

<Trust Funded>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

“You are such a bitch!” the twenty-one-year-old Stacey yelled as she slammed her door shut and buried herself into her pillows, sobbing loudly.

The other side of that door was her mother, Emily. Emily was pushing 40 but despite all of her years on this planet the last five years have been hardest on the family.

Emily’s husband, Christopher was tragically taken from them in an accident. Emily didn’t like to dwell on it, she found that despite the fact it had been five whole years, she still struggled with it from time to time. They met in school and were together ever since. Emily yearned for love but a love that she couldn’t ever fill again she would often wallow.

Stacey felt the loss hard too, she was fourteen when she lost her dad, she wasn’t even an adult yet, but she was very well aware of the pain. It changed her, it would change most people, but Stacey didn’t quite change in the way that you might expect.

Christopher was a very well-paid man, the company that he worked for had a brilliant death in service policy on top of which the health insurance policy he had was huge. He made smart investments and left the family with a huge amount of money; it was safe to say that they could easily coast their way into the grave.

The money was split evenly between Emily and Stacey, Emily knew about this before, she witnessed the will signing. Stacey’s money was put into a trust fund account, she would get monthly payments from the account. It wasn’t a great deal but at her age, it was more than enough to get

some nice things.

Stacey found it still rather frustrating, all that money, sitting in that account, it was hers. It was made clear that it would be released to her in full when she turned 25, she was only 4 years away, but it felt like a lifetime to her. She knew this but still wanted more. All of her friends had to work to be able to pay for their cars and various other things, Stacey didn't, however she didn't have enough to have the nice car *and* have the nice designer bag. The money she was receiving was free, but it wasn't enough. She refused to work, often arguing with Emily over it.

"Why should I work when I have millions in the bank?" She would screech. "Besides, you don't work?" Her words were filled with venom.

The reason she had such venomous words for her mother was because Emily was someone who could access the money, she had the means to withdraw money from there, increase the payments and even give the whole amount away. She could veto her late husband's decision. Emily however was a very sensible ward, Christopher knew that all those years ago when he signed his will, he knew that his wife was a headstrong woman.

Emily was of an average build, she worked out regularly and ate well, as did Stacey, they looked so similar. Both blondes had very beautiful faces with plump lips, their eyes were where they differed. Emily had caring eyes, sorrowful almost. Stacey's eyes were usually filled with disgust and rage. Emily usually had a ponytail, but Stacey would straighten hers. Emily would be rather conservative in her attire, baggy pants and shirts usually, she could dress up when she needed to. Stacey on the other hand loved to flaunt her stuff wherever she could, sure she was slim, but she did have modest Cs compared to her mother's flat chest.

Emily knocked the door, trying to extend the olive branch to her daughter.

"I'm sorry Stacey... You'll understand when you are older..."

Stacey jumped up and stomped to the door. "I'm not fucking five mum! I am twenty-one! I can drive, I can vote, I can drink!"

Emily tried to de escalate with her calming tone, "Age isn't about being old enough to-"

"You are such a bitch! You have been since Dad died." Stacey snapped.

There was an uncomfortable silence in the air. Even between the door, Stacey could see how her words would've broken her mother.

"I'll leave food in the kitchen for you..." Emily said solemnly and walked away from the door.

Stacey was too fired up and hot headed to feel guilt, yet she knew the damage she caused.

"It's true..." Stacey muttered to herself, storming back to her bed. "If only she had someone in her life... When Dad was around, she was so much calmer and looser..." Then like some sort of demented bolt of lightning she had an idea.

"I'll get her a boyfriend. Then she can be happy and then I can get more money from her..." Stacey thought about the plan for the rest of the evening.

Emily however walked downstairs and made some food for her ungrateful hot-headed daughter, wondering where things went so wrong.

"Ever since Chris left... It has been so hard..." Emily thought to herself, a tear rolling down her cheek. "Everything was just so easy with him around..."

Emily was grating cheese and taking clumps from the bowl and eating it as she did so.

"What am I going to do..." thinking about Stacey and her rebellious ways.

Before she realised, the cheese was all gone.

"This is exactly what happens when I am stressed... I let my guard down and..." Emily patted her stomach. "I don't want to get fat again..."

It feels like so long ago, far before Stacey was born, not long before she met Christopher. Emily was fat, she had spent her whole life fighting the call of food and the urge to indulge. Even after Chris' accident, she turned to food, but she managed to keep herself relatively in line, she focused her emotions into going to the gym during that hard time.

She started to grate more cheese for Stacey's food, deciding to skip out on her own meal thanks to her cheese feast.

Back in Emily's room she had made a profile for her mum on a dating site and let it just accumulate matches. The idea was that she would show her mum the matches so that she could

have a look and see who was showing an interest in her.

“That isn’t enough... Maybe I need to curate some extra people...”

She found a fetish based website that would match people based on similar interests, clicking through the list of choices she found herself intrigued by the vast array of options but when she saw a category that she caught her eye on, she clicked it and let out a little laugh.

“Feederism.”

Stacey knew that her Mum was a bit bigger when she was younger, she thought that if someone is constantly feeding her then she will be so tied up to the guy that she won’t have much time or even the effort level to stop Stacey’s spending.

Making this second profile she decided that she would maintain this profile herself, if there was a good match, she would ask them to send an invite through the official dating app.

It might’ve added some complexity for the potential candidate but when they saw the picture of Emily and the description asking them to fatten her thin body up. It was a matter of minutes before the matches came flying in. She was getting more matches through the kinky dating site than the real deal app.

Stacey talked to them for some time before settling on a candidate. She made him apply through the other app and she told him everything.

Stacey was rather naive; she was just trusting this man to date her mum and fatten her up. The story sounded too good to be true to the eager man who matched Emily.

Paul.

He was a tall fair-haired fellow who spent a lot of time working out it would seem. He was physically very fit and worked as an orthodontist. He had a good paying job; he had a great body and was only one year older than Emily.

“Perfect.” Stacey said when she added him on the account, she manufactured him getting to the top of the list so that when Emily would be shown the app, she would see his face first.

Paul had a kink, it got him real bad. Feederism. Something extra about the whole fit to fat aesthetic got him going and firstly having the ability to do so with Emily, it was such an amazing

thought. When he found out the other detail from Stacey, he thought it was a con at first but after speaking to Stacey for some time he became convinced and raised his eyebrow.

He especially liked the part about the money. He wasn't poor but he wasn't living the life that Emily and Stacey had, he wanted some of that. He played along; it was now a case of waiting for Stacey to land her side of the bargain.

As unlikely a plan this was, something about it just seemed to click. Maybe it was the massive blow outs that Mother and Daughter kept having, maybe it was the rugged good looks of Paul. For whatever reason, when Stacey came down to get her food that night, hours after it had been served, she sought out her Mum. Emily was sitting by the pool; the sun had set but the air was still warm enough for her to just keep her feet dipped into the pool.

"Hey Mum..." Stacey timidly approached.

"Hey..." She tried to be warm and inviting but she was worn down from their earlier exchange.

