

## Chapter 9

You return to the table with another stack of pancakes as instructed. *no sense getting between her and her food.* Placing the stack of pancakes before her, you take your seat and watch the display of gluttony before you. Forkful after loaded forkful being crammed into her bottomless mouth. In a deep trance she doesn't notice that Sam is watching her. You can't help but notice the shock and disgust on her face as she watches Emily demolish her meal, wide eyed she watches on in horror before catching your eyes.

She mouths "What the fuck."

You just wink back at her and turn your attention back to the gluttonous Emily. You notice she is pausing between bites of food.

"Everything Ok?" You ask.

"Fine, just... feeling a bit full now... Getting tired" She pats her bloated belly.

"Here, let me help."

Feeling bold you remove yourself from your side and stand next to Emily. You squat down and pick up a forkful of food and guide it to her mouth. She hungrily takes each bite, her mouth lingering on the fork with a soft moan. *I can't believe I am feeding her.* You notice that Sam is still watching you, it doesn't deter you and you continue feeding Emily. Very quickly she finishes the entire stack of pancakes and looks up at you. Content, exhausted and full of lust. She rubs her belly softly as her eyes stare deep into yours.

"Thank... you..." She barely manages to get out. "You really do want to see me get bigger huh?"

You timidly nod.

“Well, I think you should feel the results of your work.” Emily pushes the table, completely taking up the space of your old seat and takes your hand and places it on her stuffed belly.

You feel it’s incredibly tight mass, next to no give in the dome, she leads your hand around its expanse. The expansion has caused her t-shirt to rise and reveal the lower third of her belly, the rest of the shirt is stretched tightly over the big belly. She lets go of your hand.

“Keep rubbing.” She lets out a moan. “It feels so good.”

You oblige and continue to massage and rub her stuffed tum. You take your eyes off your prize and see Emily’s head is leaned back and eyes are closed. She lets out soft moans as you press and prod at her belly. You notice that Sam is still watching, this time disgust has left her face and she is just smirking and staring. This time she winks at you before heading towards the kitchen. *Oh god...*

You lower your gaze back to her belly and continue to appreciate it. You feel an erection form, thankfully in your squatted position it is quite easy to hide. Emily seems to sense your rising lust.

“Are you enjoying?” She asks.

You blush and try not to make eye contact. *Smooth...*

“Me too...” Emily whispers softly, placing her hand on yours and giving it a firm squeeze.

You look at her face and stare into her lusty eyes. She slowly lowers your hand down her round gut. A smirk forming as she gets closer to her crotch.

“Hey there, I thought you guys could use more drinks.” Sam interrupts.

You both jump out of your skin. You quickly stand back upright and dash to your seat, you need to move the table to get back in, it is a tight squeeze because of Emily's protruding stomach.

"Oh... uh... Yeah" Emily says, flustered.

"I also brought some more pancakes; I saw how much you were enjoying them." Sam winks at you both.

Emily somehow still finds the capacity within her to take another mouthful of pancake, slipping back into her food trance. Sam leans in close to you and whispers. "I know..." before leaving.

Before long Emily has finished the stack and is complaining about being too full. Her hands lovingly rubbing her belly as if she was expecting.

"I think I over did it Matt..." She groans and leans back in her chair. The movement pushes the table into your midsection once more. Pinned to your seat by the table you just watch as she rubs the taut orb.

"I feel huge..."

"You look pretty big..." You slip out.

"Oh yeah?" Emily's face perks up and she starts to smirk at you.

Blushing red you try to do some damage control. "Well... no... er..." *Like a stammering baboon, what an ass.*

Thankfully, she cuts back in. “Well, if you think this is big you should come over to my room tomorrow.” She winks.

“I...” English fails you entirely, she just giggles.

“I think you might like to see what the pill does to me over night... I was already busting out of all my good clothes before I got here.” She looks down at her belly which looks as if she has eaten a basketball whole. “That was before I stuffed this... *big... fat... belly*” She pats the underside of her belly; the sound of her bare skin being slapped starts to turn you on.

“But I think it’s time for a nap, I am *far* too stuffed to deal with life.”

“Well, you can rest in my room, its closer than yours.” *Feeling brave, hopefully she goes for it.*

“You are very charming Matt, but I will go to my room. You have to go to class; I think since you did *this*.” She points to her belly. “The least you can do is take notes for me.”

