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<Slingshot>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for Four wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

I hear my girlfriend gasp from behind the bathroom door. It was a pained gasp but thankfully brief. I hang my head down looking at the floor.

Man...

The overwhelming sorrow, I let it in for a few seconds before I heard the door handle twist and I hear her footsteps come out and head towards the bedroom where I am sitting on the edge of the bed. She walks into the room, and I lift my head and give her a big smile.

“All okay?”

“Yeah...” She trails off, her hand resting on her stomach, likely the site she inserted the needle.

“Good.” I stand, meeting her unsure body, wrapping my arms around her chubby frame. “It’ll be fine.”

My face out of her view, I can’t keep up the mask, I let the emotion plaster my face.

This sucks...

My girlfriend, Samantha, or Sammie as I call her, has been struggling with her weight for a few months, just about as many months as we’ve been together. This wasn’t really an accident, I wasn’t actively sneaking her food, I wasn’t trying to make her gain weight, but it was a very happy side effect of our situation. She could get bigger with me, I had no qualms about it, in fact, I wanted

her to put on some weight. Every pound she put on I found a thrill, an excitement. However, my moral compass had a limit. I knew I couldn't stop her from wanting to lose weight, I had offered many times. Maybe she enjoyed the feeling of not having to worry about exercise and diet, maybe the food tasted too good, I don't really know. I just know that her jeans stopped fitting a month into our relationship. It didn't take much longer for her to size up her bras.

The gains were great, she looked much better for it, she was a great girl and seeing her fill out her curves was something I definitely enjoyed. If it had stopped there, I am sure she would've liked the results too, but they didn't. The months after that saw her continue into the chubby category. Her meals became larger, more fattening, there were lots of sweets and snacks and as I stood there filled with a selfish sorrow, I held a woman who was over 200lbs, something she had detested when she saw it come up on the scales.

I remember her telling me that morning and I became instantly hard that she had shattered that barrier on such a small frame. She was looking plump and maybe a bit more than that. Her boobs were DDs busting out of her bra, her shape was quite round with her stomach starting to try to take centre stage on her body and her hips had widened considerably since we had met.

Sammie was a lovely girl, we got on so well and that is why we got together and I had never divulged my appreciation of a woman of excess but I don't think she is so dumb that she couldn't tell how much I was enjoying her body as she grew and gained more weight.

Maybe if the scales had never got over 200... Maybe this wouldn't be happening...

It was a nice thought in my head, but I knew it was me being unreasonable with myself, the day was always going to come where she needed to make this decision I think.

"Are you okay?" I said softly to my chubby girlfriend, noting how her boobs squished against my chest, her belly underneath the swell of her tits pressing against me too.

Sammie was quietly sobbing. "Yeah..." There was a brief pause as she let out another sob. "This is going to change everything... I'll be thin again..."

There was a joyful tone about her, despite the tears. She was happy, I knew that and it had overridden any sense of sorrow I had inside.

This is going to make her so happy...

The next few weeks, it became quite drastic. I was shocked at how well the jab worked, she needed to take regular shots, and she was brave enough to do it to herself. The effect on her appetite was very impressive; it was no wonder so many people were looking to buy these jabs.

I watched as my girlfriend withered before my very eyes, her butt evaporated, her belly became flat and when she was laid down it was concave even. Purely from an enjoyer of BBW women, it was a nightmare, but I couldn't deny that she was far happier, a lot more active and it seemed to really lift her spirits. I was pleasantly surprised that her boobs did not meet the same fate as the rest of her body. They remained plump, they were a bit firmer and rounder in shape but easily still a DD, they only lost about half a cup size in the first week but a few weeks in they actually grew. It was quite the welcome surprise. Her DDs were boarding on F cups now and on her slim form she was well and truly stacked.

That was very much the one saving grace of this whole thing, I fixated on her boobs and enjoyed how confident all the changes made her. Never before was she so sexual before this, it was like she discovered herself in her thinner frame, her bigger tits. I was enjoying but there was still a part of me that wished she never took that jab.

