

Maid Service

Rachael and Nicky entered through the large doors, soaked head to toe from the downpour outside. “Well this is better than nothing.” Rachael said, sprinkling the water from her shoulder length blonde hair. She had originally dragged her friend Nicky out here to find a burger place, but a broken down engine in the middle of nowhere brought their search to a halt.

“Strange that this mansion would be all the way out here.” Nicky said, adjusting her glasses and straining the water from her black, ponytail tied hair

The two had quite the unique friendship. Rachael was always the outgoing one, always wanting to go out and have a good time. Her extroverted lifestyle greatly offset her huge appetite. She was always looking for a new place to eat, even though she never lost her slim body. Nicky, on the other hand was as introverted as they came, spending most of her time inside reading her books. She didn’t have many friends, but she had been very close to Rachael since childhood.

“I mean I don’t think I heard of any entrepreneurs or anything in the area. I hope they’re not mad that we barged in.” Nicky said, taking her jacket off and hanging it to dry on the nearby rack.

“Oh don’t worry about it Nicky, this place is probably abandoned anyway. Come on, let’s have a look around.”

The two made their way up the grand staircase and began to explore the second floor. The halls were lined with expensive looking paintings, statues, and vases making the owner’s riches well known. For a supposedly abandoned mansion, everything looked very tidy, making Nicky even more worried about their intrusion.

Rachael grabbed a door at random and opened it up to reveal a bedroom filled with various antiques and a large satin bed, draped with red curtains. The two entered the room and began to look around. Nicky was preoccupied by the small book shelf next to the bed, lined with books that looked to be decades old. Rachael went straight to the closet and found something interesting.

“Hey Nicky, come check this out.”

Nicky placed the book back on the shelf and looked in the closet. Inside were a number of maid outfits, with lacey aprons and headwear, see-through silk stockings, and black shoes to match. Curious, she reached out and grabbed one of the outfits, finding the material to be unbelievably soft.

“Lucky us. Come on Nicky, let’s get changed.”

“But they don’t belong to us.”

“Well our clothes are soaked and I don’t think we’re going to get anywhere with our clothes being soaked.”

Before Nicky could respond, Rachael threw her an outfit, barely giving her enough time to catch it. Holding it out in front of her, Nicky could tell that the outfit was probably a few sizes too large for her, but she couldn’t really be picky in her situation. Rachael didn’t seem to have the same reservations, as she almost immediately began undressing. Shivering, with no other alternative, Nicky began to throw off her wet clothing and put on the maid outfit. As she expected, the outfit was a bit too big for her, but then again she was essentially a twig. It didn’t help that the outfit was trimmed to show off someone with an adequate bust. Rachael on the

other hand filled her dress out a little more due to her C cup breasts, but there was still a lot of slack when she tied the apron to her waist.

“I think we look pretty good.” Racheal said, admiring the two of them in the mirror and adjusting the lacy headwear.

“I don’t know,” Nicky said timidly, “I don’t exactly have the kind of body for this.”

“Oh stop worrying about it so much Nicky, you look great. Come on let’s see what else this place has to offer. I don’t know about you, but my stomach says it’s time to look for a kitchen.”

The two began to explore deeper into the mansion. Rachael took great strides in search of food, while Nicky was still getting used to the new footwear and oversized skirt. Thankfully, Nicky found her footing as Rachael stopped in front of a large set of double doors.

Rachael pushed open the doors and was met with a massive creak. Inside was a dining room, lit by a long row of lanterns, with a long dining table that stretched from one end of the room to the other. To Rachael’s delight, the table was covered with enough food for a feast of hundred people.

“Jackpot!” Racheal said immediately sitting down and reaching for the nearest oversized plate.

“Racheal hold on,” Nicky said, holding back her friend. “We don’t know who put this out.”

“Oh come on Nicky, look at this spread. I don’t think they’re going to mind if two girls just have a few small bites. What’s the worst that could happen?”