Your face drops slightly. “Sure thing.” You say with a hint of sorrow in your voice.

“Don’t worry, I’ll make it up to you Matt, head over to mine for 9am with the notes, you can have your reward then.”

You nod, excitedly.

“Bring food too, I’ll text you an order in the morning.”

You nod once more.

“Good, I’ll head back to my place. I’ll see you in the morning.”

Emily sucks in as much as she can so she can pull the table towards her and as a result, off you. You quickly get out of your seat and are standing above the table. You see her gut rapidly push back out as her abdominal muscles give way to the heavy mass. The table is propelled forward and into your chair. *Good thing I wasn’t still sitting in there.*

You head over to Emily and reach your hands out to help her up. She places her hands in yours and with a sizeable effort you pull her up to her feet. She stumbles slightly and her stuffed gut bumps into you. Purposefully she keeps it pressed into you, her face mere inches away from yours. Her breath is warm against your face, the aroma of the syrup fills your nostrils with each heavy breath she takes.

“Sorry Matt... I guess I just don’t know how big I am...” She winks as she takes a step away from you. “You should get going, don’t want to be late.” She smiles.

“Alright, I’ll message you later, enjoy your food coma.” You turn towards the exit, just before you place your hand on the door you turn back to see Emily one last time before you leave. Standing up seems to be a big issue for her, Emily’s centre of gravity is off, and she wobbles as she tries to maintain balance.

*I could just watch her for hours...*

Your daydream is interrupted by Sam. Her voice, seductive and alluring says “So... She is *big*... You like ‘em big, eh?”

Shocked and fearful of being ousted, you quietly nod.

“Well, that is interesting. I’d stay close to my phone if I were you.” Sam licks her lips and winks. You hear a man in a mildly angry tone call out her name and she rushes off.

You continue to make your way to class. Halfway there you get a message from an unknown number.

Sam:           It’s me Sam, save this number if you know what’s good for you. Here is  
                  a little something for you.

-Picture Attachment-

The picture is a close up of Sam’s face, but she has a mouthful of food. There is an annotation. “I can eat too.” A second photo accompanies the first, this time it’s a body shot of her standing sideways. The profile view gives you a good look at how curvy she is. Her boobs stick out prominently up top and her ass curves generously from the rear, but your eyes are fixed to something else that you didn’t notice before. Her belly. *I’m sure that wasn’t there before.* Her midsection in this photo is bulging, the low-cut dress stretches around its expanse, one hand cradling her belly. This photo is also annotated, “I think my food baby looks cute, what do you think?”

Matt:           I think your food baby is cute too.

Sam:           Maybe a bit small though, not as big as your friend’s. Imagine mine as  
                  big as hers. I think you’d like that... very much...

Matt:           I would like that. You wouldn’t do that though.

Sam:           Don’t underestimate me Matt, speak soon xx

You can’t help feeling confused but turned on. This random waitress you just met is hitting on you, hard, and she is teasing you, hard, and she wants to gain weight to get your attention. You need to pause to readjust your pants to hide your erection.

*So bizarre, but so hot.*

You head to class thinking about Sam gaining more weight. Thankfully, the class is not too hard to follow, and you take extensive notes for Emily. Heading back to your room you have a message from Emily, you get through your door before opening the message.

Emily:            Thank you for this morning and for taking notes for me. I think you should get to see the result of your work.

She has sent a picture. Your fingers are shaking slightly out of excitement as you click on the image to open it. Your screen is filled with Emily's flesh. The picture is taken from Emily's point of view laying on her back. Her shirt gone, only in her bra you see deep into her valley of cleavage. Her huge boobs bulging out of the bra she is wearing. Clearly the potion still adding towards her bust. Below her impressive bust you see a mountain rising high, her belly. It looks so big and round from this angle. Your dick gets hard instantly as you look at the picture. Her belly blocks anything below and around her vision. The massively stuffed orb looks like she is very pregnant, you know that it won't look like that in the morning. You wonder how she will look when you bring her breakfast. Where will it all settle, what will the potion have done to her frame by then. You feel excitement and lust build up within you. She let you feed her today, maybe she will do more tomorrow. You head into the bathroom to have some alone time before carrying on with your evening.