

SUSAN'S MIDNIGHT SNACK

A WEIGHT GAIN STORY

BY SPARTACUS

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Contains: Stuffing, BBW, Stuckage

Susan's Midnight Snack

In the pale blue glow of a waning gibbous moon, a bulky figure darted from shadow to shadow. Well, darted is maybe too strong a word. Waddled would be more accurate. If any eyes other than nearby wildlife had observed this figure, they would see what appeared to be a human female, with long hair that glinted red in the moonlight. The figure had a bubble butt that probably needed two

chairs to be comfortable, and hips to match. She had a belly that bulged out almost as far as her ass, and a pair of breasts that swelled out proudly as they rested on her healthy gut. Larger than her head and then some.

No human eyes observed the figure however, and Susan made her way safely to an angled cellar door next to a dilapidated old barn. Wavy strands of red hair stuck to her temples and cheeks as she wheezed heavily from the effort of her rapid movement. Rapid movement for Sue amounted to an almost brisk walk for a normal person.

But Susan was no normal person, she was a hungry girl. She'd been hungry all her life, and it showed. Susan wore generous black leggings over her thunder thighs and enormous ass, and the fuzzy green sweater that hugged her belly and breasts, reaching just past her hips, had more than one X on the tag.

The kitchen in the small house Sue rented was empty. Bare. She'd meant to go to the grocery earlier in the day but she didn't get paid until tomorrow. And she'd been hungry. She ate the last bit of food in her fridge over an hour ago, and it was now after midnight. She couldn't order delivery or takeout even if her credit cards *weren't* all maxed-out.

So Sue had done the only thing she could think of. She'd crossed the woods behind her neighborhood to her friend Millie's place. Millie wasn't much of a people person, but she'd always been friendly and generous to Susan. The last time she'd stopped by to visit, Millie had offered her snacks and sandwiches for hours, until Sue thought she might burst.

She knew it was too late to knock on her friend's door however, so Sue decided she would do the next best thing. She'd sneak into Millie's storage cellar and grab a snack or two. Enough to tide her over until morning. Millie was a little bit of a prepper after all, and Sue knew she had so much food stocked up that she'd surely never notice a few missing snacks.

Slowly, carefully, Sue lifted the doors to the cellar. It was no small task for the large woman to bend down and pull on the metal handles, but eventually they were laid open, making a clear path down a set of concrete steps to another

door. Sue thudded carefully down the steps to the metal door, and tested the handle. To her surprise, it wasn't locked.

"Why would she not even lock this? Oh well, that must mean she doesn't mind sharing!"

Sue smiled and licked her lips in anticipation. Swinging the door inward she attempted to pass through its frame, but met some resistance when her hips met the metal opening. Thinking quickly, Sue twisted to the side, squeezing both butt and boobs through the opening carefully, and she was in.

When the door swung closed behind her, Sue realized the cellar was completely dark, so she ran her hands along the wall near the door and was lucky enough to find a switch. A single bulb flickered to life. It was one of the old incandescents, Millie didn't believe in LED bulbs.

Susan was surrounded by shelves. The shelves were covered in containers. Several were large buckets labeled as various kinds of rice, grains, beans and other dry goods. These held no interest for Susan, what she was looking for were snacks. Twinkies or Nutty Bars. The sorts of processed food that would last decades on a shelf in a cool, dry cellar. And she found them. Boxes and boxes of them. It looked like Millie had been hitting up Costco every week for years.

Sue grabbed a box of Twinkies and turned to leave. A low grumble from her middle, however, stopped her in her tracks.

"I guess I could have one before I go. Just to energize me for the long walk back."

The walk back was maybe 500 feet.

Chubby fingers separated the glued cardboard of the snack box, and pulled out a single yellow sponge lozenge clad in transparent plastic. With a pinch and tug by a few pale sausages with pink nails, the treat was free of its casing, and in two big bites there was nothing left but a lingering aroma.

