

Giving Up

Chapter Two

The gorging began and I can't even say when it stopped, days turned into weeks and I just ate and ate. The one super dose of the drugs I had taken were intended to fill out my curves; I had first thought that meant just my tits and ass but the fact my middle was becoming chubby didn't stop me. I thought it might settle but with the amount of food I was now eating it was obvious that my stomach would only grow bigger too. Each day I could only think of my former self, and I would become turned on, this change was intentional after the first super surge in growth with Brian. I loved what I was doing to myself, each day my clothes became tighter as I grew.

The drugs were slowing my metabolism and allowing each calorie I consumed to be turned into delicious soft fat. I was packing on the pounds and loving it. There was a cathartic feeling of absolutely trashing my toned body as I packed on the pounds at a rate that should've been shocking, but honestly, it just turned me on so much.

My belly developed rolls, like a spare tire, the abs before were long gone. My legs became thicker as my body became drenched in body fat. Toned arms were replaced with heavy fat covered appendages. My face too, I was beautiful before and with my cheeks filling out slightly, it was the only real change, if someone were to take a picture of just my head then you wouldn't be able to guess that the body from my neck down was this gluttonous.

My boobs though, they took the brunt of the changes, in the best possible way. That first surge was a sign that I should've heeded, one of the pills did state it was meant for bovines, but I assumed it was some sort of a joke but alas, they grew.

For the first week it was quite easily a cup size a day, the growth was crazy to witness but far crazier to experience. The rapid growth made them so tender and extra sensitive. I noticed that every small touch of them and my whole body would shudder, I needed support so I bought the biggest bra's I could find in the shop to try and contain these fun bags, but it was still two cup sizes too small at the point I bought them.

A G cup and my boobs were overflowing the bra from the second I put them on. The pressure felt good actually, not as bad and restrictive as I had thought it might. That was just how sensitive my breasts were. After two days my boobs were testing the fabric to a degree that was no longer tolerable, I knew it, I could feel it and hear it. I stood in front of the mirror and arched my back, the snap that sent my mams forward made me gasp. Before they could stop jiggling my hands flew to my huge heavy sacks and I was kneading them, from my tits alone I came. Not just once, three times. My nipples were thick and sensitive and almost like a second and third clit.

From that point on I struggled to take myself outside, I was becoming a shut in more and more because the only things I wanted to do was cum and eat. And that was what I did for the most part.

Gluttony incarnate, my body became drenched in fat, and I could hardly recognise myself as my weight soared higher and higher.

Work was the only obstacle to me truly giving in, but I needed to pay for the food somehow.

The people at work were whispering and talking about the changes the whole time, at the start there was some playful banter about be outgrowing my blouse and a few comments from the girls suggesting I got a boob job, but when they kept growing it started to silence them, at least to my face.

Weeks flew by and I was becoming too big for my office chair; my hips were rubbing against the arms. My tits, I'd rest them on the desk and reach around them to type but even that was becoming more difficult. I was just glad that my office had a door I could lock so I could work in peace.

I had been thinking about all the changes and the timeline of it all today and as I walked to my front door, I stopped and took stock of just how much more of me there was standing on the porch, looking down and seeing just how big my tits were was the first step in that.

46M...

I had gone for a professional bra fitting, something I had never done prior, for obvious reasons. But as my boobs were steadily slowing in their growth, I decided it was time. My weight, despite my still constant eating, was starting to plateau.

The drugs must be wearing off...

I waddled into my house and caught a photo on a side table by where I placed my car keys. It was of me at the beach, my friend at the time had taken it, it wasn't from that long ago admittedly, within the last year when we had gone on holiday. The picture showed me on the beach, I was in a blue bikini, basically a thong bottom and a string top. Looking at it, I could see all my muscles, my golden tanned skin, there was so little body fat on me, and I looked like I was a model for the bikini. Most people would've seen that picture and started to cry; however I held the picture in one hand, and my fingers were playing with my very sensitive nipples through my too tight work shirt. My breathing was becoming quick and I was gasping.

"Look at what I used to be..." I murmured. "So thin.. So *perfect*"

I stared at my old body and let my free hand roam over my body, squeezing the fat that I had piled on in the last few months.

"So fucking fat now..." I moaned. "I'm fucking huge..." I moaned, dropping the picture, not caring that the glass shattered, I quickly made my way to the bedroom, the full-length mirror was there for me to really enjoy the view.

My body was oozing with fat, I had become so much wider, my stomach was big and fat, rolls adorned my sides and my massive plump legs held up my top-heavy frame. I had stripped off quickly, or as quick as my overweight body would allow. I gawked at the pale soft fat that covered my frame now.

“And these...” I cooed as my hands tried and failed to cover as much of my tits as possible. “So massive...”

I squeezed them and felt an orgasm rapidly approaching. “Bigger... Fatter...” I was almost chanting to myself as the orgasm rocked my body. I fell onto the bed, almost breaking the frame, gasping, but at the same time loving how my stomach rolled onto my lap, my tits hanging over the upper hemisphere, the huge sacks almost made it to my thighs, they would’ve if it wasn’t for the gut I now had.

I then had a wicked and very arousing idea spring to mind.

I’m so glad I gave up... Pills... I need more pills...