

Hungry

Chapter 4

Again you find yourself up early hoping to have another meet up message with Em but alas no such message awaits you. After getting showered you head to class early and eagerly await Emily's entrance. It reaches 9am and still no sign of her, you've already text but no reply. You struggle to pay attention to Mr Fletcher's teachings, your mind filled with thoughts of Emily. Approaching the final 20 minutes of class your phone vibrates, Its her!

Emily: Hey, sorry I didn't show to class, something has happened

Matt: Everything ok? I was a bit worried when you weren't replying

Emily: Yeah everything is fine, more than fine actually. Head over after class?

Matt: Sure, see you soon

The rest of the class drags on for what seems like forever. You rush towards Emily's dorm as you fill up with anticipation. You stop just outside her door and take a deep breath. "*Chill out Matt, stay calm and don't be weird*". You knock the door and hear Emily call through the door

"Come in Matt, It's open"

Your stomach is filled with butterflies as you reach for the door. Swiftly you open the door to reveal Emily's living area. She is nowhere to be seen and her door is closed.

"Take a seat on the sofa Matt, trust me you want to be sitting when you see this" she calls again through a door

You rush to your seat ready for whatever show Emily has in store for you. She hears the creak of the old sofa and opens the door slowly. Your eyes are laser focused on the door as you patiently wait for her to make her entrance. With a quick step she bounds into the room with some grace, your eyes following her as she bounces to the middle of the room to face you.

The woman standing before you is still Emily but she has changed, she looks like she has gone through the freshman 15 and most of it has gone to her chest and hips. Her hair looks oddly smoother and shinier like it has a glow in spite of being black, it comes around her ever so slightly chubbier face, the semblance of an extra chin forming. Her arms look mostly the same, just a bit thicker up top same as her legs. Her tummy isn't hugely distended and bloated like yesterday but there is definitely some more padding there. The biggest changes are in her hips, bum and boobs. Her hips now flare out quite a bit more than they did, which does look natural considering the growth her ass has undergone, no longer flat and shapeless her behind now pushes out behind her almost giving her a little bit of a shelf and certainly giving a wonderful curve to her frame. Her boobs look massive compared to what she was. She confided in you that she was a B cup but now you guess a DD, her tiny bra is

overflowing above and below the cup. The t-shirt she is wearing is strained on her now bigger chest and you can see that it has raised enough to get some small glimpses at her slightly fleshier tum. You are absolutely soaking in all the changes when you notice a smile across her face, you've just been staring for... you don't even know how long!

"I'm so sorry Em, I, er, umm" you struggle for a reasonable excuse that doesn't make you sound like a creep

"It's ok Matt, if i didn't want you to stare do you think I would've invited you over?" she teases

"Still, a bit rude"

"It's fine but look, it works!" she does a spin showing off her changed form. "I've got boobs, I've got a booty, I'm curvy. I can't believe it worked" tears forming in her eyes

"Neither can I, this seems so surreal, you look fantastic" you still look shocked

"Finally I can show Brad that I'm not just a flat chested nerd. Who would've thought so quickly too. Maybe the dosage might need adjusting before it goes out to the public..." She trails off into murmurs whilst you consider what she just said.

"You're going to see Brad?" you interrupt her chain of thought and ask

"Why yes, of course, I want to show him these" she places her hands under her boobs and gives them a shake.

Somehow ignoring Emily's jiggling breasts you say "I mean, he's an asshole right? I get you want to rub it in his face but won't he just turn on the charm?"

"Well... I do like him Matt, sure he was an ass but maybe with some curves he might reciprocate feelings"

Your blood starts to boil "I don't mean any offence when I say this but I think you are delusional. He is a shallow prick and I think he will always be an ass"

"No Matt, he is different, I did this for him. I was upset on Saturday but I still like him, ya know... I am going to see him, he's out of town for 2 more days but I've already arranged a meetup with him"

"How did you do that after he was an ass and left you? Did you tell him about your sudden growth?"

"I sent him a snapchat showing off some of my new girls and he agreed"

“And how isn’t he shallow?”

“Let’s change the subject, let’s have some food, we can order in. I’ve ordered some new clothes but they won’t be here til tomorrow and I don’t think it’s decent to go out like this. You want to eat and hang out?”

Pushing past the annoyance of the Brad situation you nod your head. “*Spending time with her at all is better than sulking alone in my dorm*” you think.

“Great, you have a think what you want and I’m going to get comfortable, I’d love a chinese if thats ok with you”

Nodding again you spend some time adding some things to your order. Once you are done you patiently wait for Emily to come back into the room.

