

The lady wot lunched a little too much

~ Chapter 7 ~

A Tom Ford Tuxedo raised his champagne flute, marvelling at how closely it resembled the object of his attention across the room.

Both sparkled in liquid gold. Both...

The Tux took a sip of champagne, moistening his lips thoughtfully.

No. That was it. In fact, the more he looked at them, the more he decided that the flute of glittering champagne and the woman in the glittering gold dress were in all other respects polar opposites.

The flute, for one thing, rose straight and narrow, while the woman's sinful curves swelled in all directions. Where the champagne fizzed excitedly, the woman cultivated an air of aloof boredom. The bubbles floated up; the woman looked down on all and everyone around her.

But perhaps most significantly of all, the flute that contained the champagne was rapidly becoming emptier. The dress that contained the woman...

Well, if she kept up her current assault on the hors d'oeuvres, it soon wouldn't.

Tilting his glass to his lips, Ryan watched his star saleswoman extend an exquisitely manicured finger and thumb - like the beak of some haughty songbird - to clip another nugget from the Ferrero Rocher pyramid. Set on a low plinth beside the buffet table, the pyramid made an imposing centrepiece, rising like a great golden Christmas Tree to a summit well above Abby's head. But though it had originally boasted some seven hundred nuggets, its upper tiers had, over the course of the evening, become somewhat depleted, and Ryan's eyes widened as Abby was forced to bend lower and lower in her quest for chocolate, her enormous rump rising and bulging behind her like a giant golden peach swelling with juice. Just as Ryan felt sure it would burst, revealing her monstrous buttocks to the entire room, Abby reached her target. Straightening up slowly, she eased the silky chocolate between shiny lips and lifted her chin towards the window, her gaze hovering above the bright red Ferrari that had just roared in through the gates.

'Gold-digging bitch,' Ryan chuckled to himself. Still, he had to admire her style. Even now, as Seth Marlowe wheelspun his 458 Italia into the disabled bay and emerged palming a Goldilocks curl from his tanned forehead, Abby didn't flinch. She just stood there beside her pyramid, gazing lazily through the window from beneath those extravagantly curled eyelashes like a fat Cleopatra surveying her domain, calmly sliding another Ferrero Rocher between her cushiony lips.

Her eighth, by Ryan's count.

And that was far from the only thing she'd eaten. Any notion that Abby was on a diet had vanished the moment they'd entered the hall - along with most of the hors d'oeuvres. Ryan wasn't too surprised. Even in her slimmer days the raven-haired beauty had been greedy for rich food, especially when someone else was paying, and you could have scored a horror film to the hollow moans coming from her stomach on the short taxi ride from the hotel. Still, Ryan *had* been a little surprised at just how aggressively Abby had attacked the appetisers: wide, plump shoulders hunching possessively over each platter as she worked her way along the buffet table, grasping and gulping down delicacies like a thief gathering up jewels.

I suppose she's got a bigger swag bag to fill these days, Ryan reasoned, eyeing the ample gut that strained Abby's dress. Admittedly her waist didn't look quite as fat as he'd expected after seeing her in that coat, but that was mainly because it was overshadowed by such an immense bosom, which now quivered teasingly as she glugged champagne to wash down all that chocolate. Indeed, the fact that Abby's tits, bum and hips had taken their share of her extra pounds, preserving that sinfully curvy shape she was so proud of, was surely the only reason she was able to convince herself that she wasn't fat.

Ryan looked his swollen saleswoman up and down, wondering how much she'd piled on since he'd last seen her. Forty pounds? Fifty? It sounded like a huge amount in only a few months, but huge was exactly how Abby looked. That poor Versace must've stretched about five sizes to accommodate her. Ryan was wondering how on earth she'd managed to squeeze into it when what felt like a steel bar crashed against the back of his neck.

'Hughes the *man!*'

Gagging, Ryan sprayed champagne across the mosaic carpet. He stumbled forward, only to find himself being dragged back again.

'And more importantly,' Seth Marlowe added, slinging a massive arm around Ryan's neck, 'who's the woman?'

'Cheshire...branch manager,' Ryan spluttered, half-choking on the dense cloud of Paco Rabanne that had engulfed him. The fact that Seth's bicep was pressing against his windpipe didn't help either.

Whistling softly, Seth stuck out his jaw and blew a torrent of air upwards. His curly golden fringe bounced as if buoyed atop a geyser. 'I'll give her a *branch* to manage.'

