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<Slingshot>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for Four wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter Three

The eating habits continued to slide, I tried not to slip into old habits, even though I desperately wanted to spoil her, I knew it wasn't what she wanted. Weeks continued to go by, and it only added to her expanding waistline. The weight was piling on but because of the different rate at which she had gained in the first place it seemed to primarily sit in her belly, boobs and butt.

Sammie was sitting in the front room, she was snacking on a bag of crisps, her chewing was loud, her top had ridden up, and I could see the swell of her stomach peeking out under the hem, it was almost half of her stomach in this position. Her boobs had grown further, still her pride and joy in her eyes, she happily continued to eat as I looked over her feeding form.

Her legs were tucked to her side on the sofa; it just made her hips look so much wider now that she was side on like that. The short girl was looking rather stacked in all three areas that I loved so much physically. She was closer to 200lbs now than 150lbs and I couldn't be happier for the gain. The jab was a

topic long gone, the thought of her struggling with her rapidly expanding form was far from the front of her mind. It was almost as if she didn't even really notice the changes as she outgrew her clothes by the day.

Just lucky she never threw the old ones away...

"Oh! I didn't see you come in!" Sammie discarded the crisp packet on the floor and quickly stood up to greet me with a hug.

"Hey..." I said lovingly as I watched her body shake and wobble as she straightened out her top, to try and cover her stomach. Standing up, it didn't do much better of a job, Sammie's straight back just made her stomach project more, despite the size of her growing tits, I was starting to wonder what stuck out more at this point.

Her bras had become so uncomfortable that we took her to get sized up and they told her she was a H cup, but that was last week, they somehow looked bigger today, the lounging comfy bra offered next to no support, her boobs just filled the elasticated fabric to their limits and bulged around the sides. It was more like a sling than a bra, but due to the capacity that it could hold, it did give her some lift.

Below that, her stomach, it was round, the only word that would accurately describe it now. It was like she was growing a beer belly or something, it looked packed almost all the time, but when it was touched you'd feel just how soft and yielding it was. Although that was usually in the morning before the feasting had begun.

Looking at Sammie from the front, her silhouette almost looked like she

had an hourglass, her sides couldn't grow wide enough to match her hips, her boobs however were large and in charge.

To me it felt like she was in denial of the changes because she would comment almost exclusively on her growing curves, not that I minded at all. Feeling how much more substantial she has become in just a few short weeks has been a very happy surprise to this journey for me.

I wrapped my arms around her and felt how her stomach pressed against my own with more force than yesterday.

She's been eating all day again...

The thought excited me, I looked down and saw her beaming face and beneath that, her huge boobs.

They're immense...

The smell from the crisps was strong, around her face I could see crumbs, the grease and oil from some of the food she had been shoving into her mouth in the last few hours was apparent on her lips, her top and even the crumbs left over by the sofa where she was sat.

It felt like she was losing control, not just gaining weight but losing control in how she ate. There was certainly more of an animalistic approach to her consumption now.

I leaned down and gave her a long kiss, my hand sliding down her back and resting on the shelf of her butt. Sammie moaned against my lips, my cock was already stirring, it had been since I saw her sprawled on the sofa.

Her hand was quick to move her stomach out of the way and rub my

dick.

There was something else that had grown along with her rising BMI.

Her sex drive.

She was all over me, whenever I got in, Sammie would get up and thanks to her burgeoning form, I would get turned on, in turn, she would pounce.

The cycle was in constant motion, I couldn't help but fall into it, not that I would've resisted it. This was perfect. Every day she was growing, turning me on more, and then begging to be fucked by me.

I was living the dream, my fantasy.

My hands moved to her boobs, I was careful not to shatter any illusion, I slid my hands over Sammie's vastly swollen mounds and gave them a squeeze, it took her breath away, she gripped hard on my cock and we both moaned in the middle of the room.

I had done this dance many times; my mouth moved from her soft gasping lips to her heavy bulging tits. My face was swallowed in her immense cleavage in an instant, the warm and soft embrace taking me for a ride I was more than eager to go on again.

There was however something different, the way her body moved beneath me as I kissed and groped my very busty girlfriend, her movements were deliberate. It was like she was deliberately pressing herself on me, not just herself but her belly.

My cock surged in her hand, and she continued to rub it longingly. Then she pushed her gut into me again and gripped tighter. I was unable to hide my

reaction; this was actually way more of a turn on than even I thought.

“Do you like that...” Her words were soothing, calming but with an overwhelming amount of love, she waited patiently for me to reply.

I moved a hand down to her bulging stomach and looked into her eyes, she gave another deliberate push of her stomach against my palm.

What if I ruin this...

My reaction was enough to answer her question but to dispel any illusion of doubt. My voice weakly let out a soft “Yes...”

I was so nervous of her reaction, I stood still, time had stopped and I felt like I could see the cogs turning in her head.

“It’s been getting pretty big lately...” Her words were timid, but my physical response was enough to quell her apprehension.

Sammie continued to push herself into me, that chubby gut she had been working on was now puffed up against my body with the intention of arousing me. It was working, I felt her lean into me, and I bucked my hips against her body, the overwhelming pleasure of her seemingly accepting the changes, the intentional use of it.

She worked it out...

Her free hand guided mine to her stomach, she pressed my palm into it and moaned softly, either from the contact or the fact she was still quite full of snacks.

Or rather...

Sammie started, a teasing glint in her eyes, “I think...” Her voice

sounded more confident.

She's using it...

“That you would like to see it get *bigger...*”

Yes.

I didn't need my words to answer, the feral grunt that erupted from my throat gave Sammie every answer she could've ever needed from me to the question.

Standing in the room, she panted, her palm had some cum residue on it, the seeped through patch left some transfer in her hand. She stood back and looked at me, weakly trying to stand. Her jaw was hanging low, she was stunned, almost as much as me.

Sammie's breasts heaved up and down, her thick and erect nipples were rubbing against her too tight bra and top. Her stomach was holding up her mighty bust and shaking from the movement of her diaphragm. She was well and truly stunned, frozen solid, except her jiggling body.

Shit...

Before I could do anything, before I could apologise, try and stop what I felt was a negative reaction forming in her head.

Her eyes...

There was a fire there.

What is she thinking?

I was too scared to ask.

She spun around and with far more speed I thought the short chubby girl

could muster, she had reached down and picked up the chips, turning to face me, still a shocked look on her face, Sammie asked me the one question I wouldn't have thought would come out from my body conscious girlfriend.

“Do you want me to finish the pack?”

I slowly nodded and I saw her take a fistful of crisps and she shoved them into her mouth, with her hand now free from food, that hand made its way to her belly and she rubbed the side of it, watching my eyes as I gawked at what she was doing.

Continuing to rub and chew, I didn't take my eyes off her body, my cum soaked pants were drying against my leg but I could still feel a pull within, a stirring, despite my spent cock.

“T-this... This won't be enough...” Sammie slapped her hand against her bloating belly. “Not enough to fill this...”

Holy shit...

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