

"Thank you again for all the help, Isabelle!" Rover called out, hoisting the last of his luggage into the plane along with himself.

"Of course! Come back anytime!" The yellow shih tzu waves at him, eyes closed and mouth smiling wide. The door closes, and the pair remain waving at each other through the window until the cat was out of sight, soaring away. Her happy demeanor holds for just a few more safety seconds, until...

"GUH." She slumps, back audibly cracking as her form crumples, letting out a long, loud groan.

"Uuuugh... same..." Mayor Lily says with exasperation, patting her on the back.

The town of Bumpton, overseen by Mayor Lily and her secretary, Isabelle, was an idyllic village on a tiny beach encompassed island. Yesterday was May Day, and featured a big party accounting for all of the village's residents, plus some visitors. Rover had visited for the occasion, and had suggested the party, though he dumped all the management upon Lily and Isabelle with little tact.

"Do you think he gave us all the work on purpose?" Isabelle posits.

"I mean, I don't think he's the type to do that maliciously... but it did come after we'd announced it. I just didn't want to disappoint anybody." The dog's back crunches again. "You did so much of the lifting, though. The only thing I crunched was numbers."

"I'm so, so tired..." Isabelle moans. "So much came before this, too, I've been so overloaded." I need to go to the office and just... do something simple."

This was the one of the very rare times Lily had ever heard Isabelle vocalize a complaint in relation to her work. Such circumstances demanded action, as the poor secretary took most hardships in stride, with a smile. No such smile was currently present.

"Nnnno." Lily grabs Isabelle's shoulder as she turns away. "Isabelle honey you need a break. You should take some time off."

"O-oh, okay, I'll be back bright and early tomorrow-"

"Girl, it's the afternoon. You're taking a week off, at least."

"B-but...!" She stammers. "What about my duties? Are you going to be okay?"

"Please. I'll be fine."

Isabelle stops the argument there, huffing and walking to her home. She knows that Lily won't budge over something like this.

Only a few quiet minutes are spent on the couch before Isabelle feels stir crazy. She tries to compartmentalize her relaxation, treating it as a checklist of tasks to do. She takes a shower, and comes out hungry. She finds her mouth watering at the thought of more barbequed meat and grilled fruits and vegetables, as were had the day before. She couldn't just cook those things for herself though... She decided to combine her socialization task with her hunger task, and invite people over for dinner.

"Hmm..." She can't decide on any small number of friends to invite, and she doesn't want others to be jealous. Taking out a notebook and a pen, she starts writing up notes, before realizing... Everything she needs to make plans is at the office! She'll just head there, and...

Only a couple hours had passed since Lily had sent Isabelle off, and yet here she was being handed an invitation for a BBQ. The letter reads:

“All residents are cordially invited to the southern beach for a BBQ; TONIGHT AT 5PM!
Come help me relax!
Isabelle”

All she can do is sigh. After making her way to the town hall, entering revealed a whole board of drawn up floor plans, and a collection of paper note scraps strewn about Isabelle’s desk, though the chair sat empty. Lily scrapped everything to do with the May Day party, collected everything to do with tonight’s BBQ into a neat stack, and tended to her own work. As she finished up, it was 5:20pm.

The beach had an assorted mix of picnic tables as well as plastic tables and chairs, a temporary gazebo, and of course, stacks of food. Isabelle could be spied from afar gorging herself with plates of meat, her stomach starting to bow out her “KILL the cook” apron, which implied she was initially working the grill. Grilling duties had been shifted to Apollo, a seasoned vet at the craft.

Lily approaches after exchanging some greetings from puzzled but enthused villagers, clearing her throat with a stern look.

“Hiya Lily! Have I missed anything?” Isabelle chipperly starts with sauce covered fingers and messy chops.

“It’s been like four hours, why the hell—” Lily is taken aback by the sight of her secretary bloated with food. She wants to reprimand her, but it’s difficult to when she looks so... so...

“Sigh.” She steels herself. “I am barring you from the office from tomorrow, Isabelle. I told you to take time off and you went and gave yourself more work!”

“What, this isn’t...” The dog looks down, past her belly. “Yeahhh... I guess. I think I’m just so used to work that it’s hard for me to not. I’m a busybody!”

