

The Fat Girlfriend Trap

Warning: This is a weight gain story. If it is not your type of thing, please do not read it. You have been warned.

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Chapter 5: Good Girl

The townhouse was mostly empty. Kev, Dom, and Sabrina were all out finishing the last of their final exams for the spring semester. For them, summer break was tantalizingly within reach, but for Logan and Kelly summer break had already arrived. A slew of final papers meant that finals week for them was just a formality. So rather than spend their time studying or stressing, Kelly and Logan were lounging and relaxing together.

Nestled comfortably on the couch, in nothing but tan bra and stretchy blue sweatpants, Kelly's blubbery belly was covered in sweat and on full display. The air conditioning had gone out earlier in the morning. Logan had submitted a work order to have it fixed, but for the time being, it was just about as hot and humid inside their residence as it was outside. As such, Logan had brought a portable fan into the living room and positioned it in such a way to help cool Kelly down.

When he'd first met Kelly in September, she'd been skinny and rather short with a big smile, a big bust, blue eyes, and luscious long blonde hair. She was still short, obviously, her eyes and hair still looked just as pretty, as did her big breasts, but over the course of the year Kelly had packed on weight at an alarming rate. For anyone else, Kelly's unrelenting and severe weight gain might be a turn off, but for Logan, it was irresistible.

Weighing somewhere south of 120lbs when he'd first met her, she'd plumped up to nearly 200lbs when they'd first hooked up during the tail end of winter break. Now, 14 weeks later, thanks to his help, Kelly had to be pushing at least 250lbs or 260lbs, although he wasn't completely sure. Part of him wanted Kelly to weigh herself in front of him, but he was too shy to ask.

Regardless, it was obvious to the naked eye that the posh and pretty former cheerleader was now more than double the woman she used to be. Her seductive face had softened, those alluring cheekbones were no longer visible thanks to the way her cheeks had puffed up along with the rest of her body. Her breasts, once large and firm, had exploded in size to the point that they were simply too big and heavy to retain their natural perkiness. Kelly's new collection of plus sized bras were doing some serious heavy lifting.

Then there was her belly, the initial stages of Kelly's gain were quite kind to her figure. She seemed to pack on the pounds in such a way that enhanced her natural hourglass shape, but

these last 50 or 60 pounds seemed to have mostly landed in one destination, her gut. As fat as her breasts had gotten, her lard-filled potbelly had gotten much bigger. It was now the first thing people noticed about her when Kelly entered a room.

The last thing people saw when Kelly exited a room was her widened hips, blubbery butt, and plushy thick legs. The girl had rounded out considerably and in Logan's mind, was looking better than ever. Although, this opinion was not shared by all of their other housemates.

Kelly's transformation over the course of the year depressed Kev considerably, although out of respect for Kelly and Logan, he hadn't yet gone so far as to rag on Kelly for her weight gain. Dom and Sabrina were more supportive of Kelly's change in figure, once they caught on that Kelly had seemingly embraced it. In the end, they loved having another eating buddy to pig out with.

Although Kelly's outward appearance had changed drastically over the last few months, her personality really hadn't. She was still as sweet and bubbly, friendly and outgoing as ever. Gone was the flat stomach, but Kelly was still Kelly regardless and her friends loved her for it.

"More chips?" Logan hummed, as Kelly continued to concentrate on painting her nails, while she reclined on the couch.

"Are the cookies ready yet?" She sighed, not taking her eyes off of the precise work she was doing with her nails.

"They'll be ready in two shakes of a lamb's tail." Logan replied, his typical southern charm on the tip of his tongue, "Want some more chips in the meantime?"

"Of course." Kelly responded before opening her mouth and allowing Logan to feed her another Dorito while she continued working on her nails. As she chewed, she paused what she was doing in order to gaze upon the pleased smile emerging across Logan's attractive face.

She loved his peaceful looking eyes, although at the moment they appeared lost in lust for feeding her. Opening her mouth to speak, Logan misinterpreted her movement and quickly stuffed another chip into her mouth. Recognizing the mistake, Kelly smiled and giggled a bit as she tried to chew.

"What are you giggling about?" Logan softly spoke wanting to know what Kelly had gotten so giddy about all of a sudden.

Swallowing her mouthful before responding, Kelly smiled and hummed, "I'll just never understand why you love feeding me so much. You've been doing it all morning; don't you get bored?"

“Never.” The southern gentleman shook his head, as he offered Kelly another chip and she accepted it right into her mouth.

Chewing and swallowing before responding, Kelly eventually managed to ask, “Why?”

“Feeding you is just extremely hot to me.” Logan explained with a shrug, while he continued feeding Kelly chips.

“I know, but why?” Kelly emphasized while chewing with her mouth full.

Finding Kelly’s antics incredibly cute, it took Logan a moment to focus himself and reply, “Hmm, well... I’m not sure how to explain this without sounding like a loon.”

After gulping down her current mouthful of food, Kelly assured him, “I won’t judge you.”

“Okay... I really enjoy feeding you, for a few reasons...” Logan began before feeling the need to pause briefly for a big breath. Feeling a little nervous Logan did his best to push the words out of his mouth, “The biggest one... probably has to do with the fact... that I’m really turned on by how much weight you’ve gained this year.”

“Mhh-hmm.” Kelly hummed knowingly, while she wiggled her blubbery body just enough for her fat to jiggle all over.

Seeing this display and enjoying it, Logan continued, “Feeding you, nourishing you, in my mind it’s helping you enjoy the process of gaining weight even more. And umm... Obviously feeding you has been helping you plump up too... I’ve always had a weakness for chubby girls and...”

“But I’m a fat girl. Not plump, not chubby, FAT.” Kelly interrupted, drawing Logan’s attention to her free hand, as she pinched an inch of one of her folds of fat across her chunky belly, “I think it’s safe to say I’m fat now. I can’t even reach my feet to paint my toenails anymore, my big belly gets in the way... It didn’t used to do that. Your cooking’s really done a number on me this semester.”

The innocent honesty of Kelly’s words, and the way she touched her newfound fat, not with disgust but with pride, turned Logan on to know end. He could feel his blood pumping faster. Trying to swallow his lust and continue the conversation, Logan managed to stammer, “Chubby girls, fat girls, whatever you want to label it as, my preference always has been for the little ladies like you, with big appetites, who’ve put on some weight and gotten some serious curves. Feeding you, in my mind, is helping you acquire those curves I can’t resist, so... I just can’t help loving it. No matter how simple and repetitive feeding you can be, I’ll never stop being enamored by doing it.”

