

The next day, Clara and Betty awoke to an empty couch cushion between them. They could hear rustling in the other room, and a few grunts. Shortly after, Fiona emerged from her bedroom, dressed in a skin-tight pencil skirt, and a blouse that betrayed a small tummy pooch and burgeoning muffin-top.

Fiona: Hey girls, I hope you don't mind if I head out for a bit. At least ONE of us has to have a job.

Clara: Not at all! Have fun!

Betty: Yeah, see you tonight!

Fiona smiled and waved as she headed out the door, her voice carried into the room, "And that fridge better be empty by the time I get back." As soon as she was gone, Betty turned to Clara with a mischievous look on her face. She put her finger up to her lips and tiptoed towards Fiona's bedroom. Clara followed behind, giggling with excitement. They pushed open the door slowly, peeking toward the front door to make sure Fiona wasn't there before they entered. Once they were certain that the coast was clear, they started snooping around Fiona's room.

"What are we looking for?" whispered Clara excitedly.

Betty grinned: "I want to see how much food she has hidden away in here!"

They started opening drawers and looking in cupboards, but they couldn't find anything. Suddenly, Clara's eyes lit up as she spotted something under Fiona's bed. She got down on all fours and reached for it, pulling out an entire case of boxed cookies. Betty's jaw dropped.

Betty: Are those... Crumble Cookies?!

Clara nodded her head eagerly as she ripped open the top of the box. She pulled out a cookie and took a bite before holding one out to Betty. They both moaned with pleasure as they ate cookies until the entire box was gone. "Wow," said Betty breathlessly, "I had no idea Fiona was hiding this much food from us!"

"Me neither," replied Clara, setting the empty box back under the bed. "But I guess we'll just have to keep a closer eye on her from now on!"

Clara slowly stood back up, her hefty frame making it a bit more difficult than she was used to. Her fat belly bulged out in front of her, crumbs and dried sauce stuck to her face and fattened frame.

Clara: Well, before we get started, I need a shower. I'm all sticky from the last couple of days.

Betty: Yeah, me too.

The girls walked into the bathroom and turned on the shower, both of them stripping down before stepping under the hot spray. Clara grabbed the soap and started washing Betty's body gently, her hands running over every inch of her skin. As she washed Betty's breasts, she couldn't help but think about how much bigger they had gotten since they "convinced" her to stay with them. After a few minutes, it was Betty's turn to wash Clara. They swapped places and Clara closed her eyes as Betty's soapy hands rubbed circles on her back. The hot water felt good on her skin, but it also made her feel more aware of her own body. She could feel the extra weight clinging to her hips and thighs, and she loved it. Betty's hands moved down to Clara's big ass, kneading and massaging each cheek before moving between them. Her fingers teased and prodded at Clara's pussy, making her moan with pleasure despite herself. Clara's pussy was swollen and tender from all the attention it had been getting lately. Betty's fingers felt good as they rubbed and massaged her most sensitive area.

The hot water ran down their bodies. Their bellies were bloated and distended, hanging heavy in front of them. They both looked like they had gained weight, but they didn't care. They loved the way they looked, loved how big and soft they had become. The hot water ran down their bodies, washing away the evidence of their sin and gluttony from the last few days. Their bellies were bloated and distended, hanging heavy in front of them. They both looked like they had gained weight, and it excited them.

Clara's belly was especially round, her love handles spilling over her hips. Betty's thighs were thick and creamy white, her ass so round and plump that it overtaxed her panties entirely when she wore them. As they washed each other's bodies, they couldn't help but notice how different they looked now than when they first met Fiona.

Clara leaned against the cool tile, her head falling back as Betty's fingers worked their magic. She could feel her whole body starting to relax, and she knew that she was getting close to orgasm. Her belly felt heavy and bloated from all the food they had been eating, but it only added to the pleasure. Suddenly, Betty stopped teasing and started rubbing Clara's clit hard with her thumb as she slid two fingers inside her. It was just what Clara needed and she cried out as she came hard, her entire body shaking with pleasure. She gently slid down the tile, shower water pouring on top of her. Betty smiled triumphantly as she pulled her hand out of Clara's pussy and kissed her on the cheek. Clara, in her afterglow, grabbed at Betty's arm.

