

Both of us panting erratically, we start to calm down as we wind down from our climaxes.

“Fuck... I don’t usually...” Marie starts.

“Don’t worry... We both enjoyed it, right?” I give her a reassuring smile.

“Yeah.” She takes a few sharp breaths. “I guess I don’t know what came over me...” She looks inwardly to think.

“I still can’t believe you... Umm...” I flick my eyes downward to indicate that I am talking about her stomach.

She gasps and sits up on my lap, looking down, her hands start rubbing around her exposed stomach.

*It is bigger... She really did grow.*

“What the fuck.” She exclaims.

“I thought I was losing my mind.” I giggle.

She grabs her now bigger stomach and jiggles it in disbelief. “People don’t just... Grow like that...”

“Well... A lot of people have grown lately.” I remind her about the rest of the town.

“But...”

“I mean, you aren’t growing like they are right? It probably has stopped.” I try to comfort her.

“But I was talking about growing...” She trails off.

I awkwardly stare at her.

“What came over me... I don’t understand... People don’t just grow and... It felt good but...”

“Do I want to grow?” She shakes her head.

“What is important is that you’ve stopped, and you are alright.”

“I... Umm... Really enjoyed it...” Marie says, I watch as her nipples start to become hard once more.

We both let out a gasp as we both feel her stomach suddenly start to press my skin on my stomach, we turn our eyes to her belly and watch as she grows again.

“Move!” She yells, jumping off of me.

Marie stands before me on the sofa, and I notice the growth quickly stop, it only ended up adding an inch or so to her expanded frame.

“It’s because I’m horny...” She places her hands on her scalp and starts to digest this new information.

*My crush grows fatter when she is horny... Perfect.*

“I had a great time... But until this gets sorted... We can’t have sex. I can’t risk it.” She says with a look of sorrow.

*Fuck.*

“I understand.” I say, however my cock is standing at full attention once again.

Marie looks at my now raging boner and starts to pant again, I watch as her body starts to shift again, before it can start to grow any further, she turns around and rushes out the room towards the bathroom and closes the door behind her. I hear the shower turn on and she presumably has jumped in. I make myself decent and knock on the door.

“Marie?”

“Just taking a cold shower.”

“Alright, I’ll wait.”

I spend the next few minutes tidying, unable to relax, I suddenly jump after hearing the bathroom door go. Marie is standing there in just a towel, it covers her body well, but I find the situation still arousing.

*Calm down.*

I see her face is conflicted; I can see that she wants to have fun, but the seriousness of this growth is starting to play on her mind.

“Right... So, we need to work out what is going on... And we need to set some rules... I can’t grow anymore...” She says with a sad tone. “I understand if you don’t want to see me again.” Her eyes fill up with tears.

I rush over and hold her tightly. “I’m not going anywhere.”

We hold each other for a few minutes, just enjoying one another’s company. I turn her face to mine and give her a soft kiss, she reciprocates but not long enough for it to turn into anything else.

“That was nice...” Marie says dreamily, “But we have to be mindful of... You know...” She rubs her tummy.

“Right, shall we do something then?” I ask.

“I am... Really tired all of a sudden... Do you mind if I go lay down?”

“Sure, be my guest. I’ll just clean up and chill here.” I point towards the bedroom.

“Oh, I didn’t think I would stay here... I was going to go to my place but seeing as you offered.” She smiles and gives me a quick peck on the cheek.

“Well, you can’t cross the hall like that.” I point out.

“Fair enough.”

Marie turns and goes into my room to lay down, just before she closes the door she says.

“Don’t let me sleep more than an hour.”

After she departs, I quickly turn on my PC and check online for anything about this Roots stuff, the riots and anything else that has been happening lately. Nothing really out there, the best I can do is by checking in with some friends on social media, seeing their profile posts over the past few days showing them with some extra chub on them. In my notification tray I see a friend request from Louise.

