

<Trust Funded>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

“You are such a bitch!” the twenty-one-year-old Stacey yelled as she slammed her door shut and buried herself into her pillows, sobbing loudly.

The other side of that door was her mother, Emily. Emily was pushing 40 but despite all of her years on this planet the last five years have been hardest on the family.

Emily’s husband, Christopher was tragically taken from them in an accident. Emily didn’t like to dwell on it, she found that despite the fact it had been five whole years, she still struggled with it from time to time. They met in school and were together ever since. Emily yearned for love but a love that she couldn’t ever fill again she would often wallow.

Stacey felt the loss hard too, she was fourteen when she lost her dad, she wasn’t even an adult yet, but she was very well aware of the pain. It changed her, it would change most people, but Stacey didn’t quite change in the way that you might expect.

Christopher was a very well-paid man, the company that he worked for had a brilliant death in service policy on top of which the health insurance policy he had was huge. He made smart investments and left the family with a huge amount of money; it was safe to say that they could easily coast their way into the grave.

The money was split evenly between Emily and Stacey, Emily knew about this before, she witnessed the will signing. Stacey’s money was put into a trust fund account, she would get monthly payments from the account. It wasn’t a great deal but at her age, it was more than enough to get

some nice things.

Stacey found it still rather frustrating, all that money, sitting in that account, it was hers. It was made clear that it would be released to her in full when she turned 25, she was only 4 years away, but it felt like a lifetime to her. She knew this but still wanted more. All of her friends had to work to be able to pay for their cars and various other things, Stacey didn't, however she didn't have enough to have the nice car *and* have the nice designer bag. The money she was receiving was free, but it wasn't enough. She refused to work, often arguing with Emily over it.

"Why should I work when I have millions in the bank?" She would screech. "Besides, you don't work?" Her words were filled with venom.

The reason she had such venomous words for her mother was because Emily was someone who could access the money, she had the means to withdraw money from there, increase the payments and even give the whole amount away. She could veto her late husband's decision. Emily however was a very sensible ward, Christopher knew that all those years ago when he signed his will, he knew that his wife was a headstrong woman.

Emily was of an average build, she worked out regularly and ate well, as did Stacey, they looked so similar. Both blondes had very beautiful faces with plump lips, their eyes were where they differed. Emily had caring eyes, sorrowful almost. Stacey's eyes were usually filled with disgust and rage. Emily usually had a ponytail, but Stacey would straighten hers. Emily would be rather conservative in her attire, baggy pants and shirts usually, she could dress up when she needed to. Stacey on the other hand loved to flaunt her stuff wherever she could, sure she was slim, but she did have modest Cs compared to her mother's flat chest.

Emily knocked the door, trying to extend the olive branch to her daughter.

"I'm sorry Stacey... You'll understand when you are older..."

Stacey jumped up and stomped to the door. "I'm not fucking five mum! I am twenty-one! I can drive, I can vote, I can drink!"

Emily tried to de escalate with her calming tone, "Age isn't about being old enough to-"

"You are such a bitch! You have been since Dad died." Stacey snapped.

There was an uncomfortable silence in the air. Even between the door, Stacey could see how her words would've broken her mother.

"I'll leave food in the kitchen for you..." Emily said solemnly and walked away from the door.

Stacey was too fired up and hot headed to feel guilt, yet she knew the damage she caused.

"It's true..." Stacey muttered to herself, storming back to her bed. "If only she had someone in her life... When Dad was around, she was so much calmer and looser..." Then like some sort of demented bolt of lightning she had an idea.

"I'll get her a boyfriend. Then she can be happy and then I can get more money from her..." Stacey thought about the plan for the rest of the evening.

Emily however walked downstairs and made some food for her ungrateful hot-headed daughter, wondering where things went so wrong.

"Ever since Chris left... It has been so hard..." Emily thought to herself, a tear rolling down her cheek. "Everything was just so easy with him around..."

Emily was grating cheese and taking clumps from the bowl and eating it as she did so.

"What am I going to do..." thinking about Stacey and her rebellious ways.

Before she realised, the cheese was all gone.

"This is exactly what happens when I am stressed... I let my guard down and..." Emily patted her stomach. "I don't want to get fat again..."

