Jen’s Lovers  
By Mollycoddles

Jen couldn’t believe how much things had changed over the years. It was almost funny, really. It was all Laurie’s fault, as were most things. The girl was an instigator and when she wanted something, she made sure she got it!

“Hey, Mrs. Belmontes,” called out Jen in a sing-song voice as she pushed open the screen door with her well-padded hip. “I’m just, like, bringing some breakfast for Frank and Laurie?”

Laurie’s mother was in the middle of the living room, splayed out on a yoga mat, attempting to do her daily yoga stretches. An aging hippie, she still kept herself in good shape, limber and lithe. Jen couldn’t help but think that, if things had been different, Laurie would grow up to look exactly like her mother. Jen watched as Mrs. Belmontes, her soft but still slender body encased in a spandex leotard, raised herself up on her hands and heels, aiming her butt in the air and letting her hefty bosom hang. She looked up at Jen and smiled.

“Sure, Jen, go right on up. They’re both in Laurie’s room.”

“Like, thanks!” Jen nodded, grinning. She took one last look at Mrs. Belmontes, admiring her yoga technique, before she turned and headed up the stairs. It was amazing how much of her mother was in Laurie – they shared the same pretty face, the same raven hair (although Mrs. Belmontes’ tresses were now streaked with gray), and the same stupendous chest. The big difference was in weight. Laurie weighed over 600 pounds these days.

It hadn’t always been that way, reflected Jen as she waddled up the steps, her shifting bottom slapping against the sides of the stairwell as she climbed. Only a few years ago, Laurie had been captain of their school’s cheerleading team and Jen had been her co-captain. Not anymore! Laurie had finally been forced to retire when she simply grew too large and wide to even fit through the doors into the locker room and Jen had retired shortly afterwards – to concentrate on more personal matters.

Jen herself was a wide girl. She’d always been a wide girl. Even at her thinnest, this bubbly brunette, her chestnut brown hair pulled back into a jaunty ponytail, her excitable personality showing in her bouncy walk, had always been bottom heavy. Jen was famously bootilicious, a thick babe with a protruding shelf of an ass that meant a glimpse of overfilled panties was always visible below the hem of her inadequate cheer skirts. But she was proud of her wide behind. Her body was hot! After all, if she wasn’t hot, then she and Laurie never would have started dating, right? It wasn’t like someone like Laurie would settle for a dog for a girlfriend!

Laurie and Jen had started dating after the summer of freshman year, not long after they’d met during summer cheer camp. They hit it off fast – Jen was an obsequious ditz who was eager to find someone to tell her what to do and Laurie was a haughty queen bee eager for a lackey to boss around. What started as a natural mean girl/hanger-on dynamic soon blossomed into an actual romance. It wasn’t like they kept their relationship a secret either! It wasn’t long before the whole school knew they were an item.

It was obvious, even if they didn’t say it. The way that they exchanged glances during class. The way that Laurie drew almost every cheer team meeting to a close by leaning in to kiss Jen on the cheek while slapping a hand to her pear-shaped friend’s backside and S Q U E E Z I N G. That was a dead giveaway!

But Laurie was a girl of prodigious appetites and it wasn’t long before she decided that one lover wasn’t enough for her.

“Frank? Like, a boy? Are you sure?” Jen plopped down heavily on the bed when Laurie had announced that she wanted to bring a third into their relationship. And not just any third! She had fallen for Frank, a hefty lad from the school’s football team. As a cheerleader, Jen knew him well. He seemed like a nice guy, but… really? “Like, I dunno if that’s such a good idea. Like, we’ve got a good thing going here!”

Jen was skeptical. She hadn’t had very good luck with boys in the past – they just got too jealous and too possessive! Bringing a boy into the bedroom felt like it would be a recipe for disaster!

“It’s just Frank,” said Laurie, crossing her perfect silky legs and leaning back in her chair, her heavy-lidded eyes and sly smirk telling Jen that this wasn’t up for negotiation. “You know, from the team? He’ll be fine. Besides, hun, you have to understand… I’m a girl who needs a lot of attention and, frankly, you’re just not cutting it, Jen.”

