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<Oblivious>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 3

Nina chuckled to herself, why hadn't she thought of that before. Of course, friends, she had barely spoken to anyone in the past 10 months, even keeping her winnings to herself. Her family checked in from time to time, but they mostly kept to themselves, all of her friends were from work and talking to them would surely reopen that wound for her. The games she played were all single player games.

Let me try to play some online games... I am sure there will be people online there for me to speak too.

Nina was never really an online gamer, she did when she was younger, but she was very unhappy with how she was treated online at that time, getting verbally abused for being a girl. She decided rather quickly she would rather play a game she could have fun playing. To her naive surprise, the online community hadn't changed at all. She found that when she did opt to speak, she was harassed but not only for being a woman but being fat.

Fat? Why are so many people saying that?

She wasn't quite aware that the added weight to her body meant that she was huffing, the fat

filling her face and neck caused this muffling effect of her voice. The once sweet and innocent childlike voice was now deeper, laboured and filled with huffing. Nina was oblivious to it; she tried a few matches before ultimately giving up.

Her next idea was to set up a profile on a friend app and a dating app. The dating app was a bit of an impulse download, she was just looking for a friend but the companion app to it was for dating and hook-ups. Something about that excited her.

Nina agonised over the profile information for a few hours but finally it came time to take a photo and she realised that she didn't look spectacular at this point in the day, her face had some food stains on it, and she didn't shower yet.

I know, I'll use an old photo, everyone does that, right?

She picked a photo from a staff night out, almost two years ago. She uploaded it and was very happy with how she looked in it. The thin girl was wearing a beautiful red sequin dress that showed off her modest bust, posing with a drink in her hand and she was dolled up for a fun night.

That was a good night... Nina reminisced.

After publishing her profile, she opted to go to sleep, too worried that she would be glued to her phone checking how many matches she might have.

She woke up around 10am and picked her phone up, she had a number of matches on both apps. The excitement coursed through her fat body, she focused on the dating app, after all she could find Mister right there. 32 matches in 10 hours, she was shocked.

Scrolling through the guys, she matched back with a few of them. Most gave an awful one liner that caused her to cringe so hard that she left them on read. There was one who was super close to

where she lived and after a quick exchange she asked if he wanted to go out for lunch today. He accepted and the rush was on, she had about an hour to get ready and get there.

Lifting herself out of the bed she had to squeeze herself into the shower, her fat rolls needing to be pushed between the glass frame. Nina's hands roamed her fat body, rubbing soap between every roll, squeezing every inch of fat she could to make sure she was entirely clean. She found herself spending a bit extra time on her large pendulous breasts.

I wonder if he will like these...

She thought back to the dress she wore for her work function.

I wonder if I still have that dress.

Exiting the shower and drying herself off, still in a rush she managed to get herself in her wardrobe ahead of schedule. The red sequin dress now in her fat hands, each sausage finger clamped around the fabric. Throwing the dress to the bed and grabbing a bra, she stretched the straps as far as they could go, the bra wasn't too old but since then she had grown considerably. Thankfully for her, she was able to stuff her tits between the cups, even though her straps dug into her fat shoulders. Looking in the mirror she blushed at how much her cleavage bulged out of the cups, she found herself feeling excited again.

I wonder what he'll think.

Nina then lifted the dress high above her head and started to lower it over herself, finding it difficult rather quickly to get over her shoulders.

I don't understand...

Getting increasingly frustrated she gave it a tug and it tore apart. Frustrated and confused she looked at the tattered dress on the floor and grumbled.

“I must’ve shrunk it in the wash or something...” She muttered angrily.

Diving back between the hangers she found a larger dress that was only a few months old, it was a tight fit, however. Squeezing herself into it was precarious, every fabric being strained to the max it could handle, Nina was sucked in and struggling to contain her ass, belly and, of course, her huge boobs inside the dress. Her cleavage was popping, she checked herself in the mirror and noted that she had very little fabric before her nipples would be showing.

Nina shrugged and waddled to the restaurant; it was only a short walk away after all. It took her a reasonable amount of time to get there, despite her size she hadn’t lost a step, keeping pace with her old self, something that seemed improbable based on her jiggling fat body now bounding down the street. Barely breaking a sweat, she was seated rather quickly. Nina’s seat creaked from the weight being applied to it, yet she paid no attention.

She fired a quick message to her date and told him she was already here. Sitting at the table, she tapped her fingers in anticipation, it wasn’t long before she saw her match walk in, when the waitress pointed him over to her table, he saw her and his eyes shot wide, he took a few steps to get closer and confirm what his eyes were seeing but he never made it to the table, he turned around and left.

Nina messaged him asking him why he left, and he simply replied with two emojis. A cat and a fish.

Nina left the restaurant too, she was embarrassed to say the least, her large body bumping into the other patrons and their tables on the way out, she barely made it out before some tears trickled down her face.

What does he mean... She thought to herself, angrily stomping down the street.

She stopped at a street vendor for a burger... Well, four. She scoffed at them as she made a record pace for getting home, finishing the last bite as she locked the door behind her. Still not comprehending the situation she wallowed in self-pity with the only way she knows how.

With more food.

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