

Chapter 4

Rushing back to the office they both start to stuff their faces once more, like starving animals they consume the remainder of the food. No pause required they just grab fistfuls of food and stuff it down into their expansive stomachs. Their gluttonous display is a sight to behold, they both wolf down bite after bite until the feast has been fully consumed.

Gooooooooood

Both girls hear the voice ringing in their minds. Seemingly both less disturbed by its alluring whispers, they look at each other and look one another up and down.

“I can’t believe we just ate all of that...” Caitlin says to Abby.

She places a hand on the swell of her stomach and looks over to Caitlin. “I can. It feels so good.” Her hand starts to rub the upper surface of her round gut, her eyes rolling into the back of her head. “Doesn’t it feel so good?” She questions Caitlin.

Caitlin looking down at her own distended gut rubs it softly, groaning from how taut it feels. “I just feel stuffed...” She gasps as she feels a sudden pressure on her stomach. Abby has rushed over to her sister and presses her hand into her round gut, giving it a tight squeeze.

“It feels good to me...” She moans softly as her stomach now meets Caitlin’s. Both bellies not yielding to the other.

Abby looks to be enjoying the sensation a lot.

Is she turned on?

Caitlin wonders to herself. The feeling of her sister’s hands over her stomach is not entirely bad.

“Hello?”

Both girls jump and look at each other startled. Turning to face the hall they both come to the same realisation.

“They’re here.” They both say in unison.

“Well look, it’s an introduction lesson, we will just teach them stretching for today, easy enough?” Caitlin takes charge.

Abby nods.

“Right... Let’s... Umm... Go?” Caitlin looks over her sister. “You’ve got some crumbs there, brush them off and you are good to go.” She points at the crumbs on her stomach.

“Thanks.” Abby brushes the crumbs off her purple leotard. “You have some... sauce?”

“Where?”

“Let me get it.” Abby says, leaning her face towards her sister’s breasts.

“What are you?” Caitlin says, slightly shocked.

Abby ignores her question and just starts to lick the sauce stain that is on the front of her breasts. Caitlin is stunned, she remains still as she feels her sister’s tongue through her leotard.

Abby stands upright once more, licking her lips. “That sauce they use for the pizza is divine.” She says nonchalantly, as if she hasn’t just licked the surface of her sister’s breasts.

“Hellllooooo?” The mystery voice calls out once again.

“You look fine, c’mon, let’s get out there.” Abby says, skipping along into the main hall.

The bloated sisters waddle into the main hall, their guts leading the way, both failing to notice that their leotards are now much tighter thanks to their gluttonous display. They arrive at the hall and look over to the forming crowd. Their ballet talents are renowned in the area, so it makes sense that quite a few people turned up to be taught by them.

The first class is an adult class, there are likely some varying skill levels, so it is more about meeting and greeting today and checking basic form.

Everyone gawks at Abby and Caitlin as they bounce and waddle their way to the crowd, one mother of one of the students rushes over and stops them before they meet the group.

“Girls?” She says, it is Sally. Sally has been a family friend for years, shocked now she looks at the girls with horror. “What happened?”

“What do you mean?” Abby says, completely oblivious to the meaning of the question.

She can’t be serious.

Caitlin looks over to her sister. “I think she means *this*” Caitlin taps her sister’s huge gut; it barely shakes because of how stuffed it is.

Sally nods.

“Oh *thiiiiis*?” As Abby says this, she places her hands on either side of her stomach and gives it a shake from side to side.

Sally gawks, as does Caitlin, at the sight before them.

“C’mon Caitlin, let’s get this show started.” Abby walks past the still gawking Sally.

Caitlin locks eyes with Sally. “You too?” Sally says under her breath.

Caitlin blushes and joins her sister, rushing as fast as her stuffed gut will allow.

The two sisters, both looking like they are in their third trimester and much fatter than anyone in the town had ever seen, stand in front of the crowd and welcome their new customers.

“Hello and welcome to our dance studio. I know lots of you have seen our performances over the years in competitions and whilst we are stepping away from that life, we want to teach this town what it means to be a great dancer.” Abby starts.

Everyone in the crowd can't help but stare and gawk at the sisters.