“I’m sorry that I have to be so harsh, but you NEED a break. I’m taking it seriously. I really care about you, you know?” Lily turns, walking towards the food tables. “Enjoy the BBQ, just please don’t come into the office tomorrow onwards, alright?”

The rest of the evening was a little glum for Isabelle. She enjoyed the food plenty, but wound up idly munching away through her fullness, since her mood was poor from being told off. She stuck around until nighttime, being sure to see off each of the attendees. At 9:30, Apollo left after helping Isabelle wrap up the leftovers.

Tired, and bloated, Isabelle made her way to bed with heavy footsteps. She looked down at her belly, grinning weakly as she rubbed her taut surface. As it kept her awake, she turned her bedside lamp on, removing her blanket to observe it, gasping when she did. Her belly was pink, with red stretchmarks, brand new, and newly painful now that she was aware of them. They were terribly sore to the touch, yet she found some sort of pride in having physical evidence of her ability to gorge on so much food. She even found herself getting an out of place pang, looking forward to eating the leftovers tomorrow for lunch.

Come morning, lunch couldn't wait. The fridge was already open, cold chicken and triangle sandwiches were being eaten as soon as Isabelle could get up. She really struggled to eat very much, though. Sitting on her couch brought once again nothing but thoughts about how she should be working, thoughts that she tried to drown in food. Any time she would distract from the task of relaxation, she would eat. The evening rolls around, Isabelle congratulating herself for not leaving the house once with some more eating, before passing out.

A week has gone by now, and Lily has a lull in her workload. While she's been relieved to know Isabelle had committed to the holiday hard enough to not leave her house, she's also been worried that she hadn't come out for any sort of leisure activity. A twinge of guilt plucked at her feelings, as she fretted over her stern words at the BBQ had scared her coworker away from even trying to socialize.

She swallows and exhales, before knocking on Isabelle's front door. There's no answer. Another, louder knock later, and an ear pressed to the door, and she can't hear her at all. Immediately assuming something bad may have happened, Lily makes use of her emergency skeleton key, letting herself in.

What awaited her was an extremely messy house. She'd been over to Isabelle's plenty in the past and it had always been kept in pristine condition. Now, discarded fruit remains and de-meated bones lay rotting on countertop space, dirty dishes and plastic containers in the sink, chairs had been knocked over and there were scratches on the floor from shoved furniture, as though there had recently been a fight.

After the initial visual nightmare had set in, and Lily had taken her tentative first steps inside, she heard snoring. Loud snoring. Somewhat settled by hearing Isabelle, she looked around for a personal investigation. It wasn't long before she spied letters from Bob, showing sympathy and indicating that he'd been sending her food since she didn't want to leave the house.

Stepping into her bedroom, Lily couldn't even see Isabelle's head at first, as it was obscured by a grotesquely swollen and reddened belly, covered in stretch marks. The blanket lay discarded on the floor, and Isabelle hadn't undressed at all, though her skirt was split open and was sprawled outwards, trapped beneath her fattened hips. One of her shoes had been kicked off, and her pantyhose was torn open in several spots. There was a pile of food on her bedside table, trash lay strewn about the floor and bed haphazardly.

"Isabelle?" The dog grunted awake, her belly swaying to the left for a moment, before two greasy hands appeared over its peak to caress it.

"Nhh, noo, I'm... don't look, please..." She sounded weak, and desperate. The mayor stood there in silence momentarily, watching as her fat legs feebly bent and tried to hoist herself up. As her body stretched back out in defeat, she began softly crying, Lily coming to her side to see her face. Her cheeks were plump, tears navigating around their wider outline.

"You're huge..." There was a hint of admiration bleeding through her tone, but it was lost on Isabelle for the time being.

"I know, I know, I'm sorry... I just-" She sniffles. "I lost control, I couldn't stop thinking about working, and I got so so addicted to eating, it's all I've been doing to help myself..."

Isabelle grabs her stomach as best she can, a thin layer of blubber being stretched across her beach ball belly. "And now I'm so so big... I don't know what to do about it..." Lily hesitates for a moment before replying.

"...It's pretty hot."

"What? You really think so?" The dog stares at her, shocked, blushing. She tries to pull her bunched up sweater down to little avail. She suddenly has breasts now, as well. Lily finds her gaze magnetized to them. They simply didn't exist when she'd last seen her.

