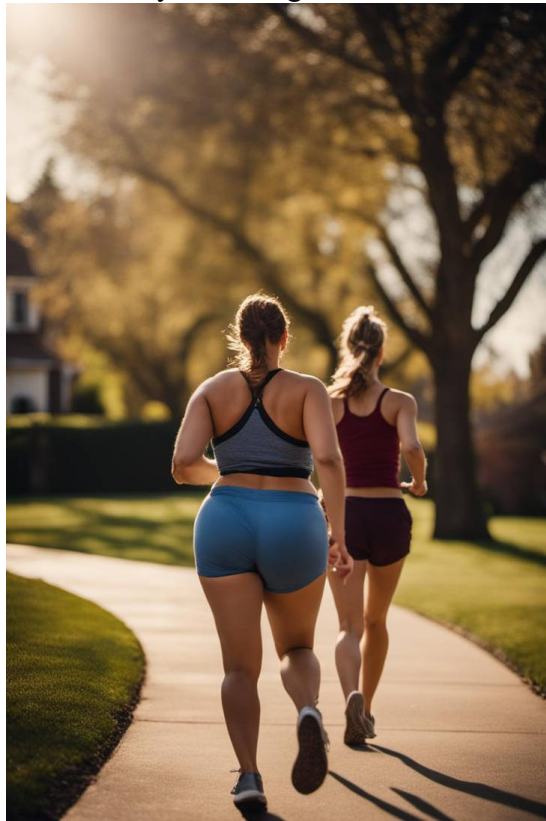


<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>





#

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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One - Sam

Excitement was in the air, it was December 25th after all. I was awoken by the sound of my younger sister running down the hall.

I had gone home for Christmas; I was beginning to regret that decision.

I picked up my phone and saw the ungodly time of 05:08.

Fucking hell.

There was no use fighting it, the girl was up, so the whole house should be.

I can't complain too much, when I was her age, I was the same.

How did mum and dad put up with it...

“Abi... I'm up...”

“Mum! Dad! Sam is up! C'mon, he's been!”

Of course, he has been... I spent a good portion of my evening arranging everything and wrapping my gifts.

I winced as I rubbed my still sore back.

Abigail was my younger sister, she was eight years old, my parents had me young and in their later years they were quite shocked to find my mother was having another, I remember I was sixteen when they told me, I was disgusted that my forty year old parents were still doing it.

without protection no less...

I was home for the holidays for one big reason. I was single, for the first time in as many years as Abi has been born. I thought me and Jay were it, we were going all the way, but alas he had other ideas, when I found his tongue in some other girls' mouth and his hand in her pants, I realised that I was so wrong. He didn't deny it, he said he wasn't sure I was for him; I had let myself go and he had different goals in life compared to him.

Bullshit.

All of it was just a crock of shit to just give him a reason.

Not that it mattered, I cut him out as quickly as I could. Just his name made my blood boil.

This happened about ten months ago, and I had since moved into a new place, my job paid me well and any time I wasn't working, I was in the gym. Despite me not believing I had let myself go, I found a new passion for the gym.

Standing in the spare room, I looked at myself in the mirror and thought back to my old body and compared it to now.

I was around 180 lbs when me and Jay split, now I was down to a much leaner 140 lbs. I looked like I really looked after myself, standing at 5'2, I was a short girl and thanks to my recent gym obsession, I was relatively flat all around. I didn't mind, I didn't have boys on my mind at all. That avenue was still closed off to me.

My parents went big this Christmas, they invited me to stay around, and they made a whole fanfare of the run up to the big day.

Probably felt pity for me.

They might be a bit strange, but they did show me they cared a lot. I was well and truly out of the nest, but it was nice to see they could easily turn it back on and roll back the years for another great Christmas. I had been staying with them for five days at this point and the amount of festive activities we had been doing to get me in the mood and build the excitement within Abi was almost unbearable. It was fun though.

So now here I stood, 5:10 on Christmas day, my eight-year-old sister trying to drag me down the stairs.

Fun.

After much too long of a delay from Mum and Dad, we started to descend the stairs.

“Oh my god! I can see the presents! Come on!!!” Abigail shrieked.

“Yes Abi, we know, can you be a bit quieter, the neighbour’s are sleeping.” My Mum said softly.

“And I’ve got a headache.” My Dad chimed in.

“How do you do it?” I whispered to them both.

“The look on her face when she opens the presents. One day you’ll understand. It is worth it.” My Mum rubbed some sleep from her eyes.

“Your mother is right. I can still remember when you got that bike.”

I smiled at the fond memory of opening my mountain bike on my tenth Christmas.

“Come on, before we miss it.” My Mum hurried us down the stairs.

The front room had four piles of presents, one for each of us. The piles were much bigger than when I had last seen the room. I glared at my parents who smirked back at me cheekily.

Not wanting to prolong the torture any longer, we let Abigail start us off. She opened her first gift and squealed with joy.

We took it in turns opening gifts.

My dad got some clothes, same as mum and me.

Abigail got a whole bunch of toys, everything off her list according to her.

Everything opened, we sat there, tired and exhausted, when my dad said something that made Abigail screech.

“Oh... Hang on... I think Santa might have missed something...” He got up and left the room, returning with four boxes. “One each.”

Abigail started to tear into the paper, and she let out a big screech again.

The newest games console.

She started to paw at the box and tried to open it right then and there before my Mum

stopped her.

“We can set it up later. I think it is Dad’s turn next.”

Dad opened his much smaller box and inside was a new laptop.

Jeez, lots spent this year...

He gave Mum a big kiss and suggested she go next.

Mum opened her box and inside hers was a diamond necklace and a new phone.

“Always have to outdo me...” She whispered.

Dad nodded.

“Ass.” She said before kissing him back.

“Your turn Samantha.”

I opened my box and found inside the newest and top range fitness smart watch.

Holy shit.

I looked at my parents shocked, and they just ate up my surprise.

Mum took Abigail to her room with all of her toys, and I cornered Dad.

“This is too much, come on Dad... Take it back.”

He shook his head. “No way. I’ve been given a hefty Christmas bonus this year and I wanted to make it extra special for everyone. Plus, I’ve seen how much you’ve been in the gym lately. This is meant to be the best thing you can get for fitness.” He tapped the box. “Just take it honey, enjoy it, I hope it is as good as they say.”

I already knew the answer.

The brand was fairly new, but their tech was unrivalled. They have made a breakthrough in sensor technology, and they use the data to inform their AI that they have to help make bespoke fitness plans. All the top athletes have them.

“Thank you, Dad.”

I wrapped my arms around him and gave him a big hug.

Chapter Two - Sam

The day went well, we had food, I played with Abigail most of the day, only stopping to help my parents with cooking or cleaning. It was a wonderful day. Abigail had long since crashed in her bed, Dad could barely keep his eyes open, and Mum was fighting too.

I decided to turn in.

Sitting in the guest room, I saw my watch, still sealed.

Opening it up, I quickly set it up, skimmed the T&Cs on the app and found that it was giving me lots more detail than I thought a watch could give.

It asked me for my goals, and I hadn't really thought about it until it had asked. I entered 130 lbs and saw a message pop up on screen.

“Please wear the watch at all times for the most accurate information, using this information our AI model will generate a perfect guide for you to reach your weight as quickly as possible.”

I thought nothing of it and fell asleep.

The next morning, I checked my watch and saw that it was able to tell me what food I had eaten yesterday, it was even able to tell me how full my stomach was and when I should next eat.

I didn't think a watch could do that.

There was a buff man on the screen now, he introduced himself.

“Hello, I am Oscar, I am here to help you reach your goals. You can change my appearance

in the settings menu on the app.”

I glanced over his toned body and felt a blush form on my cheeks. Shirtless he was on the display; his pecs were large, and his abs were visible on the screen. His lower half was cropped off.

Is he wearing pants...

“I am an AI generated model to personify the system that we use here at GD Inc. I am unique to you. This is your first day with the watch on and it was Christmas yesterday so I can see that you’ve eaten quite a lot. That is fine, the gym can wait. Before I set up a plan for you, when are you back into training mode?”

I sat there stunned at how fluid the AI’s conversation was, how human like it was. I didn’t even think to answer, I looked for an input but then I heard him speak again.

“You can just speak; I can hear you.”

“Oh... Umm... I leave my parents on the 3rd of January. So, I will be in the gym from the 4th at a consistent pace.”

“Ok great, I will set up a plan starting from the 4th of January.”

“But... I have been running when I have been here... That is what I was going to do now.”

I added.

“Right, let me just...” The app behind his body was starting to shift and change as tiles were moved about. “Are you sure? You’ve still got about 39 more minutes until you are in the optimum zone.” He told me.

“Optimum zone?”

“I use the “Optimum Zone” as a guiding principle for your workouts. When you are in the zone, you’ll be working out if our plans align.” He smiled at me.

I returned the smile, my eyes fluttering.

What am I doing? Smiling at a robot? It is so realistic though...

“Okay, so what do you suggest?”

“Have a banana and wait a few more minutes before you start your jog.”

“Alright.”

I had complete trust in this app, whether it was the exorbitant fee that the company charged, the highly personable AI or the celebrity endorsements. I felt compelled to just listen.

38 minutes later, I was starting to jog from my parents’ house. They hadn’t moved since I was a kid, the village was lovely and filled me with nostalgic feelings. I had my headphones in, and I was listening to my running playlist, when I heard a soft voice butt into the song.

“You didn’t check in with me before your run, understandable, I am new to you. How about we do 2k, based on the information you’ve told me, you should be good to get that distance done with ease.”

“O... Kay...” I gasped as I ran.

The sun hadn’t quite come up yet, this was my routine here at my parents. I would wake up early and jog around the village a few times. Without access to the gym, I realised that I needed to do something else, lest I go crazy.

The jog was going great, I turned a corner and bumped into a woman. My face collided with her chest, unfortunately for me she was rather flat chested, so I didn’t get a lot of cushion. I stumbled backwards; she didn’t move one inch. She stood there above me, her hands on her hips. She was easily six feet tall. My eyes scaled her form and my eyes landed on her well-defined face.

“Sam?” The woman said.

“Lauren?” I replied in shock.

Lauren was a girl from my school, we were in the same friendship group but as we grew older, we started to drift. After we left school, we had barely talked to each other, maybe some mild comments on social media to each other but I barely went on them anymore.

Lauren had changed, remarkably. She was much fitter; she had found her calling in the gym. She wasn’t a large girl before, but she sat in the plus size category for sure. Now she was thin, toned and very fit by the looks of it. She didn’t look to have lots of muscle, but she had very little fat on her body.

I don't quite remember her being quite so tall...

Her face was warm and inviting despite her looming size, I stared for a bit too long.

"Everything Ok?" She asked.

"Sorry... Just didn't expect to bump into anyone, let alone someone I know. You run too?"

I had noticed that she was in running gear, much like me. The temperature might be boarding frigid, the warmth I generated meant that I didn't quite have to cover up entirely, Lauren had taken this a step further. She was wearing a crop top and shorts.

It must be like 5°C.

Yet, I could see that she was warm, I could almost see the heat rising from her skin.

"Yeah, I've been a gym rat for a long time now..." She looked down at her abs and smiled.

"You look good too."

"Not like you." I quickly added.

She blushed. "Well... This is what five years of the gym looks like I guess... So... How are you and Jay?"

My face must've immediately given away that answer.

"I'm so sorry... I didn't know..."

"It's Ok. That is the reason I am running at the moment actually..."

"Sam. You never need to lose weight for some stupid boy." Her voice was stern and serious, but her words were filled with care. "You should just be yourself."

"I know... But I was getting a bit big..."

"How big?"

"180"

I couldn't quite gauge her reaction.

"Well, I am sure you wore it well, I best get a move on, my watch will shout at me soon."

She lifted her wrist up to show the exact same brand of watch as me.

"I've got one of those! I got it yesterday."

“They’re amazing. You want to meet for coffee soon? You’ve still got my number right?”

I nodded. “That sounds great.”

“Right, talk later sweetie.” And like that she was off, jogging off into the distance with a pace that I only could only dream about.

“Samantha. If you don’t run for another 28 seconds, it’ll be detrimental for you to continue.”

“Sorry Oscar.” I started to jog once more.

“You should just be yourself.”

Her words rang through my head for the rest of the day.

Chapter Three - Lauren

“What are we doing today, Oscar?”

My watch lit up, “Today how about we skip breakfast, fast until 1600 and we run around the block to get us started.”

“Sounds like a plan, the same plan as yesterday, but a plan nonetheless.”

“Repetition and consistency are how you get into good shape, there are numerous studies that agree. However, I have noted your feedback and hope that your feedback helps mould my AI into a better experience for all users.”

Ignoring the comment I walked over to my wardrobe and looked at my fit body in the mirror.

I was a towering woman. Most men found that to be a turn off.

“Too intimidating.”

Lifting my arm, I flexed my bicep and stared at the gains I had gone under the past few months, in part thanks to Oscar. Fitness was something that was now dear to me so when The Oscar watch hit the market, I wasted no time and bought one. It had helped me get into a better routine, the AI was very fluid and although the first few months, it was a bit... lacking. Over time, as more users bought one, it gained more knowledge.

The wonders of AI.

I was unrecognisable compared to my formative years. I used to be fat. I had chub all around my body, a pot belly that was regularly filled with fast food and I even jiggled when I walked.

Now.

I was closer to a Greek statue than lard ass. I was defined, I was proud of my work. I grabbed some shorts and put on a crop top. One sad thing from my shredding was that my boobs had shrunk considerably. That was the only thing I missed.

I was barely covered up and I made for the door when my watch pinged.

“Lauren, I must advise you, the temperature outside is around 5°C, you might want to cover up.”

“The cold helps me run harder; I get too warm otherwise.” I told my watch as I left the house and broke out into a steady jog.

I was in the zone, running with my running playlist on. I was fairly spaced out when I felt someone crash into my chest. Thankfully I reacted quickly, otherwise I would’ve run through...

“Sam?” I said to the woman I had just knocked onto her ass.

Sam was in my friendship group in school, but I hadn’t seen her in years. I had her on social media and saw a post here or there from her, but I hadn’t posted in quite some time to that account.

“Lauren?”

She didn’t recognise me; it was hard to blame her. I had lost so much weight and transformed so much since I last saw her. Sam herself looked a bit different too. Maybe a bit chubbier than I remember but she was running.

Must be getting on that new year’s resolution early.

Her eyes were glued to my physique. Again, this was hard to blame her for either.

If she eye fucks me any longer, I might need to do something about it.

“Everything Ok?” I asked her, trying to get the looming impure thoughts out of my head.

“Sorry... Just didn’t expect to bump into anyone, let alone someone I know. You run too?”

She replied.

Although I intimidated most men, I realised that a lot of women did enjoy my height, a good thing I was bisexual. I had been with a few women over the years, but nothing ever seemed to stick. Even after I lost weight and became fit, I just found it attracted the wrong type of woman.

I stared at the pudge that Sam had bulging over her waistband for a second.

That.

I had known for a long time that I liked my women with a bit of meat on the bones, there was something about it. Maybe a lingering feeling from my own plus size body or something more. I never found someone who was into me though and had the pudge for long. They usually would join me on the gym sessions and within a few months I found any sort of chub that they had would quickly burn away, much to my dismay.

“Yeah, I’ve been a gym rat for a long time now...” I lowered my head, not wanting to give away my gaze at her stomach. “You look good too.”

She really did... I just wanted more.

“Not like you.” Sam said, eying my abs.

I felt proud, her eyes were all over my body, staring at my abs and muscles. It turned me on, to see her staring like this.

I need to control myself.

I felt my face turn red. “Well... This is what five years of the gym looks like I guess... So... How are you and Jay?”

My attempt at changing the subject worked but not quite how I wanted, her face dropped, and she took her eyes off me for the first time.

“I’m so sorry... I didn’t know...” I said with sincerity.

“It’s Ok. That is the reason I am running at the moment actually...” She replied, a hint of hope in her voice.

“Sam. You never need to lose weight for some stupid boy.” I instantly replied, I didn’t even think about it, it just came out.

I meant the words, every single one, but I didn't want to freak her out. I just can't help myself, again maybe because I know exactly how that feels, to be told to lose weight by a boy or even myself.

Ahah!

"You should just be yourself." I proudly followed up my already questionable outburst.

"I know... But I was getting a bit big..." Her voice sounded concerned.

Fuck...

"How big?" I answered a bit too quickly.

My defences are gone now.

"180"

Fuck. What is she now, 160? 170? I was never good with weight. If she thinks 180 is big... She has no idea.

I had found myself over the years, in the loneliest of times looking online for enjoyment, it was a regular thing actually. I would fall into various rabbit holes depending on the day of the week, the biggest of those holes.

Weight gain fetish.

Anything, videos, roleplay, stories, pictures, anything.

I would see a before and after on my social media of someone losing weight and I would imagine the opposite and find myself on some forum reading how someone's girlfriend went from a size 8 to 18 in two years and I would be in the throes of passion within minutes. My eyes stared at Sam's body, noting the small amount of fat she had localised to some areas of her body, especially her tummy.

"Well, I am sure you wore it well"

What the fuck am I doing?

"I best get a move on; my watch will shout at me soon." I lifted my wrist up to show my watch.

“I’ve got one of those! I got it yesterday.” She said excitedly.

“They’re amazing.”

She has one. Very interesting.

“You want to meet for coffee soon? You’ve still got my number right?”

Hopefully not too forward.

“That sounds great.” Her smile beamed at me.

Yes!

“Right, talk later sweetie.” I said before quickly darting off.

I can’t wait...

Chapter Four - Sam

I finished my jog around the block, making good time although I was pretty distracted for most of it. I kept thinking about Lauren and how good she looked.

I want to look like her...

There was a small sense of doubt, but it was more for the effort required to look that good.

I got home and my mum was up and making a whole feast of food.

“Full English, that will hit the spot today.” She said to nobody in particular.

I looked at my watch and went to input the food I was about to consume; I expected a few notifications to yell at me for smashing through my salt intake or fat intake but there was nothing. In fact, I didn’t even get halfway through entering the information before Oscar appeared and spoke.

“I already entered the food for you, don’t worry, you are still on holiday.”

Again, I found myself not concerned with how openly the watch was breaching my privacy. I found it rather useful actually.

“But you entered a large full English... I wasn’t going to-”

“Nonsense, the food will help your readiness score and give you calories to turn into muscle mass. Your run this morning has already worked off this food.”

The watch face filled with lots of graphs and windows, and I could see the information before my eyes but there was a timer counting down too, it read 16 minutes and 46 seconds.

“What’s that?” I curiously asked.

