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<Lovers Lunch>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter One

“Fuck, I’ve missed you.” Peter gasps after seeing Sara and ushering her into the house.

“Me too.” Sara stops to plant a kiss on Peter at the door, her frame filling the doorway.

He quickly pulls her in and slams the door shut, pinning her to the wall.

“What were you thinking, what if someone saw you?” He says with an angry lust about him.

“Nobody saw us, plus Rebecca is at work right?” Her chubby hand starts to roam down his side.

“This is so risky as it is...”

Sara’s fingers wrap around his stiffening cock. “Well, you should tell her then...” She squeezes his impressive rod. “Then I can do this more often...”

Peter’s eyes roll in his head as Sara’s hands start to gently stroke his manhood.

“I need you. Now.” Peter says, his hands starting to roam her body.

Sara grabs his wrists and moves them away from her large body.

“Not yet, I need to shower, I’ve just been working, remember, why don’t you join me?” She

says seductively, she has slipped out from his loosened grip and now waddles backwards towards the bathroom, her body quaking with each step.

Lust fills his eyes as he follows his secret lover.

Peter has been married for five years with his wife Rebecca, everything was perfect. Rebecca was a woman boarding on plus size, just above average really. Peter loved her body, he wasn't sure why at the time but he loved touching her soft bits. One Christmas Rebecca put on half a stone from over indulgence, Peter couldn't have been happier. The sex was better than before, the softness now accumulating in her middle, the way she had more jiggle about her, Peter was in heaven. Then January came.

Every year there is a big push to get fit for the new year and this wasn't the first year that Rebecca had promised this, however, it was the first year she followed through. Over the next few weeks, she shredded that Christmas fat and over the following months she started to eat away at her size 16 figure. By Halloween she was the healthiest she had ever been, she was down to a size 8, she was toned, firm and happier than ever.

Peter had hoped that she would pig out again over Christmas so he could relive this deep fantasy he had but alas, Rebecca remained strong in the face of extra portions, pigs in blankets and chocolate tubs everywhere she looked. In fact, she looked to be in even better shape. Her trim toned body started to get some real definition about it.

With these changes came a few things, during most of the year Rebecca's libido had slowed massively, sex moved from a frequent thing to only twice in the whole year. Peter struggled with this the most. When they did have sex, it wasn't the same, something about her firm body made Peter struggle.

Over the Christmas period they had sex one last time before things took a turn in their marriage. They had booked a log cabin away to spend their Christmas, Rebecca saw it as an opportunity to rekindle their sex life, Peter saw it as an ultimatum. During their few days there Peter never made a move on Rebecca and actively dodged it because he knew what it would lead to. Rebecca one night had too much to drink and laid the moves on her husband.

Needless to say, it didn't quite go to plan, Peter struggled with things and although he managed to climax, his head wasn't in the cabin when he did so, instead fantasising about the old Rebecca. Both having seen how that night went caused a rift in their relationship but Peter wasn't willing to open up, he hadn't fully understood it himself yet. The pressure of this was causing him a lot of grief, Rebecca was pleading for them to go to couples counselling, Peter walked out. He needed to get a drink, he needed company that wasn't Rebecca. He went to a local bar.

Walking down the street, his mind clouded with sorrow and pent up lust, he dismissed his notifications of missed calls, silenced his phone and walked into the pub. It wasn't long before he had had a few whiskeys in him and he was mingling with some of the locals. That is when she came in, Sara. Seeing Sara awoke something deep inside Peter, he knew the second he saw her that he needed to hold her.

Sara was a large woman, edging towards 25 stone, Sara was large all over, her thick thighs were on show thanks to her relatively small skirt, they looked like they had been pumped full of fat, her fat was starting to form a crease over her ankles. Her face was beyond chubby, her double chin wobbled low off her fat face, her plump cheeks bulging. Her eyes locked with Peter immediately and the chemistry was felt. She knew what he liked, she could tell. Sara had always been a confident woman and as she grew larger over the years she knew a chubby chaser when she saw one.

Her wide body wobbled directly towards Peter. The direct angle allowed Peter to stare at her longer. Sara's tits were on show, the deep cut top showed off a vast amount of soft breast flesh, only held in such a state thanks to her bra no doubt, the fat boobs likely sagged over her stomach thanks to their sheer lack of tone. The one strange thing that Peter couldn't get past though was her stomach. Never had he had such a reaction to a belly in his life, that he was aware of. This buxom woman also sported the biggest globe of a belly that he had ever seen other than a pregnant woman. There was no mistaking her for pregnant however, Peter noted how it shook and wobbled when she walked, which in turn caused her tits to shake uncontrollably.

