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12,724 words.

<Breaking the Silence>

by <Growing Desires>



#

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-All of my links are here-

Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

Growing up I knew, I always knew.

“I’m sorry... I... It’s not going to work...”

The ringing of crying hammered my ear drums, and I walked out the door, tears rolling down my face too.

Why am I like this...

I couldn’t help but beat myself up. Kara was a sweet girl, we were great together, it is just a shame that I couldn’t make us work.

Me and Kara had been seeing each other for a few weeks, I thought she might be different for me, but alas I can’t help that base desire I feel inside.

To say I am into feederism is an understatement. I’ve known for a long time that bigger girls get me going. It was apparent very early on in my teens, especially once I had unsupervised access to the internet. I found my appreciation of all things big and although big booty models were great there was a fondness I found in larger women who had fatter asses compared to the normal masses fixation on surgically enhanced butts, the rabbit hole kept going and I found myself enjoying the women who found their calling in food and growing past the point of obese, waddling from their hugely wide hips.

Dating in my small town was very rough for that type of woman but thankfully I moved

away for college to a big city and there were thousands of people my age from all different backgrounds and walks of life for each term.

Thankfully for me, there were many more women who I would consider my type or getting there.

The *unfortunate* thing I found was these women were more concerned about what people thought about them, what society thought about them. Kate was the biggest girl I dated, and she was 220 lbs. I would treat her to nice meals out, bring back fast food and she did gain to 250 lbs but that was a point that broke everything. She went on a health kick and whilst I supported her for the first week, I found myself compelled to tell her that she didn't need to lose any weight, it got to a point where she was accusing me of liking her with the added weight.

Despite me wanting to say yes, I could tell that wasn't the answer she was looking for.

We continued to date for a few more weeks and she was shedding the pounds at a crazy rate, the rift started to form, and the sex had died down, eventually we parted ways. I knew why but Kate wasn't bothered, she met a new guy in the gym the month after and she lost even more weight.

I had all but finished college before I met Kara.

Years of dates, nights out, parties, studies, classes, you name it.

All of it was, in a romantic sense, worthless.

Then I met Kara.

I had just finished my last exam and I was out on the town with some of the guys from my course and during our stay in a bar I left to go to the toilet, upon returning I found my group had left and moved onto the next venue without me. I was tired, drunk and a bit sad thinking about my time in the city and how it was coming to an end. I had not secured a job yet in the field and I had plans to go back home for some time to help my parents out with the shop they ran in the town. I told myself that would be just for the summer and I would be in a job by Christmas.

Not being in the city would certainly grind what little dating life I had to a halt. I sat at the bar, not bothering to catch up to the guys, I ordered a whiskey. I don't know if I was giving off the best aura at that time but still there she was. Kara.

I felt a tapping on my shoulder, and she sat next to me. Kara was gorgeous in the traditional sense; her face was like a model but with a bit more pudge on her. I noted how her cheeks were chubby, and her lips were plump. Her smile was intoxicating, more so than the whiskey that was on the bar waiting for me.

She told me that I looked as if I needed some company.

I wasn't sure if it was her trying to hit on me or whether my sorrow was written on my warm face. We started talking, I told her about my friends, and she quickly made me feel at ease about everything, within minutes it was as if I had known her for years. She was the same age as me, finished her final exam too, she was staying in the city however, she was local. After struggling to talk in the bar after the karaoke started she led me to a nearby bar that was known for its gin, and it was much quieter.

We talked the night away, slowly working our way through many glasses of gin. She told me about so much of her life and interests and I shared the same, I didn't remember most of it the morning after though. I had taken time to look her over and although she wasn't quite my type, we were vibing so well. The cocktail of alcohol and desperation probably was to blame but the night was fun at the very least.

Kara wasn't thin but certainly not fat. She was probably pushing 180 lbs at most, her boobs were rather small, her tummy was mostly just bloated from the amount of alcohol she had consumed but there was a layer of adipose there that hinted at her being more prone to binge eating. Last but not least, I could tell she was curvier than most. Most of her weight seemed to settle on her thighs and hips. I was not yet graced to see her butt however I knew she was likely sitting on a glorious ass, even if it was much smaller than I'd go for.

Maybe I was too harsh in my judgement, but it was certainly something that ran through my inebriated brain.

We were asked to leave as the bar was closing, hardly even realising the time we left. Walking down the once bustling street, it was more like a ghost town at this point. I walked her to her accommodation to make sure she made it safely home before I ordered a taxi for myself. Kara

waited with me for the taxi to arrive and she exchanged numbers with me.

I don't know what I was thinking at that moment, mostly fuelled by alcohol, I accepted and just before the taxi arrived she planted her plump lips on my face and kissed me deeply before letting me get in the taxi.

Leaning backwards in the taxi, my world was spinning, and not from just the gin.

I crashed on my bed the second I walked through the door, and I woke up with the hangover from hell. Picking up my phone I had seen a message from Kara. That was the start of the continuous conversation we held throughout the day, into the next day, into a date, into the next day and so on.

I never did go back to my small town; my parents weren't happy at first but when I told them I was seeing a girl they changed their tune at the prospect of grandkids.

The summer flew by, and me and Kara saw each other as often as we could, the summer love was real. However, there was something not right in this relationship we found ourselves in.

Kara was not my type.

We had fooled around, I managed to find myself enjoying her touches and we had sex, but I wasn't really there, I just found her not doing enough for me. Even bending her over and enjoying the full expanse of her thick bottom half, it wasn't enough. I felt awful, like I was living a lie. Despite how well we got on, how much I was falling for her, I knew it wasn't right. Since we had got together she was losing weight, despite my attempts of treating her to more food.

I struggled with it for a few weeks and ultimately, with the heaviest of hearts, I broke things off. I couldn't bring myself to tell her why, it just brought too much shame to me, it made me think that if I did it would sour what we had. Citing needing to go back home, I wasn't prepared for a long-term relationship.

There were a lot of tears, and we did speak for a few weeks after, we knew that we were prolonging the inevitable.

By October there was radio silence between us.

The first day in nearly four months without waking up to a message from Kara. It was a very

sad day that turned into a sad week.

My parents noticed and although I had hoped to be out of the shop by Christmas, it was very quickly summer, and I found myself looking back at the year that had gone by and thoughts of Kara were still lingering in my mind.

