Sarah Made a Choice  
By Mollycoddles

Mother used to glare at me sternly as she watched me load up my plate with second or third or even fourth helpings at dinner.

“Careful there, porkchop,” she would say, her voice cheerful. She always said it cheerfully with just a hint of an amused laugh, as if I couldn’t detect the venom under the surface. “You keep eating like that and one of these days you’re gonna pop. We wouldn’t want that now, would we, Sarah?”

“No, mom,” I would say, my face going red. Gawd, how humiliating! I hate how her comments would needle me though. It’s so silly. Of course I’m not gonna pop. That doesn’t happen. That’s just something stupid that mom used to say to criticize me, to scare me out of eating to satisfy my hunger. But now I think, maybe the old bat knew what she was talking about. Maybe she guessed, even before I knew, how deep and abiding my hunger really was… Maybe she could read it in the way I smacked my lips as I ate or the way that I always rushed to the table when dinner was called or the way that I always hung around ready for dessert. Maybe mother had the same problem? Maybe she also struggled with this same yawning hunger. But she was so proper. She would never succumb to the darkness. She battled against it every day, following society’s dictates about how a lady should look, how a lady should eat. And she hoped that I would do the same.

I guess maybe she knew what would happen when I gave in. When I decided not to fight against my desire anymore. When I decided – finally! – to simply eat what I wanted.

Some people can eat til they’re full. Not me. I found that out fast. It seemed like I was always hungry and the more I ate, the more I wanted. I started to gain weight fast. My family refused to acknowledge the change, my parents steadfastly ignoring my ballooning girth and increasing appetite. Mother stopped making her cutesy comments about “watch out, Sarah, one day you’re gonna pop” as soon as I began my rebellion, as if she was afraid now to give voice to her fears.

That’s me, Sarah White, porker extraordiaire. At least, I am now. I was 180 pounds when I started. A little chunky in the thighs, maybe, but nothing like what I would become. I was a young woman, just turned 22, living at home and attending community college. Just a jeans and T-shirt kinda gal, a blonde hair in a ponytail kinda gal. Nothing exciting about me, at least not until I started this little rebellion against my parents. Mom thinks she can tell me what to eat? Not anymore! Now I eat what I want. I put on weight quickly, soon I hit 200 pounds. That’s when I met Charles. I met him at the mall and we started dating almost immediately; I could tell by the way that he eyed my protruding gut as it sagged over my jeans that he liked big girls. And, boy, did I get big. With his help, I blew up big time. By the time that I met Dr. Reuter, I was pushing 400 pounds. Incredible to think it now!

And Dr. Reuter? That’s a story in itself. You probably won’t believe me if I tell you about it. It seems incredible.

The doctor promised me that he would let me go after a month. I suppose I could leave at any time, but somehow I just haven’t. At night, after hours of eating and eating and eating, the doctor will finally unbuckle the belt that’s grown so tight around my expanding waist and lead me to a bed, where I collapse into sleep. In the morning, he leads me back to the chair to begin yet another feast. He doesn’t force me. He’s never cruel. He simply takes me by the hand and leads me, one arm around my back to help support me. I need that extra support now. Walking… ha! Waddling is so much harder now that there’s so much more of me. I was already over 400 pounds when the doctor found me and I must weigh so much more than that now after the doctor’s treatments.

My clothes didn’t last long. I didn’t know that they would need too! That fateful day that the doctor found me, at 5:30 am in the morning, standing in front of the pastry shop, eagerly waiting for them to open, my greedy breath fogging up the glass, he sussed out exactly what I was. My chubby belly was already spilling over the waistband of my tight denim shorts, my thick legs testing the side stitching. My white T-shirt was little more than a croptop, barely stretched across the swell of my ample chest, my big pink gut hanging bare. Flip-flops on my feet because even then I was too rotund to bend over to lace up shoes. I already felt huge then. 400 pounds! Charles had helped me grow so much, but it wasn’t nearly enough. I should have been ashamed to appear in public like this, but I couldn’t bring myself to care. All I cared about was the bakery. When would they open? I was sooo hungry!! I had to special order clothes these days and I had meant to order the next size up from the catalog, but I just hadn’t gotten around to it yet. I figured there was plenty of time to get to that. I had no idea that I would meet Dr. Reuter that day and my whole life would be upended.

He saw me pressing my fat face against the glass window, my nose pushed up like the piggy I am. He chuckled at the sight.

“Ah haha, I see a naughty little girl who doesn’t watch her waistline!”

I ignored him. When you’re as big as I am, you have to deal with a lot of smart comments like that. I don’t have time for games. I just want breakfast. Gawd, when will the bakery open? I’m soooo hungry!