“I’ve not got a lot that fits right now, I hope you don’t mind” Emily says as she enters

She is wearing a set of slacks that are very tight on her new hips and raise up her ankles and what looks to be an old t-shirt that is struggling to contain her boobs, you notice that she isn’t wearing a bra, her boobs still quite perky considering their size, you swear you can see the outlines of her nipples pressing into the fabric. You blush as you realise you’ve been staring again.

“It’s alright, I get it, don’t worry about it. Pass me my phone, I’m starving”

Emily spends the next few minutes adding stuff to the order, she pays and sets her phone down. You don’t see what she has ordered but how long it took her to order it must’ve been a lot. You put on some random Netflix show while you wait for your food, spending time chatting with Emily about anything other than her growing body and Brad. You have a great time and the awkwardness from earlier has gone entirely when you then hear a knock on the door.

“Food!” Emily rushes to the door before you can even offer to get it for her, you head to the kitchen to grab some plates and cutlery. Returning back to the sofa you can see that you’ve lost your spot. Your seat now taken up by a mountain of food, shocked you ask the obvious.

“Did you order all this?”

“Yeah, I told you, I’m starving. Plus they had a good deal on some dishes and I wanted to try some new things”

Shocked at all the cartons before you “*there is enough here to feed a family of 5, and she's going to eat all of that?*” You feel excitement at the thought. Emily doesn't waste any time at all and starts to open all the cartons and spread the food onto her plate, little portions to try them out first you guess, maybe your comments have made her conscious of the amount of food she bought. You start to have your food while the TV fills the silence in the room, you have no idea what is going on in the show as you keep an eye transfixed onto Emily as she eats. She completes her tests on the food she's got and then piles up her plate with food. A ravenous, gluttonous pig. The only term you can think of to describe her right now. She wolfs down the food, huge bite after huge bite, barely letting her mouth finish what already occupies it. Faster and faster she eats, losing any sense of manners as she chews loudly between groans and moans. Her eyes are so focused on her food you suspect she doesn't know what's going on in the TV show either. She piles more food onto her plate and starts the cycle again, almost throwing the food into her ravenous maw, her moans getting louder. From how she is sitting it's quite hard to see but you are sure that her belly is bloating up as she is now leaning more back to accommodate it's filling girth. Now that your previously filled seat is cleared of food she looks to you and grunts, tapping the sofa cushion by her side, still whilst putting food into her mouth. This is the first time she has taken her eyes off the food, her mouth is covered in various Chinese sauces. Not wanting to anger Emily in this state you quickly sit beside her.

“Rub” she grunts at you whilst grabbing your hand and placing it on her belly

Shocked by the forwardness of this you momentarily pause, she lifts her gaze to you angrily. Getting the message you start to rub her stomach. It feels so firm and tight already, it is much bigger than you thought. It has little give to it and at the rate she is eating you think you can feel it growing in your hand. For you this is paradise, your affinity for larger ladies crosses into the territory of feeding and stuffing, you just hope she doesn't notice your crotch. Still shoveling more and more food into her gut her groans turn exclusively to moans, “*Is she enjoying this?*” you question. She places her hand on yours and pushes it harder into her bloated belly, letting out a big moan as you do, getting the message you start to massage harder for her. There is a fire in her eyes as she quickens her pace and discards her cutlery, almost as if she thinks she can get the food in quicker without the utensils. Never in a million years did you think you'd find yourself in this position, your formerly thin class friend now receiving belly rubs off you as she wolfs down food which is rapidly growing her figure. Finally she starts to slow down, her last plate full, slowly picking up her food and almost forcing it into her mouth, you watch in awe at this erotic scene to you play out, Her belly now looking as if she has eaten a basket ball. You continue to rub her hugely bloated midsection as she finishes off the dish, her mouth now working on licking and sucking her fingers clean. Emily moves her clean hand to her belly as she joins in the rubbing, letting out lots of moans as you both work the huge mass.

“So big...so much food...” She moans between labored breaths.

Not knowing how to respond, you follow your autopilot and continue to massage her belly. She tilts her head back and moans from both your hands working the taught tum. “*She certainly seems like she is enjoying it*”. You continue your massage as you are now the one in a trance, after many minutes you notice that she is no longer massaging herself, you drag your eyes away from her middle to see that she has fallen asleep. “*Food coma, of course*”. Being the respectful individual you are, you grab a blanket and pillow from her room, hope she doesn’t mind your intrusion, you move away all the empty cartons and cover her in the blanket and slip the pillow under her head. You can even see her belly rising up from her middle through the blanket, you take one last mental image of today's events and you let yourself out after leaving her a note explaining that she fell asleep and you cleaned up for her.

“*Wow... this drug must be the cause... It might not make millions in the public but it certainly will appeal to some people*” A shiver runs down your spine. As you walk back to your dorm to take care of the hard problem you have before going to sleep.