

Her decision

Natasha couldn't take her eyes off of Amy's belly. It looked so full, heavy, feminine and... sexy. Her friend was skinny and fit just a year ago, when she got diagnosed with PCOS, which caused her hypothyroidism. Then, she developed a severe case of acne and rapid weight gain, which led her to where she was now.

Just a year ago, her friend was sitting in her armchair, just as she was doing right now. However, where last year's version of Amy had plenty of space in the armchair to leave her purse (and probably for someone else to sit with her) she was now spilling over the sides of the armchair, an armchair that not even Jake, Natasha's obese boyfriend would fill.

She was normally found sipping from a glass of water with a slice of lemon, wearing a crop top that showed her defined abs and a miniskirt, but she was now drinking a beer, wearing a sweaty, tight t-shirt that hugged her belly rolls and shorts that proved to be too small for her cellulite-ridden thighs.

"So... Crazy, huh?" Amy said.

"Oh, um. Crazy what? Sorry I just... I was thinking about something." Natasha replied.

"Come on. Thanks for not pointing it out, but you don't have to pretend this doesn't exist..."

Amy grabbed a big, thick roll of her belly fat, which caused her t-shirt to roll up and show her huge, incredibly stretchmarked belly, pressed against the armchair and between her thick thighs.

"Well, I actually..." Natasha muttered. She had to bite her tongue. She was very close to telling her friend Amy she thought she looked good, even sexy. But that would have been very weird.

"I weighed myself when I got the diagnosis. They told me I would gain weight, so I weighed myself to know how much I was going to gain and make a plan to lose it. I used to weigh 115 pounds, and I think I had already put on some weight back then. Anyways, I gained much, much more weight than I, or the doctors, thought I was going to gain. As of today, one year since I got the official diagnosis, I weigh 478 pounds. And I don't think I'm going to be able to lose this weight." She stopped to catch her breath, and took a sip from her beer before she continued.

"So a couple of months ago, when it became pretty clear that I wasn't going to be able to lose that much weight, I said to myself: hell, I should at least enjoy it. And so I did, and so I do. I eat whatever I want and as much as I want, and I love it! I've probably gained like 50 pounds or so because of this, but I think it's worth it. 428 or 478 pounds is basically the same."

She was so fucking wet right now. She wanted to kiss that belly, squish it, bury her head between her rolls... She always thought her friend Amy was hot, but right now she looked like a goddess.

At 34 years old, Amy was twelve years older than Natasha, but she had always been her reference for fashion and beauty. Now, she looked like a reference of what she shouldn't do. But she was just so obsessed with her new body...

Fast-forward three days, and Natasha was in a McDonald's parking lot.

She had been thinking to stop there since meeting with Amy, and she finally decided to take the plunge and order a really big breakfast, enough for three people her size.

Her bags took all the space in the passenger seat, and the warm food covered her small Smart Fortwo's windows rapidly with mist.

She started devouring the first burger rapidly, as if she hadn't eaten in days. The second soon followed, and then the third. She washed it down with a big chocolate milkshake, before getting started with the fries.

When she was done, she licked her fingers, and proceeded to rub her hand against her soaking wet panties... But she had to stop herself; she had to go to work.

She couldn't concentrate much in the office, she was so turned on and wet thinking about her morning's binge she found herself rubbing her thighs together and touching her pussy with whatever she was using or holding.

She even had to flip her office chair's cushion over because she had left a wet spot on it.

She made five trips to the vending machine, and when someone offered her some doughnuts, she took two. She couldn't help herself, she was obsessed with making her belly grow.

She ended up masturbating to calm herself, all while eating in a bathroom stall, her mouth stuffed with two muffins.

For the rest of the day, her stomach was full, round and bloated, and she had to masturbate once again at home, before Jake arrived. She had entered into a new lifestyle that would change her drastically, and she decided to talk with her boyfriend first.

"I'm getting fat." Natasha said, out of the blue.

"What? You're not, you're fit and toned, as always." Jake said.

"No, I mean..." She looked at him in the eyes. "I'm going to get fat."

"What? Why? I like you just how you are." He said, almost choking on his beer.

