

The lady wot lunched a little too much

~ Chapter 10 ~

Ryan gazed down into the ice-cream trough.

Or was he gazing up from it? At this point, he really wasn't sure. That last martini had hit him like a punch to the temple - a punch that had knocked his brain free of its mooring, so that it felt like it was bobbing around in his skull, bumping off the walls.

There was only one thing he was sure of... the ice cream was gone. All of it. The entire triple-peaked mountain reduced to a few smears on the silver, through which Ryan's slack-jawed reflection continued to stare back at him.

He looked up at Abby, and one word sprang to mind.

Full.

In all his life Ryan had never seen anyone look so full. Full of herself: that smug crease appearing again in her left cheek as she ran a thumb across the plaque of her trophy for the hundredth time. Full of drink: her eyes were booze-glazed, and every ten or so seconds a glurking hiccup parted her lips and rippled her tits. And, of course, full of food.

Full of food? Ryan snorted so hard that whisky almost spurted from his nostrils. *Full?!* Abby was bulging like a tic that had sucked half the blood out of a hippo. Her preposterously expensive seams creaked with every breath and even her skin itself seemed to be pulsing and straining, as if struggling to hold in some sort of immense internal swelling. Ryan felt sure that any moment she would explode, coating the entire hall in a great psychedelic shower of ice cream.

And yet, drowsy and engorged though she was, there was a look in Abby's dark green eyes.

A look that made one other thing clear.

However full she was - of food, drink and herself - she still had room for lust.

Ryan sighed in resignation. He could think of only one thing to say

'Want anything else?'

His sarcasm was as wasted as he was. The smug crease in Abby's cheek deepened. She dipped her lashes and let out a dark purr.

'Mmm... yes.'

In truth, what Abby really wanted was to lie down—and not get up for a very, very long time. Behind her mask of sultry innuendo, she'd never felt so uncomfortably stuffed in her entire life. All that food... it felt like it was expanding inside, taking over her body, pushing her lungs up towards her throat and pressing so hard against her organs that every breath she took made her liver wince and her kidneys sting. It was a feeling that brought back memories of almost twenty years ago, when in fit of rage Abby had snuck into the kitchen at night and devoured her little sister's entire double-tier birthday cake in one sitting, including the

inedible figurines on the top, after the precocious little bitch had dared to beat her at monopoly.

But it was worth it then, and it's worth it now, Abby told herself, swallowing a hiccup and fighting down a sloshing tide of cookie dough ice cream that had risen with it. *Ugh... Too much ice cream.* But how could she have stopped eating it, when with every spoonful Ryan had fed her his eyes bulged wider and his jaw grew slacker? Abby looked across the table and couldn't help smirking. The man was so drunk with lust for her that he almost looked like he was having a stroke. His mouth was hanging open in a lopsided way, and he was swaying vaguely in his chair.

Abby knew from experience that now was the time to strike. She'd won him an award, she'd done the foreplay. All she needed to seal the deal was to screw Ryan's brains out, just like the old days— overwhelm him with her perfect beauty and brilliance. It was always after sex that he'd give her whatever she wanted. And this time, with her victory with the award as well, she could push for more than ever. A massive pay rise, a car upgrade, the biggest bonus of her career. And *nothing* for Gemma and Holly. Maybe she could even get Ryan to pay her the bonuses he'd planned for them.

Stuffed though she was, Abby salivated at the prospect. Yes, it was worth it. With a final coy flutter of her lashes in Ryan's direction, she pushed back her chair.



In the heat under the table, James had begun to nod off. The creaking of Abby's chair jolted him awake. Was this his chance? He blinked, trying to form a plan as the shiny thighs unfolded like great slabs of meat, quivering with the effort of lifting Abby's backside from the cushion of her chair, which reinflated with a gasping wheeze, like a drowning man finally coming up for air.

Its relief, however, was short-lived.

It had been almost two hours since Abby had last risen from her seat. Two hours, and five enormous courses of food. Throughout that time, her belly had been sitting comfortably in her lap, filling and swelling with every rich forkful. It was only now, as she began to stand up, that Abby realised just how heavy that belly had become.

And it caught her completely off guard.