Ryan squirmed at the smell of whisky mingled with mint mouthwash. 'How are you pissed already? You literally just got here.'

Seth released him and took a long step back, hands pressed against swollen pectorals. 'That hurts, Hughes. That really hurts. You of all people know that I am a reformed man - a man of sober thoughts and inflexions.' He paused to lift a pair of champagne flutes from a passing waitress, downing one immediately. 'Ahhhh... Ain't that right, Fatima?'

A long middle finger, made even longer by the stiletto nail on the end, was the only response as a very glossy Fatima Marceau sashayed past on her way to the buffet.

'Feisty, these orientals!' Seth gurgled in a feeble imitation of Yoda, his eyes tracking the haughty sway of Fatima's hips in her shimmering silver dress. 'Damn, she's really putting the fat in Fatima these days,' he added, much more quietly. Fidgeting with a golden forelock, Seth gave Ryan a rib-cracking nudge. 'Almost as big as our mutual branch manager... Jesus, is she gonna take down that entire pyramid single-handed?' Seth shook his head in awe. 'Seriously man, what have you been feeding your staff?'

'Far too much,' Ryan grumbled, wondering if he could impose minimum fitness levels on his employees. He glanced up at Seth. 'I see the operation went well.'

Seth grinned a perfect white grin, running a hand through his abundant hairline. 'Smartest five grand I ever spent man. Chicks *love* it. And speaking of chicks -' he paused to slug back his other glass of champagne '- I'm off to roast that chubby waitress.' Seth winked. 'Then maybe I'll move on to our mutual branch manager.'

'Keep your paws off,' Ryan surprised himself at how much he bristled. Abby might have gotten fat, but he was damned if he'd let Seth Marlowe one-up him.

Seth grinned, perfect teeth glinting. 'May the *bigger* man win, Hughes!' And laughing at his own innuendo, he threw a casual salute and went off in pursuit of his waitress.

Blinking through the smog of cologne that Seth Marlowe left in his wake, Ryan focused on Fatima, who was now working her way along the buffet table. Seth was right: the woman had packed on some serious timber - and that backless silver dress really wasn't helping. Flesh bunched and oozed beneath her armpits in rich syrupy layers, as if the Indian beauty had stubbornly continued pouring herself into the glittery number long after it had begun to bulge and overflow. Out front, the silk clenched a large, pouting potbelly that looked, in its sparkly silver casing, like a very expensive iced donut.

Such an overstuffed appearance might have been expected to attract a few snickers, especially in a room full of catty gold diggers. But there was a reason even Seth Marlowe, drunk though he was, had lowered his voice to comment on Fatima's weight. In addition to a small property empire in London, the sultry beauty was thought to wield sinister political influence in her native India. And one glance into those intense famished-cobra eyes was enough to confirm all the rumours of her vicious temper.

No, not even Seth Marlowe would dare tell the Bitch of Bengal that she was getting fat.

Ryan's eyes widened as Abby and Fatima both reached for the same Ferrero Rocher at the same time: a pair of fat backsides straining in unison as they bent forward. Fatima got there first, perhaps because she wasn't quite so sluggishly full of appetisers, and for a few seconds the two overfed alpha females glared at each other, before Abby turned away with a sneer and swept up the three remaining caramel slices.

Ryan breathed out, chuckling quietly. For a moment he'd thought they might come to blows. The mental image of the two overweight divas wrestling over a Ferrero Rocher made him laugh and shudder at the same time: their bellies and bosoms mushing together like cream-pumped balloons, all that expensively pampered flesh pressing and jiggling in their struggle for dominance. Who'd come out on top? Abby had a weight advantage, but Fatima... well, you just wouldn't bet against her.

One thing was certain: neither of them would be able to keep up the effort for long. It was clear from the rise and fall of their impressive bosoms that Abby's long siege of the hors d'oeuvres and Fatima's trek across the room had left them both severely winded. Resting her rump against a pillar, Fatima was pushing strawberry bonbons into her puffing cheeks in an attempt to replenish her energy levels, while Abby had perched her even bigger backside rather precariously on the edge of the buffet table in an effort to relieve the pressure on her overburdened calves. *And still she eats...* Ryan shook his head as another caramel slice disappeared between Abby's lips, wondering how she possibly expected to be able to eat a single bite at dinner after stuffing herself with so many treats.

He wouldn't have long to wait. For at that moment the door at the end of the room eased open, disgorging an ancient butler. And would the guests please make their way through to the grand hall for dinner and the presentation.