"Hey." She said in a deep sultry voice.

From there the two hit it off well, they had spent the best part of the night canoodling drunkenly at the bar. The highlight of the night was when Sara tested the water with him.

"So... I know you can't stop staring at these" She said, as she shook her chest from side to side.

The waves of wobbling damn near killed Peter, his cock full mast in his trousers at that point, for most of the night as he recalls.

"But I can't help but notice you keep staring at..." Her hands move from her chest to the top of her protruding stomach. "*This...*"

This core memory in Peter's mind will always be a reminder of the moment he realised that he liked larger women.

The next few months went by in a flash of secret meetings, dirty texts and of course lots of sex. Peter had never intended to do this, but his desires got the best of him. He and Rebecca had a strained couple of months until this point. Things were escalating, Sara had been to their house a handful of times

at this point and while Peter only really had one thing on his mind right now, deep down there was the plan to tell Rebecca about Sara. Just not right now, now was time for some fun.

Sara knew her way around the house by now so she let herself into the bathroom and stripped down, jumping in before Peter got into the room himself. Her huge body had only grown in the months since they had started seeing each other, every decadent meal was used as a means to tease Peter, the pounds piling on, she was now half way to 27 stone, her flabby folds billowing out from her frame, her tits resting like heavy sacks on top of her round gut. Sara places a big dollop of shower gel on her stomach and looks expectantly towards Peter.

“Mind helping?”

Peter barely got his clothes off before jumping in the large shower with her, his hands sliding all over her fat body thanks to the lubrication of the soap and water. Sara leaned back and let him lather her up, the smell of the fruity gel was intoxicating, the bubbles caused their bodies to slide off one another, Peter’s hard cock rubbing against her body wherever it could, thighs, ass, belly hang. Everything was turning Peter on. He had to take extra effort to get between her folds, each crease in her skin usually something that would be a clear sign how obese she was but that just turned on Peter more. They locked lips, her chubby hands stroking his soaped up cock to tease him further.

“Remember... No cumming... Not yet...” She teased him further. “Just enjoy my big. Fat. Body.” She took his hands and placed them on her belly. “I weighed myself this morning.”

Peter freezes in his tracks.

“Want to know?” She asked, her hand back on his rigid cock.

He nods.

Sara straightens her back and her stomach pushes out slightly. “Another 3 pounds. You are seeing me at my biggest.” Sara giggles as she feels Peter’s cock twitch in her palm.

“Woah...” He says gormlessly.

“But that isn’t enough, is it?” She starts to stroke his cock again. “You want this bigger don’t you.” She bumps her soapy belly against him, pushing him against the wall. “And these.” With her other hand she moves his face to her cleavage, burying her lover’s head between the cleavage.

Peter starts to fondle and kiss all over her body, letting out moans and some slight murmurs “So... Big... Perfect...” from time to time.

Sara leads the shower along, washing the soap off their body, Peter none the wiser as he is overcome with arousal.

“We can’t fuck here... Come on, let’s take this to bed.” Sara whispers in his ear.

Peter grabs a towel and wipes off as he rushes to the king size bed, he watches his huge lover waddle into the room, her huge body jiggling with each heavy step, his cock standing at full attention as she makes her way over to him on the edge of the bed.

“I’m hungry...” She eyes his cock which is leaking precum. “For that...”

She lowers herself to her knees, her wide body causing Peter to spread his legs quite far to accommodate his lover. Her mouth opens and her long tongue starts to lick the precum from him, she moans softly, her lips tightly wrap around the tip and she slowly lowers her head down. The slow motion of her head moving causes him to yelp almost as the sensation is almost too much for the pent up Peter. Sara’s fat lips acting like soft pillows, her tongue working her magic on his cock is rapidly driving him closer to the edge when a sudden noise startles him. The door.

Peter jumps up in high alert but it is too late, Rebecca is standing in the doorway. Her face is bright red.

“Bec...” He says with a comforting voice.

“NO!” She yells, this startles Sara, she only now understands the situation, she flips around and sees Rebecca standing there.

“I can’t fucking believe you!” Rebecca screams. “After everything, all we have been through... For... THIS.” She gestures at Sara on the floor.

“What is that su-” Sara can’t help but interject.