"I'm sorry... I- No, I did mean what I said." Stacey told the truth.

"An odd way to apologise..."

"I am getting there... I mean, look... You've been alone now for over five years... Dad isn't coming back... Maybe you need some companionship. Not saying you need to remarry... I just mean... Ugh! Look." Stacey lost her patience with herself, and she thrust the phone to her Mum.

Emily almost dropped the phone into the pool, she focused on the rugged man on the screen before her.

"What's this?"

"This? This is your matched queue... These people have seen your profile and want to speak to you."

"I don't have a-"

"You do now." Stacey pointed at the screen. "Look! 35 matches in two hours."

"I mean... That is a lot of interest..." Emily started to scroll through the list and saw a bunch

of people who were all seeking her attention.

It felt strange for the widow, she hadn't felt this rush for many years, or almost ever really. She didn't know how to contain it, she was smiling.

Stacey noticed and smirked too.

Emily spent some time looking and she kept looking at Paul's profile. This was by Stacey's design, she fed him the best answers and profile matches to make sure he was a "high match".

"He's kinda cute right? Maybe I can start talking to him... Just as friends... I mean..."

"Perfect!" Stacey added, almost too excitedly. "Even if you go out for dinner or something. When was the last time you went out for dinner with a friend?"

Emily stopped in her tracks. She hadn't really thought of it but after a few seconds Stacey gave her the answer.

"Years. You haven't seen your friends in years now. Live a little..."

Emily tapped the message Icon and typed her first message.

"Hello Paul."

Chapter Two

The days quickly turned to weeks and although Emily was calmer, Stacey was no closer to getting her extra money there was clear progress happening with Paul and Emily. They were talking quite a lot and Stacey would backchannel to Paul to sense check what was happening. A few weeks into this blooming relationship, he told her that they were going out for dinner.

It was understandable why Emily was taking things so slow, she was practically a teen again in terms of her dating experience, a complete newbie to it, especially dating on an app.

She was so excited to tell Stacey she was going out. The two went out shopping for a dress and she spent a lot of money making sure she looked the part ready for the big day.

“Am I overdoing it?” Emily asked Stacey.

“Not at all Mum.” Stacey said, she was a good liar.

The night of the dinner, Emily left Stacey a bunch of extra money so that she could “fend for herself”, not before asking her to drive her to the restaurant.

Stacey saw this as a success, and she immediately took that money and spent it on some new shoes she had been eying up for weeks.

Emily arrived and kissed Stacey on the cheek before leaving her daughter to drive back home.

Nervous, she walked into the crowded highbrow restaurant, she had been here before,

back when Christopher was alive, shaking her head she focused on the man she was going to meet.

"I shouldn't be thinking about him right now..." She thought to herself.

Standing at the podium at the front she was greeted by a lovely waitress.

"Name on the reservation?"

"Paul." She said aloud.

"Ah yes, he is expecting you." The woman in her mid-20s led Emily to her date.

"Just as friends...Just as friends...Just as friends..." Emily said in her head like a mantra.

Sometimes we can, with the best intentions, mean something, but the opposite happens. Our heart wants what our heart wants.

The second Emily set her eyes on Paul; she felt her heart melt.

He was perfect. He was handsome, he looked the part, she had been speaking to him for weeks at this point and he greeted her with all the charisma that he had shown in his messages.

The two "Friends" picked up their online messages in real life with such a fluency in their mannerisms that it was like it was meant to be. Emily found herself fawning over Paul almost immediately and putting the face and voice to the messages was really helping.

"Well, as much as I'd love to talk all night, I think we should look at the menu to get some food in us, what do you think?" Paul spoke.

Emily looked down and saw the vast array of delicious food before her and she couldn't make a choice.

"There are so many good choices..." She was still feeling the lingering stress prior to meeting Paul, and she was feeling like she needed to eat.

"Why not get a few things, I'd be more than happy to pay to make sure you enjoy yourself."

"Those eyes..." Emily was lost in his dreamy gaze.

She nodded and ordered three mains, not really caring if she looked like a pig ordering so much food, she just really wanted to try. Paul didn't seem to mind at all.

“I just want to try some of each, it’s not like I am going to eat them all, you can try some Paul.” Emily added the justification.

When the food arrived, Paul had a low-calorie healthy meal and in comparison seeing Emily’s food, it couldn’t be different, even though it looked like they were almost the same weight.

Emily sunk her fork into each meal to test them each first and she let out a satisfied moan with each one.

“Well... She certainly likes her food...” Paul thought to himself, adjusting his trousers beneath the table. He couldn’t believe how much she was eating; Emily was only a skinny little thing but here she was making the largest models he viewed online look like amateurs.

They chatted over food, Paul took his time with the meal, making sure that he didn’t finish before Emily had finished her food.

“I don’t want to draw her attention away from food.” Paul thought as he slowly took bites from his meal while trying to talk as much as he could to elongate the meal and distract her from how much she was eating.

Emily didn’t even really realise when she cleared the first plate, she leaned back in her chair a bit and repositioned herself to accommodate her stomach. Paul kept seeing glances of her swelling midsection and clenched his fist.

“This is going to be easier than I thought...” Paul thought to himself.

The chatter continued well, Paul was a smooth talker and kept making Emily blush and eventually the waitress came over to take away the plates. It was at that moment that Emily realised that she had eaten the entire three meals.

Shocked, she looked at Paul with blushing cheeks.

“Our first-time meeting and I’ve made such a pig of myself...”

She felt so embarrassed that she couldn’t sit there any longer, she needed to get out.

“I can’t...” She stood up and was about to run away when she felt Paul wrap his hands around her wrist.

“Turn around...” He commanded, a different tone in his voice now, there was something

feral about him.

Emily did as she was told, her eyes were getting watery, and she looked down at her date and could see his eyes weren't looking at her face at all but her stomach.

"What is he..."

Emily cast her eyes down and saw her dress was bulging at her middle, she looked so bloated, early stages of pregnancy almost. She was so embarrassed to make such a glutton of herself, but Paul didn't seem to mind.

"Is he... Enjoying it or something?" Emily thought.

She was not naive to the stranger areas that men would turn to for their kicks. She had read plenty of gossip magazines where women talked about their experiences with men who liked watching them eat or even large women who were paid to show off their stuff.

"Surely not... That just happens in magazines... Not to me... Right?"

Emily couldn't stop thinking about it, so she thought to test it a bit more. She placed her hand on her stomach and let out a big sigh.

"I am sorry... I've eaten just so much... I mean... Look at me..."

For the first time she noticed that she was in the driver's seat, Emily placed her hand on her stomach for emphasis and rubbed the bloated belly she had developed over the course of her multiple dinners.

Paul was transfixed.

He had never met someone who was just so open to this kink, especially someone this thin. He still decided to play it slow, he didn't want to scare her off. He thought he was failing pretty hard because he was staring so much at her gut. He managed to snatch his eyes away from the strained dress and up to her face and saw that Emily was smirking down at him.

"Do you like what you see Paul?"

Paul nodded.

Emily slowly sat back down, cradling her stomach and she picked up the dessert menu.