“B-b-but…”

“Now don’t het be wrong, sweetie, you know I love you. I just need a little something extra. You know I swing both ways, Jen, and you wouldn’t want to deny your favorite gal pal her little treats, now would you, Jen?”

“Like, I guess not?”

“Good! Then it’s decided!”

Jen had to admit, although she had been skeptical at first, the situation had turned out well. Frank’s mellow, easy-going attitude made him the perfect third in the bedroom, since he was game for almost anything and never begrudged the special closeness between Jen and Laurie. He seemed almost amused at Jen’s loyalty to her captain.

It wasn’t long after that, though, that Jen noticed a sudden shift in their bedroom activities. When there were three of them together, Laurie focused A LOT of attention on Frank. But it was different from the attention she lavished on Jen. With Jen, Laurie would finger her clit or suck on her lips. With Frank, Laurie would suck his dick or nibble his mouth… but she was always exploring his body, cooing over his flabby manboobs or fondling his belly. She started to bring dinner into the bedroom, plying Frank with leftover pizza or potato chips before going to town on him.

“Come on, Frank, why don’t you open up, hmmm? I need my man to stay big and strong. Open your mouth for mommy!”

And Jen watched as Laurie climbed all over him, shoving pizza into his mouth and gushing as he chewed, before she would slide down to his nethers, lift his hairy muscle gut, and take his dick into her mouth. She really seemed to enjoy this erotic food play! Jen had heard about that sort of thing, of course, but this was different…. In fact, Jen thought, Laurie seemed REALLY into it! She had t be careful, though, cu all those feedings were really starting to show on Frank’s waistline. The boy was gaining weight. In fact… wait a minute…

“Are you, like, fattening him up?” asked Jen one night after Frank had gone home.

“Ha ha! What a crazy idea! Where would you get that idea, sweetie?” asked Laurie, but the sudden shift in her voice pitch told Jen that she’d hit on the truth. Jen might be a bimbo, but this fat ass ditz was sometimes more astute than they gave her credit for!

“You’re, like, always feeding him,” said Jen. “When he comes over, you, like, just start shoving food into his face. And, ya know, I think he’s totally chunking up.”

“He’s a football player,” said Laurie stiffly. “Of course he’s a big boy. What else would you expect? Besides, lots of people bring food play into the bedroom… it’s totally normal.” She paused and squirmed in her seat. “Do you really think he’s chunking up?”

“Like, totally!”

Laurie tapped her fingernails against the countertop of the vanity. “Okay, Jen, the truth is… I think he’s hotter with a little bit of extra meat. Don’t you think so? I mean, gives a gal something to hold onto.”

Jen grinned. Frank was growing on her as he grew. “Like, yeah, I can see what you mean…”

After that, Jen paid even more attention as Laurie plyed Frank with food. It was fascinating! And now that Laurie had confessed to Jen, she had no reason to be subtle… so she really let loose!

Jen stared in rapt fascination as Laurie shoved another slice of pizza into Frank’s face. “C’mon, fatty, eat it up, you know you want it! There, there, that’s a good piggy!” she cooed as Frank gnawed at the greasy treat, dribbling molten cheese onto his flabby chest.

“I’m eating as fast as I can,” said Frank through a mouthful of cheese. Gawd, this woman was relentless! She was stuffing him everyt ime that they met, so much so that his belly ached after a night with Laurie, but damn if it wasn’t worth it to see Laurie so happy. She was a sexual dynamo who always knew the right words to coax Frank to eat just a few bites more… He was a sucker for feeling her tender hands caressing his swollen gut and fondle his growing love handles.

“You like that? Ooo, I bet you do! Such a big, big boy!” coaxed Laurie, running her hands over Frank’s chest, squeezing his softening man boobs between her fingers. “Ooo, you’re getting so big in the bosom, Frank! You keep growing like this and maybe you’ll have boobs as big as me!”

“It’s gonna take a lot of pizza before I have boobs THAT big,” said Frank through a mouthful of cheese and dough.

She giggled at the thought, moving her hand further down to stroke Frank’s hairy gut and then even further down to knead the shaft of his dick.

