



Desire

Chapter 1

Panting heavily, I look up to the ceiling. *What happened?* I feel my wife's hand land on my chest as she softly plays with my chest hair. *How did sex become boring?*

"That was good honey" she says, trying hard to make it sound genuine.

I don't see why we bother; it's been like this for months now.

"Yeah..." I pant.

It's gotten more and more difficult to climax with her, we hardly speak to each other and then we fuck like it's a tick box exercise. At least it's still fairly frequent...

She turns away from me and grabs her phone, the light of her screen illuminating the room. I turn the opposite way and try to fall asleep. *Is this what we have become?*

It wasn't all bad, once upon a time we were young and in love. We would go out partying every weekend, hit all the bars and have passionate sex often. Now it's been 10 years and we are both closer to 31 than 21. Time has been good to us in general. We got married, got a house, we both have great paying jobs and two cars. Not a lot missing other than kids. But Sally wants to wait a few more years yet, myself? I'm ready now.

So where did it all go wrong?

I find myself asking after these bad nights, but I never come up with an answer. I look over to the clock and see that it's been two hours. Sally purrs softly next to me yet I don't get the relief of sleep. *Curse this overactive mind.* Slowly I slip out of bed and decide to go for a walk. *Maybe the fresh air will help.*

We live close to downtown; I head towards the city centre. *Maybe the pharmacy has something to help with my insomnia.*

01:42 on a Thursday... What the fuck am I doing with my life...Hmmm that place looks new?

I can't quite recall what was there but I am sure I would have recognised this before. *The lights are on... Late trading? What does the sign say? Cure'ems.* I peer through the large window, the bright lights inside illuminating all the odd trinkets. It looks like an antique shop. *What the hell is this doing open at this time?*

Curiosity getting the better of me I open the door. There is a bell attached to the door which pierces the quiet night causing me to jump.

"Just a minute!" a muffled voice calls out from the back end of the shop.

My eyes dart from shelf to shelf looking at all the old trinkets and random memorabilia. In my peripheral vision I see a woman walk through a door by the till. She is strikingly beautiful, almost impossibly so. *She's much too pretty to be working here...* A big smile forms on her face as if she is reacting to my thoughts. *What the fuck?*

“Hi there Calum!”

“What? How?” I ask, taking a step back.

“A good guess?” she winks.

“Right... I’m going to...” backing toward the door.

“Sure, you can go if you want, or I can help fix that little problem of yours.” She pauses and stares at me, as if into my soul. “The problem with your marriage.”

What the fuck...

“I’m exceptionally good at what I do. If you wish to fix your problem, then I think you should heed my advice.”

Scared by her demeanour, I am unable to act. She points to an antique chair to my immediate right. Slowly without taking my eyes off her I sit down.

“I did think you seemed like a man of reason.” she giggles... *There is something sinister about her laugh...*

“C’mon now, give me some credit, I’m here trying to help you.”

“Ok, sure, I’ll listen.”

“Let me guess. You’ve been married for a number of years and the passion is fading? Sex doesn’t feel the same. When she touches you there isn’t this spark of raw primal anticipation?”

I nod.

“Well good thing you stumbled upon my shop, I have just the thing to help, wait right there.” She turns and heads into the backroom.

Now is my chance... I should run...

My body protests my attempts at movement.

I... Maybe... Hmmm... Maybe it is worth a listen at least.

The woman comes back through the door, catching me off guard again with how striking her features are. I notice she has a pocket watch in her hand, from what I can see it looks ancient and dull. As her hips sway towards me she throws it my way. I fumble and juggle it before finally securing the catch. I let out a huge sigh.

“Good catch. Would’ve been a shame if you were to have dropped that” she smirks as if she knows something I don’t.

I inspect the watch and see the weird design on the front. It is hard to explain the complex patterns, sharp edges to shapes and thick runes cover the surface, on the top is a button to release the lock that would open the mechanism. Curiosity getting the better of me I start to reach for the button, almost drawn to it by something else.

“STOP!” she shrieks.

I jump out of my skin and cause the watch to launch into the air once more but this time the shopkeeper catches it.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. This is a powerful artefact. You only open it if you intend to use it.” She throws it back at me.

Catching it and holding it in my hand I ask dumbly. “So... What does it do and how will it help?”

“Glad you asked Calum. It has the power to fix relationships, quite simple when I put it like that but that is the quick version.”

“And the long version?”

“It brings the user happiness and fulfils their desires. Your wife will become the vision of your desires. Over the course of the magic, she will become your version of a goddess.”

This bitch is crazy.

She raises her voice “I’m not a bitch and I’m not crazy!”

Fuck.

I recoil into my seat, feat taking over.

She read my mind.

“Yes, I did, now that should at least let you know that magic is real. At least we got over that hurdle quickly. Now to use that thing you need only press the button on the top and read the inscription on the inside. It will do everything else for you. Close the watch and wait.”

