

# **Norm Takes Over The World (Giga Growth, Feeding)**

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Norm Horseman was, for all intents and purposes, your typical skinny nerd of a teenager. Although he came from a family of burly black stallions, he was seemingly cut from a different kind of cloth. No muscles, just scrawny arms and legs, and a flat, skinny tummy that looked like it was in desperate need of a good feeding.

It wasn't that Norm had an aversion to food. As a matter of fact, at the family dinner table, he always out ate his much larger siblings and parents. If they dare left a scrap of food on their plate, Norm would be on it. For such a small guy, he was quite voracious, though ... he'd always been careful not to eat too much, even if his healthy appetite always left him wanting more, no matter the size.

This was all about to change, though.

Last month, Norm managed to score himself a date with one of his classmates, a busty, curvy tigress by the name of Trish Pawsume. The two hit it off splendidly. Norm might not have been the biggest guy, but that didn't mean that he wasn't a looker and that he didn't have a great personality. Plus, they were pretty damn good in the sack together, and that always counted for something.

But Trish, like most felines, was an incredibly curious cat. It didn't take long for her to find out about Norm's insatiable appetite. It was a

bit of a shock looking at him! He didn't exactly look like the kind of guy that could stuff a bunch of food away. But, thanks to a tip-off from one of Norm's older sisters, Trish learned that her boyfriend had once gotten himself kicked out of an all you can eat buffet because he'd practically cleared the entire pantry out all by himself. The tigress could scarcely believe it. Wondering if it was some kind of prank, she decided to put her theory to the test.

"Hey, sweetheart," she'd said to him as she arrived at his house on that fateful evening. The two of them had gone up to his bedroom. A pretty standard teenage boys room. Norm had put something of an effort into cleaning up, knowing that his lady was coming over. "I just got a big bonus from my job for making a couple of extra sales this month. I'm thinking of treating us to some pizza," she suggested, knowing that her lover would be more than game for some Italian.

"Sure," Norm predictably said. His girlfriend knew him all too well. "Sounds great to me." He was laid on the bed, whilst Trish stood up by the door, scrolling through her contacts list to find the local pizza place that they always ordered from. Silently, he admired her, drinking in her curves. As much as he admired them, he had to admit, he ... was a slight jealous. Being surrounded by people so much thicker than him had always led to him feeling a little inferior. "Can we get pepperoni?" he asked, trying to keep his mind out of an uncomfortable place.

"You want pepperoni? Sure," Trish said, lifting her hand and pressing her phone to the ear. "Quiet, now, it's ringing."

Norm smirked at her, and then pulled his phone out, scrolling through his emails. He idly listened as his girlfriend requested delivery, gave his address and name, but when it came to making the order ... his eyes nearly popped out of his skull.

"So, yeah. I'll have six dozen pepperoni pizzas." There was a tasteable moment of silence. Then, the muffled sound of the pizza guy blathering on the other end of the phone could be heard. "What? Yeah, of course, I'm serious," she said to the poor man on the other end of the phone. She looked toward Norm with a smirk, absolutely adoring the look of shock on his face. This was perfect. "Your oven ain't big enough to cook all of those pizzas, so most of 'em would be cold by the time they got here? Listen, I don't care. Me and my boyfriend love cold pizza!" The person on the other end of the line blathered something in her ear, to which Trish rolled her eyes. "Look, do you want this big order or not? Yeah? You do? Okay. I'll see you here in a couple of hours, then," she said, before abruptly hanging up the phone.

There was a long moment of silence. The boyfriend and girlfriend looked at each other, one shocked, the other smug. Finally, Norm sat up on the bed, looking at his girlfriend with an intensely arched brow. "Trish, are you serious? Sixty pizzas? Look, if you've been talking to Lorna, and she told you that damn buffet story, then-"

Trish raised a finger to silence him, a smirk falling across her plump, striped face. "Just indulge me, alright? Besides, it's not like it'd hurt you to put on a couple of pounds. I'd like to see what you looked like when you're, you know ... bigger."

Norm looked into his beautiful girlfriend's face, seeing the curiosity glinting in her large, blue eyes. He couldn't deny her what she wanted. Plus, there was just something so hot about hearing her say the word 'bigger' like that. Resigned, he threw his head back into the pillow, a weary smirk creasing across his snout. "Fair enough. But if I can't eat sixty goddamn pizzas, then you're not allowed to be upset about wasting your bonus, okay?"

