

# **ROUNDING OUT RACHEL**

*A Weight Gain story written by HowdyThere5 and illustrated by Berserker1133.*

## **Chapter 2:**

“An’ then I shaid ‘What do you mean I put on weight?’” Rachel mumbled through a mouthful of cheetos before she tilted her head back and inhaled the remainder of her bag of chips, or rather Cory’s chips. She casually tossed the empty bag on the coffee table with the others. “I mean, can you believe that? Like– BUUUURP! ‘Scuse me! Like, who does that!? I swear Cor, my family, my roommates, even Brad have really been on my ass lately...”

Cory briefly looked away from his game of Overwatch to gaze back at his slobby friend and he couldn’t help but cringe. While he appreciated Rachel for what she was doing for him, not to mention hanging out with him so much, he pondered at what cost?

As Cory had guessed all those months ago when she had first proposed her “solution”, Rachel had no hope of avoiding the inevitable consequences to her unfettered eating habits. Considering the sheer quantity of greasy and unhealthy foods he ate, it was little surprise the pig-tailed cutie had filled out considerably over the past semester and, evidently, Winter Break as well. It was for that reason that he couldn’t help but feel a twinge of guilt. After all, he was the one who essentially enabled her all this time.

It had started innocently enough. Rachel excitedly came over to his dorm, eyes going wide as she gawked over his impressive video game. What had initially been meant to be a semi-professional meet-up for their group project had quickly devolved to a several hour long conversation about their shared love of Nintendo games, specifically the Smash Bros. series, Overwatch, Call of Duty, and so many more! And of course, there were snacks to help them power through their shared nerd-out. Or there were snacks for Rachel at least.

“Hey!” Rachel had said. She wagged her finger when she caught sight of poor Cory trying to sate his appetite with some chocolate. “I told you, I’m going to help you lose weight. How am I supposed to do that if you keep eating this stuff!?”

Cory had quickly caved and handed over his precious chocolate bar. Soon after Rachel, taking on a drill sergeant facade, quickly commandeered everything. If their first encounter at the cafeteria was any indicator, then he shouldn’t have been surprised by the obscene amount of food the brunette could put away. What’s more, she kept coming over and hanging out more and more often, nearly everyday in fact. Wherever Cory went, Rachel was his shadow. And that meant a lot of eating.

However, that didn’t mean the obese Sophomore was going to play fair. He vowed he would get as much of his favorite, most fattening snacks. He planned out to hide stashes of junk food throughout his dorm room that Rachel wouldn’t gobble up. It was, admittedly, quite petty and counterproductive. It was so much so that Cory had even managed to gain some weight! But he couldn’t help it! He may have wanted to lose some

weight and not be verbally abused by his fellow students, but his addiction to his favorite foods was greater.

Much to his surprise, Rachel just continued to eat. In fact, she even out-ate Cory quite frequently, which was saying a lot! But at the end of the day, it was her choice to indulge in his unhealthy habits. It certainly wasn't his fault if she was just too blind to realize it wasn't working. At all. Hell, he'd have to be blind to not see what the vixen was doing to herself.

Bringing Cory back to the present, he totally ignored his match and observed her even more closely. Seeing her eating like a pig, he had to admit, Cory didn't like the new Rachel. He didn't like how she was taking her stellar body for granted and ruining it. But, she was the only girl he knew, or at least the only one who enjoyed his company. Beggars can't be choosers, right?

Rachel's already impressive hourglass figure had become more exaggerated, with her breasts especially taking the brunt of her weight gain. Those already massive mammaries had inflated to the point that any of any shirt she wore was essentially a bra. Of course, that wasn't saying much considering how slutty she already dressed. But judging by the flamboyant purple low-cut midriff-shirt she was clad in right now, it wasn't far from the truth. Cory couldn't help but wet his lips as he eyed that canyon of cleavage.

Of course, he'd never do that! Rachel's his friend! But he'd be lying if he said he didn't want to motorboat that bountiful chest right then and there. Those things were as big as her head!

And those thighs! Cory watched how they began to lightly kiss each other like two star-struck lovers over the course of the semester. Now, there wasn't a moment that went by that they weren't chafing furiously against each other. Even her arms had chunked up, developing from scrawny twigs to softening bimbo wings. It wouldn't be long before they became all flabby and flat out burst from her sleeves like a can of sausages, no doubt encouraged by the severe lack of exercise and excess calories.

Then there was that ass. Where thin Rachel had a fairly firm, yet round butt, now had been promoted to a full on bubble butt! There wasn't a day that passed when Rachel wasn't complaining about her shorts eating a bit more booty than usual, or her panties looking more like thongs or her thongs being incredibly painful...

Speaking of thongs, Rachel had made it a habit of stripping down in Cory's dorm to "relax" and "breathe a little" as the plumpening beauty had aptly put it. No matter how often he's seen Rachel stripped down, and it was often, he just could never get used to it. He looked away, to give her some decency, something that Rachel always joked with him about. Today was no different, with Rachel clad in an uncomfortable-looking purple thong that dug into her wider hips.

Yet what was most perhaps the most glaring change was the way her potbelly oozed over the waistband of her panties, or rather, jutted proudly outward. If anything, she looked massively pregnant right now, no doubt thanks to all that junk food she crammed down that throat of hers. He couldn't stress enough how amazed he was at how much this girl could eat!

If Cory was a betting man, he'd say that the tubby brunette had put on the Freshman Fifteen twice over! So much for that "great metabolism" she had prided herself over at the beginning of the school year...

The obese blonde was drawn out of his trance by Rachel's manicured fingers snapping in his face. "Yo! Earth to Cory! Don't go all deer-in-headlights on me now!"

"S-sorry! I-I was just thinking..." Cory lied and looked away. He couldn't bring himself to hurt her feelings, he just couldn't! She was literally the only friend he had. Well, in-person friend that is.

"Anything related to the project?" She raised her eyebrow. "Or am I just doing all the heavy-lifting?"

