

Smorgasbord of Sweets

The Shapeshifter's Society building was as mysterious as ever with its velvet carpets along the tiled floors and the grandiose lanterns lining the walls of the labyrinthian halls. On her first visit, Faye reacted to the hidden passages and secret entrances with child-like wonder. However, it was taking all of her will power not to crumple to the floor in tears from the cloud of depressive thoughts plaguing her mind.

Every few steps she had to stop to pull up the oversized, grungy grey sweatpants hanging off her rear, it being one of the only pieces of clothing she owned that didn't show off her bubble butt. An oversized, faded orange shirt covered in miscellaneous food stains had been thrown on to cover up her lack of a bra for her modest chest. She had forgone any attempt to fix her shoulder-length black hair in favor of letting it obscure the lines of tears across her dark brown cheeks. Considering her state, it was a miracle she had found the energy to get out of bed in response to the call of a fellow Shapeshifter.

Reaching a door at the end of the hallway, she made a weak attempt to fix her hair. Realizing that it wasn't like she was trying to impress anyone, she let the strands fall against her shoulders and knocked. A short moment later, she was greeted by one of the society's most mischievous members, Ren.

In opposition of Faye's depressive look, Ren stood out with a head of short-trimmed, bright pink hair, black eyeliner to stand out against her peach-colored skin, and a beaming smile on her face. She was wearing a pair of ripped jeans and a black tank top with a white skull emblazoned across her chest. Even though Ren was Faye's senior, she was a head shorter than her and lacked much in the way of curves. The small woman made up for her size with a

tendency for taking things a little too far with the society's activities. Faye's downtrodden mindset helped to override some of her suspicion of the sudden invitation.

"Hey there Faye, glad you could make it," Ren said, stepping aside to let her guest inside.

Faye gave a weak wave hello and shuffled into the room.

Shaking her head, Ren closed the door behind her. "Damn, haven't seen someone this shaken by a breakup in a while."

"I was such an idiot," Faye said, letting out a loud snuffle. "He was my first boyfriend. We spent so much time together sharing our desires and bodies with one another, just for him to drop me for someone else." She lowered her head and hugged herself. "I was so stupid thinking I was more than just a one night fling."

Another pair of arms wrapped around Faye's torso. "You're not stupid," Ren said, resting her chin on Faye's shoulder. "Men can be complete bastards sometimes. You're young and in college, I'm sure you'll find some other guy that'll treat you right."

"It just...hurts so bad," she replied, a single tear rolling down her cheek.

Ren gave Faye a small squeeze before releasing her from the embrace. "That's why I invited you here tonight. I know the perfect way to get your mind off of that piece of shit."

Taking Faye by the hand, she pulled her into the room. Taking a few steps forward, she tilted up Faye's head to ensure she could see what was waiting for her.

In the center of the room was a round table covered in a white tablecloth that was large enough for at least two dozen guests. Despite the intimidating size, only two chairs were placed before the mind boggling spread of food. A collection of desserts was strewn across the table,

ranging in quality from an eight-layer wedding cake dotted with strawberries in the center to a bucket filled to the brim with a variety of candy bars. Scattered among dishes of brownies, cupcakes, and other baked goods, were bowls of sprinkles, syrups, and other mixings ready to be used on any of the dishes. One end of the table was devoted to two dozen extra-large milkshakes, partially hidden by an enormous ice chest filled with ice cream tubs. It all made for the picturesque image a hyperactive child would think of when they were told of a land of sweets.

“What is all this?” Faye asked, unable to turn her head away from the impressive spread.

“This is what the Society calls the Smorgasbord of Sweets,” Ren answered, proud of both the variety and the expression on Faye’s face.

“Not that I’m unthankful, but I’m a small eater. I’ll never finish this.”

“Course you will,” Ren said, pulling out a chair for Faye. “With my help.”

“Is this really a good idea?” Faye asked, cautiously sitting down. “This doesn’t seem like the healthiest coping method.”

“So what?” Ren asked back, turning as she walked towards her chair at the opposite end of the table. “This is a lot cheaper than therapy and a hell of a lot more enjoyable.”