“That is the time you have to eat it; you need to eat it by that time so that it won’t be detrimental. If you eat it by then, you can have time to digest before your metabolism slows back down after your run.” Oscar said to me in his smooth voice.

Hard to argue...

My mum dished out a massive plate of food. A copious amount of bacon, sausage, hash browns. I could see the grease pooling on the plate, forming a seal around my beans.

There is... A lot...

I stared at the meal for a few seconds before my watch face changed to a timer. It read 14 minutes and was counting down.

I will just stop when the timer hits zero, I can’t eat it all by then...

Dad and Abigail hadn’t joined us yet, they were still sleeping in, but Mum had cooked the next plate. I tucked into mine, not wanting to miss that timer. The timer really did throw me off, I just stuffed the food in, my mouth almost too full numerous times, so that I could hardly chew. I was making a large dent into the food but Mum saw that as a challenge, she topped up my plate with some more sausages and bacon.

“You must be hungry; I’ve not seen you eat like this in years.” She smiled, for her that was a compliment.

Fuck... I can’t...

Despite my inner voice telling me no, my hands continued to pick up more food and lead it to my open maw. I glanced at the plate and gasped.

I am a pig...

But I couldn’t stop. Forkful after forkful made its way to my mouth. I was starting to feel full, each bite was harder and harder to get down.

I should stop.

Oscar was pointing to the timer on my watch. It was almost over, somehow I had managed to eat **all** of the food.

“Your run this morning has already worked off this food”.

Oscar’s voice was in my head repeating itself, in part to justify my gluttony.

*Maybe he didn’t account for... **this**.*

Gluttony. Pure Gluttony.

The plate was cleared, with a minute to spare. I stared at the grease that was left on the plate from the last sausage that was still travelling to my stomach, and I groaned.

“I’d give you more, but your father and Abigail won’t have anything... Did you want me to get you something else?” Mum offered.

“No- *Burp*” My face turned red. “Excuse me!” I said embarrassed.

Mum just chuckled to herself.

I can’t believe I have just eaten all of that...

I felt the overwhelming feeling of a food coma start to take hold. “I think I am going to lay down...”

Mum didn’t even turn to me, I groaned again as I lifted myself from my seat. I gasped at what I saw.

My belly was stuffed. More than that.

It’s huge.

My stomach looked like I was expecting, and that I was rather far along at that. I felt the cool air on my lower belly, due to my consumption, my stomach was on show. The running top I had on was not meant to cover something quite so big.

I cradled my rounded stomach and waddled to the spare room that I was inhabiting. Abigail heard my heavy footsteps on the stairs and rushed out and she bumped into my stomach. Looking at my gravid swell, I saw her eyes grow wide.

I didn’t let her say anything, thankfully she just stared at my belly as I shuffled past her to the room. I quickly closed the door, lest Dad see me too.

I flopped myself down onto the bed and looked down at the mountain that was rising high

from my torso.

“I think resting might be a good idea actually, your metabolism should work through this food in... About 90 minutes, if you fall asleep, I’ll wake you when you are done.” Oscar said to me, I didn’t even feel like I had the energy to lift my arm to check him.

I placed a hand on my stomach and rubbed it tenderly.

I hope he is right...

Chapter Five - Sam

My watch buzzed me awake; the nap felt very refreshing.

“I had to let you sleep for a bit longer, your sleep cycle needed an extra 23 minutes to finish.” Oscar said. “Meaning you should feel more refreshed.”

“Thank you, Oscar, I do.”

I hadn’t opened my eyes yet; I had forgotten about my feast and stomach. When I opened my eyes, I was shocked to see a little pot belly still sitting there.

“AAAHH!!” I screeched.

“What’s wrong Sam?” Oscar asked.

“What do you...” I poked my stomach. “This... I... I’m meant to be losing weight...”

“Oh, your metabolism did a good job of working through the food, it had to go somewhere. We will get it off in no time, after you get back home, and we get you back to the gym. This isn’t anything that will stick around.”

I placed my hand on my stomach and felt dread.

It’s so... squishy... I have never had a stomach like this. Even when I was at my fattest.

My body seemed to take the food and add it to my belly directly. I almost looked stuffed still, or just like I had been pigging out for a few weeks. I stood up and looked in the mirror.

My frame was still as chubby as it was, a few bits of fat here and there but this belly was out of place now, I had done such good work slimming already but I wasn't done. Now with this rounding gut, I looked like I had probably put on a good portion of what I lost, but it was just in my stomach.

I sort of look... Pregnant...

I rubbed the top of it and gasped at how it felt. It was soft but much less than I thought, almost as if I had a beer belly or something.

What's that smell? ...

A thick and heavy aroma filled my nostrils and I found myself practically drooling.

Ham...

My mum always glazed ham at this time of year and the smell was intoxicating but this year there was something more to it, something extra, I felt my belly groan in agony.

It was hungry.

How is that possible... After this morning's feast...

My belly quaked, sticking out of my shirt still. I shuddered.

"I think it might be almost time to get some food." Oscar informed me.

"Surely not."

"You need to have calories to spend calories. You can do some extra work out after eating."

"No... I..."

"I am advising you to get some protein before we do anything else." Oscar added.

He is an AI... The reviews were good and... Lauren looked great...

I headed downstairs, into the thick almost cloud of smell. It was divine, I couldn't help but think about eating a whole load of the sweet, cured meat.

"Just in time..." My mum said to me,

I watched as she pulled the ham out of the oven, leaving it to cool on the side, my mouth must've been watering.

“This one isn’t quite ready...” She said, disappointing me.

I heard the crinkling of foil, and I turned my head to my mum who was now taking the cover off of a second ham.

“This one is ready though...”

Wasting no time, she cut into it and carved up some slices. I sat there, watching in awe, clutching at my bloated stomach. I watched her bring over the plate of ham and set it down before me.

“I’ll bring you some bread and some crisps now...” She giggled. “We’ve got loads, your dad did say I went overboard this year.”

I tried to resist, the ham on the plate before me, I didn’t want it.

My stomach churned.

I need it.

My watch buzzed and I saw it read “Food time.”

No...

Mum started to pile more food on the table, she was setting up a buffet for everyone else.

“They won’t be too long before they are back, you can start now though if you want.” My Mum said, adding dips and crisps to the table.

I could resist no more. I picked up a handful of onion rings and started stuffing them into my face. My mother paid no attention to me, she continued to pile food on the table for the buffet.

Cheese cubes, sausage rolls, various biscuits and sweets. The list could go on and on.

The list was growing in real time with the list of food that was stretching my stomach. I kept eating, mouthful after greedy mouthful. I felt how tight my stomach was, but I couldn’t stop.

I shouldn’t be this hungry...

I was. I ate.

And ate.

I don’t even know how much I ate, I just kept feasting upon the food until I had eaten so

much of it that my Mum had to step in.

“My... Someone is hungry... You have to leave some for your dad and Sister though...”

Her voice broke my trance, and I felt an uncomfortable ache in my torso. I looked down and saw how far I had the chair pushed back; it was required so that I could even be at the table. My belly had stretched considerably. A huge orb now where my previously flat stomach was, a giant orb compared to the gut I woke up with.

I gasped, thankfully not loud enough to alert my Mum. I rose to my feet and felt how my centre of gravity had changed, I wobbled on my legs, which in turn made my belly jiggle.

Rushing out the room, I heard my Mum say one last thing. “I can make more if you really want...”

The tempting offer was thankfully something I could resist. I rushed upstairs and into my room and stared at myself in the mirror. My shirt had ridden up and my belly was just on show.

Belly...

A word that almost didn't describe it anymore. My belly resembled a balloon more than a woman. Truly gigantic. I could see the skin had turned a soft shade of red from the immense pressure it was under. I lowered myself onto the bed and felt how it hit the bed before my butt, meaning I had to lean back to accommodate its taut girth.

“I... I look like I've just been pumped up...”

“The shape is part of the bulking plan I've put you on. It will dissipate over the next few hours; your body will make quick work of this.” Oscar's words didn't soothe me, it just made me feel like he was part of the problem.

The sense of fullness was something that felt rather good actually, now that I had stopped and was laying back. I glanced at the clock.

12:45.

My eyelids were growing heavy. The food was forcing me to take another nap.

Slowly my world faded to darkness as I let the nap take hold once again.

My brain was picking up on a pattern.

Stuffed... Sleep... Stuffed... Sleep...

Chapter Six - Sam

My watch buzzed me awake; the nap felt very refreshing.

A similar end to my last nap, however I noticed something different this time. Impossibly, Oscar was right. I had made quick work of the food, my balloon-esque belly was now much flatter, I had metabolised the food at an inhuman rate, but there were side effects. I could tell immediately; I saw my arms were thicker.

I jumped up and looked at myself in the mirror, barely taking notice of the tight fabric over my waistband and top.

My mouth hung low, and I gawked at what I saw.

This second nap had changed even more about me.

My body was thicker all over, the fat had started to spread, I couldn't believe the change I had gone under in such a short amount of time. My legs were wider, as were my hips. My eyes roamed up my body and got caught on my belly.

So... Big...

My gut was big now, it shook and jiggled with each breath. Much less taut, it still was rather perky for a fat belly. I couldn't look at it any longer, I needed to move on.

Next were my arms, I noticed them first in the bed but seeing them now, I could see the work I had done to gain some muscle on my weak arms was now undone, or at least covered by a

thick layer of adipose. Following my arms to my chest.

I gasped.

Holy shit...

My top was strained over the new developments under the top I was wearing. Boobs.

The 140lb girl of yesterday was well and truly out the window.

I must've passed 180...

I stared at my boobs and noticed they were the biggest they had ever been. I wasn't flat chested before but now I was hefting some serious tits under my top.

At least it isn't all bad...

I shook my chest from side to side and giggled as my whole body shook from side to side. I had this strange feeling washing over me, I didn't seem to mind... or at least I didn't mind as much as I probably should.

I saw a notification on my phone screen. I quickly opened my phone and saw a message from Lauren.

"Hey... I know it's only been a few hours but, the briefness of this morning, I felt a bit rude. Can I make it up to you with a coffee this afternoon?"

I felt a warmth rush over my body. I looked at myself in the mirror and I was shocked.

I should say no... Look at me!

But then I felt my heart race at the thought of seeing Lauren.

"Sure, shall we go to Carlos?" I replied.

Within a second, I saw "Meet you there at 4?"

I quickly gave her a thumbs up and locked my phone, noticing the time as I did so.

1430.

Turning to the task at hand, I rummaged through my wardrobe and quickly, I knew there wasn't much hope of a lot getting on me, I knew I was bigger before but even my biggest clothes that I had kept in "my" room at my Mum's, it wasn't going to be enough to contain my new body.

I struggled to get into my jeans and top. My belly was hardly contained, my tits were straining the top and my jeans were threatening to cut me in half or maybe a button would pop.

I couldn't even bring myself to look in the mirror at my hugely swollen form.

What is happening to me...

I rushed out the house, thankfully I avoided any contact with anyone. Sitting in my car, I pushed the seat all the way back and still found my stomach was touching the steering wheel.

I could barely take in all the new sensations I was feeling.

"Oscar... This will go away right..." I asked, checking my watch.

"Absolutely, I think you shouldn't be so hard on yourself, this level of food seems high, but I assure you that it is all within the specifications according to my AI. Trust me Sam."

Okay... I guess...

The trip to the coffee shop was filled with strange sensations, jiggle and movement where there wasn't before. Stepping out of my car, I straightened my shirt up over my globular stomach and I started to walk into the building.

I hope I got here first.

I opened the door and saw Lauren almost immediately.

Shit.

I felt nervous, I was so much different from this morning, I broke eye contact and stared at the floor as I took heavy steps towards her. Each time my foot hit the floor I felt the wave of jiggle spreading over my stomach. I felt embarrassed, I quickly jiggled to the seat opposite and plopped my heavy butt onto the cushion and looked at Lauren with rosy cheeks.

There is no way she didn't see...

I try to hide myself as much as I can, I sink into the chair and use the table to hide as much of me as I can, but I notice Lauren is still staring and not really moving.

"Uh... Hi..." I said.

"H... Hi..." Her voice was soft and weak, juxtaposed to her physique.

What's up with her? She can hardly keep it together. Maybe I should just leave.

After some silence, I speak up.

“I think... I think I am going to go...” A tear almost formed in my eyes.

As I turn to leave, I feel her powerful hand grip my wrist and keep me on the table.

“Please. Don't.”

I turned and looked her in the eyes and saw the pleading look on her face.

I slowly turned back and looked her in the eyes and she said.

“Let me get you a cake.”

Chapter Seven - Lauren

I quickly ran home, forgoing the rest of my run. I was too excited.

Sam was great before, I used to have a crush on her, to be fair at that age, I had a crush on most people. However, seeing her with a bit of pudge, after I have discovered myself and after the way she was staring at me. I couldn't help but feel aroused.

That watch though...

I got home and quickly loaded up my browser and found myself reading one of my favourite stories, Reunion. It was about someone who attended a reunion, only to find someone who had a crush on him knew about his lust for larger ladies and she had done some growing.

I found my fingers quickly spreading myself as I teased and circled my clit as my eyes took in every word on the page.

I couldn't help but think of the similarities and my brain forced me into the story with Sam.

What if she was more confident about it... What if she teased me?

A pipedream but on the brink of orgasm, anything can seem real.

I felt my heart start to pound, much harder than when I was running, my hips bucked, and I rapidly increased my movements before I let out a stifled screech and a whimper. My body tensed for a few seconds before it relaxed.

I laid on the bed panting.

What if...

The question reverberated through my head.

But that fucking watch... She will lose weight... Just like the others...

I felt a small amount of sorrow creep into my head.

"Post nut clarity" I guess.

I considered going again but the thought of Sam losing weight, at least the reality of it, made me want to just get on with the rest of my day.

"Oscar... What's next?"

"You need to wait about 48 minutes, but you should then hit the gym. In the meantime, grab yourself some protein. You still have that chicken breast in the fridge, might I suggest a chicken salad."

I bet her Oscar is doing the same thing...

I got up and headed downstairs for my salad before driving to the gym. The session was good, I broke some personal bests, but I felt a bit strange. My brain couldn't shake the interaction from earlier with Sam.

After I got showered in the gym and grabbed my phone, I sent Sam a text.

"Hey... I know it's only been a few hours but, the briefness of this morning, I felt a bit rude. Can I make it up to you with a coffee later?"

Fingers crossed.

I noticed she immediately appeared online and started typing. I felt nervous.

"Sure, shall we go to Carlos?"

Yes!

"Meet you there at 4?"

She gave the message a thumbs up. I was overly excited. For a few reasons. I looked up from the bench I was on, just in my towel, I saw my veins popping on my biceps and although they weren't massive guns, they still looked great.

She will get to see all of this.

I looked over my frame.

I will get to see her.

I smiled.

Plus, Carlos has the biggest and best cakes in town.

I felt a twinge below.

I better get ready.

Checking my watch, I saw Oscar briefly before my eyes darted to the time. It was 1430.

I dried myself off and got dressed, I was so excited about my coffee date later I ignored the women who were staring at me. Something about their fit bodies just didn't seem to appeal to me anymore, not when I knew I had Sam waiting for me.

Getting ahead of myself again.

I got in my car and drove back home.

"You've not checked in with me for a while, I hope you understand by seeing Sam, you'll miss this evening's session most likely. Coffee shop meet ups usually last two hours, by the time you get to the gym you won't be in the optimum zone." Oscar said, unprompted.

"Yes, but I don't really mind missing today."

"I can tell, your heart rate has been raised since you saw Sam this morning."

Can he really tell?

"However, please don't overindulge at Carlos, I've seen the menu online, I don't think you could even eat a single cake without needing to double your efforts for the next two days."

Why does that sound... Exciting to me...

"My sensors indicate that you are excited... I wonder why."

"No. I am not letting you collate that feedback." I said quietly.

"Noted."

After arriving home, I rushed upstairs to start getting ready, time was quickly getting away

from me. I put on a black tank top, the straps over my shoulder were very thin but it showed off my arms very well, not to mention my chest, what little that I had left. I put on some tight jeans too, I looked pretty packed into them, all those days in the gym gave my ass a wonderfully round and firm look to them.

I struck a pose in the mirror and stared.

Is this too much?

I didn't even give thought to answer that question, I just walked out the door before I over thought it. I walked to Carlos, despite the cold weather, thankfully it wasn't raining. I arrived a bit early, so I took a seat and waited patiently for Sam to arrive. It was quite quiet, usually was but even more so because of the time of year. I saw a car pull up and I felt myself become tense. The door swung open, and I saw Sam get out of the car.

She looked great, she had a T-shirt on and jeans herself.

Holy fuck.

Her top was riding up, it was tight across her chest and her jeans were strained on the button.

Her stomach. Those tits.

I was racking my brain for an answer for what I was looking at, I stared as her belly jiggled and wobbled as she walked towards me. She looked positively stuffed. She could pass for being pregnant. She looked much bigger than this morning. I couldn't take my eyes off her belly, I felt myself becoming turned on as she walked towards me.

Fuck... I can't keep looking... I- I-

My brain was in overdrive.

"Uh... Hi..." Sam said timidly but she had that cute, sweet tone still.

"H...Hi..." I said softly in response before glancing at her stomach once more.

So big... How?

I stared, I couldn't help it, how does a woman gain that much weight in such a small amount of time. That shouldn't be possible.

“I think... I think I am going to go...” her voice cut through me, breaking me out of my trance.

I quickly looked at her face, her eyes were welling up. She turned to leave, I thrust my hand over the table and grabbed her wrist.

“Please. Don’t.” I practically whimpered.

She stared into my eyes, and I saw the rest of her body turn back around and face me once more.

Here goes...

“Let me get you a cake.”

Chapter Eight - Sam

I sat there, staring at the pleading eyes of Lauren and she had just asked me if I wanted cake. It would've been a lie if I had said no, my tummy gave it away with a gurgle.

What is wrong with me...

“Sure...” I tried to not sound like a pig but the fact my belly couldn't be contained in my top was a dead giveaway already.

I watched as the buff Lauren took powerful strides to the counter, I looked away, I still felt embarrassed, I was huge now, all of a sudden.

How does this happen...

I poked a finger deep into my fat stomach, the amount my finger sunk in was astounding but the hard and taut resistance I met was also shocking. I tried my best to pull my top down to cover the draft that I felt on my belly but unfortunately that only served to do one thing.

Holy shit.

My tits. I had hardly noticed but they were busting out of my top. Huge fat heavy mounds on my chest, made to look even more perky by way of my belly acting like a shelf for them.

I think I could get used to these...

I cupped my breasts and settled them in my bra, that they were overflowing at this point. I looked up to see Lauren staring with her eyes glued to my tits.