No amount of porn could help, no amount of dating app matches eased the pain, she had become the “What if” girl in my life by this point.

She wasn't a big poster on social media so I couldn't even see her, I didn't have it in me to message her again, lest I dredge up all the feelings again. Repression was a tried and tested method of coping, albeit a wildly unhealthy one in some cases.

July came to an end and with all the focus of Kate hitting her 250 lbs, I was adamant that I was done being this small-town boy any longer.

I went crazy on the job search; I contacted more companies than I knew had existed in the sector and after only getting a few short dismissive thank you responses I thought I was done but thankfully there was one company willing to take me on. It was a few hours away from home, but I was packed and moving within a day. I did my in-person interview a week later after having spent time couch surfing. Money was tight, the plan was cutting it more than close and I was thankfully accepted into the role and quickly made my way up the ladder.

A few months later I was transferred to a larger office and given a team to run and after a year of results I was then asked to lead an entire department. My ambition knew no bounds and I was suddenly making more than my Parent's shop was doing in turnover a year.

I paid off all my debt, I had a nice house, and I was able to pay off my parents' mortgage. I had struck it right with the job and I was looking at making my money go further with additional ventures.

I don't like to toot my own horn, but I was probably what my school friends might've called a “Big shot” now.

Friday night, I had just finished another week of work and I was planning the next big project that the company was headed towards. It was quite time consuming but thankfully I had one

more week of planning before I was set for annual leave before starting the project upon my return.

I was making great time home and speeding down the road to my relatively secluded house when I saw a message pop up on the dashboard.

Kara

Hey Christian, it's been a while, how are you doing?

Kara...

Chapter Two

“I’ve not thought of you in a few months...”

My mind was being flooded with old memories and good times that we shared over that summer. It had been three years, a crazy three years. I thought about all the changes I had gone under in that time and where I was now.

Where I wished I was.

Kara’s sweet smile was something I had never forgotten, and it was something that I could, even now, picture. I smiled the whole way home, not wanting to risk my voice to text not hearing me properly and sabotaging this strange opportunity that now presented itself to me.

I put my foot down and made it home in record time. Pulling into the drive and quickly picking up my phone.

“Hey Christian, it’s been a while, how are you doing?”

In my job I was confident, I’ve led teams into the unknown, pushed boundaries, I was a visionary. Yet after thirty minutes, I managed to get in the house, I read the message 15 more times and had nothing.

I just started typing, I couldn’t over think it anymore, I would go insane.

Hey Kara, it has been far too long. I am doing very good, how about you?

There, playing it normal and cool, a good way to start things. I paced around my large kitchen, waiting for my food to cook. Looking at my phone every thirty seconds. I'm so desperate for her reply, I have missed her so much and I just know that there is something there that I have never had with any other girl. I just wish that she was bigger.

I am so hung up on this... Maybe I can try again...

The idea played out in my head and there was the fantasy unfolding before my mind's eye, but it was marred with the fact that she was growing fatter as the fantasy played out.

No... She doesn't want that...

My brain was conflicted, I wasn't sure what to do and I kept thinking about it. The distraction at least proved to be useful as it stopped me from just pacing and checking my phone. The timer on my cooker brought me out of my mind palace. I served up a few slices and let the rest cool on the side and I grabbed a beer and sat down on the sofa.

As I picked up the first slice I heard my phone ping.

Like some lightning-fast karate master I discarded my pizza slice and picked up my phone.

Kara

I can't believe you replied, I never thought you would after all of these years.

Don't sound like a loser... Play it cool.

Me

Always for you Kara.

Good fucking job...

Kara

Well, me too.

Me

Really?

Kara

Yes.

Me

This isn't some prank?

Kara

No Chris, this is real, look.

Kara sent through a picture, it was the first time I had seen her face in years at this point, well not current pictures. There were some sorrow filled nights where I might've had one too many whiskeys and scrolled through my old pictures. My depressed nights aside, the picture before me was more than I could've ever hoped for since those long-gone days. The smile was the first thing that caught me, the big, beautiful smile I had remembered so vividly and so brightly in my mind was now on my phone again, except this one was for me, today, right now.

I could barely contain my excitement.

I was beaming back at her static image and just when I thought I couldn't smile any more I saw the rest of her face, her green eyes were as beautiful as the day I last saw them. Her chubby rounded features were just as cute and sexy as before. I did love her look. Her face was always rounded but it did look slightly puffier than before. The quality of the photo meant I could've just sat there for hours.

Thank corporate greed for the push into phone cameras.

I would've happily sat there smiling back at her all day if it wasn't for the fact that every second I spent looking at her picture was a second I wasn't spending trying to make up for lost time. I was about to close the picture down when I noticed something strange.

Why is the picture so cropped, like it's zoomed in as heck...

Is she hiding something?

I knew it was my turn to respond and I was more than happy to do so. Clicking the camera button and sending the photo, thankfully I didn't get in my head about it too much or I might've deleted it. I showed off a bit more than she did, I included some shoulder, some upper torso, the sofa, a big goofy grin and me holding up a beer.

Kara

Starting early, I see.

Me

I've had a long week; I think I deserve one.

Kara

Oh right? What did you do this week? Actually, what do you do now?

Me

My work is really boring but to give you the easiest answer, I work as a project lead at

GD Co.

Kara

GD Co? They're huge!

Me

Well, they do a lot, I got a job there three years ago and I put my head down and did a lot in a short amount of time and they made me a lead.

Kara

Based on that sofa and suit you're wearing, I bet it pays the bills.

Me

Yeah, I got lucky.

Kara

Well, seeing your picture has made me jealous.

Me

Because of the job?

Kara

No, the pizza.

I didn't even notice the pizza.

Kara

I could kill for one right now.

Me

I didn't think you liked pizza.

Kara

Not true, I did like pizza, I just couldn't eat it.

Me

What's the difference?

Kara

Come on... You know how rigorous I was with my diet.

Me

I do remember...

Kara

That's why.

Me

And why has that changed now?

I could feel the uncomfortable silence through the phone. The instant replies were traded to a long pause in the replies. I wondered if I had pushed a button I shouldn't have or something. Before the guilt could get me far along enough to type sorry I was reading those words on my screen.

Kara

Sorry, someone at the door.

The guilt was enough to let the question go.

Me

Don't let me keep you.

Kara

Shush, don't be silly, it was just food.