"More" she whispered. Betty eagerly went back to work, her fingers slipping and sliding in and out of Clara's pussy. The hot water was still running down their bodies, making them feel even more hot and bothered. Clara's bloated belly shook and jiggled with each thrust of Betty's arm. She gasped and pawed at Betty, her legs wriggling in pure Ecstasy. After a few minutes of finger fucking, Betty could tell that Clara was getting close to orgasm again. She rubbed her clit hard with her thumb as she slid two fingers deep

inside her pussy. It was just what Clara needed and she cried out as she came hard for the second time, jiggling her fattened body with each convulsion. Betty smiled and started to get up again, only to find Clara, still gasping for air, hanging on to her hand tightly, pulling her down again. With a sex crazed look in her eye, Clara said more forcefully: "More! Fuck me more!"

Betty eagerly complied, her fingers going back to work on Clara's throbbing pussy. Clara's body was on fire, her pussy wetter than it had ever been before. Betty kept rubbing and massaging her clit as she slid her fingers in and out of her, each thrust harder and faster than the last. Clara's belly shook with pleasure, her thighs trembling as she came close to orgasm again. She grabbed at Betty's arm, hungrily searching for more sensation, more pleasure. With one final hard rub of Clara's clit, Betty sent her over the edge into another shattering orgasm. Her entire body convulsed, and she cried out loudly as waves of pleasure crashed over her like a tsunami.

After a few minutes, she finally calmed down enough to let go of Betty's arm and slumped against the tile wall exhaustedly. Betty smiled and leaned over to kiss her on the cheek, then turned off the shower. They both stepped out of the shower, Clara still trembling slightly from orgasm. They toweled each other off gently before Betty led Clara into bed. Once there, they laid next to each other, kissing deeply. Clara rolled on top of Betty, her weight pressing down on her hard. Betty gasped, she could barely breathe with the heavyweight on her. As Clara kissed her across the chest, Betty could feel something cool slip on top of her wrists, and with a quick ratchet, her arms were once again locked to the bedframe.

Clara, seductively pulls away from Betty, biting her lip. "Well, you heard Fiona's demand. That fridge needs to be empty by the time she gets home. I've had my fun; I think it's time we had yours." Clara grabbed the edge of the fridge door and pulled, revealing an array of food items ranging from meats to cheeses to vast varieties of fattening snackfoods. She reached in and started pulling out armfuls of food, piling them onto Betty's body. Betty gasped as she felt cold deli meats being draped over her chest and thighs, the weight gradually increasing as more and more food was added. Clara continued until Betty was completely covered, her arms and legs struggling weakly against the restraints. Once she was satisfied that Betty couldn't move an inch, Clara stepped back to admire her handiwork.

The next few hours were a blur for Betty as she was force fed every item in the fridge by Clara. Cheese slices were held up to her mouth for profitable licking; greasy sausages slid between lips; turkey drumsticks waved tantalizingly close before being shoved deep into her awaiting mouth; even yogurts and other dairy products found their way forcibly down her throat! Clara continued to stuff Betty full of food, her belly bloating out more and more with each bite. The fridge was soon empty, but Clara wasn't done yet. She

went into the pantry and started pulling out boxes of cereal, bags of chips, cookies, cakes; anything she could find that would make Betty even more overweight. She piled it all on top of Betty until she was completely buried beneath a mound of junk food, again. Satisfied with her handiwork, Clara grabbed a remote control from the nightstand and turned on the TV. Then she settled down onto the bed next to Betty's immobile form and began playfully forcing more food into her as they watched her favorite cooking shows.

Clara: Now you just relax and let the food do its job, okay? We want you to be nice and plump for Fiona when she gets home.