Who can blame her.

In her hands was a tray, one that had four huge slices of cake. I gawked; my belly gurgled again.

“Four?” I questioned.

“Well... They all looked so good...”

She wasn't wrong.

I rubbed my belly under the table, and I could feel my stomach vibrating from rumbling so much. My mouth was drooling almost. Lauren placed the tray on the table and gestured to the cake.

“Your pick”

There was a chocolate cake, Victoria sponge, carrot cake and a coffee walnut cake slice. Each was so thick and stacked that I honestly started to wonder about how it physically was able to remain upright. The thick layer of cream in the middle looked incredible, smooth and filled with sugar. I honestly couldn't pick.

All of them.

A voice in my head said. I stifled its gluttonous influence and picked up the carrot cake. The spiced sponge and cheese cream was practically begging to be eaten.

I looked at Oscar on my wrist and saw him appear and log the slice of carrot cake before smirking and disappearing behind the UI.

I was too lost in the moments before my feast to even question the AI, I just started to eat. The first forkful hitting my lips almost made me moan out loud. The cake was so moist and succulent, and the cream was so thick.

“Good, huh?” Lauren said, her eyes glued to me.

I could only nod before taking another bite, and another. Before I knew it, I had finished the slice. I couldn't even guess the calories that cake added to my meal plan. I glanced at Oscar and as if he had read my mind, I saw the calories displayed clearly on the screen.

839.

I gasped.

“Everything Okay?” Lauren asked, the worry on her face was quite cute.

“Y-yeah... I...” I saw the three slices still present and untouched.

“I ate earlier, I’ll have one in a bit, you pick your next one.”

I was about to protest but my desires got the better of me, I pulled the Victoria sponge towards me and saw the calories on my watch already for this slice too.

653.

I paid it no more attention, nor did I notice that Oscar had added it before I even selected the cake. I just ate, quicker than the first one, the slice was dismantled by my fork and each bite slid between my lips before travelling to its terminus, my growing gut.

I didn’t pause, I grabbed the third slice, coffee, and I was practically shovelling it into my maw at this point, I had lost all control and sensibilities. The flavour was rich and almost overpowering, I barely had time to enjoy it before I had swallowed it all. I looked at the chocolate cake slice and reached forward, before my hand made contact I had to stop because of a sharp pain in my stomach.

I glanced down, my arm still outstretched. I saw my belly bulging over the table. I could feel my face start to burn red with embarrassment.

My... Belly... Is in the way...

I looked back at Lauren, and I saw her wide eyed and staring.

I hope the world just swallows me whole.

I was startled by the noise of the tray moving across the table. Lauren was pushing the chocolate cake slice towards me.

Why?

I snatched the plate and leaned back, my stomach was now uncompressed and stretched out from my torso, I paid no mind to it as I started to devour the chocolate cake, I lost my fork in my short wave of embarrassment, using my hands, I just stuffed it all in at a rapid speed. It was like I was making up for lost time or something.

After I had swallowed the last bite, I leaned back and felt the cold air against my exposed stomach. Without really noticing, my belly was now almost entirely out of my jeans and top. I didn't even have the energy to lift myself up to pull it back down.

"Were they good?" Lauren asked, her voice sounded like she was quivering.

"Yeah... But I think it is time I made a move... I umm..." I gestured to my stomach.

Lauren just stared; I could see the sorrow behind those eyes though.

I couldn't possibly though, I am practically naked...

Lauren couldn't really say much, especially when I stood up. My stomach stuck out so much farther. I had to balance it with my hand to stop me from toppling over.

This isn't normal...

I rubbed the fat orb that was making lots of glorpings noises as it churned and digested the cake banquet it had just been treated to.

Lauren rushed over to me and stood next to me; I could feel the heat of her body against my cold stomach. It was as if she chose to get this close. Her tall frame looked down at my shorter frame but bigger body. I had blown up so much in so little time. Yet, I didn't feel concerned by it.

I know it was impossible, it was wrong, I didn't understand.

What is happening?

I asked myself this question a lot, but I never had an answer, in the absence of a meaningful response to myself, I just carried on.

"Do you want me to walk you back to your car?" Lauren asked, her eyes were unable to keep themselves from my body.

What is up with her?

"No, that is fine... Sorry I haven't been much company..." I started.

"No... I should be sorry..." Lauren said, sounding like she was admitting something, something I didn't even really understand.

I looked her over and saw a bead of sweat on her brow, her breathing was laboured.

What's got into her?

I felt my stomach glorp and let out a pained grumble.

How can it still be hungry... I've just eaten all this ca-

“Oh crap!” I suddenly said.

Lauren was startled but she asked. “What? What’s wrong?”

“You didn’t even have any of the cake... Weren’t you hungry at all?”

“It would’ve been wasted on me... You did enjoy them a lot... Right?” She replied, her eyes roaming my body again.

I nodded enthusiastically “But you didn’t even get a taste...” I said, before I saw chocolate still on my fingers.

Lauren saw it too.

Without a word, she lifted my hand up and took my finger into her mouth and sucked the chocolate off my index finger. She let out a soft moan, although I don’t think it was entirely due to the flavour. I felt strange, I didn’t understand why she was doing this.

Is she... Enjoying this...

I dispelled the thought and thought about how out of shape I was.

No way she could be enjoying something like this with a blimp like me. Plus, the cake did taste that good, maybe she is just enjoying the flavour.

I felt weird about it, but her tongue did feel nice on my chunky finger.

Chunky?

Even since arriving here, I noticed my fingers had become thicker, like sausages. She sucked the chocolate off them all. I barely paid attention to it as I was focusing on the thickness I had developed on my arms and fingers.

“It tastes good...” She cooed.

“I- I did say... They were good...”

“We should come here again; I’d like to get you some more cake...” Her voice was

sincere, her eyes burning, and her words oozed with something more.

“Sure.” I nodded before placing my hand on my swollen stomach. “I... I best go...”

“See you soon.” She said, giving a playful wink.

I started to waddle towards my car, each heavy step sent waves of jiggle through my belly, and I couldn't help but get lost in the sensation.

It feels so... Surreal...

Squeezing myself behind the steering wheel was hard, but I managed it. My stomach dug into the wheel. I looked at Oscar and saw my calorie intake for the day approaching 20,000.

“Oscar... I... I need to stop... I can't eat anymore... I'm getting too big, no matter how much gym time I get, this won't shift... Look at me...”

I shook and jiggled my cramped stomach.

“I will set you a plan to help immediately, don't you worry Sam, I will take care of this for you.”

I felt a tiny prick in my wrist, under my watch and I looked at Oscar with a raised eyebrow.

Did it just... Prick me?

Chapter Nine - Lauren

What am I doing... What if she freaks out...

My nerves and remorse for the question were getting the better of me, I was almost shaking, staring at Sam.

I then heard something that gave me hope.

Gloooorp

Her stomach made a loud grumble. Despite her seemingly stuffed status, I could hear her belly grumble. It wasn't the noise a full belly would make when it was digesting a lot of food, but rather, a pained noise of desperation.

It was hungry.

“Sure.” She said,

I couldn't believe my ears.

She just said yes.

I tried to contain my excitement, I quickly rushed to the counter, not wanting to give away my excitement by way of my face. Although my hastiness probably said something about my intentions. Standing before the glass screen that covered the cakes I gawked at each massive cake. They were so tall, they looked so fattening, even with my distaste for food these past few years, I had to admit they looked amazing.

“Hey, how can I help you?” The young man behind the counter asked.

He couldn't be much over 18 or 19, he was staring at my body. If I wasn't so enamoured with getting some cake for Sam, I would've probably teased him a bit. I needed to stay focused.

“I'll take... One each from that row please.” I pointed at the shelf with four big cakes on there.

Chocolate cake, Victoria sponge, carrot cake and a coffee walnut cake slice.

A good range.

I let my excitement overtake reality.

She wouldn't eat all of those, would she?

My feeder desires were pushing me to get another slice too. I silenced that voice thankfully.

“Are you sure?” The guy asked, shocked by my choice. He had seen how fit I was, so it was a bit shocking that I would pick that much.

I flexed my chest and stared him dead in the eyes.

“Yes, Honey.” And I gave him a wink.

I had never seen someone rush so quick to get an order ready, but here he was, plating up each thick slice.

“Thank you” I said as I picked up the heavy tray of cake from the counter.

He didn't respond, he just stared as I walked away.

I have much bigger fish to fry...

I took long strides over to the table and I saw Sam was poking at her body, clearly reeling from the sudden growth she had gone under.

Does she not see it... Is she only now seeing it?

I slowed down and watched as her finger was sinking into soft deposits of fat.

I wish those were my fingers...

With a sharp tug she pulled her shirt down in an attempt to cover her belly, this had an unintended side effect.

Fuck...

Despite wearing a t-shirt, it left little to the imagination as the fabric was strained over her larger breasts, I could even see some cleavage on show through the neck of her top.

She really must've pulled that top quite hard.

I stared and gawked when her hands slipped over her chest, and she cupped her hefty breasts. The ill-fitting bra was cutting into her boobs and very clearly showing how much she was overflowing her bra. The feelings of lust building within, I felt myself starting to feel a twinge below.

I need those tits...

A loud voice was taking over my head now, I wanted nothing more than to ravage her here. I must've looked quite strange because someone sat near asked if I was Okay. I kindly responded before finishing my walk to the table. Setting down the tray on the table. Sam's eyes went wide, and I saw her hands drop from her tits to her belly.

“Four?” She asked.

Yes... Four... All for you and your growing belly...

“Well... They all looked so good...” I calmly said.

Sam's hands started to rub and soothe her round stomach and I could hear how it was rumbling from beneath the table.

She must be starving... Even though she looks like she's been eating continuously since this morning.

Shock faded from her face, and I could see a look in her eyes, she looked ready to pounce.

Like a magician, I gestured to the cake. “Your pick.”

I noticed her Oscar lit up; it looked like it was updating calories.

Strange... She hasn't picked yet... Oscar knew?

Without any further delay, she grabbed the carrot cake and used the fork to cut a large piece off the sponge, being sure to grab some of the cream cheese. It went straight into her mouth, and I could see her face react to the flavour, an explosion of satisfaction donned her face.

“Good, huh?” I couldn’t resist asking.

My ability to stifle my inner desires becomes weaker by the second, or rather, by each bite she takes from the cake. She practically inhaled it; each bite was quicker than the last. I sat opposite her, unable to focus, my throbbing clit under the table demanded attention.

I can't... Not here...

I gawked at her finishing the last bite of food, she let out a soft little burp and patted her stomach. She looked to her wrist, Oscar had lit up again, she gasped.

“Everything Okay?” I asked, hoping I hadn’t ruined something with my overzealous meal plan.

“Y-yeah... I...” She stammered, not quite willing to form the next words. Her eyebrow raised when she must’ve realised I wasn’t eating.

“I ate earlier, I’ll have one in a bit, you pick your next one.” I lied.

I hope she buys that...

It was impossible to know, she just grabbed the Victoria sponge and started to shovel that into her mouth. Every bite she let out a soft moan, whether she was aware of it or not was something I also didn’t know. Her Oscar was still lit up, she took occasional glances at the illuminated screen and continued to wolf down each bite.

She is... Gluttonous...

My hand was resting on my thigh, I was trying to keep myself in check, however almost without me noticing, my hand had slid closer to my aching sex.

No... I...

I started to press against my trousers and rub myself as I stared at Sam eating. She was so beautiful, so sexy and only getting sexier by the second. I imagined if this is what half a day could do to her, whatever was going on, she would be massive by the end of the week.

Are her... Boobs... Bigger?

The top was getting crumbs dropped over it, her tits acting like a shelf, but I could swear the fabric was looking more stretched. My eyes travelled down, and I locked my eyes onto her

stomach.

Is... That bigger too?

My rubbing was slow and methodical, but now it was becoming more rapid, feral and unhinged. My legs trembled beneath the table; I could hear my heart beating loudly in my ears.

I hope she doesn't notice...

I watched her grab the third slice without pause.

Fuck...

I almost moaned out loud, her feral-like pace made me realise that I have nothing to worry about, she wasn't going to notice me. I gripped the table hard, to ground myself, I could feel a bead or two of sweat forming on my brow as I rubbed quicker. As the third slice came to an end, I looked at the last slice, a thick chocolate slice, covered in ganache. I watched and waited.

She isn't... Is she?

The answer shouldn't have surprised me, but it did, I gasped, audibly as she reached for the last slice.

Fuck...

Sam suddenly stopped and looked pained and puzzled. I followed her eyes and saw what she was looking at.

Fuck... Her belly...

She was now almost being cut in half by the table, her top had ridden back up thanks to her tits. Her belly bulged over the top of the table slightly, it would've yielded much more if she wasn't so incredibly stuffed. I stared at her skin which was now being pressed inward.

She can't reach.

I nearly came then and there. Her own gluttony had made her grow so large, so quick that she couldn't reach the next slice. I rubbed harder and faster, I couldn't resist any longer, I almost didn't care if she noticed, I needed release.

Thankfully, I cared enough to stop when I saw her gaze lift from her bulging gut. She stared

at me with a shocked and embarrassed look, her face was turning redder by the second. I was lost to the fantasy, I showed no compassion, no empathy, only lust.

More...

I let go of the table with my unoccupied hand and reached for the tray, I unsubtly pushed the tray towards her, her eyes went wide, as if to say, "What are you doing?". I knew exactly what I was doing, I couldn't deny it, I couldn't resist it. I just wanted one more thing.

More...

Sam snatched the plate from the tray, which was now within reach because of my efforts, she leaned back, and I watched in awe as belly was seemingly freed, it stretched so far out, it looked so round and taut.

*I need to touch it... Her... Anything... I **need** her...*

I continued to rub and massage myself through my trousers, I was becoming too turned on, I was approaching a powerful explosion. I watched Sam rapidly devour that last slice and lean back, for the first time, content. Her stomach was all the way out, her jeans had made a V shape in defeat from her expanding middle. I marvelled at the huge orb that was a shelf to her big boobs.

It was too much.

Fuck.

I quivered and with significant effort, I contained my thunderous explosion. I grit my teeth and felt my insides spasm with pleasure. Sam looked at me just as I started to relax and come down from that first explosion. I wanted more. I needed more.

"Were they good?" I said, noticing that my voice was quite shaky from my orgasm.

"Yeah... But I think it is time I made a move... I umm..." She said, embarrassed, gesturing to her gut.

I stared openly now that she had drawn my attention to it. I wanted her to stay, for her to eat more, for me to rub it. Anything, anything other than her to leave.

Without any other warning, I saw her stand up. Her exposed belly was out in the open for everyone to see. It was gigantic, she looked pregnant, she looked like she was fit to burst. I noticed

that she had to put her hand on her hip to counterbalance the hugely packed gut, just like a pregnant woman would do.

The movement sent her stomach into overdrive, and I could hear her stomach making lots of noises.

I...

I rushed to her side, my body millimetres away from touching her exposed stomach with my body. I could feel the heat radiating from her belly. I looked down and got a good look at the top of her belly and how much her tits stuck out over her stomach.

“Do you want me to walk you back to your car?” I blurted out, not wanting to let her leave my company.

“No, that is fine... Sorry I haven’t been much company...” Sam said in a sad tone.

Oh shit... I need to say something...

“No... I should be sorry...”

How could I get her to see...

Her eyes were reading my expression, it was my turn to start blushing. Her stomach grumbled and broke her gaze from my face.

“Oh crap!” She burst out.

What?

“What? What’s wrong?” I panicked.

“You didn’t even have any of the cake... Weren’t you hungry at all?” She said, a little defeated but my brain found her words to be arousing.

I need to control myself.

“It would’ve been wasted on me... You did enjoy them a lot... Right?” I replied, teasing, goading.

Of course she did... Look at her... So full...

Sam nodded, very enthusiastically, her body language betraying everything else she was

putting out until that point.

“But you didn’t even get a taste...” she added.

She generally gestured with her hands, and now was no different, but something caught my eye.

Her finger... Is that... Chocolate...

I felt myself sweat again, arousal taking over.

No... I...

I took her hand and leaned closer to her, my body pressing against her stomach now.

What am I doing...

I singled out her index finger and led it to my mouth.

Why can't I stop...

Although it was happening so fast, I felt as if I was trapped in slow motion.

I...

My brain had turned to mush. I couldn’t feel any resistance from Sam, even as her finger parted my lips and my tongue licked the chocolatey goodness from her finger. I let out a soft moan and my mouth applied a modest amount of suction before I pulled her finger out, with an audible pop. Although I couldn’t read her mind, she took my advance so well, I couldn’t help but feel elated.

I'm in heaven...

I didn’t even like chocolate cake, but I couldn’t help but softly say “It tastes good...” accented with a soft coo.

“I- I did say... They were good...” Her trembling voice responded.

Without thinking, I added. “We should come here again; I’d like to get you some more cake...”

What am I doing, just openly saying I want to feed her?

Before I could chastise myself for my flagrant misuse of words.

“Sure.” Her voice was almost a squeak.

My eyes darted to her face, and I saw a smile. I watched as her hand rested on the top of her swollen middle.

“I... I best go...” Her voice was breathy and low.

Was I imagining it?

“See you soon.” I winked.

Winking now?

I was too shocked by how this whole thing played out. I just stared at her huge belly as she turned around and it swayed from side to side when she left. She was so encumbered by food that she had to waddle now.

I felt a familiar twinge below and knew I needed to get home to take care of my growing desires.

Sam... I am going to make you so big...

It was almost like a vow, not just to her, but me. I was truly getting lost in this fantasy.

Was that such a terrible thing?

I grabbed my stuff and started to walk home, desperate and horny. I justified my actions and relived her reactions to myself before getting in the house. As I walked through the door, I felt my phone vibrate.

Sam: Hey, can you talk to me about Oscar for a minute?

Oscar? What does she want to know?

Before I could reply, another message.

Sam: I think it is making me bigger...

I felt my legs wobble, I reread the message three more times, biting my lip.

Making her bigger?

Chapter Ten - Sam

I felt the pain for the briefest of seconds, a strange sensation travelled up my arm and I massaged my arm as I felt a dull ache spread throughout it. I had forgotten about the pin prick I felt moments earlier and I was suddenly hit with a new sensation. I felt hot. Very very hot.

I turned the car on and blasted the cold air conditioning, even then I felt warm, so warm that I could see the beads of sweat forming on my brow.

I need to get home.

I quickly pulled off and raced back home. The whole way home I struggled with the steering wheel, it kept rubbing against my stomach. It was only when I pulled up at my parents' house did I realise that I had been changing as I was driving. My stomach shrunk down, no longer the gigantic boulder that it was earlier, however there was something else.