Abby's bottom had barely cleared the chair when her gut dragged her back down like a boulder. Only her tits saved her from faceplanting in the ice-cream trough. Compressing into the table like twin airbags, Abby's bosoms bulged wide around her armpits, pushing her back up with just enough buoyancy that she was able to fall back into her chair.

The thud that followed lifted the cutlery. For a few seconds Abby sat there blinking dumbly. A great bubbling rose within her. *'HUUIICC!'*

A snigger from across the table quickly became a strangled grunt of pain as Fatima's own bloated body objected to even this slight mirthful jostling. Beneath the table, James watched a stiletto-nailed hand move soothingly across the puffy bulge in her glittering silver dress.

Meanwhile, Abby had regained her composure. Gripping the table with both hands, she pushed herself back up. This time she rose more vertically, as if from a squatting position, using her massive bottom to counterbalance the weight of her tits and stomach.

She faltered at the halfway point, and for a second Ryan thought she'd overcompensated—that her wobbling arse was going to cause her to topple backwards. But this time Abby kept her balance, rising with dirigible-like slowness, until she had straightened up completely.

With a sullen sneer at Fatima, the dark-haired diva seized up her trophy and turned towards the elevators with a haughty swing of her bottom.

And stepped right into James's abandoned bucket.



As sudden warm dampness oozed between her toes, Abby cried out and instinctively jerked her leg upwards.

By the time she realised what she'd done, it was too late. The shocked diva rocked backwards on one heel, stretching her arms out to the sides, like an obese ballerina defiantly attempting one of her old moves. For several gravity-defying seconds she managed to hold the pose, teetering on one pin-thin heel, and just for a split-second Ryan thought she was going to regain her balance. Alas, Abby had put on too much weight and eaten far too much dinner. The heel snapped, and with a shriek of terror the bulging diva plummeted. She flailed wildly for the table and succeeded in scrunching a handful of silky tablecloth, hauling a clattering landslide of glassware, bottles and plates down on top of herself.

This sound, however, was eclipsed by the thunderous thud of meat on wood as Abby's titanic rump hit the ground. The chandeliers rattled, and James felt the floorboards ripple beneath him, lifting him up so that he bonked his head on the underside of the table. The bucket, launched skywards by Abby's flailing foot, turned through the air in one lethargic arc, spraying foamy water like a faulty Catherine Wheel.

It landed on her sequined paunch, bouncing off it as if off an overstuffed Rococo cushion.

'*Oof!* Fu—!' The word died in a soapy gargle, as the remaining contents of the bucket crashed into Abby's face like a wave, preemptively washing out her mouth.

Up to this point Ryan had been struck dumb by what he was watching. Now he leapt to his feet... only to find that he didn't have any. It was as if his limbs had been replaced with jelly. His eyes rolled upwards and he crumpled to the floor like a cheap suit, dragging a chair down with him.

Seth set down his champagne flute, and dabbed his lips with a napkin. He dropped the napkin carelessly and stooped to pick it up. 'Want to earn your freedom, kid? Follow me and do everything I say. Move out—*now*.'

James didn't need to be asked twice. Rolling out from beneath the table like a commando, he scabbled to his feet, tugging at his jacket and glancing around nervously.

He needn't have worried. All eyes in the hall were on Abby.

And for once, not for a reason she wanted.

'Bleurch!' the dazed diva spluttered, spitting out strands of sodden hair as she struggled to push herself up. It wasn't easy. Abby's head was spinning and her soaked clothes were squeezing her like a strait jacket, squashing her thighs together so tightly that it hurt.

All those extra helpings of ice cream weren't helping either. Abby was no stranger to a weighty feeling around the midriff after meals, but this was something else. Lying on her back, she felt pinned down, as if someone had placed a cannonball on her waist. Her belly felt so unnaturally big and heavy that she instinctively rocked from side to side, as if it was a foreign object that could be made to roll off.

Like a fat turtle stranded on its shell, Seth murmured to himself, watching Abby's gut slosh back and forth, all that deliciously plump flesh quivering. *Just waiting for the eagle to swoop.*

The rocking ceased. Abby's fingers tensed and her forearms began to move, sliding and scabbbling against the floor as she fought to push herself up. After a few moments, feline green eyes rose behind the dome of her belly as if peeping over a large hill. After a few more, they were joined by her chin and neck.