“Gawd, your fat gut almost covers your dick,” breathed Laurie. She reached down with both hands, making a big show of heaving Frank’s paunch to get a better look at his erection. It was true. Frank was gaining weight faster than ever, slowly turning from a husky strong-fat into a plain old butterball. His dick was slowly becoming buried in the flesh of her blubbery fupa, something that amused Laurie to no end.

“Gawd, you’re getting SO fat, Frank,” said Laurie. “I’m almost embarrassed to be seen with you! Think about what all the girls on the cheer squad would say if they knew I was dating such a fat ass!”

Jen blinked at the scene before her. Laurie was lost in her playful teasing, clearly enjoying herself way too much, or else she might have noticed that Frank wasn’t the only one growing. Laurie’s gut puffed out over the hem of her panties, forming a small roll that hid her belly button. Her thighs were thicker, her hips were heftier… but her breasts had gained the most noticeable amount of weight, her shoulder straps cutting into her soft flesh as the weight in her cups increased. She looked ready to overflow her old G cup bras, so much that Jen could almost convince herself that she could hear the back clasp straining every time that Laurie moved. The raven haired beauty loved to believe that she was immune to her own overindulgence, but the truth was that the more food she packed into Frank, the more she tended to eat herself.

Gawd, thought Jen, watching Laurie’s titanic tits sway, that’s kinda hot. I can understand why Laurie thinks it’s so hot to turn Frank into a fat ass… it’s kinda hot to see the same thing happen to her!

Jen wondered…

Laurie was so smart. She knew exactly how to get Frank to eat. She was so sly and sexy about it, that Jen wondered if Frank even knew what was happening to him. Surely he must realize he was ballooning up; Jen noticed how he had to struggle with his clothes to get dressed after every feeding session, how his pants pulled tighter in the rear and how his shirts wouldn’t tuck in over his new gut. He MUST know. But… Laurie sure didn’t seem to notice that she was having more trouble clasping her bra these days. When she complained about it to Jen, she only seemed to understand – with her usual pride – that she was still developing in the chest. But she was willfully oblivious to the extra poundage around her middle and rear!

How long would that last? Jen wondered. She couldn’t help but think… Frank DID look better fatter, there was something so cute about a chubby boy… but there was something so HOT about a chubby girl… The more she thought about it, the more Jen longed to see Laurie grow to match Frank.

Jen knew she wasn’t the brightest girl. She knew that everyone dismissed her as an empty-headed bimbo. BUT… maybe she could pull this off? Could she fatten Laurie the same way that Laurie fattened Frank? That would be SO hot. Jen thought about having two plush, round lovers and it made her plump pussy drip with anticipation inside her overstretched stretch pants.

She was going to do it!

Jen threw herself enthusiastically into feeding. It was fun when they were plumping up Frank, that was true, but now that she was chubbing up Laurie too? That was even better! Jen started to appear at their little sexy time sessions with her own treats, baskets of pastries or boxes of tarts. She knew from their years together exactly what forbidden snacks would most excite Laurie. As the captain of the cheer team, the vain diva worked hard to maintain a trim figure… or at least try to! Laurie was obviously working against her own genetic predisposition to thickness. She was a naturally buxom, zaftig beauty, but rigorous diet and exercise helped to keep Laurie’s belly flat and her ass pert… but there was nothing she could do about her massive boobs! That was good, though, because Laurie had always been stupidly proud of her titanic tits, ever since she first started to blossom. No girl was ever more desperate for a training bra or prouder when she graduated to a bra that she actually needed… and filled!

But Jen was working a long game. Every week, she brought more tempting treats. “They’re for Frank,” said Jen when Laurie raised an eyebrow at a box of donuts or a bag of eclairs. “Like, I just wanna help out? You’re right, Laurie, he IS hotter when he’s fat.” Jen grinned when Laurie nodded. Ha! Like, Laurie thought she was soooo smart but she was falling right into Jen’s trap! Pizza was one thing, Laurie could resist that pretty easily if she had to, but sweet pastries? Ohhhh Laurie was a slave to sugar! She was definitely going to be sneaking a few herself and eventually…. All those donuts would be adding up!

