Cultural Exchange

By Mollycoddles

Ryoko winced at the sound of thudding from the upstairs room and tried her best to concentrate on her cooking. It wasn’t easy. The whole house vibrated violently, shaking the pot on the stove and threatening to make it flip over and spill water all over the floor. Ryoko squeezed her eyes shut. Poor Ryoko! She had been under such stress ever since her sister went to spend a semester abroad in America on a cheerleader exchange program – and an American guest had arrived to take her place in Ryoko’s home.

Ryoko’s parents were also trying their best to deal with the situation, but the whole family was having a lot of trouble. The American girl, Jen Sarovy, was… well… she was fat. Enormously fat, so fat that she could barely fit through the doorway’s in the family’s small Tokyo apartment, so fat that her colossal caboose knocked over furniture, so fat that her every footstep reverberated through the building. Ryoko’s parents had already sent her to apologize to the downstairs neighbors several times after they had complained about the loud noises that Jen made moving around the apartment. The family didn’t want to embarrass their guest. Japanese etiquette required that they politely ignore Jen’s massive size, even when she crushed their couch under her enormous ass or ripped holes in their rice paper doors when she tried to move between rooms.

“Hey Ryoko…”

Ryoko sighed at the familiar sound of her little brother’s voice. Shinji seemed to be the only one enjoying their guest. The little pervert was always gawking at Jen’s backside and Ryoko could easily guess what he was thinking.

“What is it, Shinji?”

“Look at these!” giggled Shinji as he held up a stolen pair of Jen’s panties. “They’re as big as a circus tent!”

They were absolutely enormous, so big that Shinji had to spread his arms as far as he could to display them. Ryoko gawked. Honestly, she was shocked. She knew, of course, that their American houseguest was hugely fat and she also knew that Jen was absurdly bottom heavy. But seeing those empty panties, big enough to fit Ryoko three or maybe four times over, really drove it home!

“Shinji! You little perv! I can’t believe that you stole our guest’s underwear! Go put it back right now before she notices!”

“Aw, she’s not gonna notice,” said Shinji. He carefully folded the gigantic white cotton knickers in half and draped them over his arm like a waiter holding a towel. He giggled again, marveling anew at their sheer enormity. “She’s in the shower right now. If she didn’t get stuck in the bathroom door, that is. But in any case, she’s way too dumb to ever notice!”

“Hmm,” muttered Ryoko. She hated to admit that Shinji was right, but Jen had proven herself to be a complete ditz in the short time that she had been staying with their family. Ryoko’s parents often joked about the short comings of the American school system and how American teenagers were all lazy and stupid compared to their own pride and joy… but this was ridiculous! Jen was such a complete airhead that Ryoko sometimes wondered if she was typical for an American.

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! That thundering sound could only mean one thing… Jen was out of the shower! After a few minutes, the mammoth-sized brunette was standing in the doorway to the kitchen, still dripping wet from her shower.

“Um, like, have you seen my underwear? I can’t find it?” said Jen, scratching her head. The 500 pound cutie stood before them, clad in nothing but a towel wrapped around her middle. Unfortunately, the towel wasn’t nearly big enough to cover all of Jen’s flesh. When she turned to look at Shinji, Ryoko could see the lower quarter of Jen’s colossal butt cheeks peeking out from under the towel.

“Uh…uh…uh,” gasped Shinji, now completely speechless that the object of his affection was standing right in front of him in nothing but a towel.

“Oh, there they are! Like, thanks!” chirped Jen, snatching the gigantic panties back from Shinji. If she had any idea that he had stolen them in the first place, she didn’t let it show.

Without a thought, Jen dropped the wet towel to the floor. Ryoko and Shinji stared, mouths agape, at the completely nude cow now standing in front of them. Luckily, Jen was so fat that her sagging belly hid her bare crotch from view—much to Shinji’s annoyance!

“What? Like, why does everything here have to be so small? Like, couldn’t they build houses in this country for normal people?” Jen chattered away, oblivious to Ryoko’s embarrassment and Shinji’s arousal. The bloated brunette blimp wriggled her way into the massive panties, pulling the fraying waistband over her butt in back and tucking it under the overhand of her massive belly in front. “There! That’s better!”

Satisfied, Jen snapped the elastic waistband with one sausage-like finger and then rubbed the palms of her chubby hands over the beachball-sized lobes of her cotton-clad bum.

