“Are you suuuuuure?”

Josie harrumphed as she tried to decide where to look. Rather, as she tried to decide where not to look, lest she give Maddie the satisfaction. Whether she looked at Maddie’s stupid huge chest or her fat belly, it still felt like she was checking out her best friend. Even if she tried to look at her feet, Maddie’s pale plump thighs bulging out of her panties were too big not to get caught up staring at, and their squish and jiggle proved infinitely more entertaining than her flate matte combat boots.

“Yes, Maddie, I’m sure.”

“Because you sure don’t look sure.”

She bit off a mouthful of her Snackeroo, letting the sticky sweet chocolate treat fall behind her pearly white teeth. Her pretty pink tongue slithered out to gather the residue that had gathered along her glossy lips. She smile coquettishly even as her chubby cheeks chewed, rippling with mastication and amusement at her friend’s predicament.

“You look like you maybe wanna try some.”

Another Snackeroo, this time down in one bite. Her arm was a roll of cookie dough, except twice as big and at least three times as soft, delving every so often into the bag of what had swiftly become her favorite treat. Her Cheshire’s grin was nestled comfortably in her round fluffy face, sitting comfortably over the soft fold of her double chin. Her cheeks seem to bounce in time with her chewing.

“You look like you’re trying reeeeally hard to look like you don’t want some of this.”

Josie squirmed uncomfortably in her own skin, dark skin growing hot around the cheeks. She tried to count the ceiling tiles. But as Maddie shimmied closer, her flesh bouncing enticingly with each shuffling step, poor Josie found herself in a losing battle.

“Like, super hard.”

The sound of Maddie’s chubby little fingers rustling in the bag grew ever closer still. The presence of her engorged left breast pressing against her own sent a shiver up Josie’s spine. She looked down to see Maddie nestled flirtatiously close to her longtime friend, looking like the cat that ate the canary. She could feel the heft of her chest in just one can alone as it threatened to pop out of her latest tiny t-shirt.

With every breath, the hem rode just a little higher up on Maddie’s fleshy stomach as it domed out proudly from under her shirt and over her panties. Her powerful fupa unsheathed laid softly over her lady bits and rested comfortably on her pillowy thighs. Maddie’s sashaying steps certainly added a little wiggle to her waddle, but the tiny cutesy movements she made as she inched her way closer and closer to Josie made her jiggle from the foundation up.

“You knoooww I bet you’d like it if you tried it.”

Munch munch munch.

“They’re soooo yummy, Josie—here, I’ll let you have one.”

Maddie leaned in on her chubby little tip toes to reach past her bulging balcony of cleavage. Leaning her soft quivering form onto the leaner and stronger shape of her friend, Maddie arched one chubby arm over, armed with a single Snackeroo.

“Say ahhhh~!”

Josie turned her head away like a petulant child, her lips pursed tight and her eyes darting as far away from Maddie’s oncoming tide of breast flesh. She wrestled the fat girl weakly, grabbing her by the chubby wrist and guiding her calorie-loaded hand away. However, as she felt the pressure of belly press against her hip, she’d known that she’d only just pushed them closer together.

“Stop it, Maddie—those things are crazy unhealthy.”

“Nuh-uh.” Maddie popped the Snackeroo into her own mouth instead, “They’re delicious.”

The big blonde purred contentedly as she readied another one of her favorite treats. She popped another in her mouth and tried again, this time a little less forcefully. She poked and prodded at Josie’s face with the sticky chocolate treat playfully before airplaning it into her own open mouth.

“Come on, you’re no fun~”

“Maddie, knock it off!”

“Josie the buzz kill, Josie the buzz kill!”

Maddie tittered to herself as she watched her friend wriggle like a worm. Hiding in her hoodie, the dark-haired girl shoved her hands in her front center pocket and hardened her expression into what had probably meant to be a stern face. Instead it just looked like she was pouting.