“You shut the fuck up.” Rebecca yells, her muscles getting tense, she looks intimidating, all bulging like that. The veins popping on her body. “You are cheating on me with this fat bitch?” Rebecca screams.

Peter looks down, ashamed. He sees Sara who has also turned her head down to avoid eye contact with Rebecca.

“Look at her, she is so fucking disgusting and fat, Peter, what the fuck” She continues in her rant. “Her ass is fucking huge! Full of cellulite and it fucking shakes so much!”

As Rebecca screams, Peter looks over to his wife. He sees something that he cannot explain. As she describes Sara’s huge ass Peter notices that her gym shorts are looking tighter.

“It is like four times mine at my heaviest, that fat ass is so huge and disgusting, and you were fucking around with it!” Rebecca is oblivious to what is happening to her.

Her shorts rip as her ass shreds the elasticated material, his once fit wife now sporting a giant fat cellulite ass.

“And her fucking thighs, blobby, disgusting, fat... Trunks.”



Rebecca's thighs start to bulge and expand, the weight rapidly piling onto them. The once toned muscle bound legs that would squat hundreds of pounds now look more like they are ready to consume hundreds of pounds worth of food.

"How the fuck does she even fucking walk like that, they are so fucking huge, how can you like that?"

Her thighs continue to grow, thicker and fatter, covered in cellulite, the folds forming over her lower half as she rapidly gains before Peter and Sara. Rebecca's lower half now looks identical to Sara's. Sara looks up at Peter wide eyed but too shocked to say anything, they just cower in the sight unfolding before them.

"Look at me bitch, you think he likes you? He married ME, he loves my perky tits, not your fat sacks."

The gym bra Rebecca has on starts to bulge, it starts to push forward.

"You honestly think anyone wants fat udders like yours?" Rebecca continues to berate Sara.

As she shouts, her tits continue to fill with fat and eventually rip through her top, two fat tits flop down to the top of her abs, each second, they fill with more fat, stretch marks start to cover her expanding breasts much like Sara's. Her bulging tits stretch the skin and hang down her torso. If Peter had to guess, he would say they are L cups at this point, Sara was considerably busty for a fat woman and now it would seem Rebecca was the same. Her boobs wobbling from the angry gesturing that his wife is doing, Peter starts to get enthralled by his growing wife.

"See how he looks at me? Not some fucking fat whore like you. Look at your fucking gut too." She scoffs. "So, fucking huge and disgusting. Look at how many rolls you have even though you are the roundest fucking pig I've ever seen."

Both Peter and Sara watch on as Rebecca's abs start to lose their shape, the chiselled works of art that Rebecca had put months into are quickly fading away behind fat which seems to be magically pumping onto her torso. Peter watches on with an aroused concern as his wife starts to inflate before him. Her belly starts to acquire some fat around the flanks of her body before it swells forward. It looks like she is hooked up to a shower hose at this point, rapidly bulging forward by the second her stomach swells. The huge growing mass starts to lift her hanging tits up and become a shelf for them. From Sara's point of view she is starting to lose the ability to see Rebecca's face as her gut swells further forward. Peter can't help but stare at the transformation, her words falling on deaf ears as his fantasy is being fulfilled in real time before his very eyes.

"Peter... Are you even listening? Answer me!" She yells, vying for his attention.

Sara lifts her heavy body up from the floor, now standing side by side the comparison is hard to miss. Peter looks at his wife and mistress as they both have the same body shape, he feels his cock twitching.

"I think you might need a mirror..." Sara says, a bit shell shocked by the ordeal.

"What the fuck are you on about?" Rebecca says, turning on her heels to see herself in the mirror before letting out a gasp. "What the fuck?"

Sara leans forward and peers over Rebecca's shoulder. "Looks like you shouldn't have been so harsh about what I looked like..."

Rebecca tries to turn to grab a fistful of Sara's hair, but she isn't used to her body and she goes tumbling to the bed. Laying on her back she looks up at the wall of flesh before her. "What did you do?" Rebecca says softly before turning to face Peter.

"Nothing..." He replies weakly.

“Is it true...” Her eyes fill up. “Do you like this?”

Peter nods solemnly.

“Why...”

Peter shrugs his shoulders.

“Why didn’t you speak to me... Tell me... I could’ve stopped exercising... I could’ve done this...” Rebecca says, looking down at her obese body.

“You... You would’ve?” Peter stammers.

She nods.