"Trust me," Trish assured. "I'm not gonna be upset." Then, she threw herself on his bed beside him, the springs creaking underneath her weight. Sensing that he felt troubled, she began to rub her hand across his flat, skinny stomach, attempting to envision it bulging outward with a huge food baby. As they waited for their food to arrive, Trish envisioned that occasionally making out with her boyfriend while the two of them caught up. A couple of hours later, Norm was feeling much better about himself, and ... there was a knock on the door.

Norm sat up to get it, but he was immediately pushed back down again by Trish, who pulled herself up from his bed and went for the front door herself. Soon enough, she came back through the door, both of her hands weighed down by box upon box of cheesy, greasy pizza. There was a stack in each hand, both so tall that they were bumping up against the ceiling. With a grin, she carefully placed each stack down by the bed, the sheer weight of the food causing her a little bit of difficulty, but ... soon, it was before Norm. Two stacks of pizza boxes that were so tall that he couldn't see over them.

The horse himself might've been reluctant, but his appetite wasn't. His stomach let out a loud, hungry growl at the sight of it, the smell of it ... unconsciously, he licked his lips. The sight of his gorgeous, thick

girlfriend next to so much food was ... incredibly arousing, but the thought of eating it all ... nff, it was just too much! His reluctance quickly melted away, replaced instead by a burning passion for his lover, and the enormous pile of pepperoni pizza that she stood next to. Fuck modesty, he had to have the lot of it.

"I'm hungry," Norm suddenly commanded. "Get over here and feed me."

Eagerly, Trish happily obeyed her boyfriend's command, grabbing not just one, but two pizzas, one from each stack. Laying down on the bed, she laid both of them down upon Norm's slender belly, flat enough that they were completely stable, though ... the tigress deeply hoped that wouldn't be the case for long. Snuggling up against the skinny stallion's side, she popped the lid open and began to feed him the first slice of many.

"Your wish is my command," Trish said playfully. "Let's see how big you can get, stallion."

The feast began, as did Trish's mission to make her boyfriend as large as possible.

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An hour passed, as did sixty pizzas ... and, frankly, he'd lost count of how many times Trish had helped him empty his balls ... but despite

all that, Norm had still not learned the ends of his appetite.

The horse and his chubby lover had learned, however, that his belly most certainly began to plump up when enough food had been crammed into his stomach. The stallion's belly had gone from skinny to curvy around the hundredth slice or so, and now that the pizzas were totaled, it was a large, jiggling sphere that was filled with dough, cheese, and meat, the sort of fat that took only the slightest prod to send a'rippling n' jiggling. Fortunately, his distended tum did not obscure his ragingly hard cock, black meat sticking straight up into the air between his legs like an erect flagpole, his inches smeared with lipstick and his girlfriend's pussy juice. Trish had quite the thing for big, chunky guys. Honestly, she should've said something sooner ... if Norm had found out that it felt this good to eat before now, then he'd have taken her up when she first offered without complaining.

But, round stomach and fat ass aside, the greasy Italian food had given Norm something far, far more significant than just weight. Throughout his feast, his body had not only been growing in weight ... but in height. It was subtle, so subtle that Norm himself didn't notice it ... but as Trish stood above the bed, looking down upon her new, wonderfully pudgy boyfriend, she noticed that his legs were now dangling off the edge off his bed, hooves stuck up into the air.

"Hey, babe," Trish asked, smacking her lips. "Have you gotten ... bigger?" she asked, curious, bending down to rub her hand across her lover's swollen stomach. Underneath her palm, she could feel it gurgle and gargle.

"Of course I've gotten bigger," Norm murmured, letting out a quiet belch as Trish jostled his belly. He could feel his pudge rocking up against his shaft, sending vibrations toward his balls. "I just ate sixty pizzas. You're touchin' my 'bigger' right now."

"No, not that kind of bigger ... I mean ... longer ... larger ... taller, I guess."

Norm looked down at his feet ... and shrugged. He couldn't see his lower body over his fat stomach, so it was hard to tell. "I dunno. All I know is ... I'm still starving. Are you going to order more food, or what?" Grinning, he tilted his head at her, very much knowing what he wanted her to say next. "Don't you want me to get ..."

"Bigger?" Trish replied. "You're damn right I do. I want to see you get bigger, Norm. So much bigger. By the time I'm done with you, mmm ... well. Let's just say that you're gonna be big enough that every woman on the damn planet is gonna be able to have a piece of you."

And, with that, Trish took to her phone again. This time, she placed an enormous order not just with one place, but ... with everywhere in town that delivered food.

If a huge order from every restaurant in the nearby area didn't satisfy her boyfriend's appetite, then ... what would?



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The number of cars that pulled up outside of the Horseman household an hour later was ... quite the sight. The street was back to back with vehicles stuffed with food, all being delivered to the same place ... one horse's hungry gut.