Me

Takeaway, nice, what are you having?

Kara

Pizza.

Me

Oh wow that was quick!

Had I inspired her?

Kara

Don't you remember? I live in the centre of the town, well actually the pizza place is three doors down, so it isn't long to wait at all. They closed down the bakery and turned it

into a pizza place last year.

Me

They closed Caked up?

Kara

No, they closed Maria's instead, you always liked Caked up more.

Me

They made the best desserts, not just cakes, not that you had many.

Kara

I've tried them plenty, thank you.

Me

I seem to recall you always turning them down.

Kara

Well, it's been three years.

I know all too well...

Kara

Things do change, I do eat cake now.

Me

Oh? Does that mean if we meet up we don't need to go to that salad bar you loved?

Kara

I cannot believe you remembered that! Haha!

Me

How could I not? The guy who owned the place was a pretentious prick!

Kara

He was!

Me

Finally! You agree with me, you never did before. Haha!

Kara

Alright, alright, fine, fine. He was a prick.

Me

Too funny.

Kara

No, if we meet up, we don't need to go back there, we can go to the new pizza place.

Me

That sounds much better.

Kara

I agree.

Me

Maybe we can meet up... If you want...

Kara

I think that sounds good but... Also... I think we might want to play it chill for a bit. I mean we started speaking to each other less than an hour ago, my pizza is still warm.

Me

I'm sorry... I just... I think I've needed to speak to you.

Kara

Me too... Don't worry... How about this, let me eat my pizza, we can calm down and speak tomorrow... How about that?

Me

Sounds good.

Kara

Good night Christian, speak to you tomorrow.

Me

Good night Kara, have a nice night, enjoy the pizza.

I snapped a picture of myself, secretly hoping it might get me another one of her. My goodnight picture was a sweet smile and as far back as my last picture, I captioned it with good night. Nothing fancy.

What I got in return was captioned the same, but the picture was almost as zoomed in as before. She had been eating when talking to me, clearly, there were the smallest bits of pizza sauce on the corner of her lips, it looked like she had wiped her face but missed a tiny amount. The camera was held a bit lower on this photo. It was like she had forgotten her selfie tips from social media.

They say always take selfies from above right...

Her face was beautiful, I thought about just sitting there all-night staring at her.

Fuck, I missed her...

I was getting a bit hyper focused on the picture, and I was thinking about her new eating habits. She was always so strict with eating; she was worried about gaining weight so she often wouldn't allow herself much slack. It only got worse after we separated as I wasn't there to even remotely try and influence her otherwise.

So why is she eating pizza now...

Then I saw something.

The beautiful face was as round and chubby as ever, maybe a bit bigger than before but certainly not betraying how she looked before. I wasn't sure if she was happy with her face or not, it looked a bit odd when I had seen her last, she was slimming down, and her face was not budging.

I guess she can't have lost too much weight if her face looks like this...

Her chin.

She never had a double chin before.

Her face was more “puffed up” than fat, it was cute but now from that photo it looked like there was some extra poundage on her chin that she didn’t have before. The chub pooled a bit as she wasn’t looking up in this picture, like her neck was pressing the fat forward.

I am definitely reading too much into it...

I tried to dismiss the intrusive and wishful thoughts of Kara having gained weight.

Everyone gets a double chin if they look down...

I stared at the face some more.

Right...

I recalled her face from those years ago and tried to visualise her cheeks and lips and how they compared.

She hasn’t gained weight...

The imagination of a horny and desperate man could convince me of anything. My thoughts were imagining what I would see if she lowered the camera. How I should ask her for the picture, what string of words might lead to me getting more of her on my phone screen.

So unreasonable.

I luckily hadn’t had enough beer to be that reckless with the messages. The question remained though.

Had she gained weight...

Staring into her green eyes.

“You haven’t gained weight... Have you?” I said out loud to myself.

I put my phone down and took a swig from my beer.

“No way.”

Right?

Chapter Three

I finished a beer or two and the pizza, feeling a great sense of bliss as I laid down in bed.

Kara...

The thought of what might be swirled around my tipsy brain, and I let myself fall into a deep sleep, my last thought was of Kara's beautiful face.

The next morning came around in a flash, my head was groggy, and I stumbled to my feet, desperately needing to take my morning piss. I unlocked my phone, and I saw messages from Kara and then all the emotion of the night before came flooding into my skull, easily replacing the mild discomfort from the bright daylight in my eyes and the throbbing sensation in my frontal lobe.

Kara

Good morning, I was going to play it cool and not message, but I couldn't stop looking over our messages... I know I am lame...

She might be as in on this as I am...

I quickly started typing, the message was from 45 minutes ago.

Don't want her to think I don't care...

The irrational thought was there, doubling my typing speed.

Me

Morning, sorry, I was still in bed. You aren't lame, not at all.

Kara

Still not a morning person, some things don't change huh?

Me

I get up fine for work.

Kara

You used to say the same thing for class. Haha.

Me

You got me.

Kara

Good to know I can still win.

Me

I guess some things don't change. Do you have any fun plans today?

Kara

Well, I am glad you asked, I am going to a cooking class today, me and my friend, Abbie are going.

Me

Oh nice, I don't remember an Abbie, what are you cooking?

Kara

We're learning how to make Chinese food today, I think it is Bao Buns today, I can't wait!

She certainly seems to like her food.

Me

That sounds awesome, I'd love to see how they turn out.

Kara

Definitely! Abbie is someone I met at work; she is a pretty close friend.

Me

In better company than me today then

Kara

Oh, why's that?

Me

I moved here years ago, and I haven't really got friends, I just kept climbing the corporate ladder so I never stopped really, I just got myself deep into work.

Kara

That is quite sad, I'm sorry...

Me

It's my own fault. I think some time in the gym is in order for me.

Kara

Well that certainly sounds good, I'd ask for a picture but that seems a bit naughty...

Me

A little bit, but then as I said earlier, some things don't change.

Kara

You're making me blush.

Me

I've been blushing since you sent me that selfie yesterday.

Kara

Stop it now, Abbie will be here in a few minutes.

Me

Alright, alright, you got up early, your plans are early, I get it, leave this lazy bones to his day. Have fun.