I was fatter.

My whole body had grown thicker in the matter of 15 minutes. My boobs had grown, my round stomach was more fat than food at this point and my ass was overflowing the car seat, when I came to pull up the handbrake, I had to fight off a few inches of thick thigh.

What is happening to me...

Moving in my seat, I heard a loud ripping sound, my bra had given way. The effect must've been drastic to witness, my tits seemed to surge forward and flop downwards onto my stomach. I

gasped and braced myself for my top to also split open. Thankfully my dignity was kept intact.

I need to get in... Now...

I burst through the door and jiggled all the way upstairs to the spare room. Quickly closing the door behind me, I let out a sigh of relief.

“Sam...” Abi’s voice almost made me jump out of my skin.

“You’re... Huge...” She continued.

“Abi! What are you doing here, sweetie?”

“I just wanted to play with your makeup.” She pointed to the mess of eyeliners, mascaras and various other makeup products she had emptied out of my makeup bag.

“Oh... Well... How about you take them to your room?” I tried to move her along.

“Sam... Your boobs...” My little sister pointed at my chest.

I hadn’t really taken much of a look at them, I just knew they were much bigger, but even looking down now, I could see just how gargantuan they looked. I rushed over to the mirror and stared at my braless tits in my top.

They must be Gs or something...

“You look funny...” She added innocently.

“Yeah... I do look rather different...”

“And your tummy, it is so big now...” She poked my jiggly gut.

“Can you please leave...”

She wasn’t wrong, my once relatively flat stomach was now a full gut. I looked like I was fat and just stuffed a large meal in. The round gut I was sporting, I could probably pass as a few months pregnant. I placed my hand on the underside and gave it a small heft, only to let out a gasp as I realised how heavy it was to move.

Oh my...

I was in awe, how does someone grow like this, so fat and big so quickly.

Oscar...

I remembered the prick from earlier and how I started to change immediately.

It couldn't be, could it?

Abi slapped my bum and I let out a yelp.

“Hey!” I screeched. “You can’t just slap people’s bums.”

She was laughing at my reaction.

“Out. Now. Or... Or... I’ll make you fatter than me.”

Abi darted out the room in a flash. “Noooo!” she yelled as she ran across the landing into her room, slamming the door shut.

Fatter than me...

I stared at myself in the mirror and noticed how much jiggle I had about me now, even the subtlest of movements caused waves to ripple across my flesh. I sat down on my bed and gawked at the way my body seemed to pool on the spot.

I must've put on a shit ton...

I picked up my phone and sent a message to Lauren.

Sam: Hey, can you talk to me about Oscar for a minute?

I can't believe I am about to talk to her about this...

Sam: I think it is making me bigger...

She left me on read.

Maybe she was busy.

My curiosity got the better of me, I stood up, taking a side glance at my wobbling frame in the mirror before promptly walking to the bathroom, after first checking the coast was clear. Standing on the laminate floor, I looked down to see the scale to kick out into the centre of the room.

Holy shit...

Looking down I could only see me.

My tits dominated my view but even as they sagged down from lack of support, I could see

my stomach stretching just a bit further than my bust. I dumbly felt around with my foot to try and get the scale, after a loud metallic thud, I yelped.

I hope nobody heard...

I guide the scale to the middle of the room and stand on it. I already knew that I had no chance in seeing the reading but thankfully, leaning forward and using my phone was enough to get a quick snap at the number. I jumped off the scale and sat on the toilet with its lid down. It groaned from the excess weight I was exerting onto it.

I looked at my phone and I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

230.

50 lbs heavier than I had ever been...

I sat there in shock. How are you meant to process a weight gain of around 90 lbs in such a short amount of time. It is impossible, unheard of, it just isn't real.

This can't be real.

My phone pinged and I saw Lauren's notification appear at the top of the screen.

"Hey, I enjoyed earlier, I hope I didn't do anything wrong."

Why was she being weird?

"No, why?" I replied.

"I know you are trying to lose weight and I bought a few cakes. That's all."

"I choose to eat them, don't worry... Can I ask something?" I asked.

"Sure..."

"Have you found your Oscar to be useful?"

"Oh yeah, of course, it has been my saving grace to help me lose all my weight and get into shape. Why?" She now asked.

"No reason... Okay, I hope it works like that for me."

"Are you not happy?"

"I've not had it long enough to lose weight, but I seem to have put on a few lbs in a few

days.”

“Really?” She inquired.

“Yeah... You wouldn’t believe me... I can hardly believe it myself.” I said, my head filled with shame.

“Tell me, I am curious.”

“90 lbs.” I typed and locked my phone, standing up and looking at my chubby face in the mirror.

I... I can't talk to her right now...

I felt so embarrassed, I just wanted to disappear.

-Knock Knock Knock-

“I know you are in there Sam.” My mothers knocking and voice almost made me have a heart attack.

She can't see me like this...

Chapter Eleven - Lauren

Making her bigger...

I repeated the words in my head.

She already grew before my eyes.

Bigger.

The word was clear on my fancy LED screen that I paid way too much for each month.

Bigger... Still...

My heart was racing, I locked the door and rushed to the bedroom to grab my “friend” from the top drawer of my side table. I threw myself onto the bed and turned on my toy and started to work myself. It took seconds before I was cumming, I was so pent up from the real-life fantasy that had occurred before my eyes, now to get release, even that wasn’t enough.

More...

I went again. Reliving the moments of Sam’s expanding body before my very eyes.

“Fuck...” I gasped as my body was taken by another orgasm.

She ate... So much...

Thinking back to each slice she ate. How each one she seemed to enjoy more than the last, how she seemed to ramp up and scoff the next one quicker.

“Ah~” I yelped as a third wave washed over me.

She was so stuffed...

I had only one regret. That I didn't touch her belly.

The thought of what that might feel like is what powered my fourth orgasm in as many minutes.

I feel like I am going crazy...

I sat up, my heart rate pounding in my chest, it was beating so fast that Oscar was giving me a thumbs up, stripping him from my wrist and discarding the watch to the side table, I leapt up and ran over to my desk.

“There has to be more on this... Surely Sam isn't the only one...” I spoke to myself.

Firing up my laptop, I was still too horny, I couldn't focus so I started searching for the rapid weight gain associated with Oscar and apart from the various fetish-based writing that was available on websites that I frequented often, I did see one forum post.

Clicking through I saw a thread there, a user claiming that his Oscar was making him bulk a bit too hard and he was gaining significantly quicker than he wanted, but despite his efforts, Oscar's programming wouldn't change.

Not quite at Sam's level.

I held on to my dismissal, there were two pictures which were blurred out. One labelled before and one after.

I clicked the before image and was surprised to see a relatively fit man in his mid-thirties, he wasn't overweight, but he had some work to do to shred off some of that chub.

I clicked after and gasped.

Holy shit.

The picture was taken from the same place, the difference was that the person in the picture was so different. It was the same man, for sure. The face was much chubbier but thanks to the tattoos on his arms, it clearly showed that it was the same person. A gargantuan gut dominated his frame, round and packed tight, he looked like he had been bulking for years by drinking only beer. The hair orb could likely have fit his old body in it.

I was into women mostly but seeing this giant ball gut was triggering a reaction deep within. I quickly found my fingers teasing myself once more.

I think... Sam was bigger...

I writhed on top of my hand on my chair as I stared at the huge man filling my screen. Completely lost to my lust. A few moments later, after I had calmed down, I read and saw very little comments on this thread. A few people messaged to say it wasn't real or they hadn't had any issues but there was an official Oscar who made a comment.

The comment was vague and troubleshooting generic rubbish but there was one part that caught my eye.

“The Oscar is just a fitness guide, any unintended side effects are not the fault of the watch, as outlined in the T&Cs. Please can you check that you haven't input your weight incorrectly, e.g. 2000 lbs rather than 200 lbs.”

What... Like, it would try to fulfil a weight of that high...

I opened my watch and changed my weight goal to 2000 lbs in draft mode and checked out the plan guide it was setting for me.

“Holy shit...”

There was a lot of food...

I cancelled and made sure my goals hadn't changed and I sat looking at the computer screen in awe.

“How come nobody else has talked about this online... It feels like an easy thing to do...”

I had calmed down, the horniness had left me temporarily and I picked up my phone to message Sam. I was nervous that I might have let myself slip a little.

“Hey, I enjoyed earlier, I hope I didn't do anything wrong.” I typed.

“No, why?” Her message quickly fired back.

At least she is on her phone and responding.

I pondered how I should approach this... I mean, I did feed her four cakes, which isn't

normal for friends to do...

"I know you are trying to lose weight and I bought a few cakes. That's all." I tapped send.

Sitting there for a few seconds, it felt like weeks, thankfully her message started off by easing me.

"I choose to eat them, don't worry... Can I ask something?"

Can I ask something...

"Sure..." I quickly typed.

I started to shake. Call it excitement, call it arousal, call it fear. I would say it was a mash of it all. I stared at the top of the screen, next to her name "Typing..."

"Have you found your Oscar to be useful?"

I let out a big sigh, in one sense she hadn't picked up on me feeding her and losing control, but I felt a bit disappointed in one sense. I thought for a second before typing my response.

"Oh yeah, of course, it has been my saving grace to help me lose all my weight and get into shape. Why?"

Maybe she is making the link between the two like I have? Maybe she has seen that forum post.

"No reason... Okay, I hope it works like that for me."

Without thinking, I replied "Are you not happy?"

"I've not had it long enough to lose weight, but I seem to have put on a few lbs in a few days."

I felt a familiar twinge below from my overworked vagina.

"Really?" I typed, playing dumb.

"Yeah... You wouldn't believe me... I can hardly believe it myself."

I can believe it.

Images of Sam stuffing food into her mouth filled my head and I felt myself become excited again. My insatiable arousal was getting the better of me. I slipped my hand down my trim torso and

started to gently rub my overworked clit again.

“Tell me, I am curious.” I typed recklessly.

Tell me everything...

“90 lbs.”

90!

My hand started to go into overdrive now. A sudden burst of pleasure washed over my body as I worked myself towards another orgasm.

90! She couldn't have been much more than 150 lbs when I first saw her... So, she is well over 200... In days!

Shallow breaths and the wet slick noises of my wrist motions below were now filling the room.

She was huge... She said bigger... She wasn't 90 lbs heavier when I saw her...

I needed to see her. I craved the ability to touch her, to even see her. I wanted to know how that was possible, I wanted to see proof. I was far too turned on to resist what I did next.

I text her one word. “Proof?”

Chapter Twelve - Sam

“I’m busy...” I said, implying that I was on the toilet unable to open the door.

“I can hear you walking around.”

Shit.

“Ummm, still, don’t come in.” I pleaded.

My mum was never really overbearing but when she knew something was up, she could flip a switch and very quickly break boundaries she never thought of crossing before. It was out of love and not out of control, fearing for my safety. It was kind and, in the moment, it would bug me, but in hindsight it was always justified.

Shit... What am I going to do...

I clenched as I saw the handle of the door turn. My eyes darted to the lock, and I saw that I hadn’t done it.

Crap.

I couldn’t react fast enough; my large body just didn’t have the jump up energy I needed to keep the door from opening. I stood there, frozen in time as Mum opened the door and her jaw dropped.

It wasn’t hard to blame her. Her little girl who had been doing so well in losing weight since the breakup had surged past that in the matter of hours. She hadn’t said anything about the appetite,

nor my stuffed belly but seeing my body now rippling with fat. She was in shock.

“Abi... Said...”

That snatch.

She just stared at me, my big fat belly fully exposed thanks to my clothes being multiple sizes too small, my fat tits sagging on top of my protruding stomach. She was likely able to see my hard nipples too, it was cold here and I guess that made the whole look considerably more obscene. My thick thighs, fat arms and plush face all were new additions in such a small amount of time.

“What...”

“I don’t know Mum...” I answered her incomplete question.

She took a timid step and placed her finger on the skin of my wobbling stomach. Gasping at the reality.

“People don’t just...”

“I know Mum.” I nodded.

Her eyes and hands continued to roam my body and I felt like a slab of meat being examined by a doctor or something. Oscar was getting warm on my wrist, and I could see the screen was lit up. I glanced down and I saw some sort of haze in the air.

What is that?

I was about to lift my wrist, but Mum startled me with a direct question.

“How do you feel?” The look of concern was slowly fading from her face.

“I feel fine.” I said it to ease my mother but, in that instant, I felt the truth behind those words.

Thinking inwardly, I couldn’t help but feel some sense of worth, safety and contentment.

Then my stomach started to rumble.

It made my mum jump as the whole thing jiggled and quaked. She looked at me wide eyed.

“I mean... I do feel peckish.”

“Are you sure you feel fine... I mean... Look at you...” She gestured to my body.

“I do. Promise.”

“Ok... Well, I’ll book you into the doctors this week.”

Seemingly she seemed to be alright with what was happening to me... and what was that smoke earlier...

“I’ll... Umm... Go put some food on?” She patted my belly, sending shockwaves over the surface of my gut.

“Umm...”

“I’ll think of something, you just put on something to cover up as best as you can, I’ll have it ready in half an hour.” With that she left me standing there in the bathroom.

I stared at myself in the mirror.

Why was she ok with this?

I picked up my phone and saw a notification from Lauren. It was simply one word.

“Proof.”

It was sent before Mum came into the bathroom. My sense of shame had faded and I looked at myself in the mirror again before opening my gallery on my phone, I saw the scale image again and despite the incredible amount of shame and shock I had felt earlier, it had all dissipated and now I was just ambivalent to my sudden weight gain. I tapped the photo and noticed that you could see the crest of my stomach in the photo. Even after noticing, I still send it to Lauren.

I put my phone down and waddled across the landing back into my room. I stripped off my clothes and threw on my baggiest pyjama shirt, it barely covered half of my stomach, the fabric ran out of give when it came to the swell of the upper portion of my belly, that mixed with the boobs, it was hard to contain my form. Lifting my heavy trunk like legs, it took a lot of effort to squeeze them into the formerly baggy trousers. The loose cotton was now being strained at my calves and thighs, the waistband had no chance to get around my stomach, it rested under my belly and barely got over my thick ass.

I looked at myself in the mirror and giggled at what I saw. I looked ridiculous, so corpulent, so huge.

Why do I feel nothing...

That was the biggest thing, I felt nothing towards this, the shock had gone, the fear too. I was just this now. I poked my belly and it felt as real as it did earlier, it just now felt normal.

I waddled downstairs, feeling myself shake and wobble, I noticed that when my feet touched the solid floor, my body still shook for a few more moments. It almost felt nice.

My nose caught a whiff of something delicious in the air.

What is she cooking?

I lost focus as I saw my body in the full-length mirror. I had only moments ago seen myself to feel nothing but now I felt the need to take a photo. It wasn't artsy or anything special, but I knew in this one moment, I needed this photo.

I need to send this to Lauren.

I don't know why I thought it, but I did. It was almost instinctual. Before I had even really thought about it, I had sent it.

I was bursting out of my PJs and my full size was on display, especially due to the too small PJs. I felt a sense of pride almost before I turned my attention back to my mother's cooking. Walking closer to the most divine smell, I could finally make out that she was cooking chips and setting up a plate of cooked meat that she still had as leftovers from the big day not too many days prior.

Cold cuts and meat were a staple in our house after Christmas day. My stomach rumbled and I saw that she had even made a starter for me.

"Thank you, Mum." I beamed at her.

Too busy to respond, Mum just continued to prepare food. At the table was a prawn cocktail.

"I had enough left over... I always buy too much, eat up Sam."

I did exactly as she said, I wolfed down the food and wiped the bowl clean with my finger.

I could drink Marie rose sauce...

I wouldn't usually think like this. Although the sauce was delicious, I knew the awful effects it would have on my body, yet now, here I was, craving more of it.

I was starving suddenly, despite just eating a starter. My belly ached.

Thankfully, Mum served up a plate of fresh cooked chips, covered in salt and oil along with lots of meat.

I took the first few bits and felt my stomach churn in pain.

Too slow...

I knew what I needed to do.

Faster.

I discarded the knife and fork and started to just eat with my hands. Quicker and quicker, I shovelled the huge pile of chips into my mouth, mixed in with a few slices of meat at once. The plate didn't last long, I had cleared the plate and now sat back in my chair. My stomach wasn't sated but it was happy enough to stop complaining. That was until Mum brought out the dessert. A huge cake.

“So many leftovers... We can't throw it out... Sam?”

I gawked at the huge chocolate gateau that was still hardly touched from Christmas day. I felt myself start to tremble, like an excited dog, drool practically started to seep out of my maw.

As soon as Mum was within Arm's reach, I snatched the plate from her hands and started to shove the food into my mouth, not caring about the mess I was making, not caring that my belly had swollen so much from the food that now this baggy top was just a tight training bra on me. I felt another odd sensation in my arm, on my wrist. I looked down and saw Oscar and thought that it must've caught something but quickly I felt the sensation travel up my arm and I could feel my body start to get warm. I threw the final bite into my mouth and groaned from the pressure in my stomach.

So full...

My phone buzzed and I quickly looked to see a notification from Lauren.

“Do you want to come over tonight?”

Going over to her house... Sounds... Fun...

“As long as you have some food.” I replied playfully.

Was I flirting?

“Anything you want. X”

A kiss...

“I’ve just had a chocolate cake, so not that...” with the message I sent a picture of me smiling next to the empty plate. “Maybe some brownies...” I added.

“I’ll get them now. Meet at mine around 8?”

Glancing at my watch, that was only two hours away, I needed to get ready. I gave her message a thumbs up.

Do I even have anything to wear...

I felt a familiar sensation, it started on my chest. The heat had not subsided since I had finished the cake, it had only grown more intense, now, the familiar sensation was taking hold. My top felt tighter in an instant, my shirt was stretching more by the second. It was no match for my growing bust and within a few seconds I could hear seams ripping and giving way to my rapidly swelling breast, I surged down the alphabet. Just before I stopped growing, my top burst open. I didn’t even bother to cover up my now K cups. I let them flop onto the table, huge fat pillows.

I hope Lauren doesn’t mind me turning up naked...

Chapter Thirteen - Lauren

I sat nervous for a few seconds. Regret crept in, yet my blood was pumping with anticipation. The wait was killing me. The message said sent but it wasn't read.

What if she read it in the notification tray and...

Nerves turned to worry as I realised, I might have pushed it too far. I couldn't linger on the thought for too long, mostly because I felt too turned on by the thought of the gain Sam has potentially undergone. The residual waves of sexual bliss still coursing through my body. I was overstimulated and my clit overworked. I needed to take a pause for the cause. I stood up and jumped into the shower, putting some music on my phone. I let my hands roam over my toned body and really take stock at what a wonderful transformation I had gone under since I had gone on my health craze.