Frank was already eating himself into oblivion, so it wasn’t hard to coax him to up his consumption. He was growing at a breakneck pace, going from husky strong-fat to downright blubbery. His belly spilled over his pants waistband, filling out his jerseys to the point that his gut was ready to tumble out. He was starting to have that fat guy problem where he had to either buy enormous tent-like shirts that hung weirdly over his paunch and revealed exactly how far out in front of him it stuck… or he could buy normal shirts designed for his build that would cling to his gut and gradually ride up over the course of the day. Either way, he was fucked. There was no way to disguise his gains, especially as his face puffed up and his muscles got buried under pure fat.

And Laurie? Sure, she resisted at first, but a girl who diets all the time is the most susceptible to temptation. Laurie was no exception. It was slow at first, but soon she was eating just as much as Frank during their sex sessions. Laurie’s taste for pleasure obviously extended to food, so that soon she was becoming sexually aroused by eating… It made sense that a girl who loved to fatten up her man, who found Frank hotter the bigger he was, would also feel similar things about her own body. Laurie’s breasts were growing. Of course they were! It was no surprise that this busty babe would continue to balloon in the chest. Her melon-heavy tits overwhelmed her old bra, spilling out like rising bread dough, forcing Laurie to keep moving to higher and higher sizes. Eventually, she gave up on wearing lacy frilly underthings, trading them for practical fat girl underwear… like the oversized polka dot brassiere that Frank often jokingly called her “fat girl bra.” The rest of her was growing as well – her belly edged out in front of her, growing into a big round gut that helped support her massive tits. Her legs grow thicker, her face grew rounder, her bottom plumped up.

# Jen kept her mouth shut, admiring those new curves with the quiet appreciation of a connoisseur. But one day, when Laurie was whining about how hard it was to pull her skirt over her new rear, Jen HAD to say something.

“Shit, Jen, what the fuck is up with my uniform,” whined Laurie as she struggled to cinch her cheer skirt around her waist. The hook just WOULD NOT reach the socket no matter how much she tried! Jen watched from the bed, grinning stupidly at the way that Laurie’s soft new tummy jiggled as the thicker cheer captain tried to wrangle her clothing.

“I can tell you what’s wrong, Laurie. You’re getting chunky!”

Laurie spun around, her long raven hair trailing, her eyes flashing. “What the fuck are you talking about, Jen? How dare--”

“C’mon, like, it’s true! Look at that tummy! You’re pooching over your skirt! But, like, I think it’s kinda cute. You always looked hot as a big booby thin girl, I think you look hot as a big booby chubby girl.”

Laurie grimaced. She was NOT used to being called chubby! Jen was the girl with the big butt! Laurie was known for her tits, but the idea that she was chubby all over…. Unthinkable!

“Like, I think Frank agrees too!”

Laurie paused. “You think? Did he say something?”

“Like, I can see the way he looks at you! Haven’t you noticed that the thicker you get, the more eager he is to eat? He’s totally trying to encourage you!”

Laurie turned to look at herself in the mirror. She was still just in her bra and panties, her unfastened skirt now tangled around her thighs. She was definitely chubbier than she used to be. But maybe… that wasn’t so bad? Jen seemed to like it, Frank seemed to like it… She gently ran her hand over the slightly concave arc of her new tummy, poking her finger at her newly deepened belly button. There was something very sexy and womanly about her tender little tum…

“Like, we both think it’s SUPER hot,” said Jen, coming up behind Laurie and placing her arms around her lover. Jen’s hands reached down to massage the new roll of pudge around Laurie’s middle. Jen giggled as her fingers touched the overhang of flab, feeling where it overlapped Laurie’s packed panties. “Like, you know what I would like to see, Laurie? I think it would be, like, soooo hot if you were bigger. Like, I’d like to see both you and Frank get soooo much bigger… like, I could have TWO fat lovers, like, wouldn’t that be sooo cool?”

“You… you really think so?”

