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923 words.

<Trust Funded>

by <Growing Desires>

Epilogue

“Dinner’s ready girls!” Paul’s voice boomed through the kitchen into the hallway, summoning his now Fiancé Emily and his soon to be stepdaughter Stacey.

Stacey was always first, she still had a majority of her mobility, it had taken a significant hit over the last twelve months but that would be expected if you go from 120 lbs to 280 in a single calendar year.

“It smells great.” Stacey scampered to Paul and let her stomach crash on the kitchen unit, her belly landing with a slap. The underside of her gut was rarely hidden by her clothes, by this point Paul was sure this was by design. The crash caused her large fat chest to wobble and quake too. Her rapid weight gain was thanks to Paul, although she wasn’t quite into the weight gain thing like her Mum, Stacey did eat for one key reason. Money.

Paul was paying her to eat more food and that was something that Stacey thoroughly committed to, after a few months since they started that arrangement, Emily gave Paul the ability to access the trust fund account. He knew that this arrangement would only last for another three years but based on the size increase in just the first one, he was more than happy to keep going.

Every week he would send her money and she would eat food, he didn’t even need to watch her each time, Paul knew she was always good to feed herself just as good as Paul would.

Stacey had changed dramatically in that time span, since the incident with Zack, she had fallen out of favour with all of her friends. She stopped throwing parties and kept to herself mostly. The money still was great, it meant she could still buy anything that she wanted, but it was more for things for her bedroom mostly. That and her ever increasing size.

Bras were the most expensive part of the whole thing, getting resized every month almost. She was a reasonable C but now her fat melons were straining the J cup bras she had. They were so big and fat that they would shake for almost two whole seconds after she stopped moving. Stacey would regularly tease Paul with them, she could see his eyes wandering over often. Paul kept himself to himself, but it didn't mean that Stacey would get him hard from time to time.

Paul's biggest weakness.

A big belly.

Stacey fit into that category well, her belly was big and fat much like Emily's was last year, but Emily's gain had gone almost supernova. The heavy footsteps drew closer, and Stacey gave Paul one last little jiggle before she took her seat. Paul couldn't help but watch the 22-year old's breasts wobble and strain her top. When she was home she would rarely wear a bra, the result would be Paul would get distracted by her thick peaks accenting her tits.

"I'm coming... I'm coming..." Emily wheezed.

"No rush honey." Paul said sweetly in response to his Fiancé as she waddled in through the door. Thankfully their house was large as were the doorways, lest Emily struggle to squeeze through the frame.

Her body had ballooned. Fat billowed all over body as she slowly lowered herself to the heavily reinforced bench that was for her to sit on. Emily had leaned into the weight gain thing intentionally and whilst most people get to a certain size and slow down or stop, not Emily. She saw how much it was turning on Paul and she never looked back. Every pound added to her fun and there were many in the last 365 days.

193 to be exact.

Emily was gargantuan. 463 Lbs. The baggiest clothes she wore were not able to cover her,

the modesty of the whole thing was barely kept up. She struggled to move around so she certainly wasn't going to struggle too hard to get dressed properly. Her body was covered in cellulite, much like Stacey's boobs, Emily jiggled but it was all over and for an additional second.

On the rare occasions that Emily wanted to leave the house, she would be stuck needing a mobility scooter. Ironically enough, the first day she went into a scooter, it triggered something with Paul, and he fucked her so good that night. The doctors said her mobility was so severely affected because of how quick the weight piled on. That night was another good night for the two of them.

Paul had proposed to Emily last month, her answer was an obvious yes and the wedding planning had begun, but with how big she was, dress fitting was particularly hard, especially with the looming threat of more weight being piled onto her.

"It smells great." Emily said.

Paul and Stacey laughed.

"That's what I said." Stacey added.

Paul placed the plates before the women and went to get their second plate ready. He wasn't openly feeding Stacey in the open, that was just between the two of them, but he did enjoy the spectacle of dinner in the house because it meant he could make as much as he wanted for each and know that they would normally clear it.

Food went quick, as it usually did, Emily probably ate about 7000 calories and whilst Stacey clearly had the same genes as her mum, she could only muster a solid 5000, which is impressive when you consider the size.

Paul looked at his stuffed girls and pinched himself.

Nope... Still not dreaming...

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