Immediately, Rachael began piling food onto her plate. First there were the biscuits that were covered with melted cheese and soaked in butter. Next, an enormous serving of steaming hot mashed potatoes, with entire sticks of butter sticking out of it. Her plate was already full, but there was still enough room to stick on an entire turkey leg, dripping with grease, finishing it all off with drowning everything in gravy.

Nicky watched as Rachael began to dig in, her hunger making her eating habits go out the window. She was shoveling food into her face at an alarming rate, with bits of food flying off and hitting Nicky. Slightly disgusted, Nicky recognized by her growling stomach that Rachael wasn't the only one starving.

Picking up an empty plate, Nicky went down the table looking for something to eat. She passed by many plates of food, but what caught her attention was a silver platter of fancily decorated cakes. While the cakes were small slices, the platter was stacked high and wide, leaving little of the silver to be seen. Grabbing a few from off the top that looked good, Nicky made her plate and sat down next to her ravenous friend, who had already gone through half her plate.

Sitting down and picking up a fork, Nicky cut out a small piece of white cake covered in no less than six kinds of chocolate, and a large red rose made of frosting. Nicky began to have second thoughts, but her hunger urged her on. Nicky took a small bite and immediately felt like she was in heaven. She began to really dig in, taking ever increasing sized bites. By the time she cleaned her plate, she had a layer of frosting across her face and her fingers.

Nicky began licking the frosting off of her fingers and looked over at Rachael. Rachael had licked her entire plate clean, and was already going back for seconds. Nicky noticed that

Rachael's stomach had grown out a little, nothing too big, but it definitely looked like she put on a few pounds.

“Um, Rachael you might want to slow down. You keep this up and you might not be able to fit back into your clothes.” Nicky said, cleaning off the last of the icing.

Rachael stopped mid-bite and responded, “You’ve got a lot of room to talk. I’m starting to see a little bit of flab on you.”

Looking down, Nicky saw that her stomach had grown, much more noticeable since she was so skinny. She didn’t think that just a few slices of cake would make her belly look so spherical. Nicky thought maybe it was time to stop, but her stomach answered with a growl and the need to eat more.

Wiping the residual frosting from her face, Nicky grabbed another plate and reached for the nearest pile of food. This time it was a glazed ham, with chunks of pineapple inside. She began to carve out large cuts of ham and putting it on her plate. The ham’s combination of glazed honey and pineapple made for an irresistible combination that drove Nicky’s taste buds wild. Before she knew it, Nicky had already gone through half of the entire ham and showed no signs of stopping.

Meanwhile, Rachael began devouring an entire apple pie, with an enormous mound of whip cream and ice cream on top. Shoving the last piece of pie into her face, she couldn’t help but notice the crumbs falling into her cleavage. Reaching a hand inside to clean them out, they felt bigger, and had actually began to make her bra feel a little tight. However, Rachael ignored this, and after dropping the crumbs into her mouth, continued on to another plate, this time to a baked potato the size of her head stuffed with cheese, sour cream, and full strips of bacon.

Nicky surprised herself as she kept going back for more food, even after eating through the entire ham. Filling another plate of food, Nicky began to sit down, but stopped when she heard a creak. She was still in the same chair, but for some reason it didn't feel right. Standing up, she tried to find the source of the discomfort, and hit the table with her backside. Looking behind her, she realized it wasn't the chair that had changed, her ass had grown due to her binging. No longer could it be called flat, it actually jiggled a bit when she walked, and the once long skirt, barely covered her ass cheeks as they peeked through her panties.

Worried, Nicky ran over to Rachael, who was filling up another plate. To Nicky's horror, Rachael had grown out even more. While Nicky's butt had grown considerably, it was nothing compared to Rachael's. It had to be held up by two chairs, and even then her ass was hanging off of them. Her stomach had grown to an immense size, looking like she had swallowed a couple of watermelons. Her breasts now reached the size of I cups, with her cleavage becoming a receptacle for falling food. Surprisingly the maid outfit had changed with her, matching every new deposit of fat and letting every crumb and stain just fall off, leaving it spotless. Even the thin leggings had stretched out to accompany her thick thighs. The only thing that didn't change was the skirt, giving Nicky a good view of Rachael's immense backside.