“Mmmmm, so goood” Sue moaned in pleasure. She hadn’t realized how hungry she was, and without a second thought she thrust her thick digits into the box for another.

Within two minutes, the box was empty. Deciding she couldn’t leave empty-handed, Sue grabbed a box of Honey Buns, but couldn’t resist trying one of these as well. Package after package, box after box, Sue gobbled down treats like a woman starved. If not for her generous form, one would hardly have guessed that she’d eaten a family size lasagne only an hour ago.

Minutes passed, then an hour, then two. The pile of cardboard and plastic wrap on the floor of Millie’s cellar grew, as did Susan’s middle. As the overfed redhead pressed Nutty Bars, Swiss Rolls, Zebra Cakes, and Moon Pies between her pink lips, the barrel of her belly swelled outward.

When she’d entered the cellar, Sue’s stomach might have been overlooked among her curvy features, seeing as her tits and ass swelled out so far in either direction they couldn’t help but be noticed right away. But as she gorged on her friend’s stockpile of survival snacks, Sue’s gut swelled out further than her breasts, and further still, as she filled it with more and more food. Her oversized sweater pulled tight, then started to slide up, exposing more and more of her legging-clad hips and ass.

Suddenly, a second light flicked on from the other end of the large dark storage room. Sue froze, a Twinkie halfway into her hungry mouth.

“Who’s in here!?” A stern female voice called.

Sue panicked. So flustered that she let the other half of the Twinkie fall from her mouth to tumble down the fuzzy green slopes of what had been an oversized sweater. She waded through the sea of discarded packaging that she’d left in the aftermath of her binge, and waddled slowly back to the door.

Pulling the metal door wide with enough force to almost tear it off its hinges, Sue tried desperately to make her escape. Remembering the issue with her hips when she’d arrived, Sue turned to shimmy through the door sideways.

Unfortunately, she was a little more woman than she'd been a few short hours ago.

Meeting the resistance of her bloated stomach, Sue's panic level rose. Grunting with the effort, she put one pudgy palm on each side of the metal doorframe and heaved. Within the sleeves of her fuzzy green sweater, Sue's fat upper arms jiggled and trembled with the strain, but it was no use. She'd barely moved forward half an inch, and she could hear Millie's footsteps getting closer.

Susan continued to heave and push, she'd inched forward slightly, but now she had one hip against the door, and her full stomach the other, and was only getting more stuck.

A woman not quite to middle age stepped carefully around the piles of fresh trash in her storage cellar. She was thin and wiry, just over 5 feet tall, with jet black hair with a few strands of gray pulled into a hasty bun.

She held a large bat and a flashlight, and was initially confused by what she saw. Setting the bat down and leaning it against a shelf, Millie pressed wire rimmed glasses up her nose with one finger, and used the flashlight to scan the shape filling the back door to her cellar.

Millie saw two large black shapes jiggling, then a massive blob of green, topped by a familiar waterfall of wavy red hair.

"Susan??"

The figure stopped trembling, and Sue's shoulder slumped in defeat. Millie saw the taller fat girl hang her head, ashamed. Stepping up to her friend, Millie took a moment to examine her captive burglar more closely. The dark leggings that covered her bubble butt and tree trunk thighs was skin tight, and Millie could see the faint outline of her panties. Through the second skin, Millie could see that Sue's flesh was healthy and smooth, without wrinkle or ripple. The fuzzy sweater made things a little more vague, but she could still see bulges of more than generous love handles, and the swell of flesh around the straps and cups of a very overworked bra.

Millie stepped up even closer to Susan. The redhead was a full head taller than her, and the diminutive older woman could feel heat radiating off her enormous form. Millie reached up to rest one small, pale hand on Sue's shoulder, the other sliding down to caress her full tummy. She could almost feel the rumblings of her new friend digesting the mountain of processed snack food.

"If you wanted some food, all you had to do was ask..."