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<Threshold>

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Chapter Five

Kyle watched Hana leave the room and quickly freshen herself up, it gave him time to get himself ready so that they could go have breakfast together, apparently the work he had done yesterday was enough to give them a whole free day off work before the conference tomorrow. He didn't care to remember that part, so he didn't invoke the memories.

Hana appeared before him, dressed in a very pretty dress, it was one similar to what he had seen before but it bunched up around her boobs and her belly made it bulge forward and hang higher on her frame. It still was more than reasonable enough to cover up except for her tits. Her boobs had grown several cup sizes in a short time during her weight gain "over the months" but to Kyle it was still sudden despite the memories. He couldn't help but gawk at her two big melons on her chest being thrust up by her balcony bra.

"How do I look?"

"Great..." Kyle trailed off, still gawking at his now plus size co-worker.

She knew exactly what she was doing.

Taking the lift down Kyle noted how her fat was moving with each jerk of the metal container as it travelled down the building, finally coming to a stop at the kitchen. Walking through reception they both noticed the same stone-faced receptionist had a smirk on her face.

“Creepy...” Hana added, laughing.

Arriving in the large room with the buffet against the far wall, they were seated by a server and unlike Kyle, Hana didn't seem to really pay much attention to the various extreme looking people in the room. Hana and Kyle went up together to get food but after getting a few things that he wanted, he moved on to get them both a coffee.

He was shocked to see the woman from yesterday there, well, more that he was shocked to see how she looked now. The woman had seemingly gained weight, it was easy to see it was the same woman, but her stomach was bigger, her legs thicker, her arms too. She had easily put on 50 lbs in a single day.

“Hey there...” She closed the gap and made sure to press her stomach against his body. “Still eye-fucking me I see...” The woman grabbed his arm and placed Kyle's hand on her stomach. “I'd love to stay but I think you've got some company... Maybe you should come find me this evening...” Then he felt her stomach swell under his fingers. “I'll... Be...” She paused as her stomach surged a few inches. “Just... Getting... Bigger... Until then...”

Kyle moaned as he pressed into the taut round stomach she now had, it was as if it had been pumped up full of something.

“The food here is good...” She whispered before she pointed towards Hana. “I think she will enjoy it...”

Kyle turned to see Hana’s plate piled high with food.

“What was your N-” Kyle started mid turn but realised the immense woman had disappeared before he was even able to turn back around.

It should’ve freaked Kyle out more, honestly, but he couldn’t stop thinking with his dick.

He awkwardly shuffled over to the table and sat down opposite the busty Japanese woman, her plate was piled high, and she had a ravenous look about her face as she eyed the food before her.

Kyle barely started to take the first bite and like a sprinter after the starting pistol, Hana was going as fast as she could, shovelling food into her mouth. It was crazy to see for Kyle, who had barely ever seen anything that wasn’t from the “Low cal” section on a menu.

The grease quickly pooled around her mouth as she gobbled up sausages and bacon like her life depended on it. Every second it was like her arms were a conveyor belt guiding more food into her maw. Slowly and timidly Kyle lifted a small piece of sausage to his mouth, not wanting to fall the same fate as Hana, he gingerly ate from the meat, not feeling any different, he just watched on in almost horror as his thin coworker made an absolute pig of herself. The dress was meant to be very loose and should probably be doing a much better job at hiding her stomach but even after only a few minutes it was clear that her stomach was very much there and with each second gone by it was

threatening to bust free from the floral design. It was almost a shame, but Kyle knew that he would certainly prefer the dress to fail.

Kyle ate a decent amount of food, noting that he actually felt full quicker, turning his attention away from Hana he was able to take in more of his changes. He felt strong, there was a lot more muscle over his body than he had ever had, it felt like he needed to go to the gym to test it out. He was grateful that this place at least had one of those.

UUUUURP!

Kyle's eyes nearly burst out of his head, he looked at Hana who had just let out a monumental burp.

Who is this Hana...

Kyle couldn't believe it, he certainly couldn't believe that she had eaten that whole plate that quick, there was a ton of food on there. He gawked when she got up too, her stomach was swollen and round, it looked fit to burst, the dress and belly at this point.

"I'm going to- ***Uuurp*** get some more... You want anything?"

Kyle just stared at the pregnant looking woman before him; he shook his head weakly and nursed his throbbing cock under the table.