"Um, Rachael?" Nicky asked, trying to get the attention of her gluttonous friend.

"Yes?" Rachael said, turning her head, and jiggling an extra chin.

"I think we should stop. This food is doing things to us. Just look at yourself."

Rachael put down her food and finally realized the extent of her changes. Her first reaction was confusion, leading her to poke and prod her new body. After exploring it a bit, including a playful slap on her bottom, the face of confusion turned into a smile.

“I think I’m going to keep eating, I’m starting to like this new me.” Rachael turned her enormous back to Nicky, and continued eating.

Nicky couldn’t believe what her friend was saying. Nicky grabbed Rachael by her chubby arm to try and stop her. “Come on Rachael, we’ve got to get out of here.”

Rachael stopped her feasting and looked at Nicky. With little effort she pulled Nicky into the air, dragging Nicky onto her expansive lap. “You don’t understand Nicky. All this food is just so delicious and the extra weight feels just as good, if not better.”

Rachael held Nicky close to her stomach and buried her in her flab. “Feel that and tell me it’s not the greatest feeling in the world. Besides, it looks like you’re not too far off.” Rachael hugged Nicky with one hand and with the other, proceeded to fondle Nicky’s newly engorged breasts. “Maybe, all you need is a little help.”

Removing her hand from Nicky’s boobs, Rachael reached for the nearest plate of food and began shoving it right into Nicky’s face. Nicky resisted at first, struggling as best she could to get out of Rachael’s hold, but it was no use. When the plate was emptied, Rachael moved on to another plate of food to feed to Nicky, followed by another, and another.

By the time Rachael had finished shoveling the tenth plate of food, Nicky was no longer able to sit on Rachael’s lap. Instead, Nicky’s massive ass had fallen to the floor, allowing her chunky thighs to stretch out. Nicky tried to get up under her own power, but her stomach was even larger than Rachael’s making it difficult to even move. Nicky didn’t seem to mind, at some point she had given in and let Rachael feed her. As more food got poured down her throat, Nicky would actually fondle her new fat body, including her now J-cup breasts.

Rachael set aside the last plate, and reached a hand down to Nicky to help her up on her feet. Upon standing up, Nicky almost lost balance, but thankfully Rachael was there to catch her. Nicky began to walk around a little, and eventually got used to moving with her new found girth, even though she couldn't see her feet past her belly.

"You see what I mean now?" Rachael commented, while putting more food onto a plate. "It's great being like this. So let's chow down and not worry about the consequences."

"You know what," Nicky said, looking at herself in a nearby mirror, "I think you're right." Grabbing three chairs, Nicky sat down next to Rachael and grabbed a plate. "Now hand me some of that steak."

Smiling, Rachael passed Nicky a 50 oz. cut of steak. Lifting up her fork and knife with her chubby fingers, Nicky was pleased to discover that the meat was so tender, it was effortless to cut it into pieces. Nicky set down her knife and fork, proceeded to grab the chunk of meat with her bare hands, and started devouring it. Biting into the steak, juice began to flow down her chubby cheeks and onto her chest, leaving spots on her cleavage, but the juices just rolled off the outfit, not leaving a single stain. Letting the last of the steak go down her throat, Nicky sat back in her chairs and rubbed her massive belly. "Now that was good." Nicky said before burping and blushing a little bit.

Rachael stopped mid-slurp of her bowl of beef stew to reply with an even louder and longer belch. "No, that was good," she said with a grin, wiping the broth from her face.

Nicky looked down the hall, with the aromas of the food enticing her, and started walking down the length of the table. She would fill up a plate with whatever food was close by, take a seat, eat until there was nothing left, and then move down further towards more food. She had

already eaten most of the food off her side when she lumbered towards the far end of the table, exhausted from having to move her new weight around. Waiting for her was the largest cake she had ever seen, with fifty layers of various types stacked almost to the ceiling. Nicky grabbed a chunk of the cake, and began shoving it into her mouth, not even bothering with a plate.

