I wouldn’t want to ruin my diet anyway!”

Erin rolled her eyes in annoyance as her mother stomped out of the apartment, slamming the door as she left. Good riddance! Normally, she always felt bad when her mother left in a huff after one of their fights, but today? Strangely, she didn’t care all that much. Maybe that was because everything that happened to her as “Fat Erin” still didn’t feel quite real. Maybe once Elizabeth solved this problem and things went back to normal, her mother wouldn’t even remember this argument! The whole idea was oddly freeing and Erin felt herself completely unbothered by the older woman’s cracks about her weight. Sure, she was fat… monumentally fat! Hugely fat! But what was so bad about that? Her life was more on track than ever, so why should she complain? And why should her mother care?

“I’m really sorry about all that,” said Elizabeth. “I didn’t expect this would cause so much trouble. Erin, I swear that I’ll fix this, I just need a little more time—”

“Yeah, yeah, it’s fine.” Erin waved her chubby hand dismissively. “Don’t worry about my mom, she’s always a handful. But it sure felt nice to give her what-for for once. Maybe that’ll give her something to chew on!” Erin laughed. “Speaking of, what is that you’re cooking? It smells delicious..."

"Oh, it's just spaghetti and meatballs. Sorry, I kind of forgot your mom was coming and I had to make something fast. I didn’t know she was gonna take it so bad. I mean, it’s just pasta! She was acting like it’s poison.”

“Too many carbs for her. But, Gawd, who cares about her? I’m starving! I haven’t had anything to eat since lunch and I’m dying of hunger. Bring it out here, will ya?”

“Oh, you don’t want to… come to the table…”

Erin raised her flabby arms, her drooping bingo wings waving, and motioned to her blob-like body. “Get real, Erin! I’ve been on my feet all day and I’m pooped! I’m not moving from this sofa again tonight! Bring it here and I’ll chow down.”

“S-sure, one sec.”

Elizabeth gulped. She felt her temperature rising as she watched Erin stretch out on the couch, watching the rolls of fat down her back jiggle as Erin shifted her weight. Gawd, she was so magnificent! She was so huge and majestic, Erin felt like she was witnessing something sublime, something beyond the everyday and ordinary when she looked at Erin. During all her magic spells and ritualwork, she always hoped to feel the presence of the otherworldly, the spiritual, the divine… something beyond the mundane world! And Erin, in all her plumped-up, porked-up glory, was definitely something beyond the ordinary. Was it silly to compare Erin to the eternal goddess just because she was so fat? It was hard not to see a hint of fertility goddesss about her, the look of a voluptuous Venus, a little bit of the eternal mother… It made Elizabeth a little woozy to think about!

Elizabeth settled the kettle of spaghetti on the coffee table in front of Erin. Erin raised an eyebrow.

“You coulda just brought me a plate, you know?”

“I just thought a big gal like you… would have a big appetite.” Elizabeth chanced a quick pat on her roommate’s exposed gut, hoping that it seemed casual and that Erin wouldn’t object. Erin didn’t even flinch.

“Okay, well, hurry up, I’m really hungry!”

As Elizabeth loaded up a platter with noodles and doused them with marinara sauce, Erin related her day.

“So I guess I got the promotion,” said Erin, slurping spaghetti as she talked. “And guess what else? That cute guy at the gym? I actually got his number!”

“Wow! I guess there’s some good things about your size now, huh?”

“Don’t get any ideas, though. You’re still gonna fix this, right?”

“Oh, uh, yeah, of course!”

Elizabeth stared as Erin mowed her way through the plate of spaghetti, oblivious to the fact that sauce spattered all over her cheeks and chin as she ate. As she gulped down the last of her meal, Erin quietly ladled a second helping. Erin didn’t blink; she dove in without a second thought. Elizabeth’s heart beat faster at the sight. Wow, this new fat Erin really was a mindless eater! Like her mother said, she would just eat anything that you put in front of her without a thought! Erin’s mind raced as she imagined an Erin even bigger, an Erin so massive that she overflowed the couch and filled the apartment.

“Mmm… so good,” mumbled Erin. “Gawd, you really outdid yourself, Elizabeth… my mom doesn’t know what she’s missing… Gawd, can you believe her? Always on a diet. Ha! Guess I don’t need to worry about that now…”

“No,” said Elizabeth dumbly. Her hand reached out, unbidden, and patted Erin’s billowing belly again, her fingers trembling at the sensation of the soft tender flesh.

“Ooof, that feels good.” Erin sighed, her mouth still filled with spaghetti.