"H-hey! Weren't you busy going on your little tangent about your family?"

"Yeah, and I was multitasking." She lifted up her laptop and placed it back on her flab-cushioned thighs.

"I was just thinking how your family doesn't know what they're talking about. Y-you look the same to me." Cory lied. A part of him really wanted to tell her. To tell her to stop destroying her perfect body before it's too late. But he bit his tongue. Not yet. "And the others can go and shove it while they're at it! Some friends they're being!"

Rachel smiled. "Damn straight! That's what I'm saying!"

"And as for the project, I sent some primary sources the other day that I think could be helpful. Specifically for the feederism fetish." Cory scratched at his flabby chest. He wondered if maybe he was subtle enough, then she would catch on to her gain.

"Honestly, I think we have more than enough research. I mean, we've got a ton for that one plus the macro and exhibitionism fetish and is a pretty wide range. It'll definitely help us stand out." Rachel yawned while she reached across the couch for the opened box of twinkies. Her bloated belly nearly knocked her laptop off. Cory simply shook his head. Maybe he had been too subtle

"You're one of a kind, Rachel." The blonde hummed to himself as he returned his attention to the game.

"Hol' up." The blimping brunette mumbled through a mouthful of food. "What time ish it?"

"Quarter-past two. Why?" Cory didn't even bother looking in her direction.

"Fuck! I've gotta get ready for the frat party tonight!" Rachel launched herself off the couch with the agility of a girl a dozen pounds lighter. She put a hand tentatively to her food-baby as she snatched her discarded jeans off the floor, giving Cory a perfect view of her cheeks swallowing her thong. He averted his eyes as best he could, but the discomfort in his pants told him it was a tad too late for that.

Rachel managed to pull them up her calves and past her thunder thighs, only to be met with some substantial resistance: her aforementioned fatass. No matter how high she

hiked them up, nor how much she shimmied, they just wouldn't climb over her shelf of an ass.

"Nnngh! Fuck!" Rachel breathed. Her chest strained against her midriff-top from the exertion.

"Try lying down. The angle should help." Cory suggested. He looked over in between the match with a concerned look on his face.

Rachel waddled over to Cory's bed and, with the grace of a sack of bricks, collapsed onto the soft surface. Laid out on his bed, the chubster resumed her struggle. In the tumultuous process, she quickly ruffled and kicked out the sheets he had just recently cleaned. Cory sighed.

The overweight blonde noted how her dome of a stomach jutted out past her massive breasts! Though, he managed to barely make out her boobs angrily jiggling within the confines of her top. The fight with that "faulty" pair of pants caused her whole body to shake and slosh about. He simply shook his head.

"Ngh! Oh come on! What gives!" Rachel grunted as she tugged her jeans as hard as she could. "There's no way this shrunk in the dryer too! And it's not like I even ate that much, right Cory?"

"Welllllll," Cory scrunched his face, "Actually Rachel, you ate quite a lot. Your belly looks pretty bloated, like you're pregnant or something..."

"Oh shut up Cory! I was trying to help you with your diet, remember?" She rolled her eyes. "Ugh! Forget it! Just come here and help me squeeze my ass into these damn jeans!"

"I don't know, Rachel. I don't think they'll even make it over that ass of yours..."

Cory made out a familiar pair of green eyes giving him an icy stare over those fat tits and even fatter belly. He gulped. But when he heard a burp escape her lips, he couldn't help but laugh.

"Hey! Honesty's the best policy, right?!" He playfully held up his hands.

"You're lucky we're friends, buster. Or else I'd kick your ass." Rachel put on as deep and macho of a voice as she could. It wasn't very intimidating.

"I don't know about that, scrawny." Cory joked back.

"Har, har! Now get your big butt over here and give me a hand!"

Cory sighed and struggled out of his beanbag chair. The extra fifteen pounds he gained had certainly not made moving around any easier. But for once he wasn't blushing at his own embarrassment but rather the chance to help his hot friend into her pair of pants. Albeit, his at least thirty pounds-fatter friend, but she still managed to make him blush.

"Alright," He managed to breathe once he plodded over. "Would you mind standing up and sucking in? I'll help give them a tug."

Rachel raised both her eyebrows. “You seriously think I haven’t been sucking in this whole time!?”

Cory responded with an incredulous shrug of his own. “Then I guess suck in even more!”

“Fiiiiiiiiiiiiine!”

Rachel sucked in as much as she could, to the point that she was sweating, but nothing had changed. She still looked like she’d eaten a bowling ball. She then gave an audible gasp as Cory tugged the jeans up with all his might. The waistband squished up her bubble butt, causing it to rub against his crotch. He was grateful Rachel was such a ditz at times since she didn’t say anything about his growing boner. However, Rachel did say something about his next rough heave.

“OW!” She yelped. “Careful back there! You’re making”

“Then suck in more!” Cory said through gritted teeth. “Just a little more!”

After what was a solid 10 minutes of sweaty pulling and sucking in, they managed to squish her jello-y ass into her pants, much to the chubette’s discomfort. The jeans looked painted on and pinched heavily into her flabby love-handles but that didn’t matter. Her “shrunk” jeans finally covered her bulbous butt. It was over.

“Thanks! You’re a lifesaver!” Rachel exhaled, her stomach immediately expanding to its enlarged glory again.

“Ummm. What about your z-zipper and button?” Cory nervously scratched his hair.

Rachel looked down. She was so busy trying to get the damn things over her derriere that she had completely forgotten about the next step. Her thong was completely visible between the open flaps. She pinched her nose and sighed.

“Fuck it. I’m going out like this.”

“Seriously?” It was Cory’s turn to raise an eyebrow.

She shrugged. “Yeah, whatever. I’m getting changed when I get back anyway. If people catch a glimpse, then so be it.”

“All the power to you I guess...”

Rachel’s eyes went wide when she checked the time on her phone. She began speed-walking to the door. Or rather speed-waddling caused by her jeans. “Shit! I gotta get ready! I’ll see you later!”