Ryoko wondered how her friends Ayumi and Megu were doing. Their families had also agreed to host some of the exchange cheerleaders from America and, from what she had heard, both of their houseguests were just as fat as Jen. They must be having quite a hard time fitting in!

“Um… perhaps you would like to… get dressed for breakfast?” muttered Ryoko, averting her eyes politely. She was all too aware that Jen was still topless, her large rounded breasts resting against the shelf of her protruding belly, each topped with big burgundy nipples the size of tea cup saucer.

Jen looked down at her chest. “Oh, like, yeah, sorry! Like, sometimes I forget that, like, you’re so formal here. Like, back home, I’m usually just hanging out with my bestie Laurie and, like, we’ve been friends forever… like since we were kids! It’s, like, no big deal at all for us.”

Ryoko nodded desperately, hoping that Jen would cease her inane chatter and just GO GET DRESSED. Shinji was staring, his breathing coming in short gasps. Gross! He was totally perving on Jen! Ryoko smacked Shinji in the back of the head lightly to break him out of his trance.

“Ugh, I guess I should get ready for school,” whined Jen, bending over to pick up her dropped towel. Ryoko and Shinji both watched in rapt fascination as Jen aimed her big round ass at them; her cheeks looked like two fully inflated beachballs shoved into her oversized cotton knickers. They could hear the fat girl’s joints creaking and her seams squeaking. “It’s just, like, those school uniforms they make you wear? They are, like, so totally lame! Like, they just don’t flatter you, ya know? But, like, I guess you gotta do like the Romans when in Rome, huh?” Jen seemed to think that was very funny since she giggled. Ryoko had no clue what she was talking about.

“Hey, like, Ryoko? Do you think you could, like, give me a hand, though? Like, I always have such trouble with that stupid uniform!”

“I’ll help!” piped up Shinji, but Ryoko shushed him. She didn’t want her pervert little brother trying to grope their American guest under the pretense of helping her get dressed.

“Of course I’ll help, Jen. Let’s go back to your room and I’ll give you a hand.” She shot Shinji a poisonous look that warned him to stay away if he knew what was good for him and she followed in Jen’s enormous wake back to her room.

“Like, these uniforms are, like, just so tricky!” bubbled Jen as she pulled her sailor fuku off the top shelf in her closet. She grunted as she rose up on her tippy toes to reach the garment, her triumphantly titanic tush wobbling within the cotton confines of her undies. Ryoko wondered how those panties could possibly stand up to an ass that massive. She silently prayed that she wouldn’t be around to witness the destruction when Jen’s monumental rear finally blew out the seams.

Ryoko nodded sympathetically. Jen wouldn’t admit it, but it was obvious why she needed help getting dressed! She was simply way too fat to be able to reach around her own bulk to pull on her clothes. Ryoko wondered how Jen was able to get dressed for school back in the states. She must have someone to help her every morning! Ryoko blushed with second-hand embarrassment at the thought. She couldn’t imagine being so absolutely obese that you couldn’t even dress yourself!

“Like, could you hook that clasp together?”

Ryoko shook her head to clear her thoughts. She realized that Jen was attempting to holster her ample chest in a brassiere, but that she couldn’t get the hooks to meet in back.

“Right, right.” Ryoko grabbed the ends of the body strap and yanked them together with such force that Jen yelped in response.

“Like, careful back there! You’re gonna cut off my circulation!”

“Sorry.” Ryoko yanked again, watching as the straps of Jen’s overmatched bra sank into the fat girl’s buttery back rolls, and desperately tried to push the hooks into their corresponding eyes. It was hard work! Jen was way too wide!

“It… it won’t… fit…” muttered Ryoko, still pulling with all her might. Sweat popped out on her forehead and her fingers trembled with the effort of tugging, but she was determined to make it fit! She had to accompany Jen to school and it was going to be embarrassing enough to have to bring this bloated heifer on the subway with her. Ryoko was going to absolutely die of embarrassment if she had to accompany a bra-less Jen on the subway! She could just imagine the scene now, with this clueless bimbo waddling along, her big pale boobs bouncing to and fro inside the overmatched sailor fuku. Oh boy, that would be bad! For her own dignity, she had to prevent that scene from happening!