“I still don’t-“

“At least try it. Even with my membership discount, I’m going to owe Zita a few favors when this is done.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Simple,” Ren said, peeking past the collection of sweets to show Faye her grin. “I want to make a friend feel better. So less chatting and more stuffing.”

Faye was about to protest once more, only to let out a sigh as she realized how useless it would be to try and argue. Eyes glancing across the table, she pulled over a plate of six elaborately decorated cupcakes. The pastries were so eloquently designed, she considered it almost a crime to so much as touch them. Nevertheless, she picked up a cupcake topped with a red icing rose and took a bite. A sickeningly sweet taste overcame her taste buds, temporarily washing away all of her worries. Humming and closing her eyes, she took several more bites to finish off the delicate pastry. She opened her eyes again to gaze at the five cupcakes still left on her plate. Eating them one by one, she took the time to savor each morsel as she continued her sweet feast. Pushing herself to swallow the last bite, she let her fingers massage her thoroughly satisfied stomach.

“That was delicious Ren,” Faye shouted across the table. “Although, I’m pretty full after just one plate.”

“You’re still on your first?”

Getting up from her seat, Faye leaned over to see past the wedding cake. At the other end of the table, she saw Ren was surrounded by five empty plates, with a sixth one being licked clean. Ren added the plate to the rest and sucked her fingers clean, letting a sizable pot belly hang out from underneath her top.

“How were you able to eat so much?” Faye asked, having trouble believing someone smaller than her could have such a large appetite.

“Shapeshifting powers, duh,” Ren replied, reaching for her next serving of sweets.

“Whenever I eat something, I turn it straight into fat.” Shoving a brownie down her throat, she

stood up and slapped her hand against her bare, chubby midriff. “The more I eat, the more I grow out so I can keep on shoving delicious food into my mouth. Makes sense?”

“Yes, but why would you ever want to do that?”

“So I can eat as much as I want,” Ren muffled through a mouthful of red velvet cake. “When it’s all over, I can use my powers again to shrink back to normal.” Grasping a milkshake, she chugged it down in a matter of seconds to have her gut sink ever deeper between her legs. “Better get started on your end. This feast may be for you, but that won’t stop me from eating everything I can.”

Faye sat down in her seat just as Ren set her sights on a jar of frosted sugar cookies. Leaning back in her chair, Faye’s eyes spotted a chocolate cake with strawberries and sprinkles that looked absolutely delicious. She smacked her lips, yearning to see what it tasted like. Closing her eyes, she attempted to tap into her powers. The fullness that had been plaguing her stomach faded away as her waistline was covered in a thin layer of flab. Pinching the extra fat made her grimace, but that was alleviated as she pulled the cake closer to her and dug in with her fork.

Again, her tongue was delighted by the sweet taste enough to make her finish a slice in no time flat. Pausing between slices, she used her powers again to pad out her waistline to make room for the rest. She continued the process multiple times, not once growing tired of the flavor. Enamored by the rich, chocolatey taste, she failed to notice that she had devoured the entire cake until she was left with an empty plate and a noticeable belly bump.

Licking a stray drop of icing from her finger, Faye’s eyes drifted towards her gut. Putting down her fork, she strained her overstuffed belly to peek at Ren again. The once tiny woman was

still many empty plates ahead of her, with no signs of slowing. Unlike Faye, her weight gain was spread throughout her body, giving her a pair of F-cup breasts that looked about ready to burst out of her top at any moment and an ass that was hanging off the edges of her seat.

Sitting back down in her chair, Faye pressed her hand against her swollen gut and closed her eyes. The lump between her thighs shrunk slightly as the fat was distributed through the rest of her body. She felt her loose shirt tighten around her chest as her breasts went up two cup sizes. Her expanded bust was quickly overshadowed by her butt taking up the loose space of her sweatpants. It appeared that Faye's powers were still not completely under her control, evidenced by how her body necessitated growing the one part of her she was most self-conscious about. Shuffling in her seat, trying not to dwell on her rounder posterior, she focused on deciding what to eat next.