“I’m serious Maddie, those things have like…”

Her brain stalled at the sight of her friend stroking her stomach with one plush hand. Her soft tummy barely resisted her touch, yielding like biscuit dough with the slightest of swaying motions. She’d been wiping off crumbs from her hand, her huge breasts offering some resistance to the spread of her chunky upper arms. Once she’d managed to clean it off, she stuck her greedy grabber right back into the bag and looked no less satisfied with herself.

Finally, Josie managed to sputter out the last half of her sentence.

“…a bajillion calories in them.”

Maddie made a small noise that was less an acknowledgement of her friend’s valid point and more of a dismissal of it. A cross between a pouty puff of air and a grunt. Another bite of Snackeroo, this time taking two from the bag. She shifted on her feet, supple shape quivering and swaying as she situated herself. Soft belly flesh bounced as she reached back into the bag for another bite.

“Well, fat girls have more fun anyway.”

She shifted coquettishly, sashaying in place with a wriggle of her wide waist and thundering hips as she took another bite, this one powered by defiance of Josie’s perfectly sensible point. Leaning close, or at least as close as her heavy chest would allow her, Maddie stuck out her cute little pink tongue.

“You’re absolutely ridiculous.”

“Nuh-uh.”

“I just…”

Josie stole a quick glance at Maddie’s ample tit flesh rolling to either side of her stomach. They were so big these days, how could she expect people not to stare at them? She was practically popping out of that thing already, what with there being so much of her to pop around the middle… but all that cleavage was downright unreasonable.

“…don’t wanna risk my swimsuit bod, you know?” she added uneasily.

“Oh yeaaaah?”

Maddie ran a hand along the curve of her stomach. Five thick fingers traced along the curve of her gut as it folded slightly in the middle, moving along the slope of her singular stomach roll as it flopped out shamelessly from underneath her clothes.

“Are you implying that I wouldn’t look good in a swimsuit, Josie?”

Using her forefinger and thumb on her free hand, Maddie pinched an inch of her belly blubber and gave it a good shake. Her whole middle mass trembled like pale white jelly as her heft slowly settled back into place, all while Maddie watched Josie’s expression with an artfully piqued blonde eyebrow.

“You know, a lot of guys think that I look pretty good in a bikini—especially lately.”

Maddie took a deep breath that served to swell her stomach up in size, inflating it like a beach ball right before Josie’s ever-widening eyes. Her designated snack hand popped one of her calorie crusted treats past her lips, her smile turning playfully dark as she saw her friend sputter at the sight of her.

“Some girls too, you know.”

“You, uh… you don’t say?”

“Oh yeah.” She said with a chin-bunching little nod, “They like how soft I look.”

Maddie’s now free hand started to rub along the surface of her stomach, the slightest indentation of pressure following the invisible route over her roundness. Josie could barely peel her eyes away from her friend’s chubby palm as it traversed the vast acreage of her belly, dipping low around the fupa and tickling along the crevice between her thighs.

“Well, I mean, how soft I am.” She corrected, “You wanna feel?”

“Wh-what? No, I couldn’t—”

“Are you suuuuure?”

Maddie snaked her thick fingers beneath the heft of her gut and pried it away from its pillowy thigh palace on one side. It rolled in her hand lazily, barely managing a wobble before she gave it an enticing little shake.

“Because you don’t look sure.”

Josie felt her fingers twitch with the effort that it took to not take Maddie up on her offer. She’d known her since they were kids! Since back in high school! Since… well, since back when she was skinny! It would be too weird now for her to take such a drastic step forward like… like rubbing her belly, right? That would make things way too weird between them. To just come out and say that she liked fat girls after all this time? Where was the art in that?

“Here, let me show you.”

Wrapping her hand (it was still a little sticky) around Josie’s wrist, she pulled the skinny girl closer. Pressing the her outstretched palm against the surface of her stomach, she guided her friend’s hand in a tummy rubbing session.

“See?” she purred, “I’m soft af~”

“Y…Yup.” Josie was practically a neon sign by this point, “You’re, um… sure soft alright.”

