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<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Nine - Lauren

*What am I doing... What if she freaks out...*

My nerves and remorse for the question were getting the better of me, I was almost shaking, staring at Sam.

I then heard something that gave me hope.

*Gloooorp*

Her stomach made a loud grumble. Despite her seemingly stuffed status, I could hear her belly grumble. It wasn't the noise a full belly would make when it was digesting a lot of food, but rather, a pained noise of desperation.

*It was hungry.*

“Sure.” She said,

I couldn't believe my ears.

*She just said yes.*

I tried to contain my excitement, I quickly rushed to the counter, not wanting to give away my excitement by way of my face. Although my hastiness probably said something about my intentions. Standing before the glass screen that covered the cakes I gawked at each massive cake. They were so tall, they looked so fattening, even with my distaste for food these past few years, I had to admit they looked amazing.

“Hey, how can I help you?” The young man behind the counter asked.

He couldn't be much over 18 or 19, he was staring at my body. If I wasn't so enamoured with getting some cake for Sam, I would've probably teased him a bit. I needed to stay focused.

“I'll take... One each from that row please.” I pointed at the shelf with four big cakes on there.

Chocolate cake, Victoria sponge, carrot cake and a coffee walnut cake slice.

*A good range.*

I let my excitement overtake reality.

*She wouldn't eat all of those, would she?*

My feeder desires were pushing me to get another slice too. I silenced that voice thankfully.

“Are you sure?” The guy asked, shocked by my choice. He had seen how fit I was, so it was a bit shocking that I would pick that much.

I flexed my chest and stared him dead in the eyes.

“Yes, Honey.” And I gave him a wink.

I had never seen someone rush so quick to get an order ready, but here he was, plating up each thick slice.

“Thank you” I said as I picked up the heavy tray of cake from the counter.

He didn't respond, he just stared as I walked away.

*I have much bigger fish to fry...*

I took long strides over to the table and I saw Sam was poking at her body, clearly reeling from the sudden growth she had gone under.

*Does she not see it... Is she only now seeing it?*

I slowed down and watched as her finger was sinking into soft deposits of fat.

*I wish those were my fingers...*

With a sharp tug she pulled her shirt down in an attempt to cover her belly, this had an unintended side effect.

*Fuck...*

Despite wearing a t-shirt, it left little to the imagination as the fabric was strained over her larger breasts, I could even see some cleavage on show through the neck of her top.

*She really must've pulled that top quite hard.*

I stared and gawked when her hands slipped over her chest, and she cupped her hefty breasts. The ill-fitting bra was cutting into her boobs and very clearly showing how much she was overflowing her bra. The feelings of lust building within, I felt myself starting to feel a twinge below.

*I need those tits...*

A loud voice was taking over my head now, I wanted nothing more than to ravage her here. I must've looked quite strange because someone sat near asked if I was Okay. I kindly responded before finishing my walk to the table. Setting down the tray on the table. Sam's eyes went wide, and I saw her hands drop from her tits to her belly.

“Four?” She asked.

*Yes... Four... All for you and your growing belly...*

“Well... They all looked so good...” I calmly said.

Sam's hands started to rub and soothe her round stomach and I could hear how it was rumbling from beneath the table.

*She must be starving... Even though she looks like she's been eating continuously since this morning.*

Shock faded from her face, and I could see a look in her eyes, she looked ready to pounce.

Like a magician, I gestured to the cake. “Your pick.”

I noticed her Oscar lit up; it looked like it was updating calories.

*Strange... She hasn't picked yet... Oscar knew?*

Without any further delay, she grabbed the carrot cake and used the fork to cut a large piece off the sponge, being sure to grab some of the cream cheese. It went straight into her mouth, and I could see her face react to the flavour, an explosion of satisfaction donned her face.

“Good, huh?” I couldn’t resist asking.

My ability to stifle my inner desires becomes weaker by the second, or rather, by each bite she takes from the cake. She practically inhaled it; each bite was quicker than the last. I sat opposite her, unable to focus, my throbbing clit under the table demanded attention.