She stayed there for several moments, propped up on her elbows, panting like a boxer trying to beat a ten count, bosom heaving and soap-stung eyes blinking around blearily.

They stopped blinking when they landed on James.

And suddenly became so cold that he felt his sweat freeze.

Abby's glare was broken by a cool dampness, tickling her right ankle. Looking down she found a small stream of water trickling from the overturned bucket, gradually forming a puddle around her foot.

She stared at the bucket for a few moments, still breathing heavily. Then, with a horrible slowness, her eyes panned back up to look at James again.

The scowl that formed as Abby bared her gums was so wolf-like that the young waiter instinctively took a step backwards, and when her teeth parted he wasn't sure whether to expect a low growl or a howl of rage.

What emerged was a gurgling belch, followed by several soap bubbles.

'*Uuuuggh*,' Abby's cheeks drooped, all the ferocity sliding off her suddenly slack face. Her head began to sway in wide, uneven circles, eyeballs rolling upwards.

Two pairs of hands caught her just in time to stop the back of her head from hitting the floor.

Kneeling down, Seth slung Abby's limp, wobbling left arm over his shoulder. He nodded at James, who'd done the same on the other side. 'On three, kid. One... Two... Thrrrrrrrrr-'

With much grimacing and grinding of teeth they hauled the sodden diva to her feet. She rose dripping and gurgling, like some bloated sea creature being dredged up from the depths.

At least that was the impression she gave Aimi, who couldn't stop the corner of her lip from twitching at the sight of the woman who'd run her ragged all evening being served a heavy dose of karma - a meal Aimi suspected her raven-haired nemesis would find even harder to digest than all that food.

For it was an astonishing transformation. Abby's salon-glossy raven hair had become a sodden mass of black, falling in twisted straggles down her cheeks so that she looked as if she was staring out from behind vines. Her blusher was smudged unevenly and one false eyelash had been knocked skew-whiff by the splash of water.

As for her dress.... well, here Aimi felt a pang of genuine regret. Abby's gorgeous Versace was ruined. Soaked through down the front: the once-brilliant gold now a dismal muddy yellow. It clung to the slope of her meaty paunch, clearly outlining the contours of shapewear beneath.

The only disappointing thing, from Aimi's perspective, was that Abby herself didn't seem to be aware of any of this. The fat diva had been drunk and slurring at the table, but now, after her fall, she looked like she'd been drugged. Her eyeballs were swinging like pendulums and her toes scraped along the floor as Seth and James dragged her limp, dripping bulk towards the elevators.

There's another pair who got what they deserved, Aimi thought. Still, watching James grimace and wince beneath his weighty load, it was hard not to feel sorry for the lad. His back was bent forward and his pale twig neck looked ready to snap beneath the tanned blubber of Abby's arm. It would be a miracle if he made it through this without slipping a disc.

And it wasn't just James. After a few more steps, Seth pulled to a halt, cheeks swelling like balloons. 'Shit...' he muttered to himself, breathing heavily. 'I wasn't... supposed to be the one doing the... blowing this evening.' He glanced up at the elevators, a golden mirage shimmering in the distance.

This must be how Shackleton felt at the Pole, Seth thought, trying to work some air back into his lungs. He glanced over his shoulder, back towards their table, half-hoping that Ryan had made a miracle recovery and could take over from James. The kid was giving it his all but he was just far too scrawny, and the bulk of the strain was falling, quite literally, on Seth's shoulders.

But the absinthe and sleeping pills had done their work too well. Seth watched Ryan groggily try to push himself up against the leg of a table, only to flop back down again with a bump. He was clearly in no fit state to stand, let alone do any heavy lifting.

As for Fatima... Seth snorted at even the thought of it. He doubted the flabby Indian businesswoman had never been in a "fit state" in her entire life, or lifted anything heavier than a cake-laden spoon. Not that she would have helped, even if she could. And it was obvious that she couldn't. Slumped in her chair, with her hips wedged beneath the armrests, Fatima was staring into the distance with such a motionless glassy look in her eyes that for one heart-stopping second Seth thought she was dead - expired from overeating - until he spotted it: the soft rise and fall of that monstrously bloated paunch beneath Fatima's stiletto-nailed fingers. Seth breathed again. She was still alive. Just sleeping with her eyes open, with a kind of dull grimace on her face, like an anaconda struggling to digest a hippo.