“Well... No sense in skipping dessert, right?”

Chapter Three

Emily felt the power of the moment coursing through her, she took a leap of faith.

“I can’t decide... I think I’ll order two...” She patted her bloated stomach, the noise shook Paul to his core, he shuddered and looked at her with eyes filled with desire. “I know I’ve still got some room left.” Her words were heavy, and lust fuelled, she loved how he was doting on every word she said.

The server came to collect the dishes and Emily caught his attention. “Can I order some dessert?” Her voice was spritely, she was enjoying the rush of what she was doing. She hadn’t felt like this for years.

The man pulled out his tablet and tapped the items that Emily pointed to, his eyes growing wide by the time she tapped to a fourth thing. As he was about to repeat back the order, she stopped him.

“It’s a surprise for him.” Emily pointed at her date, who stared at her wide eyed.

The server nodded and took the empty plates away with him, taking note of how many were on Emily’s side of the table. He glanced and caught her swollen middle; Emily noticed his gaze and she winked at him. Emily wondered if he was the same as Paul or if he was just used to seeing this type of behaviour from patrons.

“What did you order?” Paul asked.

Emily raised her hand to her chin and stroked it. “Well... Then it wouldn’t be a surprise... I just couldn’t stop at two though...”

Paul’s face was bright red, his throbbing cock under the table was making him lose what little blood he had left in his skull. Emily was pressing each of his buttons, what really got to Paul was how good she was at it despite likely having little to no knowledge of the kink.

The wait wasn’t too long, the wait staff brought over dessert after dessert. Paul was taken aback by how much was being piled up on the table. They spread it between the two of them, but Emily pulled them closer to her side. After the fifth plate was placed before them, she looked at Paul, who was in awe at what she had ordered.

“You can have some... If you want?”

Paul shook his head.

“What? More for me is it?” She giggled, taking a spoonful of ice cream from the sundae and inverting the spoon in her mouth, giving him a very teasing pose.

Paul was speechless, something that usually didn’t happen but ever since meeting Emily, it was becoming a more common occurrence. He pinched himself to check if he was dreaming.

This isn’t a dream...

Emily ate bite after bite, Sundae first, Chocolate cake second, cheesecake third, apple pie fourth and finally finished off with a loaded brownie. There was almost no pause to her gluttony. Paul watched; he couldn’t believe how his luck was running right now.

He matches to a wealthy woman whose daughter wanted him to feed her, expecting resistance or a long-term plan, he was quickly realising that Emily was more willing than maybe even Stacey knew.

The dessert was gone, far too quickly for someone who had just eaten so much for the main course, especially someone of Emily’s size. Emily put the fork down on the chocolate smeared plate that held a giant brownie not three minutes prior. She pushed the plate forward and let out a large sigh.

“Well... That certainly hit the spot...” Her voice was laboured, she was so stuffed.

Emily looked down and saw her food baby and blushed.

Did I really just...

She looked over to Paul who was desperate to get a glimpse of her expanded middle. Taking another leap, she pushed the chair back and leaned back in her chair, as if submitting her body to Paul's horny gaze.

Paul's eyes devoured Emily's hugely bloated stomach, it was big before she had dessert, now it was just something else. It looked like she was in her second trimester, her thin frame was so distorted by the food she had in her gut, it was very impressive that someone so small could have put away that much food.

"I think it is time we go..." Paul said to Emily.

"Why's that?"

"I don't think I can handle another second of you wearing those clothes..."

Emily hailed the serving staff and paid the bill, leaving a decent tip. Paul and Emily left the restaurant together, arm in arm. Paul noted that Emily was waddling as she walked towards Paul's car, he opened the door and let her take a seat, she pushed the chair back and rubbed her stomach.

"Ugh~" She groaned, the effects of the food now catching up to her.

Paul walked around the car and Emily rubbed her stomach, looking at the taut fabric that was almost like a second skin to her equally taut stomach.

This dress is holding up...

Paul sat down and started the car, trying not to look at Emily. He needed to focus on driving after all. His efforts were in vain though, Emily placed her hand delicately on his as he gripped the wheel.

"Paul..." Her voice was deep and husky.

He turned to her and saw her bloated form laid back in his passenger seat, her hugely packed stomach stretching the dress, her nipples were thick and hard poking through her dress.

"I... I need to get out of this dress..."

Paul felt his cock throb and he pulled off quickly, his wheels screeching. He made way to his place, it wasn't far, but he couldn't get there quick enough.

Emily was moaning and groaning on the seat, an unintentional side effect of being stuffed so much, certainly something she didn't mean to be doing but it was having more of an effect on Paul than she realised.

Is she doing that on purpose...

He thought, almost running a red.

His tires wailed as he turned into his drive, coming to a sudden stop, before he crashed into his garage. Paul rushed around to help Emily from her seat. She deliberately fell onto him and pressed her stomach against his body.

"Your place is nice..." She whispered.

Helping her waddle in through the front door, Paul wasted no further time, he took her straight to the bedroom, his fantasy has played out perfectly, now he rolled the dice in hopes of getting the last big to come true too.

Emily cooed as she realised where she was, she too was too horny to deny this outcome. She pushed Paul onto the bed and watched as he scrambled to turn around and face her. He watched his bloated date standing before him as she undone the zip behind her head.

"Paul..." Her voice was thick and breathy. "I... I am so *full*..." Her hands lowered down over her breasts, and she started to caress her swollen gut. "I ate... *So much*..."

Slowly, to Paul's delight, her hands continued to travel lower, her hands cradling her round belly for just a second before she reached the bottom of her dress. It had ridden up thanks to her expanded stomach, she lifted it slowly, watching Paul's eyes as they followed the hem of the dress as it rose, with great difficulty higher.

Emily revealed her panties, she felt it might be a bit early, but she was too enthralled by what she was just reaching with the hem of the tightly fitting dress. Emily struggled and pulled at the hem to get the fabric to stretch enough to lift over her stomach.

"You've been staring all night..." She moaned. "Even though it is..." She paused and gave

one big tug of the fabric and in an instant the dress shot up over her stomach and it was fully exposed now. “Big...”

Paul stared at her belly and felt himself almost cum from the excitement. He pinched himself.

Not dreaming...

Chapter Four

Emily never thought she would have sex with another man after meeting her late husband, she certainly never thought she would relinquish herself so quickly. Perhaps she had been yearning for so long that when the chance arrived, she wasn't going to let the opportunity pass her by. She gave herself up that night, her bloated form driving Paul wild, it wasn't long before they both had their fill, Emily due to her over fullness hindering her, yet thanks to her years of celibacy she came quick, Paul on the other hand was over stimulated by the fantasy of the whole night.

They really hit it off, it quickly became Emily and Paul almost 24/7. They were like horny teens making out in the kitchen when Stacey would walk in. She would grimace at the thought of seeing her mom making out with this guy, but she couldn't help but feel responsible for her part in lining this up. It wasn't long until her plan really started to take effect. The routine would be that Stacey would walk into the room when the rowdy "teens" would be getting a bit too handsy on the kitchen counters or sofa and Emily would throw some spending money Stacey's way.