“Like, I know so…”

Laurie paused. She had never considered it before. But the truth was… she did enjoy eating. She loved to feed Frank, but, when Jen brought extra food, she couldn’t resist digging in herself. It just felt SO good to let go and indulge! As head cheerleaders, she always worked so hard to watch her waistline and now she was being given the perfect opportunity to throw caution to the wind and live out her greatest fantasy, living for herself, living for indulgence. She was a total sexual hedonist, after all, why shouldn’t she be a hedonist in other areas as well?

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In the lunchroom, Craig watched his teammate chow down on his school lunch of mashed potatoes and salisbury steak.

“You putting away the grub, huh?” said Craig.

“A guy’s gotta keep up his strength,” said Frank.

“Uh huh.” Craig shrugged. He wasn’t going to say anything. What kind of dude criticized another dude for his weight? They weren’t chicks! That wasn’t the sort of thing that they cared about! Besides, Craig was a thick-set guy himself, so he didn’t think much about weight. But it was hard to ignore the fact that Frank had suddenly gained a TON. He was taking up more space on the bench, his ass speading wider and wider. His belly flopped into his lap, settling heavily on his thighs. And he was definitely eating waaay more than he used to. Even Craig had noticed that!

Still, what business was it of his? Maybe this was a normal thing. Dudes sometimes hit a second growth spurt in their late teens, right? That sounded plausible. Whatever! Craig turned to his lunch.

“How’s your love life?”

“Been going pretty good. Can’t complain!”

“I’ll bet! How is it that you get two gals and some of us don’t have any? What’s your secret, Frank?”

Frank grinned. “Maybe it’s just my winning personality!”

Craig nodded dubiously. It was hard to believe that Frank was involved with Laurie and Jen! Those two carpet-munching lesbos hadn’t shown any interest in men since middle school, so Craig was shocked to learn that Frank was plowing them now. Or plowing Laurie, at least. The way Frank told it, Jen preferred to play support when the three of them got together. Laurie was definitely chunking up too, thought Craig. He wondered if the two things were connected…

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In the cheerleaders’ dressing room, Alice couldn’t help but notice that the cheer captain was getting thicker. Laurie Belmontes ruled the cheer squad with an iron fist, barking out orders to her underlings with the easy confidence of a girl who KNEW she was the hottest piece of ass in school. And, of course, Laurie was correct in that assumption. When Alice first joined the squad, she was jealous of Laurie’s perfect body – the curvy yet toned physique, the ample chest. But Laurie was letting herself go now!

The cheer captain still carried herself with the same easy confidence, almost as if she was unaware or actively denying her own gain. Laurie’s form was softer, her tummy pooching over the waist of her cheer skirt, her deeper belly button squishing between two new folds of pudge around her middle. Her bottom was wider, rounder, filling out her cheer skirt enough that, when she stretched or strutted, her overfilled spanky pants came into view below the hem. Of course, Laurie’s boobs were still her most prominent feature! Even those were getting bigger, so much that Laurie complained constantly about needing to buy a bigger cheer sweater to accommodate her growing gazongas.

Alice didn’t want to say anything. She knew how touchy Laurie was about her weight and the last thing that she wanted to do was to start a fight. But even so… it gave Alice a little bit of satisfaction to see Laurie chub up like this! After all, how many times had Laurie given Alice grief for the extra pounds that Alice carried? Alice knew she was a little bit chubby, but Laurie never passed up a chance to point it out… Poor Alice! But now the shoe was on the other foot! Alice kept quiet, but she knew in her heart that, if Laurie decided to start giving her guff again about her weight, she would definitely have a come-back!

“I need to get a bigger cheer sweater,” muttered Laurie, just loud enough for Alice to know that she intended to be overhead. “I must be having another growth spurt, cuz my tits are DEFINITELY bigger!”

That’s not all that’s bigger, thought Alice. She rolled her eyes behind Laurie’s back. She wasn’t impressed by the raven-haired cheer captain’s humble brags about her burgeoning bustline, but she bit her lip.

Jen nudged Alice in the ribs and jerked her head toward Laurie. “Like, Alice, have you, like, noticed that Laurie is getting, like, kinda fat?” she whispered.