“My goodness, princess, aren’t you a darling little fatty! I’ve never seen a girl so rotund. You must love to eat, don’t you?”

Hmm, okay, now this is starting to pique my interest. He’s walking around me, eying me up and down, like he’s sizing me up like a prize pig. He reaches out and pokes a bony finger into my exposed belly. When he pulls away, my blubber sloshes in response. Normally, that would piss me off. Don’t like randos getting handsy with me! But this time? I’m getting excited… turned on even… what’s his game?

“C’mon, princess, out with it. You love to eat, don’t you? Love to stuff that pretty little face of yours, hmm?”

I look up at him. He’s nearly two heads taller than me, I have to nearly tip over backwards to look him in the eye. But somehow, I feel bashful. I look down at my chubby feet. He is tall and lean, I am short and fat. I’m probably already wider than I am tall… and Dr. Reuter will fix it so that I am SO much wider…

“Yes, sir.”

“But you’re clearly not getting nearly enough, princess. Look at you! Just wasting away! You’re practically skin and bones. You need someone who can really take care of you, hmm?”

I nod. “Yes, sir.”

“You should come with me, princess. How would you like a feast in your honor? All you can eat? Yup, even you, porky. I bet I’ve got enough food that I could fill you up up up, all the way up! C’mon… it’s so close… you could waddle a few blocks, can’t you, my plump little princess?”

“Yes, sir. Yes, please, sir.” I can’t help myself. I’ve instantly fallen into the role of a naughty little girl and I let him take me by my chubby little hand and lead me away. Goodbye, bakery! Goodbye, family! Goodbye, Charles! Goodbye, old life! I’m embarking on a new venture… don’t know when I’ll be back! Don’t know IF I’ll be back!

I nodded, my thick double chin jiggling against my sternum. My better instincts were warning me away from this man, this stranger, what could he possibly want? He couldn’t possibly intend any good… and yet… I couldn’t stay away. That promise of food, of all the food, of anything that I wanted… it was too enticing. And there was something about his manner, that knowing gleam in his eye, that told me… this man knows exactly what I am. And he wants to take care of me. He wants to give me exactly what I want, exactly what I need.

His lab… is it a lab? It’s in the basement of a nearby building. I can smell all the wonderful scents of freshly cooked food as I enter the door. He wasn’t kidding! He really has prepared a feast for me! There is a chair at the table. He motions for me to take a seat. I can’t stop myself.

I squeeze my fat ass into the chair. He snaps shackles around my wrists, cinches a belt around my ample waist. I’m not surprised. Somehow I knew this was coming. I’m only intrigued… and hungry. The smells of cooking are driving me wild. I’m so very very hungry. Dr. Reuter thinks he can feed me enough to satisfy my hunger? We’ll see about that. He doesn’t know just how much I can eat. I’m a hungry hungry gal, after all.

“I won’t keep you too long, princess,” he says. “Just long enough to complete my experiment. Let’s say a month, hmm? I think that should be enough time for you to eat your fill, don’t you think, princess?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Hungry, Princess?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Starving?”

“Yes! Yes, sir!”

He snaps a brace around my face. The machinery can turn my head, it can work my jaw. Everything is prepared. He will feed me. I don’t even need to move a muscle. The food will come to me. Oh this is perfect, I’ve waited so long for someone who can really take care of me. I’m just a greedy little fat girl who needs some TLC. Give it to me, doctor!

“Well then, dig in! Eat as much as you can hold, princess!”

The machine grinds to life. Belts turn, pistons pump. The brace works my jaw up and down. Already conveyer belts are ferrying pancakes and waffles and donuts toward me. All my favorite foods! The doctor knows I love my sugary treats… and he’s going to make sure I get as many as I want!

“My goodness, you really are an absolute pig, aren’t you, princess?” he chuckles. The chair reclines and a tube descends into my mouth. It would be so easy to rebel, to spit it out, to refuse to cooperate. He knows that, too. But I won’t. I want this. I want Dr. Reuter to take care of me.

“Yes, sir.” I’m mumbling through a mouthful of soft serve ice cream.

After a few hours, the dam breaks. My ballooning belly presses harder and harder against the waistband of my shorts until finally the metal button snaps – my belly spills out like an avalanche as my fly explodes, the zipper sliding down instantly under the force of that soft new flesh. An electric tingle sparks through me as my shorts pop. This is only the start.

“Oh you naughty girl, you’ve outgrown your shorts! You’re popping your buttons already? Why, we’ve hardly even started!”

Hours pass and the cycle of food keeps coming. My belly grows and grows, spreading the open fly of my shorts wider and wider.