I'll come back for her later, Seth decided. If I don't die from exhaustion myself, hauling this wide load.

Reaching into his mental wank bank, Seth pulled up that image of himself lying in bed between Fatima and Abby. Even with this for motivation it was hard going. Seth realised he'd seriously underestimated just how much ice cream weighed. It didn't help that Abby's hips were so wide either, forcing the two men to bend their torsos awkwardly towards her.

Between them the trio were shuffling along like a six-legged monster whose middle legs had stopped working.

But they were getting there. Slowly but surely. Dragging her a few steps. Pausing to catch their breath. Dragging her another few steps. Pausing. Dra-

The monster shuddered to a halt.

Suddenly Abby had planted her feet.

'M-Urghh,' she grunted, head lolling in the direction of the nearest table like a broken jack-in-the-box. 'M-mine.'

Shoving off her escorts, who collapsed in relief, the soggy diva staggered forward, her great backside pitching with a huge lopsided wobble as she forgot about her broken heel. By some miracle she made the few short steps without falling, clenching the edge of the table with both hands.

For a few moments she stood there, catching her breath. Then to the bafflement of everyone watching, she kicked off her shoes and began to bend forward, stretching her free hand down towards the bottom of a chair leg.

And the trophy that had rolled up against it.

Aimi, Seth and James watched with bulging eyes as Abby's enormous bottom rose before them - wider and wider and higher and higher - like a great golden fruit ripening in a time-lapse. 'Hughes was wrong,' Seth murmured, leaning towards James. 'She does need both tickets. No way is that arse squeezing into a single plane seat. Not even business class.'

Nor was it just Abby's bum that looked too big. As she bent lower, the overfed estate agent's whole body bulged and strained, like a fat sausage trying to burst a deep-fried crisp golden casing. She grunted as bolts of pain sheared down her flanks. Ugh, she was definitely getting

a refund on this shapewear! Absorbing all that water must have made it shrink around her. It was crushing her lungs!

Perhaps it was the lack of oxygen getting to her brain that impelled Abby to keep on bending, lower and lower. Her seams screamed, sequins popped from her dress, and her girdle clenched so tightly that the lake of ice cream within her began to rise back up her throat. But even as she began to choke, Abby kept going, stretching and stretching until at last her straining fingertips grazed the trophy's bronze plaque.

The effect of the touch was magical. Suddenly Abby felt as if she could breathe again! Leaning the final inch, she closed her hand around the glass stem with a gasp of triumph.

Which was echoed by a gasp from the surrounding tables.

A very different kind of gasp.

A chill of fear shot down Abby's spine - all the way down to her bottom.

Where it became a very real kind of chill.

Abby froze, irises shrinking in horror. Trophy forgotten, her hands moved slowly behind her, fingers quivering as if in fear of what they might find. When they reached the tear Abby released a dry hissing wheeze, like the air escaping from a long-closed sarcophagus. Her palms and fingers spread wide, desperately trying to cover her exposed bottom.

For a normal-sized girl the attempt would have been pointless. For Abby, it was comical. Months of doubling down on Michelin-star lunches piled upon years of overindulgence and an almost total absence of exercise had left the lazy estate agent with a rear end so vast that she could barely reach around the sides of her buttocks, let alone cover the pale bulge of flesh that now protruded through the great rift in her dress and shapewear.

Abby could only blink dumbly as Seth and James guided her away, shock numbing her emotions. The ripping of her dress had freed her legs, but she was so stunned that the two men still had to half-carry her, and it was with a mighty sigh of relief that they finally stepped into the elevator.

Seth slipped a £50 note into James's top pocket. 'I'll take it from here, kid,' he said. Leaning around Abby he punched the button for the top floor. And then, unable to resist, and feeling that he'd earned it, he squeezed a warm, soft palmful of her bare rump, pressing his thumb down hard and closing his eyes in ecstasy.

So that the first thing Ryan saw as he was blinking back to consciousness was the elevator doors closing around Seth and Abby - and Seth's hand closing around Abby's bottom.

His eyes narrowed like chipped ice.

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