Jen’s Lovers 2  
By Mollycoddles

“Chocolate cake?” Oooo…” mumbled Laurie. She swatted at Frank with one pudgy hand, the saggy flesh of her arm wobbling. “Frank, get up and… get me some cake…”

“I’m trying, babe… ughhhhh…” Frank was struggling uselessly to sit up in bed, but his fat gut piled against his thick thighs and acted as a natural spring to push him back onto his back. “Gimmie a hand… would ya.. Jen?”

“Like, with pleasure!”

Laurie and Frank were like two mountains of blubber. Jen grinned as she looked them over. People always thought she was the bimbo, but she was proud of the work that she’d done to grow them both! Who could have suspected that Jen Sarovy of all people could be so devious as to get her lovers to eat themselves into absolute obesity? She bit her lip as she watched the trembling mounds of their bellies heave with their breathing. Gawd, that was so hot! She could already feel her fat pussy getting soppy and squishy inside her own overstretched leggings as she watched them.

Gawd, it was still so weird to think about the path that had led to this moment! Only a few years ago, both Frank and Laurie had been so much smaller. Sure, Frank had always been husky and Laurie had always been thicc, but neither of them were so rotund that they would have turned heads. Laurie had started the ball rolling with her early efforts to chub up Frank, when she realized that she liked the boy with a little extra flesh to grab. She probably only expected Frank to blossom into a dad bod – just as she probably though that she would only blossom into a mom bod once Jen turned the same tricks on her. Ha! It made Jen giggle to think about how naïve that was! Neither of them had any idea what was in store, although neither of them ever complained. As their bodies grew, they only became more and more enthralled with their burgeoning girth, demanding more food and more attention – both of which Jen was happy to supply.

For years, Laurie insisted that her widening rear and pooching tummy weren’t there. She blamed her trouble pulling her slacks over her rump on the dryer shrinking her pants or her problems fitting into her cheer skirts on that-time-of-the-month bloating. Jen eagerly agreed with her at first – “Like, totally, Laurie! You’re just, like, as slim as ever!” – knowing that stoking Laurie’s outrageous ego was the key to getting her to go along with anything. Laurie would toss her raven hair and smile. And Jen knew that her obsequious words were working! Laurie didn’t think anything of the fact that her waistline was expanding. She outgrew her entire wardrobe, ordering larger and larger cheer uniforms until she was too big for any of the options. Luckily, by that point, Laurie was too heavy to cheer anyway, so she didn’t make too big of a fuss when she had to step down as team captain. She still made a fuss, of course. After all, she was Laurie Belmontes… it wouldn’t be like her to give up anything without some amount of bitching and moaning. But at the same time: Why would she want to put herself through all the hassle of cheering, after all, when there were so many other good things in life to dedicate yourself to? And by “good things,” of course, she meant eating.

Frank, meanwhile, seemed more cognizant of his size as he grew. At first, he used it to his advantage on the football field, his padded shoulders and growing bulk making him a formidable force against any opposing team. But he started to run into trouble when he could no longer get his jersey to completely cover his gut. He started to slow down and eventually his weight started to interfere with his ability to keep up with the rest of the team. He didn’t complain much, he simply announced to his teammates that he wouldn’t be trying out again next semester. He was always so practical. Without the exercise that came with football practice, Frank started to balloon faster – what muscle he had was quickly buried under pillowy new flab. The other students gossiped a lot, noticing that both Laurie and Frank had started to gain after they became an item… and it wasn’t lost on people that Jen had packed a few extra inches onto her protruding booty, although she still wasn’t nearly as big as Frank or Laurie.

Jen kept feeding them and they kept growing. Laurie had to trade her hip-hugger jeans for baggy track suits, Frank traded slacks for sweats. Getting around started to get more tiring for them, so they spent more and more time indoors. Their appetites increased, keeping pace with their gains, but Jen was always there to help – always there with an extra helping of dessert that she was happy to help spoon feed to her expanding lovers. Jen was gradually coming to realize just how much she enjoyed this! She wanted to squeal in joy every time that Frank popped a button off his shirt or Laurie split the seat of her track pants… and, at the rate they were inflating, those occurrences were becoming more and more frequent. And it only added to Jen’s desire to see how far she could push this.