Even with the crotch of my shorts split wide open, they’re still so tight around my hips and ass. That night, Dr. Reuter helps me while I’m lying in bed. I’m so full that I can’t move, I lie there, burping and hiccupping, my enormous quivering gut rising above me like a mountain, when he comes at me with the scissors. He pokes the point of the scissors under the leg of my shorts and starts to cut along the seams. I’m so big and bloated that this is the only way to get me free from my confining clothes. I can feel the sharp, cold point of the scissors touch my flesh and I’m momentarily afraid. Oh, I do hope that the doctor knows to be careful! I’m so stuffed and bloated that I might literally burst if he presses that point against me too hard. My breath catches in my throat but I relax as I feel the tight denim fall away. Oh how heavenly! Then he starts on my shirt, cutting from the hem up to my armpits.

“My bra,” I mumbled. “It’s pinching me…”

That’s all I have to say. Dr Reuter slides the shears under the body band and snips. My brassiere falls away and my breasts tumble out, flopping against my belly. What a relief!

My panties are snug but stretchy. They will last a little while longer, so Dr. Reuter lets me preserve that dignity a little while longer. But I know that, at the rate I’m growing, it won’t be long until I bust them to shreds.

The first day was the hardest but soon I’m getting into the rhythm.

The short trek from the feeding table to my bed every night is the most dangerous part of the day. I’m so unsteady, my tree-trunk thighs rubbing together, the weight of my enormous belly threatening to pull me to the ground. But I’m so obscenely full from all my gorging that, if I fall over, I quite literally know I will burst – my overloaded belly will rupture like a watermelon dropped from a balcony. I must be careful. Move slowly. Waddle my way to safety. I sigh in relief every night as the doctor tucks me into bed. I survived another day. And then I drift to sleep, hiccupping softly, visions of blueberry pies and ice cream sundaes in my head. I know the morning will bring more food. More! Oooh I just can’t wait!

Sometimes I reflect on the fact that no one knows where I am. I’d lost interest in my education, dropping out of community college just last month so that I could concentrate on my new, heh, hobby. My family is used to me disappearing for long stretches now; they probably assume that I’ve just been spending these weeks with my boyfriend Charles. And Charles? He probably thinks I’m just back home with my family. Who knows how long it will be before anyone notices my absence? In that time, Dr Reuter will have grown me SO huge. I will be as big as a blimp, as massive as a zeppelin. So big and pale and round that I’ll look like the full moon. Won’t mother be shocked then! Look, mom, you were wrong! I ate everything that I wanted to and I didn’t pop!

Every day, Dr Reuter pushes me further. I can feel it. He’s feeding me more every day than he did the day before. He wants to see how much I can eat, how big I can get. The machine speeds up, forcing more food into my mouth, and I struggle to keep up. At the close of every day, I am so incredibly full that I’m positive I’m throbbing to burst. My panties are splitting apart now; the stretchy cotton can’t stretch anymore. The elastic waistband snaps and the fabric tears. Now I’m completely naked, a fat naked blob. Gawd, why does it excite me so? My poor belly can’t even digest it all anymore. In the first days of the experiment, I could sleep off the stupor and awake in the morning ravenously hungry for another feast. But now Dr. Reuter is stuffing me so full that I awake still bloated from the previous day. But there’s no time to rest, he’s already leading me back to the feeding table and I’m salivating despite myself… I obediently take my seat and wait as the good doctor straps me in and I lick my lips in anticipation. Here comes breakfast!

“Oh, you’re just perfect, princess,” he says, stroking me under my thickening double chin. “You eat like an absolute hog! Why, there’s just no filling you up.” He rubs the bulging globe of my gut, marveling as he can feel me grow beneath his fingers. Has ever a girl so dedicated herself to gluttony?

“Had enough yet? Feeling full, princess?”

My reply is muffled with pie; the machine is shoving slices into me, working my jaw to vigorously chew and spilling filling down my chin and into my cleavage. “No, sir.”

“Well then, sweetie, have some more!”

He pulls a lever and the machine speeds up. More slices of pie, shoved in so fast that I barely have time to chew… Pecan, plum, peach, apple, key lime, pumpkin, lemon meringue… they’re all so good!

“Mmmfff…”

It’s too much. I never thought it would happen, but I’ve finally hit my limit. Oh, Gawd, too much. I have to get him to stop. I hope I can.

“What’s that, my dear?” He puts his hand to his ear. “Did you say something, sweetie?”

“I’m… full… please…” I mumble.

“You’re full, you say?”

“Yes… please… no more…. I’m explode.”