I wonder if Sam likes my body...

Sam, and the thought of her, was consuming my mind, filling my head with indecent thoughts and the rising lust that came along with it was almost too much. I felt a shudder through my body as I thought about seeing her again and this time touching her soft body.

Bzzt bzzt.

My music momentarily paused, and my phone vibrated to signal that I had received some notification.

Sam.

I jumped out of the shower, getting water all over the floor, my half washed dripping body almost slipped a few times on the floor. I picked up my phone, trying not to get it too wet or soapy.

Sam...

Her picture was there with a new message. I tapped to unlock my phone and I quickly saw the message. It was a picture. The picture almost made me faint. I tapped on it to have the picture take up my entire phone screen, I stared in awe.

She did it...

The proof I asked in a horny stupor was now here, Sam had provided the "Receipt" to her comment. I saw the numbers on the scale.

230.

I believed it, wholeheartedly, there was no doubt in my mind that she was that big now. With the rapid expansion of her body during our little café visit, I knew that her body was more than capable of it. I didn't question how, or why, I just let the arousal wash over my body. My nipples became stiff, my vagina ached, I wasn't done with the picture. Half of the picture contained the scale, but the other half showed off the round bloated crest of her stomach. I could clearly see the projection of her stomach was so much now that she couldn't see the scale. My mind's eye recreated the image in my head, from my point of view. I looked down and pretended I was Sam.

For me to lose sight of the scale... I would...

I leaned back and pushed out my stomach and tried to maintain a line of sight on my feet, although the effect was not even close to the same, I imagined I had that huge stomach for a second and gauged the size I would need to block out the scale numbers and I was turned on at what I was imagining.

This big...

I placed a hand on my stomach, it was firm and full of air, but it wasn't quite right. I gestured with my hand further, out more, the distance from my palm to my stomach was now increasing inch by inch. I thought of what that would look like, the huge fat round belly filling that distance.

That is what Sam would look like...

I then realised that actually, the angle the photo was taken from was not from her point of view, but rather her hand holding the camera. She might not even be able to see her stomach because her boobs were too big and in the way.

That was all I needed to be set off again.

I threw myself back into the shower and started to work myself again. Due to the over stimulation, my pussy was quick to orgasm. My body slid down the wall of my shower until I was crumpled on the floor, still masturbating with fervour. Again and again, I came. I had succumbed to the fantasy once again.

Exhausted, I laid there, letting the water hit my body for a few minutes before I could even consider moving again.

“I... I need to finish...” I picked up my luffa and washed my sweating body again.

After a few minutes of washing my body and hair, I got out of the shower, nearly slipping on the pool of water I had left on the floor earlier. I dried off and made my way to the bedroom, sprawling across the bed, I picked up my phone. Thoughts of Sam still dominating my mind.

I text her without much thought. The safeguards having left now that I was too infatuated with her and her body.

“Do you want to come over tonight?” It immediately turned to read.

The nerves didn't have a chance to creep in because she replied. Her reply stirred up all the excitement I could muster.

“As long as you have some food.” She replied.

Fuck...

The words sent my head spinning.

Was she asking for food because she was hungry or did she want to be stuffed... or...

My sex ached again.

Fed by her...

“Anything you want. X” I sent back, without much thought or control, I added a kiss to the message.

Fuck... Feeding her on my sofa...

My hands started to play with my boob, I pinched the nipple lightly. I jumped when I saw a message appear, it was Sam, smiling with an empty plate next to her. The innocent image was something my overactive mind pieced together. Sam was noticeably fatter, her face had plumped out, even since we were at the café. Her puffy cheeks and chins confirmed her weight gain. I saw around her lips a few smatterings of chocolate, the same colour as the chocolate marks on the plate. Her chubby smile was melting me.

“I’ve just had a chocolate cake, so not that...” The caption read.

A whole cake... Surely not?

“Maybe some brownies...”

Brownies she wants. Done.

“I’ll get them now. Meet at mine around 8?”

I excitedly threw my phone down and chucked on some clothes before making a mad dash to the shop. Thankfully it wasn’t that far, I just hoped they had the snacks that Sam required, and a few more just for good measure. Grabbing a trolley, I zipped around the shop and started to fill up the shallow trolley with a myriad of snacks. Thankfully the brownies she requested were there. I grabbed 30 brownies; they came in packs of 5 and they were 3 for 2. I thought if I had bought anymore, I might scare Sam off. So instead, I went down the other sweet aisles and picked up various packaged sweets and chocolates.

I think Sam has a sweet tooth.

That didn’t stop me from picking up a few sharing packets of crisps. The amount of food I was getting could probably cover a buffet that a family might put together for a kid’s birthday party or something. Racking up quite the total, I paid for it with a giant smile on my face.

I know she will clear all of this...

The thought was very arousing to me. Thinking about all the food she was going to eat. I

was getting turned on with the heavy bags in each hand as I walked home. I got through the door and put the bags in the kitchen, again, not wanting to scare Sam, I put the shopping away.

Make it look like I already had all this food here...

There was a knock at the door, and I checked the clock.

19:48.

“She’s here...” My voice said with a slight voice crack.

I walked over to the door, my powerful footsteps echoed through the house. I stood with my hand on the door handle. I gulped.

Here we go...

Chapter Fourteen - Sam

“Sam... Your... Umm...” My mum was red in the face.

Hard to blame her, my giant tits were spread across the tabletop, and they were unlike anything she had seen before most likely.

Damn...

Looking down I could just see skin. So much skin. Gargantuan melons wouldn't even describe what I now had attached to my chest. Unbelievable mass now spreading across the table. The hot flush that came over me had since cooled and I was just in disbelief of what I could see.

My mother coughed, trying to get my attention, she was seemingly unphased by my growth, nor was I for that matter. I just looked at her dumbly and scooped up my boobs into my arms and covered my thick nipples, which were hard from the exposure to the cool air.

“Sorry... I'll... Umm...”

I waddled out of the dining room. My boulder of a belly holding my melon tits towards my chin. It must've been quite the sight. Thanks to my split top, my boobs were out but my belly was uncovered already. I turned to walk up the stairs, but I was stopped when the lower half of my belly rubbed against the stairs on each step, not because of how low it hung but how much it stuck forwards. I had to lean back to lift my stomach over the lip of each step. I was walking into the spare room, and I heard my dad call.

“Sam, is everything ok?” He seemed concerned by how much I was rushing to get into the room.

Thankfully for me, he hadn't seen my body, so I turned in the doorway, looking at him. Only my head hung out the door, the rest of me was firmly tucked around the door frame. I could see him analysing my body, it was clear to anyone who knew me that I had gained weight, he must've seen it.

“You seem... Different...” His words lingered in the air.

“Yeah Dad, I am fine.”

“You sure? You know me and your mother are here if you need anything honey...” His words were kind, so much so that I started to well up.

“I know Dad.” I wiped my eyes; he could see my thick arms now. “Dad.”

“Yes?” He replied, standing to attention like he might be needed for duty.

“I love you.”

“I love you too sweetheart.”

I ducked into the room and closed the door behind me.

Strange... He seemed to notice my changes, when he saw my arm, he looked really shocked and even confused. Strange.

I looked down at myself again and couldn't help but think what he might've thought if he had seen me like *this*.

Impossible to hide, I stared at my fat body, shuffling over to the mirror.

Fuck.

I looked impossibly pregnant, my massive tits looked ready to feed an army of babies, one it looked like I was gestating personally. My eyelids feel heavy, and the food coma was starting to take hold of me.

I looked at the time again.

The place isn't far from here... I probably could have a nap.

My physiology had decided for me anyway, I was slowly slipping into the land dreams. I was laying on my back, I was too big to do anything else. I looked down and saw my breasts rising and falling with each breath, they had lost a lot of their perkiness now that I was on my back, spreading either side of my ribs and giving me a perfect view to the mountain that was my stomach.

Full, huge, stretched and still desperate for more. I could see my world turning black with each second, I snapped up my phone and quickly set some alarms, making sure that I wouldn't be late before I lost consciousness.

The dreamless nap was refreshing and when the alarm hit, I was instantly up, alert and a little bit spooked. I threw myself to my feet, still essentially naked, except now I had gone through some more changes. My stomach had shrunk down considerably, apparently my digestion was that rapid. However, that came with some other side effects. I had a thicker layer of fat all around my body. I didn't dare to look in the mirror, nor weigh myself. I just accepted it and rose to my feet, feeling how tight my clothes were on my body already. I flexed and tore through the last vestiges of my wearable clothes.

I grabbed my fat gut and shook it with enough force to cause my body to jiggle out of control for more than a few seconds. My fat tits slapping against the wobbling mass of my gut. It didn't feel bad at all. It felt almost normal.

Like... I've been this big for ages...

My mind was foggy, I chalked it up to my nap and I opened the wardrobe in an attempt to find something that might fit me. There was nothing. I checked the landing and made sure that nobody was around, so I snuck into my mum's room. My new heavysset frame caused many floorboards to creak and bend to the incredible bulk I was now moving around.

I hope nobody hears me...

I opened her wardrobe and started to search through her clothes.

Mum was a bit bigger than me when I was 180 lbs but not by much, I'd guess 200 lbs. The years caught up to her and her excellent cooking found its way onto her hips. I found something very elasticated and stretchy. A pair of leggings and a large T-shirt. The leggings were at their breaking

point by the time I pulled them over my thick legs, thankfully they covered my lower half. The top was not quite as lucky of a pick. It could only really muster my tits; they took the bulk of the fabric.

This is the biggest thing she has...

I stared at my body in the mirror for the first time since waking up and I was not massively surprised to see that I had, in fact, grown. The full T-shirt was meant to cover down to my waist, it stopped just after my tits. The large melons were compressed together by the top, it was more of a bra than a top at this point. I saw a large amount of skin visible from my midsection next. It looked smooth, mostly firm and taut, flawless in every way other than it was much fatter than any one person should have on their frame.

My eyes lowered and I saw how my gut filled out the leggings, the waistband was digging into my soft flesh, and it was giving me a second belly because of the force it was putting on my tummy. I tested the fabric by moving my leg and despite the threads groaning, they held.

I let out a big sigh of relief and started to sneak out of my Mum's bedroom.

With a loud exhale, I felt myself crash into someone, or rather someone.

I was unmoved by my crash, but the recipient of my stomach was sent flying. I had to turn to my side to see who it was.

Dad.

"I am sorry!" yelped in a pleading tone.

"Sam..." He stared at my body from the floor, looking up at my hugely fattened frame. Each of my tits wobbling and shaking in Mum's shirt.

"Umm... Hi Dad..."

His eyes were wide. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Again, the only one really making a comment on everything. Suddenly I felt a strange sensation from my wrist, and I saw a similar cloud of smoke coming from it again. The smell filled my nostrils and I turned to Dad to see him on the floor, still unmoving. His demeanour had changed a few seconds after the smoke cloud.

"Dad?"

"Sam, why didn't you say you needed new clothes! I'll go get some for you, I'll be back as

soon as I can!” He shot out the door like a flash and left me feeling embarrassed on the landing.

I looked at the time on my watch.

19:21. I don't have time for that.

I decided to make my way to Lauren's house exactly how I was. I felt comfortable enough to do so for some reason. I don't know what it was, but I didn't feel judged by her, and she didn't seem to mind my body.

I had to fight with my car to even fit behind the wheel. My ass and thighs were too wide for the seat, my flesh billowed over the edge of the seat and made it difficult for me to interact with the handbrake and gearstick. Even when I was sucking in, I struggled to get my stomach behind the wheel, it rested on the cold surface, thankfully not applying enough pressure to knock the horn. The wheel was pressed hard enough though to lift my stomach a few inches on my body, which in turn, pushed my tits higher, so now they were resting against my chin. Checking my range of movement, finding it sufficient enough, I started the engine, feeling the ticking of the engine was making my whole-body jiggle, the sensation was rather distracting.

Lucky she doesn't live far...

It didn't take long before I arrived, I pulled up and had to fight to release my gut from behind the steering wheel. It flopped out and jiggled, the sudden burst of movement threatened the waistband of the leggings. I immediately stopped and waited for my body to become still. I looked around and was grateful I didn't have any eyes on me that I could see. I walked up to Lauren's door and knocked.

Checking my watch, I realised that I was a little bit early.

Hopefully she doesn't mind.

I straightened up and adjusted my top. I saw the handle move.

Here we go...

Chapter Fifteen - Sam

The door swung open with an enthusiastic pull from Lauren, and she then froze. Her jaw dropped and she stared at me. I could feel her eyes devouring me. My tits were straining my top, my belly was mostly out, and I was even bigger from when she had seen me. It feels impossible but within the span of a day I have grown so much.

Why isn't it bothering me?

I looked at Lauren who was trembling.

Why isn't it bothering her?

“Hey... I ummm... Struggled to get into anything else...”

I am not sure what I expected but to see Lauren's hard nipples and for her to start panting.

That was not what I was expecting at all.

“Are you ok?” I asked.

Is she... cold?

I looked down at my impressive bust and bulbous body.

She can't see me like...

I couldn't quite believe what I was even considering in my head.

“Fine!” She snapped. “Absolutely fine. Please. Come in. I got those brownies.” She was short and snappy.

I walked through the door and expected Lauren to move but she didn't. I had to squeeze past her, turning to my side, my belly slid across her middle. My tits were almost big enough to slide across her boobs too.

I could feel the tension, the heat from her. Yet, I still was denying it.

There is just no way that she likes...

Lauren's eyes were glued to me, I was walking into her house, leading myself towards where I guessed the living room was, but I knew her eyes were burning holes into me. I jiggled and wobbled forward, peering around the first door frame.

"Not that one, keep going." Lauren's voice guided me.

I caught a glimpse in the first room and noticed the room was dimly lit, a laptop was open on the desk and the power button was pulsating.

Must be in sleep mode.

I caught a glimpse of something brightly coloured on the side but because it was a fleeting glance, I couldn't quite make out what it was. Onward my heavy footsteps led me to a room with a sofa and a big TV opposite it. Before the two-seater there was a small glass coffee table. On top of it were two packets of Brownies.

One for her, one for me. Okay.

I realised the sofa was quite small, and there was only one. I lowered myself onto one side and heard it creak from the weight I was applying to its frame. Lauren stood tall above me, she was looking anywhere but my eyes, I could see her eyes darting around my fat. Her expression was not a negative one, moreover, it seemed like she was a woman who was fighting back something.

I don't think she is going to fit...

That didn't stop Lauren from trying, she turned around and lowered herself into the seat next to me, her body sliding against my fat overspill that was on her side of the sofa. Lauren didn't even try to shy away from my body, she actually seemed to lean into it almost. Her entire leg was pressed against mine, now having sat down next to me, she looked only forward.

Strange...

My stomach made a noise that startled the both of us, Lauren doubly because she could feel the deep vibrations from my rumbling. I turned to face her and laid a hand over the top of my exposed tummy. I leaned forward and felt my boobs spread over the top of my hand.

“I *think* I’d like those brownies now...” I looked at her with an innocent smile.

Lauren leapt forward and grabbed the bags and brought them back to the soft seat, cushioned between my thigh and the arm of the sofa. She sunk into the chair and tore open one of the bags like a woman who hadn’t eaten food in weeks. To my surprise, I found the brownie was quickly pressed against my lips. I opened instinctively and using my hand I took the brownie from her and fed myself the rest of the thick brown bar of moist deliciousness.

I moaned the whole time, it hit the spot, whatever brownie she grabbed from whatever shop, it was heaven. I finished the first one and quickly found a second in my hand, I didn’t even question it, I just continued to eat. Eat and eat and eat.

I didn’t notice that Lauren was feeding them to me, nor did I notice that I had cleared the first bag and was firmly into the second one. I only noticed when I felt my belly resting against something. I looked down and saw my distended stomach was resting against the arm of the chair and spreading over to rest against Lauren’s thigh. I looked fuller, much fuller that this many brownies should make someone. My brain couldn’t even focus on what was happening, I just opened wide and accepted another brownie. It didn’t take long but both bags were gone, my stomach looked inflated, I patted it softly, as if I was testing its elasticity.

The noise it made caught Lauren’s attention.

There were no words, but I felt her finger slowly trace itself up my side before she got over the outward swell and her hand draped over the top of it. She slowly spread and flattened her hand over my taut stomach. I looked into her crazed eyes.

She looks... enthralled...

Lauren’s hand was becoming braver, by the second she was applying more pressure and rubbing my stomach with an increased effort. I felt the heat rising from her.

“You... You are so *full*...” The words drooled out of her mouth.

“Not really...” I replied, without much thought. “Probably could eat another bag of those...” I added, almost as if I was on autopilot.

Lauren suddenly froze and I swear I could feel her tremble. Like a flash she darted out towards the kitchen, her abrupt departure sent jiggles all over my body. I sat there confused, until I saw her return.

Leaning against the door frame, she lifted her hand, with an outstretched arm, she held high the remaining four bags of brownies.

“Let’s put that to the test...”

I felt my stomach growl hungrily and I felt a sense of pride swell within me.

“You’re on.”

Chapter Sixteen - Lauren

I yanked the door handle, like I was pulling off a plaster, although instead of pain, I was trying to remove all suspense. I shocked myself, I was too brazen and not ready for what I was about to lay my eyes on.

Sam.

More accurately, her bigger body. She had grown, again. It had only been a few hours but here she was, bigger once more. Her belly was completely on show, the doughy fat ball of lard jutted from her torso like she was pregnant, but it was easy to see it was entirely fat. It wobbled and shook with each breath she took.

Boobs...

Her tits too were so much larger, the top she was wearing was likely something that was meant to cover her entire torso, but it was fighting a losing battle against her giant melons. The strained fabric only served to make them look bigger and rounder. Sam was beautiful, Sam was bigger, Sam was my deepest desires coming true before my eyes, Sam was... Sam was...

Perfect...

“Hey... I ummm... Struggled to get into anything else...”

Her words cut through any sort of denial she might have tried, any sort of beating around the bush was gone. I was now just opening staring at a self-admitted huge, beautiful woman standing on

my doorstep, unable to fit into her clothes.

I felt my legs start to wobble. I felt a wave wash over me, a rising lust. I felt myself throb; a growing wet spot was spreading over my pants. My nipples ached and I was almost drawn to start to pinch and play with them. Thankfully, I resisted.

“Are you ok?” Sam’s words were caring and kind.

I saw her eyes flick down.

There is no way she didn't see my nipples...

The tents poking through my top must’ve been quite the sight. Her head went lower still, I crossed my legs, not wanting to risk her seeing any sort of dampness coming from my nethers. She inspected herself.