This is insane...

“Maybe it is insane but trust me, this will work but proceed with caution Calum. Once you have opened the door you must follow the instructions through or there will be grave consequences. Be warned that you might not know what your deepest desires are so think carefully before you use it.” Her face is cold and serious.

“Ok... I'll take it and have a think... How much will it cost?” I ask.

“I can read your mind; I've heard the nice things and the naughty things you've been thinking about me. For a gentleman such as yourself, no price. Just a simple 'I.O.U' – so if I call on you requesting something, you have to abide.”

“Uhh...”

“Now leave, I'm going to close up now” she quickly ushers me out the door.

I hear the door close behind and turn around to see the brightly lit shop has been replaced by an abandoned wreck of a store front.

What the fuck, its gone?

I start to make my way home, clutching the pocket watch tightly. My mind is racing about its possibilities.

It's so fucking dumb, no way this can work... I guess no harm in trying. I do love Sally and I would do anything to make us happy again.

I stop walking and pull the pocket watch out and stare at it once more.

Fuck it.

I click the button at the top and see the door swing open with a spark of green light. The watch only has one hand that is spinning around, the face beneath doesn't read the times it has notches to represent days. One to Thirty. Remembering the instructions from the lady I turn my attention to the inside of the door and read its inscription.

*Read well, this watch will bring back the spark you look for
Desires fulfilled and passion restored
Heed these instructions or be cursed eternal
Say aloud your lovers name and push the button on top once more
Peirce thine flesh on the needle that rises from the centre
Blood is needed as a reagent
The hand of time will decide length of spell
Once complete the watch will flash blue then at once close
Do not reopen until the spell has been completed
Only open if you intend to use its power once more*

Alright

"Sally" I say aloud as I press the button.

A small spike rises from the centre of the watch where the hand is fixed. I take a sharp breath and press my thumb into the spike. The shock causes my hand to jolt back but the deed is done. Blood starts to drip onto the face and with a slight glow, the blood seems to fade into the watch. The hand starts to illuminate red as it quickly moves to the '0' position at the top. Slowly it starts to pulsate and the hand spins clockwise. The hand stops on the number '4'. It sits still for a moment as the red hue fades. A spark of blue light erupts from the watch and then in a quick motion the watch is closed once more.

Weird... I wonder if it worked...

Chapter 2: Day 1

After the excitement of the night, I rush back home and try to sneak into bed. Stripping off I safely hide the pocket watch in my office desk. I walk into our bedroom and excitement gets

the better of me as I try to see Sally's body. Alas I can't see anything different in this light. I slowly drape my arm around her to cuddle her. She breathes softly and squeezes my arm in her sleep.

The morning arrives far quicker than I would've hoped. I am awoken by a clanging of pans. Feeling the effects of my nocturnal escapades taking a toll on my body. I slowly shift into a slumped position and rub the sleep from my eyes. I pick up my phone and notice that it is 09:30. Thankfully I don't have work today.

Sally must be making breakfast.

The sweet smell of cooking bacon reaches my nostrils and suddenly I feel a lot more awake. I jump out of bed the best I can, get dressed and head downstairs. Sure enough, Sally is in the kitchen cooking. I survey her body as I head to her.

Something is different...

I feel a sinking feeling in my stomach.

The watch!

Timidly I approach and stare at her body. Her nightie looks... tighter? Especially around the hips. It is hard to see any other changes as her back is toward me as she is tending to the...

What the fuck, is she preparing to feed an army? One...Two...Three...Four pans of bacon.

She suddenly turns around and beams me a great big smile.

"Mornin' sweetie."

Holy shit.

In that moment I stare and take in the sight before me. Her face looks chubbier, plumper. Nothing major but she has never carried any weight, so the difference is shocking. She has what looks to be tomato sauce, butter and grease around her mouth and cheeks. I manage to smile back as my gaze looks at the rest of her body. Her nightie is covered in grease marks, like she had wiped her oily fingers on it. The nightie certainly is more strained as I thought. She has filled out; my once thin wife is now certifiably chubby. She has love handles and her belly protrudes outwards like never before. Her boobs have also taken some of that

increased weight as they push against her top, her nipples are hard and stick out proudly on her chest. Her arms even look chubbier. I lower my gaze down my lover's new curves and see her hips are indeed wider and are supported by much thicker thighs. I must've been staring for too long because she gave a fake cough.

"See anything you like?" she jokes.

What have I done?

"Your friend seems to think so, but not right now, I am hungry" she turns back and continues to cook.

Being closer to her I can now see her ass has most definitely grown; the wider hips support her now fat bum very well.

I would fucking kill someone to spank that right now... Keep it together Calum.

I break my silence. "Sorry honey, just admiring you... What is all this for?"

"Well, you can admire me after I've finished eating, this is all for me" she says assertively.

"Not like you to go all out for breakfast."