Getting up from her chair, she dragged it with her as she slowly circled around the table. Her movements were slow, a combination of not being used to carrying the extra weight and taking time to stop in front of anything that interested her sweet tooth. She avoided the larger meals, afraid of growing too fast for her body to adjust. Instead, she kept herself to smaller parts of the feast, mainly an entire basket of chocolate bars, a dozen glazed doughnuts covered in sprinkles, and a platter of fancy looking sweets she couldn't identify, but nonetheless tasted delicious.

Faye's wandering led her towards the ice chest filled with a variety of ice cream tubs. As she pondered what flavor to start with, she felt her belly get bumped by a mass of pudgy flesh. Jumping back from the surprise human contact gave her a good look of what extravagant binging had done to her friend.

Ren had easily doubled in size, with a good portion being directed towards the swollen udders trying to break free from her top. With most of her shirt dedicated to keeping her bosom at bay, it left very little fabric to hide the swollen orb of doughy flesh that was her stomach from hanging between her plush thighs. Daring to glance at Ren's backside, Faye couldn't help noticing how it made a mockery of her own fattened up rear.

"I see you're getting the hang of it," Ren said, dragging over her chair and sitting down to the noise of creaking wood. "I'm a fan of being top heavy myself," she said, proudly patting her behemoth breasts, "but the pear shape really suits you."

"It wasn't by choice," Faye replied, trying to turn away only to show off the impression of her butt cheeks against her tight sweatpants.

"That so? Well, looks good anyway." Ren leaned over and pulled Faye's chair up to the table, not caring about the rip that split down the sides of her jeans. "Come take a seat. The Society's ice cream is unbelievable."

Carefully sitting down to avoid destroying her own pants, Faye grabbed one of the nearby scoops and popped off the top of a randomly chosen ice cream tub. Her eyes widened and she smacked her lips as she beheld a swirl of various ice cream flavors, cookie dough, and crumbles of the various candy bars she had eaten earlier. Without a second thought, she plunged her scoop into the mix to bring the enticing treat up to her mouth. Dragging her tongue along the ice cream made her body shiver from a combination of the chilliness and unequitable flavor.

So eager to continue eating, she popped another helping of ice cream right in her mouth and was met with a splitting headache. The scoop fell from her mouth and tumbled down her chest, leaving a trail of stains across her raggedy shirt. Grasping her forehead, she gritted her

teeth in pain. On the verge of falling out of her seat, she felt someone's pudgy hand grab her wrist and pull it away from her head. Faye's lips were pried open by a set of sausage-like fingers to allow Ren to press her thumb up against the roof of her mouth. A moment later Faye's headache dissipated, leaving in its wake a sense of confusion as she watched Ren pull back her hand.

"Yeah, that happened to me the first time too," Ren said, wiping her thumb off on the tablecloth. "That trick usually takes care of it, but you have to remember to pace yourself."

"Thank you," Faye replied, still a bit shaken by the sudden invasion of personal space.

Taking a step back, Ren peeked into Faye's ice cream tub. "No wonder you got brain freeze. You didn't add anything to it. Hold on."

Sliding Faye's tub over, Ren proceeded to grasp various bottles between her thick arms. Popping off the caps, she went about drowning the ice cream in a downpour of chocolate syrup, caramel sauce, and whip cream. Still not satisfied, she covered the mass of sugar in nuts and sprinkles. She reached to place a cherry on top of the pile, only to stop an inch away to pop the cherry in her mouth.

"There, all good to go," Ren said, taking her seat again and pulling over her own ice cream tub.

Faye gave a quick nod as thanks before she dug her scoop in again. This time, she made sure to pace herself by mixing in the warm pieces with the cold before putting it in her mouth. Even at her slower speed, her newfound gluttony helped her through the tub of ice cream in no time flat. Too busy focusing on the taste and not giving herself a headache, she paid little attention to the various spills accruing on her clothing. She didn't mind the fact that her outfit

was becoming a sticky mess, they were her little more than rags to her. However, she did have to stop her feast when she reached over for another tub of ice cream and heard a loud ripping noise.

