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<Long Distance Production>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter One

“That’s enough, thank you, thank you.” I nodded my head before walking away with my girlfriend in my arm. Sarah, we’ve been seeing each other for a while now but I Don't think it’s going to work out. She really isn’t my type.

“Oh yay, more photographers.” She said half sarcastically.

We were at a red-carpet event; my company played a large role in getting half of the film shot so I was given tickets to the premiere with a plus one. The drawback was, I was on a red carpet being photographed hundreds of times a minute.

It wasn’t my first and it certainly wouldn’t be my last trip down the red velvet. Unfortunately for me.

I grit my teeth and faked a smile before sitting in my seat to watch whatever crap Hollywood was making nowadays. My girlfriend wasn't paying much attention to me, too busy socialising with those around her, making sure her makeup was just right.

Honestly, it was quite frustrating.

I was in a place I didn’t want to be, with someone I didn't want to be with.

Again.

I was so frustrated that after watching the film I ducked out of the after party, I couldn’t be bothered to even turn up. Sarah however was adamant she wanted to go, maybe she saw it as her

chance to get some status or maybe she could see the writing on the wall and knew that me and her couldn't be her and me for much longer.

The valet brought the car around.

“Woah Mr, this is a nice car...” The guy was infatuated with the car, clearly wanting to talk about it.

I tipped him a few hundred to shut him up before I sped down the road.

Just want to get home...

Throughout my life I have had plenty of girls, Sarah was on the long list of failed love interests. They were all very nice, very traditionally attractive with their slim builds, gorgeous faces but generally I always found them lacking in one key area that mattered more to me than anything else.

They really didn't have any meat on the bone.

There was Kim, when I met her, she was certainly the heaviest girl I had gone out with, over 150 no less, but Kim's weight was distributed mainly to her ass and tits, after getting with me she started to hit the gym and looked to use my money to get surgeries. Unfortunately, she didn't see her curves as anything good, her mindset was more about looking like a fashion model from the early 2000s. Stick thin and featureless.

I pulled up to my gate and tapped the button on my phone for the large metal barrier to open. I barely waited for it to finish before I sped down my long and winding driveway. I had a good few acres of land, it meant I could get some nice speed as I drove to my actual property, I pulled into the car port next to my other cars and walked into my massive house.

Thankfully at this time of day it was just me in the house, the butlers and other staff had gone home, Sarah was doing whatever she wanted, peace in the house. I usually found that to be quite saddening and lonely but today I just wanted to be alone with myself. I stormed through the kitchen, ignoring the food the chef had put out for me to eat.

I went straight into my den and fired up my computer.

The thing about my line of work, my family and friends even, they expected you to have one

of these model wives, someone you could flaunt was more important than something you might like. For years I had fallen into that trap, my parents would set me up on dates, other people in the industry would set me up with people. I was a slave to peer pressure, and it was weighing heavily on me.

The real reason was that my actual interests were so juxtaposed to what I was expected to do.

I found a fascination with larger women at a younger age, it was something that I had taken great pleasure in over the years, mixed in with my normal amount of “normal” porn but over years of discovering myself, finding myself losing interest in my girlfriends when they were so slim or wanted to lose weight, I realised something. It took me a while to truly admit it to myself but this secret fetish I had in the back of my head was something I truly desired.

I think back to Kim, how fat her ass was, she was around 150 lbs, how I longed to see her gain that relationship weight that most women experience. I wanted to see that butt grow bigger more than anything, but I could've gladly settled for any weight gain at all. I wanted her belly to fill out into a pot belly, her tits growing even bigger than the E cups she proudly boasted about among her flat chested friends. Even now the thought was arousing to me, it was years ago that I met Kim, something about her butt had awoken something deep within me I think.

For me, I wanted at least three Kim's in size, to start off with. The S's in SSBBW stood for starting size. I was very much into large women, the bigger the better, and I meant it. The reason I wanted to rush home so much was because I was horny. What does a horny rich man do with his fortune and spare time?

-FatProducer96 has Come online

He fed people as much as he could.

Hello everyone. Who's hungry?

Messages flooded in, in this circle I was always treated favourably, don't get me wrong, I knew it was all a facade, I knew they didn't love me, they loved my money and generosity. For those who knew how this little "game" worked, they would send me pictures often and would be tipped more money than they might get in a week posting on their pages.

I was the golden goose, a whale If you will, I was the tide that lifted all ships, or rather, weights on a scale. I wasn't arrogant about it; I just loved this stuff so much and I had so much money to burn that why couldn't I share the love.

It was a good thing he had going on but after each feeding session I joined in on webcam or each compilation I was sent, there was still more I wanted. Not just in weight, but in reality.

I want someone here... With me... Someone I can feed myself... Make that big...

You

You have all done such a good job... I want to see at least another 5lbs by the time I get back online next week.

-FatProducer96 has gone offline

There were regulars, sure, but I never felt a real connection with them other than attraction to their body and admiration of the kink. It was good but I was approaching my thirties, work was stressful, I was sick and tired of how my love life was currently and I absolutely needed to make a change.

I opened a new tab and searched for a plus size dating site I had heard about. I felt excited opening the screen and seeing the dating profiles of some women who were already registered and wanting to connect. The site looked a bit dodgy but from talking to other people on my chat server I knew it was legitimate. Paying for a full account, I quickly made my profile.

Despite wanting the change and to experience more out of life, I hid my identity, I didn't

want to blow my cover right away, this had to be a slow and gradual process, something that might take weeks, months or even years.

I felt a sense of dread wash over me.

Am I really doing this...

The screen refreshed and I looked up to see a beautiful blonde woman, her blue eyes were dazzling, her face was chubby in the photo, she looked amazing, tapping the profile picture, I was taken to her profile. The site was very focused on image so the first thing I saw was her gallery, she only had two images. The first was a close up of her face that I had already seen, the second was a picture of her full body, looked like she was taking a photo at bar with some friends, cropped her friends out but it was clear that she was chubby all over, My eyes drifted down past her modest bust, over her pudgy tummy and I was astounded by the lower half of her body. Her hips were wide, it was as if all of her weight was sent there, it wasn't like she was hundreds upon hundreds of lbs in weight but the way her body looked to be that of someone 150 lbs, her hips probably added 40lbs themselves.

I wish there was another picture of her turned around...

I wanted to chat with her, match with her, however this site worked. I scrolled down and saw her profile description and status.

PearGirl22

Member for 11 minutes

400 Miles away

22

5"4

190lbs

Bio: I'm looking for someone who can appreciate me for who I am.

-> Chat now <-

Yes!

I smashed the button so quickly I thought I might've damaged my mouse. It didn't matter, not now.

You

Hey PearGirl, I'm Alex, your profile flashed up and it looks like you joined this place at the same time as me, it's kind of funny how there are hundreds of women here but someone as beautiful as you appeared there. Suddenly I don't think I need this subscription anymore knowing I've just seen the only girl I want to speak to.

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