“Oh, but my dear, we’re just getting started!”

Just as I feared… or maybe hoped. Somehow, I always knew this is where I would end up. This is what I get for being such a gluttonous pig! I grow bigger and rounder every day. The food never ends. Dr. Reuter turns a crank to widen the chair as my ass expands, he loosens the belt as my belly balloons. I am becoming so large and the food keeps coming and coming and coming… I’m always so full and yet I’m never satisfied!

But a month later, Dr. Reuter makes good on his word.

Last night, he never untied me. He fed me all through the night. But I was good. I was hungry. I could take it all. In the morning, he pulls the brace from my face. He unsnaps the shackles. He unbuckles the belt. I’m free.

“Stand up, princess.. if you still can.”

I can’t. After a month of the doctor’s treatments, I am absolutely round. I am shaped like a ripe pumpkin, my heavy breasts resting on the protruding shelf of my rotund gut. My thick arms stick out helplessly to my sides. My face is buried under pounds of quivering blubber. I don’t have enough strength in my legs to rise unassisted.

“I can’t. Too full… Too fat.”

“Ah well, my plump princess, I was afraid this would happen! The treatment worked too well, hmm?”

I hiccup, nodding dumbly. “Yes (hic!) doctor.”

He helps to hoist me to my feet. I’m unsteady. I’m so full that I’m in danger. I can feel it. Not like before. This is different. My overloaded stomach is so obscenely stuffed that it doesn’t even sag. It’s so heavy that it should sink to the floor, but it’s so full that it sticks out before me proud and tight, round as a globe. I am round. I have grown round. I look like a blimp – so big and tight and full! It gurgles strangely. What is that noise? A protest? A warning? A demand? It’s never sounded like that before…

“Ah, my sweet fat little queen. I must let you go now. The time has come and I did promise you, didn’t I? But more to the point… I’m afraid I can’t trust myself around you anymore. I’ve pushed you too far. I can feel it. One more bite and I simply fear you might pop, my dear. Do you feel it too?”

I open my mouth to reply but a hefty burp escapes my lips. Phew! A little bit of relief. But just a little. I’m still soooo full that I feel ready to explode. Just like mother warned me. Sarah, you’re going to pop someday if you don’t get your eating under control! Well, mom, looks like I never did get my eating under control. But I haven’t popped either! Not yet.

Grinning, Dr. Reuter prods my naked swollen belly, trying to pinch an inch of flesh. I’m so taut, so absolutely stuffed beyond my limits, that he can’t get a hold of me.

“You can’t leave looking like that, princess. Why, that’s downright indecent! We’ll need to get you dressed.”

He finds a massive shift dress for me. He must have had it specially made for this occasion, knowing that this day would come. I look like a circus fat lady in this thing, but what else would fit? I barely squeezed into my old clothes when I first arrived, I wouldn’t be able to even pretend to wear them now. I’m naked under this shift, of course – there’s no underwear that could fit me. My breasts, unrestrained, slope against the arc of my bloated tummy but this dress is still tight enough that you might see the outline of my thick fat nipples through the fabric. Nothing to be done about that! Just gotta deal. Hope no one notices…

“You will take care of yourself, won’t you, sweetie? Make sure you get plenty of rest. Don’t strain yourself. I’m afraid you’re in a rather volatile state right now, my dear. I really shouldn’t be letting you leave like this, but it’s just not safe for you here now.”

“Yes, sir.”

I waddle out onto the street, shuffling like a blob, hiccups making my supremely bloated body bounced with every ponderous step. I know that I am not the fattest girl. I’m only about 600 pounds; there are plenty of people fatter than me. But are there any hungrier? Has anyone ever eaten so much that she gained over 200 pounds in just one month? I grew so fast that you can barely say that I gained. It’s more like I… inflated. Yes, I blew up like a balloon, like a blimp, like a blueberry. And look at me now!

The sun is just rising. A new day is starting and I’m free. There aren’t a lot of people on the street yet, but those that are out can’t help but stare at me. I must look a sight! I’m massive, a bloated behemoth so tightly packed with food and blubber that I barely jiggle as I walk. Hiccups wrack my body. Oof. I’m moving too fast. Gotta slow down. I’m so full that I can’t take any chances.

Dr. Reuter was right to turn me lose. Or was he? He thinks he can’t be trusted with me… but does he honestly believe that I can be trusted? He knows what a slave I am to gluttony. He knows how my greedy belly controls me. My stomach gurgles. I lick my lips. How can I already be hungry? Dr. Reuter was packing food into me all night, more than ever before, as if he was challenging himself to see if he really could fill me up. And did he? Well…

I could go home. I could go to Charles. Or…

The bakery. It’s right there. The same bakery where Dr. Reuter found me last month. It seems so long ago.

