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<Oblivious>

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Chapter 5

Nina's attempts at dating and making friends remained much the same, she craved companionship but ultimately nobody could get past the fact that she was huge and only getting bigger. The next four years saw only more of the same; rejection and more consumption.

Any spare money Nina had, she invested into good stock and thankfully the markets held strong, so she was able to turn money into more money. She knew a thing or two about good food so she did what any foodie would want to do with a large amount of money. Buy a restaurant and she took it one step further and bought a food production factory. She was a silent partner and supplied both businesses with money. She didn't care about their success, she only cared about one thing, getting some of that sweet and delicious food.

She opted to move in those four years, she finally had a mansion that she could call her own, she mainly had to buy it for space reasons because she had done a lot more growing.

A large crash can be heard, normal for this time of day, for it was mid-morning and Nina had

woken up. The crash was caused by her stepping out of bed. The home was custom made for her size in mind; one floor, wide hallways, wide door frames and everything was reinforced. The investments she had were yielding a lot more wealth than she was anticipating, she had turned £300k into well over £4m at this point, in part thanks to the restaurant and factory bringing in a large fortune for her investment and the stocks being extra profitable. Nina was quite savvy when it came to money, as it turned out.

The mansion was built in a secluded part of the country but still close enough to her factory so that she could get deliveries and even from her restaurant. That is what she did, she ate almost exclusively from there, thanks to her constant review and input the menu was large and of a quality unmatched in the area.

In the four years her consumption had only increased, she was eating a weeks' worth of food every day. Her expansion was immense, she had far outgrown any scale she had, not that she cared, or even noticed.

She would squeeze her body through the 10-foot-wide door frames and stuff her fat body into the front room each morning and just eat, watch TV and play games. Her custom sofa was huge in size but still it was unable to contain her giant ass which was about 9 feet wide. The explosion of fat that covered her body had not turned her into a blob, somehow, she maintained a shape that was human, just exaggerated wildly. Her stomach was huge, round and covered multiple feet in front of her, it was relatively firm but ultimately the fat had caused it to be soft, it was swollen far in front of her, it dragged on the floor when she walked.

Walking, a feat that should have eluded her at this size, somehow, had not. She was just as mobile as ever, despite her gargantuan, inhuman size. She remained as mobile as ever, but it wasn't something that she thought about, for she was still in denial about her weight.

The only thing that she focused on was food and getting more. Thoughts of food and consuming more bounced around her head so much that she barely had time to make the savvy choices she needed to in order to maintain her businesses. Thankfully she was just a shadow investor now and she let other people run it for her, she just had the stipulation that she would get a discount of getting food to her and it would be at regular intervals in the day.

One of those times was coming up.

Nina had just got out of bed and now she was causing mini earthquakes from each thunderous step she took on the way to the front door, her careless nature meant she was bumping into the walls and door frames, the hallway was void of any furniture as it would only be destroyed by each time she walked down it, she would only really do this to collect her deliveries. The delivery staff were often very brief with her, barely even giving any pleasantries, often too taken aback by her gargantuan form.

Nina wasn't aware but the delivery team often told stories about how delivering to her house was a risky job as she might eat you, often citing previous employees as getting eaten on shift.

The mountain of food at the door was immense but to make the transfer easier, Nina would leave a large, custom-made trolley at the door overnight to make sure that they could load it before she woke up and then take it in shortly after. Today was no different than normal. She tried to make idle chatter with the poor youngster at the door, but he was practically a mute just from seeing her, gawking at her gigantic stomach and in awe at how she was still able to move around.

"Thank you." Nina said before wheeling the trolley through her hallway.

The delivery driver stood paralyzed for a few moments before he ran down the path back to his van.

Nina grabbed a pre-breakfast snack before putting the shopping away, everything had its place, not for long, however. She liked the routine of it all, she stocked the cupboards and shelves in record time and then made a start on the breakfast.

The mighty feast that she prepares each morning is enough to feed multiple families for days at a time. Massive piles of bacon and sausages, a coop's worth of eggs, two loaves of bread and a four pack of beans. It isn't any wonder how she is getting bigger with her breakfast destroying her daily calorie target in only a few minutes with the rate that she inhales the food.

Being stuffed full is a weird thing for Nina, her actual stomach is the same size but the layers of fat obviously makes her appear much bigger, so she gets to her natural capacity within a minute but she has this inhuman ability to push past it, the feeling of being packed tight is there, yet her body does not yield. Her belly stretches and compresses the food down, but Nina hasn't really noticed it too much.

To her, she feels the stuffed fullness feeling but she continues to stuff and by the end of the day, at her current eating rate, she will be able to see a noticeable difference. For now, she just eats and eats, making quick work of the food. She looks at her phone and checks her dating app, but nobody is matching with her anymore. She decided to show an updated photo but that just meant that nobody would match with her. There were a few "fat fetishists" who matched with her, to be fair they did turn up for the date, however once seeing her immense size most of them ran with their tails between their legs.

Nina was quite resigned to her loneliness at this point, it had been a number of years and as she sorrowfully indulged after each "date" she just accepted it was a way of life for her, however if she stopped eating and thought about it for a moment she would have that deep nagging feeling within.

Massively stuffed, Nina waddles from the kitchen to the back garden. Thanks to her remote residence she didn't need to worry about any nosy neighbours and thanks to her size, clothes were

often a hindrance, she instead would stand in the garden in just a bra and panties, although it would be impossible to tell she was wearing pants thanks to her massive size. She felt the sun showering every inch of her fattened form and she moaned softly at the feeling.

Maybe I should try dating again.

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