PLEASE READ – THIS STORY IS NOT TO BE READ BY PEOPLE 18 YEARS AND UNDER, AS IT CONTAINS CONTENT THAT IS INAPPROPRIATE TO PEOPLE UNDERAGE.

SOME OF THE FIRST CHAPTER WAS TAKEN BY KODOS’ TRILOGY *TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING* OR *CHLOE*

THANK YOU.

**BIG FAT FOOD CHOCOLATE CREAM ADVENTURE**

My name is Sammie Richards, and this is my story. I am about 5 foot 8 inches, and I have long brown hair. I’m quite slim and fit, but I do not have any figure; my boobs are small and my ass is thin. I have a tremendous food fetish, but I try not to go overboard with it. I also have a breast fetish, but I can’t really do anything with that. Back then I thought you just have to live your life the way it is, but that all changed on one fun day.

**CHAPTER 1 – A TOUR**

I stood by the side of the country road, miles away from civilization, looking down at the tire iron in her hand as she inspected the wheel of the car. It had been hot work, out under the summer sun, but now it seemed that everything was back in order once more.

"Okay, I think it's ready!" I called to the old woman whose car it was, and who had been patiently watching me as I wrestled with the tire.

"Oh, thank you so, so much my dear," the woman effused, "I've been stuck out here for the last three hours with that flat and you're the only person who stopped to even ask if I needed help."

"It was no trouble at all," I replied, as I wiped the grease of my hands and set about returning the jack and its accoutrements to the trunk of the aged car, "Do a good turn daily, you know?"

"Still, I'm sure I've made you dreadfully late to wherever you're going; you must let me give you something for your trouble," she said, reaching for the bulging purse she carried with her.

"Please, you don't need to do that," I insisted, seeing that if the state of this woman's car meant anything, she clearly needed to keep every cent she had, "It was my pleasure to help out, and I'm not going anywhere that won't still be there if I get there later than I expected, so it's quite alright, if you please."

"You are a very kind young woman," she old woman said appreciatively, an appraising look entering her eyes, "and kindness, especially to such a complete stranger, one whom you expect nothing from in return, well, that is a very unusual thing in the world these days. So tell me then," and at this, her voice and disposition seemed to take on a more serious colour, "do you have any wishes?"

"Wishes?" I asked, sure for a moment that I had misheard, but curious nonetheless, "What do you mean?"

"Wishes, my girl, wishes, the sort of thing that you ask for if you find a magic lamp or some such thing, something that is not, and yet, you want that it should be. You have three wishes to spend; the first can be used now and the rest another day," she explained, still patient and kind, but still there was something about her that I could not help but take seriously, some solemn, earnest power that inspired in her breast a sensation of complete credulity.

"Do you mean then," I ventured cautiously, "that I can wish for anything and you'll make it come true?"

"Within reason," the old woman replied, "I can control people's minds or raise the dead and such, and though I know you wouldn't ask it, I would never hurt anyone either, I'm rather in the business of helping."

"I'm just not sure what I would wish for," I answered, "I'm really pretty happy with my life the way it is."

"Well now, my dear," the old woman responded, "a clever girl like you surely knows that all the normal things people wish for, money and fame and so on, don't make people happy; but certainly there must be something, some personal, private wish that you would like to see realized; some lifelong dream you don't even think about anymore because you don't imagine in your wildest flights of intimate fantasy that it could ever happen."

"Well, there is one thing, I guess, that I've always dreamt of," I said, as the old woman's notion about dreams long set aside reminded her of something. Almost immediately though, I thought better of mentioning it, but seeing the keen eye of the woman, I knew that she could not drop the subject now.

"Hmmmm? And what is it then, that you would like me to help you with?"

"I'm not sure I can even say it," I said apologetically, "You'd think it's silly, and kind of weird, and it's all just, so personal..."

"Come now, my dear," the woman encouraged her, "No matter what it is, you'll probably never see me again after this, so what if it is silly? What if I laugh and drive off? You have suffered a mere moment's embarrassment. But if you tell me, if I can help, then it could change your life, eh?"