Betty could only moan in response as she felt her belly swell even more from all the junk food. She was completely helpless under the bloated mound that was her belly, pinned down by its weight. All she could do was watch as Clara force fed her bite after bite of unhealthy snacks until her belly was bloated and distended, hanging heavy over her fat thighs. Clara loved seeing Betty this way. She loved knowing that she was the one responsible for making her so fat and helpless. It made her feel powerful and in control. She knew Fiona would be pleased with how much fatter Betty had gotten, and she couldn't wait to see the look on her face when she saw what Clara had done to her. The thought of all this turned her on. And as she fed a cupcake to the packed mouth of her captive lover, her free hand worked its way down Betty's tumefied tummy before resting at her soaking pussy. As soon as she shoved the cupcake in, she shoved her other hand into Betty. Betty grunted through her stuffed mouth as Clara's fingers started pleasuring her.

Betty was in ecstasy, being pinned down and force fed by her fat lover. The sensations from both inside and outside were too much for her to handle, and she quickly came undone. Her juices ran down Clara's hand as she moaned uncontrollably, the food bouncing around inside of her as she convulsed in pleasure. But it didn't stop there; Betty kept coming as waves of pleasure washed over her bloated body. She thrashed about weakly under the mountain of food that filled her belly, pinning her in place, moaning unintelligibly through the snacks continually crammed into her mouth. Eventually she calmed down, but not before making quite a mess! Food was strewn all over the bed sheets, smeared across Betty's swollen belly and breasts. And right in the center of it all was Betty herself: exhausted, overweight...overstuffed.

As Clara stopped, this time it was Betty who called her back with a tantalizing "More." Betty lay there panting, her body glistening with sweat. She was utterly exhausted from the pleasure that Clara had just inflicted on her. Her belly was swollen and distended, filled to capacity with all the food that Clara had force fed her. But even though she was stuffed beyond belief, Betty still wanted more. More of Clara's fingers pleasuring her pussy; more of those greasy sausages sliding down her throat; more of anything and everything that would make her even bigger and fatter than she already was! Clara

smiled as she crawled back up onto the bed next to Betty. "I think you might be right," she said as she leaned in for a kiss. "There is always room for seconds."

She reached down and found Betty's clit and began to softly rub it as she forcefully shoved another snack cake into her gainer's mouth. Betty slowly chewed; her cheeks stuffed completely with sugary goodness. Her soft moans could barely be heard through the glut. But as she felt Clara's fingers working their magic, Betty's moans grew louder and more persistent. She thrust her hips up to meet Clara's hand, her belly bouncing and wobbling with the motion. The food inside of her sloshed around, making wet squishing noises each time Betty moved. Clara grinned as she listened to the sounds coming from Betty's stomach. She knew how much pleasure those calories sliding around in there were giving her lover; hell, they were making HER pussy throb just hearing it!

But she wanted to make sure that Betty was really enjoying herself before moving on. So, she kept rubbing and fingering until Betty was moaning uncontrollably and thrashing about on the bed, begging for more. And then finally when Clara was satisfied that Betty was truly ready for round two...she blindly reached around Betty's bloated frame grasping for anything that remained, another sausage! Betty moaned in pleasure as she felt the sausage sliding down her throat. She was so full, but that didn't matter; all that mattered was the sensations coursing through her body as Clara continued to stuff her full of food. Meats and cheeses, cookies and cakes, Betty's belly became distended with each new item until it looked like she was ready to burst! But even then, Clara didn't stop, continuing to feed Betty bite after bite until she finally couldn't take anymore. With one final thrust of her hips, Betty came hard, the food inside of her bouncing and jiggling with the motion. Her entire body quivered with pleasure as she rode out the orgasm, every inch of her swollen from all the junk food crammed into her system. And when it was finally over Clara simply leaned in and kissed Betty on the forehead before getting up and heading into kitchen for a snack herself; leaving poor stuffed Betty behind to digest everything...chained to bedframe, barely able to breath.