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973 words.

<Threshold>

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## Chapter Seven

Hana was indeed awake and even in the short few hours he had been away she looked different; her body had started to digest the food she had packed in it at breakfast time. She was huge compared to her normal self, but it wasn't that drastic of a change from earlier, her stomach was round, bulging still but it seemed to have settled somewhat as her tightness and disappeared over time. There were a fair amount of stretch marks over her belly, it was clear to him to see as she was not even phased by the fact she was just in her bra and panties standing before Kyle.

Kyle almost came on the spot upon realising she was on show for him. Her boobs bulged over the cups, the straps cut into her torso so much that her fat oozed over the band and her panties were almost invisible thanks to how the fat on her hips covered the straps and her vagina was almost swallowed between her thick thighs and stomach fat.

“I needed that nap...” She rubbed her stomach lovingly. “More room for

more food.” Hana laughed, giving her stomach a shake.

Kyle watched her waddle over to her suitcase and pull out another dress to put on, this one wasn't much better than the previous one she shredded, he knew that it would only be a matter of time before that one would suffer the same fate.

Kyle wanted nothing more than to follow her and watch her make a pig of herself once again, but he knew he couldn't handle anymore sexual buildup. He let Hana leave and presumably destroy this dress while he remained in the hotel. He resisted the temptation for a few minutes before he jumped into the shower. He took a few minutes of looking at his body in the mirror, naked he took in every subtle detail different from before. He was just much healthier, muscle where there was previously fat and even his cock looked thicker and longer. Turning the dial to cold, he let the sharp feeling of the icy water take away his arousal. It was a good thing for his muscles, although he didn't really give them a great work out, it felt nice regardless.

Wrapping the towel around himself he walked back into his side of the double room and let out a gasp when he saw what can only be described as a ball of lard. There was a huge round mass of a woman stuffed into a maid's outfit, and she was trying to reach over her immense frame to clean the room somewhat. She was easily past 500lbs, her whole body shook with each tiny movement, there was just fat on this woman's frame, she was barely 5'1 and probably wider than that because of the sheer amount of fat. The gargantuan woman turned around and it was the woman from before.

“How... What?” he knew asking was pointless, he couldn’t help it.

“Kyle...” The massively obese woman said seductively. “I think it is time you went to bed...”

Kyle didn’t feel tired; he noticed the clock on the wall read just a little past midday and this absurdly large woman was suggesting bedtime. The efforts from the shower were all for nought, his cock was making a sizable tent in the towel he had on.

“I am flattered but you must really get to bed.” The woman’s voice was changing; it was sounding a bit more sinister.

“It’s the middle of the day...” He tried to put up a fight but like his shower, it too was for nought.

The woman snapped her fingers, and Kyle started to feel heavy, like his limbs were made of lead. He guided his failing body onto the bed and before he knew it, he was being tucked in by this gargantuan woman. She had to lean over him because of her shorter stature. Her blubber just bulged over his still mostly naked body. With one swift yank the towel had been removed, and she gave him a kiss on the head, her fat udders smothering his face in the process.

“Sleep well Kyle...”

And like that he was out.

Stiffness was all Kyle could feel, it felt like he had been asleep for millennia, he groaned as his body seemingly reversed the effects of rigor mortis. Getting quickly to his feet, he saw the time was just approaching 9am. He didn’t even stop to question it because there was a much bigger pressing

issue at hand.

The room he awoke in was not his own. The room was huge, extravagant and looked like he was in a millionaire's penthouse suite, not the modestly priced yet stunning room from before. The decor looked expensive, the bed he was on not a moment ago looked huge, thinking back he realised that the mattress was of a quality he had never encountered before.

“What’s going on? Where am I-”

There was a string of memories being flooded into his skull and he couldn't believe it. After a painful moment Kyle was left standing in the room holding the side of his head.

“I'm... The head of the department?” He looked at his body in disbelief, noting that he was more shredded than before, he didn't look like some extreme body builder, but he was in very good health. Before Kyle's brain could question anything else he noted that in this gigantic room there was still, in the same place a door.

The door was ajar and through the small gap he could hear snoring, loud snoring and it almost sounded like they were struggling to breathe, like there was some weight on their throat that made them struggle to draw breath.

Kyle approached the door, pushing slightly through.

“Hana...”

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