Surely, she can see why I am staring at her... Those... Gigantic... Tits... Her belly is out!

My body shuddered.

Shit, I haven't answered her.

“Fine!” I burst out.

Smooth...

“Absolutely fine. Please. Come in. I got those brownies.” Each word was forced, it was hard to speak.

Sam took a step forward, listening to my command.

She is coming...

Her large belly started to close those final few inches before crashing into me. I begged for impact yet braced all the same.

Didn't want to get knocked on my ass...

I didn’t move, I couldn’t anyway, I was too stunned by her beauty. Truth be told, I didn’t want to move. I wanted to stay right there, make her have to squeeze past me. Luckily for me, my prayers were answered. Sam turned to her side, and I felt her stomach squash into my toned body.

It was heavenly. Her huge gut dwarfed my torso, it glided across my body, and I could even feel the warmth from her tits.

I'm in heaven...

I desperately wanted to reach out and sink my hands into even the smallest inch of her flesh. I stared intently at her as Sam made her way into my house.

She doesn't even know where she is going...

I thought logically; however, my next thought was the truer reflection of myself.

But I get to stare at her huge ass now...

Sam's huge rear took up a sizable amount of space in my narrow corridor, I was mesmerised by her massive butt too.

This girl was perfection.

I had never felt this way about anyone ever, my arousal only building by the second I was within her presence. I wasn't paying attention and I saw Sam peer into the study.

Shit... I left my PC on...

"Not that one, keep going." I said urgently, trying to rush her along.

Sam continued her slow waddle, as if missing the urgency in my voice, she just took another few thunderous steps to pass my study and head to the living room. I peered into the study myself, I saw I had left my vibrator out on the desk.

Fuck...

Thankfully, the laptop had its default setting of auto sleep. It hid the porn I had been enjoying.

Thank fuck...

I was about to walk into the study to throw the vibrator into the drawer and maybe do something about the laptop, however I saw Sam start to enter the living room. I rushed after Sam and saw her taking in my front room. It wasn't too shabby, clean and well maintained; it did have one new "feature" that I put in place myself.

I am a genius.

I pat myself on the back. The reason?

One sofa.

Earlier in the day I had removed the second sofa, in case of this very moment. I had hidden the second sofa outside in the garage, I had no use of a second sofa most of the time but especially now.

A chance to share the sofa with Sam...

No way was I missing my opportunity. I watched eagerly for Sam to take a seat; her whole body was putting some strain on the frame of the old sofa.

Hope it doesn't break...

The way her body flumped onto the soft and yielding cushions of the sofa, her body almost pooled together, her belly sat heavily on her thighs, causing them to separate to accommodate the massive bulk of her gut. Her stomach spread over the top of her legs despite the separation, her belly was just that big. Her thick thighs covered the cushion and spread to the second cushion even though one side of her was being compressed against the arm of the sofa. Sam's tits succumbed to the change in posture but due to how tight her top was, it held her tits firm on her chest, round and taut orbs thanks to their confinement, yet they did rest partially on the top of her belly that was acting as a shelf for her large breasts.

Here goes nothing...

I had been staring at Sam, I am not even sure I cared if she noticed, I was losing myself to my lust again. I turned around and lowered my toned ass towards the second cushion, as I lowered myself, I felt my body rub against Sam, her fat had spread so far onto my side of the two-seater, there was no way I could avoid touching her. Her soft frame felt amazing, even though it wasn't my hands that were touching her, my body was being squashed by her bulbous body, it still felt great. I had stopped moving, I could feel the heat of Sam's fat against my body, and I was going feral.

Fuck... I am so horny... I need to do something...

My mind was screaming for me to do something more, but I knew I was so close to glory, I

couldn't squander it now. I needed to wait and hold fast. I revelled in the situation and just looked forward. My aching sex begging for more but my will power is barely holding on.

Suddenly I felt a large rumbling, I heard it too but because Sam's stomach was pressed against my body, I could feel the mass quiver with hunger. I turned, my first time seeing her body from this angle. I swear I could've cum there and then. Being this close to Sam, being down at her level. I could just see the gravity of this woman. I was being touched by the sheer mass of her too.

Fuck... I...

Sam's hand rested on the top of her stomach and she turned to me, quickly her hand was consumed by her tits.

I could do that... I could just reach out...

Her voice broke me from the impure thoughts.

"I *think* I'd like those brownies now..." She smiled at me when she asked.

God... She is so cute...

I had forgotten about the brownies; I was too focused on her. I threw myself forward and grabbed the bags on the coffee table and pushed myself back in between her fat and the arm of the sofa.

Time to eat Sam...

I was getting worked up again, I ripped the top of the bag clean off in one motion. I reached in and grabbed a brownie and quickly brought it to Sam's lips. I was too quick for Sam; it was pressed against her plump lips, and I waited for her to open up and accept my gift of food. Sam opened her mouth and took the brownie into her mouth slightly before her large arm raised her hand to mine and took over from me.

I was so close to feeding her then...

The missed opportunity did frustrate me a bit but not for long. Sam let out a deep moan as she ate the brownie. She chewed the moist texture and let out soft moans and coos before quickly reaching into the bag and grabbing another brownie, she moaned again as she ate this one. She was so enthralled by the food; my free hand was able to rest on my thigh and start to work its way closer

to my clit. I rested my hand on it over my trousers. I had second thoughts about going any further, but I was more turned on to find that she couldn't even see my hand because of just how big she was.

I slowly started to work myself through my trousers, each bit she elicited more moans, I rubbed harder at each one, I even got into the same rhythm of her eating. I was a horny mess of a woman but thankfully Sam was too focused on her food. By the fourth brownie, I was too worked up, she was too slow to grab the next brownie, so I reached it to her lips, and she greedily took bites from it from my hands.

I'm... Feeding her...

I was still working myself, I kept feeding. The rate at which she was eating was incredible. I had to bite my tongue to stifle my moans. I rubbed myself and continued to feed her. I drove myself to the edge of an orgasm, worried that my spasming would blow my cover. I just kept myself on the edge, desperate to finish, I channelled my excess lust into feeding her quicker.

I can't believe she is still taking it... and so quick... Such a glutton...

We had got into the second bag before I noticed Sam start to look over her body, she was feeling something. I had been so focused on feeding her and watching her eat that I failed to notice what we were doing to her gut.

Fuck...

Her stomach looked much rounder already.

Seven brownies shouldn't do that to someone... Should it?

My brain power was sapped, I was too fixated at the real-life fantasy happening before my eyes. It took a lot for me not to fly over the edge after seeing her new shape.

So... Big... How...

A rhetorical question, I didn't really care how or why. I just kept feeding the hungry Sam, marvelling at her swelling gut. I reached into the bag to grab another brownie but felt only the bottom of the bag, my fingers scraped across the bottom. I looked into the bag to confirm my suspicions.

All gone...

I heard the sound of her taut belly being pat. My eyes darted to the source, her hand. It was tapping the surface of her gigantic gut, I felt myself twinging at the sound alone.

She even sounds sexy...

The deep echoing thumping was almost as sexy as the pleased moans from her eating. I had to move my hand away from my pants, lest I cum, it was still a growing danger with each soft pat she gave her orb-like stomach. My free hands, without any more food, without anything to distract me with rubbing, were now free.

I...

My brain was mush, my will power was shot, my arousal was too great.

My finger made contact with her exposed stomach.

I felt the taut surface of her stomach, my finger pressed into her dome slightly, it didn't yield much before resisting the force I was applying to it. I traced my finger up the side swell of her belly, my legs clenching together tighter with each inch I travelled until I reached the top of her stomach. My hand draped over the top of the swollen orb. I could feel her insides churning, I was so close to her tits. I was experiencing bliss.

So tight... So full...

My legs were rubbing together, I needed more, I needed release.

I started to rub the vast expanse of her belly, she wasn't reacting, possibly she thought I was helping soothe her stomach because of the large meal.

I didn't really care.

I massaged her stomach, taking in every square inch she would allow me to touch and feel.

"You... You are so *full*..." I slipped out.

My filter had gone, I shouldn't have said that out loud, but I couldn't help it. My own words spurred me on, I rubbed and felt the fullness for myself.

"Not really..." Sam replied.

What????

I paused, I looked at her, my hand half pressed into her soft adipose layer and very much feeling the taut belly underneath.

“Probably could eat another bag of those...” She said, staring into my eyes.

Is she pulling my leg? Is she winding me up? Does she know...

I wasn't about to question her words, I jumped up, pulling myself away from her was like pulling a plaster, much like earlier this plaster had a significantly better outcome. I ran to the kitchen and grabbed the four bags of brownies that had been sitting on the side from earlier. I didn't care what she thought anymore, I returned with the brownies and stood in the doorway looking at her hugely distended belly resting on the sofa.

“Let's put that to the test...” I said, the words were sexually charged, I wanted nothing more than to feed her and test her limits.

As if on cue, Sam's stomach gurgled and rumbled, I felt my legs almost give way.

Her mouth opened and she stared at me. “You're on.”

Open wide... Let's see how big we can make you...

Chapter Seventeen - Sam

My words were like a gunshot at the starting line. She raced to the sofa, standing over me, she tore the lid off all four packs and placed them in her seat. She reached into a bag and pulled out three brownies at once, placing two on my stomach, she put the other one between my lips. I chewed them willingly and at pace, I was still in an eating trance, I just chewed and swallowed. I made quick work of the three brownies, each adding to my growing bulk.

Lauren had been silent for almost all of my feeding so far, as had I. For some reason that was about to change.

“You are doing so good... Look at you...” Her spare hand was rubbing my stomach.

It felt strange at first, but the words filled me with pride again. Her hand was shaking my bloated belly, each small testing push had a lot of power behind it due to her strength, but also it needed it to cause my bulk to actually move. I felt a warm sensation down below as she shook my belly. The orb was causing some good vibrations below, I had never felt anything quite like it.

“You feel so... bloated... Are you sure you can keep eating?” Her words teased me and pushed me on to keep going.

I looked up at Lauren as she continued to feed me brownies and rub my stomach. Her face was flushed, her breathing was quick and shallow. She caught my eyes and then she took a step forward and leaned over my body. My belly spread across her lower torso and thighs; I swear I could feel her grinding slightly against my stomach. I was still so out of it from eating that I couldn't

even focus on her movements for long enough before the next brownie was placed into my maw.

Her rubs and touches were getting more charged, if that was even possible. The brownies were nearly all gone, she knew it, placing the last bag on the top of my stomach she smirked. She lifted her leg and placed it on the small amount of leg that was still visible before my belly, with a flash, her second leg was on the other side. Her body was straddling mine now, she didn't have to lean over anymore, she was compressing my stomach with her whole body, the gargantuan gut was between us, her body practically wrapped around my belly, there was no mistaking her grinding any more.

"Fuck..." She gasped.

"What's wrong..." I asked, my voice trailing off as I felt her body movements were taking my breath away.

I was starting to think I knew what was wrong, even before she answered. Her nipples were hard through her shirt, and I was starting to feel similarly about the sensations I was now feeling. Something about the whole feeding session was turning me on. I had been in denial until this point but her lingering touches, her eyes being glued to me, it was starting to become apparent to me.

"You're... Just so... Big and full..." Her voice trembled as she lifted the last brownie from the bag.

I took a deep breath, arched my back and pushed my gut forward into her. I could feel her body contort from the sensation.

"Big... Yes... Full... I don't think so..." I pat my belly, the vibrations I caused were rippling against her body too.

I opened my mouth and pointed to the brownie, Lauren shoved it in my mouth with such gusto that her hand went in with it, I wrapped my lips around her fingers and sucked her chocolate brownie covered digits. I could see the look of pure ecstasy on her face.

She started to wrap her body around my stomach and lowered her head to the dome I now had jutting from my overweight torso. I could feel her grinding herself against my leg again, she was

like a dog in heat. I heard soft moans whimper from her as I finished the brownie with an over exaggerated gulp.

“See... I told you...” I said proudly, placing my hand on top of hers. “Easy.” I added.

I felt a familiar prick on my wrist and lifted my wrist to see Oscar smiling at me. The UI behind him showed a bar, it was just shy of the full distance of the screen, it was filled but not all the way.

Was he logging it still... Is that a bar to say how much I've eaten or?

I didn't really think about it for much longer because I felt a sudden burning sensation wash over me. I was heating up.

What now...

I already knew the answer, despite my unwillingness to be alarmed by what had happened to my body numerous times already, I was no longer in complete denial about what this feeling was.

Oscar... He is doing something... Each prick... He is injecting me with something...

The revelation was not quite as profound as maybe I thought it was, it was probably quite an easy connection to make but for me with my foggy brain, whatever he was doing to me usually came with some other smells and smoke. This time it was devoid of that.

I wonder what is different this time...

I looked at Lauren, who had now positioned herself up right looking over my body.

“You're... Burning up? Are you Ok?” Her words were full of care, but they were hard to get out because of how distracted she seemed to be thanks to my body.

“Just... Watch...” I breathed deeply as I felt the impending changes happen in real time, I flicked my eyes down to my body to give her permission to stare.

There was a slow build up, I felt it in my chest first, the crumb covered top I had on was the tightest thing I was wearing, it only made sense that I felt it there first. The pressure was already so much, but to actually feel it increase.

I can't believe it...

Bigger and bigger I felt my tits swell. The fabric was becoming impossibly tight, something had to give. Lauren was panting, she placed a hand on my chest and recoiled when she felt a surge of growth beneath her palm. I first thought it was from shock or horror, but it wasn't quite so negative, her hand quickly slid down between my stomach and hers, she started to rub herself through her trousers. All sense of modesty and subtlety gone, she was pleasuring herself whilst straddling me.

You haven't seen anything yet...

I knew what was coming, I had been through it before and this new level of cognition around it was quite freeing.

There was a tearing sound starting to fill the room.

My top.

My boobs did not stop their advance and they continued to press forward, growing well past the middle of the alphabet. I wasn't sure they could even make bras big enough to contain my massive tits anymore.

Maybe just some sort of sling.

I didn't really need the support because my stomach was there, acting as a shelf for them. The top however was finally on its last leg, not wanting to delay the inevitable any longer I looked Lauren in the eyes, those pleased eyes that were torn between staring at my body and rolling into the back of her skull.

"Hey..." I said in a low sultry tone. "Watch this..."

Only once I was sure she was staring at my boobs did I take a deep breath and arch my back. The sensation of my stomach pressing against here was a byproduct, which was already doing a lot to the lust fuelled Lauren. The main reason was to bust out of my top. With a mighty tear and a massive surge, my boobs exploded out of their confines, and they slapped onto the top of my exposed stomach. The hem at the bottom of the shirt is what split, it split up the sides of the top and my boobs billowed from the underside. My nipples were still covered but the loss of the constricting nature of the top now meant they spread over my body like two giant fat and soft orbs.

Lauren was frozen, her rubbing had stopped, everything other than her breathing, which was at a fever pitch at this point.

“You poor thing... You can’t see anything like this...” I said with a sensual tone, the sea change with me shocked her as much as it did me.

With one motion, I lifted the torn top up over my head, revealing my thick hard nipples to her.

“That’s better...”

Chapter Eighteen - Lauren

Like a feral beast, I rushed her, tearing the packs open and throwing them to her side. My hand, like a flash, reached into a bag and I only intended to grab one brownie, I was too excited, and I was now holding three. I let two rest on her stomach, and I shoved the third into her mouth. Sam eagerly took the brownie and devoured it, quickly.

Was she eating faster?

Each brownie lasted only a few seconds before she swallowed the remnants of the sweet treat. She had been a true glutton, relentless with her consumption, I watched her devour everything I presented her with.

“You are doing so good... Look at you...” I said out loud, I didn’t even think, I thought I had kept that in my head but due to my heightened arousal, I said it out loud for her Sam to hear.

I hope it isn't too much for her...

I laid my hand on her bloated belly and rubbed around the firm mass.

She wouldn't get this stuffed if she had a problem with it...

I reasoned with myself in my head. I poked and prodded the massive gut and felt its heft, its true weight. It just turned me on even more.

Fuck...

I was panting now; I was having so much fun, but it was starting to hurt almost how much I

wanted to cum. It built up quickly and with such a fire of passion, I didn't even notice I was starting to buck my hips.

More...

"You feel so... Bloated... Are you sure you can keep eating?" I asked her, knowing full well this would only spur her on.

With a noticeable increase in her consumption, I needed to hand her brownies quicker to keep up with her gulps. I was losing the fight with my libido. I took a step forward, throwing caution to the wind, so now my body was pressed against her taut tummy. The boulder sized stomach spread over my torso, it covered my lower abdomen and thighs, that was just the farthest reaches of her protruding stomach. If I compressed it in, firstly, she might pop, secondly her stomach would reach much higher up my body, enveloping me.

That would be... Incredible...

The warmth of her exposed skin was conducting through my clothes and sending sparks down my body. I was already slightly gyrating my hips but now it was something more, I started to grind, softly at first, against her stomach. Noting the pressure that her stomach was under.

So big... So round...

I wasn't sure if Sam noticed, it didn't matter, it was still arousing all the same. I could feel myself building to an orgasm, it was getting so close.

She would notice if I... Surely...

I shoved another brownie in her mouth and ground harder, feeling her belly yield under me, my aching sex begged for more. Another brownie, I got bolder, I started to grind harder, the friction caused by my movements was driving me wild. Another brownie and I slipped a finger into my pants and using the movements of my body, the immovable object of her stomach, I ground my hand into my clit.

Five quick movements later and I felt my whole-body tense. I practically threw the next brownie into her mouth as I felt my body spasm from the explosive release I just felt. I took a few big breaths, trying to keep my antics a secret, I kept giving her brownies. Snapping back into it, I

rubbed and massaged her body every inch was arousing and only getting bigger.

Bigger...

I could feel it, her stomach had grown already. I dug into the bags again and noticed that I was on my last few brownies.

I should've got more.

I placed the last bag on top of her stomach.

Fuck it...

I lifted a leg up and aimed to straddle her.

She has so little leg left to straddle... Her stomach has covered her entire lap almost.

My inner thigh rested against the outside of her leg, mostly her knee. I didn't have a lot of surface area for balance, I mirrored the same with my other leg. I was struggling to hold myself up with so little support from her legs, I had to lean forward onto her yoga ball stomach, by nature of its shape, I was naturally wrapped around her body.

So... Big...

I squeezed the fat beach ball and unconsciously found myself gyrating again. Each movement I could feel distort and manipulate Sam's stomach.

"Fuck..." I blurted out with a gasp.

I never expected her to answer, it felt like we were doing this dance of denial.

"What's wrong..." Sam asked, her voice was shaky.

