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1,275 words.

<Breaking the Silence>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Six

Kara ordered the cake and despite my protests, she insisted on paying. We didn't need to wait long, and we talked and caught up more, it felt like old times.

"Oh Kara, who's this?" the lady who brought the cakes over asked.

"This is Christian."

"Pleasure to meet you, Kara is a regular, so any friend of Kara gets the royalty treatment here. If you want any extra coffee, it's on the house. You two enjoy." The old lady walked away after placing 4 slices of cake on the table with two coffees.

"She's lovely."

"Oh Fiona? She's amazing. When she talks it makes me think I spend too much time and money here..."

"It is so nice here, why wouldn't you spend time here... So cosy." I said, stretching my arms out wide.

"Because if you do, you'll gain 50 lbs in a month."

I yelped, my arms shot to my sides, and I swear I felt my dick hit the underside of the table.

150 lbs.

I could see her laughing.

She's joking.

I let out a chuckle.

Is she?

I looked her over, noting her chubbier arms, the added fat to her face and those massive boobs.

She can't have gained 150 lbs.

Then it hit me, I could only see half of her body.

But even stuffed, her belly didn't look that big...

I pondered for a second.

No way.

“Are you okay?” Kara asked, seemingly out of nowhere.

I nodded.

“You seem to tense up whenever I mention weight... or *these*” She wiggled her chest for emphasis. “Is there a problem?”

I shook my head. “None at all.”

With a triumphant nod, she picked up a plate of cake and started to eat. I couldn't help but stare at her gobbling down the red velvet first, the crumbs of which were falling into her wall of boob that was still on the table. I grabbed my plate and started to eat, noting how much slower I was taking bites of the delicious lemony sponge.

I was so shocked and in awe at how much she was eating, like it was nothing. I never thought I would see the day.

Finishing up, we just chilled out, the subject matter had moved from her weight so I was able to hold a normal conversation, although I couldn't help making some glances. We spent a good amount of time there. I told her about my job, where I lived, and she was very interested and curious about all of the wonderful things I had going on.

“The best thing I've got going on right now Kara... Well, it's you.” My rosy cheeks burned.

“Look... Christian... I need to talk to you...”

I could hear the trepidation in her voice, I leaned forward and paid her my full attention.

“I... Know you will think I am being stupid but... I told you I’ve gained weight...”

I nodded.

“I have... I think you haven’t really seen the half of it...”

My heart started to thump.

“I... need to know... are you okay with... This... I mean... All of this...”

“Of course, Kara... Of course I am okay wit-”

Her face still looked unsure; Kara’s green eyes stared deep into mine. “Do you like bigger women?”

Her question just came out, no judgement, it was a serious question and the answer I provided would change everything between us forever.

I felt unsure all those years ago but now sitting here, I knew what I needed to do.

“Yes.”

Her eyes lit up, she almost started crying.

“What... What did I say?”

“The right answer...” Kara said, still sobbing.

I was confused, I knew she had gained weight, but she looked a bit pudgier, other than her gigantic tits she wasn’t even that fat, not by my standards.

Then she started to move. The movement made some uncomfortable creaking noises from the seat, and I saw how her smallest of movements was distorting the booth.

What is going on...

“Do you want to come to my place Chris... I’ve got a lot to show you...”

I slid out of the booth, concerned about its longevity from Kara’s movements. Whilst I was standing I faced Kara and watched as I saw a huge mass of a jean covered object appear out from under the table multiple inches before the rest of her.

Is that...

My answer was given before I could even think of the question fully.

Her lower portions were immense. Kara was 5'2 and to say she probably weighed 600 lbs would sound insane, but to think it was even more localised to her lower half more so than almost anywhere else. Kara's tits bounced, covering a good portion of her fat gut, that in the shirt she had on, I could easily see was a lot fatter than I first thought. The mass wobbled, it was pure fat. Lower was where I was focused.

I loved pear shaped women, I loved thick thighs, I loved huge asses.

Kara had three times as much of that as any woman I had seen in my life. Her jeans, how they could even contain such a thing, was a marvel of modern textiles. Each thigh was probably as thick, if not thicker than my waist. Her ass, if sitting, could probably fill a two-seater. It was massive, jiggle and immense. Her thighs limited her movement, it was clear that her mobility was struggling thanks to the massive gain she had undergone. Her legs were touching all the way down to her knees.

Her body was like something plucked from my deepest fantasies, even deeper than that, it was like I had actually died on the trip over here and in the short time before my brain turned itself off I was being treated with my deepest desire.

A fat Kara.

Fat wasn't even the word at this point, she left fat about 400 lbs ago by the looks of it. She was just immense, so heavy, so big, it was easy to tell just from her movements, there was so much bulk to move. The weight distribution was clearly on her lower half, those legs took most of the weight gain, her legs are massive, every part of them, massively inflated with fat. Her obscenely wide hips were more exaggerated than a caricature of a caricature. But then her waist brought things way back into the realm of reality, her belly was certainly chubby but in comparison to what lies below, not even close. Her arms too, chubby but not comparable to someone the size of someone of her weight.

Weight...

My rigid dick was pulsating in my pants, desperate to return to her apartment.

She probably wasn't lying about that 150 lbs... Couldn't have been in a month though... Surely...

The stretchmarks I could see did make me believe it was a rapid gain. Staring once again into her deep cleavage I could see how even her tits had some stretch marks, it was clear they too had grown over a short amount of time. The only other thing compared to her rear that had entered an unreasonable level of growth.

My mouth was agape, I started and watched as the short Kara waddled towards me, her eyes not leaving mine, a smirk across her face. Her whole body jiggled, and I just kept looking, only when she had walked a few extra steps past me did she stop and turn around and look at me.

“Are you coming or?”

I ran after her. “Yes. Oh God yes.”

“Someone is excited.” She giggled.

Very... So very excited...

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