Frozen by her own sense of shame, Faye put down her ice cream and stood up. Reaching her hand across her pudgy behind, she eventually felt the strained cloth of her sweatpants give way to bare flesh. Straining her arms to try and cover up the hole, her shirt rose up and let her flabby belly plop out between her thighs. Giving up on the growing rip in her pants, she tried to pull down her shirt. This ended up giving Ren a good look at Faye's bare breasts as they popped out of the top of her shirt to show off her plump, dark nipples. One last attempt to fix her clothing tore open more of her pants to leave her ass cheeks hanging out, with her underwear lodged deep in her butt crack. Rather than continue to fight her exposed state, Faye sat back down in her chair with a defeated sigh.

"Definitely getting up there in weight," Ren said, her own clothing not far from being completely torn apart. "Didn't know you went commando up top."

"Not usually," Faye said, cradling her chest in an attempt to cover it. "I just didn't feel like wearing a bra after...after..." She drifted off, tears beginning to well up around her eyes.

"Hey, none of that," Ren said, knocking Faye out of her bad mood by bumping their guts together. "Open up."

Faye opened her mouth and Ren took the opportunity to grab a can of whip cream. Tilting Faye's head back, she unloaded the entirety of the can's contents down her throat. As her mouth was filled to the brim, Faye closed her eyes and gulped down the pure sugar. With the can emptied out, Ren moved onto the bottles of syrup, washing down the whip cream with a

downpour of chocolate and caramel. Faye chugged down the sweet mess, not caring about the numerous rips in her clothes as her body grew to accommodate the new weight.

Slurping down the slurry of ice cream toppings, Faye licked her lips. Watching Ren put down the bottles to indulge in a basket of blueberry muffins, she couldn't help but feel she was left wanting. For lack of a better answer, she swiveled her two chins back and forth until she set her eyes on a bowl of banana pudding covered in whip cream and vanilla cookies. Pressing her gut against the table gave her just enough reach to grab the bowl. It was only once she rested the pudding against her chest that she realized she had lost track of her silverware. While manners dictated that she had to find her misplaced utensils, the constant tapping of her fingers against the bowl encapsulated her growing anticipation to dive into the sweet custard. Unable to restrain her appetite for much longer, Faye shrugged and let her instincts take over.

Diving her head into the pudding, she began slurping it up like a vacuum. Cookies and chunks of banana slid down her throat as easily as the rest of the jiggly concoction. Picking out the last few chunks of cookies from her cleavage, she paid little mind to the numerous new stains on her shirt before she grasped a bowl of chocolate pudding. Grasping the container between her fingers, she began shoveling it into her mouth without remorse. Every bite reinforced her appetite with a splattering of chocolate across her taste buds. Entirely absorbed in her meal, it took the sight of another hand grasping the last bit of pudding from the bowl to break her out of her trance. Turning her head to the side, Faye watched the last of her precious pudding get licked up by Ren.

“Sorry,” Ren said, sucking her fingers clean, “by the way you were eating, I just had to try it. Shame about your clothes though.”

The comment finally led Faye to stare past her three chins to gaze at her corpulent form. A splatter of pudding stains littered the thin shirt, doing an admirable job of obscuring various openings that showed off the meaty breasts underneath. Following the trail of misplaced food led to a puddle of pudding that had taken residence in the depths of her deepened belly button. Jostling around her barrel-like belly sent the pudding cascading through her fat rolls and onto the floor. Daring to move her thickened thighs just an inch tore open another section of her sweatpants to show off the sheer girth of her chunky butt cheeks as they precariously hung over the edges of the chair.

Wobbling her rear back and forth as she tried to comprehend how she had gotten so fat, a loud creak echoed through the room before Faye found herself falling to the ground. Her crash landing to the floor was halted as Ren wrapped her fingers around her pudgy wrist and pulled her up. Though the leftover ripples further stained the carpet with pudding, Faye graciously accepted Ren's help to maintain her balance.

"Looks like someone got a little overzealous," Ren said, her comment eased by a playful smile on her face. "Shame about your clothes."

"It's alright," Faye replied, finding strange comfort in the way their two bellies swayed against one another. "These are, well were, my throw away clothes anyway."

"Still, I'll make sure to scrounge up an outfit for you so you're not walking home naked." Ensuring Faye would remain standing, Ren carefully let go of her and clutched the hem of her shirt. "First, let's get you out of these rags."

