

Berry Brothel: Superbowl Party

Bryonna could barely contain her excitement as her plane touched down in Las Vegas. She had won a free trip to the Berry Brothel, a legendary place in the online weight gain and inflation community. A place where you could live out your fantasy consequence free, for a steep price. So when the Brothel put out a contest on its website for their annual Superbowl party Bryonna had jumped at the chance. Bryonna was beautiful in all the normal ways, slim but curvy in all the right ways with long black hair that flowed down to her waist like a waterfall of night. But Bryonna had a secret fetish. She wanted to gain weight, not just a little weight but stuck in doorways breaking chairs. The amount of weight is hazardous to your health. Well she did when she was horny the rest of the time her pretty privilege was just too useful to give up. But during that special time of the month, like a werewolf in front of the moon she would grab every blanket and pillow she owned and pad herself up to immobile sizes spending a day or so in her apartment doing nothing but eating and masturbating reveling in how big she was. Now she would get to experience that feeling for a full week!

The brothel's contest had been simple a handful of affiliated brands had QR codes printing on them for the American Football Super Bowl if you scanned the right barcode with the Berry Brothel App open you had a chance to win Either a Silver or Golden Super Bowl Ticket silver got you free entrance to the party the two golden would make you the main event. Bryonna had found hers in her monthly issues of Dimensions Magazine. When the app showed the gold ticket she nearly screamed. The next few weeks couldn't go by fast enough.

At the gate a nondescript limo driver held up a sign with her name on it "Ticket please" he said as she approached. Pulling out her phone she showed him the ticket, her hand shaking with excitement. He led her to a stretch limo and opened the door inside a chesty blond lounged sipping on champagne.

As Bryonna entered she straightened up and stuck out her hand to shake "Hi, names Taylor. Yours? "

"Bryonna. Guess you're my competition for the evening. "

"Compet-what? I thought this was a modeling thing. My boyfriend scanned a QR code on my phone and said I was chosen to be a booth-babe."

"Then you must be in the wrong limo because I won a contest for a bigger prize at the Candy Casino" Bryonna resisted the urge to say Berry Brothel she didn't want to have to explain her fetish to someone who wasn't in the know.

"Or you are in the wrong limo. I showed my pass to the driver who brought me in."

Before Bryonna could respond the limo pulled up to the back of a drab looking building. The driver got out and opened the door leading the two women through a maze of hallways to a dressing room. Inside a muscular man greeted them "Good evening ladies My name is Rick and you both are the lucky winners of the Berry Brothel Super Bowl Sweepstakes now the rules are simple the pair of you will be acting as cheerleaders for the teams every time your team score you will be given a weight gain beverage who ever is the biggest at the end of the game is the winner and will have free reign of the Candy Casino amenities for a week. The loser will get one night of fun with one of our staff as a consolation prize. We have outfits for the both of you. Oh and you will be participating in the Halftime show for the amusement of our guests. If you both sign these we can get started." Both women were handed a clipboard with a legal waiver. Bryonna barely read hers as she signed it. Her eyes drifted all over Rick's sculpted body. She

hoped she would be able to have some fun with him when this was over. Taylor looked at it like it was written in chinese."I didn't sign up for this! I don't want to get fat!

Rick looked confused "I'm sorry Miss but that is the entire point of this establishment. If you don't want that then why did you enter the contest?"

"I didn't my boyfriend signed me up"

Rick's face relaxed and checked her clipboard "Ah I see one of those. Welp I suggest that you have a long conversation with him after this is all over. It seems he had a secret or too he might have been keeping from you as for tonight, he signed the participation agreement for you and its legally binding so you will have to go through with it"

Bryonna put her hand on Taylor's shoulder "Don't worry, you will only gain weight for the night. in the morning you will be back to your normal self, who knows you might even find you enjoy it"

Taylor shook her off, "Ew gross, who would enjoy being fat?"

Rick stepped into the discussion "either way you have no choice to compete so if we can get on with it." she pulled out a poker chip from the casino "Miss Bryonna would you like the logo or the dollar amount?"

"Logo" Bryonna said and Rick flipped the chip. It landed dollar amount up a big 50\$ embossed on the peppermint swirl theme of the chip.

"Well Miss Taylor would you like the Red Team or the GreenTeam"

"My boyfriend is always going on about how good the green team is but I don't want them to score a lot so I'll take the Red team".

Rick handed Taylor a red bag and a green one to Bryonna I'll leave you alone to get dressed we only have 15 minutes until the game starts so please be quick there are also makeup pallets and facepaint in you need" with that he walked out of the room

Bryonna wasted no time stripping out of her clothes. The uniform was simple: a green pleated skirt and a white and green sleeveless top. The clothing was a bit oversized for Bryonna's thin form but once it was on the outfit shrank to hug her body's curves looking over at Taylor. Bryonna watched her put on her outfit similar to hers but in red and the top had sleeves. Taylor modeled the outfit in the mirror admiring her trim form "hey I just wanted to say I'm sorry you are in this mess your boyfriend seems like a bit of an asshole" Bryonna said

Taylor gave a weak smile "it hurts more that he never told me. That he tricked me"

Well try and have some fun tonight you and I are about to be the center of attention"

Rick knocked on the door "Alright ladies you ready? It's showtime!

Q1

Rick walked out onto the dais at the end of the ballroom. Taking his mike he signaled to the DJ. "Ladies and Gentlemen. Bimbos and Blueberries, Are you ready to party!" a cheer went up from the crowd. Rick continued "Now I know we are all excited to watch the big game. But what is a game without cheerleaders? So give it up for our red team cheerleader Taylor!" Taylor strutted on stage with the confidence of a model on a catwalk. her smile; big. her energy; enthusiastic. All the attention making her giddy, waving at the crowd she approached Rick. "So Taylor, how are you feeling about tonight's game?"

"To be honest" she said her confident facade wavering just an inch "I'm a little worried. I love my figure and would hate to lose it". her eyes fell on someone in the crowd. Had Bryonna picked up just a hint of ice in her voice? "especially in something as silly as a bet". The man she had picked out wasn't particularly remarkable. Good looking but in an ordinary sort of way. Well dressed in a shirt and vest combo that Taylor clearly picked out for him. The only hint of a personality was his socks purple with a large gold W emblazoned on them. Bryonna smiled. she knew what those socks ment, even if Taylor hadn't.