“But I wonder...” Kelly hummed clearly thinking of something else to ask, “Do you find me more attractive now that I’m even heavier than I was when we started seeing each other?”

This was a question Logan had been waiting for Kelly to ask for a long time. In all of his previous relationships, eventually they got around to asking exactly this. Not hesitating, Logan’s response was a firm and confident, “I do.”

“And you want me to keep gaining?” Kelly sought to clarify, as she accepted another chip from Logan and started chomping on it.

“I’d like that.” Logan nodded, being as sincere as possible.

“But that’s what I don’t get with your fetish, where does it stop? I mean with mine, it’s simple, you give me praise, if it’s really good or if you give me a lot of it, I get horny, we have sex, and I feel like I’m being taken care of. But with you, you never seem to get tired of feeding me, you love each and every pound I gain... Where does it stop for you?” Kelly inquired, as curiously as possible.

This was a more embarrassing question to answer, but Logan didn’t stray from the truth, “I think in my fantasies it never stops, but in real life, it stops with what you want. I’ll always be attracted to you, skinny or fat, but d*mn if you don’t look divine with this big belly on you.”

He couldn’t resist putting his hands on Kelly’s exposed sweaty globular potbelly. She smiled and blushed in response, squeaking, “You like the belly??”

“I LOVE the belly! You know I really appreciate your body with a little more fluffy fat on it. But ultimately, whatever you want for yourself is what I want. So, where it stops is entirely up to you.” Logan concluded before remembering to add, “So, you tell me.”

Pausing to think seriously for a moment, Kelly imagined how fat she might be comfortable with getting for Logan. The picture in her imagination was fuzzy, so Kelly just went ahead and responded with what was on her mind, “You’d still love and take care of me if I was 600lbs?”

“I swear.” Logan pledged, even taking one hand off Kelly’s gloriously fleshy belly to place it over his heart.

Enjoying her man-friend’s theatrics, Kelly giggled, “It’s hard to imagine being that big. I guess I’d prefer if we take this gaining thing day by day. But... I’m certainly enjoying it too much to stop now.”

“Music to my ears.” Logan smiled ear to ear.

For a moment, there was a bit of silence between the two. There was an elephant in the room that neither of them was openly acknowledging right now: The fact that Kelly was still on a break with Michael and that she'd be meeting him for lunch in a little while to formally break up.

Logan and Kelly each wanted to know what that meant for their relationship moving forward, but each was a little too shy to ask directly about it. Instead, Kelly found another way to keep the conversation going, "Sooo, you mentioned you like feeding me for other reasons... what are they?"

"Umm..." Logan paused to think for a moment, before grabbing another chip and sticking it in Kelly's awaiting mouth, "I like the way you lick my fingers sometimes when I put something in your mouth."

On cue, Kelly closed her mouth upon Logan's finger and playfully licked him, while she purred, "Mhh-hmm."

"I like watching and feeling how far your belly sticks out after I feed you a big meal." Logan hummed, as his free hand playfully squeezed Kelly's exposed love handles.

"Mhh-hmm!" Kelly squeaked, still sucking on Logan's finger, but now blushing with excitement from the way he was touching her.

"I like watching you outgrow clothes, squeeze into clothes that are too small for you, pop buttons when you're eating..." Logan continued, as his free hand found its way up to Kelly's massive breasts and began squeezing them.

"Mhh-hmmmmmm!" Kelly purred with delight, as she pulled Logan's finger from her mouth and placed his hand on her other breast.

"I mean, my god did the weight go to all the right places with you." Logan admitted, as his eyes enjoyed the sight of his hands squeezing together Kelly's massive cleavage.

"Mhh-hmm. More cushion for the pushing." Kelly cooed, sounding horny now.

"Exactly." Logan smiled wondering if Kelly wanted more sex after how long they'd frolicked in bed earlier in the morning. However, his growing lust was cooled by the next thing out of Kelly's mouth.

"Easier target?" Kelly added in a slightly different tone from before.

"Excuse me?" Logan paused caught off-guard.

“It’s like Kev said.” Kelly sighed sounding a little more down than she’d been a moment ago, “When I was fit and skinny, even when I was only a little chubby, I had options. Now I’m so fat I couldn’t get another guy even if I wanted to. I’ve fallen into the fat girlfriend trap.”

“Kelly, you’re not my girlfriend, yet, but if anything, you’ve made ME fall into the trap. I couldn’t imagine wanting to be with anyone else, other than you. I’ve got no other options. It’s just you.” Logan assured her with all the southern charm he could muster, “Being with you would mean the world to me.”

For the slightest of milliseconds, a stray thought of Amber passed warmly through the back of Kelly’s mind before she blinked and focused on Logan’s long and dark hair, then his broad shoulders, and his peaceful looking eyes. Logan was everything she’d ever wanted in a boyfriend, he was far more loyal, attentive, charming, and supportive than Michael had ever been. The daily praise he lavished upon her felt organic, natural. He never praised her just to get a certain sexual response, his words, his feelings, his love was true.

“Nothing would make me happier.” Kelly smiled appearing happier, before adding with a hint of snark, “Except if you... maybe... fed me those cookies.”

“Coming right up!” Logan nearly laughed, as he rushed over to the kitchen, cookies in hand, “I made a dozen, think that’s enough?”

“It’ll do.” Kelly smiled opening her mouth and pleading, “Now, feed me and fatten me up some more. I love that you only have eyes for me, and I wanna keep it that way!”

As sensual as the feeding started, it got a little frisky once Logan ran out of food to feed Kelly with. Her tongue danced its way inside his mouth, while his hands lavished her soft, round, and blubbery figure. However, the heat was so great that the two of them were forced to stop short of escalating things further. Overheated and horny, the two of them had to settle for some brief sweaty cuddles before Logan needed to separate from Kelly and bump up the fan another notch.

As he watched his girlfriend lying on the couch like a sweaty beached whale, there was no doubt in his mind that Kelly would officially be his girlfriend in only a few short hours. However, he couldn’t help but wonder, albeit briefly, how Michael would take it. He didn’t have anything against the guy, but he was certain Kelly would be better off with him in the rear-view mirror.