As soon as Ren tried to lift up, Faye defiantly used her hefty bosom to keep the tattered top in place. "I-It's fine like this," she stammered out, unable to make eye contact with Ren.

“What are you talking about? It can’t be comfortable having that straight jacket of a shirt holding back your tits and gut,” Ren said, trying in vain to get the top past Faye’s bosom. “Not to mention how those sweatpants are sinking deeper into your-“

“I don’t want to do it, okay?” Faye said, finally getting Ren to take a step back. “I’m not comfortable getting naked in front of other people.”

Ren let her fingers drag down her chins to collect leftover droplets of syrup. “Okay, I think I get it,” she said, nodding her head.

Faye’s bewildered look at what the pink-haired girl meant was answered as Ren flexed her torso to finally release her overburdened top from its service. Taking a moment to appreciate how her beach-ball like breasts swayed about, Ren picked out the remains of her shirt from between the folds of her doughy belly. Grasping the edges of her jeans, she put on a wide grin as she ripped them off and let her butt cheeks wobble about freely.

“There we go,” Ren said, celebrating her recent nudity with a slap to her fat ass. “I went first, so now you won’t be alone.”

“It’s not that.”

“There’s no need to be embarrassed,” Ren continued, thoughtlessly groping her own tits. “We’re both girls and I’ve seen plenty of them get naked in front of me. There was this one time in Vegas where I got a bunch of contortionists to-“

“Alright, I’ll do it,” Faye said, unsure if she wanted to hear one of Ren’s many tales of debauchery.

Closing her eyes, Faye grasped the edge of her shirt and pulled up before she could have second thoughts. While her intention was to merely remove shirt for later use, a light tug was all it took to rip the top asunder and let her breasts freely jiggle against her belly. Chewing on her lip as her cheeks blushed, she swiveled her chin to look over her shoulder to see Ren watching her gut continue to ripple. Rather than dwell on her lone onlooker, Faye persevered to free her widened hips from the confines of her sweatpants. Clutching the edge of her pants with extra care, she began to shimmy back in forth in an effort to avoid destroying them like her shirt. She managed to get the sweatpants half-way down her ass before she was halted by the sound of ripping fabric. For several moments she stood there, trying to remain still even as her plush rear continued to shake.

Faye's pause served as an unwanted invitation for Ren to take over. In one fell swoop Ren managed to tear off the pants to reveal the blubbery, thunder thighs underneath. Beyond a little embarrassed, Faye chewed on her lip and let her fingers wander towards her pillowy backside to remove the final piece of clothing. With a flick of her finger, Ren managed to pop off Faye's panties and toss them across the room.

"There, much better," Ren said, doing nothing to hide the way her eyes glanced up and down Faye's body.

"Couldn't we have been a little gentler?" Faye asked, reaching out to cover herself, only to stop as she realized the futility of the task.

"Eh, don't worry about it," Ren said, turning her attention back to the sweet feast. "Besides, now you don't have to worry about spilling food on yourself. Just go all out and eat your fill."

To demonstrate her point, Ren grabbed a platter of various snack cakes and littered her face with a deluge of fillings as she devoured them in no time flat. The longer Faye watched, the more her sweet-addicted appetite reminded her of the various desserts she had yet to try. Waddling away from Ren, Faye grabbed a stack of chocolate chip pancakes doused in syrup to resume feasting.

With no clothes left to hinder her movements, Faye threw caution to the wind as she partook in whatever was within reach. Devouring everything she could put her meaty mitts on let her sample a variety of dishes from gourmet style tiramisus to home cooked apple pies. Regardless of the quality of the dessert, she was more than happy to guzzle it down with complete disregard for her expanding weight and the various sticky stains littering her flesh. She waddled around the table at a glacial speed, ensuring not a single crumb was overlooked. By the time she was licking up the last bits of icing from a platter of cinnamon rolls, only a single dessert remained.

Taking a deep breath, Faye tried in vain to reach out towards the wedding cake. However hard she tried to stretch out her flabby arms, her boulder-like belly kept her from getting even close to the centerpiece. Rather than be disheartened, Faye overlooked her logical worries of the table's weight limits and hoisted herself upon it. Dragging her engorged tits across the leftover platters gifted her with a new layer of icing across her body as she made her way towards her ultimate goal. Plopping her massive rear down, she let her legs spread out to give her belly ample room to lounge between her legs. As she took a moment to decide where to start, she heard a similarly large rumble from the opposite side of the table. Bending as far as her obese, bell-shaped body would allow, she saw a similarly fat and cream covered Ren looking back at her.