“I didn’t want to say anything,” whispered Alice back, “But she has been putting on some pounds. You can really see it when she’s in her cheer outfit! I know she’s always talking about needing a bigger sweater just cuz she wants to show off about her boobs, but I think she might need a bigger one for real if her tummy keeps growing!”

“Like, she is turning into a total cow,” said Jen, hiding her giggle behind her hand. “Like, if she keeps going down this path, she might not be team captain much longer!”

“I hate to say it, but yeah!”

Jen grinned widely. She was super stoked. She felt vaguely naughty leading the conversation in this direction, getting Alice to talk about Laurie’s weight. Ha! Alice had no idea that this was all Jen’s doing, nor did she have any idea that Laurie actually enjoyed all her extra poundage. That made the whole affair even more exciting for Jen. Right now, Laurie was only carrying a little extra flub, just a little softness, but Jen wondered… how far could she push this? With a little encouragement, how big would Laurie grow?

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Back in the present, Jen arrived at the top of the stairs. She was panting and winded by the trek. No surprise, Jen was a big girl herself these days. It was hard to stay trim when your entire life was dedicated to feeding and fattening your two lovers! Still, Jen wasn’t THAT fat. She could at least get around easily. The same couldn’t be said for Frank or Laurie, anymore. The poor dears! Sometimes Jen almost felt bad for what she had done to them, but they never complained… they seemed to enjoy their lives as kept piggies! It was a slow process, getting them used to being fed and pampered and indulged, until they relied on Jen for everything! Maybe it was what they had always wanted, deep down, so the only stumbling block was getting them to admit it. But now? Now they were as happy as hogs in slop! And Jen intended to keep it that way.

“Like, hey!” called out Jen cheerily as she opened the bedroom door. Frank and Laurie were both here, of course, they rarely left the bedroom these days. It was too much trouble!

Laurie and Frank filled the king-sized bed -- overfilled it, really. They were absolutely massive, over 600 pounds each, two enormous flabby tubs of lard. They could barely move these days, barely waddle for more than a few feet before becoming completely winded, so they spent most of their time in bed, dozing and eating… when they weren’t pawing at one another. Jen sometimes envied them; since she was the sole member of the trio who still retained her mobility, she was the one who had to do most of the work!

“Um, like, rise and shine, you two! C’mon, you can’t sleep all day!”

“Too…sleepy…I’m tired,” moaned Laurie. Laurie was as round as a pumpkin these days, a big helpless blubbery blob. At night, she slept nearly in the nude because she couldn’t find night clothes that would fit over her colossal bulk anymore. Her breasts splayed out to her side, grown so far beyond the alphabet that she could no longer find brassieres to harness their behemoth bulk. On the rare occasions that Jen helped her get out of bed, her tits sloped to the sides of her enormous belly and nearly reached the ground. In fact, it was hilarious to watch her wobble around, her pendulous pontoons swinging wildly so that her nipples just barely grazed the carpet – Jen knew from experience that Laurie’s breasts were her most sensitive part, only growing more sensitive as she ballooned, so that tiny amount of friction would slowly drive her insane with lust. The only thing she wore at night were a pair of XXX sized panties, coming apart at the seams, the fabric thin and worn and nearly invisible under the sloppy fat of her chubby love handles.

“C’mon… it’s too early… we’re trying to sleep,” mumbled Frank.

He was little better than Laurie. Frank was a massive tub, his moobs flopping over a belly as large as a beachball that in turn covered his dick and hid it from view. With his hidden manhood and billowing man boobs, Frank was so swaddled with extra fat now that he could almost be mistaken for a girl if you didn’t look to carefully. It was really only the hair on his chest and the stubble on his blubbery double chin that gave it away. Like Laurie, he barely fit into any clothes. Jen could stuff him into an oversized T-shirt and sweats, but seams would split over his fat ass before the day was even done. His nightwear was just an old pair of XXX briefs, ripped and stretched until they looked like they might just disintegrate if he breathed too hard.

“I brought you some breakfast! It’s, like, your favorite: chocolate cake!”

To be continued…

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Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

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