

Chapter 6

Your alarm rips you from your wonderful dream that is quickly fading from your mind. You grunt as you shut off the alarm. No new messages. *I guess that makes sense, she hit the bottle hard last night so Emily is most likely still asleep.* You go about your morning routine as normal and head to class. Emily isn't in again, *definitely hit the bottle too hard.* You head back home and start making food and watch TV. It's almost 8pm. *Strange not to have heard from her by now.* You have become accustomed to speaking to her frequently by this point. You send her a text.

Matt: Hi Em, how are you?

You wait and check after 15 minutes and she has just left you on read. *Maybe she and Brad hit it off...* You grimace to yourself and continue to watch TV. 10 minutes later you hear a banging at your door and what sounds like sobbing. You rush over to answer. The door opens and it is Emily, she is looking more plump than when you saw her in person last and although she has clearly put a lot of effort into her appearance her new weight is straining the low cut dress she is currently in. You look at her face and see her puffy eyes, she must've been crying for a while.

"What's wrong Em?" you gesture for her to come in. She walks in and you close the door. When you turn around she lunges at you sobbing wildly. You wrap your arms around her and comfort her. It takes a few minutes for her to stop sobbing, finally she lifts her head from your shoulder and speaks.

"Brad is an asshole"

You bite your tongue. "What happened?"

"Well he agreed to meet me but when he saw me he..." Tears form in her eyes and her voice becomes shaky as she fights back tears "He called me a fat cow" the tears roll down her face. She rests her face into your shoulder again, audibly sobbing. You rub her back as you squeeze her into your embrace. A few more minutes pass and she eases herself off your shoulder and takes a step back.

"You don't think i'm a fat cow do you?" she asks sorrowfully

"Of course not Em, you are beautiful"

"I mean these have grown" she pats under her heaving bosom lifting them slightly causing them to quake in their bra. You guess she is now a G cup as you stare at the cleavage on show thanks to her dress.

You blush at the candid display “Yeah they have gotten a bit bigger” you nervously reply

“A bit? Oh Matt, I’m so much bigger than just a bit” she sounds proud as she says it, a dreamy look in her eyes. “I mean look at how much I am spilling out of this bra, I bought it yesterday afternoon. It’s an E” she adds with a hint of seduction in her voice. You are struggling to keep a level head, you have an erection that is painfully straining against your trousers.

“Wow...” is all you can muster as you stare at her boobs

Noticing your gaze she pulls at the front of her dress and lifts her boobs out of the dress, you now get a real good look at how much she is out growing the bra. “This potion has certainly worked wonders for my breasts” she pokes at her bulging boobs “But I must admit I’ve put on a little bit elsewhere” her hands glide down the front of her dress and over her plump belly. No longer a big bloated round mass that you saw yesterday, her body has digested all the food she has put in there but she does have a decent sized pot belly. All in all if you had to guess you’d expect she has gained 50lbs in these past few days. She looks gorgeous but she definitely is well into that “Plus size” territory.

“You still look great, I don’t think you’ve put on much, it’s mostly in your chest anyway” you try to ease her worries

“Right, I mean I’ve not weighed myself but I’m no longer flat right, I’m just a bit plush, still very slim apart from my boobs” she says seriously

She is in denial here, must be, she is easily 30% bigger than she was, she is much thicker, does she not see it?

“Yeah, totally”

“What’s that smell?” suddenly changing the subject as she lifts her dress back over her bra

“It’s food, I was making a lasagne, got plenty there if you want some?”

“Yes please, I’m starving and plus I guess I’m still a growing girl thanks to that potion, gotta make sure I get enough” she giggles as she shakes her chest.

“I’ll go serve up, why don’t you take a seat at the table”

You take the lasagne out of the oven and load up a normal size portion for yourself and a much bigger portion for her.

“I’ve had some snacks so I’m only having a small bit, you said you were hungry so I added more for you, there is plenty left over if you want more” you say as you place the plates onto the table. Not wasting any time she quickly takes a bite.

“Oh wow this is amazing Matt, so delicious” she quickly takes another bite and lets out a moan. “I didn’t realize that you were such a good cook”

You blush “I dabble, It’s a good life skill”

“You are amazing at it” she says between mouthfuls

She quickly clears the food on her plate, she leans back in her chair and catches your eyes on her. She blushes but you can see it in her eyes, she wants more.

“Want some more?” You stand up

“A little bit more, I am still quite peckish”

You head to the kitchen and serve up another fair sized dish but this time you bring the rest of the lasagne and set it on the table. Her eyes light up when you put the plate before her. “Thank you” she says softly as she starts to dig into the fresh plate. You sit back in your seat and watch as she starts to greedily consume the generous second portion. She increases her pace as greed takes over from her manners as she moans between bites, if you were blindfolded you might think her sounds were something else. Emily finishes the portion and she flashes you a glance before plating up some more.

“Man this is too good Matt, I think you should become a chef, I’d certainly pay you” she comments, your mind starts to wander at the prospect of being her personal chef, making fattening meals to watch her stuff it all down. You are brought back to reality once she starts eating again. Mouthful after mouthful she eats, unrelenting. *The potion must still be in effect, I wonder how much she will grow.* After clearing this plate she skips serving up more, she snatches the glass dish and just starts eating straight from it. You see her need to push her chair backwards as she makes room for her growing gut. You watch for a few more minutes as she finishes the entire dish, you only had a small slice so she just gulped down 5 portions worth in one sitting within 10 minutes. She leans back in her chair, arms stretching towards the ceiling, which has the added effect now of pushing her chest and stomach out, her hands come down to rub the firm belly whilst she still looks towards the ceiling. You watch her hands slowly massage the stuffed tum.

“Oh Matt, that was-” she belches and covers her mouth “Sorry... That was delicious. It’s a shame you don’t have any more I think I’ve got room for a bit more actually” she gives her

gut a few pats. Your eyes must've been bulging out of your head because a smirk forms on her face.

"Yeah I know... I did just eat a lot but I'm not fat and I've just been so **hungry** lately Matt"

"You certainly aren't fat Em" you blush at your lie, she has gained a solid amount of weight and most of her friends from High school would likely call her fat. "You do look like you enjoyed, thank you, it means I did my duty as a chef" you give a slight bow.

"This potion is really affecting me Matt, I could never have eaten that much last week even. Ugh-" Emily grimaces as she clutches her stomach with both arms.

Watching closely you can see her arms start to be pulled apart slightly and slowly. *Holy shit, she's growing...*

Your eyes remain transfixed on her expanding middle and unable to move. Her dress continues to get tighter as you hear faint groans from the fabric. Just as quickly as it started it stops, her newly bloated belly looks immense compared to the Emily of last week, even of the Emily that just knocked your door not an hour ago. The hugely bloated belly pushes out from her frame and makes her look like she is in her third trimester. You manage to tear your eyes away from her midsection and look up to her face and there is only one word to describe it. **Lust**. You both stare at each other in silence.

"Did you just..." you break the silence

"...Mmm.. Yeah..." she moans and gives the side of her gut a loving pat without breaking eye contact with you. Slowly she rises from her chair and waddles over to you and hefts her belly onto the table in front of you.

"Do you think I'm fat now?" she huskily says as she takes your left hand and places it on the firm tum. "I've seen your gaze Matt, I know what you are looking at" she grabs your right hand and places it on the other side of her belly. "It feels so big doesn't it, nice and big and round" pressing your hands into the bloated mass. "I think I could stand to get a bit bigger though" she whispers.