Kara sent a picture through at that moment, unexpected but certainly not unwelcome. She had put on some makeup and her hair was curled into some long ringlets. Her fair skin made her green eyes really stand out; I was once again lost in that smile. I quickly snapped a picture and sent it back, my picture was understandably much more dishevelled than hers, I had bed hair and looked like I had only woken up moments prior, which I had.

Kara

Have a good day.

Me

You too, remember to show me those buns!

Kara

That is rather forward of you!

My face went bright red. I wasn't a prude but seeing as we had only just started speaking less than 18 hours ago, I was mortified to have said that, but at the same time it was certainly right up Kara's alley to take it that way.

Me

I didn't mean...

Kara

You always were a butt guy... Have a good day x

I didn't really know what to say.

Me

You too x

I put my phone down and started to panic.

Hope I didn't blow it...

I scrolled up and tapped on the picture again to zoom in. Sometimes apps will hide some of the picture unless you tap on it, something that I knew but didn't think about until now when I saw more of the image. Kara had taken the picture in the hallway, behind her was a mirror. The angle wasn't favourable for me, but I was able to see something that almost made me drop my phone.

Is that her arm?

The side of the picture had a sliver of a mirror and it was angled just enough so I could see part of her arm, at least that is what I deduced it to be as it was not like what I was expecting, the back of her arm was exposed thanks to her dress which meant I could see her pale skin. It was how much that made me wonder. It wasn't a clear picture, a clear view but it was a lot bigger than I was expecting.

Maybe the mirror has an angle on the edge of the glass, so it distorts it.

That would make sense, only if it wasn't for the red discolouration I could see. They were telltale sign of significant growth.

Stretch marks.

I stared at the large looking arm and the marks certainly appeared to be stretch marks, thanks to the blurring of everything not in focus it was hard to tell.

Fuck corporate greed for the push into phone cameras and relying on software to make pictures better...

The prospect of what I thought I was seeing was enough to get me through my morning. My mind kept drifting back and after running on the treadmill for thirty minutes, I was just winding down and about to leave when I got a message from Kara.

It was a picture message; I saw it on my lock screen, and I instinctively opened the message and saw a picture of two Bao buns on a plate.

Kara

Those were Abbie's.

Another message came through and I nearly fell off the treadmill when I saw it.

Holy buns...

I recovered but I skipped my cool down jog, something I was sure to regret later, I stood breathing heavily and started to inspect the picture.

Standing in the mirror side on was Kara, one leg in front of another and she was showing off her curvy rear, the side profile made it look like she had a butt shelf, and those thighs were looking a bit bigger than I remembered from our time together. In fact, her ass looked bigger too. I inspected the photo and continued to pick up tiny details over her body. She looked almost the same as when I last saw her, but she had added some pudge on her frame.

Thighs thicker... Ass bigger...

It wasn't just that, but she had a bit of a pudge to her gut that she didn't really have before, her arms were looking bigger but there was one noticeable thing different.

No stretch marks.

Her bicep was devoid of any red marks, her face might've looked slightly thinner too, no double chin forming.

I was so focused on her body that I didn't notice the time stamp at the bottom of the photo.

It was taken two months after we broke up...

I closed the picture down and saw a message from Kara.

Kara

Sorry, I couldn't resist.

Why send me a picture from three years ago?

Me

A good joke. The guy next to me on the treadmill certainly enjoyed me nearly falling off the thing.

Kara

Shit, Sorry!

Why did you nearly fall off?

Me

Come on.

Kara

What?

Me

You know why...

Kara

Maybe...

Me

So why are you asking?

Kara

Tell me Christian...

Me

I think your buns are a bit better than Abbie's.

Kara

Hmmm... Well, you haven't seen her buns, but you also haven't seen my buns...

Me

Touché

Kara

Well, I had some good buns in that photo... Here are my actual buns.

Another picture flashed up; this time it was set to once only.

My Heart skipped a beat.

Kara

Look at you, being so patient, you can open it... As long as you aren't back on the treadmill...

Her egging me on was not helping my sudden onset arrhythmia.

I tapped on the message and was met with a picture of two big puffy Bao buns, overstuffed with sauce. Certainly, didn't look as clean and well put together as Abbie's but they certainly looked good nonetheless.

Me

Nice buns.

Kara

You would say that.

Me

It's true though.

Kara

You've not seen my buns.

Me

I would like to.

Kara

You haven't changed at all hahaha.

Me

Guilty. I just liked what I saw. Who can blame a guy?

Kara

It was from a few years ago, I don't quite look like that anymore.

Me

I am sure you look great now too.

Kara

You would say that.

I wasn't really going to say much about this but... I have missed this... I have been wondering about us for some time and I just have to be up front about this...

My eyes were glued to my phone, although my breathing had returned to normal from my run, the sweat had dried on me, I was finding myself feeling my heart rate increase again. I started at the chat screen and just kept looking at her name and what it said next to it.

Typing...

Time felt like it stopped, I thought I might've had an aneurysm and died in that moment in the eternal wait of her next message.

I felt my phone vibrate and I saw the message.

The length of time of her typing was not for the amount of content she was going to send, but rather the internal struggle with the content of the message. For the message was only three words long.

Kara

I've gained weight.

Chapter Four

My world was spinning.

“I’ve gained weight”.

I felt those words in my core, from her own lips. I was sweating now; my hands were getting clammy.

The one thing...

My mind was racing, a mile a minute, I kept thinking about what it meant.

How big is she now? Was it intentional? Is she still getting bigger? How big is her butt?

My mind was firing on all cylinders, but I needed to answer, I needed not to sound like some sort of freak. This was my wildest fantasy come true but here I was about to blow it.

I took a deep breath and tried to calm down.

She doesn’t know what you like...

Me

I am sure you look just as amazing as you did in that photo.

Kara

Why thank you. You are as charming as ever.

Safe.

Kara

It is quite a bit of weight...

My cock starts to throb.

Me

Look, I didn't love you for your body, I loved you for who you were.

Kara

And I worked so hard on my body back then...

Me

You know what I mean.

Kara

Alright, alright...

I'm not sending you a picture though... Not yet...

Me

That's fine, I understand.

Understand and so incredibly excited about the prospect.

Kara

I mean, I am getting ahead of myself...

Maybe I am blowing this out of proportion...

Kara

Let's just move past it.

What are your plans for today?

Me

Gym and then probably just home to relax, I've had a busy time at work. Got some annual leave coming up next week so I'm very excited to get some time off.