"Well, I am hungry" she pats her chubby tum.

I feel my cock throb.

What is going on...

I readjust my cock in my trousers.

Have I been hard this whole time? No... I...

"I'm going to start; can you finish up the rest for me and bring it over?" Sally interrupts my train of thought.

"Sure..." I trail off.

I start to get the next batch of sandwiches ready when I look over to her and watch as she demolishes the stack of six like it was nothing. Hungrily scoffing down bite after bite, she greedily packs huge mouthfuls of the sandwiches into her gaping maw. It is almost hypnotic. I return my focus to sandwich making. As I finish the next stack, she swipes the plate from my grasp and starts to shovel more into her mouth.

“More” she barks between bites. “Put more bacon on.”

Not wanting to anger my gluttonous wife I quickly go ahead to fry up the last of the bacon. Just as quickly as I can make the sandwiches, she eats them. Finally, after sandwiches are all made, I join her at the table. I stare with wide eyes at her as she eats this last batch. Chomp after chomp I focus on the fire in her eyes.

Each bite makes her grow...

She gnashes at the sandwiches as she rapidly consumes the meal before her.

Right now, she is getting bigger... Fatter...

My cock pressed tightly against my pyjama bottoms.

Maybe this is what that lady warned me about.

Again, breaking my train of thought Sally lets out a huge belch that rings in my ears.

“Oh, excuse me,” she says playfully. “I really was quite hungry.”

“I can tell babe.”

“Can you help me up, I think I need to lay down on the sofa for a bit.”

“Don’t you have work today?” I ask

“Can’t be bothered. I just want to lay here and eat all day. I’ve already called my boss to say I won’t be in.”

This isn’t like her.

“Also, I need you to bring me more food.”

“More food? Now?”

“Yes, I am ravenous.” She gives her bloated tummy a slap, the thick hard thwack of her hand on the taut flesh pierces through me and runs my cock straight at once.

Well wouldn't you know... This pocket watch really is working... Apparently my desire is to have my wife gain a few pounds.

“Sure, thing babe.” I flash a smile and get to work.

The next few hours fly by as I spend most of it in the kitchen preparing feast after feast for her. Each time I bring her a new plate I notice she is slightly chubbier. Two o'clock rolls around. I enter the living room to present her next plate to find her napping on the sofa. I take the time to inspect her new body.

Sally is slumped backward, her now plump face is covered in food, a slither of drool making its way down her chin, it almost seems as though she just picked all the food up and shovelled it into her face. Looking over the rest of her body I see that, indeed, she has gained weight.

So quick... The pocket watch is still taking effect.

I look at her arms which are now tightly constrained in her nightie, the bulge of her fat upper arms in danger of bursting the garment. The rest of the nightie didn't fare so well. Her boobs have caused a tear down the centre of her bust, a window to view her now fatty boobs as they strain heavily against the fabric of her clothes, fabric that is covered in grease stains, food and liquids. Such a messy eater... My eyes meet her gut and see where all of this has really gone. Her hugely stuffed gut has burst the seams of her nightie and her fat billows between the massive tears in her garment. The soft wall of fat jiggles softly with each laboured breath she takes in her sleep. I can't help but reach out a hand to touch it.

It's mesmerising... So big... So quick...

My hand contacts the blubbery mass. Without warning Sally snaps her neck to look at me. She locks eyes with mine and grabs my outstretched hand and yanks me onto her. My body crashes into my softer wife and our lips meet, I can taste all the food I've been making in the past few hours. Passion takes over for the first time in what seems like forever. My hands

explore her expanse as we make out. Sally's hand reaches for my crotch and with almost the same look in her eye as when she was feasting, she says.

"Let's take this upstairs..."

We rush upstairs like horny teens and rather than taking her pyjamas off she rips it with a mighty tug at the great tear down the centre. My chubby goddess.

Holy shit...

"Are you just going to stare?" she asks.

She doesn't see it... To her she hasn't changed...

I take off my clothes and stand fully naked before her. My rigid cock presses into her soft flesh. The touch is electric for both of us as she lets out a moan as my cock is absorbed into the soft expanse. I slap my hand against her belly which causes a burp to slip out, the jiggling of her belly spreads through her body and causes me to grunt as I feel the movement against my cock.

I can't believe it really worked...

We made love for just about an hour, Sally started on top but got tired quickly and started to lose interest, the thought of spending energy was abhorrent to her it seemed. Easily fixed I flipped her over and pinned her to the bed and fucked her. The sensation of her huge body jiggling beneath me was incredible. Each thrust was met with a slow reverberation in her frame as she would jiggle under my powerful motion. The sea of fat being rocked around her body was seemingly influencing her as she was very quick to orgasm. On her back my hand got to explore her now chubby and fatty belly and tits. Groping and squeezing the soft flesh between my hands was too much and I blew a heavy load into Sally's pussy. The passion was back, we both felt it, panting we both laid next to each other.