"And for the Green team, Give it up for Bryonna!" Rick said. Waving Bryonna out, she approached him and the mike. "Now Bryonna how are you feeling about tonight's game? You lost the coin toss. Does that dampen your spirits?"

She smiled out at the crowd coyly "To be honest Rick I couldn't care less who wins, just so long as they score a lot of points!" The crowd cheered at that comment and the same thought had crossed all of their minds.

The big game was being projected onto one of the walls of the ballroom opposite the stage. Some people watched, sipping drinks brought around by some of the curviest waitresses Bryonna had ever seen, All dress in referee tops and booty shorts. A few men also were mixed into the group, no doubt to serve as eye candy for some of the female high rollers. they were also dressed in ref outfits but cut to highlight pecs rather than tits. She herself was lounging at the bar sipping a beer, watching the crowd mingle. Next to her Taylor was arguing with the man in the vest and wonka socks; her boyfriend Trevor. "Trev it's a lot to take in. Human blueberries? How do you even fuck a piece of fruit?"

"It's less complicated than that, it's more about Dominance Remember that time we played with those handcuffs? Imagine that but all over your body?"

Before Taylor could answer a cheer started from the other side of the room "Go baby go!" Someone yelled. Taylor watched with horror as number 29 ran the ball into the end zone. The player doing a little dance as he slammed the ball into the ground.

Rick walked up to the mic "Ladies and Gentlemen! the Red team has scored the first touchdown! And you know what that means! Taylor come on up it's time for your first drink"

Taylor approached the stage like a woman ascending the gallows. Despite her bravado earlier she had been hoping this would be a very low scoring game, maybe even a shut out. Let Bryonna get fat if she wanted it so bad. A touchdown in the first 8 minutes did not bode well for that. One stage Rick handed her a pint of amber liquid "bottoms up!" Taylor brought the cup to her lips, expecting some sort of gainer shake. To her surprise it was light beer, simple cheap beer. The kind she had had at dozens of sorority parties. Instinct took over and she chugged the pint in a neat sip; not a drop spilled. The crowd cheered her on. Putting down the glass Taylor saw the football sail through the uprights on the screen. Rick smiled "Guess you also get a kicker, I'll give you a choice Apple Pucker, Pear brandy, or Baileys?"

Taylor thought for a moment "I'll take the Pucker." Rick handed her the shot and she threw it back to another round of cheering. The tart liquor went down just as easy as the beer. Warmth spread through Taylor's body, the alcohol spreading outward from her stomach all the way to the tips of her toes. Only it didn't stop at her toes. The warmth radiated out a few inches away from her body. A warm winter coat feeling covering every inch of her she looked down and felt tears well up in her eyes. A small pot belly pressed against her shirt and her clothing felt tight all over. Forgetting where she was for a moment Taylor began running her hands all over her body feeling how much softer she was. Running her hands over her breasts drew wolf whistles and cheers from the crowd. Behind her a scoreboard lit up. Under her name were two numbers: her starting weight of 133 and her current weight 183. "50 lbs?" she thought frantically "from a beer and a shot?" her hands cupped her new belly. It was so squishy. It felt like a foreign invader on her previously perfect body. She stepped off the stage and back to Trevor fighting back tears. "Wow babe you look great!"

She stared at him in disbelief "How can I look great? I'm fat!" Trevor opened his mouth to comfort her, but she cut him off "Just leave me alone". She wandered over to the bar and took a seat on the stool next to Bryonna.

"Your boyfriend is an ass man or a tit guy?" she asked

"What?" Taylor asked confused by the question

"Does your boyfriend like chicks with big tits or a ghetto booty?" Bryonna repeated.

Taylor thought back to Trevor's x'es "Tits, he likes big boobs"

"Next time get the cream liquor and he will be so all over you you won't notice the weight."

"Thanks?"

"Personally, it's the pear brandy for me. Mama wants to rock a nice fat ass for at least a week." Bryonna wiggled her hips excitedly. Before Taylor could answer another cheer from the TV. The Red team had scored; again.

Bryonna watched Taylor ascend the stairs to the stage in a jealous rage if they had been in a cartoon steam would be pouring from Bryonna's are the numbers on the scoreboard scurried higher as Taylor chugged her beer finishing it off with the shot of cream liquor like Bryonna advised. This time the majority of the growth was in her breasts. The modest mosquito bites quickly swelling into handfuls. The rest of her body puffed up as well. Bryonna watched a very cute muffin top form at the waistband of Taylor's skirt. The band of skin was exaggerated by Taylor's new cup size pulling the bottom of her top to just over navel. Lower her thighs

pressed into each other lovingly nearly down to the knee. And her hips and ass filled out her skirt in a way that looked incredibly sexy to Bryonna's green eyed monster. Fueling her anger further was the look of humiliation and panic on Taylor's face, her hands frantically playing with all of the newly grown fat pinching and rubbing it trying to tell herself it wasn't real. That she hadn't suddenly gained a hundred pounds in the span of fifteen minutes. A hundred pounds that would have looked so much better on Bryonna's own skinny frame.

Bryonna took a deep breath and a sip of her drink, this wasn't helping. Letting her frustration leak out, she watched Taylor jiggle her way off stage and into Trevors waiting arms, his eyes firmly locked on Taylors newly fattened tits. "What an ass" Bryonna thought. The game cut to commercial, signalling at the end of the quarter. Bryonna heaved herself off her barstool. This was a party where she should go mingle and have a good time. A man in a grey hoodie came over to her "Hey name's Cyrill, want to play some beer pong?" Bryonna took one last look over at her rival who was rubbing her puffed up cheeks while sitting in her asshole of a boyfriends lap

"Sure I'm game".

Q2

Splash! "Let's go!" Cyrill yelled watching his ball land in Bryonna's last cup. "Guess it's not my night to win anything" Bryonna thought grumpily, grabbing the last cup of beer and chugging it. If this had been the Brothel's special beer she would be over 500 lbs right now, instead she just felt bloated and tipsy, the edges of her vision a bit too fuzzy for her liking. She glanced at Taylor, who was sitting at one of the tables sulking. One hand still roaming her soft body trying to prove it wasn't her. She glanced over at the game, the ball had changed hands a few times this quarter but no points yet. the Green team's defense had gotten their act together, pushing the Red team back. Almost into their own goal. The Red Quarterback dropped into the endzone preparing to throw, before switching to what Bryonna was sure was supposed to be an easy toss. The receiver fumbled the ball dropping it. In their own endzone. A whistle blew. The Green team was award two points! "Finally!" Bryonna thought. She went up to the stage. No pint of beer was waiting to chug, just the three shots. "Since it was only two points you can pick two shots" Rick said lacking his normal pomp.