Kara

Oh nice, relaxing on a Saturday night, you rockstar.

Me

Your sarcasm is as strong as ever haha.

Kara

Well, I do try.

Me

What about you?

Kara

Well, after I eat these buns I am going shopping for some new clothes with Abbie.

Me

Nice.

Kara

Yeah, I am finding my trousers are getting a bit snug.

Fuck...

Kara

I did tell you I gained weight...

She did indeed...

We talked for a little bit longer before she needed to go try on some new clothes and I needed to move from my spot on the bench in the gym, I had long since finished exercising and I hadn't done any stretching so before I started to smell too bad from my run, I decided to shower and leave. My mind kept thinking about Kara and how I was desperate to see her body. Alas, there was nothing on social media, I scoured her page and found nothing posted since we broke up.

I have to see her...

My phone buzzed and I saw a picture message on my lock screen, another once only. It flashed on my dash on the car as I drove home, testing my record set from only last night, I opened my phone in the car, looking at the photo I gasped.

She was still conservative with her photography, Kara did however show off a new hoodie she was purchasing, specifically the logo in the centre. Thanks to the baggy nature of the top, it wasn't quite clear what she looked like exactly. All of her potential fat was hidden behind the large surface area of a rather nice-looking hoodie. My mind was racing once more. It was hard to say but it did look like he at least had bigger boobs, everything else was still mostly a mystery.

Me

That hoodie looks nice, certainly looks rather cosy.

Kara

Thank you, sorry for getting your hopes up, maybe you were expecting more buns.

Me

Very funny, I am not speaking to you for buns.

Although, I'd certainly love to see them.

Kara

I suppose that is true, you stuck around before I showed you any buns... Well, thank you, the hoodie is nice and warm, you're right. We've got a cold spell coming here...

Me

Ironically, we're going to be getting a mini heatwave a week or so today, just when my annual leave starts.

Kara

Ooo that is some good timing.

Me

Yeah, I just don't really have any plans.

Kara

Well, you've still got a week, maybe you meet someone who makes you want to do something specific.

Me

Maybe

Me and Kara spoke sporadically over the course of the afternoon, even into the night. We caught up and let each other know how careers were going, how old friends were doing, family etc. Lots to catch up on as you might expect. The only big notable thing that happened on that night was around food time she sent a picture of her meal.

Oh my fuck!

Kara had always been reserved about her eating. I was shocked she ordered a pizza last night, but even more shocked to see that her next meal that she showed me was this. The picture was of a gigantic pile of food, mostly meat, the grease pooled at the edge of the plate, the only tiny bit of surface area still visible. I could see steak, bacon, sausage and too many things to even list. It looked like one of those challenge meals where they give you the dish for free if you clear it.

The caption just said “Yum.”

There is no way she’s eating all of that...

Me

There is no way you’re getting that down you!

Kara

Oh you underestimate me Christian.

This can’t be real...

Me

I will require proof; I cannot believe it.

Kara

You will get proof.

The thought excited me more, my cock, something that I had really ignored over the last three years was now begging for attention.

It’s funny how work made me put my sex drive into a hibernation...

I tried to remain calm, I put the TV on and chilled out for a bit. My phone buzzed again, and I had another picture, this time it was of an empty plate, a thin layer of grease covering the surface.

Kara

Told you.

No way.

Me

No way.

Kara

Yes way.

Me

You shared it, you put it in the bin, there is just no way...

Kara

Alright.

I didn't know how to reply, I was worried I had upset her for a moment before another one-time picture came up. Before I could tap it, there was a message from Kara.

Kara

I think that should suffice...

I opened the picture and the camera was held above the table, in a birds eye view sort of way and it snapped a picture of her stomach still in the hoodie but it looked as if she was expecting or something, her stomach looked very bloated, even through the baggy uniform. I could see the projection on her boobs too. They were big. Much bigger than they were when I had last seen her. She wasn't that big before but now she is certainly different.

I didn't think boobs could just grow like that...

The angle of her photo downplayed the size of her tits because she needed to show off her bloated stomach, her arms were moving her chest out of the way of the top of her stomach so I could see it. The way they took up most of her arm was incredible.

She must've gone up like... Five? Six cup sizes?

I would never know from the photo, and maybe the angle was overplaying their size, but I

kept looking, dreaming about what that view might look like if she wasn't wearing that hoodie.

Her hands too!

I couldn't see the whole hand, just a glimpse of her thumb and some of her palm, but even from that it looked like they too were fat.

Holy hell... She did gain...

The way the photo was taken I couldn't see much in the dim light of the restaurant she was in; I could only see her belly and boobs and the edge of the plate. That alone was enough to really show how big she was looking. My cock was stiff, and I was struggling to resist touching it.

Me

I am speechless...

Kara

Yet you messaged?

Me

I didn't say it out loud though.

Kara

Ah, clever.

Me

You look like you enjoyed.

Kara

Very much so, I don't do this often but when I do, I win.

Me

I saw...

Kara

I told you I gained weight...

Me

You look great, albeit a bit stuffed.

Kara

I did eat a lot of food...

Me

Again, I saw...

The Kara I know wouldn't have even thought to order that.

Kara

The Kara you knew is dead. Died about three years ago... When we went our separate ways...

Me

I'm sorry...

Kara

Don't be, I know you were then, as was I, I just changed then. For the better I'd say.

For the better... Does she... Like her new eating habits?

Me

I must admit... I think I changed then too... not in the same way, I think I just buried myself in work as a coping mechanism.

Kara

And from what you've told me, that has worked wonders.

Me

Well... I do alright... But there hasn't been anyone else since then...

Kara

Same...

Me

Look at us...

Kara

Losers right?

Me

Yup.

I think I have an idea for my annual leave...

Kara

What's that?

Me

Are you free next week?

Kara

Yes.

Me

Would you be free on Saturday? We can go to Caked up.

Kara

That sounds perfect.

Yes!

Chapter Five

Excitement was in the air, we planned out what a visit would look like, I hadn't been to the city in years. It would be fun to see the sights, but it would certainly be more fun to hang out with Kara. The work week was busy, I did not have nearly enough time to talk to Kara as I would've liked but we did check in with each other except on the Friday night and Saturday morning. It added to the tension, and I think Kara did that on purpose. Throughout the week she made reference to there being lots of changes and there was a lot more under the surface happening in the city, sort of like an iceberg. She had purposefully not shared any photos with me this week, even after I sent her a few selfies. I found it strange, but I think she might've been self-conscious about her weight gain.

