

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Oink for me. Yeah, I know it's cringe. Do it anyways.*

Contains: *Weight Gain*

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## Lyla and Faith

Granny Barb was starting to wonder if things were going poorly with Cousin Faith's family. The poor girl was coming over to have 'sleepovers' with Lyla more'n once a week! Well, at least she and Lyla got along so well. It was a shame Granny Barb couldn't get Faith to eat a little more, get some meat on those bones. But then, she supposed it was hard to get any seconds when her "Little Lyla" gobbled most everything up before Faith could finish her firsts.

Although, Cousin Faith *did* seem to be more interested in making sure Lyla got enough to eat, than feeding herself.

Faith and Lyla sat on the couch, watching some silly show on the TV. Granny Barb dried her hands on a towel and hung her apron on its hook. "I'm headed to bed. Don't you girls stay up too late now, y' hear?"

"We *-hic-* won't," Lyla mumbled.

"Night Granny Barb!" Faith called.

The cousins listened to the creaking stairs as Granny Barb went to her room, waiting for the sound of her door closing. Faith waited for a count of twenty before rolling onto her side, burying her face in Lyla's sideboob.

"I missed you..."

"You were here Tuesday night," Lyla said.

"Still... Let me help you with these, I'm surprised you can breathe..."

Faith undid the button on Lyla's shorts, letting her round gut puff out to its full size. She ran her hands along Lyla's belly, squeezing handfuls of squishy flesh. "There, doesn't that feel better?"

"I guess..."

"What's the matter? Is my 'little' Lyla-Bean still hangry?"

"No!" Lyla said, pouting.

"Then what's wrong?"

"I really liked these shorts, and they're too small now."

"Aww, you poor thing... You want some pie to cheer you up?"

Lyla shook her head, but her tummy vibrated with hungry rumbles. Faith climbed off the couch and knelt in front of her. She grabbed Lyla's belly in both hands, burying her face in the soft skin. "It sounds like you doooo..."

"Fine..." Lyla said, reflexively licking her lips at the thought of another one of Granny Barb's prize-winning pies.

Faith skipped into the kitchen, returning a moment later with a saran-wrapped pie. She peeled back the cling film, then climbed carefully onto the couch, straddling Lyla's massive thighs and balancing herself with one hand on Lyla's belly.

She waved the pie under Lyla's nose. "Doesn't it smell goood?"

"Y-yes," Lyla breathed.

Faith scooped up a tiny bite of fruit filling with the fork, bringing it to her own mouth for a taste. "*Mmmm*, it *tastes* good too..."

"Faith, please..." Lyla begged.

"I thought you weren't hungry?"

Lyla's stomach answered for her, vibrating against Faith's torso like a purring cat.

Faith's voice dropped to a whisper. "Does my little piggy want some pie?"

Lyla nodded.

“But you’re getting so fat...” Faith patted the uppermost roll of Lyla’s belly, watching the ripples.

“I don’t care,” Lyla croaked, “I want more pie... Please can I have it?”

“Open wide.”

Faith fed Lyla a bite of pie, then waited.

“More, please?”

“You know the magic words.” Faith teased.

“No...” Lyla whined.

Faith whispered into Lyla’s ear, “Oink for me, Yeah, I know it’s cringe. Do it anyways.”

Lyla oinked.