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A little while later, across town, Michael and Molly were pulling off the interstate highway and they were running a little bit late. Molly had insisted that they stop for a drive thru lunch at a Burger King twenty minutes earlier. They'd each ordered a burger, some fries, and some drinks. As usual, Molly had hardly eaten more than a bite or two of her burger, but she was still picking at her fries. Until now...

"I'm full babe, do you want the rest of my food??" Molly cooed momentarily blocking his view of the road by waving her container of fries in his face.

Gently pushing her hand away, Michael replied, “Why do you always order so much? You never eat it all.”

“I guess my eyes are bigger than my stomach.” Molly shrugged, as she picked out a handful of fries and brought them to Michael’s mouth, telling him, “Here, have some.”

Accepting the fries rather than let Molly smother the greasy snacks into his face, Michael ate, even though he was quite full already from his own meal.

“Good right?” She hummed, as she grabbed some more to feed him with.

“Yeah, but I’m good.” Michael tried to assure her, while Molly ignored him and fed him some more.

“Come on, I treated you to lunch with MY money. The least you could do is not let it go to waste.” Molly emphasized, as she quit it with the fries and reached for her burger.

Michael did not enjoy it when Molly pushed food on him like this. He didn’t understand why she was like this, but he accepted it as a minor annoyance in light of what was otherwise a pretty enjoyable overall relationship. So, as he continued driving, he let her feed him the rest of her unfinished meal, hardly offering a single word of noncompliance after his initial resistance.

Feeling increasingly more and more stuffed, Michael tried to ignore his discomfort and focus on the road, but even his developing stomachache couldn’t help him ignore the fact that his thoughts kept creeping back to Kelly...

“You’re awfully quiet. What’s on your mind babe?” Molly wondered out loud, as she finished feeding Michael the last morsal of her fries and felt somewhat uncomfortable with the silence that now filled her soon-to-be boyfriend’s car.

It was hard for her to imagine that Michael might be experiencing any mixed feelings about making his breakup with Kelly official. She’d seen Kelly’s recent Instagram pictures. She’d positively ballooned in college, so much so that it was hard to recognize her. In contrast, Molly was convinced she was everything Kelly had been in her prime and more. She had a similar figure to the one Kelly had possessed before entering college. She wasn’t quite as busty as Kelly had been, but she was a bit taller, a natural red head, possessed a healthy and perky butt, and had some very alluring hips.

“Not much. Just... focusing on the road.” Michael replied sounding a little despondent. When he used to visit Kelly, his excitement would skyrocket every time he pulled off the interstate. But now... He was dreading this confrontation. He felt terribly guilty for the demise of their relationship and for Kelly’s once flawless figure. In a selfish effort to keep her flawless beauty all to himself, he’d not only succeeded in driving her away, but he also ruined the very beauty he’d once treasured above all else.

To make his guilt even worse, during their break, he'd started seeing one of Kelly's former cheerleader friends, Molly. And... All things considered... Things were going great for him. Molly wasn't Kelly, by any stretch of the imagination, but he'd grown to love her just as passionately as he'd loved Kelly. It felt like a betrayal of Kelly, but... He couldn't control his heart.

Kelly had always been overly eager to please and overly concerned with treating him like a prince. She loved being submissive to him, and he loved that about her, both inside and outside of the bedroom. Molly, wasn't a sub. In the bedroom and in their general relationship, she liked to take control and take charge. At first it was weird giving up that position of total control he'd once enjoyed having over Kelly. Molly even seemed to enjoy his attempts to assert himself, but in the end, she'd always get her way. It turned out, as much as he loved being dominant in the bedroom, he quite enjoyed the way Molly would take charge. Unlike Kelly, Molly had opened his eyes to a plethora of exciting kinks including, bondage, roleplay, rough sex, and edging. She was a different beast entirely and he quite liked the change.

"You're not worried about seeing Kelly, are you?" Molly accurately questioned; her hand was now gently dancing around his thigh.

"A little bit." Michael admitted, his guilt was obvious upon his handsome face.

"What for?" Molly wanted to know, staring directly at Michael.

"It just feels bad the way things ended between us. I... I should have treated her better." Michael explained now knowing how else to express how he was feeling.

"It's all for the best though... You're with me now. And I love the way you treat me." Molly smiled trying to soothe Michael's guilt.

"You're right." Michael nodded feeling slightly better, "Thanks babe. Still can't help feeling off though..."

Seeing that her effort had not been 100% successful, Molly decided on another course of action to change Michael's mood. Taking a breath, Molly commanded, "Maybe I can put your mind at ease. Pull over."

"Where?" Michael wanted to clarify.

"Anywhere that's out of sight." Molly smirked seductively. Michael picked up the subtext now.

Doing as his lady requested, Michael pulled into a familiar spot on the side of the road. Luckily it wasn't very busy.

"Take off those shorts. And your boxers too." Molly subsequently commanded, as Michael unbuckled his seatbelt and did as she asked.

"Mmmm, looks good..." She purred looking down at him. Unbuckling her seatbelt, she reached her hand over, briefly patted his full stomach, and then began stroking his manhood gently until he got nice and hard, whispering, "feels good, doesn't it?"

Michael nodded, watching, and feeling how Molly's stroking began to slowly grow more forceful with each fluid motion of her soft hand. What she was doing to him down there was beginning to override the painfully stuffed feeling in his stomach.

"Don't even think about c*mming until I give you permission," she teased with a subtle growl in her otherwise sweet voice.

He nodded again and Molly squeezed him tightly.

"Ohh..." Michael sighed, feeling a pulse of pleasure from the force of Molly's hand.

"No. Not yet. I just started." Molly chastised him, as she paused for a moment, brought her hand to her face, spit on it, and then went back to doing what she'd been doing before.

"F*ck Molly..." Michael hummed trying to distract himself from the pleasure Molly was taunting him with.

"No Michael. You better not. I haven't even started using my mouth yet." Molly lovingly whispered in Michael's ear, nibbling on his earlobe once the final word had seductively slithered out of her mouth.

The sexy insinuation and another hardy yank of his proverbial chain was enough to send Michael over the edge. His breathing grew ragged. He tried to avert his thoughts and hold back what was coming, but he couldn't. He was too weak.

"Molly!" He gasped, "I'm c*mming!"

In an instant, Molly's mouth was on his spasming d*ck, sucking him dry with each and every sexy breath she took. It lasted a long time for Michael. He'd climaxed very hard.