The sign on the door has been turned to OPEN.

I consider turning sideways to squeeze through the door, but what’s the point? I am absolutely round, as deep as I am wide. My hips brush the frame. If I turned, my belly and butt would do the same. Whatever. Grunting, I push through. A tight fit but not too tight. Thank gawd! I don’t need any pressure on my belly right now.

The customers turn in shock to see me as I puff my way to the counter. Gawd, the last thing that I need is more food… but…

“One maple donut, please.”

The man behind the counter looks at me skeptically; he knows that I didn’t get this big by ever eating just one donut. But one is all I need. Dr. Reuter was right. I am so so so so SO full. I can barely breathe. But even now, my greedy belly is whining at me for more. I feel the familiar twinge of hunger pushing through the pain of fullness. Dr. Reuter was right. I eat like a hog. Mother was right. I’m just too greedy for my own good. Even now, I can’t stop myself. But I just need a little snack. Just a bite. Just a bite and I’m sure I’ll be satisfied.

I take my single donut and plop myself at a table, my enormous ass spilling across two chairs. Everyone is staring. Are they staring cuz they notice my nipples swelling to attention withing the confines of my dress? Goddamn it, I can’t help it. This donut is getting me excited. Or maybe they’re just staring cuz I’m so goddamn fat. My sausage fingers are uselessly plump now, too pudgy to be good for anything except shoving more food into my mouth. I raise the single donut to my lips and tear off a chunk. Chew chew swallow. I sigh in satisfaction as the taste hits. Heavenly! Oh but how I love to eat.

But that one bite? Ohh I think it was one bite too many. Deep in my heart, I knew Dr. Reuter was right. Of course he was. He’s a doctor, after all, he would know these things! I feel a new feeling inside me, something way different from the usual rumbles and burbles I usually feel in my tremendous tummy. My middle feels even tighter. I can see my belly start to spill out further in front of me, pushing my boobs up into my face. My overloaded stomach tries to rebel and I feel my bile rising; I force it back down. Already I have gone too far and it’s too late. There’s nothing I can do to stop the inevitable now. I’ve taken the final step. Oh well. Even as my body swells, I raise the donut to my mouth for a second bite. I wonder, how much time do I have? Can I finish this last donut before I end?

My dress is starting to strain. It’s absolutely enormous, it looks like it was made from circus tents, and yet it’s growing tight around me. Am I really that big? Threads pop and a seam splits under my armpit, pale white fat bubbling from the tear. A woman across the room frowns in disgust at my display. Stupid bitch. She has no idea what’s coming. Better plug your ears, bitch, this is gonna be loud. I’m gonna go out with a bang! I’m going to blow out big time. When I go, it won’t be a quiet little pop. I’m going to detonate, like a nuclear bomb. Well. If this is it, let me die a glutton.

Another bite and another. It’s hard to force it down. My body is rebelling, my belly is whining and bubbling louder than ever. People are turning to look. Let them look! It just excites me more. Yeah, I made all this… I made myself into this blimp. And none of you can judge me! I did what you were all too scared to do… I just ate until I was satisfied! Joke’s on me, though, turns out that I’m never satisfied. Quickly, I shove the remaining donut into my mouth, my chubby cheeks wobbling as I rush to chew it up. Gotta get it down quick, I don’t have much time!

My dress is splitting apart, fabric rending as my ballooning girth overcomes its resistance. By now, anyone paying attention will probably have figured out that I’m not wearing anything under this dress. My deteriorating dress still protects my modesty, but enough of my flab is spilling out the sides that it’s obvious there’s no underwear girding me. I can see the man behind the counter shaking his head and coming toward me, ready to chastise me for this gross display. This is a family establishment, he’s going to say, you can’t do that sort of thing in here. He’s probably going to ask me to leave. He might make it halfway across the floor toward me before he starts to doubt himself and think, maybe, he should be moving away from me instead.

And I wonder, mom, were you right? How foolish of me! Dr. Reuter worked so hard to take care of me and now I’m throwing it all away. I think about mom and dad, I think about Charles, I think about Dr. Reuter, and, more than anything, I think about the choice I made: the choice to eat anything and everything that I ever wanted, to live the life that I wanted to live for myself!

I made a choice. And this is where it led me!

But if this is the end, then it’s the end I always wanted. And if it isn’t? If by some miracle, it’s a false alarm, if I open my mouth and belch the mother of all belches and my stomach settles down…

Then tomorrow I’ll be back for more!

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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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Best wishes,

Mollycoddles