"I suppose you've got a point there," I conceded, "Well, to be honest, I have a bit of a food fetish. I’ve dreamt about eating so much whipped cream that I start lactating, fantasised about stuffing myself with burgers and fries so that my stomach becomes impossibly full, wondered if I consumed lots and lots of chocolate, my thighs would just swell up. What I’m trying to say, is that I want to be overloaded with fat, but I don’t really want to be extremely overweight; just to fill out in all the right places.”

All the while I was telling this random woman one of my most private secrets, she took it in without even blinking. I blushed excessively as I realised how much I told her. It was just, she had never been able to tell this to ANYONE before, and even though she was sure the old woman was about to look at her like she was a freak and drive off as fast as she could, it had felt good to say it all.

“I’m sorry. I’ve freaked you out, haven’t I?” I shyly asked, brushing back my hair.

“On the contrary, my dear.” The woman beamed. “I think I have just the solution to your little ‘problem.’”

She hobbled over to her car, and pulled out a thick, leather purse. Still shocked by the reaction of the woman, my eyes followed her every move. She reached into her bag and pulled out a card.

“Here,” she said, handing me the card. “Come to my store, just a ten minute drive down the road. I think I have what you’re looking for.”

With that, she got into her car and drove off. Puzzled, and slightly curious, I decided to check out her store and see what she had in stock.

It took just literally ten minutes to drive to her store, Madame Eliza’s, stuck in the midst of the Oakland Shopping Centre. It was a fairly large shop, with what seemed to be stacked with a lot of items. As I was walking towards the store, I realised that no one was going into Eliza’s; they were just walking passed it like it didn’t even exist. As I walked in, I thought, how is it that she keeps her business up if no one goes into the store?

“Hello again, dear.” She chirped. “Found my store, did you? What do you think?”

Looking around the store, I noticed rows upon rows of different types of food. There must have been at least, 100 different types of food.

“There’s a lot of food here.” I replied, simply.

“Nice observation, dear.” She chuckled. “Follow me; I’ll give you the tour.”

She shuffled out from behind the counter, and led me to an aisle simply marked, ‘Cream’. I looked around the never-ending isle, and saw hundreds upon hundreds of different types of cream. There was whipped cream, dollop cream, thickened cream, full-fat milk, ice-cream, frosting for cakes. It was unbelievable.

“As you may have noticed this is the cream isle.” She stated. “In this isle is a large collection of all the different types of cream known to man, and the best-tasting, too.” She added, with a smile.

She then led me to an isle marked, ‘Take-out & Breakfasts’. This particular isle contained rows of food from McDonalds, KFC, Burger King, Dominos, and loads more. The warmth from the heat from the food made me fuzzy inside. The smells of the delicious, fattening food … it made me want to eat it all.

“This is my take-out collection.” She indicated. “I have hundreds of shelves stocked with pizzas, burgers, fries, and more.”

“Isn’t there any copyright infringement when you sell stuff from McDonalds, or KFC?” I pointed out.

“I have a little way of getting around that.” She said, tapping her nose.

“Do you have every single take-out store? Like Subway, for instance?” I asked her, curiously.

“Subway? Ugh, no!” Eliza said in disgust. “That’s healthy, that’s far too healthy. I only sell fattening foods, and I mean **really** fattening foods.”

“Why only fatty foods?” I replied in mere curiosity.

“I think that fattening foods speed up the process,” She answered. “Gives it a little kick.”

Just as I was about to ask her what was she talking about, she exited the isle and motioned me to follow her. We walked into an isle labelled, ‘Cakes and Pastries’. On the many rows of shelves sat heaps and heaps of delicious cream and chocolate-filled pastries, cakes, cupcakes, and cake mixes. All, I’m guessing, filled with fat.

“These are the most pleasant collection of cakes and pastries from around the world.” She said, gesturing out to the shelves. “You like?”

“Oh, yes. I like it very much.” I reassured her.