Still engorging herself on cake, Nicky almost didn't notice when Rachael sat down next to her, only realizing it once Rachael's belly bumped into hers. Rachael had finished walking down her side of the table, devouring anything Nicky had left behind, and had decided it was time for desert. Rachael began to dig into the cake, grabbing as much as she could in her hand before bringing the cake to her mouth.

Rachael and Nicky kept digging into the cake, leaving a thick layer of frosting on their faces, hands, and cleavage. Feeling a bit playful, Rachael snuck up to Nicky, who had her face in a slice of strawberry shortcake, and licked some of the frosting off Nicky's breasts. Nicky nearly jumped out of her chair when she felt the tingling sensation of Rachael's against her skin. "What was that for?" Nicky shouted, pushing Rachael away and covering up her breasts.

"You were covered in icing and I thought I'd help you clean up a bit." Rachael said, licking the icing from her face.

Nicky stopped eating to find a napkin and start wiping the icing from her face. "I think I can clean myself well enough without your help, thank you."

"I'm beginning to doubt that," Rachael said as she grabbed a handful of Nicky's gargantuan belly. "Any bigger and you might need to hire people to clean yourself."

"What about you?" Nicky walked around Rachael and grabbed two handfuls of her ass. "You're going to have to spend a lot of money reinforcing your bed to support this huge thing."

Rachael turned and groped Nicky's breasts. "I could say the same about your bras. Although, you might have to give up on finding any kind of bra at this size. Might be better to just let them swing free."

"Ladies, ladies, there's no need to fight."

The two girls stopped fondling each other to find the source of the voice. Standing at the entrance was an old man in a suit and tie, balding, with an evil looking grin on his face. "Oh you've both become so lovely. I do hope you enjoyed the feast."

"You put out this feast?" Nicky asked, curious about their host.

The man started walking towards the two of them. "Yes, I created this feast to mold you into my perfect servants." Finally stopping in front of Rachael, the man grabbed her belly and began to knead it between his fingers. "Since you've eaten all of this food, and become such beautiful maids, why don't you work for me here?"

Rachael blushed a little as the man continued to play with her fat. "Why thank you for the compliment, but we must decline."

"I don't think you understand." The old man stopped groping Rachael's belly and began fondling her breasts. "You've eaten my food and worn my clothes, so I think it's fair that you should do something for me in return. You'll stay here with me, meeting my every whim, including--"

The old man was stopped mid-sentence as Nicky rammed him with the full force of her body into the nearby wall. He was knocked unconscious almost immediately. "Sorry, but just

because we wore your clothes and ate your food, doesn't mean we're your slaves. You okay Rachael?"

"Yeah I'm alright." Rachael said, amazed at her friend. "Where did that come from? I've never known you to be the violent type."

"Well I didn't like him touching you like that. Not to mention, I don't think either of us want to be stuck here forever."

Rachael looked over the old man and squeezed her chubby fingers into his pockets. "Probably wouldn't be too bad, it looks like he has a lot of money to throw around." Her fingers kept searching until she found a set of keys and held them out in the air. "Jackpot, let's go see what kind of car this guy drives."

"Hopefully it's something that can fit us." Nicky said, wiping off the residual food and making sure that she hadn't killed the old man.

The pair made their way outside of the mansion, thankfully the doors were wide enough for them to fit through one at a time. They were greeted with a clear sky and sunshine, they had apparently spent the entire night feasting. They found a jeep in a garage with barely enough room for Rachael to squeeze into the front seat, while Nicky sat in the back. "Hey Nicky, why were we so...touchy with each other back there?" Rachael asked as she turned the keys and the engine roared to life.

"Beats me. Might have been something the geezer put in the food. Maybe the binging led to us to act on subconscious feelings. Maybe we just felt like fondling another person's fat." Nicky replied, squeezing her belly. "What do you think our friends will think when they see us like this?"

“Who cares,” Rachael adjusted the rear view mirror to look at herself, “I think we look great.” With that, Rachael slammed on the accelerator and drove away from the mansion. “Now, let’s see if we can find that burger place. I’m starving.”