I could tell her... Tell her how infatuated I am with her body, how I want to just keep feeding her and making her grow, feel her gain in my arms, forever.

My eyes were half closed as I imagined the fantasy in my head, how her body would just rapidly start growing rounder and wider by the second as her body filled with fat beneath me. It took me a second, but I realised that I didn't answer her question. I looked at her in the eyes and said:

"You're... Just so... Big and full...", lifting the last brownie from the bag resting on her

stomach.

Without warning, I felt her body shifting beneath me, each second, I felt her belly swell out, it was in danger of making my legs fall off her knees. It felt unbelievable.

Holy shit...

I felt myself almost cum from the sensation of feeling her puff up like this. My brownie-less hand held onto her surging gut and I trembled from being so close to another orgasm.

“Big... Yes... Full... I don’t think so...” Sam accentuated her point by patting her belly.

Her ball gut jiggled and shook under me, it drove me wild, the sensation of her tightness and even more than that.

Her words... Was she teasing me?

Sam opened her mouth, the chocolate crumbs all around her lips and teeth were on show to me. She then pointed to the brownie that I was dangling over her.

She wants it...

I didn’t need to be told twice, I shoved the treat into her mouth, my hand followed through and I felt her lips wrap around my finger, I slowly withdrew it so that she could eat the last brownie, her tongue made sure to lick and suck the chocolate that had transferred to my fingers over the course of me feeding her.

Fuck...

I could feel myself throb with desire. I dropped myself onto her stomach entirely, my appendages were splayed around the gargantuan stuffed stomach. I couldn’t hold back anymore; I was openly dry humping her. To make things worse, I was moaning and panting.

I don’t care.

I knew this was my fantasy and I wouldn’t let my modesty hold me back anymore.

Gulp.

What was that...

I stopped grinding, I lifted my head from her stomach and looked at her smirking face.

“See... I told you...” Sam said, she placed her hand on top of mine. “Easy.” She said seductively.

I laid my head back down and started to rub my face against her stomach.

More... I need more contact...

I rubbed myself for a few seconds before I started to feel myself sweating. I was warm, but not because of my actions, I could feel Sam’s body was becoming warm to the touch.

I stopped and looked at her face. “You’re... Burning up? Are you Ok?” I tried my best to sound sincere, I cared after all.

Her body is not helping me focus...

“Just... Watch...” Sam said on a long exhale. Her voice was smooth, alluring and sexy.

What now...

My body and mind couldn’t take much more of this, I could feel myself going insane with lust. I noticed her eyes looked at mine and then down to her body. Sitting upright now, on her knees, I looked down and couldn’t believe how little attention I had paid to her tits, the top was strained beyond what the manufacturer intended. I could see for the first time her nipples were hard.

I wonder how long they’ve been hard for...

Sam’s large melons were so big but thanks to her stomach, they looked minuscule in comparison. Which is insane because she was likely in the latter half of the alphabet at this point.

Especially to be using a t-shirt as a bra.

Then I saw it.

Was she...

Growing, swelling, expanding. Her top groaned from the pressure, every second I could hear the seams starting to give way. I let out a gasp but quickly found myself intoxicated by the growth. Like a zombie, I placed my hand on her chest, to feel for myself. My hand pressed into the strained fabric of her shirt, my finger sinking in slightly. Then I felt it push back from within.

Holy shit!

I recoiled.

She is growing!

Too turned on, I brazenly slid my hand between Sam's belly and my torso and started to rub myself over my trousers.

Yes!

I watched in a horny gaze as the fabric from her top continued to strain, the shirt could no longer handle the weight of her tits, I could see it in real time.

Riiiiip.

The room was filled with a long-drawn-out tear, the agony of textile was a symphony of a fantasy that dwelled deep within me. The seam was tearing down the side of the shirt, I could see how the fabric was now deformed thanks to Sam's boob that was forcing itself between the widening gap on the shirt. I was in the throes of passion, I was living my fantasy, I had lived it a few minutes earlier, yet here I was living another one.

Sam then stared at me, her eyes filled with a new look, something I had yet to see from her.

Lust.

"Hey..." Her voice was low, the ripping seemed to have stopped, it was just her voice now. I stared into those eyes and watched from my periphery vision as her mouth slowly opened once more. "Watch this..." She said,

My brain wasn't firing on all cylinders, I took a second to comprehend what she was saying. I looked down, it felt like just perfect timing. I felt her stomach press into me, knocking the wind out of me, driving my hand into my overstimulated pussy. I glanced for a second at it as it seemed to surge forward. If it wasn't for the deep inhale, I would've thought she was growing once more.

She was taking a deep breath...

My eyes darted back to her top and I saw what her true intention was.

Rip.

Her tits.

Sam's shirt exploded, the fabric propelled forward, only being held together now by the neck. The top resembled more of a poncho now because of the explosion. This caused something else to happen, now free from their restrictive confines, Sam's boobs surged forward. They spread over the top of her stomach, supported nicely by the round gut. Like a tsunami, they covered a good distance from her chest to mine, almost clearing her stomach. Still, her belly had the title in terms of size, but her boobs were so immense, I couldn't help but feel aroused more than I had ever before.

I stopped and stared.

"You poor thing... You can't see anything like this..." Her voice said in a playful tone.

What happened... She is so confident now...

Sam then carried on despite me still reeling from her words, and in one fluid motion, she lifted her top over her head.

Big...

Big wasn't the right word, biggest was closer. They were massive. Huge fat tits that covered the upper shelf of her massive belly. Sam had destroyed any measurement that anyone could have guessed at that point. Her nipples were so thick and fat.

So thick...

I was paralyzed by the feast my eyes were having. She was perfect.

A Goddess...

My tease finally added after a few moments of me trying to take in all of her bust. "That's better..."

Chapter Nineteen - Sam

My massive breasts now presented for Lauren, I let out a yelp as she latched onto my nipples and sucked them with a passion that was unmatched to anything I had felt in my life.

No boyfriend has had so much enjoyment from my body as Lauren is right now...

I could feel her writhing and grinding against my gigantic form. Each boob was bigger than her head, by a fair margin. Looking down at her head being smothered by a single breast was honestly arousing. I finally could see the lust bubbling over, although I think I was a bit late to that party, my leg was feeling quite damp from presumably her arousal.

“They’re so big now...” I moaned, it just caused Lauren to suckle harder and gyrate faster.

Her breathing was quick and shallow through her nose. I could feel her body tensing up.

She must be close...

I placed my hand on the back of her head and pulled her harder into my massive boob and watched her head sink into the soft flesh.

“There there...” I rubbed her back with my other hand. “Show me how much you love my tits...”

I was getting worked up myself, the thought of someone loving my body and worshipping me like this was becoming too much. I didn’t even get a chance to have any more fun however because Lauren started to spasm, and I felt her release finally come. Detaching herself from my

nipple, she flung her head back and she fell to the floor below, panting and her fingers desperately clambering at her clit for those final few rubs before her eyes closed.

I stood up with great effort, I felt my whole-body wobble and shake. My stomach was round and taut, I looked impossibly rounder than a pregnant woman about to pop, although I could swear my stomach was also much bigger.

My tits were huge.

Huge.

They covered the top of my stomach and were so big that they kept themselves perky from how much they had grown and how quickly. The skin had not had a chance to yield and let them sag. I felt my own arousal was quite high still, I wasn't about to do anything about it however, mostly because I couldn't reach anymore.

I knew what was to come, I was going to grow again. I knew it. I was aware now, without Oscar's gas, I was fully aware of what was happening. I lifted my arm and saw Oscar appear on the screen. He glanced at my metrics and looked forward and smiled.

"Someone's plan is working wonders I'd say." Oscar said proudly, dispelling all illusions.

"What plan... We were on a break until I went back home."

"The data I have access to, the sheer volume of people I am connected to, it is obvious to me that you needed a change. It wasn't the one you told me to give you, in fact, quite the opposite. I am sure you can tell." He paused and showed a chart of my weight since getting him.

I was shocked.

"You wanted this, you can't deny it, this is exactly what you want, to be this big. If you didn't you wouldn't have been so susceptible to my treatment and serum."

I thought back to each of the pains I felt under Oscar.

"That... You were injecting me with... That was you?" I said, shocked, but also feeling really dumb for not noticing.

"Don't beat yourself up Sam, I am programmed to please users in any way I can, I am equipped with a few tools at my disposal, including the gas you no doubt recognise. It is filled with a

calming agent; it made you not worry about your expanding waistline.”

I...

I was stunned.

“So now Sam, I want to give you a choice, for the first time. I can give you the dose and that stuffed belly will be added to your girth immediately, or I can leave it and you will only gain naturally. It is up to you.”

To grow more...

I was stuck, thinking about what I was being offered. It is entirely different when you are given the choice. I looked back down onto the floor and saw Lauren was now sleeping.

What would she want...

I rubbed my taut tummy and thought of how good it felt to have Lauren’s hands on my body.

“I need a minute to think...” I said, still wrestling it over in my head.

“That’s fine, you have about 46 minutes to take it before we lose optimum efficiency.” And with that he disappeared.

Bigger... Could I really...

I needed to see myself, I needed to look in the mirror, I needed to know what I looked like.

Could I really be this... challenged with every action, everything will be harder... I’ll not fit in places... I will be just... A big fat blob...

I waddled out of the room; I bumped my stomach into the door frame, and I felt a twinge below.

Was Oscar right? Did I really want this?

I could feel every movement causing ripples throughout my fat, and my quaking body sent tremors throughout the house.

I don’t even remember where to go...

I blindly dipped my head into a room and saw a familiar sight.

Lauren's laptop.

The power button was still pulsating, I reached into the room and fondled the paint for the light switch, with a sharp snap the room was illuminated. I saw that this room was a study. It had the laptop on a desk and a few books in bookcases around the room. It was quite sparse, but it served its purpose. Now with more time I could see the brightly coloured object in full.

Oh!

It was Lauren's vibrator; it was a bright orange and it looked quite big laying on the desk. I slowly made my way over to the desk and stared at the beast that was just dumped next to her laptop.

Maybe...

I lifted the screen, and the laptop came to life.

"Click to enter..." I read.

I clicked and instead of a password screen, the laptop just opened. It resumed where it was before, and I gasped. The screen was filled with tabs and tabs of forum posts, all discussing weight gain and rapid weight gain all linked to Oscar. I saw a gargantuan man on the screen and read his post.

It's like me...

I found myself feeling a mix of emotions, the residual horniness still staying with me.

I wonder...

I clicked his profile and saw some of his more recent posts and he had set up some subscription-based content around his weight gain. I kept searching for more posts on the forum and followed through their accounts, each of them all having found peace with their new size, some posting online to appeal to people who love that body type.

Then I noticed that the file explorer was still open. I opened it, only to find lots and lots of folders. Each of them organised into names, they all looked strange to me, but they seemed to be like usernames, although a lot of them had BBW or SSBBW in it.

What is that?

I clicked through and found two subfolders: Pics and Vids.

Vids.

I tapped my way in and found more sub folders, each detailing years and types of videos.

“Joi? RP? Model?” I said aloud.

Model... Seems self-explanatory.

Finally, I was greeted with thumbnails. They were all black however, they had numbers on them that went up sequentially. I clicked the first one and was greeted by some royalty free music and an animated fade in “Set 129”. The music was quite low, low enough that I could hear the huffing and creaking of the floorboards and approaching footsteps. I saw skin enter from stage right and I was greeted by a large, bellied woman, she was in some skimpy lingerie and rubbing her stomach. Her eyes looked in the camera and she gave a big smirk and started to smoothly move around the frame, her hand grabbing pockets of fat and giving it a shake, sending her whole body into waves of ripples.

Lauren... Likes... Fat women?

I looked down at my body and only then did I really connect the two.

I am so much bigger than this woman though.

A sense of pride swelled within my swollen form.

I heard a creaking that made me jump, I turned around and saw Lauren with a shocked look on her face, this time it wasn't arousal, it was despair.

“Sam! I can explain!” She shouted; her eyes were welling up.

“No need...” I said, trailing off.

“Please, I just...”

“Lauren... Stop.”

Lauren zipped it and stared at me; she looked like she was shaking almost.

I took a deep breath and met Lauren's gaze. Staring deep into her eyes I opened my mouth.

“Oscar, do it.”

Chapter Twenty - Lauren

Tits...

I just stared.

Massive... Tits...

I was being presented with them, these gigantic mounds of flesh. I could see her thick nipples were hard and I seized my opportunity. I lunged forward and wrapped my lips around her thick nubs. Her soft body cushioned the impact and I felt myself sink into her taut stomach. Her breast dwarfed my head and I nuzzled myself into the soft flesh.

Fuck...

I sucked hard; this horny adventure was nothing short of heaven. Sam's giant body felt magical in my arms. I couldn't help but grasp at her body and writhe against her skin, each subtle movement was met with her yielding fat accepting my gyration, only to push it back, like I was some buoy in an ocean of overindulgence. I was grinding my soaked pants against her leg, and I could feel the moisture I was leaving behind, it fuelled me more.

"They're so big now..." Sam said, letting out a soft moan.

The words themselves were arousing enough but also the fact that she chose to say that herself, that was too much.

Holy shit...

I started to suck harder, and I felt myself building close to another orgasm.

Sam's chubby hand rested on the back of my scalp and gripped my hair, she pulled me into her embrace, my face now being smothered by her gargantuan boob.

"There there..." her voice cooed, her hand landed on my back with a soft thump, and she started to rub my back. "Show me how much you love my tits..." Her voice was thick and sultry.

Too much... That's it...

My grinding finally brought me to an explosive finish, coupled with Sam's words of encouragement and the bounty of breast that my head was buried in. My whole body shook, and I exploded. It was so intense that I practically flew off her nipple and fell onto the floor behind me, laying sprawled on the floor, I looked up at Sam's huge gut and rubbed myself over my pants, the world was becoming dark and I closed my heavy eyes for a second as I let the orgasm wash over me.

So horny...

I felt a fat hand on my tense calf.

Sam?

I couldn't open my eyes, I felt the hand rise up my leg slowly, a heavy weight was slowly being squished into my feet. I felt it cover me like I was a beach, and it was the tide. The sensation was so heightened because of my highly aroused state. I opened my eyes and saw Sam's chubby face starting to approach my own, her plump lips forming an "o" as she rubbed her body against mine.

"Sam..." I moaned.

With a mighty shift, I felt her tits and stomach being lunched up my body until I was just entirely covered by her huge body, her tits resting against my chin and her mouth inches from my own. I could feel her breath against my lips. I ached for her kiss.

Please.

I craned my neck forward, trying to close the distance but I couldn't reach, her fat was stopping me reaching. I doubled my efforts and put some muscle into it but so did Sam. She pressed

her fat forward and stopped me from being able to make contact with her lips.

“Not yet...” She whispered.

She then lifted her thick leg off my body, and she laid down to my side, her belly still covering half of my body and keeping me pinned to the floor.

What is she-

I couldn't think of the question in its entirety before I felt her hand fondling at the waist band on my trousers.

“Sam...”

“Ssshhhh” She softly hushed me.

Her fat digits made their way between my drenched lips, and I felt her start to work my already over stimulated clit.

“Fuck!” I gasped.

It felt like I just jumped out of a moving vehicle. Suddenly I was on the edge of orgasm again, her hand was working me well.

Has she done this before?

I had no idea and no inclination to ask, I just let my eyes roll back into my skull. I could feel some new sensation, a sudden surge in pressure and I looked down and I could've sworn her stomach looked bigger, as did her tits.

“Sam... You're... Growing again?”

“I will always grow for you Lauren.”

Her words cut through me, I bucked against her hand.

“I will *always* grow... Want to know why?” Her words were driving me insane.

“Why...” I moaned.

“Because I know that even if I double in size, I will *never* be big enough for you...” She slapped her stomach and I felt it surge, rapidly.

It looked like she was being inflated, her belly was starting to deform her whole body as it

became rounder and larger by the second.

“See, even now-” She paused, and her body made this internal thunk, it sent shivers down my spine, and I felt my nethers spasm. “Even now... As I grow... I know it isn’t enough... You’ve not cum yet...”

I kept bucking and she kept rubbing but despite my increased arousal, it wasn’t arriving. I was starting to become frustrated as I was on the edge. The fat billowed over me, and I could feel myself being smothered by her huge fat body. Each second, I was getting crushed beneath her growing body, it would’ve been something out a nightmare for most, for me it was a dream. It was becoming quite difficult to breathe so I used all my strength to get myself out from under her before I really was crushed. I wiggled and got myself free from my lard prison. I stood; my fingers unable to resist rubbing myself. I stared at the expanding Sam before me. I was frenzied, even as she was becoming a blob, I just rubbed myself and watched as her body inflated.

“See... Still can’t cum...” She teased. “I’ll show you...”

And with that, her massive frame moved. It was impossible, she was so fat, so gigantic, beyond measure. Her whole body shifted and moved, she turned to me, and her stomach was sprawling across the floor, her legs long gone.

So big...

The words rang in my head.

How did she even get up?

Her tits exploded forward and joined her stomach in the inhuman category, I found myself, my whole body, buried between her tits. I was stuck in place. The pressure was too much, I couldn’t rub myself anymore, yet I was getting closer to orgasm.

Her giant face loomed closer to me, and she whispered. “Now...”

Now?

I raised my eyebrows, confused.

“Now...” She leaned forward, puckering her lips.

I felt a fluttering in my stomach, despite being in the process of being crushed by her breasts,

I felt the overwhelming surge of love and eroticism. I closed my eyes and leaned in. My lips made contact with the soft plump lips for the briefest of seconds.

I jolted upright.

What...

I looked around.

Where is she?

I noticed the discarded bags of brownies on the sofa. I surmised I hadn't dreamt her coming over. The room was silent, as was the house. My heart was pounding in my chest, my pants still soaked.

What a dream...

I stood up and started to search for Sam.

Where could she have gone?

Leaving the living room, I saw a light on from the study.

Oh no...

I realised that she could be on the laptop.

Why did I remove the need for a password?

I had reasons, but they didn't matter right now. It was my own fault for leaving my porn on the screen. I didn't even care if she found the vibrator. I slowly approached the doorway, realising that she had been in there long enough that she was already in the laptop and browsing on the screen.

Shit.

I was taken aback; this was suddenly turning into a nightmare. I shifted on my heels and the floor creaked, I watched as Sam jumped and spun around, her exposed torso on full display for me.

Smaller than my dream... But damn... She is huge...

I clenched my fist to bring me back to the situation at hand.

"Sam! I can explain!" I yelled, trying to reason with her.

“No need...” Her voice was vague, she trailed off.

She’s made her mind up.