“So, today is a just going to be an introduction, free of charge, we will do some basic checks to see where your skill levels are before we carry on. So, all those who wish to dance, do you want to get changed into your kit if you aren't already then, we can begin.” Caitlin says.

The crowd starts to disperse, some people leave outright, some go to change, and the rest follow Abby and Caitlin to the centre of the dance hall.

Some of the girls still not deterred by the new forms of the sisters, they approach and ask some questions.

“I didn't know you were pregnant?” One of them says,

Caitlin blushes and absentmindedly places a hand on her round stomach.

Abby, oddly proud, slaps the side of her gut, the noise it emits echoes throughout the hall. “This is all me.”

The girl who asked sinks and walks backwards into the crowd, her face becoming crimson.

“Sorry Abby, I know you and Caitlin are known for being amazing dancers but... How are you going to dance with that?” Another girl chimes in, pointing at Abby's stomach.

“Doesn't matter how big you are, anyone can dance sweetheart.” The crowd seemed reassured by the sentiment.

“Caitlin, I've always wondered how you dance, you are busty like me, albeit bigger than the last time I saw you, how do you keep balance?” The busty 20-year-old asks.

“A very good sports bra.” Caitlin chuckles, the group of girls join in.

The remainder of the group now join them at the centre of the hall, now in their leotards.

“Right! Let's start then.” Caitlin beams as she walks over to the ballet bar situated by the wall mirror. “First thing first, we need to check flexibility, place your legs on the bar and let's see those stretches. Like so...”

With a mighty huff, Caitlin lifts her leg, barely getting it on top of the bar, it lands with a mighty thud, threatening the structural integrity of the bar. The students gasp at the noise. Caitlin's leotard now riding high into her butt, exposing most of her cheeks to the class. She pays no attention to it but many of the student's blush.

With considerable effort she leans forward to touch her toes but can't quite reach, her food baby stopping her from reaching all the way. She huffs and puffs as she desperately tries to over stretch.

Abby thunders over to her sister to see if she is ok. "Sis... What are you doing?"

"I'm... *huff*... Trying... *huff*... to reach my... *huff*... Toes..." Caitlin huffs and puffs, still desperately trying to stretch.

Abby turns to the class and reassures them, "Sometimes you can't reach your toes, especially if you've had a big lunch like Caitlin here, let me show you how it is done."

With an equally shocking thud, Abby slams her leg onto the bar. "You want to really make sure that you stretch your arm high into the air before you start your lean, really loosen up those muscles all throughout."

Starting her lean over her titanically stuffed gut, Abby starts to see the problem her sister faced. Her own leotard cutting deep into her shoulders and butt she feels the biggest constraint on her stomach, the fabric struggling to stretch over her round gut.

The class watches on as their once hometown heroes are struggling to complete a basic stretch, their stuffed bellies blocking their advances.

Some of the students turn and start to leave, clearly seeing the waste of time this is.

"Wait... Don't go..." Caitlin huffs.

"Yeah, we just had a big lunch..." Abby adds.

The class starts to decline in numbers. A mother comes over to grab her daughter, she chimes in. "You girls are in no position to perform ballet, look at you both..." She scoffs as she grabs her daughter by the wrist and drags her away.

The bar creaks as the girls try to exert more effort into the stretch. It doesn't hold, and collapses, crashing onto the floor. The noise covers up another sound, the noise of both their leotards ripping. Abby's tears over her stomach, exposing the pale orb to the class, painfully taut. Caitlin's busts on the crotch, sending the fabric catapulting up her midsection revealing the lower portion of her stomach.

Both fatties sat on the floor, in pain, terribly embarrassed and feeling sorry for themselves, they looked at the remaining few students as they turned to leave. One last girl remains staring at them, a peculiar look in her eyes.

Her mom grabs her wrist and pulls her away. "Come on, we aren't going to watch these slobs embarrass themselves anymore, I need to change your brother, he has a dirty diaper."

Caitlin and Abby watch as their dreams have seemingly dissolved before their very eyes. Before they have a chance to get upset, they hear a voice.

You don't need them... You need more food... Much. Much. More.