A small price to pay... She thought about the possible mental scarring she would receive from seeing her mom getting groped on the deck chair.

Emily and Paul couldn't be happier, Emily was loving the attention Paul was showing her, she hadn't felt this way in years. She fully embraced the change and was really leaning into this fetish stuff for Paul. Something about the power she held over him whenever she gave into his desires, it was a big turn on for her.

Paul was getting the best deal of all; he was having a great time fucking this rich widow and she was trying to turn him on at all possible moments by fulfilling his fantasies.

The equilibrium of the relationship was seemingly at peace.

A few weeks turned into a few months and Stacey was back to her old ways, spending all her money as quickly as she got it. She would have a new designer outfit every week and every new tech release. She was using her wealth to become the most popular girl in her friendship group, spending for parties, buying rounds and weekend getaways for her friends. The rate she was burning through the money was as impressive as it was alarming.

For the past two weeks Stacey had been out of the country, a group holiday that she paid for. They all had a lot of fun partying and getting wasted. Not all things last forever after a long flight home and the drive from the airport. It was nearly 2am when she got in, she crept through the house and tucked herself in. On the ride home she had text Paul asking how it was going with her mum.

“Hey Paul, how are things going? Any developments?”

“Things are going good, she is great.” He replied.

“I meant more... Food related...”

“Oh, no, she has been on a health kick for the last two weeks, she realised she had put on a few when you left.”

The message could mean her short lived plan would fail and she would need to go back to the drawing board. The thought filled her mind right up until her head hit the pillow.

Stacey woke up and shuffled downstairs, groggy from her fortnight of partying and lack of sleep last night.

Walking into the kitchen she saw the back of her mom.

Was she... Looking thicker?

It was hard to tell, the clothes she was wearing seemed to suggest no but having not seen her in two weeks, it just seemed like she was taking up more space.

But Paul said...

Emily turned around and faced Stacey.

Holy shit!

Emily had changed, she had gained.

Her mom was drinking some milkshake, if Stacey was paying more attention she would've noticed the supply of "Weight Gain X" on the side, but her eyes were fixated on her mum.

Emily was in her PJs, well mostly. Her formerly flat chest was starting to fill out, Emily had never really had fat on her body at all, so she never had boobs, not even when she was nursing Stacey, her boobs barely made it into a B cup. The top she was wearing was meant to be loose, but it was clear that even around the chest department, it was struggling to contain her growing bulk. Further down was more drastic, her stomach was stuffed it looked so big and round. This was by design, if not by Paul, by Emily. She constantly topped up her belly and it was beginning to take a new form of its own.

Two weeks have done a real number on her...

Stacey didn't care, so long as she was getting money.

In the few weeks since getting with Paul, there were talks about him moving in with them. He practically lived there anyway, today was a rare exception because he had a conference he had to attend for his work, he wouldn't be back for a few days. The time spent with Paul was clearly taking its toll on Emily's figure, she was so fit and thin before but in part from the constant stuffing and now especially because of the shakes she was already starting to look different.

During their first date, Emily was 120lbs, "a nice round number" Paul told her. It wouldn't stay that low for long, she was already pushing 140 lbs and it was mostly going to her growing gut. Steadily, day by day it was sticking out more, it was starting to jiggle and wobble, and it drove Paul wild, seeing the progress she was making each day. With him out of town now, Emily was taking double the number of shakes so that she could really surprise him when he got back.

This is where we found Emily and Stacey now.

Stacey saw Emily's lower half of her stomach starting to peak out of the gap forming between her waistband and her top. The smooth looking skin looked taut and stretched. Stacey

couldn't help but grimace.

She really is porking out... Hard... She thought to herself.

Emily paid no attention to her daughter's facial expression, she just finished off the drink before she engaged her in conversation.

"Morning! Welcome back, enjoy the holiday?" Emily said, startling Stacey.

Stacey was silent.

"Oh, hungover still? It only gets worse as you get older, trust me." She giggled at her daughter.

"Yeah... A bit of a wild time..." Stacey said back a bit dazed, she kept catching her Mum's belly bumping into stuff.

"You've been hitting the parties quite hard lately... I hope you've been sensible with the money I've been sending you... That holiday couldn't have been cheap" She raised her eyebrow.

Shit. Stacey decided to change the subject.

"You and Paul seem like you are hitting it off."

Emily took the bait and smiled. "Yeah! He is so nice; you were right putting me on one of those dating apps. He is just so fun to be around."

Stacey was staring at her body, really soaking in the changes and was shocked at how quickly she could change.

"I know..." Emily said, noticing her daughter's gaze. "I've put on a few..." She naively added.

Stacey knew to bite her tongue here; she was the direct cause of this and benefactor of it thanks to her Mum's obsession with Paul.

"I guess I've put on some of that couple weight." She nervously giggled. "I think... I think it looks good... I've been thin for so long... Paul doesn't mind."

"I know!" Stacey blurted out, quickly covering her mouth, realising she might have just blown her cover.

“I’m sorry that you see... Our... Umm... Public display of affection...”

Stacey let out a huge sigh of relief, safe to live the lie for another day.

“It’s fine, I try not to look.”

“Thank you for being so supportive of this...” Emily smiled at her daughter and opened her arms wide.

The smaller Stacey walked over for a big hug and noticed the amount of she felt when she was pulled in close, her mother’s warm middle spreading over her torso. Breaking off the embrace, Emily smiled at her daughter.

“Here... You probably spent a bunch these last two weeks...” Emily grabbed her purse and handed over a wad of cash to her daughter. “But please be sensible with it. Don’t blow it all at once.”

“I won’t...” Stacey said, lying through her teeth. She already had plans on how to spend it. She skipped out the room and started to message her friends about some plans for the upcoming weekend.

Emily watched her happy daughter leave the kitchen and the gainer powder tub caught her eye.

“Maybe one more...”

Chapter Five

Emily spent the rest of the time away from Paul trying to make as much of a difference to her body as she possibly could. It was quite extreme the lengths that she went too, barely holding all the food and shakes down at any one time. It was safe to say she had never been so bloated in all of her life.

Paul returned three days later, and he thought to phone Emily to make sure she had food for the evening. After a press on his car, he was calling his girlfriend.

“Hey honey, I was just on my way back and I thought I could pick you up some food. How does that sound?”

There was silence on the other end for a second before a large belch almost deafened him, the bass was so loud that someone walking alongside his car jumped.

“... Em?”

“Paul... Come... Home... Too Much...” Her voice was strained, she sounded under pressure.

“I’m on my way.” Paul said sternly, trying to focus on the driving at hand.

“Hurry...” She moaned just before she hung up.

Paul slammed his foot down and felt the car jolt forward and race towards his girlfriend’s home. Skidding into the drive, he jumped out of the car, almost forgetting to turn the car off he burst through the door and heard the laboured voice of Emily call out to him.

“In... Here...”

Her voice travelled through the hallway from the kitchen. Paul ran into the room and found a sight that he couldn't quite understand.

