

Nothing about Kate screamed that she was plotting anything. Her blonde hair hung over the back of the chair she sat in, whilst she casually rested an elbow on the seat next to her. Her brown eyes pierced through nobody, though she cast them around the table plenty, looking past her button nose and onto each of her work friends.

Across the table from Kate sat Mindy, the skinny redhead whose hairstyle could only be described as a poofy wolfcut. Her black tank top held loosely to her toned torso, one that didn't absorb the sweet delicacies that she poured over the menu for. Her freckled cheeks puffed out in exasperation as she set down her menu. Shaking her head, she looked across the table to Kate and smiled.

Kate smiled back, so very happy to have her work friends...

Arabella sat to the left, relative to Kate. Always preferring the full pronunciation of her name to just "Bella," she knew how to stand out. Between her ordinarily blonde hair dyed a deep, purple color, and just the riiiiight amount of air in her body to round out her belly and breasts into a perfect half-moon, one's eyes might fly to her first if they were to scan around the table.

Perfect for Kate, who wished to fly under the radar for the moment as she imagined what might soon be happening to Virginia. The muscle girl of the group had seemingly lifted every ounce of protein she ever consumed into her body. Her curly, shoulder length, black hair coiled like a mound of clean springs, just a shade darker than her smooth, lotion-covered skin. She stared at the menu but barely read, not even half interested in choosing any sweets.

It wouldn't be a surprise to anyone that this fit and fab group of friends all worked at a gym, the one attached to the same mall they sat in. What might have been a bit of a surprise was their choice of a lunch at the mall's Curve Cafe. Indeed, it was a place where everything was designed to go right to the thighs, the belly, and everything in between. Its mascot being a round anime girl that was somewhere between fat and inflated and held a cupcake up with a massive smile made that all the more clear.

Kate had suggested it as a bit of a treat, some naughty fun on one of their last work days before they all went on a holiday break. It took a bit of begging to get them all on board, with the promise that Kate knew exactly what to order.

That was part of the reason everyone glossed over the caloric, airy menu so carelessly. Between the Puffy Profiteroles and the Fatty Fondue, this was a far cry from the foods the girls usually consumed. Even when they wished to inflate, a couple of bubbly drinks usually did the trick.

It was a bit of a relief however when the waitress, arrived. The waiter was a curvy, jiggly little creature known as Helen. She wore a fair level of bright makeup and a pink apron that pushed her curves every which way, her large breasts being the most notable as the string sat just beneath them. Indeed, everyone at the table understood the appeal of a bit of belly fat as they watched her bend down to serve each individual their dishes, tailored to them by Kate.

She started with the muscular Virginia. "Fried beef dumplings a la carte, served with a helping of secret sauce and just enough fried rice..." There was about twenty tennis ball sized dumplings on the dish. Not that Virginia wasn't accustomed to eating a lot, it just seemed like a lot of carbs... oh well, leftovers.

Kate watched Helen bend her massive chest over the bashful Mindy's side, the girl turning her head with a blush. This allowed Kate to exchange a quick, knowing wink with the waitress as she laid out the redhead's chosen dish. "Avocado toast..." Helen began. "...with a dash of secret sauce, on an airy ciabatta." It seemed she was served the WHOLE ciabatta loaf, as there were enough slices for the entire table to eat until full and still have more.

Kate bit her lip.

Having left Arabella alone for long enough to wonder when her turn was, Kate brought the punk-rock fitness coach a helping fit for the kings. "Creamy vegan risotto..." The plate made a sound akin to a hammer striking an anvil as it was set upon the glass table. "...with butt-er-nut squash."

Arabella's mouth was agape at the portion sizes in this joint, but she managed to clamp it shut to collect a few words.

"Why did you say 'butternut' like that?" Arabella asked in her slight French accent (one that nobody was certain to be genuine).

Helen just shrugged and giggled, going for the last dish on her tray. To everyone, even Kate's mild surprise, it went to the center of the table and was decked out with various colored macaroons.

"Dessert, on the house, since you're the only ones here."