It feels like so long ago, far before Stacey was born, not long before she met Christopher. Emily was fat, she had spent her whole life fighting the call of food and the urge to indulge. Even after Chris' accident, she turned to food, but she managed to keep herself relatively in line, she focused her emotions into going to the gym during that hard time.

She started to grate more cheese for Stacey's food, deciding to skip out on her own meal thanks to her cheese feast.

Back in Emily's room she had made a profile for her mum on a dating site and let it just accumulate matches. The idea was that she would show her mum the matches so that she could

have a look and see who was showing an interest in her.

“That isn’t enough... Maybe I need to curate some extra people...”

She found a fetish based website that would match people based on similar interests, clicking through the list of choices she found herself intrigued by the vast array of options but when she saw a category that she caught her eye on, she clicked it and let out a little laugh.

“Feederism.”

Stacey knew that her Mum was a bit bigger when she was younger, she thought that if someone is constantly feeding her then she will be so tied up to the guy that she won’t have much time or even the effort level to stop Stacey’s spending.

Making this second profile she decided that she would maintain this profile herself, if there was a good match, she would ask them to send an invite through the official dating app.

It might’ve added some complexity for the potential candidate but when they saw the picture of Emily and the description asking them to fatten her thin body up. It was a matter of minutes before the matches came flying in. She was getting more matches through the kinky dating site than the real deal app.

Stacey talked to them for some time before settling on a candidate. She made him apply through the other app and she told him everything.

Stacey was rather naive; she was just trusting this man to date her mum and fatten her up. The story sounded too good to be true to the eager man who matched Emily.

Paul.

He was a tall fair-haired fellow who spent a lot of time working out it would seem. He was physically very fit and worked as an orthodontist. He had a good paying job; he had a great body and was only one year older than Emily.

“Perfect.” Stacey said when she added him on the account, she manufactured him getting to the top of the list so that when Emily would be shown the app, she would see his face first.

Paul had a kink, it got him real bad. Feederism. Something extra about the whole fit to fat aesthetic got him going and firstly having the ability to do so with Emily, it was such an amazing

thought. When he found out the other detail from Stacey, he thought it was a con at first but after speaking to Stacey for some time he became convinced and raised his eyebrow.

He especially liked the part about the money. He wasn't poor but he wasn't living the life that Emily and Stacey had, he wanted some of that. He played along; it was now a case of waiting for Stacey to land her side of the bargain.

As unlikely a plan this was, something about it just seemed to click. Maybe it was the massive blow outs that Mother and Daughter kept having, maybe it was the rugged good looks of Paul. For whatever reason, when Stacey came down to get her food that night, hours after it had been served, she sought out her Mum. Emily was sitting by the pool; the sun had set but the air was still warm enough for her to just keep her feet dipped into the pool.

"Hey Mum..." Stacey timidly approached.

"Hey..." She tried to be warm and inviting but she was worn down from their earlier exchange.

"I'm sorry... I- No, I did mean what I said." Stacey told the truth.

"An odd way to apologise..."

"I am getting there... I mean, look... You've been alone now for over five years... Dad isn't coming back... Maybe you need some companionship. Not saying you need to remarry... I just mean... Ugh! Look." Stacey lost her patience with herself, and she thrust the phone to her Mum.

Emily almost dropped the phone into the pool, she focused on the rugged man on the screen before her.

"What's this?"

"This? This is your matched queue... These people have seen your profile and want to speak to you."

"I don't have a-"

"You do now." Stacey pointed at the screen. "Look! 35 matches in two hours."

"I mean... That is a lot of interest..." Emily started to scroll through the list and saw a bunch

of people who were all seeking her attention.

It felt strange for the widow, she hadn't felt this rush for many years, or almost ever really. She didn't know how to contain it, she was smiling.

Stacey noticed and smirked too.

Emily spent some time looking and she kept looking at Paul's profile. This was by Stacey's design, she fed him the best answers and profile matches to make sure he was a "high match".

"He's kinda cute right? Maybe I can start talking to him... Just as friends... I mean..."

"Perfect!" Stacey added, almost too excitedly. "Even if you go out for dinner or something. When was the last time you went out for dinner with a friend?"

Emily stopped in her tracks. She hadn't really thought of it but after a few seconds Stacey gave her the answer.

"Years. You haven't seen your friends in years now. Live a little..."

Emily tapped the message Icon and typed her first message.

"Hello Paul."

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