"Yeah, but you're the one eating whatever you want, I don't think you should be the only one in this relationship who's fat." She said.

"But, I'm fat mostly because of you. You like my body, right?" Jake asked, looking down at his massive gut.

"Hey, you were quite chunky when we started dating, but yeah, I do like how obese you are and how you stuff yourself for me, it's just... I want that, too." She looked down to her own flat, defined stomach. Then, she took a handful of fried corn from the coffee table and fed it to him, who happily accepted the treat and washed it down with more beer.

"How much do you weigh now?" She asked.

"I don't know. According to my doctor, last time it was something like 160kg or so, but my grey sweatpants were baggy back then, and now I can't even get them up."

He said, as he turned to his side, letting his belly rest on the couch and on Natasha's legs.

She started squeezing his big fat belly.

"I guess I did make you fat... How much do you think your belly weighs?" She asked.

"I have no idea, babe. Could you get me another beer? I'm quite thirsty."

She went to the kitchen, grabbed a beer and came back to the living room. However, instead of giving him the beer, she opened it and chugged it all in one go. She let out a small burp.

"Ooops, I think this one came empty." She said, playfully.

"Well, that was actually quite sexy." He said.

"Do you want to watch me do it again?" She asked, returning to the kitchen before hearing his response.

She brought the four beers left of the six-pack, sat in the couch with him and chugged another one. This time she let out a long burp when she was done.

"How do you do this-" She let out another burp. "How do- how do you do this all day? I'm already bloated." She said.

"Well, now's when you have to drink a third one and work for more space in your stomach, babe. Bear in mind that I have a big appetite and a lot of space for food." He said, handing her another beer. "Besides, I never chug beer."

"Well, I'll be doing this a lot more, be prepared to have a fat girlfriend, Jakey." She said, patting her tight bloated tummy.

One week later

"Are you seriously drinking heavy cream?" Jake asked.

"Yeah, why?" Natasha replied, putting down the carton and cutting another piece of cheesecake.

"Just asking... Have you been eating all day?"

"Well, obviously not... I also did some cooking." She said, taking a bite from the cake.

"You're really taking this seriously, babe, but I don't want you getting sick or anything." He said, putting his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't worry about me Jakey, I told you: I want to get as fat as you and that's what I'm going to do." Natasha said, taking the heavy cream carton once again and running her hand down her defined six-pack.

Six months later

Natasha and Jasmine walked around the mall, looking for a suitable dress for the upcoming yearly party for highschool graduates.

"What's in the bottle, Nat?" Jasmine, asked.

"Oh, just some weight loss shake, you know." Natasha lied.

"Good for you, I hope you get back to your skinny self soon... It doesn't suit you being chubby, it's not like you."

"Oh, it's that obvious, huh..." Natasha looked down to her pudgy belly.

"How much do you weigh now?" Jasmine asked, trying to keep her eyes off of her friend's expanded midsection.

"Hey, have we suddenly stopped talking about clothes to focus on my weight?" Natasha finished her chocolate powder and heavy cream shake and put the empty bottle in her bag.

"Oh, sorry, I was just curious. I mean, it's pretty funny to see you chubby now. Everyone says it's because of your boyfriend."

Jasmine pointed towards one of the smoking areas in the mall, and they started walking towards it.

"What? What does him have to do with my weight? He's grown a bit, but I just let myself go, that's all..." Natasha said.

"What do you mean he's grown a bit? He's massive! He was kinda chunky when you started dating, but he used to be sporty and lean and so damn fit he had every girl in his class dreaming about him. He's, and I'm sorry to put it this way, but he's a blob of pure lard now, just like Amy."

Jasmine lit a cigarette and offered one to Natasha. Natasha pondered for a second but finally accepted. She had quit smoking three years ago, Jasmine being the one who got her into it when they were just fourteen, but Natasha thought one cigarette couldn't hurt much.

"So you've started smoking again?" Jasmine asked.

"No, and don't change the subject now... I love Jake, and I don't mind that he's fat." Natasha said. She really wanted to tell her how much she liked his obese body, but couldn't muster the courage to do so.

"But dating a fat guy will make you fat. That's just how it is Nat."
Jasmine said.