“And it’s all thanks to my favorite treat—all these Snackeroos are making me extra fluffy.”

As if to prove her point, Maddie let go of Josie’s hand to plop a few more chocolatey snacks past her lips. After a cute little noise of contentment, she placed her palm back over Josie’s darker slender one, which had never left the surface of Maddie’s stomach despite the option. Staring down over Josie’s hunched over shape, Maddie peered past her breasts to stare approvingly at the development.

“I guess… they’re not all bad then.” Josie gulped

“Aww.” Maddie pouted, sticking out her full pink bottom lip for dramatic effect “Then why won’t you even try one?”

Josie’s synapses sizzled with the soft sensation of Maddie’s middle. She was so soft and warm. She could feel the big-tittied blonde’s breaths becoming more and more shallow as she guided Josie’s hand lower. Never below the waist line (or at least, whatever remained of Maddie’s) but Josie’s palm had been lead tantalizingly low on her friend’s fleshy fupa.

“I, uh…” she gasped, “I just… don’t want to get fat, you know?”

“I’m fat.” Maddie purred sensually, steadying another Snackeroo between her forefinger and thumb before popping into its proper place, “And these cute little chocolate covered babies are only a teensy-weensie part of the reason why.”

Another bite. She’d moved the bag from gripped between her fingers to nestled in the crevice of her lovehandle and chubby arm fat for ease of access. She fluttered her eyelashes playfully at the struggling bisexual currently pawing at her stomach. She applied a little pressure at the fingers, making Josie squeeze her tummy with an accompanying giggle of approval.

“You don’t seem to mind a little cuddle fluff.” Maddie said in a low voice, “At least, you seem to like mine okay.”

Josie marveled at the weight to Maddie’s stomach. Sitting in her hands, bulging between her very own fingers. She could feel every breath, every little kick of the Snackeroo baby she’d been building since this morning. The pounding heart in her chest was all she could hear besides the occasional giggle from the snacking stomach who’d attached herself by the hand.

“One widdle bitty bite isn’t gonna make you into a chunky monkey like me.”

She used both hands now to grab either side of her stomach by the bottom rung of her roundness. Pressing her hands together, she made her belly bulge into Josie’s hand, enveloping her palm in an ocean of ivory fat at high tide. The urge to make her move and squeeze was so powerful, Josie almost threw caution to the wind!

“You should just give in, Josie.” She said in a low sultry voice, “You’re running alllll out of excuses.”

“I…”

Hold tight.

“I….”

Stay strong!

“I guess there’s no harm in… just a little bite?”

Josie crumbled, and then melted as Maddie started to bounce up and down excitedly. God, she loved it when that big blonde bounced. Those breasts stretching her shirt, threatening to pop out of the poor overloaded sling while her belly slapped against her thighs. The floor seemed to tremble beneath her as she jumped up and down, clapping her hands together excitedly.

“I knew I could get you to cave!” she cackled, “You’re so easy!”

“I am not!” Josie stamped her foot

“Oh hush, you so are.” Maddie giggled as she settled back down to Earth, “Now here, hold still. Let me pick you out a good one…”

The fat girl rummaged through her halfway depleted bag of Snackeroos. Despite the FUN SIZE labelling, it was easily the size of a satchel. It might as well have been a disposable line of purses with the way that Maddie carried them around all the time. She’d pluck one out, shut one eye to examine it, only for the poor treat to fail to meet her expectations before she popped it into her mouth.

“Mno.”

“Nuh-uh.”

“Ooh, this one looks great!”

Maddie bounced happily in place as she came across one that met the vague standard that she’d set for the “perfect” Snackeroo. Shifting her heft away from the bag and bag towards Josie, she leaned forward to steady the aim. As she arched her back, Maddie’s soft tummy hung a few inches lower into her lap as her breasts sloped into her overworked hammock of a crop top.