In a flash, various groups of overdressed ladies came together in a great polychrome surge, bottoms bumping and hips jostling. Having fasted through the morning (and in some cases probably the previous evening as well) to ensure that their wealthy curves could be cajoled into new designer dresses, they were eager to feed. Tongues moistened botoxed lips, and bosoms bounced along eagerly as they converged like a cloud of bejewelled locusts on the entrance to the dining hall.

And there at the front, somehow, were Abby and Fatima, wiggling their bulbous thighs as quickly as their skin-tight outfits would allow, and looking in their appropriately coloured dresses like gold and silver medallists in the race to the trough. Bellies heavy with hors d'oeuvres, the bulky pair made up for their lack of pace by taking up so much space that other competitors were afraid to risk the long journey required to round them, especially as it came with an outside chance of being knocked over by the swing of a colossal buttock.

Ryan winced as Abby and Fatima made an ill-judged attempt to squeeze through the doorway at the same time, fat bottoms squishing together, stuck for one brief moment before they both popped through.

And they used to be so hot, he thought with a sigh.

‘And the winner is.... Gemma *Patterson!*’

Whoop-whoops and applause filled the room, along with one very enthusiastic wolf-whistle. Holly glared at her husband.

Gulping nervously, David lowered his eyes. ‘I’ll, er, go check on those wedges...’

As he made a hasty exit, Holly turned back to Gemma, who was rising rather unsteadily from her beanbag, one hand clutching a glass of Prosecco, the other trying to tug her pyjama top down to cover a creamy bump of underbelly that kept popping free. Unfortunately, owing to the rather large quantity of pizza in said belly, Gemma wasn’t having much success in this endeavour, and the only noticeable result of her tugging at her top was to cause dangerously wide gaps to appear between the buttons.

That’s what you get for hogging the chicken dippers, Holly snickered to herself, forgetting how much trouble she’d had squeezing into her own outfit, a rather sexy red onesie complete with a cheeky bum flap that David had struggled to button for her.

‘Thank *-hic-* you.. all so mush,’ Gemma began, rocking on her heels as she lifted her glass. ‘Firsht... I’d like to *- huc -* to thank Holly Moore, for her friendship and shupport-’ (here Holly made an *aww* noise and a heart shape with her fingers) ‘- and for *- hic -* being the second cutest girl in the office.’ (Here Holly rolled her eyes sarcastically.) ‘I’d also-’ Gemma paused, trying to compose herself ‘-like to *- huc -* th-thank... p-p-pelican *Pete -*’

Prosecco spurted from Holly’s nostrils and Gemma collapsed into her beanbag, as both girls exploded in a fit of drunken giggling.

Sitting cross-legged on the floor, back rigid and beaky nose dipped, Pelican Pete felt his cheeks go red. He’d thought the pose made him look intelligent... meditative. *Oh well,* he sighed, *I suppose it’s better than Peter Pervert.* In truth, he was still thrilled, and slightly shocked, that they’d invited him at all.

Besides, if being a source of amusement meant getting to see Gemma’s soft round tummy trembling between her chubby fingers as she lay on her back squirming with laughter like a tickled pig, Peter was quite happy to oblige.

At any rate, the girls had certainly needed something to amuse them. Over the course of the evening their initial excitement at having an ‘alternative’ awards do party had been gradually eroded by the stream of Instagram stories Abby was posting from the real awards do. The most recent of these, a succession of boomerang videos showing every course of her incredibly decadent and seemingly endless dinner, seemed calculated to gloat in Gemma and Holly’s faces. Peter didn’t pretend to understand women, but he was pretty sure that it was in retaliation to these pictures that his two companions had glutted themselves on such a vast amount of pizza and Prosecco. It was as if, unable to beat Abby on quality, they were determined at least to beat her on quantity.

No mean feat, Peter thought, glancing at his phone to find yet another story update on the New Century Properties Instagram. It seemed Abby was finally on to her dessert: a succulent-looking slice of chocolate cake, topped with smooth gleaming icing and a very generous dollop of cream, with an artistic squiggle of raspberry beside it on the plate.

Peter mentally totted up the number of dishes Abby had already posted, and concluded that this had to be at her sixth or seventh course. The thought of her sitting there in her fineries, engorged with rich food and expensive wine like some bloated, bejewelled goddess... Peter shifted his position. He'd have to remember to save some of these Instagram stories tomorrow morning before they disappeared.

