

## Chapter 10

The morning rolls around and you wake up early, 7am. Like a child on Christmas morning, you are too excited for the prospect of the day. You check your phone, and you have a few new messages.

Phil: Hey man, hope you are doing all right, I'll be out of town slightly longer than I thought. truth be told, I've met someone, and we are hitting it off. Got to take your shot when you can, right? Anyway, I ordered a home delivery of some groceries for you, I know how much you hate food shopping, it should be there around 6pm, it was the only time slot they had, hopefully it doesn't ruin any plans. Take it easy.

*What a nice guy, sounds like he is having a fun time.*

Sam: Look at my breakfast.

She has attached a picture of a massive stack of pancakes with syrup, much like what Emily was eating yesterday.

Sam: I'll let you know when I am done.

*Sent 5 minutes ago, she must still be eating.*

You put your phone down and pop into the shower to get ready for the day. Drying yourself off you pick your phone up and see 2 new messages.

Emily: Hey, I know it's early, but I am starving, think you can just head straight over? I'll order the food.

Matt: Sure thing, I'll be there in a bit.

Emily: The potion worked again... brace yourself.

*Fuuuck...*

Throwing your phone down you rush to get dressed. In record speed you are dressed and putting your shoes on. Quickly checking your phone before you leave, you notice that you missed a message.

*From Sam...*

Excitement starts to rush over you, opening the message you see just one picture. Sam is holding up an empty plate with some residual syrup on it. She has it held vertically next to her belly, which is now exposed. The pale orb is stuffed and bulging outward. She looks so round and full. Her right hand is up to her face as she pulls a mock shocked face, hand in front of her mouth. The caption reads: "Did I really just eat *all* of that?"

Matt: Holy shit, you ate all of it?

Sam: Sure looks like it right?

Another quick snap comes through, side view this time and you can see the projection of her stuffed gut. Her smooth skin dominates the screen, and you feel your cock start to creep down your thigh.

Sam: Fuck I'm so stuffed, do you like what you see?

Matt: It's crazy how big you looked stuffed like that...

Sam: You should come give me a belly rub.

Matt: I really can't...

Sam: Not yet... you will give in... speak soon Matt

Thankfully, she goes offline.

*Emily!*

You bolt out the door as fast as you can with your erection. You run to her dorm, stopping to catch your breath before knocking. You recover, and with an excited tremble you knock the door. You hear heavy footsteps and the lock turn in its barrel. The door opens slightly you hear Emily faintly whisper.

"Oh, it's you Matt... You will want to brace yourself..."

"Ready." You say confidently.

"We'll see..." she pulls the door open.

*I wasn't ready.*

It is most definitely Emily before me, but she has gained weight, a significant amount indeed. For added effect she is even wearing the same clothes as yesterday. Her thighs are tightly

compacted into her jeans, the buttons of which aren't even close to meeting. Her fat bulges between the open gap of her trousers. The blubbery gut overflowing the rest of the waistband.

*She is massive...*

Her belly no longer round and taught like yesterday is now fat and soft. She looks like she has easily passed 215lbs, a 25lb gain in a day at a guess. Your gaze rising up her exposed belly you finally meet the hem of her top which has ridden up to a few inches below her bustline. Her tits are tightly compacted within her top, so tightly the top is starting to look almost sheer. A sideways glance and you can see her nipples tightly poking out against her top, she either isn't wearing one by choice or because it doesn't fit anymore.

*Truly massive...*

Finally, her face, a seductive smile crossing her much pudgier face. Emily now has a double chin that hangs down beneath her fat chin. Her plump lips look fuller, sandwiched between her chubby cheeks. She almost looks like she has her mouth full with the way her cheeks bulge. You just stand there and stare for a few moments more, taking in her massive size.

"By the shocked look on your face, I'd say that you might not have been ready..." She teases.

"I didn't pass out at least."

"Fair enough... want to come in or are you happy to just gawk at me in the doorway?" Emily smirks.

You slowly walk forward, getting closer to her really does give you a greater sense of her size.

*She is so fucking big now, she was a stick! Now she is bursting out of her clothes, literally.*

"I weighed myself... Any guesses?" Emily asks as she plops herself down onto the sofa, causing the furniture to creak loudly.

"I couldn't even..." Still standing just watching as she sinks into the sofa.

“Oh c’mon, I know you like big women Matt, it is so painfully obvious now. You must be able to guess.”

“215lbs” You reply instantly.

“Woah...” She chuckles. “So close, 217lbs”

*217lbs... in her tiny clothes she looks even bigger.*

You sit down in the arm opposite to the sofa. You find it hard to take your eyes off her. She drinks in the attention. You remember the notes, reaching into your bag you pull out your folder which has a copy of the notes for her. You pull out her copy and look at her. She gives you a big smile, your smile back.