"That's it?" Bryonna grumbled.

"That's the breaks kid" Rick said sympathetically.

She grabbed the cream shot and the brandy. Feeling her cup size jump a bit smoothing a few wrinkles in her top and her ass plump up like she had a BBL. She now had a very fuckable hourglass that any bimbo would cream over. But she hasn't come for normal. she wanted to be supersized. Stepping off the stage and back to the party, Bryonna mingled a bit. A man came over "Names Monty" he said "and that is a gorgeous peach you have back there. Mind if I give it a smack?" Bryonna eyed the man. he wasn't bad looking and might be fun later down the line if Rick proved to be too hard of a catch.

"Buy me a drink and we can talk" she said coolly

Turning back to the game She watched the Red team's Quarterback throw the ball down field. This time the receiver caught it. The receiver turned and ran down the field. Ten yards. Twenty yards Bryonna's eyes widened with horror and frustration as defender after defender failed to stop the receiver. Then the cheer went up.

The cheering was the first sound that penetrated Taylor's consciousness. All that alcohol on an empty stomach made her feel woozy, plus Trev was driving her crazy. If he had his way he would have dragged her fattened ass into the bathroom right now. She wasn't in the mood. She looked at herself. The cheerleader outfit was sexy but it looked like a halloween costume she had grown out of. She looked down at the valley of cleavage in front of her. "The boobs are nice," she thought. Then she saw the swell of her belly pushing out past them. Her hand instantly went to cover it. Then the cheering started and Taylor's eyes numbly watched the Red team receiver do his stupid end zone dance.

Bryonna watched Taylor mechanically walk up the stage down her pint and shot. The number on the scoreboard was close to three hundred pounds and Taylor looked at it. Her gut fully escaping her top stuck out proudly. Her hips were wide and full, thighs that rubbed together with every step almost down to her knees topped off by tits that looked like another roll squeezed into the too tight top of Taylor's cheerleading outfit; she had almost doubled her weight since the start of the game.

Watching Taylor half stumble half waddle off the stage caused something in Bryonna to snap. Fueled by anger jealousy and booze she went over to the buffet and chaotily filled up the plate with every fried snack on offer. Before tossing it down in front of Taylor "Better eat up fatty!" she said cruelly. A few of the other patrons gathered around the commotion. Taylor started at the plate on the verge of tears "Come on fat ass! Eat up like a good piggy." Bryonna grabbed a cocktail weiner and brought it Taylor's mouth. Trevor, Taylor's boyfriend came over but didn't move to help his girlfriend "That's what all these perv's want to see! A pair of hot pieces of ass turned into complete sacks of lard!" dropping the app on the plate she pointed over at the game "Well your going to have to do the work for both of us seeing as my fucking team can't score a single god dam point" Bryonna felt the alcohol fueling her ranting and didnt want to stop. This, this was supposed to be the night she got to live her fantasy, but instead it was going to someone who didnt even appreciate it.

For her part Taylor did not respond, just sitting staring and rubbing her newly grown gut.

Bryonna felt another drunken rant being to form on her lips but then another cheer started up "Oh fucking great" she said angrily expecting to see the Red team score another point. But she was wrong. The green team had scored.

Bryonna stumbled up the stage with less grace then she would have liked if she was more sober her drunken anger was now elated as she chugged her pint of beer throwing her

glass to the ground with a loud “Whoo!” she grabbed the pear brandy and downed it. The warmth spread all through her body as her weight finally began to change.

The first thing that happened was she sobered up. The fuzzy edges of her visions instantly sharpen back to normal. The newly grown fat absorbed all of the alcohol in her system. Her mind returning to normal she searched the crowd frantically she found Taylor still seated at the table tears starting to run down her face. Bryonna jumped off the stage and rushed over to Taylor. Grabbing the chubby cheerleader’s arm she yanked her to feet “dressing room now” she said forcefully pulling Taylor out the door. Now alone Bryonna wrapped her arms around Taylor and pulled her close, willing herself not to notice how nice her plush body felt in her arms. “Taylor I am so sorry for what I said and did. I know you have no reason to forgive me but I need to know I am sorry. Sorry for everything that has happened to you tonight. I can’t make it write but I can make it better.”

Taylor wrapped her arms around Bryonna letting the tears flow now that they were in private. A few minutes later Taylor felt better she separated herself from Bryonna before collapsing into a chair “I’m so heavy now. I can’t stand for very long.”

Bryonna took out a pack of makeup remover and began wiping at Taylor’s face. “It’s fine, let’s get you cleaned up. The quarter is almost over and we have a halftime show to perform.”

Taylor gave a weak smile “I normally love a crowd, being on stage, showing off but I’m so fat now. I’m hideous, they all just want to laugh at me”

“Normally you would be right. But not here. Here they think you are hotty”

“Why do you like this? I’m sorry if that is too personal but you seem so excited”

“For me it’s the taboo, when I do stuff like this at home I’m giving myself permission to cheat on my diet to do the thing my doctor would scold me for. I can’t do it for real but it’s nice to play pretend. It sounds like Trevor likes you big weak and under his control.”

“Trev does like to be dominate. One time he tied me up in bed, I have never felt him so hard”

“And you?”

“Me? You know I don’t like this. I want to hot and skinny”

“You know you don’t need to be skinny to be hot. When we go out there again, think of your size as a gift. You are large and in charge. If anyone challenges you, you sit on them. You got this size because you are so powerful. You understand me?”

“I never thought about it that way, I’ll try.” Taylor said with a snuffle.

"Also on a size note after the halftime show let's hit the buffet"

"I couldn't, my diet."

"Girl you are nearly three hundred pounds right now. A few dozen buffalo wings isn't going to make much difference. Tonight is a night off from all of that. So enjoy it ya dig?"