"You just... grew so much, ate so much, so fast... It's amazing. I'll have to thank Bob." Her hand reaches out, before stopping. "Can I touch?"

She freezes, eyes darting between Lily's hand and her stomach, as her mouth trembles. She had been enjoying the eating, especially at the start, and did hold that pride for just how big she was getting...

"Yes, yes please do..."

From then on, Lily would show up to Isabelle's house, to assist her with chores and cleaning. Some tension lingered in the air for the first few days, even through light teasing, which led to a confrontation by Isabelle as the two were talking in her living room.

"Lily, what are we going to do about my job? I can't let people see me like this, can I just do work from here?"

"Actually," she started, eyes closed. "After I found you like that, I decided to give your position to Raymond." Isabelle gasps. "It was initially just to help with finances, he's a numbers whiz, but that's like... MOST of the work. I figured we could shift your priorities somewhat, and..."

"Woah woah woah!" She interrupts. "You can't just do that! What am I going to do? Be stuck on vacation forever?" Her chubby cheeks plap as she looks down and sends her paws into them.

"Don't treat it like that! Treat it like..." Lily stands, leaning over Isabelle. "Eating is your new job."

"What?!" She can barely comprehend what she's hearing. Her mind is running at a mile a minute, aided not by the mayor's hands fondling her huge belly, caressing her love handles. The only thing that sets her mind straight is what Lily says next.

"That's an order. It's what I'm expecting of you. Don't you love eating, Isabelle? If you can't stop working, work by eating! You're a perfect fit for the role, one of the only things I'll leave you able to fit in..." All of this is accompanied by her caressing advancing to groping.

"Mmmnh, okay! Okay, so long as Raymond and you have things sorted out I... suppose I could stand to eat more... maybe get bigger..." She grunts, sitting upright. "Are you still going to help me out around the house? What about when— if I get bigger...?"

"Isabelle," Lily smiles, half-lidded eyes baring down upon hers. "I will help you move. I will bathe you. I will feed you. You took care of all my needs, now it's my turn to take care of yours." She leans in, and the two kiss, Lily's feet kicking off of the ground as she's able to lay upon Isabelle's front.

This marked the beginning of a much more formal feeder/feedee relationship.

Isabelle quickly took to fetishising her position, as she had an extreme fondness for Lily, already having some romantic flings with her in the past. At first, she would simply masturbate when full in order to further cement the feeling as an erogenous one, though it turned more utilitarian over time as she realized it enabled her to eat more. After a while she was just spending most of her alone time fucking herself and stuffing her face as much as possible. Anytime Lily was around, the feeding was more efficient, and the fucking better than her masturbation, so Lily being present rose to being a great pleasure, then a significant need. Without her around, all the dog was doing was replicating what the two would be doing together, just lesser.

Two months later, and Isabelle had settled into her new existence. She was eager to grow, eager to throw everything away in favor of getting bigger. It was her job, after all, and she needed to impress her boss. Said boss would continue visiting for chores, but had now started cooking for Isabelle, in place of the fatty sitting down on and getting up from a stool every few minutes to adjust her food. Sitting on anything without a backrest was far from restful now, and would soon prove to be nigh impossible because of her weight. With even fewer reasons left to get up, the pair briefly considered diapers, though by that point Isabelle was too big for any, at 900 lbs. Lily kept Isabelle in her bedroom for a few days as extreme renovations were made to the rest of her house, increasing its size and turning it into a setting more effective at enabling her weight gain.

Though the house's busywork was all handled by Lily, Isabelle had been attending to her own needs throughout this time, mostly making it to the bathroom to use the toilet or shower. She was initially embarrassed when Lily first offered to support her during the walks to and from the bathroom, but as moving became more and more difficult, and their relationship more and more passionate, it became appreciated then loved by the blubber dog. Lily would always sneak in means of teasing and fondling her, and she loved how every time she'd get walked, she'd be both even more apathetic to the advances and even less physically able to deny them. One particularly messy experience came about from Isabelle needing to beg Lily to help, only for her to get pushed over onto the floor and fucked from behind as she pissed everywhere.

That experience in particular ending the same way, with Isabelle alone in the bathroom, hurt in a specific way. It left her longing for even more help. A couple of days later, the 1300 lbs dog would squeeze through the door, but then not let go of Lily's hand.

"What's this? You wanna make a mess of the bathroom, pup?"