“Wait!” Cory called after her. “W-what about your laptop?!”

“I’ll come back for it later! See ya, Cor!” Rachel blew him a kiss that melted his heart.

As she went for the door, Cory noted how her jeans perfectly outlined that fluffy, heart-shaped rear-end of hers. He may not be a huge fan of Rachel’s recent weight gain, and he was able to see the irony in that, but Cory had to admit: her ass definitely looked great in those jeans and even better out of them.

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Rachel was running late. She was never late! Her chubby thighs rubbed furiously against each other as she speed-walked as fast as she could to the Sigma Delta frat party. She was too proud to admit it, but maybe her friends were right the other day when they told her to get some chafing cream. Or to even ditch the once comfortable knee-high platforms she was too proud to not wear...

Speaking of said friends, they had gone out without her. Again. Rachel was the first to admit she may be a bit ditzy sometimes and certainly friendly to a fault, she shuddered just remembering the homeless man situation a while back, but she wasn't oblivious. These were the same friends who've been increasingly making fun of her, unabashedly ditching her at parties, and barely even hanging out with her in public for the past several months. These were the very same friends who kept promising to be better and hang out with the buxom brunette, only to go out to the first Spring semester frat party without her and coincidentally forget to tell her.

"Some friends they're being..." Rachel mused.

It was their loss of course! She's been having a great time chilling with Cory! As fun as all the parties, drinking and debauchery was, it was relaxing and even exciting for Rachel to re-indulge in her former girl-gamer lifestyle she used to have back in high school. While she was still pretty rusty, she was making good progress getting the feel for the controller again and playing the new characters in Overwatch. She was even starting to whoop Cory's fatass in Smash Bros!

The last thought quickly reminded Rachel to tug out the painful wedgie her thong was giving her. She had debated for a good half an hour about what to wear; initially thinking of wearing something more modest, but much to her annoyance, there wasn't much in her quite large wardrobe that has been fitting her lately. Hell, it was a miracle she could even fit her deliciously thick curves into her current attire.

Although Rachel thought nothing of it initially, presuming it was the cheap dryers on campus messing with her clothes. However, when she started buying her usual sizes online and at the mall only for none of her newly bought stylish clothes to not fit, it quickly became apparent to Rachel that maybe it wasn't the dryer's fault after all. Just a late growth spurt or something, Rachel thought. It'll pass...

But these thoughts quickly evaporated from the pig-tailed brunette's mind as she entered the infamous Sigma Delta Frat House. As usual, it was packed. And an absolute pigsty. Everyone who was anyone on campus always made it their mission to make it to the annual party. And they'd almost always leave absolutely plastered.

Rachel adjusted her tight white shirt one more time. The fabric was so thin it was practically see-through and gave anyone with a decent set of eyes to gawk at her massive mammaries overflowing her DD-cup black bra and low-cut. Although, if they just so happened to look a little farther south then they would be quick to notice the prominent muffin-top and cavernous belly-button proudly on display and jutting out almost as far as

her most highlighted feature. Even her arms looked fatter, especially with how tightly packed they were in her shirt sleeves. They bulged out of the armholes like packed sausage. Of course, all the jiggles and wobbles weren't only relegated to north of her tight-fitting clubbing skirt.

Her bubble butt and thighs were just as jello-y as the rest of her had become, and were just as painfully packed into her skimpy jean skirt. Rachel was especially proud of herself that she was able to not only get them up over her thickening legs and dump truck for an ass, but even buttoning and zipping them! While it originally went halfway to her slimmer thighs and meant to be provocative before, now they barely went past her crotch! She just had to be sure she didn't bend over. Or sit down. Or...-

GROWWWWL

Rachel was taken out of her thoughts by her empty stomach. She placed a hand delicately on her belly, yet failed to notice how much softer it was. Rachel knew she should've taken more snacks from Cory's place!

The chubette was on a mission and made her way through the crowd towards the kitchen, receiving some looks of lust. One drunk asshole wearing his baseball cap backwards even pinched her thick booty. A quick yet vicious slap to the face quickly put him in his place. Although, the pig-tailed beauty was also receiving her fair share of disdainful looks. Everytime a bit of her pudgy belly rubbed against some frat guy's hand, her more voluptuous hips knocked into some skinny-minnie's wiry frame, or her bubble butt knocked into tables and lamps. Of course, Rachel was oblivious to it all. She was so used to receiving all these looks before, to the point that the brunette had more or less tuned it out like it was white noise.

She sat her thicker behind on a stool in the kitchen, half not noticing nor caring that they seemed to spread over the seat, while she took a swing of a beer she managed to snag from the nearby cooler. As good as it was, she really needed some grub to help soak up some of the booze.

With her signature gusto, she began shoveling anything and everything that was available at the snack bar. A fistful of salty pretzel goodness here, another fistful of buttery popcorn there, some fudgy brownies to shove into her mouth for good measure too, and of course gulping down several bottles of cheap beer nearby. All this careless eating and drinking, unsurprisingly, made quite a mess with some obvious stains finding their way onto her stretched t-shirt. Not to mention the avalanche of food crumbs that had made their way into her deep cleavage. All the while, Rachel was completely oblivious to the many onlookers in the room casually looking over and gossiping about the former campus hottie making an absolute pig of herself.

While the old Rachel was a bit sloppy when it came to eating too, the new Rachel took it to a whole other level. The brunette had conditioned herself over the course of an entire semester to eat as much food as fast as possible to outpace Cory's own bottomless pit of a stomach. If she wanted to help him lose all the weight, then she had to out-eat him all the time. And if the campus hottie was eating the equivalent of thousands of calories a

day, then it was only a matter of time before she became the new campus piggy. Though if anyone was being honest, it seemed like Rachel was already at that point.

“I can’t believe he said that, like, ohmahgawd! What a twink!” An all too familiar voice cackled nearby.