"I love you" we both said in unison, before falling asleep.

Chapter 3: Day 2

I slowly open my eyes and glance at the time. 10am.

Fuck, I am late... Extremely late...

Usually, I would bolt upright and rush to get ready for work but recalling yesterday's events stopped my blind panic.

Fuck... I'll just text Terry and apologise, tell him I'll be in on Monday or something. Wait, where is Sally?

I quickly tap the message through to Terry. I send it and get out of bed to try and find my love. A faint smell of food enters my nostrils.

Eating again, I guess...

I get dressed and let out a massive yawn and stretch. Slowly I make my way downstairs and to the kitchen. Upon entering I am taken aback.

What the fuck happened in here...

I have a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. There are pots and pans everywhere, discarded plates covered in grease and remnants of sauce. A mountain of empty packaging from various food items.

She couldn't possibly have done all this...

Thinking back to yesterday I remember cleaning the kitchen while cooking.

She must have... But where is she?

I hear a familiar sound come from the lounge.

Is that... Combat music?

I slowly walk towards the source of the music. Fear and excitement run through me as I brace myself for the sight before me. I take a deep breath and walk in.

"Hey honey" I called into the room.

"Hey baby, I left you in bed, you seemed to need the rest... Maybe after last night huh?" she giggles.

I can only see the back of her head as she sits in the armchair and faces the TV.

Wait, is that a video game?

The source of the music was found; I stood there puzzled.

She doesn't play games...

In all my years of nagging and pushing, Sally has never once picked up a controller and played games.

What is going on?

I now walk toward the chair. I start to notice discarded boxes and packets of snacks around the floor of the chair. Her frame starts to come into view. From my vantage point I see that she has grown more and is almost overflowing the chair. Something deep down tingles within me.

She is bigger...

My morning wood, having not long faded away, now is returning.

What? Something isn't right.

"Glad you are here babe. You took too long to get here so I had to have breakfast without you." Her eyes don't leave the screen as she continues to play the game. "But I am still hungry, can you please feed me these snacks? I am at a very tough part, and I need some fuel."

Shock and awe have turned me into a robot on autopilot, I slowly grab at some of the crisps at her side and raise it to her mouth. She slowly and sensually eats from my hand. Returning my hand to the pile to deliver more to her. My cock is now fully erect as I feed her handful after handful of crisps, pretzels and other savoury snacks.

I don't understand... Why does this feel so good...

"Oh, that is so good babe" Sally moans softly. "Here, I've got something else for you to do."

Her now pudgy hands wrap around my right wrist and lead my hand to her bloated belly.

“Rub it for me” she turns to me, the first time she has taken her eyes off the screen. “It feels good to have it rubbed, keep the snacks coming though.”

My hand starts to rub large circles around the taut circumference of her gut as her attention returns to the video game. My left hand returns to the rhythmic feeding session. My dick painfully pulses with lust.

The pocket watch must be affecting me... I need to see that lady again... I've got a lot of questions.

My inner monologue is interrupted by the booming sound of a belch. Sally doesn't flinch or blush. I stare shocked, frozen for a second.

“Don't stop. Never heard a burp before?” she laughs. “Plenty more where that came from” she slaps her gut and releases another big burp.

Fuck...

I feel as though I'm going to cum.

What is happening?

Before I can ponder anymore on the issue at hand, I feel Sally tug my shirt toward her.

“Oh my, what is this?” she says playfully as her hand moves towards the tent in my trousers. “I think it's time for a lollipop” she giggles at the awful joke.

Taken back by her forwardness and the bizarre situation I let her pull my trousers down and release my hard member. Sticking out proudly toward her, angrily pulsing with desire, Sally motions me to stand up and straddle over her legs. I looked down at her, still sitting and leaned back slightly. Her gut looks even rounder from this angle. Her boobs too look larger.

“Do you like my belly?” she asks as she slowly rubs the side of it with one hand. Her other hand starts to gently stroke my cock. Transfixed at the large tum before me, my penis pulses profusely.

This isn't right... I don't...

Again, stopping me mid thought she hungrily brings her plump lips to my cock and starts to kiss it.

“So hard... I think you do like my fat body...” Each breath against my member causes it to twitch.

How am I so close...?

Sally opens wide and starts to devour my dick. Her tongue dances around the tip as it enters. I struggle to remain upright, looking down I see Sally staring up at me. That fire again in her eyes. Lust. I start to thrust my hips and increase rhythm. Suddenly she stops and releases my dick from her mouth and lets out a mighty burp. The motion apparently caused more gas to rise out of her. I let out a low grunt and my cock twitched before her face.

“Hmmm” she moans as she pushes me back slightly and starts to jerk my cock rapidly with one hand. “I want you to cover my stomach with your cum.” she pleads.

Holy...

So close to the edge I can feel the build-up as I approach the point of no return.