“Ugh! It’s together!” Ryoko heaved a sigh of relief as she stepped back to admire her handiwork. It was an absolute miracle! Somehow, Jen’s bra was hooked! It was straining, the hooks squealing whenever Jen moved, the body band really hidden between thick rolls of back blubber… but it was holding.

“Great!” squealed Jen. “Now, like, we just gotta get the rest of the uniform on…”

Jen’s skirt was a joke. After tugging it up the pear-shaped porker’s thighs, it took a good five minutes to tug the hook into the eye… and the waistband was so tight that Ryoko was certain it might snap at any moment! Even worse, though, Jen’s butt was so wide and deep that her skirt was really little more than a formality… To Ryoko, it looked like a frill added just to mark the fat girl’s circumference rather than to actually add any modesty. It sat upon Jen’s enormous shelf of a behind, barely even covering the top half of her ass while leaving the lower half of her rotund cheeks completely exposed. It didn’t do much to hide Jen’s voluminous thunder thighs, either!

“Thanks, Ryoko! I couldn’t have done it without you!” Jen beamed, completely oblivious to how ridiculous she looked. “Now let’s get the top on!”

The top fit Jen like a second skin, clinging to every bulge and roll of Jen’s corpulent torso so much that she looked like sausage ready to burst from its casing. Ryoko had to fight to pull the top down Jen’s thick arms, wincing as she heard stitches pop in the sleeves, and then over her plump tits. She grabbed the hem and struggled to pull it down over Jen’s sloping belly but eventually had to give up. There was just too much girl and not nearly enough shirt!

“I… I don’t think it’s going to reach all the way,” said Ryoko. Her eyes were glued to Jen’s hanging gut, sagging out from under the hem of her shirt and forming a thick spare tire of rosy pink blubber all around her middle.

“Eh, it’s close enough!” said Jen, spinning in place to admire herself in the full-length mirror. “Like, so it doesn’t cover all of my belly. So what? I, like, wear belly shirts all the time back home.”

“This isn’t supposed to be a belly shirt,” said Ryoko. “I don’t think the teachers are going to be very happy to see you show up like… this. It’s really not up to uniform code!”

Jen wasn’t listening. She was too busy wiggling her ass and watching her booty blubber jiggle in response in her reflection. “Like, if Craig could see me now! That’s my boyfriend back home. He is, like, a total butt man and he can’t get enough of this giant booty! Like, I take back what I said about this uniform. It actually IS pretty flattering! It shows off my best asset!”

“It’s not supposed to,” said Ryoko weakly, but there was no reasoning with Jen.

“Like, that’s what comes of just being too bootilicious!” squealed Jen, grabbing Ryoko in a massive, smothery bear hug. “Thanks so much for helping me get dressed, Ryoko! I totally appreciate it!” The smaller Japanese girl found her face squished into the plush valley between Jen’s pillowy breasts, feeling soft sweaty cleavage all around her. She had no clue what it meant to be “bootilicious,” but she assumed it must be some American slang.

“It’s no problem,” mumbled Ryoko, her words muffled by excessive boobage.

“Now let’s get to school!” cried Jen, releasing Ryoko and bouncing in place in excitement. Ryoko could feel the house shake under Jen’s massive poundage.

Yeah… get to school… Ryoko silently prayed that she wouldn’t encounter any more embarrassment on their way to school, but somehow she knew her prayers were in vain.

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The train ride to school was just as embarrassing as it was everyday. Ryoko consciously stared at her feet and tried her best to ignore the whispers rippling through the car. All eyes on the subway car were glued to Jen’s enormously plush posterior. Embarrassed mothers covered their childrens’ eye, scandalized school girls snickered, and the odd salaryman attempted to seruptitiously snap a call phone photo only to realize that Jen’s wide-load rear was literally too wide to fit in one shot. Jen’s bottom filled the entire aisle of the car, bouncing slightly every time that the train hit a bump in the track. Her sailor fuku was clearly not designed to provide adequate coverage for a girl of her prodigious size, since the shirt simply lay atop the shelf of her jutting butt cheeks, too short to disguise the monumental size of that bodacious booty. Two gigantic pale balloons of flesh, barely covered by the wisp of cotton panties clenched between them, were on display for everyone to see.

