“It’s about the—mmmorrrph—contrasht.”

Nora’s mouth opened wide as she took a chomp out of her latest late-night concoction. She had taken the point off in her last bite, panting as she struggled to maintain her slightly inclined position. The slice of pizza slid slightly from atop the now smooshed on either side piece of cheesecake, evidence of both dotting the corners of her mouth before she went back in for another bite.

“Like—booorp—these flavors’n taste *sooo* mush better.”

Only under Erika’s direction could Nora had been lead to a life where she thought cheesecake pizza was an achievement to be proud of. Sitting on the couch, propped up by pillows, and out of breath from a long day of working remotely might have been symptoms of how indulgent Nora had become, but her latest addition to her stoner food menu and the fact that she was two 100mg d9 gummies deep into the afternoon were the causes.

“I’ll bet Erika showed you that trick, huh?” Jordan cocked an eyebrow, one thick leg kicked curiously over the other as she enjoyed her own modest buzz, “Cheesecake Pizza?”

“Yeah she did.” Nora’s chuckle had grown thick and husky throughout the night

“Yeah, she showed me how to do that too when I lived here.” Jordan said coyly, looking the product of Erika’s Special project once more for the evening, “Want me to get you another slice?”

“You’re the beeffffft” Nora’s eyelids fluttered as she shoved another mouthful of that mess passed her lips as Jordan rose from her seat, “Thank youuuuu”

The two had been sitting in companionable silence for some time, enjoying their various snacks and getting pleasantly buzzed off of the delta 9, with Jordan settling for a quarter of a hundred milligram gummy and Nora downing two whole ones thanks to her “tolerance”. She had begun their evening in decently buzzed, having popped one about thirty minutes before Jordan had walked through the door, but as the night had rolled on she’d gotten good and high as the gummies had set in. In her delirium, Nora was happy to let her food baby swell as she mindlessly snacked away, and Jordan had been content to watch her for a while, marveling as always at just how big Nora had gotten since she had first moved in with Erika.

Nora had always been on the skinny side back then, but now she was... well, she was huge. It wasn’t just that she was overweight; it was like all of her proportions were out of whack. She still had the same slender build, but her hips and waistline has swelled to accommodate her thick thighs and ample rear end. And her stomach...

Her stomach was massive. It hung low over her lap, bulging outwards in all directions. Her skin stretched taut over her distended bellybutton, straining against the sheer amount of flesh that threatened to spill out over the waistband of her sweatpants at any moment. Jordan couldn’t help but stare; she’d never seen anything like it before.

“Mmm…mpmmh—ohhh, that’s good.” Nora moaned in appreciation as she accepted the fresh slices from Jordan, “You should try some? S’real good.”

“No thanks, I’m good.” Jordan said with a smile, watching as Nora eagerly took another bite before Jordan had even sat down, “You sure you don’t want two?”

“Mmmmaaaaaybe…” Nora’s head fell limp beneath her chins, her dazed expression not at all disinterested in Jordan’s proposition, “S’ere enough for a few more slices?”

“…do you want me to just bring the boxes over here?”

Nora nodded absently as she shoveled another mouthful of greasy, cheesy triangle into her mouth; barely pausing to chew before swallowing and reaching for her can of soda. She downed half of it in one long gulp before setting it back down on the end table nestled into the corner with a *thunk* and letting out a loud burp.

"Shorry." Nora’s fat face had reddened slightly with the monumental volume at that burp, but she didn’t look particularly embarrassed as she craned inward for another bite of pizza, “Mtn. Dew makes me burpy.”

“You should be, that was *gross.*” The bottom-heavy brunette teased as she came from the kitchen, boxes in tow, “You want me to just put them on the coffee table?”

“Yush.” Nora’s answer was thick and husky as “You sure you don’t want me to get you a plate or something?” Jordan asked as she watched Nora shove another slice of pizza into her mouth, “You’re going to make yourself sick eating like that.”

Nora just shrugged in response, her cheeks bulging outwards as she chewed and swallowed her latest mouthful. She reached for the soda can again and took a long drink before setting it back down and letting out another burp; this one even louder than the last.

Jordan just shook her head in disbelief; she’d never seen anyone eat like Nora did. It was almost like she had no control over herself; she just kept shoving food into her face regardless of how full she must have been. And yet somehow, someway, Nora just kept getting bigger. Her stomach was already swollen with food, but Jordan knew from experience that it would only get worse as the night went on; Nora would continue to eat until she was ready to burst.

It was amazing, really; watching Nora balloon up right before her very eyes. Jordan couldn’t help but be fascinated by the whole thing; even though she knew she shouldn’t be encouraging Nora to keep eating, she just couldn’t help herself. She loved seeing Nora get bigger and bigger each time she came over; it was like watching a train wreck in slow motion, and Jordan just couldn't look away.