As he slowly regained his senses, Molly arched herself back up into the passenger seat and vowed in the same seductive voice she'd used before, "You are in sooo much trouble when you get done with Kelly."

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Glancing at her phone yet again, Kelly wondered what the heck was taking Michael so long to arrive at their agreed upon rendezvous. She'd arrived almost half an hour ago, huffing and puffing in order to make it right on time and he still had yet to show his face or even text her with an update about his estimated time of arrival. It wasn't like him.

Letting out a sigh, Kelly took another bite of her second blueberry muffin and another gulp of her coffee. The sugary and fattening drink was probably just under 1,000 calories, but it had been months since Kelly had worried about calorie counting, she was already fat, at this point, what difference did it make?

She'd eaten plenty already today but stuffing her face had become her default habit whenever she wasn't doing something else. Besides, her large Mocha Cookie Crumble Frappuccino tasted heavenly. It was the only thing distracting her from how pent up she was feeling. Being fed so much by Logan earlier had aroused her submissive libido. She was in need of a sweet release, but knew she had to keep her sh*t together for her confrontation with Michael.

As the taste of rich mocha sauce, vanilla syrup, cookie crumbles and Frappuccino chips lingered on her tongue, Kelly put her drink down, and rested her girthy arms upon her belly. They'd gotten so heavy Kelly was thankful her globular belly now sprouted out far enough to act as a soft and fleshy cushion for them to rest on. Leaning back, Kelly sank into the booth. Her girth was too much for the weak back cushions to provide much resistance for weighty blobby plumpness.

Feeling a chill around her underbelly, Kelly adjusted herself, and looked downward. Seeing past her large cleavage, it looked to her eyes like her white tank top was riding up again. Pulling it down, Kelly confirmed her suspicions. Her growing belly had caused her yet again to outgrow another shirt. She'd have to go shopping this weekend for something larger.

Perhaps Sabrina wouldn't mind going with her. Shopping with a friend was always more enjoyable than shopping alone. And unlike Logan, Sabrina wouldn't blindly tell her she looked great in positively everything she tried on. Logan's seal of approval was a very easy standard to reach. Too easy. In fact, Logan was the one who had convinced her to purchase the inadequate tank top she was currently bursting out of.

Massaging her gut and taking another mindless bite of her second muffin, Kelly heard the coffee shop door ding open. She didn't bother to check who had entered; she was more concerned with stuffing her face at the moment. However, her laziness would end up biting her in the butt when she heard a familiar voice address her:

“Oh my god... Kelly??” Michael’s voice muttered in a disappointed sounding surprise.

Hearing what he’d just loudly said, Kelly looked up from her food and blushed quite red. The realization hit her. She’d gotten so fat that her ex-lover hardly recognized her. She’d never felt so fat before in her life! Inundated with a mixture of embarrassment and shame, Kelly also felt something else, a slight tingle of perverse excitement, despite all the humiliation she was feeling, something about repulsing her ex was... arousing?

Perhaps it had something to do with Amber and Logan’s praise changing her perception of her gluttonous weight gain from a negative to a positive. Had she fallen so hopelessly far down the fattening and rewarding rabbit hole of her and Logan’s complementary fetishes that even Michael’s negative acknowledgement of her gain felt like something Logan would praise her for? That had to be it, but it was quite an embarrassing thing to find arousing...

“H-hi Michael...” Kelly gulped looking as flustered as she sounded. Glancing at Michael up and down, she noticed he was wearing a bit of an uncharacteristically baggy shirt, but otherwise he looked just about the same as he always did.

It was strange, in this moment looking at him, she didn’t find him as attractive as she used to.

Judging from the way Michael was staring at her with his jaw dropped, the feeling was mutual, “Kelly.... Is that really you??”

“Yup. It’s me.” Kelly hummed, taking a second to cradle her jiggly belly and add, “All me.”

“You know...” Michael muttered looking like his mind was off in its own world, “I just saw a balloon that reminded me of you.”

Blushing and gasping in a breath of air in response, Kelly felt offended, so without thinking, she snapped, “Funny, cause I just ordered a Frappuccino and it came in twenty seconds, reminded me of you.”

Snapping out of his shocked stupor, and twinging a little bit from embarrassment, Michael’s hand moved to scratch his reddening cheek before he attempted to deescalate the situation. Quickly sitting down across from Kelly, he apologetically replied, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to... This is not how I wanted this to go.”

“How did you want this to go?” Kelly huffed, crossing her tubby arms just under her overly plump chest.

Letting out a pained and deep breath, Michael admitted truthfully, “Quickly and painlessly.”

“Too late for that.” Kelly rolled her eyes.

“I know. Again... I’m sorry. I just can’t believe you’ve gotten so...” Michael paused, not wanting to offend Kelly yet again.

“Fat?” Kelly finished his sentence for him.

“I mean, yeah.” Michael shrugged, trying to express his concern for her, “Are you doing, okay?”

He’d feel even more guilty if Kelly admitted the reason for her continued rapid weight gain had to do with comfort eating to cope with their break. However, to his surprise, Kelly answered much differently than he imagined.

“Never better.” Kelly hummed, managing to smile for a brief moment.

“Well, that’s... good.” Michael stumbled over his own words. This conversation felt painfully awkward. It was obvious they were not getting back together. He could see it in her eyes, and she could probably see it in his. It just appeared neither of them wanted to draw first blood and officially say what was obviously on their minds.

“It is.” Kelly replied sounding equally as uncomfortable as her former lover. Having a tough time verbalizing what she needed to say to end this conversation, officially break up with Michael and move on with her life, Kelly instead muttered, “Sooo, how’ve you been?”

“I’ve been... not bad.” Michael responded not sure exactly what it was safe to share about his life without making Kelly more upset.

As if reading his mind, the next words out of Kelly’s mouth were a knowing, “How’s Molly?”

Gulping and sweating a bit, Michael replied, “You know about Molly?”

“Yeah, how are things going with her??” Kelly emphasized, clearly wanting to know. Her tone had grown much sharper than it had been moments ago. Michael wasn’t sure if he detected jealousy or curiosity in her voice.

“Really, umm... Really good.” Michael muttered trying to make the truth more palatable for his ex.

Nodding for a moment, taking a big gulp of her coffee, Kelly then replied sounding less than happy, “Good, I’m happy for you.”