“Cover my fat fucking belly. Cum for your fat piggy.”

Shit...

I erupt. Wildly spurting cum all over her. It splashes across her clothes, and she continues to stroke whilst moaning. “Oh yeah...” she says under her breath. Load after load it keeps coming. After what feels like hours I finally start to come down from my ecstasy. I stumble backward and fall onto the sofa to my side. My eyes don't leave Sally's enlarged form as I see her scoop up what she can of my cum and eat it with a moan after each mouthful.

That was insane...

I lean back and close my eyes to catch my breath. Sally, without saying a word, resumes her game. I lift my head to see her attention is now back on the TV. Still in my refractory period I relax for a few minutes while my breathing and heart rate return to normal. I look over once more at Sally who is just rubbing her belly as she has run out of snacks. Each hard press into her soft gut elicits a moan from her plump lips.

“Done, are you?” she asks sharply.

Confused, I nod.

“Good, I need more food. We don’t have any here, can you go to town and get some stuff. I’ll text you a list.”

Perfect opportunity to visit that lady again... If the shop is even there...

I rush to get ready and leave the house before either Sally gets hangry or something else weird happens. We live close enough to town that I decide to walk it.

I get to the street where the shop was, but it is still an abandoned building. I hurry over and peer through the murky glass to see if I can see any sort of movement from inside.

Fuck!

I kick angrily against the wall of the building.

“Language Calum.”

I hear a familiar voice. I turn and see the woman from before.

“You! What happened, what did you do to me? What did you do to Sally?” I frantically accuse.

“Calm down. Why don’t you come in?” she walks past me and opens the door of the-

What the fuck!

The abandoned building has been replaced by the antiques shop once again.

“It shouldn’t be that surprising... You’ve seen magic first-hand, not sure why you mortals don’t learn” she remarks.

Mortals?

“You thought I was a normal human?” she laughs.

Questions rush through my head, but she turns and stops me.

“Calm down, I’ll answer your questions. Just stop thinking so loud for a second.” She takes a deep breath. “I didn’t do anything to you or to Sally. *You* choose to use the pocket watch. The watch is doing exactly what it said it would do. Sally is transforming into your desires. You didn’t heed my warning and now look at you, all horny for something you don’t quite understand. A quite common side effect of the watch actually.”

“Can you fix it, stop it, whatever?” I plead.

“No but do you really want to stop Sally from becoming your desire? Think back to last night. I think you were enjoying the effects of the watch then” she cackles.

She is right... She must be... It makes sense...

“I know I am right; you do too, which is good. Finally, you are learning.”

“When will it stop?” I ask nervously.

“You saw the dial, what did it say?”

“Four...Days...” I grumble.

“Well, it sounds like you might need to get some more food for your little piggy then, especially as we are only on day two now” She cackles once more.

Staring into space I can slowly feel the realisation come over me about what is happening.

She is just going to get bigger and fatter... My slob wife...

I feel a stirring in my crotch.

“See with a reaction like that, how can you deny it?” she lets out a hearty laugh.

Feeling defeated and horny I turn to leave. The lady is still laughing as I let go of the door. The second it shuts the shop disappears once more. Before I can even process anything my phone buzzes in my pocket. It's the list from Sally. It fills my screen.

"Should've brought the car" I say aloud.

I ran back home quickly to get the car so that I could start shopping. As I approach the house, I see two delivery drivers dropping off food.

She is still eating...

Trying to keep my mind out of the gutter and my cock flaccid I focus my attention on getting in the car. It takes me forever to get everything on the list. I fill up the first trolley before I get halfway down the list. I checkout and load it into the car before returning to fill a second trolley. I pull up in the drive and unload the incredible shop, it takes me almost a whole hour to put it away. Of course, upon returning home I throw a few packets of chocolate and sweets straight to Sally who hasn't budged from the armchair.

Exhausted from the shop I enter the living room only to be met with a burp and a request. Food.

The afternoon progresses much like yesterday morning, cooking and bringing her meal after meal. The difference is that today Sally demands I stay and feed her while rubbing her belly. I bring in a large dish of lasagne in and lift bite after bite to her insatiable mouth, while I rub, grope and knead the tightening belly. In no time at all she finishes the lasagne meant for a family of four and slaps her middle to release some gas.

"Gotta make room for the next meal" she giggles as she lets out another burp.

The cottage pie I put in the oven is just about ready, again enough for a family of four, I dish up the whole thing and proceed to the living room.

"That smells good" she softly moans, still focusing on the game.

I lower myself onto my knees beside her and return my hand to her protruding tum. Lifting the first bite of food to her mouth she quickly chomps it off the fork.

How does she seem so hungry, after already eating a massive lasagne?

Seemingly trying to one up herself she finishes the pie at lightning speed. She lets out more burps and grunts and joins me briefly in rubbing her stomach.