She spotted the backs of her friends. Even under the dim-lighting she could clearly make out the all too familiar mane of red hair and golden locks. She smiled at her luck. This certainly made things easier for her. After all, she didn’t want to spend the whole night searching for her ditzzy friends!

Deciding to take the entire bowl of salt and vinegar chips, Rachel made her way over. However, she couldn’t help but shake this feeling...It may have been the booze talking, but there was something wrong with Nicole that she couldn’t quite place her finger on... Oh well, it’ll come to her eventually.

“Hey hey, bitches!” Rachel loudly mumbled through a mouth still full of partially chewed chips. “How’s it hangin’?!”

The duo turned around, eyes nearly bulging out of their sockets at Rachel and the outfit she had on straining to contain her. Nicole and Bridget weren’t subtle in the slightest as they eyed up their porked up roommate. They took in the soft, untuned arms popping out of her sleeves, the way her belly button pressed against her see-through shirt or how her lower belly drooped slightly out of her shirt and over the waistband of her clearly uncomfortable skimpy jean skirt. They eyed her pastier and thicker thighs, any hint of a thigh gap was buried under several inches of flab. If they could’ve looked at Rachel from behind, they most definitely would’ve hurled at the way her ass cheeks poked out of her skirt. Although, they did stare with envy at the chubette’s impressive bust. Bridget even unconsciously groped at her own lackluster chest.

Nicole was the first to break the silence. “Rachel. You’re here.”

“In the flesh! How come you gals didn’t wait up? Again?” Rachel gave a toothy grin to the blonde’s cold acknowledgement. She was fairly buzzed from her binge, ironically still being a lightweight when it came to drinking.

“Uhhh? Rachel? Have you seen yourself in a mirror lately?” Bridget grimaced. “I mean, look at that outfit!”

“Look at my outfit...? Look at yours!” Rachel drunkenly giggled followed by shoving one last handful of chips into her mouth.

She noted how Bridget was wearing a similarly skimpy leather skirt and a cute black halter top that showed off her little beer belly. Though, it had clearly shrunk since last semester. It seemed like Bridget was sticking to her diet and gym routine like she said she would. Of course, Rachel couldn’t help but see the irony of the fatphobic red-head still struggling to lose her Freshman 15. How could anyone let themselves go like that, much less unabashedly show it off!

The hypocrisy of the thought was lost on Rachel as she fully swallowed the remainder of her chips and absentmindedly scratched her fluffy belly. Nicole and Bridget's dolled-up faces scrunched in disgust.

"C'mon, girls! Let's dance a little! This is my jam!" Rachel rocked out, shaking her booty and hopping up and down. All the rapid movement caused her transparent shirt to ride over her bloated belly, which now acted more like a poorly-made bra than anything else. The "dancing," if anyone could call drunkenly hopping like a bunny and twerking dancing, nearly caused her massive mammaries to pop out of her shirt.

While Rachel was oblivious to the confused, uncomfortable, and even flatout nasty looks she was getting from the other party-goers, her friends weren't as delusional. In fact, they were joining the onlookers in their revulsion and embarrassment.

"There isn't even any music at this party, you fatass." Bridget spat. "You look like you're about to burst out of your clothes..."

"Girl, get some self-control!" Nicole sighed. "Bridge is right, how can you dress like that?! You look like canned sausage!"

It took Rachel a while to notice she also noticed something else about Nicole. The blonde had done up her hair in her usual ponytail, as well as applied at least a pound of makeup to her pretty face. However, it was what she wore that finally clicked in Rachel's head. She was wearing a stunning, form-fitting plum-colored cocktail dress. It fit Nicole perfectly. The way her perky C-cup breasts filled in the v-neck, or how her long, toned legs elegantly flowed out of the mid-thigh hem. It even made her toned yet somewhat flat ass look even juicy. And there were also the diamond-shaped holes on the sides that hinted at the lack of any article of clothing underneath... Rachel could feel her face become hot.

"What the hell, Nikki?!" Rachel yelled a bit louder than she intended. Some of the party-goers were staring at the trio.

"What the hell's your problem!?" Nicole yelled back, waving away her roommate's booze and vinegar breath.

She crossed her arms. "Just what do you have on?"

"Ummmm... My clubbing outfit?" Nicole innocently replied.

"Bitch, that's mine! You went through my closet!" Rachel stomped, eliciting a jiggle from her assets.

"Bitch puh-lease! It's not like you can even fit your fatass into this anymore! May as well put it to good use!" Nicole fired back. Rachel gritted her teeth. She'd never admit it, but Nicole looked stunning in it. Sometimes, she really wanted to slap her friend. Especially when she got this smug.

"Fatass'?" She arched an eyebrow. "You're just jealous cause I'm hotter than you and have B-rad. Besides, I've seen some of the lustful looks I've been getting since I walked in!"

"No, we're not. We just have eyes. Just like everyone else at this party!" Bridget waved around the crowd that had quickly gathered to observe this cat fight. "They all see your

fat body shoved into that hideous outfit. Face it Rach, you're turning into the campus fatty."

"I'm not fat. I'm thicc. Curvy." Rachel placed her hands on her wide hips. "Of course, you wouldn't really know much about that, now would you. Aside from that beer belly of yours, obviously."

If the lighting wasn't so dim in the house, Rachel was sure she would've been able to see Bridget's face dissolve from self-satisfied to beet-red with unbridled rage. Maybe even some rabid foam at the mouth too. And was she being incredibly petty? Yes. Was it toxic to their friendship? Yes. Would it bite her on her juicer ass in the long-run? Absolutely. But was it worth it? Now that wasn't even a question!

Before the redhead even had a chance of firing back a tirade of her own, Nicole cut her off.

"Look, Rachel, what we're trying to say is that if you keep eating like a pig, you're going to turn into one." Nicole stated matter-of-factly. "Hell, you're already getting there. You're just lucky it's been going to the right places so far..."

"I doubt she could even get laid now looking like a fat slob!" Bridget hissed.

"I don't even think she's gotten laid since the beginning of last semester." Nicole admitted.