“Jen, don’t you think you should… uh….” Ryoko blushed hard, trying to think of a polite way to tell Jen that her entire ass was out in the open for everyone to see. “Er… perhaps it would behoove you to… uh… show some modesty?”

Jen looked up from her cell phone, a blank expression on her chubby face. “Huh? Like, what are you talking about? I’m totally modest! I’m, like, wearing the exact same thing as you, Ryoko!”

Jen waved her free hand up and down in front her body to emphasize the point. Jen’s outfit was, indeed, technically identical. But Jen was so big that her gut sagged below the hem of her straining blouse and her ass completely obliterated any modesty her skirt could provide.

“I just mean… uh… that… there are… prying eyes around here.”

Jen craned her neck to look around the car. Immediately, everyone looked away, embarrassed to be caught staring. Jen shrugged.

“Like, I don’t see what the big deal is! I dress like this all the time in the States.” She tugged at the hem of her blouse but it didn’t have any effect. “Maybe, like, if I didn’t have to wear this stupid uniform! Like, back home I can just wear my stretch pants and, like, I never have any trouble.” Jen reached behind herself, grabbed the seat of her exposed undies and yanked a wedgie out from between her chubby cheeks. Ryoko wasn’t sure if she was just imagining it, but she could have sworn that she heard a collective groan of repressed lust from the salarymen in the car. Gross! This was so embarrassing!

If any other girl had appeared on the subway in Jen’s state of undress, she probably would have immediately had her ass groped by all the usual subway perverts. But it looked like most of them were reluctant to grab a foreigner’s butt for fear that she might not be familiar with proper Japanese decorum and instead make a big fuss.

The train lurched to a stop as it reached the girls’ destination and the doors opened with a pneumatic hiss. The crowd made for the exit, but unfortunately Jen was in the way. She turned and started lumbering for the doors, the entire agitated crowd pressing close behind her but unable to get around Jen’s massive girth.

Unfortunately, this time Jen forgot to turn sideways.

“Oof!” Jen grunted as her hips bumped into the sides of the door. “Like, what gives? Oh shit, I think I’m, like, stuck!”

Ryoko blushed a deep red. She could hear the crowd muttering in annoyance around her. Already people were murmuring about the “baka gaijin” plugging the door, but luckily Jen didn’t know enough Japanese to pick up on the insults.

“How did you… how did you get into the train in the first place?” asked Ryoko in exasperation.

Jen shrugged. “I dunno? Maybe the doors shrank?”

Ryoko buried her face in her hands in shame. This American had no sense of decorum at all! Now Jen was writhing around for all to see, struggling to dislodge her mammoth butt from the train doors. But there was just no way! She was way too wide to fit.

“Like, could you people give me a hand? Like, just a little push!”

Most of the other commuters didn’t speak any English, so they weren’t sure what Jen was trying to say. But when Jen pointed at her backside and wiggled her rump, they could easily guess the message. At this angle, Jen’s skirt was raised high enough that Jen’s gelatinous bottom was on full display, covered only by the thin cotton fabric of her monsterously huge granny panties. She was basically mooning the whole train! The crowd began to mutter amongst themselves, each person reluctant to be the first to break the taboo about touching a stranger… especially a stranger’s bare butt!

“Like, c’mon! I don’t have all day!” groaned Jen. “Get me out of here! I, like, need to get to school!”

Ryoko sighed. It looked like it was up to her again! Grimacing, she placed her palms against Jen’s backside and shoved. She could feel her hands sinking into that soft flesh, but she concentrated on pushing with all her might, hoping against hope that her strength might be enough to dislodge this billowing behemoth!

Once Ryoko led by example, it wasn’t long until other commuters followed suit. Soon dozens of hands were pushing against the bare blubber of Jen’s exposed rear, fingers and palms sinking deep into her butter soft flesh. Ryoko grimaced. It was difficult to get a good grip on Jen because she was so soft that one’s hands just sank into her! But with the combined efforts of all the commuters, Jen eventually started to budge.

“Like, I’m moving! I can feel it!” cried Jen. “Keep pushing!”

Once Jen started to move it was like a dam breaking. Moments later, the obese pear-shaped princess finally burst free, stumbling out of the train and onto the platform. A stream of annoyed commuters blew out of the train behind her, all hoping that this delay hadn’t caused them to miss their connections.