"I guess" Taylor said still a bit unsure

A knock came from the door "Ladies are you ready? It's time for the Halftime show!"

Rick came into the dressing room followed by a woman in a white cheerleader outfit holding a tray of shots. "Well ladies, I hope you are enjoying yourselves so far. I must confess that I shared Miss Bryonna's hope that this would have been a high scoring game. It would have fit our planned halftime show a bit better. But oh well, we will have to make do. Ladies yourselves and Ms Jordan here are going to be performing the Cheerleader Chunky's routine." Rick gestured to the shots on the tray. "These shots will turn you into one of the Chunkers and temporarily bring your weights up to 500lbs" Rick shot a glance at Taylor "Again this is temporary. Once the game begins again you will return to your current sizes and the rules of the party will resume."

Taylor's hand shot up "How are we supposed to perform a routine we have never practiced or planned on let alone at triple our max weight?"

"In addition to increasing your weight, the shot will program the moves into your muscle memory. Once you get going it will be like you practiced a hundred times over" Rick explained

Jordan piped up "Also I will be there to back you up, if you need a line or help to get going".

Relization spreading across her face Bryonna jumped out of her chair, nearly vibrating with excitement. "Did you say Cheerleader Chunkers?"

Rick smirked at her knowing she caught the reference "I did".

Bryonna rubbed her hands together excitedly "well what are we waiting for? Let's do this thing!" She walked over to the tray and grabbed a shot marked with a 'J'. She knocked it back in one gulp

It looked to Taylor like a pump had been hooked into Bryonna's skin, width and girth piling on faster than her mind could keep up. Bryonna was growing that booty she had so desperately craved. Her ass cheeks plumping up out and wider, cellulite jiggling into existence. Her outfit expanded just enough to be tight and teasing, while still looking like one wrong move

would cause Bryonna to pop a stitch.. Bryonna rubbed her body sexually, enjoying all of the soft supple flesh that had appeared on it. "Mmh god I feel so heavy! This feels amazing. I don't ever want to go back. She backed her body up so her overly plush rear pressed into Rick's pelvis "You sure I have to change back Ricky?"

Smirking again Rick removed himself from Bryonna's attention with a grunt "Sorry Chubby but those are the breaks"

Bryonna giggled coyly at the pet name. Maybe she could win Rick to bed tonight for some private time. Jordan looked over at Taylor sympathetically "time to make a choice, shot A will make you the biggest pushing 600 lbs with a focus on belly weight. While L is boob focused like you would prefer, but it makes you the leader and you will have to be out in front most of the act"

Taylor glanced at the two shots, weighing her options. Steeling herself she grabbed the A shot and downed it. As soon as it hit her stomach it felt like a black hole had opened up. She was so hungry she thought she would faint. She needed a snack, no, a meal, or an entire buffet in her belly right now. She went to rub her belly to soothe her hunger. She made contact much higher on her belly than she had before and she was unable to actually touch her navel. If she thought her stomach was on display before, now it was her; all of her. a soft saging ball of flesh attached to her front. the rest of her had plumped up to match. But it was clear what ruled this body. Unlike Bryonna's outfit which had expanded to keep just the bottom of her oversized ass cheeks on display, Taylor's made no effort to try and hide the new addition to her body. Taylor took an experimental step forward. Bryonna had been right, this new body was heavy. Her hands moved to her inflated chipmunk cheeks and double chin."even my face feels heavy". She thought. She could feel her muscles straining to stay standing. She wished there was a nice comfy couch she could settle into and never get up from again.

Jordan took the L shot and downed it Taylor watched in awe as her tits blew up to rival Bryonna's ass pulling the hem of her cheerleading outfit up high enough to rival Taylor's own impressive belly. One she was fully inflated she nodded to Rick her voice a few octaves deeper then she had earlier "Alright let's do this"

Jordan led the trio of fatties toward the stage. As Bryonna passed through the door she felt both sides of the doorframe pressing into her plush hips. Slowing down she had to exert a considerable amount of effort to not get stuck. Once she was through she felt the ripple of shock run through her. Followed by sheer elevation "I almost got stuck. I'm big enough that I need to worry about door size! This is incredible! She thought.

"Ladies and Gentlemen Balloons and Adult Babies, Give it up for you cheer leader CHunkerrrrrrs" Rick said from the mike. All three moved to take the stage but they all had become so heavy they were winded by the time they got in position. Jordon in front with Bryonna and Taylor flanking her from behind.

A cheer beat was piped in and Bryonna found herself moving to the music, her body instinctively knowing what it needed to do even if her pesky head did not. They twirled and shook, jiggled and twerked and when the time was right they began to sing.

“We’re the hungry hungry cheerleaders and we’re here to EAT!
We’re gonna stuff our faces til we can’t see our feet!
Hamburgers, hotdogs, we can’t stop indulging!
Is it any wonder you can see our bellies bulging?
Skirts tear, seams split, buttons go pop!
But we love eating way too much to stop!
So ask yourself: Are you ready, can you stand the sight
of bouncin’, blimpin’ beauties with a REAL GIRL’S appetite?”

At parts of the routine Bryonna would rub her distended gut, her hand sinking into the soft flesh, all this weight shaking and jiggling felt great, but it was tiring to move around this much. After only a minute Bryonna’s breath was becoming labored and shallow with effort to keep to the beat. Turning to look at Taylor Bryonna saw she wasn’t doing much better, her face turning red with exertion. The first verse ending Jordan dropped back, allowing Bryonna to take center stage she turned and faced her huge ass to the crowd before singing.

“My name is Bryonna and I’m the perfect pear!
All my precious pounds go straight to my delicious derriere!
I’m the cutie with the booty, I’m the slut with the butt!
I’m the lass with the ass, that makes all the guys nuts!
My ass is wide and it just keeps getting wider,
My panties are tight and they just keep getting tighter!
Cuz this bodacious bubble booty makes ‘em hard to fit
so watch out, fellas, cuz one day they’re gonna SPLIT!”

