

Chapter Seven

I woke up, there was a generous pool of cum, apparently the campus had been hard at work last night during my exhausted slumber and the results were very visible. I looked down and saw a very bloated and stuffed belly. My tits were heavy and pressed against one another. I had lost sight of my legs, and everything felt like it took so much extra effort, I was able to manoeuvre myself onto my hands and knees, the weight from the cum dragging my belly to rest against the wet floor. With a lot of effort, I was able to stand up. I looked down and gasped.

I'm huge.

I rushed as fast as I could into the bathroom and saw myself in the mirror.

I had grown significantly overnight. My body was now closer to 300lbs than 200lbs and I gasped at how full my belly looked. I almost looked pregnant. It was firm, tight and still growing, I could feel the stretching as my fellow students were enjoying their morning sex. My hips were so wide, I looked like I had been made to breed with these hips. My thighs were fat, thick and covered in dimples compared to what I was used to. My whole body just looked so much fatter, I probably had over doubled my body weight in only two days.

Where does this stop...

I felt a twinge of excitement from the thought.

I need to find the witch...

I showered, cleared the dried cum off my body and I made myself as fresh as I could be. I brushed my teeth and made sure I was ready for the outside world. I caught myself in the mirror and I noted that my lips too looked plumper, it looked as if I had Botox.

I look like a bimbo...

Looking down and resting my hand on my big heavy belly.

A pregnant one...

I turned to the side and saw how cartoonish my silhouette looked.

What is happening...

The spread of weight is fair and just other than missing out on making my tits bigger. My belly was protruding out like I was in the early stages of pregnancy, but I think it was potentially just me not being used to being this big around my waist. I didn't have anything that could really cover me up with enough modesty that I was happy to leave my room, but I had to find the witch. I grabbed my baggiest top and I wore a skirt with a very stretchy waistband. They barely covered up my lower portion but thankfully covered my top. The bra's I had were fine enough to contain my girls, but I was bulging over the cups. My top barely reached to cover my gut but thankfully the skirt was able to do a lot of the heavy lifting in the covering up department.

I didn't dare look at myself in the mirror, I just quickly made a move before I grew too big to leave.

Where is she... Where could I find her...

I rushed around the corner and bumped into someone from my floor, my huge body squishing into them, a flash of pleasure struck me, and I cooed as I felt their thinner frame be enveloped in my much larger one. As brief as it was, it was arousing, nonetheless. I felt them bounce off my engorged body and saw their cheeks blush. It was someone I had never bothered with, a guy in his 20s, he looked stylish, handsome, thin and tall. He was ready to go out and start his day, likely a class or just a coffee morning. It did not matter to me; I felt something primal within me awaken.

"Sorry!" He yelped, he was blushing.

The guy looked shocked at the amount of contact we had, moments prior my tits were

mashed his torso, his body almost towered over me. I looked up to him and noticed he couldn't take his eyes off my bulging breast. I felt a heat dwelling within, swelling like I had been the past two days.

"It's okay... I really should look where I am going..." My voice was low and husky.

The man looked nervously at me, his cheeks reddening by the second. I felt his body stiffen, he wasn't sure what to do, what to say.

What's wrong with him...

I wondered why he was just staring at me; I was enjoying the attention, truth be told. His eyes were ravishing my body, I could see those pupils dance over my too tight top, he was tracing my tits, my belly, my hips, everything. I felt the passion, the heat, the raw arousal. I felt like a piece of meat, in the best possible way. I didn't want it to end, I felt alive.

I've got to go find the witch. Get her to fix this.

This boy's gaze was almost enough for me to forget my mission.

"I... Umm... I've got somewhere to..." I took a step back and I felt my body shake and I saw his eyes locked onto my movements, almost bulging out of his skull.

I could feel the sloshing within, the morning sex happening on campus was still being funnelled into my body, it felt surreal, standing here, looking at this man in a trance staring at me as I slowly grew before his eyes.

Does he like what he sees...

I wasn't sure if he could actually see the growth, but I could feel my body tightening up as it filled, it was subtle but enough for me to notice. I smelt something in the air, it was a familiar smell to me now, it was a smell that usually emanated from me, and it still was, but I smelt a new source.

I glanced down and saw his hardening cock moving down his thigh.

Oh...

I felt the heat within grow into a roaring flame and my body ached.

I couldn't... Could I?

The guy reached down and placed his palm against my face. “No... Wait...”

The touch was charged with more sexual energy than I had ever had, I was putty in his palm.

“Yes~?” I cooed.

“What’s... Your name?” He stammered.

“Florence... And your name?” I moved towards him, my stomach pressing against his thighs.

“Brad...” His eyes were smouldering.

From his look alone was gone but being this close to him, my body pressing against his, his hand on my face. I was a subject to his will.

“Are... Are we just going to stay here or...” I felt his cock twitch and press against my stomach. “Are we going to... Address the thing that is poking me...” My confidence was growing by the second, why wouldn’t it, I was a confident girl before this, I just never used it for anything like this.

How hard could it be...

I pushed him backwards against a nearby wall and felt his rock-hard cock digging into my fat.

How hard indeed...

My smaller body pinning him to the wall would’ve been quite funny to look at, I guessed. It was quite ironic that I was putty in his hands, but the way I was pressed against him, how he let it happen, it implied that he was even weaker than I was right now at that moment. I looked up at his face, his mouth making an “O” as I started to rub my whole body against his. I could feel his member twitching and throbbing against my body as I drove him rapidly towards the edge.

“Fuck...” I moaned softly, my vulgar expression of my emotions woke him from his trance.

“My room is down the hall...” He sounded desperate.

I started to walk away from him, he was stunned, too stunned to move and follow. I glanced over my shoulder and looked at him with the tent in his pants.

“What are you waiting for...”

* * *