“Thanks. Ugh... Are... Are you seeing anyone?” Michael inquired delicately. She’d asked him basically the same thing, so he felt he had a right to know if Kelly had replaced him with something other than junk food. Part of him was hoping that she had succeeded in finding someone new, just as he had. He’d certainly feel less guilty if that was the case. After all, he’d helped Kelly fall into the ill-fated fat girlfriend trap. He’d never forgive himself if he ruined Kelly’s chances of finding another guy to her liking.

“That’s none of your business.” Kelly bluntly spit in response, her eyes narrowing on Michael, sending the message that she didn’t want him prying into her personal affairs.

Michael didn’t know how to interpret this response, or if he should even try. Was the reason she didn’t want him prying because she didn’t want him to feel sorry for her? Or pity her? Or had she indeed found someone new, someone she enjoyed, who loved her and accepted her even though she’d blown up to the size of a house over the course of her freshman year?

It annoyed him slightly that Kelly wasn’t going to give him an answer, but if she didn’t want him prying, he’d honor her wishes.

“Okay, okay. That’s fine.” Michael raised his hands defensively, before putting them down and continuing, “Look, the reason I wanted to do this face to face, is because I really owe you an apology. I should have... I... I should have been a better boyfriend. I... I really regret what happened between us. You’re the last person on this planet who I wanted to hurt. But, I know that I did. And, I wish I could make up for it.”

For a moment there was silence between them. Kelly looked surprised to hear him say that. Michael was surprised he’d been able to spit out the guilt lingering on his mind so clearly.

“You mean that?” Kelly asked sounding a little doubtful, while she picked up a piece of the blueberry muffin she was eating and popped it into her mouth without taking her eyes off of Michael’s.

“Every word.” Michael assured her, continuing, “I can understand if you want nothing to do with me ever again, but if you’re open to it, I’d like it if we could still be friends.”

Thinking for a moment, Kelly’s response was a welcome one, “I’d like that too.”

“You’ll unblock me from everything?” Michael muttered, feeling slightly better since Kelly had accepted his apology.

“Sure.” Kelly chuckled, “But I expect you to wish me happy birthday every year. Otherwise, you’re back to being blocked.”

“Haha, deal.” Michael smiled, starting to feel more at ease.

“So...” Kelly murmured, feeling equally less awkward.

“Yeah?” Michael wondered, as this fattened version of Kelly in front of him seemed to pause and think about something.

Eventually she articulated what was on her mind, “What are your plans after graduation?”

“I actually umm... I’m going to college.” Michael revealed much to Kelly’s surprise.

Clearly a little shocked, Kelly gasped, “Really? Where? In-state? Outta state?”

“Down south. Douglas University.” Michael replied, adding, “Ever heard of it?”

“I think so. Why’d you decide on college?” Kelly wondered unable to contain her curiosity. For a moment it didn’t seem so difficult to talk to Michael.

“Working for your dad just got weird after we... y’know.” Michael paused mid response before continuing, “Figured I’d do better for myself if I got more educated.”

“Is Molly going with you??” Came Kelly’s next question rather quickly.

“Umm, no, she’d already committed to East Stroudsburg before we even started seeing each other. But she figures she can transfer after the fall semester if her grades are good enough.” Michael explained sounding hopeful.

Looking at her ex doubtfully, Kelly questioned, “Do you think you can handle a semester of long distance with her? You couldn’t with me.”

“I’m gonna learn from my mistakes with you Kelly. I’m gonna treat her... better. I think Molly and I can do it.” Came his reply before he diverted eye contact for a moment and apologized, “I’m sorry again... for everything...”

“Don’t be.” Kelly shook her head, as she reached over the table and placed her hand on Michael’s for the last time, “I think... I think things worked out for the best. I hope the two of you are happy together.”

“I hope you’re happy here too.” Michael smiled, enjoying Kelly’s touch even if it was only for an instant.

“I am. I’ve made a lot of good friends this year. And, next semester, Amber’s transferring. So, I’ll have another great friend to add to all the rest I’ve got.” Kelly revealed letting go of

Michael's hand and adjusting her posture. She noticed Michael's eyes briefly darting south of her own, probably checking out the way her inflated breasts jiggled from all the movement. She wondered what he truthfully thought of her now that she'd transformed herself into a blimp.

"That's... That's great. You'll have a lot of fun with Amber. That's good. That's good..." Michael nodded seeming to get a little awkward again.

Seeing no reason to prolong the conversation, Kelly heaved her way to her feet, bumping the table as she did so, "Well... I think I'd better get outta here before things get anymore awkward than they already are. Goodbye Michael."

"Goodbye Kelly." Michael replied managing a weak smile. Getting up himself, he took a step closer to Kelly, opening his arms.

Accepting the 'goodbye' hug from her ex, Kelly embraced him. As she did, something puzzled her. Perhaps it was because she'd gotten so much softer this year, but Michael didn't feel the same against her. He felt... softer. Or perhaps Logan just had a firmer build. Thinking nothing further of it, Kelly and Michael parted their hug and then parted ways. Although Kelly couldn't resist returning to the table to gulp down the last of her Frappuccino and of course what little remained of her second muffin.

...

Breaking things off with Michael felt like a nagging weight had been lifted from her shoulders, but Kelly still felt plenty heavy regardless. Thus, the walk home was hot and sweaty. She tried her best to hurry and limit her time in the heat, but Kelly could only move so fast with all the extra weight she was carrying. Only one block away from the townhouse, Kelly was forced to rest in the shade of a large tree on the side of the road or risk overheating.

While she caught her breath, she remembered with a hint of embarrassment how easy this exact walk had once been for her. It was like every second she dwelled in her larger body, she was constantly reminded of what she'd lost and what she'd gained. For the moment she felt the positives of putting on so much weight outweighed the negatives, but even so, that didn't mean she didn't yearn for the days before a simple walk like this would take her to the brink of exhaustion.

Continuing to ponder the loss of her fitness, Kelly heard a loud rumble coming down the street toward her. It sounded like a car with a broken muffler, but this noise was one Kelly had heard many times before. As luck would have it, it was Kev on his motorcycle. Waving him down, the musclebound jock pulled to the side of the road and waved hello.

"How was your last exam?" Kelly wondered, as Kev shrugged in response.

“We’ll see, I feel like I either aced it or bombed it.” He admitted it in his typical uninterested tone whenever somebody brought up academics. He appeared to be sweating a ton too.