The order was diligently received by Trish, who, via several trips up and down the stairs, managed to deliver the order that must've cleaned out her savings account. It was enough food to feed a family for a year. That wasn't the amazing part, though. The most amazing thing, of course, was that it was all somehow going to be squeezed inside of one very large horse's tummy by the end of the night. Perhaps that was the reason that Norm's body seemed to be growing ... all of that food had to be getting stored somewhere, right?

Regardless ... once the food was in Norm's room ... and taking up a good half of the space within it ... Trish decided to change into something just a little more comfortable. She'd fed her boyfriend before, but now ... now, she was gonna feed 'im. In front of him, she stood next to the impressive pile of food and began to strip down before him, revealing a very, very erotic set of underwear that she'd have snuck on at some point between the pizzas and, well ... now. A lacy white tasseled bra and crotchless panties, the stark white fabric a contrast to her bright, orange, black striped fur. And, boy, did she look incredible. Considering Norm's massive appetite, it was difficult for him to tear his eyes off the mountain of food, but if there was one thing that could draw his attention away from it ... well, it was Trish.

Grabbing as many food containers as she could within her chubby paws - which only made her a dozen times more attractive in Norm's opinion - she began to approach the stallion's bed, flesh jiggling, breasts, bound in thin, sheer material, bouncing up and down, pussy visibly oozing wet between her thighs ... oh, yes. Not only did she want Norm, but she wanted Norm to eat, too. Even though the horse had never quite discovered this side of himself, this was ... easily the most erotic experience that he'd had within his entire life.

With takeaway cartons in hand, she mounted his engorged stomach and pressed her plump, dribbling pussy lips against his navel. With a hearty moan, she ground her sex against his gut, the flab upon their chubby bodies rippling as their bodies connected. "Mm ... open up wide, big boy," she teased.

And, of course, Norm did just that. Happy to be doted upon by his girlfriend - honestly, this could be described as worship - he let his enlarged jaw grow slack, and opened his mouth as wide as it could go. An eager Trish popped open the carton, revealing that it was packed to the brim with noodles. The rim was pressed up against the horse's lower lips, and then, the container was ... simply tipped into his mouth.

Norm barely even chewed before ... gulp. The bulge within his throat was the last sign of a meal that could've easily fed four, and yet, it had been swallowed by him in one. Yet he did not have the time to even lick his lips before, suddenly, another container was thrust against his maw. This time, before Trish could tip it inside, Norm used his enlarged, long, equine tongue to simply scoop the contents of the

tray directly into his mouth, grinning confidently at his girlfriend as he, once again, briefly chewed, and ... swallowed.

"More. Eat more! I want you to get bigger, Norm," she whimpered, feeling him grow already against her lips, his bulging gut smearing and rubbing against them as it and the rest of her boyfriend's body distended and grew outward. "Get bigger than the whole fucking world. Get bigger than the whole planet! When people see the size of you, they are just gonna wanna worship you!"

Frantically, Trish grabbed more takeout containers. Handfuls of food were grabbed, stuffed into his maw, his drool and slobber over her fingers as he frantically licked toward what he was feeding her, attempting to sate an appetite that could never truly be satisfied. His mouth was being stuffed so full of food that the poor stallion couldn't even talk. Unable to say no - and, honestly, he wouldn't anyway - all he could do was swallow a continuous tide of food that was thrown at him by his girlfriend ... and, honestly, he was loving every second of it.

"More! Bigger! BIGGER!"

Trish was getting her wish ... and then some. Soon, Norm's weight and size had become far too much for his bedroom. The horse himself was barely aware of it, but his foot suddenly kicked through his bedroom wall, turning it immediately into rubble. Trish, too, barely noticed it ... but the two couldn't ignore the problem for one. The structural integrity of the Horseman household was quickly succumbing underneath it's largest resident! Soon, the floor fell from

beneath them, rubble and dust landing upon takeout containers and horse alike. Luckily for Norm, his parents and siblings were out of town ... otherwise, someone could've got hurt.

Well ... that didn't matter now. He had crossed his immense arms over Trish, making sure that she didn't get crushed or injured by any of the rubble. Slowly, he uncrossed them ... and, now, sat upon his hill-like belly, Trish looked down upon her boyfriend, who was, most certainly ... so much bigger.

The house collapsing, weirdly, had provided some kind of massive growth spurt. Norm was now so large that the wreckage of his house couldn't be seen, considering that he was laid right on top of it. Behind her, his cock, now twice the size of her own body, stretched up into the air like a thick spire. Underneath Trish was a man that was, easily, thirty feet tall ... and, even better, the boy was still growing!