As they approached and passed 500 pounds, they both found daily life more trying than ever. The poor dears! But Jen knew they loved it. They made no efforts to curb their eating. If anything, they wanted more, more, MORE!! Laurie huffed and grumbled if Jen arrived for her daily visit without a gift of a dozen donuts or a full layer cake. And it wasn’t like there were ever leftovers. They relied on Jen to bring them their meals, but Jen also brought them an endless supply of junk food.

By the time they neared 600 pounds, they could barely move. Jen had to help them out of bed, she had to help them wobble around the house. Doorways were mostly too narrow for them, so Jen spent a lot of time shoving their fat asses through doors whenever they got stuck. They were generally too big for anything anymore.

“Like, are you gonna make me do all the work?” whined Jen as she grabbed at her crotch to yank the damp material of her spandex stretch pants away from her pussy. She was so wet that she getting a severe camel toe with her leggings sticking to her vag.

“I’m… trying… my best!” muttered Frank. “Too heavy… can’t do it…” He flopped back down into bed as Jen released him.

Jen was no lightweight herself. Years of feeding Laurie and Frank to their absolute limits, keeping them so stuffed 24/7 that they could barely even breathe, had naturally also had a softening effect on the bottom heavy bimbo. She was a hefty 350 pounds herself, wide enough that she could feel her extra weight dragging her down when she walked, her bulbous protruding booty shifting thickly behind her so much that her leggings were constantly slipping down to expose her chubby ass crack. But the chestnut-haired beauty could never think of herself as truly fat, not as long as she had Frank and Laurie in the picture.

Jen hit up the local bakery almost every morning before heading over to the Belmontes household; she was such a frequent customer that the staff knew that she bought a cake almost every day. They probably thought that Jen gobbled down the daily cake all by herself. She was, after all, 350 pounds, which placed her firmly in fattypants territory in most people’s minds. If only they could have seen Frank and Laurie! Those two blobs would blow their minds! But no, Jen wasn’t eating the cakes herself… or at least not all by herself. She made sure to share with her two lardass lovers.

“Like, c’mon, fat boy, you know you, like, need a good hearty breakfast if you want to keep growing!” coaxed Jen, plunging her hand directly into the chocolate cake and pulling out a loose handful of moist sponge cake. She shoved it into Frank’s face, smearing his wobbling cheeks with dark chocolate as he eagerly slurped it down. “That’s a good boy! Like, don’t be shy! Eat up!” Jen giggled as she spread her pudgy fingers, so that Frank could lap up the frosting, working his rough tongue eagerly over her knuckles.

That was only the first bite. She grabbed another handful, bringing it to Frank’s mouth.

“Like, you want some more, fatty? I bet you totally do!”

“M-more,” he mumbled, spitting crumbs down his jiggling double chin as he struggled to raise himself into a sitting position. Jen chuckled as she wiped some frosting from the corner of his mouth, smearing it through his new stubble.

“Like, I gotta shave you,” said Jen, brushing her thumb through Frank’s emerging beard. Keeping her piggies presentable was a constant challenge, since both Frank and Laurie were too fat and helpless to do most things themselves. Frank could shave himself, of course, but since he spent so much time eating sometimes it was easier to just let Jen slather shaving cream on his face and slice off his new stubble with a razor. It was just one of the things she did. She helped Laurie and Frank keep clean – she helped them wobble over to the bathroom, she helped them lather up in the shower, she helped them rinse off in the tub, she helped get them dried and dressed… it was hard work, but Jen loved it.

It was funny! For so many years, Jen had always felt like the ditzy one, the irresponsible empty-headed bimbo who needed someone to take care of her. But now? Now she was the one in charge! She was the one who got to take care of her lovers. It was a whole new dynamic and Jen absolutely adored it.

“Had enough? Like, it totally takes a lot to fill you up!” said Jen. She squashed another handful of cake in Frank’s fat face, shoving so hard that Frank nearly toppled over backwards into bed, the springs groaning under his weight. The bed shifted and bounced, drawing groans from Frank’s bedmate Laurie.