*I can't... Not here...*

I gawked at her finishing the last bite of food, she let out a soft little burp and patted her stomach. She looked to her wrist, Oscar had lit up again, she gasped.

“Everything Okay?” I asked, hoping I hadn’t ruined something with my overzealous meal plan.

“Y-yeah... I...” She stammered, not quite willing to form the next words. Her eyebrow raised when she must’ve realised I wasn’t eating.

“I ate earlier, I’ll have one in a bit, you pick your next one.” I lied.

*I hope she buys that...*

It was impossible to know, she just grabbed the Victoria sponge and started to shovel that into her mouth. Every bite she let out a soft moan, whether she was aware of it or not was something I also didn’t know. Her Oscar was still lit up, she took occasional glances at the illuminated screen and continued to wolf down each bite.

*She is... Gluttonous...*

My hand was resting on my thigh, I was trying to keep myself in check, however almost without me noticing, my hand had slid closer to my aching sex.

*No... I...*

I started to press against my trousers and rub myself as I stared at Sam eating. She was so beautiful, so sexy and only getting sexier by the second. I imagined if this is what half a day could do to her, whatever was going on, she would be massive by the end of the week.

*Are her... Boobs... Bigger?*

The top was getting crumbs dropped over it, her tits acting like a shelf, but I could swear the fabric was looking more stretched. My eyes travelled down, and I locked my eyes onto her

stomach.

*Is... That bigger too?*

My rubbing was slow and methodical, but now it was becoming more rapid, feral and unhinged. My legs trembled beneath the table; I could hear my heart beating loudly in my ears.

*I hope she doesn't notice...*

I watched her grab the third slice without pause.

*Fuck...*

I almost moaned out loud, her feral-like pace made me realise that I have nothing to worry about, she wasn't going to notice me. I gripped the table hard, to ground myself, I could feel a bead or two of sweat forming on my brow as I rubbed quicker. As the third slice came to an end, I looked at the last slice, a thick chocolate slice, covered in ganache. I watched and waited.

*She isn't... Is she?*

The answer shouldn't have surprised me, but it did, I gasped, audibly as she reached for the last slice.

*Fuck...*

Sam suddenly stopped and looked pained and puzzled. I followed her eyes and saw what she was looking at.

*Fuck... Her belly...*

She was now almost being cut in half by the table, her top had ridden back up thanks to her tits. Her belly bulged over the top of the table slightly, it would've yielded much more if she wasn't so incredibly stuffed. I stared at her skin which was now being pressed inward.

*She can't reach.*

I nearly came then and there. Her own gluttony had made her grow so large, so quick that she couldn't reach the next slice. I rubbed harder and faster, I couldn't resist any longer, I almost didn't care if she noticed, I needed release.

Thankfully, I cared enough to stop when I saw her gaze lift from her bulging gut. She stared

at me with a shocked and embarrassed look, her face was turning redder by the second. I was lost to the fantasy, I showed no compassion, no empathy, only lust.

*More...*

I let go of the table with my unoccupied hand and reached for the tray, I unsubtly pushed the tray towards her, her eyes went wide, as if to say, "What are you doing?". I knew exactly what I was doing, I couldn't deny it, I couldn't resist it. I just wanted one more thing.

*More...*

Sam snatched the plate from the tray, which was now within reach because of my efforts, she leaned back, and I watched in awe as belly was seemingly freed, it stretched so far out, it looked so round and taut.

*I need to touch it... Her... Anything... I **need** her...*

I continued to rub and massage myself through my trousers, I was becoming too turned on, I was approaching a powerful explosion. I watched Sam rapidly devour that last slice and lean back, for the first time, content. Her stomach was all the way out, her jeans had made a V shape in defeat from her expanding middle. I marvelled at the huge orb that was a shelf to her big boobs.

It was too much.

*Fuck.*

I quivered and with significant effort, I contained my thunderous explosion. I grit my teeth and felt my insides spasm with pleasure. Sam looked at me just as I started to relax and come down from that first explosion. I wanted more. I needed more.

