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<Trust Funded>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Four

Emily never thought she would have sex with another man after meeting her late husband, she certainly never thought she would relinquish herself so quickly. Perhaps she had been yearning for so long that when the chance arrived, she wasn't going to let the opportunity pass her by. She gave herself up that night, her bloated form driving Paul wild, it wasn't long before they both had their fill, Emily due to her over fullness hindering her, yet thanks to her years of celibacy she came quick, Paul on the other hand was over stimulated by the fantasy of the whole night.

They really hit it off, it quickly became Emily and Paul almost 24/7. They were like horny teens making out in the kitchen when Stacey would walk in. She would grimace at the thought of seeing her mom making out with this guy, but she couldn't help but feel responsible for her part in lining this up. It wasn't long until her plan really started to take effect. The routine would be that Stacey would walk into the room when the rowdy "teens" would be getting a bit too handsy on the kitchen counters or sofa and Emily would throw some spending money Stacey's way.

A small price to pay... She thought about the possible mental scarring she would receive from seeing her mom getting groped on the deck chair.

Emily and Paul couldn't be happier, Emily was loving the attention Paul was showing her, she hadn't felt this way in years. She fully embraced the change and was really leaning into this fetish stuff for Paul. Something about the power she held over him whenever she gave into his desires, it was a big turn on for her.

Paul was getting the best deal of all; he was having a great time fucking this rich widow and she was trying to turn him on at all possible moments by fulfilling his fantasies.

The equilibrium of the relationship was seemingly at peace.

A few weeks turned into a few months and Stacey was back to her old ways, spending all her money as quickly as she got it. She would have a new designer outfit every week and every new tech release. She was using her wealth to become the most popular girl in her friendship group, spending for parties, buying rounds and weekend getaways for her friends. The rate she was burning through the money was as impressive as it was alarming.

For the past two weeks Stacey had been out of the country, a group holiday that she paid for. They all had a lot of fun partying and getting wasted. Not all things last forever after a long flight home and the drive from the airport. It was nearly 2am when she got in, she crept through the house and tucked herself in. On the ride home she had text Paul asking how it was going with her mum.

“Hey Paul, how are things going? Any developments?”

“Things are going good, she is great.” He replied.

“I meant more... Food related...”

“Oh, no, she has been on a health kick for the last two weeks, she realised she had put on a few when you left.”

The message could mean her short lived plan would fail and she would need to go back to the drawing board. The thought filled her mind right up until her head hit the pillow.

Stacey woke up and shuffled downstairs, groggy from her fortnight of partying and lack of sleep last night.

Walking into the kitchen she saw the back of her mom.

Was she... Looking thicker?

It was hard to tell, the clothes she was wearing seemed to suggest no but having not seen her in two weeks, it just seemed like she was taking up more space.

But Paul said...

Emily turned around and faced Stacey.

Holy shit!

Emily had changed, she had gained.

Her mom was drinking some milkshake, if Stacey was paying more attention she would've noticed the supply of "Weight Gain X" on the side, but her eyes were fixated on her mum.

Emily was in her PJs, well mostly. Her formerly flat chest was starting to fill out, Emily had never really had fat on her body at all, so she never had boobs, not even when she was nursing Stacey, her boobs barely made it into a B cup. The top she was wearing was meant to be loose, but it was clear that even around the chest department, it was struggling to contain her growing bulk. Further down was more drastic, her stomach was stuffed it looked so big and round. This was by design, if not by Paul, by Emily. She constantly topped up her belly and it was beginning to take a new form of its own.

Two weeks have done a real number on her...

Stacey didn't care, so long as she was getting money.

In the few weeks since getting with Paul, there were talks about him moving in with them. He practically lived there anyway, today was a rare exception because he had a conference he had to attend for his work, he wouldn't be back for a few days. The time spent with Paul was clearly taking its toll on Emily's figure, she was so fit and thin before but in part from the constant stuffing and now especially because of the shakes she was already starting to look different.

During their first date, Emily was 120lbs, "a nice round number" Paul told her. It wouldn't stay that low for long, she was already pushing 140 lbs and it was mostly going to her growing gut. Steadily, day by day it was sticking out more, it was starting to jiggle and wobble, and it drove Paul wild, seeing the progress she was making each day. With him out of town now, Emily was taking double the number of shakes so that she could really surprise him when he got back.

This is where we found Emily and Stacey now.

Stacey saw Emily's lower half of her stomach starting to peak out of the gap forming between her waistband and her top. The smooth looking skin looked taut and stretched. Stacey

couldn't help but grimace.

She really is porking out... Hard... She thought to herself.

Emily paid no attention to her daughter's facial expression, she just finished off the drink before she engaged her in conversation.

"Morning! Welcome back, enjoy the holiday?" Emily said, startling Stacey.

Stacey was silent.

"Oh, hungover still? It only gets worse as you get older, trust me." She giggled at her daughter.

"Yeah... A bit of a wild time..." Stacey said back a bit dazed, she kept catching her Mum's belly bumping into stuff.

"You've been hitting the parties quite hard lately... I hope you've been sensible with the money I've been sending you... That holiday couldn't have been cheap" She raised her eyebrow.

Shit. Stacey decided to change the subject.

"You and Paul seem like you are hitting it off."

Emily took the bait and smiled. "Yeah! He is so nice; you were right putting me on one of those dating apps. He is just so fun to be around."

Stacey was staring at her body, really soaking in the changes and was shocked at how quickly she could change.

"I know..." Emily said, noticing her daughter's gaze. "I've put on a few..." She naively added.

Stacey knew to bite her tongue here; she was the direct cause of this and benefactor of it thanks to her Mum's obsession with Paul.

"I guess I've put on some of that couple weight." She nervously giggled. "I think... I think it looks good... I've been thin for so long... Paul doesn't mind."

"I know!" Stacey blurted out, quickly covering her mouth, realising she might have just blown her cover.

“I’m sorry that you see... Our... Umm... Public display of affection...”

Stacey let out a huge sigh of relief, safe to live the lie for another day.

“It’s fine, I try not to look.”

“Thank you for being so supportive of this...” Emily smiled at her daughter and opened her arms wide.

The smaller Stacey walked over for a big hug and noticed the amount of she felt when she was pulled in close, her mother’s warm middle spreading over her torso. Breaking off the embrace, Emily smiled at her daughter.

“Here... You probably spent a bunch these last two weeks...” Emily grabbed her purse and handed over a wad of cash to her daughter. “But please be sensible with it. Don’t blow it all at once.”

“I won’t...” Stacey said, lying through her teeth. She already had plans on how to spend it. She skipped out the room and started to message her friends about some plans for the upcoming weekend.

Emily watched her happy daughter leave the kitchen and the gainer powder tub caught her eye.

“Maybe one more...”

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