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1,598 words.

<Slingshot>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for Four wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter Five

I rushed home, traffic was about as hectic as usual, but I was glad that I made it home a few minutes quicker than normal, just. However, I think I needed to take those few extra minutes to amp myself up for whatever was about to happen.

I need to be there for her; I need to support her.

This thought was the most prevailing thought but there was still the obvious link to my love of her larger body. A link that I found difficult to completely sever, I had been an enjoyer of larger women for so long it felt ingrained in my DNA at this point.

I stood at the front door, trembling.

What was I about to walk into...

I let myself in and I heard Sammie in the kitchen.

Not where I'd have expected her to be...

I timidly entered the room, and I was stunned by what I saw and heard. Our fridge was a big double door fridge, it was usually pretty well stocked, hence why we went for such a big model. Maybe excessive but Sammie loved to cook.

That noise...

The loud noise is probably what stunned me more than her standing in the fridge, a loud gnashing and gnawing of her mouth as she was eating loudly.

She's eating. Right from the fridge.

Behind her, on the floor, were discarded packages of various things she must've consumed. There was a discarded cheese packet that I knew I had only opened this morning for my cheese on toast.

She ate an entire block of cheese?

I felt my cock stir and throb down my thigh.

There is no way.

I couldn't believe this was Sammie, to be fair I hadn't even seen her face, there was still some crazy chance that this wasn't even my girlfriend, it might've been someone else.

"S-Sammie?"

"Finally, home..." Her voice was sterner than I was expecting, I was shaking. "Sorry... I was starving..." there was a hint of a tease in there, I was far too nervous to take that at face value.

Sammie peered around the corner, her chubby face looked far puffier than a few weeks ago, I smiled at her, she was still so beautiful to me, the

weight only really made her look sweeter.

“I was planning on waiting... But you were taking so long...”

Sammie stood back from the fridge, I saw her body come out from behind the tall fridge door, her back was arched and her top barely covered the top hemisphere of her stomach, her huge tits taking most of the fabric to cover them. Her belly, big as always but actually bigger. It was stuffed already, not a new sight for me to come home too but it was a very welcome surprise after her message about weighing herself from earlier, I had worried that she was done, that the days of me coming home to my girlfriend with a food baby was over.

Yet.

Here she was.

Full term with the biggest food baby yet.

Her hands were on her back and despite looking very visibly pregnant, her proportions made her look just way rounder and fatter than she actually was. A number that I was probably about to find out.

I might as well ask... She already knows the number...

“215.” Sammie spoke, as if she had read my mind, her hand slapped the exposed side of her bloated gut. “That’s how fucking fat we’ve made me.”

Her body was 15lbs heavier than her biggest, but it looked so drastically different. Her weight was being pumped into her in the three distinct areas, it was different to last time where she just was chubby, now it was focused, her boobs were probably the extra 15lbs but that belly, it had soaked up all the

weight that her legs and arms had taken last time, her back and side rolls, they weren't there this time, instead she just had a big domineering beer belly almost.

I was concerned about what to say, what she wanted to hear, what I wanted to say, what was the right answer. There was a lot going on in my mind.

I know what I want to do.

I shifted my leg, moving my cock in my pants to make it more comfortable as it snaked down my leg.

The top Sammie had on, I recognised it, it was the top she had on when she took her first jab.

A painful reminder?

No. That wasn't it, she was taunting me with the fact that she has clearly outgrown that top, especially in this bloated state. Her hand rested against the lower side of her stomach, like she was holding it up almost, the smirk that Sammie had was starting to tell me what I wanted to hear.

A teasing gesture. She's not going to jab again.

"And now?" I took a gamble and pointed to the stuff on the floor. "After all of that?"

Her legs wobbled and I noticed only then that her nipples were very hard.

"You've been eating since you texted me... Haven't you..." I took a step towards her, an awkward shuffle thanks to my cock trying to rip through my

trousers. “I can see the mess you’ve made... You’ve got some on your face... On that way too small top...”

My body made contact with Sammie’s, and I felt the warmth of her stomach against my own torso. This close I could hear her panting, I don’t know what had changed but whatever it was, I wasn’t about to complain. Instead, I reached down and pressed my hand against her stomach, my fingers spreading wide to feel as much of her skin as I could, it felt so taut and firm under my fingertips that I couldn’t help but lose my nerve when I made contact.

I leaned in, my own hot breath clashing with hers. I moved closer for a kiss, having to lean over her distended belly and projecting tits.

“We’re not done...” I locked lips with her, and we started to passionately kiss in the cold draft of the fridge. My hands moved around her body and I groped her boobs, their overwhelming size filling my hands and then some. She was so busty now that it was impossible for me to even get a good handle on them, to be honest it turned me on even more.

Slipping my hands under her top I squeezed her thick nipples, and she whimpered in my mouth, I had the upper hand it seemed. I would come to find out that was only because she let me.

Breaking the kiss off, she grabbed my wrists and put my hands on her stomach.

“You’re right. We’re not done.” She took a deep breath and pushed her already stuffed belly forward. “Feel it... This is the smallest I am going to be...”

Ever again...” The fire in her eyes probably was matching mine. My cock was more than ready to go.

“S...Sammie...”

“I mean it. I was worried about what other people think, I was worried about a lot of things but the way you looked at me those weeks ago. It was then I knew that I wasn’t going to jab again, I knew I was going to keep going, it wasn’t intentional at first but the bigger I got, I could see, feel how you responded to it.” Sammie moved my hands around her stomach. “To this.” She pushed it out again, further. “I started to enjoy the feeling... The feeling of being so big and stuffed that I have to waddle... That my centre of gravity changes...” Sammie moaned as I continued to rub and grope her tightly packed stomach.

“And it just feels so good when you touch me...” She moaned.

“It feels so good to touch you...”

“I know how you feel, it’s been very apparent since I started putting the weight back on.” She chuckled. “And don’t get me started on my tits...”

“What... These small things?” I said, lifting her top up, her huge boob slapping against her stomach, almost winding the short woman, I lifted her nipple to my mouth and started to suckle the thick nub.

Sammie gasped, almost falling over against me, thankfully I held her up and continued to suck and play with her J cup monsters.

“There isn’t anything small about me anymore...” She gasped. “Maybe in a few weeks we might think back to today and say I was small right now.”

My eyes went wide and I looked up at my girlfriend. “You can’t say that to me.” I whimpered.

“I just did. Stud.” Sammie reached into the fridge and pulled out an éclair, something we had bought for a nice treat after dessert this week. “What are you going to do about it?” Sammie added before she guided the long cream filled dessert into her mouth.

My hand reached up and I took over, pushing it into her mouth with a bit more fervor than she was expecting, still she opened wide and ate it willingly, rubbing her stomach as she chewed and swallowed.

I leaned in close and whispered “I’m going to feed you... And fuck you...”

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