“Like, I don’t know what’s wrong with your subways,” said Jen, adjusting her skirt with an air of dainty dignity that seemed wildly incongruous with her over-bloated appearance. “I, like, never get stuck on the trains in the States. You guys really need to make your train doors a decent size so this doesn’t happen again! Like, this is totally dangerous! Someone could get hurt!”

Ryoko nodded politely in response to Jen’s jabbering but she was more worried about the angry glares from the other passengers as they hurried past. She was sooo embarrassed! The poor girl couldn’t believe what just happened… and if it wasn’t bad enough that Jen had plugged up the car door, poor Ryoko had to press her hands against Jen’s BUTT to help free her! This sort of thing just wasn’t done! Ryoko was naturally modest and the memory of the whole incident made her just want to sink into the ground.

“Disgraceful,” muttered a mother in Japanese, dragging her wide-eyed son away down the platform. “I can’t believe that a whale like that would be so shameless as to appear in public!”

“Like, what did she say?” asked Jen.

“Um… nothing…”

“Humph!” An old man with a cane hobbled past. He gave the girls a sour look and began to berate them in Japanese. “You two should be ashamed of yourselves for making such a scene! You’re going to make us all late… just because this baka gaijin blimp blocked the door! That’s what comes of eating too much, I always say.”

“I’m sorry, sir,” said Ryoko, bowing politely as she also replied in Japanese. “My friend isn’t used to Japan. See, in America…”

“That’s no excuse,” snapped the man. He peered at Jen’s massively wide hips and tree-trunk legs. “Even in America, they don’t make them that big! Just disgraceful! I’ll bet it all comes from stuffing your face with too many burgers and too much pizza or whatever they eat over there!” He jammed a bony finger into the soft, yielding flesh of Jen’s paunch for emphasis before he hobbled off.

“Um, like, what was that all about?” asked Jen. The fat bimbo barely spoke a single word of Japanese (Ryoko couldn’t believe just how ignorant Jen was! Who went to Japan as a foreign exchange student and didn’t even bother to learn a little bit of the language first?) so she had no clue what had just transpired.

“Uh… he said that he’s glad you were able to get out of the doorway without getting hurt,” lied Ryoko.

“Oh! Like, yeah, me too!” beamed Jen. “Like, what a nice old man!”

Suddenly a voice from across the platform called out: “Jen! Ryoko! It’s so good to see you two!”

Ryoko turned to see another girl, just as round as Jen, now waddling toward them. This was Alice Grobauch, another American girl and a close friend of Jen’s. It was no surprise that they knew each other back in the States. Whatever had allowed Jen to balloon to such mammoth proportions had obviously affected Alice too.

Alice was a rotund blonde girl with short bangs framing her round face. She was more apple-shaped that the pear-shaped Jen, so most of her excess poundage concentrated in a massive belly, as big as a fully inflated beachball, that sagged over the waistband of her straining skirt and proceeded her by several feet. Alice had somehow managed to find a blouse that actually tucked into her skirt, though it still left very little to the imagination. It was a button-down and was so tightly drawn over Alice’s gut that large diamond-shaped gaps were visible between each button, exposing the quivering pink flesh of her titanic tummy.

“Like, Alice! How are you doing?”

“Fine! I’m glad to be out of that train, tho. That was… a tight fit.” She unconsciously rubbed the bulk of her distended stomach as if you draw attention to the very reason that the train was a tight fit for her.

“Oh, yeah, like, me too! Like, can you believe how small the trains are here? They, like, don’t even make the doors the right size! How can they expect anyone to fit through those tiny things? I nearly got stuck!”

Alice nodded in sympathy. “Yeah, exactly!”

Ryoko grimaced. She couldn’t believe these two hogs! They seemed completely oblivious to the fact that the trains weren’t small at all… it was just that THEY were both too big!

She suspected that they were going to have a LONG day at school.

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Luckily, Ryoko’s instincts proved wrong and the day passed without incident. It was a quiet day, mostly spent indoors at their desks, so neither Jen nor Alice had much opportunity to accidently destroy anything with their vast bulk. Ryoko hoped to hustle Jen quickly home after school, but that was when her luck ran out. Jen wanted to hang out with her American friend.

“Like, c’mon, Ryoko, why do we, like, hafta just go home? Let’s hang out a little and have some fun!” gushed Jen.