On the floor, three discarded shakers were on their side and dripping on the floor the very last remnants of their contents. Paul recognised it right away.

Gainer shake.

The shakes were not something that Paul had even discussed with Emily, although it was very on brand, Emily had done this all herself. Paul felt his cock twinge in his pants already.

His eyes followed the somewhat trail of bottles to the corner of the counters, and he slowly walked to the edge and looked to peer around. He was shocked by what he saw.

Emily was sprawled on the floor, her thicker legs were spread wide and between her legs was a hugely stuffed stomach. It had only been a few days, but it was clear that she had been stuffing herself really good. The roundness of her stomach was just remarkable. She looked like she had been inflated almost. She appeared so taut and round, there was no chance she was getting that orb into any of the clothes she owned, not that she even wanted too. Her chubby face looked up at Paul and they both locked eyes.

Emily's expression changed from painfully overstuffed to one of lust.

Paul stared at his stuffed girlfriend on the floor. He pinched himself.

Not dreaming...

Emily moaned and said “I've got room for one last thing... If you'll indulge me...”

Paul nodded and dropped his trousers.

The shakes were a catalyst and the next few months saw Emily grow bigger a lot quicker. She had doubled her weight within six months, it was incredible. Emily was very aroused by the whole thing as was Paul. Stacey watched as her Mum grew bigger each day, trying her best to ignore it and the money she kept getting, she saw that as hush money now.

Stacey had been noticing however that things were changing again. Paul had sold his place

and he had moved in; Emily was more open about her eating now. Stacey would be passing the kitchen and Emily would ask her to grab her some more food and shakes. Although it filled Stacey with mixed emotions, she continued to do so. Emily was so focused on her love for this fetish and therefore Paul, she was shirking off every responsibility, it meant Stacey was having to look after herself more. This wasn't an issue; Stacey was a big girl, and she was more than capable of sorting herself out but the other change she noticed was starting to bother her. Emily was giving less money, in fact, she was sometimes not giving her any money at all.

"She couldn't have spent it all..." Stacey said to herself as she walked towards the kitchen.

Walking through the door she saw Paul, he was starting to annoy her now, like he had overstayed his welcome.

"Hey." She said sharply.

"Stacey!" He turned enthusiastically and wrapped her in a big hug. "Thank you for this..."

This was a regular thing, whenever he and Stacey would meet, he would take a moment to thank her. The gesture was nice in theory, but it left a strange taste in her mouth.

"Don't mention it..."

"I won't ruin this. Promise."

"What is your endgame Paul..." Stacey shocked herself by asking. His words had bothered her and provoked her.

"What do you mean?"

"Look... I told you my end of the bargain, which has been working well-ish. What are you here for?"

His face turned a shade of red. "I... Are you sure you want to know? I mean? She's your Mum?"

"Ew! I know you get your kicks from those." Stacey pointed to the gainer shakes. "I mean, when are you going to stop? She looks huge, Paul..."

The words were said with malice, but Paul felt oddly proud and aroused by the comment.

"This is your Mum... This is hardly me..."

“Can’t you get her to stop now? I mean, she can’t get much bigger, I never thought of her getting this big...”

“Me neither.” His tone was in complete contrast to Stacey’s.

Stacey shivered. “Just... Get her to ease up...”

Paul’s face furrowed. “No.” The grateful man of a few moments ago was gone.

“WHAT?” Stacey yelled.

“I said. No.”

Stacey saw red. “Listen here, I invited you here for this, you did your bit, and I got my end of the bargain but she is getting too big and she is cutting my money back again. I want you gone now.”

“No.” Paul said calmly.

“Well, I’ll tell her then! I’ll tell her everything.”

“What are you going to tell her Stacey? You wanted me to feed her so she could give you more money. I wonder how that would go.”

Stacey hadn’t really put much thought into her threat. “Just... Just stop!”

“This is what your Mum wants. This is exactly what she desires, I can’t help it that I am having the time of my life here... Oh and the money? That’s because she is using your money to help her gain faster.” Paul was smug, he had her beat. “Now if you’ll *excuse me*, it’s time for another shake.” Paul said, picking up the bottle from the side and walked out of the kitchen.

Stacey was left standing in the kitchen, her body shaking from anger.

Chapter Six

Stacey wasn't about to let Paul win but she had no idea on how to beat him, the next few weeks only saw Emily's size balloon further. She had a distinct waddle now but even without Paul there Stacey noticed her mother spending so much time eating or preparing large meals for herself. Her weight had mostly gone to her belly, she looked almost pregnant, with clothes on she certainly appeared that way but there was enough softness and jiggle that if you paid enough attention you could tell she was just fat. The rest of her body had thickened rapidly in that time and her bust had swollen much further. Stacey now thought that Emily's breasts were bigger than hers at this point.

Sitting at the dining table, watching her Mum stuff herself silly, she couldn't stop thinking about the encounter that she and Paul had a few weeks prior. Since then, she did her best to avoid being in the same room as him. He was starting to make her skin crawl.

"Mum..."

Emily continued to scoff but she looked up and acknowledged her daughter.

"Are you happy?"

Emily was taken aback, but she quickly swallowed her food and looked at her daughter confused. "Yes... Why?"

"I mean... You've changed a lot in less than a year..."

"Oh." She understood what she meant. "You mean..."

Stacey just nodded.

Emily pushed her chair back and rested a hand on her stomach. "This..." Gesturing to her whole physique. "All of this..."

Stacey nodded again.

"Yes. Honestly. Yes." She said firmly.

Stacey was at a loss for words, thankfully for her, Emily filled the void.

"I am very happy. Paul is great and... Umm... This? Well... I think this is just something I am enjoying a lot right now... Maybe that's why I've changed so much in such a short amount of time."

Stacey took the words at face value, and it really made her think about things. The money stream was drying up. She knew that even if she told her Mum the plan, if she didn't disown her for the crazy idea, she might just thank her for inadvertently showing her this lifestyle.

"Good." Stacey said, nodding and returning her attention to her own food.

"Why?" Emily asked, concerned at her daughter's line of questioning.

"No real reason."

"Are you?" Emily turned the question onto her daughter.

"You can do whatever you want, as long as you are happy." Stacey immediately responded.

"Thank you, but that isn't what I was talking about. Are you happy?"

Stacey shook her head. "My friends keep going out and I can't, I don't have enough money."

"I just gave you money on Monday."

"It's Thursday."

"Stacey... How many times... That money should last you the week, you are getting a lot of money and I know I have spoiled you over the last few months, but it has to get back to normal. You can't just buy whatever you want, get whatever you want, it is too greedy."

"You're one to talk." Stacey snapped.

“Go to your room now.”

“I’m twenty-one!”

“I don’t care. Get to your room now. I’m still your mother and I will not be spoken to that way.” Emily stood up, her belly wobbling and shaking as she glared at her daughter.

“Fine.” Stacey stormed off.

“So immature...” Emily said before picking up her fork again.

That night she thought a lot about a plan. Her friends had told her that they were trying to set up a party, but she didn’t have any money left, thanks to her blowing through her last payment from her Mum. Her crush was going to be there. Zack.