“Ooh.. **Urrp**... I’ll work on thi- **Urrrp** -s and you go get more food”

More?

After her eighth meal I am absolutely spent. “Babe, I think I’m going to go to bed.”

“Oh, that sounds good, me too. Can you help me get up?” she asks.

I head over to my well-fed queen and grab her flabby arm and give it a firm tug to start the motion off. With considerable effort she does eventually rise to her feet. Her large form is much wider than mine, it is almost intimidating as much as it is sexy. She looks into my eyes and wraps her arms around me, squeezing me into her huge frame. The softness of all her newly acquired fat envelops my much leaner frame.

“I think we should have some fun before we go to sleep.” Her hand rubbed my thigh lovingly.

My cock instantly becomes rigid, and any feeling of exhaustion is replaced by desire.

Maybe this isn’t so bad.

We get to the bedroom, and I strip and sit on the edge of the bed whilst she starts to give me a show. The top is much too tight for her so with some effort she peels the food covered fabric off. The slow peel causes her belly to cascade out into the open with a heavy flop.

Oh my god...

I can’t resist anymore and start stroking my cock openly in front of her. Her belly is so fat and bloated, I can’t take my eyes off it. She knows and starts to rub it and squeeze. The disturbance to the protruding gut causes her to burp loudly.

“Oopsie” she says with a playfully innocent tone.

I grunt in response as she then peels the top over her fatty tits. They slap heavily onto her rotund gut during their titty drop. The sound resonates deep within me. I motion for her to join me on the bed. She crashes her larger body onto the bed causing me to be rocked by the motion of the mattress. She lays on her back.

“Fuck me. Now”

I get on my knees and spread her cellulite ridden thighs and expose her fat opening. Already raging hard, I thrust into her without a second thought. The feelings of her jiggling yesterday are now 10-fold as I start to pound her harder and harder, the increased force from my hips causing her to wobble wildly. Beneath me she screams and her vagina spasms on my cock.

At least she enjoys it too...

I stop for a moment to let her catch her breath and I take the same opportunity. I look down at her now puffy face. She looks back and breaks the silence.

“I’m such a fat piggy... Fuck your fat fucking hog.”

Fuck...

I place my hands on her fat gut and start to rapidly thrust into her. Not long after my body is rocked by my own orgasm. I fill her womb with my seed, shot after shot, thrust after thrust I slowly come down...

Chapter 4: Day 3

Heavy breathing... One big inhale... One deep exhale...

What is that... Why the fuck does my shoulder hurt, the mattress is hard as fuck... What?

I open my eyes and I see the base of the bed.

Must’ve fallen asleep... And on the floor?

I move my arm to push up and I feel a pain in it. I glance over and see it’s bruised.

Definitely fell out of bed then, that’s odd- HOLY SHIT.

Standing and now looking at the bed I see a huge mountain of blanket. I stand frozen.

“S-S-Sally?” I timidly utter.

The mass starts to move, wobble may be more correct as I finally see my wife’s pudgy face.

“Mornin’ sweetheart” she softly says with one hand rubbing the folds of her hugely expanded body.

She is fucking enormous...

She truly was massive; her body took up most of the bed. Her once slim frame had changed an impossible amount over the last two days. No longer chubby and pudgy, no longer outright fat. She was immense. Her body was billowing with fat, huge rolls of blubber hanging from her frame. It was everywhere.

Her face puffy and rotund, gone were her cheekbones and jawline, replaced by a fat double chin. Sally’s arms, much like the rest of her, were huge. They were probably thicker than her old waist. The fat of her bicep seemed to fold over her elbow and bulge towards her forearm. Further along she had thick sausage fingers attached to her chubby hand.

Her boobs were fatty mounds splayed across her upper torso. The fat causes them to be rather formless but huge. Her PJs had long gone in the dead of night most likely, so I also saw her thick nipples moving wildly with each jiggle of her chest from her breathing. Her belly is massive. Gargantuan, the accumulation of most of her weight gain rises from her frame and spreads over the bed, jiggly and all consuming. I can’t help but stare, this causes me to become hard and before I can inspect any more.

“Someone is happy to see me...”

“I er... Sally... You are so big!”

“Oh well, I thought you liked this?” she starts to jostle her gut, causing waves throughout her blubbery torso.

My cock aches. *Holy shit.*

“You don’t need to answer, you look like you might just burst any second” she winks. “Here, help me up.” She raises her huge arm out toward me to grab.

Her fatty digits wrap tightly around my hand, even her hand is bigger than mine at this point. With a lot of effort, I help her into a sitting position on the edge of the bed. The mountain that

is my wife now looks at me with a burning in her eyes. Before I can react, I feel a fat finger stroke the length of my girth.

“I think we have time before I get hangry... Maybe I could help you with this?” She purrs.

I nod.