“I hate that feeling.” Kelly replied, trying to show Kev some solidarity.

“Yeah. Same.” Kev responded sounding bored.

Seeing that Kev had no interest in talking further on the subject, Kelly cut to the chase.

“If you’re headed home, do you mind giving me a ride?” Kelly squeaked hoping for any way to avoid walking the rest of the way home.

Looking Kelly up and down, Kev seemed to wince before he responded, “I don’t know, it’s only about a block away, don’t you think you could use the exercise?”

Ignoring Kev’s loaded question, Kelly pleaded, “Come on, it’s so hot out! And it’s been forever since you’ve let me ride on your motorcycle!”

“Kelly. No offense, but…” Kev paused for a second before spitting out his thought, “I’m not sure you’ll fit. My bike’s not that big.”

Gazing upon Kev’s bike, and then downward at her expansive gut bulging outward from her center, Kelly registered how small the seat looked compared to her present blubbery state. She hated to admit it, but Kev’s fears were well founded. In truth, she was now doubting she’d be able to squeeze on with him.

Trying to save face, Kelly sighed and changed her tone, “Okay, I see your point. I’ll just have to walk. See you at home in a few.”

“See you soon!” Kev waved before letting his motorcycle rumble loudly for a moment before speeding away.

Taking in a big breath and letting it out, Kelly trudged forward, intent on getting back home as quickly as possible. She didn’t want Kev judging her for being super slow and she was also eager to tell Logan the good news.

A single block never seemed like such a far distance, but on this day it did. Exhausted by the time she reached the door of the townhouse; Kelly felt no relief when she finally entered her home. The AC still hadn’t been fixed yet.

Waddling over toward the living room, Kelly heard the voices of her friends chatting.

“It’s hot as balls! Come on Sabrina! It’s my turn to stand in front of the fan!” Dom complained, as his wider goth girlfriend blocked him. She’d rolled up her sweaty shirt so her doughy stomach could catch some soothing air from the fan.

“I gave you two minutes! I’ve still got 30 more seconds at least!” Sabrina shot back, never one to take crap from anyone, even her boyfriend. Trying to justify her resolve, Sabrina added, “I’ve got a lot more insulation than you do.”

“Can I get some fan time after you Sabrina?? I’ve got a lot of insulation too. I’m dying over here.” Kelly begged, hurrying into the living room and gripping the sides of her expansive waistline to emphasize her inflated size.

“No cutting in line!” Dom protested selfishly only for Sabrina to contradict him a moment later.

“Of course you can Kelly! These skinny guys don’t understand what it’s like for us big girls.” Sabrina smiled in a show of solidarity.

Kelly was thankful for the support, but it still took her a moment to come to terms with the fact Sabrina had grouped her in with her as a ‘big girl.’ When they’d met, Sabrina had appeared to Kelly’s eyes like some massive blob of a woman, now in terms of fatness, they were more or less the same. Kelly realized her belly might stick outward a little more than Sabrina’s did nowadays, but that was because Sabrina was taller than her. She was sure Sabrina was still heavier than her like she’d always been.

“I’m not skinny!” Dom once again voice his opposition.

“Yeah, but Kelly and I both have you beat in the weight department darling. Be a man and show us fatties some chivalry!” Sabrina barked in her stern low-pitched voice.

Rolling his eyes, without a word, Dom gave in and stepped to Sabrina’s opposite side, providing Kelly a place to wait her turn.

“Thanks Dom!” Kelly cheered, as she began waddling her way across the living room.

“So, how’d it go?” Logan questioned, while sitting next to Kev on the couch.

“It’s official! I’m a single lady again!” Kelly cheered, as she changed course from the fan toward Logan. She was overheating, but she wanted to give her new man the kiss he deserved. The crew fed off of Kelly’s excitement.

“Good for you Kelly!” Sabrina clapped, her body jiggling as a result.

“Wait, you finally broke up with Michael?” Dom sought to clarify.

“Sure did.” Kelly smiled, as she sat her weighty butt upon Logan’s lap, leaned into his chest, and gave him the sweetest sweaty kiss she could muster. Her stomach erupted with butterflies, as she felt Logan frisky squeeze her mushy midsection, while supporting her weight.

“So, what does that make you and Logan?” Kev teased, giving Logan a nudge with his elbow. It looked to his eyes like Kelly’s blobby mass was crushing his friend. Kelly wasn’t his type anymore, but she was certainly Logan’s. Even though Kelly’s fall from grace grossed him out, he was still happy that each of them had found some happiness together.

“Wanna make it official darling?” Logan asked, ignoring Kev’s attempt to joke around, once Kelly quit kissing him in order to catch her breath.

“I’d love to.” Kelly hummed, as she wiggled her big butt on top of his lap, feeling her man beginning to harden up for her.

“We should celebrate!” Dom cheered, “Being done the semester, and Kelly dumping Michael!”

“It was a mutual dumping.” Kelly clarified, as Logan pinched her thick butt for her to stop wiggling on top of him, but she didn’t listen. She wanted to drive him as crazy horny as she was feeling right now.

“Whatever,” Kev sighed, “let’s go somewhere that’s got beer, and air conditioning, it’s like a sauna in here.”

“How about we hit up B-Dub’s?” Dom proposed sounding more excited about the restaurant than Kelly’s news about her breakup with Michael only a few seconds ago.

“B-Dubs?” Kelly echoed, halting her wiggling and turning her chubby face toward Logan for an explanation.

However, that explanation came from Sabrina, “Buffalo Wild Wings. We love our wings here in Ohio.”

“Let’s do it. Anything’s better than sitting in this heat.” Kev hummed hopping off the couch.

“Buffalo Wild Wings is fine for like a casual night, but this is going to be our last night together for months. We should go somewhere special.” Logan countered, making eye contact with Kelly silently pleading for her support.

“Agreed!” Kelly chirped showing solidarity with her man, while resting one of her meaty arms upon her protruding fat belly and the other behind Logan’s broad shoulders. Her tank top felt moist, probably because she was sweating so much. She could feel sweat dripping down her cleavage. If she didn’t change clothes soon, her top might become translucent.

“B-dubs is special...” Dom muttered sounding a little deflated.

“We go there all the time babe, Logan’s right.” Sabrina gently argued, while soothing her boyfriend by gently rubbing his back. Looking to Logan, Sabrina added, “Do you have anywhere in mind that would be special?”