“Mother is expecting us home, though!” protested Ryoko.

“Yeah, like, we’re not gonna be super late or anything!” said Jen, rolling her eyes. “Like, we’re just gonna look around a little.” Jen’s flabby belly gurgled suddenly, loud enough that all three girls looked down at her tummy. Jen giggled. “Like, and maybe we could get a snack too? Like, I haven’t eaten since lunch!”

“That was only a couple hours ago!” said Ryoko. Silently she thought: And you ate three whole bento boxes! How on earth could you STILL be hungry?!

“Yeah, I’m a little hungry too!” said Alice. “I don’t think I’m going to last until dinner. Isn’t there someplace to eat around here?”

“Yeah, like, let’s find some authentic Japanese food! That would be totally awesome! You know what we eat in the state from Japan? Ramen! You got any real Japanese ramen around here?”

“Oooo!” squealed Alice. “Real Japanese ramen! I’ve heard of that! OMG could we really get some?”

Ryoko swallowed nervously. She didn’t like the idea of going into a restaurant with these two fatsos. They were sure to embarrass her! But what could she do? It would be impolite to refuse her guests’ request.

“S-sure. Um, I know there’s a good ramen place down this street. I’ll take you there.”

Ryoko led the way with Alice and Jen thundering along behind her. Ryoko felt her spirits fall just a little lower every time that they passed another pedestrian on the street, watching the stunned expressions as people dodged aside to let the porky procession pass. Eventually they reached their destination.

It was pretty crowded with the after school rush, so every table and booth was already occupied. Ryoko scanned the room for any free seat, but only saw a couple stools at the bar.

“C’mon, let’s sit over there,” said Ryoko.

“Bar stools?” said Alice uncertainly. “Um.. okay…”

“C’mon, Alice! Don’t be such a baby!” said Jen. “It’ll be fine.”

As they got comfortable, Ryoko saw the issue. Both of her guests were far too wide ever comfortably fit their wide load asses upon a single stool. She watched in rapt fascination as the two girls rearranged their chairs so that each fatso’s gigantic rear was balanced across two stools. That arrangement mostly worked for Alice, but Jen was so bottom-heavy that it looked like she would need three stools to really be comfortable. But there simply wasn’t a third to be had!

The counterman frowned as he watched Jen and Alice squirm on their stools, both girls futilely trying to get comfortable even as they couldn’t find any way to get adequate support for their mammoth butts.

“What would you like to order?” asked Ryoko nervously. She could feel the counterman’s glare and she was starting to sweat. She only hoped that Jen and Alice didn’t do anything more to call attention to themselves! It was already bad enough the way they were writhing in their seats, their blubbery bellies and wide bottoms jiggling with the movement. All eyes in the restaurant were already glued to them.

“Ummmm, I dunno? How about that?” Jen pointed at one of the pictures posted above the counter, depicting a big bowl of tonkotsu ramen. “That looks delish!”

“Yeah!” piped up Alice. “It does! Hmm, I think I’ll try that one though!” She pointed at a picture of Muroran curry ramen.

Since the two Americans were almost entirely ignorant of Japanese, Ryoko had to order for them as well as a small bowl of miso soup for herself. When the food arrived, the difference was startling: Both Jen and Alice had enormous bowls full of creamy broth, noodles, and meat, while Ryoko only had a small bowl of simple soup.

“Like, that’s all you’re gonna eat?” asked Jen. “Like, that’s nothing!”

“I’m not that hungry,” said Ryoko.

Jen shrugged. “Suit yourself!”

Without another word, Jen and Alice began to eat, tilting the mega-sized bowls of noodles into their eager mouths and gulping loudly. Ryoko could not believe her eyes to watch these heifers chow down! They were like pair of sumo wrestlers preparing for a match, but there was one key difference: sumo wrestlers deliberately gained weight so that they could be hefty enough to compete but these two fatties seemed almost completely oblivious to the extra pounds that their extreme gluttony added to their already corpulent bodies.

It felt like mere seconds before the two fatties had completely emptied their bowls!

Alice dropped her empty bowl, sighing loudly as it clattered to the floor. Her plump cheeks were flushed bright red, both from the heat of her meal and from the effort of eating so much so quickly. Her eyes glazed over and her lips went slack. She wiped one thick arm across her mouth, wiping away any residual broth.

