

The Fantastic Room

A weight gain kink tale

by

Idle-Minded

Susan Storm struggled to sit up. Sweat was beading on her face as she attempted to overcome the weight of her own body and how its mass limited her movement. She lay on the carpeted floor of what looked like any other living room of the expansive skyscraper the Fantastic Four called home.

With loud tearing of what was left of her now shredded clothes, she was finally upright and sitting. Susan was now around seven hundred pounds, her rolling flesh spreading out beyond the grasp of her plump fingers like the pink and sweaty landscape of an alien world.



“How did you do this Reed?” she called out with a tired gasp. “This is more than just hard... or soft... light projection. It’s not just being huge, it feels like I ate the entire negative zone.” Susan rubbed the dome of her stomach, the largest part of her blobby form that rose before her. It was tinged red from the feast she never ate and riddled with stretch marks by the rapid expansion this simulation provided.

With soft thumping Reed waddled into the room. He was *almost* as large as Susan, and she was a little annoyed that *of course his clothes still fit*. His blue spandex made of unstable molecules covered gut hung below his knees.

“It’s neither of those. It’s something I threw together to overlay slices of other potential realities in a limited controlled environment.”

Reed stretched his head and arms to more closely examine his incredibly wide wife, but his hands were very much groping and squeezing without any intellectual motivation. Susan moaned as his fingers stretched in between her rolls and slid deep inside them. The glint in his eye was primal, something she hadn’t seen in him for a few years.

“But to get what we were looking to do, I have the device tuned to specific desires. Instead of just any old alternate Susan and Reed, it gives us a glimpse of what we could be if we listened to our...” his face drew course to hers and he finished “hungers.” before they kissed, their chubby lips and cheeks pressed together. “I call it the Dimensional Desire Projector” he muttered to her before their faces squished back together.

Reed’s arms and ample body stretched and formed around his wife, more of him sinking into her and the spaces in between.

Unfortunately, the hedonism couldn’t go uninterrupted, as a beeping alert pulled Reed out of their reverie of each other. Susan felt like she was dropped into a cold pool of water, gasping and her body covered in perspiration, passion left *unfinished* as Reed unwrapped himself and pulled away.

“I’m sorry honey, I have a project that needs my attention or else it has to all be scrapped!” His clapping waddle instantly reverted to a normal stride as he passed the doorway to the room. “You should really try out the voice activated food simulator!” he called back as he left

Susan’s mind was fuzzy as she caught her breath. She didn’t hear the first part of what Reed said, but she knew what happened. It was what always happened with Reed. She counted herself lucky she got a few passionate minutes with him in their new “toy”.

Her mind was fixated on a word Reed said earlier “slice”. She guessed at how the food simulator would work and said out loud “Food: Pizza, meat lovers. Cake, devil’s chocolate.” and it appeared before her on a table that wasn’t there.

She used her invisibility powers to pick up and pull her treat towards her, resembling telekinesis though it wasn’t.

Susan took a dainty bite of a slice of pizza. Then another. And another... and then shoved it into her mouth, barely chewing enough before swallowing, the stuffed feeling she had minutes ago had ebbed too much and she wanted it back, badly. The feeling and the food were both *so delicious*.

She was going to have an awfully good time. The treats she could have were only limited by her imagination, and her appetite felt like it was unlimited while in this room.

“Susan? Are you in here? I was dropping off some documents for Johnny's lawsuit, and thought I would say hello. The computer said you were-” Jennifer Walters, the green giantess She Hulk, was startled by what she saw before her as she entered the room. “Oh my god is that you?!”

Susan was exactly where Reed had left her, but maybe a little wider and a lot more stuffed and covered in the remains of her feast.

Pulling the football sized fried burrito from her face with some reluctance, she replied to Jennifer with her mouth full “Yeshh.”



Jennifer rushed over to Susan, stumbling over the simulated debris of food containers and wrappers “What happened to you? Are you ok?” She kneeled next to her friend ignoring the pizza sauce that now coated her lilac pantsuit.

With some embarrassment, her face red from the blood rushing to her cheeks and the salsa, Susan gulped down her mouthful of burrito. She admitted “It's a new thing that Reed and I have been wanting to try.”

Jennifer's mouth hung open, agast, as Susan slowly explained, and hadn't yet noticed the buttons of her blouse pulling dangerously taut...

**The Fat Room will return
In non-copyright infringing tale**