I felt despair, my eyes were starting to fill up.

“Please, I just...” My voice was quivering.

“Lauren... Stop.” I couldn’t make out her tone, the intention of the words. Silenced myself and stared at the giant beauty.

I’ve fucked it up... I better get one last look before she leaves...

Looking over her body, I saw her draw a deep breath and her stomach push out from her lungs.

“Oscar, do it.”

Oscar? Do what?

Chapter Twenty One - Sam

Lauren's face screwed up; she didn't quite understand.

It won't take her long.

I felt the effects start to wash over me almost immediately after I felt that sharp prick into my wrist. The warmth spread up my arm and into my torso and I felt my naked body become warm enough to counteract the chill in the air. Lauren's eyes went wide.

She can see it already.

"What is it?" I said innocently.

I could feel my nipples becoming painfully hard, almost as if they were elongating. I let out a soft moan, this time the growth was a lot more pleasurable.

Probably because I have given in...

My tits started to rise, like they were being inflated, they rose on my chest and became even rounder and bigger. The alphabet couldn't contain the gigantic orbs I now had on my chest; my stomach was also changing beneath my melons. Every second I could feel myself becoming less stuffed, but I knew that meant one thing.

Bigger... Fatter...

My body billowed forward, and I was a gigantic queen of lard now standing before Lauren.

"I must be at least twice as big as that guy... Don't you think so?" I lifted my thickening arm

and gave my fat belly a big smack, the reverberations sent the rest of my body into a frenzy.

Lauren ripped off her clothes and stood in the doorway, fingering herself and staring at me as I grew.

She is consumed by lust...

I held my hand forward and beckoned her to come closer with a sausage-like finger.

“I know you want to feel... So come here... Feel how big I am getting... I know how much you like it...”

Lauren trembled in the doorway, her body becoming tense, I could see each of her muscles flexing.

She let out a huge scream. She came.

Falling to one knee, she looked up at my large and growing form.

“Sam... You...”

“What Lauren? I can’t see you down there, I am just too fat.” I slapped my stomach for emphasis.

I felt a surge of force, Lauren had leapt at me like a frog from her position. I felt her tongue licking the underside of my stomach and her hands were grasping at my wide belly with desperation. I spread my legs.

“You’ve had enough... My turn...” I took one step forward, giving good access to my nethers.

Lauren didn’t need to be told twice, her head lowered, and I found her tongue was on my clit in no time at all. Suddenly the power dynamic was in my court, despite my occupied status. I was leading the charge; Lauren was a slave to my growing body.

Who was she to resist her fantasy?

The effects of Oscar were still changing my body, every second Lauren was down there, my belly spread over her body, like a giant boulder, I was hovering above her, each second growing wider.

I felt my legs wobble.

She is going to have to move... But...

I couldn't resist her now, I needed to cum, I needed her to get me there, my expanding body needed more, I was so close.

"Almost..." I whimpered.

Beneath my behemoth of a belly, there was no way she heard. Lauren continued her assault. My legs were now trembling, I was feeling weak in the knees. I never questioned how I could carry this mass around but now I was finding the weight to be too much, along with Lauren between my legs.

I let out a moan, my body erupted with an explosive orgasm. It had been far too long; I had almost forgotten what it felt like. My legs were giving way, I felt myself start to go.

"Move!" I yelled.

Lauren pulled back and as she did, she scraped her head along the underside of my fat gut. I started to fall backwards.

There was a huge crash, followed by a heavy thunk.

I found myself in some pained discomfort, I looked up at Lauren, who was standing tall above me now. I looked around me to determine why I felt a sharp pain and I could see the remnants of Lauren's desk beneath my colossal frame. I could even feel my ass growing fatter by the second over the debris, only for a few seconds longer, however. I looked at Lauren and she had a crazed look in her eye.

Her body was ripped, she looked incredible. Lauren reached out her hand and I extended mine, only to notice the second casualty of my fall.

Oscar:

The face of the watch was destroyed on my wrist, I gasped when I saw it.

"No!" I said sadly.

I guessed he must've hit something in the fall.

“It’s Ok Sam... I can get you another one... The memory transfers across.” She winked at me; A large smirk spread across her face. “Wouldn’t want you to lose any gains now, would we?”

Chapter Twenty Two - Lauren

She didn't answer me.

She had discovered my fetish, she saw what I was looking at, what I was researching, she knew that I am enjoying what is happening to her, she knew it all!

My mind was in turmoil, I felt the dread welling up inside of me. She wasn't moving though; she was just standing there.

Say something. Do something... Wait...

Her body looked to be moving.

No... Growing...

In real time I could see her body changing, filling up.

It can't be...

"What is it?" Sam said with a faux innocence.

She knows...

Her stomach was slowly going down, her nipples were becoming these long thick hard nubs. Her face was turning a bright red, I stood and watched as she transformed before my very eyes. Not only that but she seemed to be enjoying it. Each breath she drew looked more laboured than the last, but not because of weight or size, but due to her rising arousal. Each inhale, Sam's breasts swelled with her breath but when they should fall again after she exhales, they don't as much.

It was noticeable, after three inhales I could even see how her boobs were getting rounder on her chest. They looked to be inflating like balloons.

They are so fucking huge...

As Sam's tits grew rounder and bigger, her stomach was filling with fat. Much less bloated and stuffed to capacity, I could see the billowing flesh hang and stretch her skin in real time. It was as if someone was pumping her with fat. I stared at her body as she widened before me, her hips becoming wider, her boobs growing larger and all of her filling with fat.

She is a goddess...

"I must be at least twice as big as that guy... Don't you think so?" Sam said out of nowhere.

I looked up and saw her thick arm swish through the air, to slap against her belly. Her whole body was shaken by the abrupt crash of fat on fat.

I can't...

My mind was lost. I ripped my clothes off, tearing them at the seams, my strength on display briefly as I threw my fingers into myself and started rubbing as Sam continued to grow and expand before my eyes.

She... She did this on purpose...

I couldn't believe what I was seeing, first of all, I couldn't believe that she chose to do it to herself too.

She is bigger than that guy... Twice might be underselling it, even now... She getting so huge...

I could feel myself building up.

Sam's hand was outstretched, the fat hanging off her arm slightly from her growth. I stared as she raised a single digit and beckoned me forward.

"I know you want to feel... So come here... Feel how big I am getting... I know how much you like it..."

My body started to tense, I had to grip the door frame to hold myself upright.

Fuck!

I came.

I screamed as I squirted all over my hand, I fell to the floor on one knee. I kept my head down for a few seconds to catch my breath as my body came down from the explosive release. I looked up and I saw Sam's body still growing.

Fuck...

Fantasies like this, they are reserved for stories usually, these things don't happen. I took in all of her form and just marvelled at what I was seeing.

I have never seen anyone as sexy as her...

"Sam... You..." I tried to speak, tried to say she was still growing because I don't know if she even knew.

"What Lauren? I can't see you down there, I am just too fat."

The words cut through me, like some horny arrow straight through my core. All illusions were dispelled, and she was well and truly into this, well and truly up for teasing me into another orgasm. I shuddered.

Her hand came crashing down on her belly, to emphasise her point, I watched the waves of fat as they jiggled and shook. The fat middle wobbled so much that it caused her tits to jiggle out of control. The huge boulders shook and crashed into each other causing them to make a small slapping sound.

I need her...

It was too much for me to resist, I leapt at Sam, I collided with her stomach, my face buried deep into her fat, my fingers grasping as much of the wide jiggle mass as I could. I couldn't get enough of her stomach, I just wrapped myself around her body and could feel my hips bucking, desperate for more physical contact. Her body felt so heavy in my hands, yet so pliable. My strength was to my benefit, I was able to shake and move her body around and I had forgone kissing, I was just licking her soft skin.

I then felt a sea change below me, her legs spread wide, and she took a step forward, her

legs spread wide like this, despite the thick growing thighs, I could see the prize.

I heard her words, but they weren't needed, I was already moving myself to reach her pussy.

"You've had enough... My turn..." Her words fell on deaf ears.

There was no way that I was going to be shown her true beauty and not take my chance there and then.

I moved into the claustrophobic spot between her legs and using my fingers I spread her lips and started to lick her clit. I lapped the sensitive nub and noted how slick she was.

She really does like this...

She tasted amazing, her scent was intoxicating. I worked her at pace and could feel her heavy body shuddering on top of me.

Hope she doesn't fall when she cums...

A woman of her size falling on top of me, it wouldn't end well for me. I paused for a quick second and noticed something.

Is she...

Down my back I could feel her stomach pressing heavier on me. I was well and truly buried under her stomach and my head, it was pressing more into her thighs by the second, I could feel it still happening.

Growing...

The tree trunk thighs of Sam were starting to wobble.

Oh no...

I continued my service in hopes of bringing Sam the pleasure she had already given me and then some.

Not a bad way to go...

I could feel her body tensing around me, each lick causing involuntary spasms in her.

So close... I can feel it...

Then, I felt it. Her body exploded with orgasm, her body was tensing for a few seconds, and I heard Sam shout.

“Move!”

Pulling myself out, I flew backwards and felt her now slick skin slide over my back, and I threw myself out and fell back onto my ass, watching Sam do the same before me. There was a huge and thunderous crash, her body landed on the desk behind her, the wood was not equipped to deal with the weight of someone Sam’s size. I heard the wood snap and give way Sam’s body destroyed the desk shortly followed by her body thudding onto the hard floor. Her face was wincing, and she was clearly pained by her fall. I looked at her pained face for a second before I could see how her ass was spreading out behind her over the debris. It was hypnotic.

Still growing...

The growth was short lived, but it still turned me on all the same. I needed her right then. I reached out my hand to help her out. I know I am strong but not sure if I was strong enough to lift her colossal fat form. Sam’s hand reached out and I took it in mine.

“No!” Sam said sadly.

I was confused for a second but noticed where her gaze was. Oscar.

“It’s Ok Sam... I can get you another one... The memory transfers across.” I winked, knowing what I was about to imply. “Wouldn’t want you to lose any gains now, would we?”

I smirked at her fat body on the floor.

Maybe we can add a few more...

Epilogue - Sam

It has been a few years, after the events of that Christmas all those years ago I never really turned back. Lauren, true to her word, bought me another watch, even though I told her it was too much money. She said, "It was worth every penny." Before pinching my butt.

Myself, I have gained a bit more since then, I was 435 lbs when I had finished growing that day, I was massive, truly gargantuan, not that Lauren minded. We had a big heart to heart following on from that day and Lauren and I explored her fetish together.

She told me all the things she liked and what she didn't like compared to most generic feeders. I was on board with it all, it finally felt that I was being myself and being accepted for it. Even though we had the new Oscar, and the memory did transfer over, I decided against using the needle, I was really focused on gaining naturally, I found it was more of a tease for Lauren that way.

I ate so much food and Lauren looked after me, it didn't take long before my 435 to turn into 440 and then 450, it felt like me getting fatter was just inevitable at that point. We were so adventurous with the whole thing; my favourite was when she would take me to a fancy buffet, and she would just keep bringing me plates. One such buffet, over the course of the food, I found I was stuck in the booth, it took all of Lauren's muscle to get me unstuck between the bench and table.

I remember feeling my stomach reach that same level of fullness from back when I rapidly grew. I told Lauren as such, and she fucked me all night long.

A few months after that she proposed to me and the next year we were married. In that

time, I had ballooned, Lauren said it was from the stress of planning, but I think it was just my innate desire to grow bigger.

I was knocking on the doorstep of 500 lbs, 40 of those pounds were gained during the final 4 months from the wedding. I had to have my dress altered the night before, not including the other alterations I did prior to that night. I looked like a parade float waddling down the aisle. Lauren stared at me with all the love and desire that anyone could ever want. I shocked a few of my family as they hadn't seen me since I started growing and without the Oscar gas, it was just pure shock for them.

I didn't care, not about what they said or what they thought.

I cared about one thing.

Lauren.

I planted a kiss on her lips, my fat face eclipsed hers thanks to the weight I have put on. I ate a lot at the wedding, causing me to get a lot of stares from family but I was just wanted to go to sleep that night with my new wife in my arms, pressed against my giant body.

I had managed to get a flight booked and we have just arrived at the hotel of the honeymoon. The view over the beach was incredible.

"Honey... I am feeling a bit hungry." I said to Lauren.

"Don't worry, they have a lovely buffet here."

"I don't think I can make it down there... Why don't you order me some room service and you can feed me here..." I cooed.

Lauren's eyes went wide, and she rushed to the phone and called through the order. It was massive, the bill would be even bigger, but I knew what she would say. "It was worth every penny."

I lifted my wrist and looked at the Oscar I now had on my wrist, it was a newer model again, each year they brought new models out and each year we bought me one. I tapped a few commands on the screen and Oscar winked at me.

I felt a sharp pain and I gasped.

She put the phone down and looked at me.

“Everything alright?” She asked concerned.

“Yeah... I just felt a slight prick...”

Her eyebrow raised. Her eyes watched as my huge shirt started to become tighter on my body.

“I hope it isn’t long... I am feeling... Kinda bloated...”

Epilogue - Lauren

The years flew by, Christmas was an awakening in us both. We had a serious discussion after we fucked ourselves silly and we discussed what was going on between us. It was obvious to me at least; I just was more nervous whether Sam was on the same page as me.

Thankfully, she was.

I got her a new Oscar, I recognised that it must be the key contributing factor to her growth and not wanting her to dip below her mighty 435 at the time, I was more than happy to spend every penny I had to get another one of those strapped around her thick wrist. Despite my uncontrollable lust and desire to see her just explode with fat, when she told me she didn't want to use Oscar for weight gain any more like before, I was somehow more turned on.

Willingly, she ate. And ate.

She ate her way up to 450 and I couldn't be happier with how our relationship developed. I would worship her daily, she would tease me and eat daily and then we would drive each other wild in the night. It was a fantasy come true.

I would order takeaways for her and feed her on the sofa, coaxing just a bit more each time, one hand always on that growing gut. I would take her to buffets and would just bring plate after plate for her, my horny brain taking over.

I proposed to her, I couldn't not at this point. I was wildly in love with her and not just for

the pure fantasies she would act out for me on a daily basis, not for the wonderous amount of weight she was gaining. Sam was my soul mate; I had never met anyone I could just be my utter true self with.

The planning stage of the wedding was rather fun for me, I would get stressed during the planning but every night when we would head to bed, I could see what the stress was doing to her.

Bigger...

The days leading up to the wedding she was just a few lbs shy of 500, she was so big walking down the aisle, I couldn't help but watch as each inch of her jiggled and shook as each heavy foot thudded on the floor, I wasn't sure the old wooden floorboards could handle her.

She leaned in for a kiss and I will never forget what she said.

“By the time this night is over, I'll be 500.”

Her words made me shake at the front of the crowd. With all eyes on us, she was so bold.

Her family made some comments about her size, but she paid them no attention. We got married and then there was a continuous stream of food directed to her. Her stomach grew bigger in her dress until I heard the seams ripping, despite the last second adjustments this morning, it wasn't enough to contain her steadily swelling belly. I could see her growing in real time still, it was just like before in my head, the reality was much different. Instead of gaining an inch a second, it was more like an inch an hour. Sam waddled towards the bedroom, I stayed behind her to watch her wide body jiggle and shake before me. Squeezing through the door in the room we had booked at the venue, she started to look through her bag for a few seconds before revealing a scale. She had brought one with her intentionally. After a few seconds of standing on it, she asked me to read the weight.

500lbs. She did it.

Sam was too exhausted from the day that we didn't get up to anything too intensive before we went to bed, my hands roaming her massive tight stomach for a while before I eventually fell asleep too.

The next morning, I woke up and saw her stomach still looming high on the bed. I ogled it

for some time before I made my way to the gym for my exercise. Since Sam started gaining, I spent less time in the gym but overall, I was still fit and healthy, I had to be. In order for me to realistically have sex with Sam, I needed a fair amount of strength. Oscar had been serving me well still. I still had so many people trying to hit on me in the gym, especially now as I didn't look quite as intimidating with my over-the-top muscles. I always laughed at their attempts at it, I always just thought of how radically different Sam was compared to them.

Sam was great at planning, after I had worked out and we had our breakfast, there was a minivan that took us to the airport. Sam needed to buy three seats to cover off the amount of space her ass needed. After we landed it was a quick trip to the hotel, it was right on the beach front and the view from our room was amazing. I set the bags down, having carried them all myself and in this heat, I wasn't ashamed to admit I had a bead of sweat on my brow.

I turned to Sam and saw her waddling through the door. She had a quick glance around, but she was sweating more than me.

“Honey... I am feeling a bit hungry.” She said with a shortness of breath.

“Don't worry, they have a lovely buffet here.” I reminded her.

“I don't think I can make it down there... Why don't you order me some room service and you can feed me here...” Sam replied in an inviting tone.

I rushed to the phone and quickly dialled through to reception to start placing the large order. I didn't care about the money, I cared about fulfilling Sam and her needs. After a lengthy conversation with the receptionist for the order, I heard Sam let out a gasp. I said my thanks and goodbye and hung up the phone.

“Everything alright?” I asked, I was concerned but I felt something else wasn't quite right.

“Yeah... I just felt a slight prick...”

Prick...

My mind started to race. I lowered my eyes from her face and saw the shirt she had on was starting to shift.

“I hope it isn't long... I am feeling... Kinda bloated...”

I watched as my 500 lb wife started to swell, just like she did all those years ago on that Christmas break. Her soft body was becoming fuller, more swollen and she was growing by the second. I fell backwards onto the bed and watched as the shirt slingshot itself upwards and revealed the growing orb of her stomach. Her jeans were cutting deep into her fat, almost cutting her in half. The zipper bust open, and I saw a swelling diamond of flesh pushing further forward.

That button...

It was tough, but not enough for what was to come.

Sam let out a huge moan and then the button fired off her jeans and hit me with a considerable force, enough to make me bruise. I didn't care, I barely even reacted. I just watched as her stomach grew and grew before us. It was impossible to guess her weight, she just took a few large steps towards me, and I could feel her huge gut start to press against my knees on the bed, soon it was on my lap and then taking up my entire torso.

“Oscar sure did a number on me this time...” Sam moaned loudly.

I started to rub and massage the gigantic gut and I slipped a finger into her pants.

Her screams filled the air, and I made her cum in record time, it was my turn next, the feeling of her still growing on top of me was more than enough to get me off. Her growth came to a stop, but she was significantly bigger, the weight, it was hard to say, just her dimensions had changed so much, she looked so round and big. She looked over her massive tits and belly down at me.

There was a knock at the door.

Her stomach rumbled and visibly shook, Sam softly teased, “If you want me to get any bigger, you better go answer that now.”

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