Hana didn't say anymore, it didn't matter to her whether he said yes or no, it was as if she was just hellbent on eating her bodyweight in food, with how much she has put on already, it would appear that would require a few more plates than yesterday.

Kyle held his head and struggled with the dual thoughts, there was a

pain forming behind his eyes, but he jumped when he felt a soft touch on his shoulder.

“It’ll go away soon... Don’t worry...” an ethereal voice whispered into his ear.

He tried to turn to meet the source of the voice but there was nobody there, not even close by. The hotel was starting to give him the creeps but there was a sense of safety, a sense of something greater, that gave him a sense that he needed to stay here. He couldn’t shake it.

Thankfully two massive distractions crashed onto the table and stole his attention away from his maddening thoughts.

Hana’s tits.

They slammed on the table, he didn’t know how her stomach didn’t crash through it first but with the massive thud there was also another noise.

A short but loud rip pierced his psyche and he gawked as the tightly compact dress gave way, her boobs spread over the table like a sea cascading over the sandy shore, her bra somehow remained intact or she might’ve been charged for public indecency, not that she wasn’t showing more than enough right now. The torn fabric laid loosely on the sides of each of her larger and fatter tits. The bra was cutting into her flesh with enough of a force that Kyle worried that he might need to intervene to cut through the strap, before she lost circulation.

“Whoopsie...” She giggled.

Again, that playful tone, Kyle wondered where that was coming from,

especially over something like this,

“Her tits were basically out in public, and she could only laugh like that?”

Kyle couldn't help but think.

“I guess I might need to size up after all...” Hana wrapped an arm around her chest, but it only made her boobs bulge obscenely above her thicker arm.

“Here...” Kyle pulled his jumper off and handed it to Hana; it was never going to fit but it could at least cover the exposed breasts.

“Such a gentleman.” Hana paused. “I bet you are a bit sad to see them go.”

Kyle had no rebuttal, she was right of course, it was likely clear as day on his face. He just blushed and watched her continue to eat and devour the second plate.

She was groaning and moaning with each bite now, it seemed like she was getting close to her limits.

Kyle was enthralled with this view, he was moving his leg under the table and enjoying the very limited amount of friction he was able to muster from those movements without her knowing. Although he wasn't sure if she even cared at this point.

Hana was truly lost to her gluttony and with each second she continued to make a pig of herself until the second plate had been cleared. In record time too. Hana was paying for it because she was hiccupping now and with each forceful movement within it made her boobs bounce and smash against the table, and despite being covered up by Kyle's jumper, He could still see the

ocean of her breasts move under.

Pushing the chair back, Hana leaned back and rubbed her stomach through the dress, Kyle unashamedly watched her chubby digits glide over the smooth surface, the sound of the fabric being rushed over was putting him in a trance, the show was certainly getting him into a more dream like state with each second.

“That was a good ***Hic*** start to the day...” Hana slapped her gut, and the loud slap even made her sound like she was a balloon fit to pop.

“Hana...” Kyle murmured.

“Yes?”

Losing all of his courage, he chickens out.

“Do you want anything else?”

Her face dropped into an evil smirk.

“You've just seen ***Hic*** me eat how much food? ***Hic***” She paused but knew that Kyle wasn't going to answer. “And you... ***Hic*** You are asking if I want *more*?”

Kyle's cock throbbed again. This time his hand was resting on it, and he lightly stroked it through his pants.

“With a belly this ***Hic*** stuffed...” She patted her stomach for emphasis, enjoying the reaction it was drawing from the horny man. “You'd ***Hic*** offer me *more*?”

Kyle smiled, his cheeks turning a Rosey red.

“I would, ***Hic*** if I thought I could ***Hic*** fit another morsel in here...”

Hana stood up and her stomach looked very tightly packed indeed, she looked immense, it was a sight to see, he knew though that all those calories would turn into more fat to cover her body and that is what turned on Kyle the most.

“I think I need to go for a lay down... Let this food coma consume me....”
She let out an exaggerated blah for emphasis.

Kyle just nodded, words were still eluding him, he probably needed to go and have a wank anyway, or at the very least a cold shower. He obviously couldn't say that, before his lust got the better of him he remembered what his body had wanted earlier.

“I'm going to hit the gym I guess.”

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