She won't be able to hide it in a few hours...

I thought about it when I was on the plane. The trip would've taken hours in my car, even if I was speeding, the train wasn't much faster, money wasn't an issue, so I just paid for a plane ticket and a rental for when I got there. I hadn't used much of the money from my job, I was just surviving rather than living really. Except for the house and car, I hadn't really gone on holiday, bought any extravagant tech or done any home renovations.

The plane touched down and I was first off, my heart rate was elevated, and I rushed to the rental car place. It might've been childish, but I paid for a top of the range sports car.

I had a nice car back home, why would I not have the same here...

I raced out of the car park and checked the time.

We were meant to meet at 1300...

Glancing at the clock I saw 12:49.

Shit.

The delays on the plane had caught up to me and although I wasn't too far, I did call Kara.

"Hey, sorry, the plane was delayed, and it took longer than I thought, I will probably be fifteen minutes late or so."

"Hey Chris..."

Her words melted me. I was so in a rush to just inform her that I hadn't even realised that this is the first time in 3 years since I heard her voice. The subtle and sensual nature of her voice hadn't really changed, maybe it was exaggerated by her or in my head. It was soft and sweet but there was something underneath that I couldn't place my finger on.

"Hey... Kara... It's nice to hear you..."

"You too. Glad you got here safe; I'll be in the Cafe waiting..."

There was a nervousness to her voice, but I wasn't too focused on that, I was more focused on something else.

It sounds like...

The way her breathing sounded a bit more laboured, like it took effort to speak almost.

She sounded fat...

Was I dreaming, was it wishful thinking, was I being a horny bastard.

"See you soon Kara, can't wait." I said.

"Me too. Don't keep me too long." She added before hanging up, her voice was playful and seductive, I felt a stirring in my pants.

I raced down the roads and found myself in the town centre in record time, things hadn't really changed that much. Some shops were new, some old ones had gone or been refurbished. My wandering eyes were enough distraction for me to calm down from our call. I was very lucky to find a spot right outside her apartment, she had given me the directions, but I was quite surprised that I

remembered it from memory.

I stood out of the car, there were plenty of people eying the car and therefore me. I was in pretty good shape, and I dressed sharp enough, so it was sort of expected, I guess, but I had never really experienced it. I didn't care for it, I only had one person in mind.

Kara.

I turned from her apartment and looked over the road to the big flashy sign. "Caked up". It was a wonderful bakery that made all sorts of treats, served coffee and they were unashamedly unhealthy, not in a carcinogenic way, more "butter is a flavour enhancer" sort of way. I would love going in there to have my fair share of treats but I also loved people watching in there, seeing all the people coming in and eating the oversized portions and getting bloated or even better than that, all the fat women who would come in and buy slices of cake.

I walked across the street and through the door, the bell rang on the door and echoed throughout the relatively crowded cafe. I cast my eyes over to the seating area scanning to see if I could see Kara. There was a dividing half wall with some display shelves blocking vision but through one of the gaps I saw those eyes.

Kara!

I rushed on through and saw she was already sitting in a bench seat.

"Hey!" She said excitedly.

I was about to speak but when I saw her arm lift to wave I could feel the colour drain from my face.

Her arm was huge, much bigger than I was expecting, her bicep was thick. That was the first shock, it also confirmed the stretch marks I had seen prior were real. Her hand waved in the air, and I could see the jiggle of her flesh and I almost lost my footing.

Following the jiggle down her arm led me to her boobs. No longer hidden by the hoodie, they were resting on the table in her low-cut white top.

They were huge.

I was not good with bra sizes, but I would guess she was a C cup three years ago, at a

guess she was a G now, but my sizes could be well off. They spread heavily across the table, succumbing to their own weight, I gasped, audibly.

Kara smirked.

Shit.

She could clearly see where my eyes fell. The giant fat tits spread over the table, the vast cleavage on show, topped with freckles. I never stood a chance.

“I told you... I gained weight...”

My face turned bright red as my cock started to swell.

“Don’t say sorry... I know I look different; you are more than welcome to soak it in...”

Her voice was warm and soothing.

I didn’t know how much I missed her...

“Plus, do you think I am wearing *this* top if I didn’t mind if you looked...”

I sat down, silently lowering myself to be eye level with her, my eyes still almost unable to avoid glances at her huge boobs, my eyes dancing along the deep blue veins that could be seen through her fair skin.

“So... Hi...” her voice commanded my entire attention, yet I felt like I was ensnared in her trap.

“Hi...” I cleared my throat. “Hi.” I repeated, sounding much more confident now. “How are you?”

“Bigger...” She giggled.

“I can see that...” I coughed.

“I’m good... I forgot what this was like...” Her voice trailed off, a sense of something thrilling in her voice.

“What?”

“Being fawned over.” Kara started laying her arms on the table, against her boobs, making her cleavage bulge and threatening to bust out of her top.

I had no words.

“I’ll stop playing... I mean, we came here for some cake right?” She smiled. “Not that I need anymore... Right?” Kara turned her head to the side playfully.

“I...” I was stammering, all my cool moves, all the chill I had, it was gone.

“I’ll order on my phone, what do you want?” Kara was determined not to let me turn into a puddle of mush on the bench.

“Did I see lemon cake when I walked in?”

“Oh my God!” She started swiping, “I forgot they did lemon cake!”

I recoiled from her outburst. This wasn’t the Kara I was used to, a lot had changed in three years, there were two massive changes squashed on the table. I couldn’t help but be in awe at all the changes.

This isn’t the Kara I knew...

“I’ll get lemon... Aaaaand... Coffee...”

She’s better...

“Red velvet too.”

Maybe even perfect.

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...

Chapter Seven

Thankfully for the bottom-heavy Kara, her apartment was not far away. The walk was slow, but every second was a sight worth seeing, the way her humongous body shook was enough to drive me wild. The lift was scary as I thought for a second that we might've overloaded the poor metal box.

Seeing the panic on my face as I read the weight limits on the wall.

"It's fine, Mr Thomas says the lift can handle two of me."

I looked back at the sign and saw how it mentioned six people are the limit.

Fuck...

Kara led me to her apartment door, and we stopped just short.