Bryonna was so caught up in the cheer routine she didn’t notice that at the last word her body went into a massive split causing a rip to be heard as her pants split right up the seam. The crowd of onlookers cheered loudly, a few making oinking noises as Bryonna struggled to get back to her feet. Her rotund body making any sort of movement clumsy and awkward. “Oh god, I’m so horny. I can’t believe that just happened!” Bryonna thought “I feel like a real fattie now and I just split my pants in front of everyone!” Making her way back behind Jordan Bryonna thought her legs were going to give out or that everyone would see the wet spot forming in her panties, but they were distracted by Jordan jiggling her massive tits singing.

“My name is Laurie and I’m The Biggest Bitch,
I’m so busty and so buxom that I’m bustin’ every stitch!
I’m the most massive mamacita that you’ve ever seen,
I’m a bra-breakin’, blouse-bustin’, button-blowin’ beauty queen!
My mega mammoth mammaries make all the boys drool
for the most hyper curvy babe in the history of this school!

You skinny bitches are jelly cuz I've got the curves to spare
I'm balloonin' and you're fumin' cuz you just don't compare!"

Jordan stepped aside so Taylor could squeeze past her. all three of them in a row made the stage very cramped so Taylor moved into the center and began her verse.

"My name is Taylor and I'm the sweetie of the bunch,
Other girls want thrills but I just want some lunch!
I gorge myself at every meal and snacking in between,
That's why I've grown to be the roundest girl you've ever seen!
And while I might be the biggest glutton of this crew,
You'll find my fat soft and warm and downright comfy too!
So if you're feeling sad or blue or feeling down from stress,
Come snuggle up and use my gut just like a plush mattress! "

She punctuated her song with a little jump, but she was so fat that she barely cleared the ground. No matter, the audience still loved it. Taylor basked in the attention. She saw Trevor in the crowd staring slack-jawed at her inflated appearance. She couldn't tell for sure but she would bet there was a large tent in the front of his pants she still didn't love being fat. This cheer routine while being out of shape was proof of that but if it made people love her this much she might learn to tolerate it.

The trio repeated the group verse of the cheer before all exiting the stage where they all collapsed into a set of couches that had been set up for them

"That's it I'm never moving again" Taylor huffed her gut jiggling with every labored breath

"Speak for yourself, all that exercise worked up an appetite. I'm starving" Bryonna retorted, rubbing her hands along her inflated thighs. Taylor could see she was hungry for something alright and it wasn't the buffet.

Jordan giggled "Well you both sound like a couple of proper pigs, keep that up and you won't need our services to stay that size."

Rick entered with a tray of shots. "Here you are ladies, these will turn you back to the size you were before then you can rejoin the party the second half is about to start.

Q3

Taylor felt strange in her new old body. In her day to day life she worked hard to maintain her slim figure, never letting it get too muscular or bulky. She had always been told she was pretty, but that was it; pretty. not hot, or a smoke show, she had never inspired the lust that she had seen from people when she was on that stage. That feeling was intoxicating. She sat down at one of the tables. Trevor brought over a plate of food. "I thought you might be hungry after a routine like that," he said. Taylor hesitated, the plate was full of bar food, wings, fried

cheese and the like. Stuff that normally would not be in her diet. But tonight she decided to take Bryonna's advice diving into the plate with gusto. Before long she had finished the plate. She let out a small burp before rubbing her stomach. The pale dome of flesh let out a grumble still not satiated after all of the food. She moved to get up when another man put a plate in front of her. "Sorry for the intrusion miss but I couldn't help but notice that your man didn't get nearly enough for a woman of your size and I wish to correct that"

"Oh wow, thank you Mr?"

"Monty,, names Monty".

"Well, thank's Monty". Taylor said, picking up a buffalo wing.

"Don't mention it" he said "Let me know if you need me to get you anything, we don't want you wasting any calories". He said before he rejoined the party.

A few minutes later a woman approached her. "Hi I just wanted to tell you that you look so cute stuffed into that cheerleader uniform. I brought you this as a tip for your halftime performance." The woman placed the pink drink in front of Taylor before disappearing back into the crowd.

Taylor looked at the pink drink and was surprised "I've never had a woman buy me a drink before" she thought, taking a sip of it. The drink was sweet and fruity. It wasn't long before her glass was half empty. She was feeling lightheaded from the strong alcohol, her stomach might have been enhanced but she was still a lightweight in the liquor department.

A few moments later, she looked up from her plate and saw a man sitting opposite her. He had a plate in front of him, but he wasn't eating, just staring at her and watching her eat. She glanced around the room for Trevor but she couldn't find him. Before she could get up to look properly everyone began moving excitedly. Taylor looked up at the screen, and the green team scored another touchdown.

"God this food is delicious" Bryonna thought, devouring another potato skin. "The cheese melted to perfection, the skin is crispy, and that bacon mmmh". She was so engrossed in savoring each calorie bomb she didn't notice the party starting to buzz with energy.

Rejoining the party Bryonna's body had felt strange. After shrinking back from being 500 lbs. She felt far too light. her muscles felt so strong that she was almost overshooting what she wanted. And right now what she wanted was food. Walking over to the buffet, she took her own advice and forgot about her normal eating habits. She loaded her plate up with fried apps and creamy dips, nary a vegetable insight; save for a few onion rings. Grabbing a seat at the bar she settled her plump rear on a stool and began to eat.

“ Only when the roar of cheers started, did she look up to see the words ‘Touchdown’ emblazoned on the wall. She watched another second to see a green team receiver doing an endzone dance. With an excited grin on her face she nearly skipped up to the stage. But instead of the pints she had chugged earlier she saw two neat shots topped with lime waiting for her.

Rick smiled at her confused look “I thought it was time to kick things up a notch scoring a touchdown is two tequila shots plus the same extra point shot I assumed you wanted the same pear brandy?”

Bryonna turned back to the screen and frowned. The kicked football soared through the air wide, missing the upright; no extra point. Bryonna frowned as Rick took back the brandy shot. “Sorry kid those are the breaks”. Frustrated, she downed the other shots quickly and left the stage, eager to get back to her meal. She felt her vision start to swim. her steps becoming less sure, the closer to her stool she got. Even without the brandy weight poured onto her body. Her hips flared out to accommodate the ass that was growing into quite a shelf behind her. settling herself onto her stool was difficult. “If I get much bigger I will start to need another stool” she thought, rubbing her stomach as it pooled into her lap and dripped between her legs, maybe halfway to her knees. Bryonna smiled as flesh oozed its way between her fingers. The two shots of tequila gave her an idea. She looked around the room. No one was paying attention to her at the moment. It was a bit of a struggle to get her fingers under the waistband of her skirt, but between her soft body and the elastic was just enough room for two fingers to get under gut and under her skirt. lightly stroking her pussy, “mmh god I’m getting so heavy that if I don’t stop soon I’m going to be obese.” Bryonna thought to herself. Feeling her gut press her hand harder on all her sensitive spots, the hidden movement sent shivers up Bryonna’s spine. Her flab jiggled quite loudly even as she struggled to suppress a deep moan.