A waft of garlic heralded the return of David, who entered the summer house with a sheepish grin and two plates, which he set down on the coffee table. One was piled with cheesy garlic bread, the other a mountain of potato wedges. At once the giggling from Gemma and Holly ceased, and with nostrils twitching and little grunts of excitement, they rose eagerly from their beanbags.

Or tried to...

So utterly drunk and intently focused on the food were the two girls that they didn't seem to have realised they could simply roll onto their fronts. Instead the sozzled pair were trying to lever themselves up using their arms and legs - with quite comical results.

Stout fingers sinking into the cushions, Gemma pushed and rocked from side to side, desperately trying to free her chubby bottom from her beanbag. But the only thing she succeeded in freeing was her chubby belly from her pyjama top. Bloated to a taut pink shine with gallons of Prosecco and a full-term pizza baby, the blonde's disgracefully overstuffed paunch strained towards the ceiling in all its naked glory as she squirmed ever more wildly.

It's like watching someone try to get up with a medicine ball strapped to her waist, David thought, imagining a new drill for his circuit class. Not that Gemma looked like she'd be caught dead in a gym. Sunk deep in the beanbag, with her plump pink cheeks puffing, her pretty tip-turned nostrils snorting and that overfilled tank of a tummy jiggling amidst her pink pyjamas, the poor girl looked like a prize pig flailing in quicksand.

A wheeze of cushions drew David's attention over to his wife - and his eyes grew even wider. Where Gemma was trapped beneath her own belly, Holly seemed to be anchored to her beanbag by the weight of her own bottom. Gritting her perfect white teeth with heroic determination, the curvy brunette finally managed to lift her buttocks clear of the cushioning. For a few seconds they hung there in clear air, ponderous and round, straining her onesie to near transparency.

Just long enough for the buttons on her bum flap to pop clean off.

David's and Peter's eyes popped right along with them as the square of fabric burst free and floated down to the ground, and the gleaming caramel bulk of Holly's bare buttocks instantly

bulged into the gap. Before David could scramble to restore her modesty, Holly, who was so drunk that she hadn't realised what had happened, lost her balance. Her heels slipped forward on the smooth wooden floor, causing her to fall back with a hefty 'Oof!' and sink so deep into the beanbag that the cushioning puffed out around her, almost completely engulfing the startled brunette and forcing her arms and legs to splay out at funny angles.

Meanwhile Gemma had wriggled herself several inches deeper into her own beanbag, much to her own increasing frustration. Whining and pouting, the pretty blonde squirmed from side to side, stretching her plump fingers up uselessly like a spoilt baby reaching for the bottle.

Worried that the girls might writhe themselves sick, the men snapped into action. Taking Holly's outstretched hands David gave a mighty arse-clenching heave and pulled her forward onto her front, while Peter gallantly but ineffectively tried to do the same for Gemma. Meanwhile, Holly was crawling towards the food, still unaware that her bottom was partially exposed. Deciding that this probably wasn't the best moment to enlighten her, David instead draped a discreet blanket across her lower back, before going to help Peter with Gemma. Between them, they managed to haul the very heavy, extremely drunk blonde onto her hands and knees, and she immediately crawled over to join Holly at the table.

Apparently the exertion of getting up from their beanbags had caused the girls to work up quite an appetite. Nibbling on a slice of garlic bread, Peter watched in awe as Gemma and Holly dunked potato wedges in garlic dip and popped them between their plump lips. Beneath the blanket, the outline of Holly's big bum clearly sagged over the heels it rested on, and Gemma's love handles plumed over pyjama bottoms like dough over the edges of a pan. But what really drew Peter's attention were their bellies. In his youth, he had fed bottles of milk to goats at his uncle's farm, noticing with fascination how their tummies swelled and drooped as they drank. Much the same thing was happening now with Gemma and Holly. As the two girls gulped down food and drink, the already sizable tummies protruded further along their thick thighs, inching gradually towards their knees.

A beep from Peter's phone brought him back to reality. *Another course for Abby?* he wondered hopefully. But for once, the story posted on the New Century Instagram account didn't show any food.

No, in the context of their evening, it showed something far, far worse.

Peter held his phone to the side for David to see.

'Hope you've got something in for dessert,' he said.

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Thanks for reading! Sorry this chapter was so disgracefully long in the making. If you enjoyed it, please support me on Patreon to help me write more. :)