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1,278 words.

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by <Growing Desires>



*Thank you so much for supporting my content, this was an original idea I had for a diary type series that spanned over 88 days leading to 8/8/25 which is known as Vore Day. For reasons you already know if you read the description of this book. Should you want to get any of my books in physical print, check out my Amazon page for physical prints.*

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*Thank you for all the wonderful years*

*-Growing Desires*

## The 89th Day - Chapter Two

It took quite some time; I wouldn't get to question her until the following day.  
August 9th.

Samantha Cox, A 28-year-old woman with dirty blonde hair, a bit greasy from lack of care but there were highlights, layers and hair extensions there, so it appeared that she had lost her way very recently. Her face was looking slim, and her eyes were a brilliant blue but raw around them from her rubbing her tears away through the night. Her skin looked smooth, there was almost a glow to it. Her shoulders were very feminine and small but what was below them is where things really took a turn. Her breasts were large, bulging over the tops of her bra cups and they looked heavy, they pooled together and jiggled slightly with each breath but that was more to say that with each breath her whole frame moved because for her to fill her lungs her body needed to move the rest of her. Her belly was big, very big, the last doctor's appointment record said she weighed 288 lbs and that was only a few days ago

however this version of Samantha was not 288 lbs. The belly was distorted, odd protrusions bulged grotesquely from the skin, even covered up with the ridiculous size gown the medical staff had managed to get on her, it was clear to see something was very wrong with what was going on with her midsection. The slivers of skin on show were covered in stretch marks and her pudgy hands kept rubbing it, as if trying to calm it down or to soothe it.

It was obscene and grotesque. I remember a morbid fascination filled my brain as I stared at the gargantuan woman.

The rest of her was relatively normal, her weight was primarily held in her boobs and belly, she had thicker arms and legs than most but there was just such a concentration on those two parts. The CCTV showed her walking into the doctors, and she didn't even look half as big at that point, almost all of it squarely in her stomach at that point and even more so now.

I remember talking to my sergeant and we were just so shocked at what we had before us. A gigantic woman and two people missing and a journal. I wanted to have a chat with her before I read through the journal, not wanting the bias of what I read to compromise what I was thinking. I can remember entering the room with her, the officers who got her in the room had to pick the room with the double doors, there was no way she was going to fit through the frame otherwise. The regular table had to be moved so Sam could fit in the room comfortably. The doctor had not seen her by this point, but I suspect they would also have a good few things they'd want to work out with her physique.

The conversation was tough, she looked like a woman broken, what little

she did say was cryptic and laden with desperation. She kept asking for food, I can remember that she was clutching at the stomach, which was still writhing, and she begged me for more food. I had never seen someone look so desperate to eat, especially someone even 20% towards the girth of this woman.

I didn't get much out of her until we fed her, she wanted rare steak, lots of it. Connecting a strange dot in my head, the speed in which she ate it was more than a little alarming. She just swallowed them whole, it was as if they were nothing at all, that tiny mouth capable of just chucking back slabs of meat, fat cap and all. It was a horrific sight.

Even after the feast, she was guarded to say the least. Wasn't really giving too much, saying that she hadn't seen Dan since the morning, her face told me that she was lying. When I mentioned Steve was the reason I was talking to her, it was as if she had seen a ghost. Still I was no where closer to an answer, I decided to call it a day, I had plans that evening with some friends but there was enough time that I could take a look at the journal before dinner, the case was frustrating me and taking over my head, I got to the pub early and I tucked myself in a corner and started to read.

The first few pages told me that it was a diary, there was no clear reason why she started it now, it was clearly just meant to be her inner thoughts that she put down onto paper. Lots of talk for food, it wasn't really surprising given her immense size, but I kept reading until May 30th, Sam wrote that she was 183 lbs. The doctor's visit was on the 5th of August. The two dates were separated by 67 days. 105 lbs in 67 days.

It just wasn't possible.

I was now buried deep into the diary and reading, I had missed my friends arriving and I just went through the whole thing. I couldn't put it down; I read all 88 posts. I was enthralled by what was on the pages especially as I read what was happening, what the two guys were doing but when I got to the 20th of July. Everything clicked together in the most horror driven way I could imagine. Actually, I couldn't have ever imagined that reality. It was too far.

I rushed out of the pub and back to the station. The skeleton crew was on shift, nobody was going to come if I processed the request correctly and I didn't wait for the clearance, I barged into room with her and saw how her stomach looked larger, the movements were not as extreme as earlier, it was like it was becoming dormant, much like she had described.

All the confidence and bluster in the world was gone in an instant when I laid eyes on her again. Sat opposite from this monster I couldn't get past what I was seeing. Sam's huge stomach, bigger still, there were still some subtle movements, her face was shocked that I had come back to see her. She was on a mattress on the floor, I'd come to find out it was due to there not being a means to get her into a smaller room that would usually hold a bed for her, the holding cell was full at this moment in time, so she was still in the interview room. The holding cell didn't seem appropriate right now with the evidence we had but that had changed in the last hour.

I can remember the look in her eyes as she turned to face me, her

stomach shook with the subtle movement of her neck. Her face was still as white as earlier, her eyes wide and she knew I knew.

I pulled out the diary from my coat pocket and she exploded into tears.

“What happened on August 8th...”

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