"Ugh! Whatever, I'm going. I'm sick of your b.s." Rachel rolled her eyes as she got ready to bounce. "Oh, and this "campus fatty" will show you she can still get some great action!"

Rachel gave a hearty smack to her bubble butt and made her way out, leaving them and the other party-goers with a great view at her fattened cheeks bursting out of her skirt. Some people turned away in discomfort, others snickered and drunkenly jeered, and a few even took out their phones and recorded the fallen campus hottie's wardrobe malfunction. But all Rachel took care to notice in her angry, drunken stupor was the painful wedgie her thong was giving her again.

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Rachel was pissed and horny; a deadly combination of emotions to be sure. She could only count on one hand how many times this had happened. It certainly didn't help that all the booze she downed was messing with the more rational part of her brain. The part that would've told her to go back to her dorm, have a glass of water, and lay down. But the fire between her legs needed something more to be put out with than some water and a good night sleep.

Especially after what Rachel's friends had said to her at the party. She needed to unwind. And the only way she did that was with sex. Recently food, but mostly sex.

She needed Brad.

Rachel needed him to do his usual. She needed him to fuck her brains out. Perhaps missionary? Doggy-style? Add in some foreplay? Reverse cowgirl? Bondage? All of the above and more? She shuddered with excitement at just thinking about it.

While Rachel would normally have no problem with Brad, she couldn't be so sure nowadays. As much as Rachel didn't want to admit it, Nicole and Bridget did have a point. It has been a while since she had gotten with someone. Not to mention, Brad had been more distant over the course of the Fall semester and especially over Winter Break. They were barely even texting anymore. Not even sexting! And Brad used to love sexting with her!

Rachel hiccuped before shoving her hand to her plump lips as she felt a wave of nausea come over her. It passed, thankfully. Crisis averted!

The pig-tailed belle lumbered down the hallway to her destination, her pumps clacking up to her good fuck-friend's door. She stopped, fixed up her hair in the fire extinguisher glass reflection. Rachel gave herself a little wink and proceeded to bang on the door.

Thump. Thump! THUMP!

Ugh. Even the door was stained and greasy. Rachel could guess it didn't look much better inside. When would he ever learn?

"Hold up! Gaaaawd!!!" Brad's muffled voice shouted from the other side. "This better be fucking good...!"

It sounded like Rachel may have woken him up just a bit. In hindsight, it was three in the morning. However, desperate times called for desperate measures, and it took all of Rachel's willpower to hold in the dam that was about to burst.

"Darrel, if this is one of your shitty stunts again, I'm gonna knock your fuckin' teeth in—" The shirtless beefcake flung open the door only to be met not by another fellow slab of pure muscle but a very chubby brunette. Too chubby.

He'd known Rachel had gained weight. It's not like he was blind all of last semester. As soon as she started hanging out with that butterball from her sex class or whatever the hell it was, she'd started ballooning. Sure, her tits got pleasantly plumper and started really filling out all her shirts and tops. And sure, her ass got even juicier and filled out those short-shorts she always loved to wear. Damn, Brad was salivating just thinking about that ass...

But there was a reason they haven't been having their usual fucking sessions as frequently. She was starting to grow a bit of a gut. Every shirt she wore, every pair of pants or shorts she tugged up those thickening, jiggling thighs of hers always showed off that muffin-top. Brad may be a musclehead, but he's seen the way she eats. It's a miracle she wasn't the size of Connie or Connor or whatever his name was. Plus, it looked like the brunette had continued to indulge in her sweet tooth back at home too. She must've put on another ten pounds at least!

He didn't even try to hide the look of disgust on his face.

"Rachel," He coldly said, "What're you doing here?"

The tubster brushed past him into the trashy dump that was his room. She made sure to put some extra sway in her hips as she entered. Rachel smirked as she felt Brad's eyes glued to her dumptruck of an ass. She tugged the band of her purple thong out of her skirt, savoring the added attention she knew she was receiving. As an added bonus, the tug also helped a bit with that nasty wedgie that had been bothering her all night. Win-win.

"You know what's up, B-rad. We're starting off the Spring semester on a high note!" She winked at him as she began stripping with a great deal of showmanship.

Rachel first slowly discarded that too tight transparent shirt of hers, tugging out of the waistband of her jean skirt before and showing off her prominent and stuffed beer-belly. Where it would normally be flabby and droopy, now it was taut with beer and an absurd amount of junk food she had absolutely demolished at the snack table. She casually threw the restrictive garment on the ground with the other piles of trash in Brad's room. Normally Rachel would be more careful to not make a mess, especially with her clothes, but she didn't care right now. She could feel herself getting moist at the thought of—

"Oh really?" Brad crossed his arms over his bare pecs and leaned against the doorway.

Rachel paused from her strip-tease and cocked her head to the side, her pig-tails swaying with the gesture. She could only see his silhouette since the hallway light poured in, but in her drunk mind she was sure he was touching her with his eyes. He was putty in her hands like always.

"Uh? Yeah. Really. What's up with you?"

"You can't be this oblivious, Rach!" He groaned, "Fucking look at yourself!"

"I know right? So hot..." Rachel bit her lower lip as she felt her face get flushed. She loved it when he played hard to get.

She arched her back as her swollen boobs, eliciting a creak from her overtaxed lacy bra. She knew Brad's eyes were glued onto her knockout chest. Rachel smirked. She knew him so well.

The brunette then flicked open the button of her jean skirt, allowing her belly to finally breathe and push the zipper down, not that she noticed that detail. She began to shimmy out of them, or as best she could. Much to Rachel's chagrin, they were still plastered around her wider hips. She sighed as she gave them several tugs before they finally popped free and slowly slid down her thunder thighs. Long gone was her thigh gap and lithe legs. Instead they've been covered over by a jello-y layer of flab.

"That's better!" Rachel sensually moaned. She turned around and struck a pose for the silently fuming slab of meat still standing in the doorway. "My clothes have been soooooo tight lately! Really need to let the girls breathe!"