Indeed, they did take their lunch at 4:00, when most people were back at work or leaving it. It avoided the afternoon rush quite nicely, leading to situations like this, where they were the only customers in the tiny little cafe. Heck, it seemed likely Helen was the only front of house staff, and not a soul knew who was in the kitchen.

"Yours will be out in a sec sweet cheeks." Helen said to Kate, practically skipping back to the kitchen, which gave everyone a nice display over her tightly hugged rear end and the way it flowed.

Kate looked back to the table and smiled. "Dig in everyone, don't wait for me!"

The hesitation proliferated for a moment. It was Virginia who broke their hypnotic spell, lifting one of the dumplings and shrugging off the grease that caked it to shove the whole thing in her mouth. "Mmmph!" She chewed a few times before swallowing. "Damn, that was the easiest any fried food's ever gone down for me, this is great."

Soon enough, Kate was watching all three of her friends carve away at their massive

dishes. Arabella's wide spoon carried large loads of the rice dish to her mouth. Arabella was spearing as many morsels would fit onto her fork. Virginia? Her plate was looking to be clean within a couple minutes.

Kate just watched.

The food wasn't her main focus however. Sure she took fleeting glances at those beastly portions, but it was to their toned stomachs she focused on. How long till they would notice how much they were inflating? They weren't growing fatter per se. The food was immense but it would take way more to get rid of the work they'd put in. No, they were properly swelling.

Arabella had come a little blown up already, but when her stomach started bunching up against the table, she took notice.

"What ze?!" Jeez, could she just drop the fake accent for a moment?

Virginia stopped to glance at their own bodies. "Ohhhh, you card." She said, wagging her finger at Kate, who just smiled and shrugged. Virginia's six pack was burgeoning at each individual ab as her body rounded beneath her cropped workout top. Mindy blushed, looking close to a tomato with her round face and rounder body. She probably noticed a while ago and didn't say anything... she was a great deal bigger than everyone else after all, her whole body having approached the roundness of the table.

"You came here to see us blow up then, huh? How is she supposed to go back to work after this?" Virginia said, bobbing her towards Mindy. Indeed, her expansion was continuing, her shirt squeezing her form into a gourd shape, causing it to emit the first real creeeeek.

Kate shrugged. "I'm sure you can get one of the newbies to cover your shift. If there's no one to support the staff, that's on management."

Virginia nodded. "That's alllll on management."

\*Crunch\*

\*Creeeeeeeeek.\* Virginia's inflated abs slid against the table like a washboard as her body widened. She just giggled, tapping at it precariously with her cleaned fork. "Jiggly, seems I've got room for plenty more."

Arabella had shed her mild anger as the mood lightened. She and Mindy couldn't help but return to eating alongside Virginia.

With each crunch, each chew, each morsel that slid down their throats, more of that special spice that held condensed air molecules slowly came in contact with their stomach contents and began to expand. The girls were ballooning just as casually as they were chatting.

"So, long you been coming here, Kate?" Virginia asked as her torso rounded out, her

breasts and sides disappearing into the sphere form with a couple \*fwoomps\*.

"Oh, no more than a month, I resisted the temptation every time I walked past until I met Helen..."

"Helen, ze waitress?" Arabella asked as a rip formed down the middle of her top, causing her tanned stomach to spill out and nudge her plate.

"That's her." Kate nodded, reaching up to twirl her hair dreamily. "She got me to sit down and try a few things last weekend. We chatted..."

"About bringing us here?" Virginia asked, dropping her fork to the floor. Kate could see that her inflated muscles were bunching up beneath her chin, her arms having disappeared into her torso. Her hands were following suit. She wasn't gonna be eating on her own anymore.

"About more than that~" Kate said, reaching across the table to take the pinkest macaroon on the plate. "Now... how about dessert?"

Kate locked eyes with Virginia. The situation shouldn't have been so erotic, but something about the way the muscle girl was now helplessly wedged between a chair and a table, looking on at the pastry with a hunger beyond satiation in her eyes...