*Oh shit.*

Her profile picture is rather old, she was almost skinny in it, if I had to guess it was well over 10 years old at this point. My heart starts beating in my chest as I move the mouse over to the accept button. With a click I suddenly receive a message.

Louise: Hey! I’ve been waiting.

Me: What for?

Louise: This.

Louise sends a photo, and it is of a scale, it reads 701 lbs.

Holy shit.

Louise: I saw you in the car park, I know you saw me, that was before I gorged myself on more food. I'm growing so fast.

Louise: I bet you want to see what I look like, my huge body covering my bed, my massive rolls sprawling over my body.

Louise: I would if I wasn't too big to get all of me in the frame.

Louise: Maybe you can come over and help.

I can't bring myself to reply, I can only think about her and how big she must look, how stuffed her belly must be, how much she managed to eat, her sheer volume now approaching the fattest people on the planet. I turn off my PC and walk away from it, trying to calm down. I open the window and look onto the streets below.

*Fuck... Louise must be massive...*

I try to distract myself, but it becomes apparent that will be incredibly difficult looking across the city from my apartment. From my third-floor vantage point I can see lots of overweight people wandering the streets, their huge bodies quaking as they jiggle around. I can hear a few of them arguing about food and being hungry. It would seem that the supermarket has run out of food if the rabble below is to be believed. Huge men and women of different body shapes wandering around is giving me an eerie sort of vibe, like it is a zombie movie or something.

One woman in particular who isn't incredibly fat like most of the people out there walks over to a door and starts bashing on it.

"Let me in, I can smell the food!" She screams.

I duck and keep a close eye over the windowsill, her aggressive bashing increases until someone else joins her, together they smash the door down and storm the home, a few stragglers join in.

Not wanting to know what happened inside the house, I quickly sprint to the door and start to barricade it up.

*What the fuck.*

I rush into the bedroom and try to wake Marie, but she isn't really responding, she is breathing and seems fine, but she keeps turning over and staying asleep.

*Maybe the growth took it out of her.*

Not wanting to risk any unwanted growth, I head back into the living room. I check my phone and see if I can find any more news but everything I can find is very carefully written, mostly focused on the riots and looting, they fail to mention the growing population of the town. I spend a few hours on the sofa before I doze off myself.

I wake up to some banging on the door. I quickly rush to my feet, dazed and confused, I turn the key in the door and open it without thinking. I see an obese woman at the door, her huge fat tits burst out of her clothes, long hard nipples sagging towards the floor. This woman's face is being consumed by her growing fat.

"H...Hun...gry" She moans softly as she looks at me expectantly.

"We don't have any food here." I try to close the door, but she tries to stop me. "Hey! Seriously, no food here, someone else already ate it." I give a shove and close the door tight.

She bangs the door a few more times before she waddles down the hall.

*Fuck she was like a zombie or something.*

I hear a thud behind me, and I quickly turn around to see Marie standing in my living room, she had tried to fit back into her clothes, but it was a futile effort, the dress was split from her attempt to pull it over her still orb like stomach. Her tits had even ripped some of the fabric over her chest. I just stand there staring at the plumped-up beauty before me.

“Who was that?” She says in a husky voice.

“Someone wanting food.”

Her hand starts to rub the side of her stomach. “They’d have to get in line because I am hungry too...”

Marie’s stomach lets out a huge grumble and I can visibly see it shake; the movement sends her tits into a fit of jiggles too. She looks at me lustfully, she must be able to see my cock straining in my trousers. Her face goes from lustful and sexy to shock quite quickly and it doesn’t take me long to realise, her body is growing from staring at my throbbing cock. With an audible rip, her dress fails completely and the only thing keeping it on at this point are the strained straps over her shoulders. The dress ripped down the centre of her huge tits, the fabric draped over her huge breasts. The sides of the dress had also ripped around her growing hips and belly.

“Shit!” She gasps, turning around and rushing back into my bedroom.

I watch as her huge form quakes and jiggles, arousing me further.

After I take a second to process what just happened, I knock on the bedroom door. “Marie?”