Sally’s hands start to stroke the length of my shaft. I am already so close. My legs wobble and I let out some deep grunts as I try to hold back, wanting to enjoy this for longer. Sally can see the pleasure on my face.

“Holding back? Let’s see how long you last then...”

She yanks me closer to her and guides my dick into her soft cleavage. She places her hands around her boobs and squeezes them around my painfully erect member.

Fuck me.

I release a huge moan from shock and pleasure. I start to thrust; Sally looks up at me with a mix of love and excitement from the reaction she is eliciting from me. Still managing to hold back, only just, I continue to thrust wildly into her fatty cleavage.

“You have some restraint today huh, how about this then?”

Her hands let go of her boobs and I feel the pressure disappear. I feel her hands pull at my hips as she lowers me down slightly, so I am in a light squat. Slowly she traces her fingers back to my cock and guides it into the fat roll of her belly. My dick being pushed into her deep belly button.

“Fuck my fat stomach. Fuck my huge gut.” she demands.

Shit!

Each thrust causes her whole body to jiggle and shake as her huge belly takes a pounding. My dick is entirely enveloped between her rolls and within only a few moments I come to climax. Wads of cum filling the crevices of her flesh as I thrust like an animal into the soft jiggly mass of my wife’s supersized body. The sheer force of the orgasm causes my legs to give way, aftershocks still coursing through my body as I crane my neck to see my wife smiling down at me.

She looks even bigger from down here.

Sally's smile fades and her face contorts. I see her slowly rise from the bed with considerable effort. Her massive tree trunk legs are clearer to me. Her thighs are incredibly thick and wobble as they exert the effort needed to lift her... Over 450lb frame?

"C'mon, I'm hungry." she barks.

Sally slowly rumbles down the stairs, not even bothering to clean off the cum from inside the fat roll nor get dressed. I quickly throw on some tracksuit trousers and rush after her. When she eventually gets downstairs, she plops herself into the armchair. The chair creaking from the immense pressure it is now under. I stood for a second just to make sure that the chair didn't give way.

"Why are you just standing there? Food. Now." she once again barks at me whilst picking up my controller to continue her gaming session from yesterday.

Not wanting to incur her wrath I start cooking and delivering plate after plate of food in what now seems to be the routine of the day. After four hours of gorging there is no food left in the house. Timidly I approach Sally and tell her. She lets out a groan.

"I guess I'll just have to order more food." she says angrily.

She must've seen my face drop and she pauses her game. "Hey sweetie, sorry, I'm really not myself when I am hungry. Why don't you help me over onto the sofa and we can cuddle and play together?"

I nod and help her over onto the sofa.

Fuck she is heavy.

She plops down onto the sofa and once again the furniture in the house yells out in protest. Thankfully, it does hold and I join her on the sofa. I lay across her lap and started to softly play with her belly. She moans softly as I do so.

"I've just got to save this game and then we can play something together... Don't stop rubbing."

“I wouldn’t dare...” I slipped out.

I knead the giant jiggly mass before me. Starting to get excited once more. I am interrupted by her pushing a controller into my hand.

“Let’s play.”

This has got to be the first time we’ve ever played a game together... So odd but it should be fun.

We managed to play a co-op game for about an hour before her stomach let out a roar.

Hungry again?

She paused momentarily to check her phone.

“Delivery should be here any second... Good.”

As if on cue the doorbell rings. I open the door and am greeted by a wall of pizza boxes. Twelve in total. The man holding them tries to make small talk “big party, eh?”

“No... My wife is hungry.”

Something about watching his face drop in shock made me feel excited. I take the order from his hands and head back to the sofa and start feeding Sally. She has changed games and is back in her single player adventure.

No bother, someone must feed the piggy.

One hand guiding slices to her gaping maw and the other rubs her belly intently. She scoffs and chews whilst playing and in seemingly no time at all the pizzas are gone. I take both hands and knead the now firmer belly. I can feel its contents churning below my palms. I stare at the bloated mass and knead harder. My erection returns in full force, I notice her nipples are also now hard. I lift my gaze to her face, and she is staring at me, biting her plump lip.

“I was thinking...”

“Yeah?” I ask.

“We talked last week about... Having a baby...

She isn't going to say... Is she?

I nod excitedly.

“Well, I think I've had a change of heart...” She pats her tum causing her blubber to jiggle.

“Y-you want to...”

“I want you to knock me up. I want you to fill me with your seed and make me big and pregnant.”

That was all I needed to hear. I stand up and tear my clothes off and with some effort I lift her almost apron-like belly and spread her massive thighs to gain access to her pussy. Too excited to savour the moment I quickly dive into her soaking wet sex. Her meaty thighs start to come back together and the incredible weight and softness of them constricts my body, her belly is now pressed heavily against most of my torso as we fuck on the couch. The jiggling of her entire body feels amazing. She is jiggling all around me as her huge body covers me.