Zack was the most popular boy in her school, going into college and in her large friendship group, he was still the number one pick out of all the girls, even some of the guys. He was fit, handsome and Stacey knew she wanted him, she had for quite some time but despite her rapidly rising popularity over the past six months from her being so flush with cash, she had worked so long to even get a chance to see him. For her, this was a once in a lifetime opportunity. She needed to pay for this party to get him there, it needed to be big. She needed the funds. She knew she had to do something, but there was no way to really get what she wanted.

Unless...

She picked up her phone and texted Paul.

“We need to talk.”

Stacey snuck out of the house and met Paul at a coffee shop near his orthodontist practice.

“What is it?” Paul started sharply. “I don’t have a lot of time before my next patient.”

“Paul. I am sorry. You win.”

“What?”

“I said-”

“Stacey, this isn’t about winning and losing, this is about your mother’s and my happiness

now. Your childish plan worked, you got what you wanted, I got what I wanted and now we are happy.” Paul started.

“But I’m not happy! I’m not getting money anymore. She’s not giving me money anymore.”

“Maybe she is right.” Paul added.

“You. *You* can change this.”

Paul looked shocked at Stacey. “How?”

“I don’t know... Stop her from not giving me money, get her to give me more... I made this whole thing... Please... I’ve only got a few years before it is all mine...” Stacey was desperate, in her childish rant she seemed to miss the point her mother was trying to land.

“I can’t do that.” Paul said.

“Why not?”

“Because your Mum, she clearly doesn’t want to do that anymore. She is trying to teach you a less-”

“Fuck the lesson!” Stacey blurted out, cutting off Paul. “What do I need to do here? Do you want to send me money to eat? I’ll fucking do it!” Stacey was irate.

Paul’s shocked expression could not express how shocked he was, but there was a micro expression on his face. Intrigue.

“Is that what you want Paul? You’ve fattened my Mum up, why not get her daughter too?” Stacey was starting to raise her voice.

Paul raised his hand to try and get Stacey to lower her tone. “Hey, Stace, calm down...”

“That is what you want... Isn’t it... You really are a degenerate.” Stacey paused and saw the cakes behind the glass screen. “I’ll do it Paul. I am serious.” With that she picked up her phone and scanned the QR code on the table and furiously tapped away, spending the last remnants of her money to order from the coffee shop.

“Stacey...” Paul tried to speak but he was finding this idea too good to pass up. Stacey was right, he was a degenerate at heart, it is the reason he accepted the offer with Emily in the first place. All of his years and he had never had anything like what he had now with Emily and now her

daughter was practically begging to do the same.

“I need the money Paul. You can feed my Mum, you can burn through my money, I don’t care, but I need this money for the weekend. You can feed me. I. Don’t. Care.” Stacey pleaded.

“Why are you so desperate...” Paul asked, wondering if he was about to blow the morally questionable decision he was about to make.

“I’ve tasted the popular life, I’ve spent so much time trying to be what I should be, I am rich, I should be living that life and this weekend, there is a party...”

“It’s a boy isn’t it.” Paul finished her trailing thought for her.

Paul knew what the likely outcome from that would be, based on his experience from his late teens to early twenties. He held his tongue though, deciding he had already nearly squandered the opportunity already.

“Not just a boy, *the* boy.”

The server came over just in time and placed three thick slices of cake on the table. Paul’s eyes went wide.

“I told you Paul. I’m not fucking joking.”

“Clearly not...” Paul picked up his phone and texted his secretary that he would be late.

“Are you watching?” Stacey said, eying up which cake she was going to start with.

Paul locked his phone and looked over the table to Stacey who was about to devour these three large cakes. Her slim “Perfect” body not knowing the level of gluttony required to pack all three away in one sitting.

“Oh yes...”

Stacey did exactly what she said she would do, she used the fork and used the side of the stainless steel to cut a chunk off the coffee and walnut cake, bringing it to her mouth slowly and almost sensually tucking it between her lips and swallowing it down. Her eyes never left Paul’s. He had to pinch himself to see if he was dreaming.

Nope.

He felt shivers run down his spine, he was starting to get hot and bothered as he was finally realising how serious Stacey was. Another bite followed, again, just as sensual, not breaking eye contact as soon as the moist sponge was in flight.

“So...” She said after swallowing down the second bite. “Do we have a deal?”

Paul found himself in a position of power that he had never imagined he would ever be in. “Finish these three and then we can talk...”

Chapter Seven

Stacey and Paul spent the afternoon in the coffee shop, he didn't go back to work, he watched as the almost lithe girl ate through the three slices, despite her struggling by the end of the second one. She was committed and stubborn if nothing else. The last bite taken she leaned back in the chair and Paul could see the effect of those cakes already on her. Her stomach was tight and bloated, a true food baby.

Maybe it was something genetic.

Paul made himself chuckle.

The deal was done, Paul transferred money over to Stacey, his own for now whilst he worked on getting access to the trust fund account. Stacey smiled and thanked him before she left the coffee shop, the bad taste in her mouth about feeding was replaced with the excitement about having the funds to plan the perfect party, finally she could get what she wanted.

Although the part was a success, it wasn't enough, there was always something more. The next weekend, another party, new clothes, new trends. Money was all she needed, all the time.

Paul and Stacey had a working relationship now, he would get money for her from the trust fund account providing she was able to provide a service to him. The service usually involved an obscene amount of food, paid for by him of course.

Stacey was regularly seeing Zack now thanks to her throwing all of these parties and she

thought she was making headway with him, but she was noticing her meetings with Paul were starting to take a toll on her body. She tried to go to the gym more and to diet around the midweek feasts, but she lacked the discipline. This had a compounding effect as she needed to meet with Paul more often to get more clothes as she started to outgrow all of her old ones.

It had been just over a month since she and Paul had started the new phase of their relationship, a weird one at that but it worked for her. Or so she thought.

The day of the party she was getting dressed when she realised the outfit she bought on Tuesday was now not fitting her.

“Fuck!” She screamed, frustrated.

Less than five days and...

The dress she had bought was perfect. It was new, a designer make, it looked amazing, and she had worn it on Tuesday, but they only had the one size. It was Zack’s favourite colour, scarlet red. It was perfect, but she wasn’t. The dress was already form fitting but Paul had met with her three times this week, it took its toll on her figure. It barely got over her boobs but trying to pull it over her slightly chubby stomach was another thing. It just wasn’t going.

The door to her room opened and in waddled Emily.

Another month went by, and Emily had continued to grow at an alarming rate. Stacey had resigned herself to just ignoring it at this point. Emily however was entering a new phase. Her gain was really starting to transform her shape, no longer was it just a case of her having a huge stomach and slightly enhanced bust and butt but now the whole of her body was getting fatter, she had thick arms, her thighs were massive trunks and her face was rounding out. She was looking towards the SSBBW classification, yet her belly was still so big and taut. 240 was so last month, now she was looking at 300 as a target to smash. She had so much more jiggle to her, every inch of her was starting to get covered in fat. Another month saw her gain 25lbs and with her stomach capacity she could get over 275 at an extreme push. Emily’s boobs were huge and fat, they rested heavily on her round stomach which sat on her thick thighs when she sat down.