“That was soooo good,” she said, a slight hiccup causing her entire overstuffed body to bounce slightly in her seat. She blushed brightly, her eyes going wide as she briefly scanned the room in hopes that no one had heard her. If they had, the other restaurant patrons were carefully pretending that they hadn’t heard anything. Any other girl would cut her losses, but Alice took that as a signal that it was okay for her to continue. “Could I get a second helping?”

“Me too!” gushed Jen as she slurped up the last of her noodles.

Ryoko blushed even harder as she caught the counterman’s attention and asked for two more bowls. He arched a disapproving eyebrow, but he didn’t object. Poor Ryoko! She was so embarrassed!

Alice’s belly plumped out in front of her as she gobbled her second helping of noodles. Ryoko watched, mesmerized, as the gluttonous hoggette’s stomach pushed out further and further along her thighs, covering her lap, swelling as it filled tighter and tigher full of noodles and broth like an inflating water balloon. The little white buttons on Alice’s sailor fuku pulled tighter and tighter against her rising gut, small gaps appearing between each button to reveal warm pink flesh beneath.

Next to her, Jen was equally engrossed in gobbling noodles, her growing belly providing a much-needed ballast to balance out her jumbo posterior. She shifted her position on the stool, her skirt riding up to once again expose her colossal panty-clad caboose to the whole restaurant. Shinji looked like he might just have a fatal nose bleed from the sight!

Bang! Alice jolted as her belly finally overcame the resistance of her buttons, the button at the summit of her swollen paunch finally popping loose and bouncing against the countertop! Alice put her plump hands to her mouth to cover a surprised gasp as the gap dialated wildly, exposing the soft flab of the fat girl’s plump tummy and the long, horizontal slit of her blubber-smothered naval.

“Oh no… I… I can’t believe that happened!” squealed Alice, her round face going so red that she looked like a tomato. “I knew I should have held back but… oh but it was just too good! Now look at me! Oh I’m such a pig! I’m so embarrassed!”

The server behind the counter looked away, but he couldn’t hide the disgust written across his face. These fat, greedy Americans just had no dignity! He was scandalized to see such behavior in his restaurant, but decorum required that he limit his display of disgust to just stern looks and indignant sneers. He couldn’t actually confront this girl about her uncouth gluttony!

“Maybe we should go….” said Ryoko quietly. She was absolutely mortified to be seen in public with these two girls but there wasn’t much she could do other than politely try to nudge them to return home before they completely busted out of their overly tight clothing.

“Hmmm?” Jen looked up from her meal, strings of noodles hanging from her overfilled mouth, a quizzical look on her dumb cow face. “Like, why? I’m not done yet! Calm down, Alice, it’s, like, no big deal.”

“I’ll… just wait for you to finish,” said Alice, her pudgy fingers stroking the space where her missing button used to be. But she kept gazing longingly at Jen’s bowl and licking her lips hungrily.

After a moment, Alice couldn’t take it anymore. “Excuse me? Could I get another bowl?”

The server nodded silently and minutes later Alice was slurping her way through yet another giant bowl of ramen, making little piggy grunts of satisfaction as she filled her sloshing belly with warm broth.

Jen belched loudly, the sound reverberating through the whole restaurant and making customers turn their heads in surprise.

Jen dabbed her chubby cheeks with a napkin before realizing that everyone was looking at her. “Like, what? What’s the problem? You’re, like, supposed to burp after a good meal here, right? Like, I heard that was Japanese tradition!”

“Um, I don’t think that’s true,” said Alice through a mouthful of noodles.

By the end of the meal, Jen and Alice had gobbled three jumbo bowls of ramen each and they were so burstingly full of warm broth that they sloshed as they climbed down from their stools.

“That was soooo good!” slurred Jen, a goofy grin plastered across her broth-spattered face. Her overloaded belly protruded in front of her, bouncing slightly with her every step. She had to put her hands on her middle to keep her balance for fear that the gravity of all that sloshing liquid inside her might drag her to the ground.

Alice merely hiccupped in response.

“Like, you totally missed out!” gushed Jen. She smiled, comfortable and drowsy now that she was full of food. “That was delicious!”

Ryoko only sighed. She suspected that now she was going to have even MORE trouble fitting Jen onto the subway train for the ride home!

\* \* \*

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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Best wishes,