“Gawd… Jen, stop wasting time with that fat ass! Come over here and help me!” whined Laurie.

“Who are you calling a fat ass?” said Frank, chuckling.

“I just mean… shut up!”

“Like, Frank’s right!” said Jen. “You’re totally just as fat as he is! That’s, like, good. I wouldn’t want my two piggies mismatched!”

Laurie was moaning loudly now, tweaking her fat nipples with her plump little fingers. She was SUPER horny. Sex and food had become completely entangled in her mind, so that these days she became as sexually aroused by having food shoved in her mouth as she did from having Jen lift her belly to play with her fat pussy. Watching Frank get to eat was driving her absolutely wild, but she was too fat to do anything about it… Laurie was so monumentally massive these days that she could no longer reach her own pussy to pleasure herself. There was simply too much boob and belly in the way! She relied entirely on Jen to achieve sexual release, but that also meant she was subject to Jen’s mischievous whims. Jen grinned to herself, consciously ignoring the soft moans of desire coming from Laurie as she continued to stuff Frank stupid.

“Gawd, you really just can’t get enough! You love eating and growing fatter, don’t you, babe? Like, Frank, I always knew football players were big… but, like, you take the cake! Literally!” She laughed out loud at her stupid pun.

“Jen… Jen… Goddamn it…,” moaned Laurie.

“I haven’t played football in a long time,” huffed Frank. “I’m too big for that now… thanks to you…”

“Yeah, and when was the last time that Laurie cheered?” said Jen. “Like, you two can’t do anything except just like there and eat, huh? Guess you’ll just have to keep growing!” Another handful of cake. Jen wouldn’t let up, pushing more and more cake into her fat boy toy, until even his fat hairy gut started to visibly swell with fullness and Franks started to gasp.

“Ohhh, sounds like you’ve had enough, huh, fat boy,” said Jen devilishly. She patted his distended middle, drawing a faint whimper from the husky hulk. “That’s alright, I think it’s time that Laurie had a turn too, don’t ya think?”

“Gimmie cake,” muttered Laurie. “Jesus, Jen, I can’t believe you’ve kept me waiting for so long…”

“Shhh, you greedy girl,” said Jen. “Like, don’t you already think you’re too fat? Like, you can barely move! Totally can’t believe you used to be the captain of the cheer squad…”

Who was the team captain in Laurie’s absence? Well, who do you think? Jen had stepped into the role. Now she was the captain! She didn’t run the squad with the same iron fist that Laurie had, so, while they didn’t win every competition they competed in, the girls seemed to be having a lot more fun now. Everyone agreed that Jen was a much nicer captain than her predecessor!

Jen was just happy to be in charge. It gave her a real thrill! Some people might imply that a 350 pound chubbette like Jen had no business being the cheer team captain, but Jen never paid complaints like that any mind. After all, if people thought she was big…

She could think of at least two people much bigger!

There was about half a cake left, already absolutely ruined by Frank’s gorging session. But there was still plenty left. Jen grabbed a handful of cake and shoved her hand into Laurie’s face, forcing as much gooey deliciousness into her friend’s mouth as she could.

“There ya go! Eat it up, you greedy hog! Like, yum yum, right? I know you totally love it!”

Laurie grunted, snorting like a pig as she sucked up as much cake as she could, frosting all over her chubby cheeks and pillowy double chin. She loved to eat just as much as Frank and she could never get enough! That was something that Jen hadn’t bargained on as her two lovers gradually blew up like living balloons being inflated with food! The more they gained, the more food it took to satisfy their bottomless appetites… But the more they ate, the fatter they grew. And the fatter they grew, the hungrier they became! It was a vicious cycle guaranteed to only add more pounds to their ever escalating bulk. Not that either Frank or Laurie ever seemed to care. They were so far beyond that now that the only thing that mattered to them was the sheer pleasure of indulgence – they lived an easy pampered life of eating, sleeping, and fucking!

“Like, have you seen Frank lately? I bet you haven’t, Laurie, huh? Cuz, like, you’re so fat now, you probably can’t even turn your head.”