“Looks like we’ve reached the finale,” Ren said, her enormous tits still wobbling from her trip across the table. “By the looks of it, I’d say you’re just about ready to pass up my weight,” she added, slapping her ginormous gut.

“Thank you,” Faye said, unsure of how she got to the point where someone calling her fat was a compliment.

“What do you say we finish off in style?” Ren suggested. “You, me, and this cake. Let’s see who can eat the most.”

Faye found herself adopting Ren’s playful smile. “You’re on.”

As the words left Faye’s plump lips, the two women slammed their massive forms into the intricately made confection. The towering cake layers came toppling down on them, the sprinklings of icing in their hair doing little to deter their hunger. Handfuls of cake were shoved in their mouths to relish in the taste of the grand finale. Everything was so rich and fluffy, with occasional strawberries sinking down their throats as little treats to keep them going. Their bodies became completely slathered in icing, each of them regarding the crumbs between their fat folds as leftovers for when they were finished.

Leaving only smears of leftover icing on the platter, the two girls sluggishly crawled their way towards the last chunk of cake. Pushing her near 900 body to its limits, Faye ignored the various creaks of the table below to shimmy closer to her target. Moments before Ren grasped the last piece, Faye belly flopped forward to dive her head into the chunk. Downing the final mouthful with as much vigor as the first, she rose up her head to lick her lips and show off a pleased smile.

“Dammit, guess you beat me this time,” Ren said, shaking about her chins as she accepted her defeat.

“I can make it up to you,” Faye said, her lingering sweet tooth coercing her into licking every part of her flabby body she could reach. “I’m sure the Society can bring us more if we ask.”

In return, Ren rolled onto her back and began massaging her belly. “Nah, I’m good. That last stretch really took it out of me. Give me a moment to rest, then I’ll take you somewhere you can wash up and get a new set of clothes.”

Faye nodded her head with the intention of passing the time doing the majority of her cleaning with her mouth. However, she couldn’t stop her eyes from glancing at the way Ren’s chest rose and fall as she breathed. Turning away from the icing on her shoulder, she found herself tracing her vision across the many dimples and crevasses of Ren’s fattened body. A newly acquired appreciation for Ren’s friendliness was the first reason brought up. However, the more Faye stared at Ren’s heaving bosom covered in the remnants of their feast, the closer she was too understanding a collection of urges welling up inside her.

Letting these new desires take control, Faye began crawling toward Ren. Reaching the mound of exhausted flesh, she gingerly climbed on top of her overstuffed acquaintance. Sliding their bodies against one another, Faye reached Ren’s face to see an expected look of confusion. Rather than try to explain why she was acting this way, Faye simply let her instincts take hold and pressed her plump lips against Ren’s.

Moments after Faye initiated the kiss, she felt a pair of pudgy hands embrace what they could of her back flab. Holding on to one another, they shifted their obese forms around as their

tongues intertwined and they felt one another's passion. In the throngs of their make out session, they continued to toss and turn across the table to further cover themselves in what little remained of the Smorgasbord of Sweets. What finally broke the impromptu couple apart was the table cracking in half underneath their weight.

When the dust settled, the pair were left lying on the floor with their arms still around one another. Though their ample layers of fat had cushioned their fall, they still didn't move. Slowly pulling away from one another, Ren took the initiative to peck Faye on the cheek before releasing her from her grasp.

"I don't know where the hell that came from," Ren said, exerting herself to get up on her feet, "but I like this new you." Reaching out a hand, she aided Faye in standing up by using her own weight as a ballast. "I say we put off the shower for now in favor of one more indulgence. Like for instance, in a nearby bedroom?"

Spurred by her own burgeoning desires, Faye once again let herself mirror Ren's playful smile. "That sounds...sweet," she said, walking hand in hand with Ren as they waddled out of the room and towards the climax of their night of decadence.