On the other side of the hall, Taylor was enjoying the privileges of her new size. since she had returned to the table, she had not had to get up once. someone was always bringing her something to eat or drink. It was nice to be pampered like this. her head was starting to spin from all of the drinks people had brought her. The booze relaxed her, making her giddy. She thought back to what Bryonna had told her. She rubbed her soft stomach “Large and in charge” she said to herself. Monty returned with another plate of food for her “I could get used to this” she thought with a smile. Trevor sat down next to her with another drink “Hey babe how’s... it go...ing” he said trailing off his eyes locked on the screen. The green team had scored again. The score was almost tied up.

Bryonna had watched the drive down the field with excitement. They might turn this around; she still had a shot at winning! Then the touchdown had been scored and the field goal kicked. The Green team was only down by a single point. Rick handed her the brandy. “Same as last time Miss Bryonna?” Rick asked.

She downed the shot and set the upturned glass on the tray “Of course cutey,” she said. the liquor making her tongue loose and bold. “After all, I’m a cutie with the booty” Turning around so her rear faced the audience, she raised the shot in the air and popped her ass out. in

all its cellulite covered glory. "Gooooo Green Team!" she yelled and knocked back the shot. Before casually grabbing the second one and pouring it down her throat. The liquor filled her body with warmth and her vision began to swim again. Bryonna felt the pounds pile on. her thighs plump up becoming thick and meaty. they began to touch and rub when she took a step, her belly now fully on display bounced with her movements. her tits now sloshed around her top that was straining to hold out. Bending over just a smidge she gave a few twerks toward the crowd her cheeks inflating with every lewd shake turning her head to the crowd she put a finger to her mouth and grinned coquettishly "I feel like so goooooood" she thought joyously giving into her drunken euphoria raising up her arms.

Bryonna settled herself onto the two barstools. Leaning her back on the bar, her belly hanging out on full display, a loud burp escaped her lips. Monty and Cyrill came over with a wink. Monty said "So can I buy you that drink?"

Taylor felt jealous anger rise inside of her. She watched Monty flirting with Bryonna "He should be worshipping me, not that fat ass." With a great deal of effort she heaved herself out of her chair and onto her feet. Stomping her way over to Bryonna, Taylor let the alcohol fuel her own anger. Remember how nasty Bryonna had been to her earlier in the party she said "What do you think you're doing, Tiny"

At the last word Bryonna heaved herself off the bar and onto her feet swaying drunkenly. "Who you calling Tiny?" She slurred. A crowd was gathering around them Bryonna thrust her belly forward bumping into Taylor's soft tummy.

Unmoved Taylor said "You Blubber but"

Bryonna smiled drunkenly at both her and the crowd "You love my fat ass tubby tits. Why are you so cranky?" Bryonna made a grab at Taylor's nipple "Does the cow need milking?" She asked.

Bryonna responded with a belly bump of her own "I'm not a cow I'm a goddess and I demand worship".

"Oh wow, really been smelling your own farts haven't you. Don't worry Tubs there is plenty of attention to go around. Besides, don't you already have that a-hole Trevor to feed you?"

"Hey" yelled Trevor from the crowd

Bryonna was in a groove of Drunken mastery, those five shots hit her harder than anything she had drunk so far tonight "Sorry Trev but signing up your girl for this without telling her what will happen is a serious dick move my guy."

All the faces in the crowd turned to Trevor who blushed embarrassed to have been put on blast like this.

"You leave him out of this Blubber Butt" Taylor said. pressing her belly into Bryonna's, both of the cheerleaders had put on so much weight that even pressed this tightly together they were still an arms length apart. Both women did their best to knock the other over doing their best impression of a sumo match, but neither would move an inch. Through huffing breath they both continued their stream of insults

"Triple chin wonder".

"Circus freak"

"Immobile berry"

"Piglet" Taylor got one last shove before both fell to their knees red faced and exhausted. Moving this much weight around was a bit out of their weight classes. The tv blared a fanfare and then cut to commercial.

Bryonna looked over at her nearly 400lb rival chipmunk cheeks red from effort, her entire body jiggling with every shallow breath. Her own chubby face split into a grin. "Well this has been fun Tubby Tits but what do you say we call it a draw and get something to eat like the true fat girls we are?"

Taylor still gasping for air shook her head in agreement and smiled "sounds like a plan; Tiny"

Straightening up, Bryonna wrapped her arm around Taylors wide body. her bingo wing jiggling, she guided Taylor over to the buffet. Trevor followed behind eager to serve his goddess.

Q4

"You were like show right Bryonna, sitting on two chairs is show much better than one" Taylor said drunkenly. The drinks that people had been giving to her were starting to catch up with her. She felt so silly. Silly, for ever worrying about her weight or her size or Bryonna. She rubbed the top of her belly lazily trying to sooth the overful ache that had started to set in

"I told you mmhp" Bryonna started to reply before a large bite of pizza was brought to her mouth. Through a combination of alcohol and sheer size both of the cheerleaders had become pigs for the crowd. beached at the table, too drunk and full to protest. they would simply eat whatever was brought to their mouth, and allowed anyone who wanted to have a feel or rub or grope.

“Hey, hey, hey Bryonna, be honest with me. mmmh god that felt good. How did you get into this?”

“What do you mean? Hic”

Taylor gestured around the room before a massive burp passed her lips. she downed a frozen Margarita someone had left for her to wash out the taste “you know Thish, the being fat stuff. how did you get into it?”