“Shut up,” huffed Laurie. Her face was slathered with chocolate, but her heavy breathing and glazed eyes told Jen that her teasing was having the desired effect. Laurie was totally horny!

“Look at how incredibly fat he is! He’s just as fat as you, Laurie. Like, look how much we grew him! He’s just a big fat tub of lard!” Jen watched as Laurie turned to look at Frank. Of course, she knew he was far, tremendously fat! They were sharing the same bed, it’s not like she was blind! But she felt a renewed wave of arousal at hearing Jen point out the obvious.

“He’s so fat that you might, like, not even realize there’s a boy buried under all that blubber,” said Jen. “He looks like a girl with those giant moobs! Like, I guess he must have similar genetics, Laurie, cuz like his tits are almost as big as yours!”

“Ughhh, Jesus, Jen, I’m so fuckin’ wet,” moaned Laurie, squirming in bed. Her ginormous panties were absolutely soaked, hidden under the folds of her flab rolls. The fat girl was writhing as much as she could, her thick arms and turgid legs trembling. “Ugh, Jen… I’m so fuckin’ horny…”

“Christ, Jen, you better cool it with the sexy talk or Laurie’s gonna blow right here,” said Frank. He was one to talk! Jen could see his erection fighting against the fabric of his undies and the overhang of his paunch, struggling to make itself known.

“Like, I can tell! Ohh, Frank, looks like YOU’RE getting hot and bothered there too,” said Jen.

Laurie snorted, but she attempted to prop herself up in bed so that she could see. Her titanic tits flopped against her chest, their immense weight nearly dragging her forward. “How can you even tell, Jen? This fat ass is so goddamn flabby that his dick is buried under all that lard! I can’t see a goddamn thing there!”

“You should talk,” said Frank playfully.

“Yeah, like, you two are both way too fat to fuck anyway at all, aren’t ya?” said Jen cheerfully. “Like, even if you could FIND Frank’s dick under all that, I bet there’s no way he could get it into your fat pussy, Laurie. There’s too much flab down there!”

“Shit,” muttered Laurie. “You two need to STOP talking like that. Ugh! Okay, fat boy, we might be too big for some things… but I bet I could still take you.” She licked her lips. “You know what they say about us fat girls, we give the best head. Jen, help me up, I’m gonna show Frank exactly what I mean…”

“Calm down, Laurie, you’ll get your chance! But you haven’t even finished your breakfast yet! Like, don’t you want your cake too?”

Laurie grunted in excitement. She sounded for all the world like the greedy pig that she was! Jen grabbed yet another handful of moist, sweet cake and held it up to Laurie’s face. The bloated beauty plunged her face into Jen’s hand, gobbling cake like a pig at the trough, smearing icing and crumbs all over her fleshy cheeks until all the cake was gone.

“Eat up, fat girl,” said Jen, “Like, I don’t care HOW horny you are… I’m totally not gonna do anything about it until you finish up that cake!”

“Mmmf,” Laurie mumbled, her mouth filled with cake. Jen didn’t stop, she kept shoving cake into Laurie, then Frank, then Laurie, then Frank… until it was all gone! Jen chuckled. It took a lot to satisfy these hogs and Jen knew for a fact that this single cake wouldn’t satisfy them. But the day was young, she would probably be doing a bunch of food runs later on. This would just get the pump primed.

“M-more…more…”

“Yeah, like, I know you want more. Gawd, Laurie, you’re SO hungry!” Jen slapped at Laurie’s enormous paunch with her free hand, marveling to watch the buttery flab jiggle wildly. “No wonder you’re so fat! Like, you’ve totally let yourself go. Can you believe that you’re, like, the size of a house now? And to think that you used to be the cheer captain! I guess, like, it’s a good thing that you retired. You still hungry now?”

“Gawd, I’m so hungry… for cock,” moaned Laurie as she finished off the cake. She nibbled at Frank’s ear. “Hmm, I haven’t sucked a good dick in sooo long. Babe, you know you wanna let me show you a good time. C’mon! Let mama help you out.”

