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1,242 words.

<Separate Paths>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter Eight

Carl moved around the bed, half asleep, he reached out to wrap his arm around Abi. A few attempts of finding nothing but a mattress he opened his eyes fully to realise that she wasn't there.

*"Did I dream it?"* His mind doubted the events of yesterday, but his morning wood made him relive the sensations for a few seconds.

There was a smell in the air, something was cooking in the kitchen. He got out of bed and threw on his robe and walked to a source of the delicious smell. The way his house was set up, he had to pass the dining room, and he saw the table was laid with some orange juice in a small tumbler. He continued to the kitchen door, which was closed.

Reaching out Carl's hand was trembling, he was nervous, not in a fearful way but an excited way.

*"What if it was all a dream..."* His brain tried to talk him out of opening the door, letting the memory be untarnished.

He yanked the door, like a kid pulling off a band-aid.

He was not disappointed by his choice.

The room had a bit of smoke in the air, it was from the frying bacon in the pan. He saw Abi's beautiful face, she turned and smiled at him, winking too. He followed her small frame down to the object of his desire and obsession.

Her ass.

Her fucking huge, gigantic ass.

It was the same size as last night, despite the intimacy that he had with her rear, he still was shocked to see just the enormity of her now in a normal setting like his kitchen. She was wearing just an apron; it covered her top perfectly well, but it had no chance to cover her butt.

Side on her shape was incredible, the morning wood Carl had was trying to peek through the gown. The lack of covering just showed off how enormous her hips and thighs were.

A loud ringing startled them both and Carl quickly reached up to turn off the smoke alarm.

“That’s why I closed the door.” Abi pointed the tongs that she was using to turn the bacon when he entered and gave a playful snap.

“Sorry...” He murmured, walking towards her he was shocked that there was so much bacon in the pan.

“A lot huh?” Abi jabbed his side with her elbow. “How do you think I got this?” She bumped her hip against Carl, feeling his erection prod against her.

“I think I owe you a story...” Abi giggled, serving up the bacon straight into some buttered bread on the side. “Sit.” She commanded.

Carl wanted to know more, he wasn’t going to ever say no to her ever again, not with her looking like his dream girl.

Rushing into the dining room he pulled up a chair and watched his ultra curvy girlfriend need to turn to get through the door. Carl’s hand rubbed his extremely turned on prick under the table. Abi took a seat, and it sounded like the chair was fighting for its life. Abi handed over a plate with one sandwich on it for Carl to have but he noticed her side was a giant plate of fried meat.

Bacon and sausages, just a mound of delicious pork. Abi didn’t wait, she just started scoffing down greasy rashers and glistening sausages.

“Oh... Sorry...” She laughed. “I was meant to tell you...” gesturing to the food on her plate. “This... This is all for more gains.” Winking, Abi watched Carl’s reaction.

He was already touching himself but was starting to rub a bit harder now, his eyes went

wide, and he wanted her to tell him more, he wanted to know everything.

“Tell me... Please... Abi...”

“Oh, you are so cute when you sound like you’re begging... I’ll have to remember that...” putting another sausage into her mouth, she quickly ate it and swallowed it. “Well... Where do I start?”

Abi was enjoying teasing Carl, how he waited on her every word, no, syllable. He was fixated on her like a predator would be on prey, except the roles seemed reversed.

“I’m thirsty. One second.” Abi reached under the table, to her side, and pulled out a shaker. She had left it on the chair beside her.

Carl opposite watched as the semi-transparent plastic revealed a thick looking substance inside. Carl had seen similar things when he was in the gym and that is when it clicked.

“Is that...”

Abi nodded.

Carl threw open his robe and started to massage his dick unashamedly under the table.

Abi’s face was becoming flush. A deep red blush covered her cheeks, and she bit her lip before she drank a huge helping of the weight gain shake. Wiping her mouth, she saw Carl was still feverishly rubbing himself.

“Well... *Shall I go on?*”

Carl nodded.

“When I got back to my accommodation, I bought a bunch of shakes. I had done a great job at growing my ass for you last year but I was finding it harder and harder before I met up with you for the summer.” She paused, to see if Carl was still listening or was too gone to his lust.

“Yeah...” He said almost absentmindedly.

“Well... The shakes started, I trained harder, I did everything I could think of to make my ass grow and it was working at first, that is why I sent you some pics at the start of the year but it wasn’t going to last much longer...” Abi paused to eat more from her plate, letting Carl process everything she had said so far.

Abi picked up her shake and took another big swig before finishing it off.

“You know the problem I have with these things?” She asked Carl rhetorically. “There isn’t enough in a shake. Would you mind getting me the tub?”

Carl stood up, uncaring of his dick leading the way, he grabbed the tub and returned to the table.

“Oh and... Can you get the whole milk.”

Carl’s eyes went wide. He had presumed that you were meant to have these with water or skimmed milk, the fact she was going for whole milk made his dick twitch. As he turned around to leave, Abi stopped him.

“Actually... The heavy cream...” She teased.

Carl almost doubled over and came on the spot. He couldn’t believe her words, she was so thin, what was she doing with all these calories.

Carl knew the answer, it was obvious. He wanted her to say it though.

Leaving the room in a flash, he returned with three pots of heavy cream, it was all he could find in the fridge and hoped it was enough for Abi.

“Can you please...” Abi said, picking up some more bacon. “My food is going cold...”

He opened the tub and her shaker and put in a scoop of the powder and went to pick up the cream.

“More.”

Carl grabbed a second scoop, following along with her.

“*More.*”

A third went in.

“One more.”

Four.

Carl reached for the cream, and she eyed the shaker.

“One last one. I’m a growing girl after all.” She teased.

Carl let out a desperate moan.

Abi felt Carl wasn't sure if she was being serious or not, so she bat her eyelashes and lowered her voice, leaning over the table.

“This ass isn't getting any smaller...”

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