“We could try the heart attack grill. A branch just opened up a few towns over.” Logan suggested unable to contain his optimism and excitement. Kelly looked upon her man curiously in response. He usually didn’t get super hype like this about restaurants.

“Interesting name.” Sabrina muttered, “Don’t they have one of them in Las Vegas?”

“They do.” Logan nodded absentmindedly running his hand through Kelly’s long blonde hair and resting his palm tenderly against her chubby cheek.

“Never heard of it.” Kelly hummed curiously to Logan who silently mouthed in reply, *Trust me*

“Umm, it’s a karaoke restaurant where waitresses in nurse uniforms serve giant burgers and spank you if you don’t finish. It’s kinda like Hooters I think, but more hospital themed.” Logan elaborated for the group, as Kelly caught on to why he wanted to go. He wanted to see her make a pig of herself in front of everyone. She was already quite full from overeating today, but knowing he wanted her to eat for him aided her appetite. Before Logan even finished his sentence, her fat belly rumbled in anticipation. Her lover had trained her well.

“You had me at nurse uniforms.” Kev chuckled, clearly itching to get out of the sweltering heat of the townhouse.

Pulling out his phone, Dom quickly read about the place Logan was describing and added, “I’m in. Says, they serve jello shots and have the Guinness world record for largest burger, the Quadruple Bypass Burger... Also says, if you weigh over 350lbs, you eat for free.”

“Shoot. Why couldn’t it be over 250?” Sabrina complained causing Dom to console her the same way she’d just been consoling him.

“Don’t fret, they’ve got a special since it’s still the first month after the grand opening. The heaviest person in parties of five or more eat for free.” Dom winked causing Sabrina to smile.

“Awesome! So, I get to eat for free?” Sabrina questioned, causing Dom to nod ‘yes’ in response. Cheerful, Sabrina burst, “Finally, a restaurant that rewards you for being fat! I love this place!”

“I don’t know Sabrina…” Logan spoke up, as he cradled Kelly’s globular belly in his arms, and proudly countered, “You might not be the heaviest of the group anymore.”

Feeling Logan’s pride in her weight gain as praise, Kelly’s unresolved arousal got the better of her, obediently rolling up her sweaty tank top and giving her fat belly a hearty slap, Kelly argued in support, “Yeah, I’m not sure you’re the heaviest anymore Sabrina.”

“You’re just shorter.” Sabrina countered firmly believing their height difference created the illusion that Kelly was possibly heavier than her.

“And fatter. And heavier.” Kelly loudly protested to her pink-haired friend.

“Not true.” Sabrina’s deep voice countered, sending Kelly a cease-and-desist glare.

Dom was quiet, knowing Sabrina would object if he offered his opinion on the situation. Kev couldn’t believe the fatties were arguing about this, as if being the fattest was some source or point of pride or something. Logan was enthralled by what he was seeing.

“I know how we can settle this…” Logan piped up.

“How’s that?” Kelly wondered, as she studied her new boyfriend’s thrilled face with a slight sense of worry.

“I’ve got a scale in the bathroom.” Logan explained with excitement, “It would only take a minute to weigh each of you.”

“Great idea!” Sabrina hummed confident she was still the biggest girl on the block.

Embarrassed by the prospect of weighing herself in front of everybody, but knowing such a scenario would surely appeal to her boyfriend’s fetish, Kelly went against her better judgment and went along with Logan’s plan, “Yeahhh, great idea.”

“You don’t sound so sure of yourself now.” Sabrina teased, as she walked over to Kelly and held out a hand to help her off of Logan’s lap.

Accepting Sabrina’s hand, Kelly then let the rest of her fat body go limp. Sabrina tugged, but Kelly’s weight was enough to anchor herself firmly on her boyfriend’s lap. Sounding competitive for the sake of turning Logan on, Kelly teased back to Sabrina, “Guess I’m heavier than I look, huh?”

“Still not heavier than me.” Sabrina argued, turning around and resting her own sizable backside upon Kelly’s wide lap. Leaning her full weight onto the couch, Kelly’s mushy body was forced even more into Logan’s. For a moment Kelly felt immobilized by Sabrina’s weight bearing down on top of her. She’d boasted quite a bit a moment ago, but there was no way she was as heavy as Sabrina weighing down upon her, not in her mind. Logan would be disappointed, but maybe as a consolation outweighing Sabrina could be a new weight goal...

“Sabrina! Get off!” Logan gasped almost getting buried in Kelly’s girth.

“Fine, I think I’ve already proved my point.” Sabrina smiled, rolling off the happy couple and getting back onto her feet.

Logan helped push Kelly to her feet shortly after. Feeling like she had nothing to lose, Kelly argued, “You’ve proven nothing until we each step on the scale.”

“You still wanna do this? Fine by me.” Sabrina chuckled with a little poke to Kelly’s chunky midsection.

“C’mon Logan. Grab that scale.” Kelly enthused, seeing that her engagement in this odd fatty pissing contest was producing the desired arousing effect in her feeder lover.

“Alright!” Logan replied without wasting any time. He hurried to grab the scale and set it between the two large ladies.

Sabrina was the first to make a move toward the scale. As she did so, she began removing her shirt, then her pants, claiming, “I want an accurate reading.”

“Ewww! Sure you do!” Kev gagged, as he stormed out of the room followed closely by Dom who appeared ready to chastise him.

With only an audience of Logan and Kelly, Sabrina slowly stood upon the scale in nothing but a bra and panties. Making intimidating eye-contact with Kelly, Sabrina let out a confident sigh, as the scale performed its calculation. Looking down, Sabrina peered over her belly and boasted, “255lbs. Beat that, Kelly.”

Kelly was confident she wouldn’t weigh more than that, but she still wanted to make a show of it for Logan’s sake. Following in Sabrina’s footsteps since Dom and Kev were out of the room, Kelly took a moment to strip down to her bra and panties, before stepping upon the scale herself. Showing a little spunk, Kelly made eye-contact with Sabrina, squeezed her mushy love handles and bluffed, “Watch me.”

Looking down a moment or so later, her large protruding belly blocked her view of the electronic scale's readout. Like Sabrina, she tried to lean over and peer across her belly, but it was still no use, her fleshy globular gut obscured her view of the scale completely.

"Well? How much is it?" Sabrina impatiently wanted to know.