It goes too quick; I am too excited by the prospect of my mountain of a wife becoming even bigger with my babies. In no time at all I am blowing load after load into her. I pull out and moan as I recover my breath. Sally was too panting for breath; I wasn't counting as I was too focused on impregnating her, but I am sure I felt her orgasm a few times.

“Oh, you filled me good, Calum...” She says between laboured breaths.

“I don't think so...” I motion her to look down at my dick which is now becoming hard once more.

“Try again then...” She parts her fat thighs and presents her opening for me.

I once again eagerly entered her. She gasps and starts to moan once more.

“Knock... Me... Up... Turn... Me... Into... A... Bloated... Whale... Fuck... Me... Give... Me... Your... Cum” She pants between words as I thrust with increased vigour. Once again, I find myself cumming.

We spend the rest of the day in this cycle. Food, games, rubs, sex.

Perfection.

Chapter 5: Day 4

We never made it to the bedroom that night. She fell asleep on the sofa and I cuddled up resting my head on her cum filled belly. I am woken by a creaking, I open my eyes and it is still dark out, I see the time on the clock on the mantle, 07:10.

What is that noise? And what is so hard and firm against my... Oh...

My head is still on her belly but now it has changed massively. Literally. The warm orb now is firm, bloated and round. Sally's belly looks as though she has swallowed a beach ball. Her belly feels firm but still has a fatty layer insulating the mass beneath.

She's... Pregnant...

A loud crash echoes in the room as she drops about a foot into the sofa.

That answers the second question.

The sudden shift causes Sally to slowly open her eyes.

“I think we might need stronger furniture,” she laughs. “Especially with my condition.”

I hardly register what she is saying and reach a hand out to rub the larger belly. Softly feeling the light kick of the occupant.

“Well, that fall seems to have awoken one of them up”

One of them?

“What about the others?” I say in shock.

“Oh, the other two are heavy sleepers, I can tell.”

Triplets.

“You look like you’ve seen a ghost, you, ok?”

“Yeah... Just... Triplets.”

“Yeah, you filled me up good. Made me so big... Hmmm how can I thank you?” she says with a fake innocent voice.

No this is insane, she is suddenly pregnant, I only came in her hours ago... What the fuck why am I hard!

“Help mamma out of this broken sofa and I can think of a few ways to repay you.”

With extreme effort I pull her even larger frame out of the hole where she was once sat. Standing before me, her large middle protrudes outward about two feet, pressing heavily against my torso. Her boobs look slightly more bloated, and her nipples are much darker and longer. She leans forward slightly and rubs the rounded fatty mass of her tum against my hard cock. I start to thrust and grind against the soft yet firm mass of her gut.

“Hhmm... Who knew you liked pregnant women too? Something about being filled with babies turns me on too... When this is over, I want you to knock me up again, I want to be permanently carrying your babies... Will you do that? Will you knock me up repeatedly?”

The combination of her grinding my cock with her huge belly and her talk causes me to cum, splattering the underside of her round gut.

“I’ll take that as a yes...” She grins.

Gasping for air I take a seat in the armchair. Leaning all the way back. Her belly hovers over to me and she gets on her knees before me, her belly covers from my crotch to chest. My vision is now entirely eclipsed by her huge belly. Its weight on my chest feels amazing as my hands come up to stroke the rotund mass. I can just about hear Sally’s moans.

“It feels so good when you rub it...”

I feel the warmth of her nethers against my crotch as it starts to gain new life again.

“I think you like it just as much as me...” She calls out over her dome.

“I think I like it more...” I wheeze out a reply, finally admitting the truth.

A few days pass and I head back into town in search of the antique shop. Sally stopped growing, I took her to the hospital for her “Regular” check-up and she still has about a month left before she gives birth to the triplets.

One month to enjoy her massive, pregnant body...

I shiver with excitement as I round the corner before the shop. It's there! I increase my pace. We've been in each other's arms nearly the whole time since she woke up pregnant. The only reason to leave her arms was to cook her more food. I didn't go to work that day, I handed in my notice with immediate effect. We had a large pot of savings and with three babies on the way we thought it was the only option as we prepared to bring the new life into the world. We made love multiple times a day as I explored her new body. Sally is a lot more sensitive with the added weight and much hornier thanks to the pregnancy.

I enter through the door and the bell goes off. The familiar voice calls out “be with you in a second dear.”

I stare intently at the doorway and wait. A few moments later I see her strikingly beautiful face appear and smirk.

“You're back, I take it things went well?” she smiles knowingly.

“Yes, thank you.”

“So why are you here?” she asks.

“Can't you read my mind?”

“I could but sometimes you mortals are more fun if I don't.”

“I'm here to give this back” I reach into my pocket and place the pocket watch on the counter. I see her face frown slightly. “Oh, it worked alright, it worked wonders. Actually, I am here to ask you if you have anything else I might like?”

She chuckles and says “Oh certainly Calum, right this way.”