"A-Actually, uhm, it's..." Isabelle's face reddens further from embarrassment and exhaustion. "I really really need help getting clean, I can't... reach most places anymore. Even if I take my time."

"I've been wanting to do this for a while, you know." Lily smirks. "I just wanted to see how long you'd hold out on asking me, rather than pushing it myself."

"Ah!" Isabelle lets go of the hand, both of her own rising to her cheeks to hold them as her eyes squeeze shut. This was a signature action of hers by this point, but Lily delighted in seeing it, as every single time she did it, the movements slowed. Her face scrunched up more. Her features wobbled more. She'd breathe harder, and turn redder. Little joys like these were what Lily sought the most from this relationship, alongside her dog's rising weight.

“W-Well... okay. I can’t stand much longer, just, get in here and help...” While defeated sounding, she was clearly aroused, excited to have her owner rub down her whole body. Plus, she’d really not been fully clean for weeks.

Her fat felt amazing when wet. What were normally sticky, sweaty folds, were now slick with soapy water, Lily’s hands effortlessly gliding among them. With friction missing, all that affected her was the weight of whatever her arms were holding up, which was constantly changing with every easy movement. Upon her knees, a thorough cleaning and simultaneous inspection of the dog’s underside took place, hands vanishing for seconds at a time among the rolls of her fatpad and buried pussy. At one point, Isabelle didn’t even remark upon what Lily intended to be a surprise fisting, for it didn’t feel like anything at all to her. Lily realized quickly what that meant:

“Isabelle. You didn’t feel that just now?”

“Feel what? Hfffh, you’re... you’re just cleaning me downstairs...”

“I can’t reach your pussy anymore while you’re upright like this. I was in up to my shoulder and you didn’t say anything, didn’t react...~”

“Hhnnh, gosh, I, hhn,” Her legs quiver, and then give out, as she plops down to the ground, Lily’s legs pinned beneath her pillowy asscheeks and gargantuan thighs. “Please,” Her voice is weak, but still being projected with enough effort to be sure it’s louder than the running water.

“Please try and reach it now, please... I... I can’t anymore and I need you...”

“You should’ve told me that hon, I’d have fucked you more often.” Lily sits up as best she can, reaching her arm in again...

“Can you feel me there?”

“Yh, Yyyhnn... you’re just... justtt...” Lily can only barely feel the difference between the outside and inside of Isabelle’s pussy with the very tips of her fingers.

“I think this might be it hon. Sex is gonna be really, really hard from here.” She makes sure the dog’s desperate eyes are locked with hers for her next words. “Until it’s impossible, at least.”

Isabelle would faint shortly after a hyperventilating session, and wake up back upon her mattress in the main room. Lily was just heading out the door, so she called out.

“Wh, wait...! Hhf.. I’m awake!”

“Oh!” Lily turns, holding out a remote. “I’ve got some decisions I need to run by Raymond for the rest of the day, but here!” She makes sure Isabelle sees that she presses a button on the remote, before stepping out of the door. Immediately, a dozen vibrator pills buzz to life, all stuffed deep inside of her pussy, all bouncing off of each other and scurrying around her walls, reorganizing each time her muscles contracted. This would become her new normal, though it paralyzed her for the 5 hours it took for Lily to return. She was starved by the end of it, and began tubefeeding for the first time that night.

Isabelle would never move again. What was initially a wonderful first experience of being bathed by her owner was marred by the suddenness of her sexualized world being put into jeopardy. Time would heighten both the wonder of the memory, and the anguish of it never being possible to return to. Emotions were running so high, Isabelle being so primed and ready to push things even further with her partner, to ask for even more from their sex, only for it to dawn upon her

that her hedonism would, and already had, ruined her ability to pursue it. She'd gotten too caught up in it, and didn't know what to do from here, had no idea how to change it. She herself had changed so much thanks to Lily, but now half of her pleasure was fading.

From here, Isabelle would continue gaining, initially just because she couldn't bear the thought of significant change, but it soon turned to a dark, depressive desire. Her fetishisation of gaining for pleasure had to morph into gaining in pursuit of numbness. She loved watching her features grow, and grow, become even more useless, she loved it now more than ever before. All of it was pushing her further and further into being able to exist idly, to forget what could have been.