"Were they good?" I said, noticing that my voice was quite shaky from my orgasm.

"Yeah... But I think it is time I made a move... I umm..." She said, embarrassed, gesturing to her gut.

I stared openly now that she had drawn my attention to it. I wanted her to stay, for her to eat more, for me to rub it. Anything, anything other than her to leave.

Without any other warning, I saw her stand up. Her exposed belly was out in the open for everyone to see. It was gigantic, she looked pregnant, she looked like she was fit to burst. I noticed

that she had to put her hand on her hip to counterbalance the hugely packed gut, just like a pregnant woman would do.

The movement sent her stomach into overdrive, and I could hear her stomach making lots of noises.

*I...*

I rushed to her side, my body millimetres away from touching her exposed stomach with my body. I could feel the heat radiating from her belly. I looked down and got a good look at the top of her belly and how much her tits stuck out over her stomach.

“Do you want me to walk you back to your car?” I blurted out, not wanting to let her leave my company.

“No, that is fine... Sorry I haven’t been much company...” Sam said in a sad tone.

*Oh shit... I need to say something...*

“No... I should be sorry...”

*How could I get her to see...*

Her eyes were reading my expression, it was my turn to start blushing. Her stomach grumbled and broke her gaze from my face.

“Oh crap!” She burst out.

*What?*

“What? What’s wrong?” I panicked.

“You didn’t even have any of the cake... Weren’t you hungry at all?” She said, a little defeated but my brain found her words to be arousing.

*I need to control myself.*

“It would’ve been wasted on me... You did enjoy them a lot... Right?” I replied, teasing, goading.

*Of course she did... Look at her... So full...*

Sam nodded, very enthusiastically, her body language betraying everything else she was



putting out until that point.

“But you didn’t even get a taste...” she added.

She generally gestured with her hands, and now was no different, but something caught my eye.

*Her finger... Is that... Chocolate...*

I felt myself sweat again, arousal taking over.

*No... I...*

I took her hand and leaned closer to her, my body pressing against her stomach now.

*What am I doing...*

I singled out her index finger and led it to my mouth.

*Why can't I stop...*

Although it was happening so fast, I felt as if I was trapped in slow motion.

*I...*

My brain had turned to mush. I couldn’t feel any resistance from Sam, even as her finger parted my lips and my tongue licked the chocolatey goodness from her finger. I let out a soft moan and my mouth applied a modest amount of suction before I pulled her finger out, with an audible pop. Although I couldn’t read her mind, she took my advance so well, I couldn’t help but feel elated.

*I'm in heaven...*

I didn’t even like chocolate cake, but I couldn’t help but softly say “It tastes good...” accented with a soft coo.

“I- I did say... They were good...” Her trembling voice responded.

Without thinking, I added. “We should come here again; I’d like to get you some more cake...”

*What am I doing, just openly saying I want to feed her?*

Before I could chastise myself for my flagrant misuse of words.

“Sure.” Her voice was almost a squeak.

My eyes darted to her face, and I saw a smile. I watched as her hand rested on the top of her swollen middle.

“I... I best go...” Her voice was breathy and low.

*Was I imagining it?*

“See you soon.” I winked.

*Winking now?*

I was too shocked by how this whole thing played out. I just stared at her huge belly as she turned around and it swayed from side to side when she left. She was so encumbered by food that she had to waddle now.

I felt a familiar twinge below and knew I needed to get home to take care of my growing desires.

*Sam... I am going to make you so big...*

It was almost like a vow, not just to her, but me. I was truly getting lost in this fantasy.

*Was that such a terrible thing?*

I grabbed my stuff and started to walk home, desperate and horny. I justified my actions and relived her reactions to myself before getting in the house. As I walked through the door, I felt my phone vibrate.

***Sam: Hey, can you talk to me about Oscar for a minute?***

*Oscar? What does she want to know?*

Before I could reply, another message.

***Sam: I think it is making me bigger...***

I felt my legs wobble, I reread the message three more times, biting my lip.

*Making her bigger?*

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