“Oh, It was a movie I saw as a kid.-Hic- there was a scene .-Hic- when i watched it .-Hic- older turned me on. And from there my fate was sealed,..-Hic- went down an internet rabbit hole and still havent hit the bottom. Oh spank it again please that felt so good! Over time the cravings evolved and got more complex. ‘EEp!’ I discovered padding when I was in college. .-Hic- I loved how it let me live out a fantasy for a ‘EEp!’ weekend when my roommates went home. -Buuuuurp- But yea that’s my story”

“OMG I so get you, buuurp!” I remember seeing Jessica Rabbit and thinking ‘I wish I could look like her!’ ‘ahh’ The answer was a shitload of plastic surgery, ‘pppft’, but I do have the dress somewhere.’ mmh’ I wear it for Trevor on his birthday. oooh Though knowing what I know now I might try something a bit different this year”

“Oooh sexy, sexy. ‘mmhp’ let me know if you need any help. ‘Oooh god that feels good’ if your planning what I think your planning”

I will, don't worry. So one other question, If you like being big so much ‘Buurp’ why not just get fat? Let yourself go and do it for real?

Bryonna sighed and stared at her drink “The reason I tell myself is it's because I work a corporate job, and it's hard enough to be a woman in business let alone to be a fat woman in business. But thinking about it now. I think I'm just afraid. I like having guys stare at my ass in the subway and that when I go out, people buy me drinks. Pretty privilege is a thing and I don't want to give it up, not yet.”

Bryonna looked up at Taylor. Tears streamed down the side of her face “that’s so deep! I feel like a shallow bitch for mocking you. I’m Sorry Bryonna!

Bryonna wanted to hold the crying girl, comfort her. Instinctively she began to get up before being dragged back into her two chairs by the sheer weight of her ass collapsing back into her seat. She felt the chairs sag and creak under her “maybe three chairs would have been better” she thought to herself. She reached her hand across the table. Taylor took it and held it like a life raft. “It’s ok Taylor. You were thrown into the deep end without knowing how to swim or with water wings. Just think about how much you have enjoyed this evening and see how you feel in a few days.”

Trevor saw Taylor sobbing from the bar where he was getting more drinks for the two oversized cheerleaders. He didn't like seeing her this upset. He wasn't proud of tricking Taylor into trying his fetish. But with how diet obsessed and fatphobic she could be, he couldn't figure out a good way to tell her about his fetish that she would understand. so he had tricked her, and given how it had all turned out he wasn't sorry. The two cheerleaders were neck and neck. All it would take is one more point to tip the scales. Currently the Red team had the ball and were driving down the field. He looked back at the two cheerleaders. Bryonna's huge ass was so hot, he had been staring at it the whole time they had been loading up their plates. imagining what it would be like to stick his cock into that much soft fat. His girlfriend on the other hand had grown such massive tits it was unreal. He was going to have so much fun playing with them when they got back to the room tonight. The red team was so close to scoring, one more catch and. "Touchdown" Trevor yelled. Ecstatic he looked at the clock, there was no way the green team would be able to score. it was all over.

"What's going on?" Bryonna slurred as everyone looked up at the screen.

"Hey where did everyone go? Hic" Taylor added.

Rick came on the microphone. "That's everyone's game, everyone. Ladies waddle those fat asses up here. It's time to claim your prizes!"

With a grown both drunk pigs struggled to get to their feet. Aided by a small army of people. All eager to earn favor with either one of the cheerleaders. Bryonna rubbed at her stomach. Massaging the pale dome of flesh is the closest she can get to pleasuring herself now, given her size. Just the touch on her soft gut sent shivers up her spine.

By the time they made it to the center of the stage both women were huffing and puffing. Rick guided Taylor to an oversized throne in the middle of the stage while Bryonna collapsed into a couch behind them. The chair creaked ominously as Taylor settled her plush rear into it. While her growth was not as rear-centric as Bryonna's. She was still shocked to see how close her hips came to the arms. This chair was wide enough to fit two of the old her, now it barely held one. Rick presented her with a red cocktail in a fancy glass "Ladies and Gentlemen give it up for our winner! As a reminder, Taylor, your prize is an all inclusive weekend for you and your guest upstairs in the Candy Casino!" He raised his glass. Everyone else followed suit. With a wave, Taylor downed her glass and waited for the last change to start.

The weight began to pile on faster than before. Filling her belly with warmth, it began to fill her lap completely. Her breast began to blow up threatening to finally burst out of her straining top. Lower, she felt a cold pressure at her thighs. pressed into the sides of the chair the last glimpse of her red skirt disappearing from view. The chair began creaking louder as more weight was piled onto it. Taylor's arms blew up, bingo wings jiggling into existence. her fingers plumped up into sausages, as they rubbed her plumping cheeks. Moving her mouth she could feel a second and third chin press into her heaving breasts. Her top was so tight Taylor was sure it was going to burst. Then all at once it stopped. Taylor rubbed all over her body

feeling her new size. She felt soft and plush like a teddy bear. She felt huge and heavy, even lifting her arm strained her muscles leaving her nearly panting. Her stomach had made it all the way to her knees sticking out very much like she was pregnant with an elephant, if not for the multiple rolls.

Rick approached her. "Congrats again Taylor, Now if you want you can stay a bit longer, or you can head off to enjoy your prize". Taylor moved to stand up and leave the stage. only to collapse back into the chair. her body jiggling despite her only raising her ass a quarter inch off the seat. She tried again to the same result. She tried again, this time she felt the problem: her hips were stuck. Pressed tight into the arms of the throne she was seated in, Taylor couldn't get herself free. She watched as the crowd that had been cheering her on moments ago began to laugh at her struggle, laugh at the fatty who got too big to- "I'm sorry Miss Taylor that was my little prank" Rick reappeared by her side and pressed a hidden button on the chair causing it to spread apart a bit further allowing Taylor to wobble to her unsteady feet. She looked around at the crowd, no one was laughing, or at least not cruelly like she feared. A few chuckles at Rick's prank but mostly just smiles and looks of lust as she waddled off stage. taking a seat on a couch set for her to the right side of the stage.

"And now for our runner up" with a distinctly piggish grunt Bryonna heaved herself off of the couch and waddled up to Rick. "As your consolation prize You will get one night of relaxation with one of our special overnight treatments" he held out a shot glass full of blue liquid Bryonna's eyes went as wide as dinner plates "Is that what I think it is?"