She slapped at his overfull gut, futilely attempting to reach his dick with her stubby fingers. But if Laurie was too fat to reach her own vagina in this position, she was also too fat to reach Frank’s dick. Her own boobs and belly were so massive that they were an insurmountable barrier between them.

Jen had to fight against gravity to get the two lovers positioned properly. Frank grunted and groaned as he wobbled his way over to the chair, dumping his bulk unceremoniously into the seat with a loud sigh. Laurie was equally noisy as she lurched out of bed to squat down in front of Frank.

“Ugh, fatty, you need to lose some weight,” she said, “I can barely even find your dick under all this flab. It’s so heavy! Jen! Jen, come help me!”

This must be what they call topping from the bottom, thought Jen. Even in this advanced state of helplessness, Laurie was just as demanding as ever. Jen had to squat next to Frank, lifting his pannus with both hands so that Laurie could ravenously attack his cock.

Frank moaned as Laurie worked his shaft, her lips sucking at the head of his dick as her plump fingers struggled to maintain hold on his dick. “Oh Jesus, Laurie, that’s good! Yes! Goddamn, you still got it! You may be a fat girl now, Laurie, but you still know how to work it!”

Laurie smirked. She loved being called a ‘fat girl,’ truth be told, and she also liked having her dick sucking skills praised. She was working hard to keep her man hard, but she was still having trouble…

“Like, looks like Laurie’s having some trouble down there,” said Jen. “You’ve got, like, too much fat around your dick, Frank! You’re so fat, like, Laurie can barely suck it.”

But Laurie was nothing if not dedicated. Jen’s wrists started to ache as she kept Frank’s gut out of the way, but it was worth it to see Laurie in action down there. Goddamn, this was hot to see! Jen loved to watch her piggies struggle to do simple things, it was absolutely adorable! Laurie was working so hard, teasing Frank’s stubby dick to attention, working so hard to keep it up. She was already huffing with the effort, the small amount of arm movement that she had to do to stroke his dick was tiring her out SO much! It didn’t help that, at this weight, Frank took longer to climax and he was already gasping and huffing as well. Shit, Jen worried these two blobs might completely tire themselves out in minutes!

“Umfff, come on, fat boy, let’s see this dick grow,” muttered Laurie around the shaft.

“Oh God, oh god, Jesus, Laurie!” moaned Frank, pawing at his gut with his fleshy hands, trying to reach but simply too fat to do anything. He was helpless as an overturned turtle, but he still thrashed and yelped as he finally climaxed, filling Laurie’s eager mouth with hot cum. Laurie gulped and rolled over, moving like an elephant seal barrell-rolling across the beach and Jen dropped Frank’s gut, covering his wilted dick.

“Oh goddamn motherfucker,” gasped Laurie, her vast chest rising and falling rapidly as she struggled to regain her composure. “Goddamn it’s been too long, I missed that. I hope you appreciate what I do for you, Frank! You know that’s not easy for a girl of my… stature.”

“Like, that was a pretty good show,” said Jen. “And, like, I bet Frank would love to return the favor.”

“I would,” said Frank. “Just…give me a second….”

Frank was spent. A boy of his prodigious size needed a lot of time to recover. Even just cumming was a lot of work at that weight! Eventually, he stirred.

“Okay…I’m ready… But I’ll need your help, Jen.”

Jen’s work was never done! She was already exhausted from having to hold up Frank’s fat gut for so long, now she was going to have to do the same for Laurie! Jen was a plump pear-shaped heifer herself, carrying 350 pounds of pure flab on her short frame, so she wasn’t exactly cut out for this kind of hard work! Still, she was the only person who could do it, because Frank and Laurie were definitely in no shape to do this without her.

“Like, alright, just gimmie a sec!” The logistics were a nightmare. First, Jen had to get Laurie positioned and pull the fat girl’s frayed panties down over her voluminous thighs. Then she had to help get Frank up ad move him so that he could get his face into Laurie’s crotch. Then Jen had to lift Laurie’s big squishy gut so that Frank could move in. It was still a chore! Laurie’s pussy was so plump these days that Frank might suffocate before he could reach her clit with his tongue! Jen was thankful that it was him rather than her down there; she didn’t have the stamina for that sort of thing anymore! If it was up to her to pleasure Laurie, the lazy lass opted to just shove a vibrator down there… which also had the added benefit that Jen could stand back and watch Laurie’s fat face turn red from the effort of holding her orgasm. Jen thought that sight was so funny and cute!