“Shaun... We need to keep it under control... I can’t grow anymore... You saw me, I’m fucking huge. I don’t want to get so big I can’t move or maybe even get out the door!”

“I’m sorry, I just got up, I’m still a bit dazed and seeing you... Well...”

“Calm yourself down, I’m going to try and cover up and come out in a few minutes.”

“I’ll go shower, why don’t you check the bottom drawer, I’ve got some baggy PJs in there, they should fit.” I pray.

“Ok.”

With that I shower and masturbate to try and take the edge off when I do see Marie again.

When I am drying off, I hear her moving outside the bathroom door.

She must’ve made her way into the living room.

I feel my heartbeat in my chest.

*Calm down...*

I take some deep breaths and open the door, only in a towel. I see Marie sitting on the sofa, in my baggy pyjama top, it hangs down to my knees and is so loose fitting. On Marie however, it is tight, I can see her bulging rolls and even her thick nipples. I try my best to keep calm but even though I’ve just cum, I find my cock stirring again. Thankfully the towel covers it well.

Marie turns to me and gasps before covering her eyes. “Put a shirt on!”

“Sorry, I’ll get one now.” I say, rushing into my room.

Returning into the front room, Marie has put a cushion over her front.

“I’m serious Shaun, we need to be careful... I want to do so many things to you but with this growing thing... I can’t...”

I nod.

“Have you seen anything in the news?”



“Not really, just riots and looting, nobody seems to be addressing the other thing.” I replied.

“The other thing being the massive amount of weight everyone is seemingly putting on?” She smirks.

“That... That’d be the one.”

She giggles.

*At least her sense of humour is still there.*

“I think we need to try to stay inside, the person at the door was zombie-like, asking for food... I looked out the window last night and people were barging down doors to get food. Thankfully the woman at the door this morning wasn’t as aggressive.”

“That is insane...”

“I know... I hope something happens to fix this soon.”

My wishful thinking fell on deaf ears however, we spent the afternoon and the few after this one hoping to find out some good news, but none had come yet. News outlets hadn’t started to report on the weight gain, national papers didn’t even mention our town. The expansion didn’t really slow, somehow the city had come to a near enough standstill except for one thing. Roots. Their lorries continued to bring shipments into the shop, the lorries passed my apartment every day, shortly followed by a waddling mass of people.

Me and Marie locked ourselves down in the apartment and tried to keep everything quiet so that we wouldn’t attract any unwanted attention. We had more than enough food between the two apartments to last a good number of weeks but after that our situation might turn into more of a post-

apocalyptic survival type scenario.

We had managed to keep ourselves to ourselves, slowly Marie was still putting on weight despite her best efforts to cut down and to exercise. I had to masturbate regularly to try and inhibit my sex drive as much as possible, but it was becoming more difficult as my already snug PJ top was now starting to become more like a second skin, leaving little to the imagination. She was also seemingly getting a bit more pent up as she was doing a few more subtle things to get a rise out of me. Taking the time to draw my attention to her growing body. We didn't really talk about it but we both knew what was going on.

A week later I woke up early to get ready before Marie woke, we still slept in different rooms. This time was usually also for me to have my first wank of the day. I grabbed my phone and went into the bathroom, but I stopped when I noticed an unread message. I tapped my phone screen and saw a message from Louise. My hard cock twitched in my pyjama trousers.

*I'll just look...*

I opened her message, the anticipation causing me to shake. She sent a message and a one-time view photo. With how pent up I've been despite my regular masturbation, I could've cum from the thoughts of what the message contained.

Louise: Shaun... I need you to come over... I need help...

I click the photo and I am at first unsure what I am looking at, I see what looks to be a lot of

skin and some wall.

*Huh?*

I read the caption. "I'm too big to move..."

Upon further inspection I realise that the wall I can see is the corner of a room, the skin is Louise's fat body, and I can see her fat is pressed against it despite being multiple feet away from it.

*FUCK. She is huge!*

Arousal gets the better of me and I message back.

Me: What is your address?

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