All of the commotion had caused all of the bored housewives in the area to pull open their blinds and see what was happening ... and, what they saw, was that the world's hugest, hungriest boy was outside. There was something incredibly ... magnificent about the sight of him. Something that more than certainly subdued the terror of seeing a thirty-foot tall beast laid upon it's back, capable of consuming the neighborhood. The women in the street, peeking at him, all felt a desire to worship him ... to feed him ... to take care of him. The why, truly, was unexplainable, and, in the end ... it didn't matter. The street collectively went to their kitchens and began to prepare food, and ... lots of it. This was no paltry gift, no, this was an offering to something greater than themselves.

It was a good job that they were cooking ... because Norm was hungry. Oh, he was so, so hungry. Growth spurts like that didn't come for free, after all. The once skinny stallion had just burnt a lifetime of calories away, and he needed something to fill that void ... quickly. Though the housemaids were working away busily in their kitchens, Norm thought it appropriate to show them what would happen if they took so long. From the street, on his back, he lazily reached out and wrapped his great, fat mitt around an entire house. Clutching his fingers around it, he ripped it from the very earth itself, shattering the foundations with a single, mighty rip! His maw opened, and then, just like the take out box, he shoved his entire tongue within the house, scooping out the contents - fridge, freezer, furniture, residents, and all. Then, within his palm, he crushed it into bare bricks, chunks of rubble falling over his muzzle and onto his face.

His stomach didn't discriminate. Like everything that came before it, it began to loudly squelch and churn. Trish could feel it bubbling and digesting beneath her, the tiny woman still astride the horse's impressive gut. She did not look upon his rampage with fear, no ... but with respect. How could she not think that such a thing was incredible ... especially when he was still growing before her eyes? Even as he consumed that house, it was readily apparent that he was growing by the second ... and not in inches, but feet. By the time his hand had crushed the last brick, Norm was a very, very impressive hundred feet tall, at the very least ... if not pushing two hundred. His body was like an entire city by itself, growing, laying waste to what was underneath it. The lazy, fat horse didn't even need to move to cause wanton destruction ... all he needed to do was exist.

Three hundred feet. Five hundred feet. A thousand feet. Two thousand. Three ... as big as a large island, laid upon his back, crushing all beneath him.

The world's desire to feed the horse did not fade, however, even though the horse was slowly consuming the globe. The populace simply didn't care. All felt a desire to care for him, to nurture him, and to worship him. Even though the horse was far too big to even be able to see a single pie, large construction vehicles soon surrounded him, heaving enormous amounts of food toward his eager, gaping maw, tipping several factories worth of food into his mouth at a time. And, of course, his appetite did not fade.

Nor did his appetite for sex. Fortunately, the world was happy to indulge him in that one. Women, not fearing for their lives, queued up for the chance to simply rub themselves against his tower-like cock, to press their bare, naked bodies against it and simply rub, rub, rub. It felt delightful, it felt incredible, and if he were to accidentally squish her the moment that he decided to jack off, then ... who cared? All that mattered was that they were getting closer and closer to something that they adored. To drown in his semen was the highest honor.

No, all that happened was that he grew bigger and bigger for every mouthful, and less and less thankful for the attention to his skyscraper-like prick. If the food wasn't enough, then he'd punish the world by shoving his hoof through an entire city block, or, when he grew bigger, an entire city. If the women didn't sate him, then he would truly fuck an area up by replacing the water supply with his cum. He was a vengeful, wrathful, God-like creature that only sought to satiate both of his immense appetites ... one for food, and the

other for lust. But the world didn't stop him. They didn't scream or beg when he crushed their homes. No, their voice was singular, a united cry, one single, but a very meaningful word ...

"Bigger."

Bigger. Bigger. Bigger. They wanted more, and more, and more, and more. More Norm, more destruction, more carnage. They begged for it, screamed for it, and, ultimately, lived and died because of it. Norm outgrew their cities, outgrew their countries, outgrew their continents, and soon, outgrew even their planet. Those that survived ended up floating upon his belly through the depths of space, the horse, of course, large enough to have his own atmosphere and center of gravity.

Through the aether he twisted, now, not only a city devouring monster but a planet devouring one. He made his way through his own solar system, then, to others, shamelessly consuming all without thought. Soon, simple planets would not sate him, instead, he devoured suns, and then, when suns no longer filled the hole in his gut, he would devour entire solar systems with a single bite, until, eventually, he was consuming galaxies all by themselves. Nothing could stop him.

The universe ended - or, perhaps, began anew - with a single, enormous, belch.