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<The Gift>

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Chapter Fifteen - Sam

The door swung open with an enthusiastic pull from Lauren, and she then froze. Her jaw dropped and she stared at me. I could feel her eyes devouring me. My tits were straining my top, my belly was mostly out, and I was even bigger from when she had seen me. It feels impossible but within the span of a day I have grown so much.

Why isn't it bothering me?

I looked at Lauren who was trembling.

Why isn't it bothering her?

“Hey... I ummm... Struggled to get into anything else...”

I am not sure what I expected but to see Lauren's hard nipples and for her to start panting.

That was not what I was expecting at all.

“Are you ok?” I asked.

Is she... cold?

I looked down at my impressive bust and bulbous body.

She can't see me like...

I couldn't quite believe what I was even considering in my head.

“Fine!” She snapped. “Absolutely fine. Please. Come in. I got those brownies.” She was short and snappy.

I walked through the door and expected Lauren to move but she didn't. I had to squeeze past her, turning to my side, my belly slid across her middle. My tits were almost big enough to slide across her boobs too.

I could feel the tension, the heat from her. Yet, I still was denying it.

There is just no way that she likes...

Lauren's eyes were glued to me, I was walking into her house, leading myself towards where I guessed the living room was, but I knew her eyes were burning holes into me. I jiggled and wobbled forward, peering around the first door frame.

"Not that one, keep going." Lauren's voice guided me.

I caught a glimpse in the first room and noticed the room was dimly lit, a laptop was open on the desk and the power button was pulsating.

Must be in sleep mode.

I caught a glimpse of something brightly coloured on the side but because it was a fleeting glance, I couldn't quite make out what it was. Onward my heavy footsteps led me to a room with a sofa and a big TV opposite it. Before the two-seater there was a small glass coffee table. On top of it were two packets of Brownies.

One for her, one for me. Okay.

I realised the sofa was quite small, and there was only one. I lowered myself onto one side and heard it creak from the weight I was applying to its frame. Lauren stood tall above me, she was looking anywhere but my eyes, I could see her eyes darting around my fat. Her expression was not a negative one, moreover, it seemed like she was a woman who was fighting back something.

I don't think she is going to fit...

That didn't stop Lauren from trying, she turned around and lowered herself into the seat next to me, her body sliding against my fat overspill that was on her side of the sofa. Lauren didn't even try to shy away from my body, she actually seemed to lean into it almost. Her entire leg was pressed against mine, now having sat down next to me, she looked only forward.

Strange...

My stomach made a noise that startled the both of us, Lauren doubly because she could feel the deep vibrations from my rumbling. I turned to face her and laid a hand over the top of my exposed tummy. I leaned forward and felt my boobs spread over the top of my hand.

“I *think* I’d like those brownies now...” I looked at her with an innocent smile.

Lauren leapt forward and grabbed the bags and brought them back to the soft seat, cushioned between my thigh and the arm of the sofa. She sunk into the chair and tore open one of the bags like a woman who hadn’t eaten food in weeks. To my surprise, I found the brownie was quickly pressed against my lips. I opened instinctively and using my hand I took the brownie from her and fed myself the rest of the thick brown bar of moist deliciousness.

I moaned the whole time, it hit the spot, whatever brownie she grabbed from whatever shop, it was heaven. I finished the first one and quickly found a second in my hand, I didn’t even question it, I just continued to eat. Eat and eat and eat.

I didn’t notice that Lauren was feeding them to me, nor did I notice that I had cleared the first bag and was firmly into the second one. I only noticed when I felt my belly resting against something. I looked down and saw my distended stomach was resting against the arm of the chair and spreading over to rest against Lauren’s thigh. I looked fuller, much fuller that this many brownies should make someone. My brain couldn’t even focus on what was happening, I just opened wide and accepted another brownie. It didn’t take long but both bags were gone, my stomach looked inflated, I patted it softly, as if I was testing its elasticity.

The noise it made caught Lauren’s attention.

There were no words, but I felt her finger slowly trace itself up my side before she got over the outward swell and her hand draped over the top of it. She slowly spread and flattened her hand over my taut stomach. I looked into her crazed eyes.

She looks... enthralled...

Lauren’s hand was becoming braver, by the second she was applying more pressure and rubbing my stomach with an increased effort. I felt the heat rising from her.

“You... You are so *full*...” The words drooled out of her mouth.

“Not really...” I replied, without much thought. “Probably could eat another bag of those...” I added, almost as if I was on autopilot.

Lauren suddenly froze and I swear I could feel her tremble. Like a flash she darted out towards the kitchen, her abrupt departure sent jiggles all over my body. I sat there confused, until I saw her return.

Leaning against the door frame, she lifted her hand, with an outstretched arm, she held high the remaining four bags of brownies.

“Let’s put that to the test...”

I felt my stomach growl hungrily and I felt a sense of pride swell within me.

“You’re on.”

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