“Now say aaaaah~”

“Ahhh…”

Popping the chocolatey treat past Josie’s dark lips, Maddie held a finger over them playfully as if she were holding the Snackeroo in place. While Josie chewed, wide-eyed with a mixture of appreciation and arousal, she could only hope that she wasn’t as sweaty as she felt. All of this… cutesy fat girl stuff… was getting her hot and bothered…

“There!” Maddie’s finger ran over Josie’s lips, down her chin, and onto her chest, “Now was that really so bad?”

“N-No…”

Josie could feel the presence of Maddie’s naked gut as it pressed against her slender shape. Since when had she been standing so close to her? She could barely think straight—all of that exposed chub just dangling there with no one to grab it! Josie couldn’t tell if she wanted to run or wrap herself around her friend and never let go!

“Do you maybe want some moooore?”

Maddie posed her question with a coquettish, cat-like smile. She brought the bag forward, holding it with both hands by the opening in front of her belly. She shimmied the bag playfully, letting the little bites of heaven inside bounce around as if to entice Josie into making a decision. The slight motion was enough to make the supple shape of her thick upper arms shake, an action that was truthfully more likely to sway Josie into indulging her friend than any stupid snacks.

“S-Sure…”

Maddie grinned excitedly, her round cheeks dimpling in delight as she readied another Snackeroo between one thick finger and thumb. She leaned in closer to pop it into Josie’s mouth, pressing her front against the smaller girl’s and smothering her in a fleshy half-hug. She popped the Snackeroo in her mouth, and readied another one while Josie chewed and swallowed.

“See? This isn’t so bad.”

Maddie reeled the smaller girl in by wrapping her arm around her narrow waist. Josie’s shallow breathing bounced off of Maddie’s chest as she struggled to control herself. Being this close to such a fat, squishy plumper like Maddie was agony for a closeted fatophile like her. And she was being so touchy feely! It was all Josie could do not to…

Not to…

“Look at you, you’re so into this~”

Maddie chuckled devilishly at the sight of her friend’s puckered lips, a few flecks of chocolate already staining the outside of her mouth. Her small body smushed into the larger fleshy form of her oldest, fattest friend. Her brown eyes closed in ecstacy as she held her mouth open.

“Maddie, I…” Josie panted, “I’ve got something to tell you…”

“Is it that you like this?”

Another Snackeroo, this time cutting Josie off.

Maddie shimmied the bag again, her eyes flashing mischievously. Maddie had always been something of a tease, even back when she was skinny. Knowing about Josie going both ways was one thing, but could she have know about her other proclivity? How much of this was still about the Snackeroos?

“Mmm…” the smaller girl mumbled through her mouthful, “I do…”

“You want more?” Maddie asked, leaning close

“M…”

Josie’s eyes were as wide as dinner plates, her knees knocking against one another as she felt Maddie’s hand wrap around her waist. Her fupa pressed tight against her crotch. She was so close. She bit her bottom lip in hopes of calming, or at least stalling, the building sexual tension sizzling between her thighs.

“More.”

“Good!”

Maddie turned on a dime away from Josie, leaving her with a sucking hole of disappointment so large and powerful that it felt like her heart, brain, and loins were about to fall in.

The big fat blonde wiggle-waddled towards her sweatpants, giant cheeks swishing and swaying beneath her skull print panties. She picked them up on the couch as Josie stuttered and stumbled over her words, trying to catch up as to what the fuck had just happened and why she wasn’t tantalizingly close to fat supple girl flesh anymore!

“We need to get some more Snackeroos then.” Maddie grunted as she struggled to heft herself into her pants, “Now that I’ve turned you onto them, we can eat them together!”

Josie was about to stammer out a question as to what the fuck that was all about. Or maybe explain that maybe she liked Maddie a little more than as a friend. But the big blonde beach ball turned suddenly, her stomach and breasts sloshing in time, as she tossed the half-empty bag of snacks.

“After all Josie, fat girls have more fun.”

She said with a wink.