"We'll see if that's true. I think that in a few months I'll be skinny again and you'll see how wrong you are." Natasha said. "By the way, I'm pretty hungry, would you like to go for a hot dog or something?"

"Sure, let's go. Just don't overdo it too much before the party or you'll have to go for a new dress..." Jasmine said, not truly believing her friend actually wanted to lose the weight.

Five months later

"Jakey, could you bring me more beer please? My hands are kinda messy right now." Natasha asked, her fingers covered in oil and salt from the fried chicken tub she just devoured while sitting in the sofa.

"Sure, love." He said.

While waiting, she cleaned her hands on her t-shirt and lit up a cigarette. She traced the red stretchmarks on her belly with her fingertips. It had been almost a year since she started stuffing herself and she was still happily growing by the day.

"Wanna do the funnel?" He asked, holding an opened 1L bottle of beer in one hand and a funnel with a short tube in the other.

"Yes!" She replied.

Natasha put her head back against the sofa, and Jake put the funnel in her mouth. She wrapped her lips against the tube, closed her eyes and then guided the tube down her throat, in such a way that she did not have to swallow herself.

The beer just flowed straight to her stomach, and she effortlessly put 1L of beer in there in less than thirty seconds. She was going to feel tipsy in a bit, and her belly was now tight as a balloon about to explode. She let out a deep, long burp, and patted her belly to ease the pressure.

"I love this-" Natasha burped. "Don't put it away, I want to do that later again." She said.

"Sure love, whenever you want. I don't really know how you like it so much, I'd rather enjoy what I eat and drink." Jake said.

"Yeah, but this really-" She burped again. "Sorry. This really helps me gain faster. And I find it quite sexy..." She said, rubbing her hairy pussy from over her panties.

"You're drunk already?" Jake asked. "I guess I'll have to eat all the pizza leftovers by myself, then..." He said, smothering Natasha's face with his massive apron of a belly.

"I'll order more. You also have to eat, don't use my gain as an excuse to stop growing, Jakey..." She said, already feeling tipsy and extremely horny.

Eight months later

"Oh, wow Nat, you're so... Changed." Natasha's mom, Chloe, said in shock.

"Hi mom, it's been so long! You've changed, too." Natasha happily said, before hugging her mom.

Natasha felt her mom's hands sinking in her fat lovehandles and sweaty back fat rolls. Chloe noticed her daughter smelt like McDonald's.

"Oh, you're wet!" Chloe said.

"Yeah, it's a bit hot outside..." Natasha said, her grey tank top displaying wet patches on her back and under her braless boobs.

Her mom looked at Natasha's belly, which was pushing the tank top to its limits, the only reason it hadn't rolled up yet being that it was tucked under her belly and in her shorts.

"Oh, you're looking at my belly piercing? I didn't realise you could see it pushing on my top... It's new, I got it at my friend Jasmine's shop two months ago, along with some others. You like it?" Natasha asked, lifting her top and pretending her mom wasn't so distracted by the sheer amount of belly she was carrying she hadn't had time to notice the piercing.

"Uh..." She couldn't come up with a response. "Was she really unaware of her massive weight gain?" she thought. Chloe didn't know what to respond, so she changed the subject. "So, how's work?"

"Really good. I'm working from home three out of five days, which gives me a lot of free time to enjoy other things I like to do. I've been doing a lot of cooking and baking recently." She said, with a smile.

Her mom noticed her yellower teeth. "Oh, and have you gone back to smoking?" she asked.

"Oh, yeah... It happened like a year ago or so... It was Jasmine again." She said.

"Yes, she was the one that hooked you up originally. I remember she quit at some point and you basically forced her to start smoking again. I guess you two can't be helped." Chloe said, remembering old times.

What had happened to her daughter? She used to have the body of a model, just like herself, but now she was just... Fat.

"Listen, Nat, I wanted to ask you-" Chloe started, but Natasha cut her off.

"Yes, don't worry, I won't smoke in the house, and I promise I'll quit eventually." Natasha said.

"No, Nat, it's... It's about your weight..."

Natasha's mom then proceeded to have a half an hour talk with her about watching portions, exercise and healthy lifestyles, while she completely ignored her and snacked on a bag of chocolate chip cookies.