Rachel sensually cupped and squeezed each globular cheek in her hands, allowing her fingers to sink into the blubbery flesh. When she released her grip, they heavily jiggled back into place. She could feel her breathing quicken. If she was feeling this hot already, she knew Brad was about to lose his shit!

She played with her thong, drawing out the elasticity of the band even higher so it really dug into her buttcrack, before she let it satisfyingly snap back into place.

“Jesus Rachel, enough!” Brad boomed and stomped over to the near-naked chubster.

Finally away from the blinding light of the hallway, Rachel could finally see Brad’s face. His lips were curled. His eyes were beady; a vein was popping on his forehead. He wanted to take his eyes away, but he couldn’t help but take her in. All of her. And he wanted to vomit.

“I’m not sure if you’ve noticed this Rach, but you’ve porked up.” Brad roughly grabbed ahold of her love-handles, eliciting a yelp from the brunette, and looked her dead in the eyes. “No way I’m sleeping with your fatass.”

Rachel rolled her eyes and swatted his hands away. “Oh, come on! You’re starting to sound like Nikki and Bridge!”

“Oh yeah? Well maybe they’re onto something,” Brad spat back. “I fuckin’ warned you this would happen, didn’t I? I told you if you didn’t stop hanging around that fatass and didn’t start going to the gym with me, then you were going to blow up!”

“First of all,” She slapped his finger out of her face, “Fuck off. Second of all, he’s my friend! I can hang out with whoever I want!--”

“Even when they make you blow up into a beach ball?” He jabbed a finger in her gut, nearly causing her to puke up all the food from the party. She bumped back with her swollen boobs.

“And third of all!” Rachel stood on her tip-toes so she could get as close to his face as possible. Their lips were mere centimeters apart. “I’m thicc. T-H-I-C-C!”

“More like F-A-T! You need to lay off the muffins!” He grabbed onto her thick love-handles again. He wasn’t sure what grossed him out more: just how much his fingers sank into her flab or how many inches he was able to grip and squeeze.

A loud smack landed square on Brad’s chiseled jaw. “Well then I guess you can kiss this juicy ass and tig bitties goodbye then, asshole!”

“Fine! I guess so!” He snapped while he nursed the side of his face that was burning from the surprisingly harsh slap.

“Whatever!” She made for her discarded clothes, but not before she turned around and hip checked the douche...into his boner?

“OW! What the FUCK Rach!”

Rachel stared back, perplexed by the series of contradictions. However, her confusion quickly became that of lustful confidence. The brunette grinned as she grinded against his crotch. It was impossible to hide anything behind those tiny boxer briefs of his.

“Fuckin’... knock it off...” Brad’s once fatphobic exterior dissipated.

“Hmmm. That’s funny. It seems like at least someone is happy to see thicc me!” The brunette cooed. She could feel herself getting a little moist herself as she twerked her ass more and more into Brad’s growing erection.

“You are so lucky you have the best tits on campus...” Brad relented. What could he say? Those tits were to die for!

Suddenly, Brad roughly pinned her against the wall and fumbled with the clasps of her bra. Rachel rolled her eyes as she undid the clasps herself. As soon as she discarded the admittedly restraining garment, Brad’s hands were all over her double d’s. She wrapped her thick legs around his waist, her chunky thighs clashing with his muscled torso. Brad was quick to tug down his boxer briefs and tore off her thong. All the while, Rachel was grinning ear to ear.

“You better lose some serious poundage next time I see you, fatass!” Brad grunted as he rapidly thrust inside her. “Cause this is the first and last time I fuck you this big.”

“Sorry, what was that, B-Rad?” Rachel smugly fired back.

The musclehead grumbled something noncommittal, but that was a win in Rachel’s books! Especially considering how handsy he was starting to get. One minute he’s calling her “fat”, the next he’s fondling her bigger breasts and fucking her brains out.

Thicc is most definitely in, bitches! She mused as things got more steamy.

It may have been off to a rough start initially, but it seems like things were already looking up for the next semester for the campus hottie once again.

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Rachel didn’t understand why everyone was staring at her as she strolled across campus. Haven’t they ever seen a girl carry groceries? Or eat said groceries while she carried them? Sure they were primarily junk food and also technically not her groceries, maybe or maybe not being from but Cory’s not-so-secret secret stashes of food, but it wasn’t that out of the ordinary!

The semester was finally going into full swing. Although, Rachel couldn’t say the same about her social life. If word had spread fast about the campus hottie hanging around with the Pillsbury Dough Boy, then it was no surprise that the entire student body was already openly gossiping about the brunette’s fight with her “friends,” if she could even call them that anymore...

Of course Rachel knew what people were saying. Along with the gossip around the fight, there were some jabs at her blimping, or as Rachel preferred to call it “ripening,” figure. Along with her slight wardrobe malfunction at the party. Perhaps constantly carrying around and snacking on an armful of junk food wasn’t helping her reputation much these days either.

“How could she do that to her figure?”

“I would’ve totally smashed her before she blew up...” Was spoken by all the douchey frat bros.

“UGH! I used to wanna be her!” Was a popular one from the skinny bitches.

“She really needs to hide all that skin. She looks like she’s going to pop a seam...”

“Is she really that oblivious?” Was another frequent question that would be said aloud by both sexes.

All of this drama and jeers from her peers resulted in Rachel losing her VIP-status to all the parties. meant her social status had quickly plummeted. Of course, this also meant her social status had plummeted even further, almost completely isolating her. Almost.

“At least I still have Cory...” Rachel sourly thought.

It’s not that she didn’t like Cory. Quite the opposite given she’s been hanging out with him this often and was still trying to help him lose the weight. It’s just that, it was nice having options. Now that she doesn’t have that, Rachel’s been feeling...kinda boxed in.

It was also no surprise that her already vain friends were leaving her in the dust. At least they still kinda hung out in the dorm. Exclusively.