“Yeah? Um, you like that? Here, maybe this’ll help you feel better. You know, after your hard day.” Elizabeth started rubbing her roomate’s gut, moving in slow, rhythmic circles. Erin felt prickles of desire along her spine in response…. Boy, this felt so good! Nothing was better than filling your belly to capacity while receiving a nice, slow belly rub! The gargantuan girl leaned back in her seat, holding her plate up to her face, and continued to eat as Erin rubbed. The two girls slowly started to find a rhythm – Erin ate with Elizabeth replenishing her plate every so often while tenderly rubbing her middle.

“Mm so good,” muttered Erin. “Gawd, I just wanna eat like this forever! I swear, I’ve spent so many years fighting with my weight… it at least feels nice to relax for a little…Even if it’s just temporary…”

“Mmm… It doesn’t have to be temporary,” said Elizabeth quietly.

If Erin heard her roommate’s breathy words, she didn’t react. She was too busy eating. Food was more than a simple panacea for the woes of the day, it filled her with an indescribable joy to taste the sensational flavors against her tongue, to feel the gutload of rich carb-heavy pasts filling the yawning void in her middle, gradually filling it up and out, feeling her stomach finally reach its natural limit and then… keep stretching. She was full by now, stuffed with rich sauce and marbled meatballs, but she kept eating and Elizabeth kept spooning more onto her plate, more more more, Gawd, why did she need more? She didn’t need more, more was the last thing that she should eat… But how could she resist? After all, she was a blob, why should she worry about eating too much, about putting on too many pounds? And with Elizabeth subtly encouraging her… everything just felt soooo good! Erin blinked, a sudden flash of rationality breaking through the pleasure stupor of the feast: What was she doing? What was Elizabeth doing? This entire meal was charged with erotic potential, she could feel Elizbeth’s hand on her gut, she could feel Elizabeth’s warmth next to her, she could feel her desire burning…. But more than anything, she wanted more to eat!

“Keep eating, Erin,” whispered Elizabeth suddenly. “Eat it all up. You know you want it all, don’t you?”

“Y-yes… Yes, I do. Gawd, I want it all! I want to… keep eating…”

“Yes, good. Good. That’s what I want to hear. I… a cook likes to hear that.”

Erin ate and ate and ate. Gradually, the food in the pot started to disappear, as Erin’s greedy gorging finally made a dent in the feast. Her belly stretched further and further in front of her, rounding out like an inflating balloon. Erin’s bulk was so huge and flabby that she looked like a blob of lard, but when she gorged herself, when she ate til she was absolutely stuffed to the brim and crammed to the hilt and so completely full that she was certain that even thinking about another bite would be enough to make her detonate like a nuclear bomb... then she started to look like a balloon inflating, like a big round bouncy blimp. The idea was making Elizabeth wild with desire and even Erin was starting to feel… funny in the nethers. What was doing it? Was she excited for the food? Or was she excited for Elizabeth? Or was it some of both?

Oh my Gawd, thought Erin, am I… am I hot for Elizabeth? I’ve never thought about that before… but she’s never treated me like this before! She’s so tender, rubbing my big big belly and feeding me and whispering in my ear… what does it all mean? Could this be real? Or is this something else that’s just going to vanish into the ether the moment that I go back to being “Thin Erin?”

By the time the ladle hit the bottom of the empty pot, Erin was absolutely stuffed. She would not have believed that it was possible to fill up a girl as big as her, but here she was: so absolutely bloated that the couch felt too shallow for her and her enormously rotund and overfilled belly felt like it might just drag her forward to the floor. The weight was astronomical… but not unpleasant! There was a comforting warm feeling in her overloaded gut that she’d never considered before, but she liked it. Being fat wasn’t nearly as bad as her mother had led her to believe! She pondered back on the days events, all the petty humiliations and mild inconveniences… but then all the ways that things seemed to be turning out right for her too… It really made her rethink her assumptions. Maybe she was okay with being Fat Erin. Maybe she could live like this. Well, at least she could live like this until Elizabeth found a cure, right? She did still want a cure, right? Her head was swimming. Everything was so confusing!

“That was – burp – something,” said Erin, her soft hands resting on her full belly, her lazy eyes glazed over. She felt so full and warm and satisfied that she just wanted to doze off. Everything was just so nice!

“Yeah,” said Elizabeth, suddenly a little awkward. Her cheeks were pink. What just happened? Had she just (sort of) made a move on her roommate? Gawd, what was wrong with her? She should know better than that! Sure, this new blob-sized Erin was super hot to her, but… she couldn’t just encourage this! Maybe it would all go back to normal when she returned Erin to her old thin size. Yes, that was the ticket! Then everything would be normal again and they could all just forget about this incident.

“I… I guess I should get back to finding a cure for your, um, predicament,” said Elizabeth, staring off in to the distance and doing her best not to look at the looming lard-ass filling the whole couch next to her.

“Oh,” said Erin. “I don’t think there’s any rush on that.”

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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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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](mailto:mcoddles@hotmail.com) . I always love hearing what people have to say!

Best wishes,

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