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1,209 words.

<Slingshot>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for Four wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter Four

Whatever we had awoken that night was not ready to go back to sleep. That night was like a wild fantasy coming true, she ate and ate for me. Her stomach was already swollen but by the end of the night it did feel tighter. She asked me to feed her at one point, and I was beginning to get so horny that I thought I might lose myself again. My deepest desires are becoming real with my beautiful and incredibly busty girlfriend. Six months ago I would've laughed at anyone who would suggest that I'd be here right now with Sammie like this.

Her soft groans as she ate more, stretching her stomach, it was enough to drive me wild alone, but it wasn't all she was prepared to do for me. It was like she had worked out what made me tick and intuition drove her to this.

My hands could barely keep from her body as she grew that night. We had sex after the feast, Sammie was so stuffed that she was only able to go one round before the food coma took over. I laid next to her, both too warm to consider being under the blanket, I watched as her stomach rose high above

her bust when she was on her back. I burned the image into my brain, hoping to never forget this night.

The next morning, I woke up with butterflies in my stomach, the events of yesterday came rushing back and I felt the burning desire to turn over and fuck Sammie, or at the very least stroke my painfully hard cock.

Instead, I turned to Sammie's sleeping body and wrapped my arms around her, I gave her a kiss on her exposed back and she moaned softly.

"Morning..." she said weakly.

"Hey..." I said timidly.

Sammie moved my hands from her side, bringing me forward to rest them on her still bloated stomach.

"You... You could've said..." There was a pause, I was tense. "I... I want the best for you... I want to live your fantasies, even if I pretend." Her hand joined mine on her stomach. "If you wanted me to be your little piggy... You should've said..."

"I'm sorry... I... Weight gain and..." I was stammering, thankfully Sammie noticed my nervousness.

"Hey. I get it. Look... I'm not saying I'm going to grow huge and fat... But we can play pretend right?" With that Sammie pushed her stomach out, making my fingers splay wider on her growing middle. "And so, what if I gain a few..." Sammie turned onto her back, her boobs resting against her chin. "I always had a hunch..." Arching her back, she made her stomach look truly huge and round now. "That you liked me *bigger*..."

She wasn't wrong, my painfully erect cock pressed against her thigh and my hand gravitated to her swollen middle.

"S-Sammie~" I said softly, rubbing her stomach.

"I don't know what's going on with me..." She admitted truthfully. "But... I don't see why I can't make it a bit more fun..."

Her words gave me such a sense of relief, I leaned in for a big passionate kiss, her boobs resting against my chin now as we made out.

"I think I need to see a doctor..." Her tone was a bit more serious, despite the passion in the air.

I nodded.

"Before I become a blimp." She winked. "I don't think you'd mind that though..." Sammie puffed up her cheeks and pushed her body against mine again.

I didn't waste another second, I jumped up on top of her and started to thrust into her, feeling her huge belly press against my body as I rode her was wild, it felt so big and inflated that I could've cum within 60 seconds.

"I love how wild it makes you..." Sammie was enjoying how little resolve and control I had, just because she pushed her stomach out. "Maybe at this rate I look this big without pushing out by next week."

I couldn't hold back anymore; I collapsed into her huge cleavage and came deep inside her. Her hand gently rubbed the back of my head, and we laid there for a while.

It was a deep fantasy, it was supposed to be pretend, but Sammie was

certainly getting a big kick out of it and the weight gain didn't slow, if anything it was speeding up because of her taking some extra liberties with "pretending."

I'd come home to her stuffed more and more as the weeks went on, I felt like she was aware of what was happening, I didn't want to draw her attention to it, lest it stopped this wonderful thing from happening. Call it selfish but we were both getting what we wanted.

My deepest fantasy.

Sammie would get fucked as many times as she wanted in a day.

It was a good deal but there was something bubbling in the background, in the back of my mind, I couldn't help but notice that the latest set of clothes she had moved too was starting to get tight again but from my memory I was sure this was the last set, the set from when she crossed the 200lb barrier.

Sammie's boobs were bigger still, J cups now at the very least, not that she had gone for a fitting since outgrowing her last bra, again I didn't want to rouse her to the fact that she was rapidly ballooning past her hard limit of 200lbs.

Sammie was small in stature but now she was getting probably rounder than she was tall. Her circumference was something to marvel at, those massive boobs resting atop her fat round gut, it was perfection.

She was gorgeous, a perfect vision of beauty and fertility.

I felt like Sammie was certainly more into the changes this time around because of those huge knockers, but I knew the day would come where she

would weigh herself again.

I was just about to leave work; it wasn't much more than a week since she had started "pretending" and she sent me a text that made me freeze in the car park.

"I've weighed myself."

Shit.

It was a bittersweet feeling, I knew that I would now know her weight, the actual number of her gain, I pictured her standing on the scale, reading it and turning to me, grabbing her tits and trying to look over them at her fat gut. The thought was turning me on, but it wasn't all that came to mind.

An alternative scenario was she saw the number and bought a pack of the jabs again; she had already stabbed herself with it and before my mind's eye, she was rapidly shrinking, becoming thin again, her bountiful breasts shrivelling into nothing along with her stomach.

No...

"Are you okay?" I replied back. Nervous.

"Just come home."

Shit.

"Please. x" She added.

This isn't good...

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