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1,234 words.

<Separate Paths>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Nine

Carl, doing as he was told, put another scoop in. He saw how much space it took up in the shaker. He poured the cream in. It took all three and maybe could've taken half of another one. The cream was thick and gloopy but somehow it did bind to the powder and when he put the lid on to shake it he was surprised at how well it took it all.

“There must be thousands of calories here...”

“About 6,000.” Abi said as a matter of fact.

“How do you even...” He looked down at his seated girlfriend, her stomach did look slightly bloated from the first shake, but he was reminded about what she was sitting on, and he realised this must be how she is doing it.

“You can't just decide where it goes though...” Carl mused.

“Thank you. Sit.” Abi waited before continuing the story. “So, by Halloween I was starting to see a change. I wasn't quite so slim everywhere anymore. I was filling out, particularly my belly. I tried working out more through November, but it was clear that although my ass was growing there was more fat being stored on my belly. Here... Look...”

Abi slid her phone over to Carl. Picking it up he saw a picture on her screen. She was standing in front of a mirror, and her ass was bigger than it was when she left last summer, very clearly much bigger but so was the rest of her. There was a level of thickness spreading on her body,

but it mostly settled on her belly. It looked like she was a few months pregnant. Carl found it rather arousing to look at, not because of her belly but because of her dedication to fulfilling his wildest fantasies.

“I swear you started to stroke yourself harder when you saw that picture...” She teased. “Don’t tell me now you have something for bellies...” She giggled. “Swipe.”

He did and Carl was met with more images of her body changing before his eyes. Her arms were looking more toned this time, her body wasn’t quite as soft, but that belly was most definitely getting fatter.

“I kept drinking, I kept eating, I kept going. Bigger and bigger. Don’t forget to look at my ass.”

She was right, her hips were widening, and her butt was sticking out more.

“You might be thinking why was I still going... Right?”

Carl nodded.

“Well, swipe two more times. That would be me at my fattest.”

Carl swiped through and saw how big and fat her belly looked; it was surprisingly firm but in the second picture Carl saw how her finger stuck into her soft fat.

“Almost there. Swipe.”

Carl’s finger trembled and he dragged it across the smooth surface of her screen. Revealing the last image. Her huge belly was gone, there were some marks on her exposed stomach, her hips were just as wide in this front on picture. Carl’s mouth was dry, he knew what the next picture would show.

“Go on... One more swipe...”

The rear picture was staggering, it wouldn’t be believable if it wasn’t for the events of last night. He was somehow shocked to see the massive shift in weight, her ass was huge, and her frame was back to being mostly lean.

Carl looked up; his breath was ragged.

“Get up. Stand behind me.”

Carl did as he was told, he watched over her shoulder as she continued to eat but his eyes quickly lowered to her massive ass.

“Stroke for me. Stroke for what I did to my body for you. Look at all the weight I’ve put on for you. This is yours.” She paused to eat. “And now you know.” She scoffed. “I had a fat transfer. That giant belly I had, I had it pumped into this.” She smacked her fat and Carl stroked, watching it jiggle before him.

“I’m so fucking big now Carl, my ass is huge, I can’t fit through doors, I can’t find clothes.” She was panting now; her fingers were in her panties, and she was starting to moan as she worked her sensitive epicentre. “All you can do is stroke for me, you can’t even speak... I am your desires come true; I am so fucking big you can’t even contain yourself.”

Abi screamed as she came, thoughts of Carl becoming a horny mess around her giant ass flooding her brain.

“Keep going...” She said weakly. “Like I am...”

Carl expected her to start fingering herself once more, but she didn’t instead she reached over the table and started to chug the weight gain shake.

“I’m not stopping Carl... You cum for me today and tomorrow I promise you I will be bigger tomorrow...” She resumed chugging, her free hand slid down her bloated front into her pants and she started to tease herself again. “I’m not going to stop...” She gasped between mouthfuls, the liquid dribbling from her lips.

“I’m so fucking greedy... Look at me... Look at what I’ve done to my body...” Abi’s fingers slipped back into her panties. “You know why I do it Carl?”

Carl looked at her dumbly, still rubbing his hard cock.

“For you... Look at you... You’re so fucking hard for me...” Abi’s eyes looked glazed over, her fingers playing with her clit and she kept looking between her shake and his cock. “You... Being this turned on... This fuels me... So much...” Her voice was getting short of breath as she approached an orgasm. “If I keep eating... Keep growing... If I get the fattest ass on the planet... Will you cum over me every day?” Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as her body shuddered

from a powerful orgasm that left her quivering on the chair.

Wearily she looked up at Carl who was still jerking his rod.

“I want you this horny all the time...” Abi pat her stomach, a firm slap that echoed in the room. “I need to get bigger... For more of this...” Abi looked longingly at Carl’s spasming member.

He couldn’t hold back anymore.

Carl was stroking without restraint now, he was approaching a climax, his dick was aimed directly at her ass, it wasn’t a hard target to spot.

“I need more shake... I need more food...” She moaned. “The surgery is booked for next month...”

Carl froze, overloaded with emotion he stopped, and Abi watched his cock throb against his hand. Pre-cum was spewing from the tip.

“Surgery?” he said dumbly, barely having the cognitive function to form words.

“Oh Carl... That’s why I am eating... I’ve got 4 weeks left.” She pat her stomach, “To make this get as fat as possible... So that this” She smacked her hip that sent a wave of fat rippling over her cheeks. “That this... Can get even bigger...”

Carl couldn’t hold back, without moving his hand again, his dick exploded, ropes of cum showered over Abi’s cheeks, her own orgasm took hold after seeing Carl cum from her words alone.

Carl grabbed the chair beside her and sat down, panting as orgasmic bliss washed over him.

Abi leaned forward, resting her head in her hands whilst she recovered.

There was a silence, the high was fading and Abi turned to Carl and a big smirk came across her face.

“I’m still hungry...”

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