“You are good to me Matt, food won’t be long, sorry I couldn’t wait... I just felt so *Hungry* this morning.” She starts to rub the surface of her exposed belly. “Did you notice by the way? Same clothes as yesterday... they don’t quite fit as well though... Funny that...” She smirks.

You feel your cock start to stir, your lust rising.

“I did notice... I think it still looks good actually.” You cheekily quip.

*Bold move.*

“I knew you would, why don’t you come sit over with me, the view of the TV is shit from that angle.”

You don’t need to be told twice, getting up and sitting next to her on the two-seater sofa you find that she is on your side of the sofa. You can even feel the heat radiating off her larger body. You find yourself staring again. Catching yourself, too late, you look up and see her smirking at you.

"I don't mind... You can look... I mean, you can think of me as a subject, right? I took the potion; I need someone to document the changes."

"Uh... yeah..."

"I mean look, it's not every day you see someone pile on over 100lbs in only a week or so... Quite remarkable really... Don't you think so?" Her hands tracing her big, exposed belly.

"Very... remarkable..." You reply, practically drooling.

She leans in closer to you, lowering her voice to a whisper. "You should have a feel... you know, for science..." Her soft hand wraps around your wrist. "You have to document it, see if it feels normal..." She pulls your wrist towards her, causing your hand to land on her belly. Your dick throbs, feeling your hand sink into her soft fat belly.

"So, does it feel like a *big, fat, gut?*"

"It feels... amazing..."

"You know Matt, since taking this potion there has been something else that has changed in me." Still whispering softly.

"What's that?"

Shifting forward, her lower gut starting to press into your body. She brings her lips to your ear.

"I've gotten hungrier... and not just for food..." She whispers.

Your hands move to feel her wide hips and you turn and look into her lust filled eyes. Before either of you can make the first move there is a knock at the door. She smiles.

“Food is here, be a sweetheart and grab it for me.”

*So close...*

You get up and head to the door, turning the handle to open to the delivery driver and you are greeted by a mountain of food.

*Is this all for her?*

You turn around and look at her with a shocked expression. She just grins.

*Of course it is all for her.*

Multiple trips later you have the food piled on the side table next to Emily on the sofa. She motions you to retake your seat next to her.

“You are in for a show Matt.” She slaps her belly; the sharp noise sends shivers down your spine. “Food vs Belly! Fight!” She giggles as she starts to tuck into the first box of food. Peering over you see that it is pancakes.

“Pancakes again?” You ask.

She just nods and continues to inhale the first stack.

*Guess she really likes pancakes, noted.*

The stack of six pancakes are quickly consumed, within 30 seconds and she is quickly onto the next stack. She continues to gulp down pancakes. Stack after stack, box after box. Some with Syrup, some with butter and some with bacon. Very quickly the food is gone, an impressive amount. There is another knocking at the door.

“Oh, good timing... Be a dear...”

You open the door, and you notice the worker’s uniform, it’s from a local fast-food restaurant. He is carrying three bags of food, likely their breakfast muffins or bagels that they are famous for. Wildly fattening and unhealthy.

*Exactly what she would order.*

Grabbing the three bags off of the worker I turn and walk toward Emily. Stopping in my tracks. She has taken her shirt and jeans off. Sitting in just her bra and panties she slaps her much firmer belly.

“Oooo are those my muffins?”

You nod, still rooted in place.

“Oh... I thought that my clothes were too small, I might as well take them off at this point, right?” She winks. “Come, I’m still hungry.”

You place the bags on the table, not a second later Emily snatches one and rips it open, 15 wrapped items tumble out of the bag onto her. The grease leaking through the paper packaging lubricating her skin. She ravenously tears open the first one, it is an egg and sausage muffin. She takes a few big bites and swallows hard; within seconds she has cleared it.

*She can’t be stopped.*

She speeds through the first bag, part way through the second she slows down.

*Running out of steam... or more likely, room.*

She hands you the bag, only 8 more remain in this bag.

“I’m so stuffed... If I am to finish this, I’ll need some help.”

Dumbly you look at her.

“Go on... *feed me.*”

Something about the request fills you with excitement. You quickly pull out a muffin and rip the paper packaging off. You timidly guide it to her mouth, and she slowly takes a bite out of it, letting out a moan as she starts to chew.

“They taste better when someone is feeding you... maybe they should offer that service in the restaurant. What do you think?”

Too turned on to answer you just raise the muffin back to her mouth. This time she bites and tears a chunk off. Something about her being so wild and primal causing you to somehow feel even more aroused.

“You are only using one hand, here, make the other one useful.” She snatches your hand and places it on her belly. “Rub!” she commands. “Feed!” she barks.

Your cock straining against your jeans, you oblige her request.



*This can't get any better.*

“If you do a decent job maybe you can still get your reward.”

*It can...*