We laid on the bed, it was eight weeks since she started taking the jabs, the latest dose was done this morning and I was worried that she was starting to get too thin, I was going to bring it up but her boobs were in my face before I could even greet her after getting home from a particularly late shift at work.

Her melons were smothering me, and her hands were all over my throbbing cock. Before I knew it we were laid out on the bed, after a decent romp, I looked over to Sammie and saw her chest rising and falling, her boobs that, despite succumbing to gravity, they still shook and wobbled on her chest.

It was almost enough to get me going again.

“That... That was... Abrupt...” I panted, still coming down from my orgasm.

“Yeah... I was horny today... But... There is something...”

I lifted myself up on my elbow and rested sideways looking at Sammie. She wouldn't make eye contact with me.

"I..." The words got stuck in her throat.

I placed my hand on her forearm and whispered softly. "What is it... It'll be okay..."

Tears filled up her eyes and she grit her teeth.

"I should've jabbed this morning, but I didn't..."

I tried not to look excited by this news, I tried to keep calm, and I looked at her and asked. "Why?"

"I'm thin again... I shouldn't lose anymore... Even if my boobs have been growing since I've taken it, we can't afford it anyway..."

Raising an eyebrow, I went to reassure her. "We can afford it... If that is what you really want."

"No... It costs a bomb anyway... And now... They're doubling the price again..."

Doubling! Woah...

"I am sure we ca-"

"I'm not doing it. I'm back in control now, I'll just have to keep it off the ol' fashioned way."

My dick was stirring. I couldn't help but imagine what would happen if that were to fail. I stared at my girlfriend who was probably closer to 130lbs now than 150lbs. A 50lb loss at the very least in eight weeks is crazy, thankfully she wasn't left with an excess of skin, she looked very tight and slim, except her giant knockers.

What if she gains it back...

Staring at her belly and imagining it growing again, bulging out, matching the growth of her tits, her arms getting chubby, her thighs thickening.

"Someone is ready for round two... You want to get another one in before I lose this perfectly slim torso huh?"

My cock twitched.

“Because you know I’m just going to put on a few pounds right away, everyone says you put on about 5-10 as soon as you stop.” Sammie patted her taut and concave belly.

That sounds good...

“Who knows what it’ll do to *these...*” Sammie moved her biceps together to squeeze her tits against one another. They were immense, she could’ve looked down and suffocated.

“Yeah...” I smirked. “Maybe they’ll get bigger...”

Sammie laughed. “You’d like that... For me to get bigger again wouldn’t you.”

“Yes.” I answered so quickly that it made Sammie pause.

It wasn’t a lie.

“I wonder how big you’d make these things if I let you.” Sammie teased.

She obviously meant just tits though; I blushed and draped my arm across her body and laid back down.

How big I’d make her...

The thought lingered as the night took us both. It was a fascinating thought, the night was filled with a dream of random smash cuts of me feeling a fat body, my cock rigid and enveloped by some warm masses. It was hard to understand what was exactly happening, but I awoke harder than I have ever been in my life, looking at my slim girlfriend, her huge boobs bouncing in her deep sleep, before the sun even rose. I couldn’t resist, I reached out and pressed my palms against her body, instead of focusing on her tits I let my hands rest on her stomach, it was not like the feeling within my dream but it was still so fresh that I could almost feel it, as if it was her stomach, her ass, her thighs. My fingers moved over her nude form; I didn’t even notice her wake up.

“Enjoying yourself?” Sammie smirked. “My tits are up here...” She cooed.

I lifted her leg and spread her wide to take my throbbing cock, as soon as she took my entire length I shifted her, those massive boobs of hers wobbled and I swear I could’ve exploded right then and there.

We fucked all morning and when I dismounted her, she lapsed back into a content slumber. My spent cock was more than sated, I just looked over her one last time and I heard a strange

noise, one I hadn't heard in a long time.

Grrrrr

It was her stomach; Sammie's belly was making noise. Maybe it was my overactive brain, but I couldn't help but think it was the effects of the jab wearing off. I then was brought back to the question from last night.

How big I'd make you...

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