Rick smiled "yep" he waved to the staff "let's get these tables out of the way we are gonna have some fun"

Bryonna took the shot and waddled to the front of the stage "what is that Bry?" Taylor asked "why are you so excited"

Bryonna smiled at her "Remember that film I said got me into this?" her face querked into a smirk "you are about to get a hint of what it was; Tiny" She threw the shot back. The cool blue liquor coursed through her body sending another shiver through her body. the cold consolidated in her face, specifically her nose. She winked over to Taylor and rubbed her belly "I feel funny! What's happening to me!?" she said to the crowd with over the top panic and worry. Bryonna felt a tightness over take her body, something firmer filling in the cracks, smoothing out the cellulite

Someone in the crowd yelled with laughter in his voice "You're blowing up like a Balloon!"

Taylor saw Trevor add " Like a Blueberry" that's when it clicked.

The cold blue flush spread out from Bryonna's nose down her neck until every inch of her body was blue, complementing her green cheer uniform. With a loud gurgle Bryonna's belly

bloated forward pushing out like she was pregnant, then overdue, then over due with twins, her stomach kept expanding away from her body until the tip was arms length away. Bryonna smiled manically at the crowd. Caressing and rubbing the newly grown orb that was her middle.

Bryonna felt the juice get ready to swell its next target; her ass. Turning away from the crowd she bent over like an over fed pin-up as her rear and hips filled with juice. Her body widening to match up with her swollen belly. "The crowd is loving this" Bryonna thought "but why should they have all the fun" Turning her profile to the crowd she motioned to Rick to come over. Using the arms of Taylor's chair for support she bent over wiggling her rear in the air grinning silently begging Rick for what she wanted. He obliged like a true performer giving her rear an exaggerated spank she looked at the crowd in mock shock and horror before grinning.

The juice continued to flow plumbing up her ass and hips until they too were arm's length away. Taylor watched with confused horror as the juice plumped up Bryonna's thighs and arms, tightening the soft fat into taut skin. Gradually Bryonna's stomach seemed to widen, merging with her inflated hips and ass. After a few minutes it looked like Bryonna was trapped inside of a blue ball that was slowly inflating inside of her, absorbing her limbs into it as it went. Bryonna felt her cheeks puff up causing her eyes to take on a slight squint. She wanted to perform a bit more for the crowd but her mobility was severely limited now. earlier she had to waddle up to stage. Now movement was even more difficult. So she just stood there inflating until she was fully ripe. Her hands and feet pulled into divots, flapping uselessly as she rocked back and forth on what had been her crotch, now just another part of the giant blueberry. She felt Rick's hand on her side and with a mighty heave he rolled her off the stage, onto the floor Where the crowd enclosed the large berry laughing Monty approached her "Well well looks like we got a new toy"

Taylor watched as the small sea of people broke in two, and began rolling Bryonna back and forth between them like a ball. If there were rules to this game Taylor didn't understand them, so she sat on her couch with her hands still exploring her own huge body. Something inside of her had shifted. She wasn't sure if she would ever feel normal like this or even if she would grow to enjoy it, but now, she doesn't hate it. She felt a hand touch her side, looking up she saw Trevor holding a golden ticket key card. "Hey" he said gently "Want to get out of here?"

She took his hand "Sure".

The two talked all the way up to their suite. Trevor apologized for everything. "I've wanted to tell you for a while, but I was scared about how you would react, so when I found the winning code I just did it. Rip the bandage off at once you know?" Taylor wanted to respond but she was a bit too out of breath from the long walk. She needed to sit, her legs felt like they would collapse under the weight. The couple settled into their room. Trevor sat at the edge of the bed rubbing Taylor's aching feet while she ate a pint of ice cream that had been left in the freezer. "Trev you know you didn't have to make me five hundred pounds if you wanted to pamper me right? Or is all this attention just because you feel bad"

He grinned sheepishly "Can it be both?"

"I'm not going to pretend like I'm not annoyed you tricked me. It's going to take a lot of pampering to get you out of that particular dog house. 'hic!' but I will admit not worrying about my diet has been fun and being this soft feels strangely feminine to me." She tried to reach forward to cup his face only to be pinned down by the size of her belly. The best thing is, I think I understand you a bit better now. hic" she rubbed her stomach thinking of all the times she caught him staring at an overweight woman waddling past them at the grocery store.

"That good because I have one more question" Trevor said sliding off the bed and onto one knee

Bryonna sat in the middle of the room like a discarded toy. The party guests had had their fun, with her rolling her around a force feeding her food and drink. She had enjoyed all of it but the party was over and she wondered what was going to happen now. Rick approached her, pressing his hands on to her taut body, rolling her out of the room "Did you have fun at the party?" he asked.

Bryonna, dizzy from a cocktail of alcohol, elation, and honeyness, could only vigorously shake her head in approval.

I'm glad to hear it. I'm taking you to a rest divot for the night, and in the morning you will be juiced. After that you will have until you leave the premises to enjoy your new body. Once you leave you will return to your old size sound good?"

Bryonna nodded lazily "Rick?" she asked "Fuck me please. I'm so worked up I need an orgasm."

Rick smiled and rolled the helpless berry into an empty room. Removing his clothing, Bryonna stared at him with lust. When he penetrated her, she gasped with pleasure, chasing every worry from her mind. The only thought left in her brain was how much fun it was at the Berry Brothel.

1 year later

Ding-Dong! "Trev! Bryonna's here" Taylor yelled as she waddled to the door, her hand grazing what she could reach of her distended stomach. It poked out of her red team cheerleader outfit. Of course she had bought it just for that reason. Opening the door Bryonna's eyes went wide as she took in Taylors size "Oh my god Taylor! When you said you had put on some weight I didn't think it was this much!"

Taylor slapped at her side and it made a muffled thunk. She smiled at Bryonna. Don't worry, most of this is a fat suit I bought for Trevor's birthday. I have gained a bit, but only like 10lb. I just wanted to see the look on your face."

Bryonna smiled back, settling on the couch. The Tv was on behind her. The red team was back in the game but the green team hadn't made it this year. "You made me a good girl. Still I wish you had told me, I would have brought mine. We could have been two oversized fat asses again and made Trevor feed us both."

They both giggled "Don't give him any ideas Bry," Taylor laughed

"So any honeymoon plans Mrs.Trevor?"

"Don't laugh, but we were thinking about Vegas. there is a certain blue drink I want to try".