"I don't know! I can't see! I'm too fat!" Kelly replied embarrassed.

"Let me see!" Sabrina ordered, as she waddled closer to Kelly and gasped at the number she saw, "No way!"

"What?" Kelly blushed unable to decipher if Sabrina's gasp had been out of surprise or frustration, "How much do I weigh?"

"How much have you been eating this semester girl?? You chonked up!" Sabrina teased with a playful smack to Kelly's oversized buttocks.

Looking to Logan, who was speechless watching this interaction, Kelly replied a little insecurely, "E-everything..."

"I believe it. You're heavier than I am." Sabrina revealed, bowing her head in a show of respect.

"I... I am? Really?" Kelly mused, figuring she must have nabbed the win by a pound or two. Meaning she must have gained like 50 pounds since she started seeing Logan.

"By a lot. It wasn't even close. I can't believe it. You're heavier than you look." Sabrina prattled, as Kelly's eyes widened.

"Not even close?? H-how much do I weight?? Logan??" Kelly wanted to know, as her boyfriend crawled forward and looked upon the number for himself.

"272lbs..." Logan revealed, looking and sounding amazed, "We've got a winner."

"No way, you're kidding!" Kelly squeaked, blushing fiercely. She couldn't believe that she'd eclipsed Sabrina in weight by so much. There was no way she'd put on just over 70 pounds in one semester!

"Looks like the fat thrown belongs to you now Kelly. Something tells me, your reign is going to be a long one." Sabrina giggled, giving one of Kelly's love handles a little loving pinch.

"Why's that?" Kelly wondered trying to contain her embarrassment.



“It took me three years to get this fat.” Sabrina motioned, grabbing at her big belly roll, “It only took you one. At the rate you’re gaining, imagine how big you’ll be in two years.”

Frozen in thought for a moment, Kelly knew Sabrina was right on the money. Just then, Logan rose to his feet and welcomed Kelly into his arms. He could still reach all the way around

her, but Kelly wondered with growing arousal how long it would be until she'd be too fat for him to do that.

Unable to hold in the horny thought she was thinking, Kelly sighed, "Oh boy, you're right... Imagine how big I'll be by the time I graduate! Someone's gonna have to roll me across the podium!"

"Rolling you across the podium would be my honor." Logan teased, letting go of Kelly and giving Kelly's exposed belly a loving pat across its apex of girth.

"Hmhm! You better!" Kelly giggled, leaning into Logan and smothering him in a fat and sweaty hug.

"Gosh you're drenched." Logan couldn't help remarking.

"Fat girl problems. I'm drenched too." Sabrina admitted, as she bent down and collected her clothes.

"Is it okay if I take a shower before we go? I feel gross." Kelly asked, as Logan firmly nodded.

"Yeah, take a shower, and get dressed in something comfy." He nodded.

Collecting her things, Kelly didn't bother getting dressed, she could hear that Dom and Kev had taken their argument outside, which meant the coast was clear to sneak her way up to her room. Waddling as quickly as she could, Kelly made her way to the stairs and then began the laborious effort of climbing them. Out of breath by the halfway point, Kelly could feel herself sweating profusely. Summoning what strength she had left, Kelly hurried up the steps, into her room, stripped naked, and then squeezed into her shower as quickly as she could.

She felt sweaty, gross, hot and bothered. It was a familiar combination nowadays. As the cool water hit her warm skin, Kelly closed her eyes beginning to feel refreshed. That's when she heard a knock on her shower door. She opened her eyes just in time to see her naked boyfriend joining her.

"This is a pleasant surprise." Kelly admitted, leaning her rounded belly into her boyfriend and letting him fondle it. Logan couldn't help smiling.

"It's so damn hot, I didn't have any other option." Logan joked, as his hands made their way up to her heavily inflated breasts.

"That's niceee. I've been wanting you all day." Kelly admitted, as Logan leaned forward and kissed her.

“Me too... My fat princess.” Logan lavishly praised Kelly, sending her over the edge. Her lips were back on his in an instant, quickly letting her tongue dance inside Logan’s lustful mouth. As they made out passionately, Logan squeezed her swollen breasts with one hand and cradled her globular gut with the other.

Irreversibly turned on, Kelly felt herself getting goosebumps on the back of her neck, as Logan gently sat her down on the shower bench, spread her legs and began to pleasure her orally as the cool water energized each of them.

Growing closer to a climax with each pass of his tongue, Logan paused when she was on the verge to edge her and praise her verbally. The first time he paused he cooed, “You are so beautiful. I love your fat belly.”

“Ahh...” Kelly moaned trying to keep herself quiet. Her belly felt pained to the touch, swollen in size and heavy. She was still insecure about it, but Logan’s praise made those insecurities subside.

He brought her close yet again, and once again backed off, murmuring sweetly, “I want to hear you moan — you know I love the way you moan, my good greedy girl.”

“Ooohh...” Kelly writhed with satisfaction, as her Logan continued to pleasure her. A sense of déjà vu came to her awareness for a brief second, but she couldn’t place this scenario ever happening before.

As her breathing grew faster and faster, Logan’s nurturing mouth paused, echoing, “I love how you’ve gotten so f*cking fat. You’re such a sexy fatty.”

“Ughh!” Kelly moaned unable to keep her elevating arousal under control. With Logan sending her over the edge, Kelly moaned, “Ohh-MYY-GAWD!!!”

The pent-up orgasmic release was intense. She couldn’t bring herself to stand up off the shower bench if she wanted to. She’d grown too fat and weak. A realization that only fed into Kelly’s craving for Logan to take more control over her.

Slowly coming to after her orgasm, Kelly locked eyes with Logan, and shared a horny thought that just popped into her head, “Dom said people who weigh 350lbs and above eat for free at that restaurant. Do you think you could help me get there this summer?”

Seeing the lust in Logan’s eyes, she already knew the answer before he even had to speak. It was like Logan had said earlier. She’d turned into a fat girlfriend, but it was he who’d fallen into the trap. By surrendering to their primal desires, they’d formed an unbreakable bond. Feeling her stomach growling, yearning to please her man, Kelly released a frisky smile, rubbed

her hands across her stomach and hummed to Logan, “Your fat girlfriend could use a snack. May I take a turn pleasuring you now?”

Logan’s reply was one that sent euphoric tingles all across Kelly’s fattened body...

It was a calm and confident, “Good girl...”