Standing in the doorway in her way too small button up PJs, she looked immense. Her buttons were done up over her chest, but they were struggling with a lot of strain thanks to her boob's gains, her stomach had no chance of being covered properly. The button under the bust and the one after that was done up but the rest of the top was splayed open.

Emily wore clothes like this when Paul was around, Stacey thankfully rarely saw it, only in passing. Her outburst caused her mother to walk into the room to see what was wrong. Looking at her daughter struggling to get the dress over her pudge.

Pudge?

"Stace... I don't think you are going to get into that... Not with... Umm... This?" She poked the collection of fat that had formed a roll because of the tightness of the dress on her stomach.

This enraged Stacey, she couldn't be getting fat, not her, not now, no way.

Stacey sucked in her tummy and yanked the fabric really hard. Thankfully it didn't rip, her stomach was contained, for now. She turned to her mum triumphantly.

"You thought wrong." Stacey poked her Mum's taut belly, it was very tight to the touch, based on the smell in the house, it was full of pizza.

"You on the other hand." Stacey added, her palm still on her mothers packed gut.

"You know it is ok to gain weight right?" Her mother consoled her clearly in denial daughter.

"I'm not getting fat, I just ate a large dinner, I've got a lot of drinking ahead of me, I need to make sure I have enough food to soak up the cocktails." Stacey turned to look at herself in the mirror.

"Alright..." Emily said, turning to leave the room, to presumably return to Paul and the feast that awaited her.

"Getting fat..." She whispered and stared at her slightly chubby middle, made all the clearer from the tightness of the dress. "As if..."

She dismissed the thought, letting denial take hold of any bad thought that lingered about her body and left the house, barely resisting to grab a slice of pizza that was in the kitchen as she walked

through.

“Bye!” She called out before she left the house.

“Bye!” Emily and Paul called in unison.

Paul stared at Stacey’s body and soaked in the changes her body was going under, he felt himself get turned on knowing he was the one that was making her grow bigger.

The door closed and Emily turned to her boyfriend and with barely a whisper. “She’s gone... More...”

Paul was not about to deny his growing partner anymore, especially after admiring his handiwork to Stacey and turning his attention back to Emily’s big round stomach.

“Anything for you...” He drove a slice of pizza deep into her greedy maw and watched as she took the whole slice from him and started to feed herself. That freed his hands to explore her stuffed stomach. He rubbed and groped her massive gut and even started to kiss it.

“More...” She moaned as he enjoyed himself with her stomach.

Paul wasted no time and picked up another slice and escorted it to her mouth. His curiosity got the better of him. “Why did you take so long to come back down?”

“Oh, Stacey was struggling to get her dress on. I think she has been gaining weight.”

Paul felt a bead of sweat form on his head, his hard cock twitched in his pants.

“Really?” he said naively.

“You don’t think my behaviour is rubbing off on her?”

The question caught him off guard for a second. “What?”

“I mean... All this eating... Maybe she is copying me?”

“Are you trying to tell me...” He stood up and turned her, so she was sitting forward on the sofa, he got on his knees and wrapped his arms around her stomach. “This. Huge. Fat. Belly.” Each word punctuated by a kiss. “This inspired Stacey... To gain some weight?”

Emily’s eyes were rolling back in her head as Paul rubbed and played with her stuffed stomach.

“Maybe it is all the partying.” He said to dismiss the actual concern she had. “But... I wouldn’t blame her for wanting to look like you.”

“Oh?”

“What woman wouldn’t want to look like you? A big, beautiful Goddess....”

“Oh~” She cooed. “I like that word...”

Paul picked up the pizza box and placed it on her stomach, the swollen form acting like a shelf. Paul sat up on his knees and pulled his rock-hard cock out of his pants and guided the tip into her belly button before presenting her with another slice of pizza.

“Well... This Goddess needs more tribute...”

Chapter Eight

The party was organised by a company, it needed to be perfect for tonight. I had used the money Paul had given me to buy a bar for the night, it was decently sized, it had a dance area with a DJ. The place was already mostly full, lots of people I didn't recognise filled the venue and the music was pumping, and the drinks were flowing. Upstairs there was a seated area that I intended to use later for some alone time with Zack.

Tonight is the night.

After a number of weeks of speaking to Zack at these get togethers she was going to finally make her move. Arriving at the party after things had gotten underway was her normal M.O. She walked in and rushed up to her friends, they exchanged pleasantries and one of them pointed to the door just as Zack walked in.

Go time.

Stacey walked past the bar and was on the prowl. Swaying her hips, long sexy strides, they weren't the same now. She had gained weight, it was clear as day to anyone who knew her, yet she was the one with the money, so her friends weren't going to tell her that. Her denial was at its highest. Stacey dismissed the jiggling of her stomach, the wobble of her ass and the unmistakable feeling of her thighs starting to rub together.

She saw only one thing.

Zack.

“Hey...” She said as sultry as she could muster over the music.

Zack was built like he was chiselled out of stone.

Most of his time must be spent in the gym, Stacey thought as she ogled his bulging pecs, almost busting out of his shirt. He looked at her and gave her some of the smoulder before he looked down and winced slightly.

Stacey missed it and continued to talk to him.

“Hey Zack... It is always nice seeing you come to my parties.”

“Well, you know how to throw a good one.” He said, looking around at the drunken masses dancing.

Now...

“Do you want to come with me? I’ve got a booth upstairs.” She asked bravely.

Before the young man could answer Stacey took another step forward and pressed herself against his body and pulled his head down so she could whisper in his ear.

“Just me and you...”

Letting go of him, he looked her over one more time.

“No thanks.” With that he waved into the club and shouted “DAAAAVE” before he walked away.

Stacey was shattered. Standing there frozen in time.

“Who was that bird?” Another male voice said.

“That’s the chubby chick running this whole thing.” Zack added before the conversation was swallowed by the music as the buff Demi-God slipped into the crowd.

Chubby...

Stacey looked down and saw her dress was barely holding on, the small roll of fat was quite clear. The dispelling mist of her denial was fading as the spotlights highlighted her bodily changes.

I’ve never been chubby...

Everything she had done for this moment, and it was gone within an instant, her greed for the money cost her the one thing she couldn't afford to lose in this game. Her figure. Tears filled her eyes, and she walked out the front door, seeing people still flooding into the club.

It's over.

She booked a taxi and waited on the quietest street corner and just tried to process everything.

Arriving home, she was greeted by that same greasy smell that filled her nostrils earlier that evening.

Pizza.

Her stomach rumbled; it was quickly developing a habit of doing that but she was always determined to ignore it. Not now however.

Walking towards the kitchen, she peered into the front room and saw the discarded boxes of pizza on the floor next to the sofa. Continuing to walk onward towards the kitchen, she peered her head around the corner and prayed that nobody was there.

Her wish was answered, to her surprise. Entirely empty, other than one thing that caught her eyes immediately.

Pizza.