Lily, through the next months, would learn nothing of Isabelle's pain, though was keenly privy to how much more receptive and desperate she was to gain. Her stomach would balloon to near bursting multiple times a day, the experimental drugs she was taking to speed up her digestion being pushed to their limit. The rate at which she gained seemed to rise daily, exponentially, as her capacity grew along with her body. The mayor did nothing but support and further enable this.

An inordinate amount of time later, Isabelle snapped back to consciousness from something unfamiliar. She felt as she had felt prior, no lingering physical pain, or fogginess in the brain, so she hadn't passed out from lack of air, or suffered some sort of malady like a heart attack or stroke. She just had this hunch that she was not asleep. She also was utterly unaware of how long she'd not been thinking for, time having been something she gave up on keeping track of. Grunting, puffing through her snout, she turns her head to the side, looking over the hill of shoulder fat that was in the way of what she was looking for: her paw. Of all the horrible memories she was stuck with, enjoying working at the town hall was one of the most driving in her ambition. She would clack away at calculators, twirl pens and pencils around her fingers with ample dexterity, dress herself every morning... cook herself food... wash herself... Everything to do with her ability was just a thought train that led to upset. As she had lost the ability to look at the vast majority of her body herself, she began using her hands as reference. She fetishized the sight of them, how much they were growing, and how much less she could move them. When she last checked... a week ago? A month? She was still able to pull her paw around to the front of her face to look at it. It had been pudgy, her fingers seemingly reduced to only two parts, as the lowermost sections of them had been swallowed by fat. Now...

She can't move her arm. She can't see her hand.

She's not even sure if what she's looking at is arm or shoulder. It's all just yellow fat.

The only things she really feels being present anymore are the tube in her mouth, the tongue spilling out beneath it, and the air tubes in her nose. Everything else is a mystery; too far to see. It'd been a long time since she'd tried speaking to Lily, though she was aware of her presence, when she chose to be aware of things. Perhaps now she could ask about her size. She can't quite see her, though, only being able to peer through the thin slit between her forehead and her snout. Even her eyelids felt fatter. She calls out:

"Bblllhhrrrhll..." She thought she was going to say Lily's name, but instead made the last noise she'd ever attempt to make. She really did want to speak to her, to ask about her size, but it felt better not trying. She was big, and she knew that. Surely knowing that much was enough.

Unbeknownst to Isabelle that day, it had been a full year since that last shower. Lily was still living just fine, still keeping track of time, of her weight, she'd just grown accustomed to Isabelle not responding. She was certainly alive, but either couldn't hear anything anymore, or had resigned herself to utter inaction. Looking up at her, she could no longer see her face, even if she got up to the raised platform where she operated her feeding controls. She was just a piece of machinery, one of many in a growing sum, in this increasingly factory-like space. A piece of machinery that relentlessly took in calorie sludge and turned it into fat. Unthinking, unfeeling, utterly behemoth in size.

Lily did not hear that final grunt Isabelle gave out, and would continue feeding her as though nothing happened.

Some more months later, and May Day rolled around again, a full two years since the one Isabelle had been around to plan, two years since her penultimate social event. She would not know that it was going on, of course, as she did not know most things now. Existing within complete blackness due to lack of both vision and light reaching her buried eyes, existing without any audio besides whatever muffled gurgling and bubbling made it through her lumpy adipose bloated ears, existing without movement as her entire musculoskeletal structure made up less than 0.1% of her body mass. The last thing she'd found pleasure in was seeing how big her hand had gotten, but now that too, that mess of rolls and flab, was buried within wrist fat, which too was buried within forearm fat, which too was buried within shoulder fat.

Some small spark fires off in what remains of Isabelle's mind. A flash of consciousness, one that felt so small, so apathetic, and so feeble, that even her, in a state rended by flesh, could recognize that it was going to be her last.

She tries to move her hand.

Nothing happens.

Isabelle smiles, or at least, believes that she would smile, if the circumstances enabled her to, and lets go of everything. All at once, it feels as though anything she could once hold onto could never be grasped again. From now on, it was no longer Isabelle. It was just fat. Letting go of everything felt immensely euphoric, as though some floodgates of bliss had opened...

"Oh, great. I guess she's alive enough to piss. I thought she stopped doing that like a week ago."

Lily cranks the rate of the feeding hose higher, and leaves for the beach. She's got to greet Rover when he lands, after all.