"Anyways, knowing you, you'll do whatever the hell you want nonetheless..." Her mom said.

After that, Natasha went to the bathroom, and noticed a scale, something she didn't have at home anymore, after Jake stepped on the one with a 140kg limit and broke it.

She bent over to move the scale away from the wall, and she did this so fast her boobs slapped her on the face, a common occurrence these days.

She rested a foot on the scale to light up the screen, and then she stepped on it. She couldn't see the result due to her belly and tits being in the way, so she stepped down and read the result, that was displayed on the screen for just two seconds before disappearing: "114,6kg".

Suddenly, her pussy became very wet, and she felt blood rushing to her face. She confirmed this by looking at herself in the mirror, her chubby cheeks now bright red.

She had more than doubled her starting weight, but she still had a lot of weight to gain.

One month later

"More." Natasha said.

"No, Nat, I'm too full..." Jake said.

"Jake, you're barely over ten thousand calories today, you've got to keep it up or I'll catch up with you in no time. Eat more." She insisted, eating the spoonful of nutella that should have gone in Jake's mouth.

"Nat, if you catch up with me, I guarantee you won't be able to make it out of bed." He said.

"Of course I would be able to... You're barely over 250kg, and it is not that much. Now eat." She insisted, again.

Six months later

"Natasha Zhirova?" The nurse called.

"Yes, that's me." Natasha said, slowly getting up from the waiting room's chair and in her doctor's office.

"Hi, Natasha, take a seat. Tell me, what's the problem?" Her doctor asked.

Natasha carefully sat on the chair, squishing her hips and making the chair creak loudly.

"Oh, nothing wrong... I just want some blood tests done. To know everything's alright." She said with a smile, her hands resting in her massive gut.

"And what do you expect to find? Is there anything that concerns you?" Her doctor asked, clearly waiting for her to mention her incredible weight gain.

"No, not at all, I just know my ex-boyfriend used to take a blood test every once in a while to see if everything was okay, and I wanted to do the same."

"Oh, and... Was he ill or something like that?"

"No, but he was kinda chunky, you know." She said, shifting her weight in the uncomfortable chair.

"Chunky? Was he, ahem, suffering from excessive weight like you?" He gave her a judgemental look.

"Well, he was almost 300kg when he left me, so he was much bigger, but yeah, I think he started taking blood tests when he was as big as me."

The doctor then explained to her the risks of being overweight, as well as recommended her to have a healthier lifestyle without waiting for health issues to appear.

She was so happy she was finally having this talk with her doctor...

Three months later

"I'll get another beer, the cheese and bacon fries and another one of those chicken popcorn thingies, the one with the twenty-four units." Natasha said to the waitress.

"I'll just take another beer, thanks." Glen said to the waitress.

"In the end, you were right. The double-stack burger wasn't enough for me." Natasha said, smiling.

"Yeah, we've been dating for a month but I think I know your appetite quite well, Nat." He said.

"I also know that look you're giving me, and I know that you're hard as a rock right now..." She teased.

Once they were back at Glen's apartment, Natasha undressed and got into bed while he fetched the lotion to rub her very full belly.

As he started oiling her belly, she moaned: "Tell me I'm going to get fat..."

Before he could answer, she continued: "And tell me... Aaah... Tell me I don't have a choice..." She moaned again. "Tell me I don't have a choice but get fatter and healthier for you..."

He got closer to her and said to her ear: "Nat, you're not even chubby compared to how massively fat I want you. In a few years, it will be a miracle if you can get out of bed at all..."

She was breathing heavily, both from the massive dinner she just had and from how horny she was.

"Yes, please, make me immobile." She said.

"But for that... You'll have to eat more." He teased.

"I'll eat... Ah... I'll eat everything you want me to eat." She moaned again.

"Lucky you, I brought some goodies with me." He said, showing her a box of brownies he had put on the bed earlier. "You will eat all of them."

"Feed them to me..." She asked.

"I will happily do that, my piggy." He said.

Since that day, Natasha pushed her limits every single day. She was determined to become immobile, and she had someone who wanted to make that happen.

She was going to get immobile, and nothing would get in her way.

After all, it was her decision.