In Emily's gluttony, it seemed that she wasn't quite able to meet Paul's order.

"He must've ordered her like 10 pizzas or something..." Her voice trailed off because she felt the familiar pang of her stomach cramping and rumbling. Looking down stared at the chubby little pudge she had.

*It is kinda cute... Who the fuck was Zack to turn me down for this **tiny** thing...*

Stacey picked up a box and opened it. It was massive, the biggest diameter pizza she had ever seen.

I didn't know they made them this big...

The pizza was still mildly warm.

Maybe he ordered more, and they couldn't get to it.

She shuddered.

Or maybe it is for after...

She cast the thought from her mind and just tucked into the first thick slice. The fat was dripping off of it. In it went all the same, she chewed and swallowed the first slice, yet her stomach was still pained. Her fasting was apparently for naught so why should she hold back now? A question that Stacey didn't have an answer for immediately, another grumble and she picked up another slice. It wasn't long until the whole pizza was gone.

Closing the box, she chose to sit down on the stool that was near the breakfast bar. The second her body compressed there was a large ripping sound that filled the air.

Oh no...

Stacey was mortified, she turned her gaze towards the source of the tearing and could see that the side of the dress, where the seam line ran down, had split open. Her skin was desperately trying to breach the hole. For the first few breaths Stacey watched as more stitching gave way.

Stacey couldn't linger on the thought for long, she heard a noise that nearly made her jump out of her skin. In fact, by her startled jump, her dress ripped open more.

Her eyes darted to the doorway, and she saw Paul. He was standing there in his sweatpants, he was covered in a thin layer of sweat, it was clear to anyone who knew human anatomy what he had just been doing. He stared at Stacey, more specifically the bulging fat oozing out of her dress.

Stacey went to speak but she noticed that through his sweatpants she could see his cock rapidly hardening.

"I... I'm so hungry Paul..."

Paul stood there shocked; her words made things ten times more arousing. He couldn't even think at this point. He could just watch as Stacey stood up.

She showed off her bloated stomach, the whole pizza sure did a number on her belly, it was

as round as it usually was during their midweek stuffings but thanks to her dress it looked all the more noticeable. During their meetings, Stacey had never shown him her bare belly, she usually wore baggy clothes, it was a tiny victory she had over him as she continued to eat. Judging by his reaction, he was clearly the winner right now.

“What is it Paul? You can’t handle seeing me this *big*?” She teased. “You did *this*”

Stacey arched her back and listened to the dress continue to rip, revealing more of her belly to him.

“Oh... That’s right... You’ve never seen my belly... Have you?” Stacey knew the answer, but her words were clearly affecting Paul.

“Well... You should get to see the fruits of your labour, right?”

With one big pull, Stacey ripped the dress in two, she moved the fabric covering her front away and showed off her giant stomach. Paul’s legs wobbled and held onto the frame for support.

“Well... Don’t just stand there Paul.” She patted the bulging top of her stuffed stomach. “I said I was hungry...”

Epilogue

“Dinner’s ready girls!” Paul’s voice boomed through the kitchen into the hallway, summoning his now Fiancé Emily and his soon to be stepdaughter Stacey.

Stacey was always first, she still had a majority of her mobility, it had taken a significant hit over the last twelve months but that would be expected if you go from 120 lbs to 280 in a single calendar year.

“It smells great.” Stacey scampered to Paul and let her stomach crash on the kitchen unit, her belly landing with a slap. The underside of her gut was rarely hidden by her clothes, by this point Paul was sure this was by design. The crash caused her large fat chest to wobble and quake too. Her rapid weight gain was thanks to Paul, although she wasn’t quite into the weight gain thing like her Mum, Stacey did eat for one key reason. Money.

Paul was paying her to eat more food and that was something that Stacey thoroughly committed to, after a few months since they started that arrangement, Emily gave Paul the ability to access the trust fund account. He knew that this arrangement would only last for another three years but based on the size increase in just the first one, he was more than happy to keep going.

Every week he would send her money and she would eat food, he didn’t even need to watch her each time, Paul knew she was always good to feed herself just as good as Paul would.

Stacey had changed dramatically in that time span, since the incident with Zack, she had fallen out of favour with all of her friends. She stopped throwing parties and kept to herself mostly. The money still was great, it meant she could still buy anything that she wanted, but it was more for things for her bedroom mostly. That and her ever increasing size.

Bras were the most expensive part of the whole thing, getting resized every month almost. She was a reasonable C but now her fat melons were straining the J cup bras she had. They were so big and fat that they would shake for almost two whole seconds after she stopped moving. Stacey would regularly tease Paul with them, she could see his eyes wandering over often. Paul kept himself to himself, but it didn't mean that Stacey would get him hard from time to time.

Paul's biggest weakness.

A big belly.

Stacey fit into that category well, her belly was big and fat much like Emily's was last year, but Emily's gain had gone almost supernova. The heavy footsteps drew closer, and Stacey gave Paul one last little jiggle before she took her seat. Paul couldn't help but watch the 22-year old's breasts wobble and strain her top. When she was home she would rarely wear a bra, the result would be Paul would get distracted by her thick peaks accenting her tits.

"I'm coming... I'm coming..." Emily wheezed.

"No rush honey." Paul said sweetly in response to his Fiancé as she waddled in through the door. Thankfully their house was large as were the doorways, lest Emily struggle to squeeze through the frame.

Her body had ballooned. Fat billowed all over body as she slowly lowered herself to the heavily reinforced bench that was for her to sit on. Emily had leaned into the weight gain thing intentionally and whilst most people get to a certain size and slow down or stop, not Emily. She saw how much it was turning on Paul and she never looked back. Every pound added to her fun and there were many in the last 365 days.

193 to be exact.

Emily was gargantuan. 463 Lbs. The baggiest clothes she wore were not able to cover her,

the modesty of the whole thing was barely kept up. She struggled to move around so she certainly wasn't going to struggle too hard to get dressed properly. Her body was covered in cellulite, much like Stacey's boobs, Emily jiggled but it was all over and for an additional second.

On the rare occasions that Emily wanted to leave the house, she would be stuck needing a mobility scooter. Ironically enough, the first day she went into a scooter, it triggered something with Paul, and he fucked her so good that night. The doctors said her mobility was so severely affected because of how quick the weight piled on. That night was another good night for the two of them.

Paul had proposed to Emily last month, her answer was an obvious yes and the wedding planning had begun, but with how big she was, dress fitting was particularly hard, especially with the looming threat of more weight being piled onto her.

"It smells great." Emily said.

Paul and Stacey laughed.

"That's what I said." Stacey added.

Paul placed the plates before the women and went to get their second plate ready. He wasn't openly feeding Stacey in the open, that was just between the two of them, but he did enjoy the spectacle of dinner in the house because it meant he could make as much as he wanted for each and know that they would normally clear it.

Food went quick, as it usually did, Emily probably ate about 7000 calories and whilst Stacey clearly had the same genes as her mum, she could only muster a solid 5000, which is impressive when you consider the size.

Paul looked at his stuffed girls and pinched himself.

Nope... Still not dreaming...

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