Peter looks over to Sara, his eyes now welling up. Sara knows, it isn’t the first time she has been in this position. She huffs and grabs her clothes and storms out, her heavy footsteps rumbling the foundations of the house.

“She’s gone? I can’t see... On account of being so fucking big...” She laughs and blushes.

“Yes... and you are pretty big...” Peter says, his voice shaking from excitement.

“Come here... Let’s fix this...” She reaches out her fat arm and pulls Peter towards her.

Rebecca’s giant body dwarfing his now, her fat feels so good against Peter, his hands can’t help but roam over her obese form.

“I bet I feel fucking huge... Am I bigger than her?” She lays it on thick to tease Peter.

“Yes.” Peter immediately answers, although he isn’t actually sure.

“And you like that?” Rebecca questions.

“Oh yeah.” Peter presses his hard cock against her soft thigh.

“I guess you weren’t lying.” She moans as she turns to face him, her huge belly and tits now keeping him a bit away from her face. “I guess you would like it if I got bigger?”

Peter's cock is now sandwiched between Rebecca's massive thighs, it pulses and twitches between them.

"I'll take that as a yes." Her hand strokes his face. "Will you help me?"

Peter nods.

"Good."

With one swift motion, Rebecca's hand is now behind Peter's head and she is forcing it into her mouth. Before Peter can even protest his entire head is in her mouth with no way to escape. His hands start to press into her shoulders to try and push her away and in turn himself free, but a sharp pain in his neck causes him to stagger, it was just enough time for Rebecca to grab his hands and put them into her mouth. Now there was no escape. All the kicking and flailing in the world couldn't dislodge him now as Peter descends into her throat. Constricted by her oesophagus, slowly it starts to pull him in in waves, like a snake's prey, he was going in whole. Each second he travelled closer to her stomach.

Rebecca moans softly as she swallows her soon to be late husband whole. The pleasure from feeling him squirm is indescribable, the jiggling that his writhing causes is a new sensation to her but definitely a nice feeling. The power she feels, the thought that soon he will be sat in her stomach contributing to her giant body, a thought she never thought would bring her arousal. Is it possible that she is *enjoying* herself?

Pete's cock approaches her lips as his torso enters her throat, she can't help but feel a pang of excitement as she notices that he is still hard as before. As his cock reaches her mouth she starts to move her lips to rub it one last time before he goes down into her. The tip dragging across her tongue was enough to tip him over the edge and Rebecca feels Peter's body spasm as he climaxes.

By this point Peter has pretty much given up the fight, some small wriggles from his legs in

protest as she finally sucks in his feet. She closes her mouth and feels his body carry out its final descent into her stomach. For the first time in a few minutes she can now move her head, unencumbered by Peter's body in her throat she can look down and when Rebecca does, she lets out a soft coo.

That is because she has grown, once again, her stomach now double the size that it was thanks to her husband now housed inside her round globe. His body all tucked up, she can feel his body within her, finally coming to a stop. He starts to wriggle and move, the feeling causes Rebecca to become immensely aroused.

“Who knew this would *feel* so good.” She moaned as her huge thighs rubbed together.

It was only a shame that she couldn't reach her throbbing clit but thankfully his slow movements within, stretching her deep from the inside was enough to drive her to an orgasm. Her gigantic stomach meant she was immobile at this point, the weight of Peter too much for the walls of her stomach to move. She revelled in the pleasure of being pinned down by her huge belly. The arousal stopped when he stopped moving and then came the fatigue, almost like a food coma.

Rebecca closed her eyes and found she quickly nodded off.

The next morning, she awoke to a strange new feeling, the events of the night before slowly coming back to her, she looks at her body and is shocked that once again she has grown. Her body has digested Peter and now her 26 or so stone body looks to be now well past 30. Her fat body has swollen massively overnight, her stomach now resembles a beach ball with a layer of fat over it, huge protruding yet soft. Her sides are covered in rolls from the way her body creases. Her tits have grown too, huge sacks of fat on her chest resting on top of the unyielding dome of her belly. She struggles but brings herself to her feet and looks at her truly massive form in the mirror.

She is taken aback by her sheer girth, so round and so hugely distended, her stomach dominates her frame thanks to her meal from yesterday. Her hand slowly caresses its swell and she finds herself becoming aroused. Looking at her huge frame brings her a sense of pride and something else. A desire. A desire to grow.

Rebecca gasps as she can visibly see her stomach shake and wobble from a hungry grumble.

“I’m so hungry... I wonder if I can get Sara back here...”

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