"Last chance..." She said ominously.

"I've come this far... Why would I stop now..."

Kara didn't respond, she just turned the handle on the door, and I watched her have to turn sideways to get through the door frame. Everything inside was either broken or extra big. It was as if she was replacing her furniture with speciality stuff after it broke under her gigantic mass. The open place room allowed me to see her kitchen and I was shocked when I saw a blender and tubs upon tubs of weight gain shake.

Kara...

I had never been so turned on in my life. She turned to face me, noticing my arousal she reached out and placed her hand on my throbbing cock.

“Oh... Oh how you are so ready for me...” She cooed. “But there is still one last thing...”

Giving my dick a squeeze, she let go and stood back and lifted an arm up to point to the tubs.

“I know you saw them; I know you’ve seen this...” Kara gestured to her body. “And by that reaction.” She pointed at my erection. “I’m just going to come out and say it.” She took a deep breath before saying the words that would’ve killed me if she had asked me three years ago but now I was ready.

“Do you like weight gain? Do you like this body? My gigantic pear-shaped body?” Her words were getting heated, she was panting almost. “Tell me... Please... Tell me you love this massive fucking ass...” Kara slapped the side of her hip, and I saw the jiggle wash over her lower half like a wave.

“Yes.” I stuttered. Her face was happy, but I could tell she wanted more, which I would’ve easily done if I wasn’t so fucking horny. “All of it... Everything... Yes... Just... Kara. Look at you. Look at what you’ve done.”

“What have I done Christian?”

“You’ve...” I chuckled. “You’ve gained weight... You did tell me a few times.”

We both laughed before embracing, my cock digging into her soft thighs. Our lips met and we were like horny teens smooching in the middle of the room. My hands lowered down her back and I met the massive shelf of her ass. I paused; it was so big that I was overwhelmed.

“Don’t... Stop...” Kara added between kisses.

“Kara... Do you like weight gain?”

Kara pushed herself back and looked me in the eyes.

“Yes.”

I gave her a similar look, expecting more.

“I started to put on weight after you left. We had broken up and I found myself indulging.

My weight crept up and I spent so much time over the winter getting myself back into shape.”

Kara pulled out her phone and showed me a picture of herself, looked similar to her size when we were dating but probably a little leaner.

“I was 150 lbs here, the lightest I have ever been.”

She swiped.

The screen was now filled with a picture of Kara in a bikini at the beach with some friends, there was something different.

“A few months later, I went on holiday with some girls and despite it having been nearly a year, I couldn’t stop thinking of you. My friends were kissing boys in the clubs, and I was making use of the all-inclusive package we had taken. Here I am at the start of the holiday, 160 or so.”

Swiping again.

“I didn’t weigh here but I think you can see one big difference.”

The picture showed Kara in the same bikini, except this time rather than being with other scantily clad women she was in the bathroom taking a photo in the mirror, standing side on.

Her belly was huge...

“I had decided to eat my way through the pain, enjoying the sensation of feeling full.” Kara rubbed her belly whilst telling me the story. “When I got home all my friends went back to the gym, I cancelled my subscription, and I just stopped caring about food. Slowly I started to blow up.

Swiping quickly through pictures of herself she started to read some weights out to me.

“175, 182, 198, 200.”

I noticed the date wasn’t changing too much. “After another year had gone by I plateaued.” Kara said, making me question what happened.

“Then I stayed around 200 for a few months, I was fine just eating what I wanted but I was still not eating enough.” She chuckled as she swiped again. “That was all about to change.”

Kara broke from the hug and waddled over to the kitchen counter and picked up one of her tubs.

“I found myself liking the idea of being bigger, I found myself turned on by the fact I could just swell up if I stuffed my face.” Showing me another picture, it was of her leaning back in a chair, surrounded by empty plates, Kara’s stomach was swollen, massively so. It pointed high towards the ceiling.

“It wasn’t enough to stuff myself, I needed more... I needed to get fatter...” Kara opened the tub and started scooping some into the blender.

“Suddenly I found myself growing, gaining, becoming... This...” Her hands caressed her soft gut. “Why was I going to stop?” Kara flashed another picture, her belly was starting to look chubby, almost as large as it is now. The highlight was the side on view of her ass, it was bigger, clearly so. “I noticed that every point went to my ass, and it just made me more turned on, who wouldn’t get turned on by these massive hips... I was just so curvy...” Kara showed me another picture, her ass had grown in that picture, it was barely contained in her clothes, like the rest of her.

“220.” Kara’s words made me throb. “Hang in there...” Kara opened the fridge and poured full fat milk into the blender before turning it onto a low hum.

She’s making it so hard...

“The next year was a big year for me...”

Kara’s phone swipes were the same pose in the same underwear, she was standing in the mirror, the weight was displayed on screen. I saw with each swipe she was adding multiple pounds. The number was skyrocketing, the underwear was getting tighter by the swipe.

“I think that is a good place to stop... I mean after all; I have a shake to pour...” Kara moaned. “To cut the long story short, I had awoken something in me, I was now taking weight gain shakes, I was growing exponentially, and I am still in the middle of it... I have a goal...”

“How much?” it was the first time I had spoken in minutes; I was trying not to explode in my pants.

My voice was stern and commanding, I wanted to know what the end goal was, she had filled every fantasy I had, the fact she was still wanting to grow was insane to me.

“Seven. Hundred.” The words oozed off her tongue and I nearly came right there.

“Fuck.” I panted.

“I can really see you like this...” Her hand grasped my cock again. “Will you help me?”

I nodded. “How far away are you?”

“About 80 lbs...” She gasped. “Oohh... I felt that...”

My throbbing dick was really getting to Kara. I took my opportunity to grab the blender jug and start to pour it into her mouth.

“How fast can we get there, do you think?”

Kara moaned; her massive hips started gyrating. She was probably about as desperate as me at that point. She lapped up the thick liquid greedily and she pawed at my cock.

After the jug was finished, I brought my lips back to hers, I could taste the artificial chocolate on her lips as both of our tongues danced between each other’s mouths. My hands started to rub, squeeze and explore her body. My fingers were making her scream out in ecstasy, but I wasn’t near her desperate sex.

“Christian... I want to grow bigger... For you... Please help me...” She begged; her body pressed against mine.

I reached for another tub, but she stopped me.