Kate had to stand on her own chair just to pop it in Virginia's mouth. The other two balloons swelled up to a similarly helpless state as Virginia let her tongue lol free of her mouth. She took the pastry between those lips, beneath that tongue, the only free parts of her body, moaning as she pulled it away and began to slowly, gently, compact it between her teeth. The chewing was soon overtaken by the sound of an ominous creaaaaak.

The macaroons were the most powerful thing at the table. Virginia was no match for the sweet treat. Kate was just resuming her seated position when the deepest moan she ever heard preceded a \*boom\*. Virginia blew to bits. Though stressed workout clothes hit Kate in the face, she barely even flinched. Giggling, she pulled away some of those scraps, the sounds of heavy breathing following the echo.

"She-she popped!" Arabella huffed. Mindy just let out a deep whine.

\*Clap Clap Clap Clap Clap Clap\*

Kate didn't need to look to know that Helen was approaching, apron still wrapped tightly around her waist. She casually dropped a bill at the center of the table. Kate reached down to grab Virginia's wallet, dropping her debit card atop it as Helen raised the tray up to Arabella's face. The faux-Frenchie's mouth watered just as much as her distended underwear.

"May I help you with desert ma'am? Feel free to ask any questions..."

"V-Vill zey... make me pop?" Arabella asked, practically hyperventilating.

Helen just slowly nodded, pulling the nearest macaroon off the plate and bringing it less than an inch from Arabella's mouth. "It will... now open wide."

It was hard to tell if her lips were just quivering at first, but eventually, the girl parted her plump lips to allow the yellow sandwich in. It slid past her teeth, crumbling only slightly as it entered. Arabella continued to quiver and pulse as she chewed, the massive sphere letting out another ominous creak as Helen took a step back. "Thanks for dining with us~"

\*BOOM\*. The table shook, glass and silverware clanking loudly as the explosion died down. Kate sighed, reaching down to massage at her own stomach, the only flat belly in the room. After a moment of relishing in the fluttering scraps, allowing one to land on her cheek, Kate stood up. Her long legs strutted around the right side of the table as Helen's curved moseyed around the left. Both arrived on either side of the redhead at the same time, Helen lifting up the tray.

"I think this cherry flavor is all yours." Helen said, lifting up a deep, red macaroon between her fingers. Mindy, eyes wide and white, stared at it for a few moments before aggressively shaking her head, curling her lips inward.

"Awww, you don't want it?" Kate asked, her fingers circling around Mindy's fork at the table. She lifted the pronged instrument and let the bottom side glide against the terrified balloon's chest, eliciting a long series of whimpers with no end in sight. "Just open up sweetie, it'll be good..."

It took Kate lifting up the fork in a stabbing motion to make Mindy open her mouth with a cry. Helen took the opportunity to pop the macaroon in right then and there. It didn't take any more convincing to get her to start chewing. "Awww, see? It's good, isn't it?" Mindy slowly nodded as she continued to chew, her eyes squeezed shut as she braced for the inevitable.

"Bring it here!" Kate and Hellen both went in for a massive bear hug, wrapping around Mindy's distended midsection like a belt. A gasp, a squeeze, a moan, a BANG. Helen and Kate both collapsed into one another through a chorus of laughter.

As they tumbled to the floor, Kate began to pilfer the riches of her server's soft, curvaceous body. Her hand pinned beneath Helen's right side, she gave the girl's flanks a curious squeeze, soaking up their pillowy goodness.

"What do you think it felt like?" Came Helen's voice.

Kate looked up to see that Helen was laying her head against the floor, her eyes off to the heavens, wistfully witnessing the third sea of falling scraps.

"Sweet." Kate responded. "Not sweet like candy, sweet like... your first kiss."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"They were so coy." Helen said, allowing Kate to slide over and rest her head against her squishy tummy.

"Mindy was a bit bashful, but they always want it."

"Why do they always want it?"

"Everyone wants it."

"Do you want it?"

"If you want it..."

The girls lift their head and smile. Good that Helen had set the macaroons back on the table.

Helen had the white one, her favorite flavor, classic vanilla bean. Kate had a blue one. She couldn't tell what flavor it was.