I was a big fan of pastries; the decadent layers of soft pastry filled with rich and thick cream. If you didn’t know I have a cream fetish, so I wanted as much cream as possible on a pastry; sometimes resorting to covering it with sweet whipped cream.

“Are there cream-filled pastries?” I questioned her.

“Oh, definitely; we have a level-based system of pastries with cream.” She informed me. “There is none, lightly filled, full, and overflowing. Keep mind of the overflowing pastries as the cream tends to spill out.”

She hurriedly shifted herself to the next isle, marked ‘Chocolates’. Stepping into the isle, I realised that I was in heaven. The shelves were stacked and full to the brim of chocolate; blocks of chocolate, chocolate truffles, chocolate eggs and bunnies, chocolate pancakes – just everything chocolate.

“Holy shit!” I exclaimed, adoring the amounts of chocolates.

“Big fan, eh?” She asked, jokingly. “Well we have loads of stuff; chocolate bars, cream-filled chocolates, chocolate butter.”

“Chocolate butter?” I was confused and mighty inquisitive. “What’s that?”

“It’s basically full-fat butter mixed in with rich chocolate cream.” She picked one of the shelves, unwrapped it and handed me a spoon. “Here try some.”

I took the spoon and dolloped a generous amount of chocolate butter onto it, and ate it. From the moment the butter touched my tongue, I felt the most orgasmic feeling I’ve felt in my entire life. All the creamy, fattening butter melted in my mouth; I slowly circled my tongue amidst the butter to savour the flavour. I swallowed it, still tasting the chocolate left on my tongue. I stopped and realised I had been massaging my clit in front of the woman. Blushing, I removed my hands from my pussy and looked awkwardly away.

“It’s ok, dear.” She assured me, touching my cheek. “It’s natural to get a little excited sometimes, even from tasting my food.”

I looked back at her and gave her the look of an understanding and relief.

“Well, that concludes the tour.” She said, wobbling back to her counter. “You can go and shop now. Oh, did I mention that it’s all free?”

“Wait, what? How can it be all free?” I exclaimed. “No, I really should pay for whatever I want.”

“No, no, no, dear.” She stated, boldly. “Your kindness will be with you for all eternity, as will your reward – free in-store products.”

“Well thank you.” I beamed at her.

With that I took a large trolley, and marched towards the ‘Cream’ isle. I saw all of the different types of cream; however I was only interested in a few. Opening the fridge, I grabbed several cans of vanilla whipped cream, chocolate whipped cream. Throwing them in the trolley, I also grabbed a large tub of soft-serve ice-cream. I left the ‘Cream’ isle and went into ‘Cakes and Pastries’. I looked around at what type of pastries there were, and didn’t know which one to get. So, I just got a large handful of the pastries with cream marked ‘overflowing’ and put them in the trolley. I also got a couple of packets of cake mix, so I can bake them later. I moved to the chocolate isle, and I went berserk; I grabbed blocks of chocolate, chocolate pancakes, chocolate butter, and chocolate frosting.

I walked back to Eliza at the counter with a trolley full of items.

“Wow. You must really love my food” she laughed. “Oh, there is something I’ve got to tell you.”

“Yes?” I replied, waiting for any other surprises she would come out with.

“This food isn’t just normal food.” She said a matter-of-factly. “If you say what the food you’re about to eat to do, it will do it.”

“So, say if I want this whipped cream to fill my breasts.” I asked, picking up a can of whipped cream. “They’ll get bigger?”

“Yes, exactly.” She replied, nodding her head. “You could make the cream come out of your nipples if you wanted to.”

This gave me an arousing, and mischievous idea.

“Well thank you,” I yelled as I hurried off. “See you later tonight.”

**CHAPTER 2 – EXPERIMENTING**

I lay down on my bed with several cans of chocolate whipped cream. I thought to myself, is this really going to happen? Is this cream going to go to my breasts, or my thighs? Is all of this even real? Well, it can’t hurt to find out.

“I want this cream to go to my boobs.” I clearly stated. “I also want my boobs to act like a can of whipped cream; my boobs would be the can and my nipples would be the nozzle, but I want the cream to build up first before I can spray it.”