“At least there’s still Spring Break to look forward to.” Rachel sighed while she struggled to open the door. Maybe she went just a little overboard with all the armful of goodies she “borrowed” from Cory’s place.

“Jeez girl. That fatso really is rubbing off on you...” Nicole sighed.

The duo were clad in the bikinis they bought for their trip to Cancun for Spring Break. Nicole, or as people had liked to now call her the new “campus hottie”, was clad in a classic string bikini that matched her blue eyes. As Rachel scrutinized, they looked like they’d come undone by a strong breeze. Bridget, meanwhile, was clad in a similarly skimpy ruby-red bikini that showcased how much muscle the redhead had gained. Where Bridget had continued to tone up and had nearly lost all of her flab, Rachel seemed to find all of Bridget’s lost flab.

“Hey girls...” Rachel rolled her eyes. “Any reason why you’re trying on bikinis now? It’s not even close to Spring Break.”

“We figured it would be fun, you know?” Bridget smiled. “See if we’re beach body ready.”

“We’re all dressed up, wanna try on yours Rachel?” Nicole chimed. “I remember it was that cute burgundy two-piece.”

Rachel simply shrugged. She could feel an onset of peckishness come over her. Her mouth salivated as she looked over to her cornucopia of junk food. It didn’t go unnoticed by her roommates.

“You know what I think? I think you can’t even fit into your bikini anymore!” Bridget placed her hands on those boney hips of hers. “Lord knows you can barely fit into your normal clothes as is!”

“Pfff! If I can get with B-rad, then I can definitely fit into my bikini, ladies.” Rachel tried to play everything off and keep a positive attitude. Though, the girls were really testing her this time.

It was Nicole's turn to roll her eyes. "Yeah, you always make sure to remind us you're fucking Brad."

"Rach, have you even seen how fat your ass is?" To prove her point, Bridget gave a hard slap to her flabbier ass.

"Ow! Hey!" The chubster soothed her sore derriere. She could feel her freckled-face begin to blush. It did feel softer than she remembered. But it was just thicker is all. After all, thicc was in!

"Ohmygawd! It's still jiggling!" Bridget laughed as she poked and prodded Rachel's bubble butt some more, much to her chagrin. If Rachel's face was flushed before, it was a furnace now.

"It's okay Rachel, you don't have to dress up with us." Nicole hesitantly spoke. "Besides... We kinda agreed to just...go on the trip ourselves. Me and Bridge...."

Rachel stood rigid. She could feel her embarrassment turning to anger.

"Has our friendship meant this little to the both of you?" Rachel was shaking, or rather jiggling, she was so angry.

Nicole and Bridget gave each other a look. After several moments of awkward silence, Nicole spoke up. "Of course we still value it."

"But you're kicking me out of our trip for Spring Break!" Rachel stomped her foot on the ground, causing her E-cup breasts to ripple and jiggle for several seconds. "Hell, I'm the one who set up the hotel, organized what we would do, and even came up with the damn idea!"

Bridget stared down sheepishly at her feet. Nicole shifted on her feet before staring into Rachel's emerald green eyes for a long time.

"Well? Don't you have anything to say!?" Rachel stared daggers at the two. How could they do this!? After all the times she's helped them out!? Been by their side through thick and thin!?

"Oh don't play the victim here!" The redhead huffed. She crossed her arms over her modest B-cups, while still staring at her feet like some pouty kid. "We don't hang out anymore! I mean, you've been hanging out with us less since you met the lardbag! And don't deny it!"

Rachel nearly clammed up. So what if she was hanging with Cory more? She enjoyed being with him. Besides, she was helping him to lose weight! Sure, it was going kinda slow, but she could feel it working. She was sure of it! Besides, it wasn't like her so-called "friends" have been acting like real friends lately. Actions speak louder than words.

It took Rachel a moment before she found the words and when she did, the words barely came out as a whisper. "Are you seriously playing the victim card here? Especially after all the bullying and toxic shit you two have been throwing my way since last semester...? For almost half a year, you two have been treating me like shit and avoiding me like the plague. All because I've been hanging out with Cory?"

“Look Rach, I know we’ve been acting bitchy with you, but we just have your best interest in mind.” Nicole sighed, dropping the Valley Girl act. “We love you. Our best memories were Freshman year partying and going out and goofing around with you.”

“Oh? And just how is shaming me going to change that?” Rachel asked. “How is kicking me out of our Spring Break trip, the one I organized for us by the way, supposed to make me ‘see the light’? Cause I’m not seeing any BS light!”

“Because maybe you’ll finally ditch that obese creep!” Nicole shrugged, fed up with the whole argument. “I mean, you were what? 125 at the beginning of the school year? You’ve put on at least double the Freshman 15 since hanging out with him, which is almost all you do! And—”

“So what if I got a more hourglass figure?” Rachel gestured at herself. The whole stir caused her growing potbelly to eek out of the hem of her shirt. Of course, this was given little attention by the chubster herself. “I’m fine! So what if I’m not exactly the same weight? I haven’t gained that much!”

“But you barely hang out with us! And when you do, you make a pig of yourself and totally embarrass us!” Bridget finished.

“Just like your boyfriend you’re always hanging out with!” Nicole fired back. “Hell, maybe you’ll be the new campus fatty before the semester’s even over!”

“Oh fuck you, Nikki!” Rachel flipped her the finger.

“Someone’s a little defensive!” Bridget goaded. “It’s not so great having

“Whatever.” Rachel huffed. She grabbed a hold of her fattening goodies and made for the door. “Oh, and just so you know, he’s not my boyfriend, assholes! He’s the only real friend I clearly have!”

“Then you’re going to be a fatty just like him.” Nicole leaned against her dresser. “Who knows, maybe you two will even have fat sex too...”

Rachel didn’t know what compelled her to do so, but she ripped open one of Cory’s family-sized bag of chips. She didn’t pay attention to which flavor it was, nor did she care. All she cared about was dumping its entirety into her mouth. And that’s what she did. And she did it with another bag. And then a packet of twinkies. Another with a packet of devil dogs. Before long, the entire stash of food that their fat roomie had carried into their dorm was inside her bloated stomach. The wrappers and large crumbs littered the floor.