“C’mon, Frank! Gawd, what’s wrong with you?” snapped Laurie, her breath quickening. “Come on faster! I can barely feel anything! Are you even in? Jesus!”

Laurie’s bright red face and rapid breathing revealed that she WAS, in fact, feeling something, but it was out of character for Laurie to ever be satisfied. Both Frank and Jen were used to the demanding divas incredibly high standards when it came to either food or sex, so neither one of the was surprised to hear her complain.

“C’mon, Laurie, like, cut the poor boy some slack!” said Jen, leaning forward to whisper into Laurie’s ear. “I mean, like, it’s not easy eating pussy THAT fat. Like, that’s your fault, Laurie. Maybe if you weren’t always so greedy and didn’t eat so much, you wouldn’t be soooo incredibly fat?”

“Sh-shut up!” huffed Laurie, her eyes going crossed. Jen grinned widely. She knew exactly how much Laurie loved to be teased for her size.

“I mean, if you don’t like the way Frank is doing it… I guess you could always take care of it yourself. Like, that’s not a problem for you, is it, Laurie? Like, it’s not like your boobs and belly would get in the way, is it? Like, you’re not too fat to reach, are you?”

Laurie sucked in a lungful of air, sharply, between her teeth. In fact, that was exactly the case. She was way too fat to masturbate anymore. She could barely reach her fat-swaddled hand as far as her belly button because her mountainous belly and titanic tits blocked her reach. There was no way in hell that she could reach her vulva! It was ironic that, as Laurie grew, she became more and more turned on by her body, but also less and less capable of acting on that arousal. What a cruel fate! To be constantly so horny that you were vibrating, jiggling with arousal… yet too turgid with blubber to ever be able to touch yourself! Jen knew well the problems. She was already having enough issues at 350 pounds – nothing major, but she could feel how the reach was already becoming more awkward – and she could guess how frustrating it was at 600 pounds, when you could barely move at all. Plus, she’d seen Laurie attempting to pleasure herself. Pathetic! The poor little blimpette could reach her pussy about as well as Frank could reach his own dick these days… which was to say that she couldn’t!

Which was exactly why both these lardasses needed Jen to help orchestrate their sex life.

From her vantage point, Jen could already see Laurie turning red right now! Gawd, this was soooo hot to watch! How could Jen resist getting involved? Her pussy was so sopping wet that the entire crotch of her sweatpants was sticky with her juices and her clit was absolutely throbbing so hard that Jen felt like she was going to explode. She wanted to touch herself more than anything, but supporting Laurie’s belly was a two hand job.

“Oh Gawd… Frank… keep going… yeah… yeah…. Yeah you’ve got it!”

Jen grinned as Laurie shrieked out loud, squeezing Frank’s head between her massive thighs as she came. She grabbed at the sheets beneath her, clutching them in her stubby sausage fingers, and then relaxed, flopping back in bed with a loud sigh.

“Ohhhhh…my… gawd….,” She gasped. “That was… good…Gawd… I’m so… fucking exhausted…”

Frank, likewise, seemed to be spent. He flopped over, wheezing loudly. Jen stepped back to survey the damage. Both of her lovers were completely worn out by this exhilarating bout of physical activity! But that was what life was like at 600 pounds, she really couldn’t expect anything different. Could she blame them? No, not really. Not when it was really all her fault. She was the one who had fed them, encouraged them, stuffed them like a pair of Thanksgiving turkeys, ignored all warning signs that their blimping girths were interfering with normal living, and turned them into a pair of helpless beached whales.

“Like, you two rest a bit,” said Jen. “But you can’t just lie around in bed all day! When you’re ready, I’ve got, like, a big day planned for you both!”

Laurie blinked open one eye. Frank craned his neck.

“Like, for one thing, you still have to eat lunch!”

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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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Mollycoddles