“After...” Her words lingered in the air, her hand however wrapped around my wrist and led me towards her bedroom. “You haven’t even really seen what I’ve done...”

My heart rate was spiking, and I felt my knees grow weak as I was being led to her bedroom. I kept staring at her wobbling ass as she walked ahead of me, and I felt myself so desperately horny.

I don’t know how long I am going to last.

Kara turned around and quick as a flash she pulled her top off, leaving her standing in the middle of her bedroom with her massive tits barely being contained in her bra.

Fuck... This is it...

“Your turn...” She teased.

Chapter Eight

I lifted my arms up and flung my shirt off, not concerned with the theatrics here, I was just wanting to get naked as quick as I could so I could enjoy her strip for me. I stared at her belly as it wobbled with each breath she drew, how her boobs bobbed up and down from her heavy breathing. There was a small click, and I heard her bra hit the floor. I presume it was at least because I wasn't taking my eyes off her now exposed breasts for anything.

Massive, huge, gigantic. These words might've described the size, but they didn't even come close to describing how sexy they were. The light and pale skin was spotted with freckles all over, the veins on her cleavage weren't the only veins visible, thanks to her fair skin. Her areolas were my fixation at this moment, I gawked at how huge they were. For boobs that big, her nipples were a respectable size, but the areola looked much like the rest of her, huge. They looked so enticing, I started to walk towards her like a zombie but was quickly put in my place.

"Nuh uh huh." She tutted. "Your turn."

I took off my belt and dropped my trousers without a moment's hesitation. It seemed that Kara was enjoying my regular visits to the gym as she ogled my toned body, but she might have just been staring at my dick. I have been told I am quite well endowed, but I never really let it get to my head. Kara seems to have forgotten how big I was because she looked shocked.

"I've missed that..." Her voice was heavy.

Not wasting any time at all she popped the button on her jeans, and I saw her squishy gut

flow between the gap as her zip lowered. It looked as if she was growing before my eyes. Kara bit her lip as she saw my cock twitch. Slowly she lowered her hands into the waistband of her jeans and scooped out her stomach and let it flop down before her. It almost looked like it was trying to form into an apron, in a few more pounds she might achieve that. For now, it was bloated from the cake and shake. With considerable effort she managed to dislodge the jeans over her hips and with a shimmy, which sent her whole body into a jiggling frenzy, the jeans fell to the floor.

Her pale skin was on show for me, more than I could ever wish to see but the fact it was Kara too, that was driving me over the edge, and I had barely touched her yet. I heard a ripping, and I saw her hand yank out her underwear from her cheeks.

“I thought we were playing...” I teased.

“I’m done playing.” She waddled towards me, and I reached out to meet her, she stopped me. “Not here... Take off those fucking pants and follow me.”

I did not need to be told twice, I hastily shed my clothes and followed her jiggling form into the bedroom, my cock swaying in the air. Kara leaned over the bed, it looked new and reinforced, likely a result of breaking the last one with her gigantic ass. The bed was king size, but I swear her ass probably took up most of it. For me to sleep next to her I would likely need to be pinned under one of those cheeks.

Perfect...

I stopped my mind from wandering as Kara looked over her shoulder at me, her hand rubbing the side of her hip.

“Christian... Fuck me...”

The words didn’t need to be said, but something about the desperation in her voice, the ache and desire, it turned me into nothing more than a feral animal. I spread her cheeks; they nearly enveloped me when I let go after guiding my cock into her soaked pussy. We both screamed in pleasure as she took my full length, albeit with some stretching.

“Fuck!” She yelled, gripping the bed, pushing her hips towards me.

It felt as though her ass was going to consume me like some giant monster. I held on for

dear life and started to thrust, feeling her immense weight crashing against my body. I grunted and felt myself getting closer and closer too quickly. Thankfully for me, being a people pleaser, Kara's walls gripped my cock as she exploded into an orgasm.

She must've been worked up.

The pause to allow her to finish was enough to let me get a second wind. My hands explored the huge round girth of each of her cheeks.

I was in heaven.

"I needed... This..." Kara panted. "I... I can't believe you... Like... Bigger girls..."

I leaned over and kissed her body, my cock still pressing into her.

"Who would've thought... Breaking up and then we both... Have the same fetish..." She chuckled between soft gasps as I moved slowly, letting her speak. "Chris?" She turned and cast those emerald eyes at me.

I nodded in acknowledgement.

"I hope you know I'm serious about not being done."

My eyes got wide. I could feel my arousal building, I had to stop moving lest I cum there.

"Ooh... I felt that... You really do love it don't you..."

I nodded; words were escaping me at this point.

"Well... Just think... Next time we do this." She slapped her ass. "This will be bigger..."

As if possessed, I thrust deep into her.

"Could you imagine it? Getting bigger and fatter everyday... Will you help me?"

I start to grind against her. "Yes."

"Huh?" She spanked herself again. "Say it louder."

"Yes!" I raised my voice.

"How big?"

Fuck...

"I won't stop." I moaned, thrusting.

“Fffuuuuck.” She came again. “I’ll get so fucking big...” She screamed.

I was unable to stop myself this time, I kept pumping, knowing I was on my way to ruin.

“You’re going to get so big...” I started to speak, her ass jiggling and slapping against my torso from my thrusts. “You are going to outgrow this place... You’ll have to move in with me.”

Kara was lost in a sea of lust, much like I was lost in a sea of fat.

“Bigger and bigger... Clothes will have to be custom made... You won’t be able to live a normal life because... you’ll be so fucking fat...”

“Fuck yes!” she screamed.

“And what better use for these motherly hips...”

Kara stopped and looked at me, her eyes wide with awe and lust. Her face was filled with anticipation.

“I’m going to knock you up... Then you’ll grow even faster...”

Kara started to grind and bounce her ass against my body as I was still thrusting.

“Think how big you’ll get... Off your feet... Me feeding you... Growing bigger with our babies... Over and over again...”

With a thunderous scream she came, the tightening grip on my dick was enough to drive me over the edge, I exploded deep within her. My body slumped over hers, it easily held my weight, and we laid there panting.

“I... Want... That...” She said weakly.

“Me too.” I replied, my voice muffled from her fat body against my face.

“Kara... I love you...”

“I love you too Christian.”

I cuddled into her, and we both fell asleep, dreams of what was to come dancing around our heads.

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