But Rachel didn’t stop there. She proceeded to pack her bookbag with her clothes and personal items, along with leaving her side of the room in a complete mess. She tossed her blankets and comforter on the floor. Her hangers haphazardly tossed about. Clothes that no longer fit her bloated figure anymore were stuffed in the trash bin. It felt like the tantrum lasted hours for everyone involved, but it ended eventually.

Nicole and Bridget were too stunned and dumbfounded to say anything. They weren’t sure what they had just seen, much less how to put it into words. It turned out they didn’t have to. Before anyone had a chance to say anything, utter an apology, hurl an insult, or

even reflect on the drama that had unfolded, the chubby brunette had stormed out of the dorm.

With a slam of the door, Rachel was gone.

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“This is gonna be so good!” Cory salivated as he placed down his reheated Chinese leftovers on his coffee table. Did he order too much the night before? Yes, but it was with good reason. Now he was about to have another grand feast of the best type of food money can buy!

He brought a container of fried rice up to his nose, taking in the aroma. With his other pudgy hand he prepared to dig in. This was gonna be so good—

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Figures.

“I’m coming! I’m coming! You don’t have to bang so loudly!” Cory hollered. With some effort, Cory lifted his flabby behind off his couch, dusted some crumbs off of his tight gray sweatshirt, and made his way over to the door. The overweight Sophomore already knew who was knocking, but the real question was why. “This better be good Rachel...”

As soon as he had turned the knob, Rachel was practically shoving her way inside, albeit it was a tight squeeze. Her wider hips and love-handles gently brushed along the doorframe and small gap that Cory had made for her. The old, thin Rachel would have nimbly glided past, but now? Not so much.

“Woah, woah! Rachel, slow down!” He tried to calm his chubby friend before he noticed some streaks of mascara that were running down her freckled cheeks. “Oh-! A-are you okay?”

“Yup! Never better Cory!” Rachel said sarcastically. She wiped some of her tears away with the palms of her hands. “Thanks for asking!”

Cory raised his pudgy hands. “H-hey! I’m sorry, I’m just concerned is all!”

Rachel sighed and sunk into his puke-green couch. “I know...I...I’m sorry. That was mean...”

“Here, hold on a sec. I have just the thing.” Cory rounded the corner into his room as quickly as his tree trunk thighs could carry.

When the obese Sophomore returned he held out a family-sized bag of salt and vinegar chips for Rachel, which she graciously accepted. He slumped down next to her, their combined weight, but mostly Cory’s, causing them to sink further into the cushions. Both their bodies oozed into each other. Cory couldn’t help but blush as he felt Rachel’s thigh fat spread into his own. Of course, the brunette only continued to focus on munching her salty junk.

Cory scratched his hair. “So...uhhhhh. D-do you wanna talk about it?”

Rachel held out her finger while she threw her head back and dumped the remaining crumbs of chips into her greasy maw. That had to be a new record.

“My friends are bitches is what happened.”

“Oh..”

“Yeah. ‘Oh.’” Rachel slammed a bottle of Mountain Dew back, giving a hearty belch before finally noticing the feast laid out before them. That all too familiar hungry look showed up in those deep green eyes of hers.

“H-help yourself. You look like you need it more than me.” Cory’s lips moved before he had the chance to even consider what he was saying. It was too late to take it back, obviously, unless he wanted to look like a douche.

But that smile... That smile that spread across that pretty freckled face just melted his heart.

Rachel embraced her fat friend. Her massive breasts squished against his moobs while her fluffy belly squished into his own sea of adipose. Cory prayed to every god of every religion he could think of that she wouldn’t notice his boner.

She looked into his eyes, that shine from when he first met her was back. “Thanks Cory! You’re the best!”

“N-no problem! What’re friends for, afterall?” He sheepishly smiled.

In an instant, the formerly depressed girl dug into Cory’s remaining Chinese leftovers with gusto. Cory tentatively lifted up a hand to grab at one of the containers before it was too late but just as quickly placed it back down. He supposed he made the right call after all. She looked like she needed it more than him...

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After what must’ve been over an hour of non-stop stuffing, Rachel lay face down on the couch in a deep food coma. And nearly naked save for a pair of basic socks, periwinkle blue panties, and gray sports bra. Early on in her binge, Rachel had lamented how hot it was and quickly tossed her jeggings and cute crop-top onto his beanbag chair. She had even taken out the hair ties for her pigtails. Now that he thought about it, Cory was pretty sure this was the first time he had even seen Rachel without her signature pigtails up!

Cory was genuinely impressed she was even comfortable laying on her stomach, much less after that insane binge.

But for the life of him, Cory didn’t understand what all the hullabaloo around campus was about. She still looked smoking hot! In fact, he felt like the weight suited her. Sure the brunette beauty had gained a good bit of weight. Or maybe more than a bit. But they all went to the right places!

Like his own little hibernating bear. But way hotter. The way her phat bubble butt jutted out into the air and seriously tested those cotton panties, to the way her delectably thick thighs seemed to suit Rachel's long legs. Or how her massive mammaries squished into the pillow she was damn-near smothering herself in were oozing out of her sports bra. And of course that same old svelte, freckled face.

Cory bit the back of his soft knuckles. His erection was back with a fury to say the least. She just looked so comfy, even angelic on his couch, he was half-tempted to cuddle up next to her. If there was any room for his fatass. Or if it wasn't so creepy.

However, Cory wondered how long Rachel would remain cute. Especially after a binge like that. He may regret letting things get this out of hand, but he was glad to have her. Even if her plan wasn't working. Maybe, if he's lucky, she'll even want to date him.

But who was he kidding? No one would want to date him, least of all the (formerly) hottest girl on campus. Although, he certainly doesn't want to date a whale-sized Rachel either. He just hoped she would find her footing sooner rather than later.