I then held up the can to my open mouth, and with a soft hiss, a gush of delicious whipped cream sprayed into me. As I tried to swallow the excessive amount of cream, I felt my breasts start to tingle. My tits began to grow; I could feel the cream travel down my throat and into my boobs, fat and cream filling into them and making my bra tighten. I pressed my hand to my tit and felt it expand. The feeling was tremendously orgasmic, but I wanted to enrich the feeling. I slowly moved my hand down to my clit and rubbed it. Squirming in ecstasy, I accidentally held the button on the can a little harder so more amounts of cream came into me. My tits were pressing up against my bra and I could feel its end was near, so I gave it a little push. I held the can on full throttle and three amazing things happened at once. My bra could hold the pressure of my large tits and snapped apart. My shirt couldn’t hold it either so the buttons flew off and my tits burst out, and I had a tremendous orgasm so my boobs grew even more.

With a sputter, the can was finished, but I wanted more. I grabbed another can of chocolate whipped cream and held it to my mouth.

“Again, but this time much faster, and when I orgasm I want the cream to spray out.” I moaned, sexually hungry.

I put the nozzle back in my mouth and squirted it at full speed, and so did my tits. They grew bigger and bigger with each passing second as cream was pouring into them. It felt so good. I love whipped cream. I’ve always wanted it to be gushed into me to make me bigger and bigger. I took the nozzle out of me mouth for a second, and sprayed a small amount on my pussy. I rubbed the cream inside and out of my wet pussy, so it became even slipperier. I continued to spray more cream into my mouth as I was rubbing my clit with gusto. My breasts swelled larger and larger; my nipples grew and perked up just like the nozzle from the can. The feeling was getting better; I was feeling hornier and more aroused each second, I couldn’t take it. Moaning and groaning, I experienced a wonderful kinky feeling; my nipples erupted, sending mountains of chocolate whipped cream all over me. Taking a large amount of cream, I put it in my mouth and tasted it. Mmmm, so creamy and chocolaty … mmmm … and so **fattening**! I rubbed and smeared the cream over my already DD-sized tits, over my slim stomach and down to my drowning pussy.

Looking over to the side of the bed, I noticed that there were two cans left. By that time, I was so horny and hot (Mmmm, I just felt so **good**!) that I was going to try anything to increase both my tit size and my orgasms. I popped the lids of both cans and shook them. Seeing my tits jiggle up and down just made me want to have an orgasm there and then.

“If I squirt cream from this can up my pussy, I want it to go to my thighs and butt,” I said, motioning to the can in my left. “And the cream from this can goes to my tits.”

I took the left can and slid the nozzle up into my pussy and other into my open mouth. I thought for a moment whether or not if this is a good idea, but my hormones got the better of me; I held the buttons on both cans down. I shrieked with excitement as a spurt of cream went in my pussy; it felt yummy. The can in my pussy gushed out chocolate cream, making my pussy feel full and wet. I could feel the cream travel up into my thighs and my butt, making them fuller, and plumper. All the while I was spraying the other can into my mouth, making my tits grow rounder and fatter. Chocolate cream was slowly squirting out of my erect nipples, circling my large areolas and covering my beautiful puppies. All this cream … surely it would be too much, but no. I wanted more – lots more! I wanted to become a giant sized pastry overflowing with orgasmic, delicious chocolate cream. So I pressed down as hard as I could on both cans. I was growing fatter and fatter, bigger and bigger. My shorts couldn’t take it; they burst with a giant rip and out exploded my thick, fat thighs, still swelling with cream. I could feel that I was near climax, so I pulled out the can from my mouth and stuck it in my pussy with the other.

“Make both of these cans fill my giant tits, plump thighs and round ass with fat and cream!” I breathed heavily.

Together, with two whipped cream can nozzles sticking into my pussy, I slammed down the buttons. Cream was flooding into me, making my tits swell and produce more chocolate cream. I could feel my ass fill with fat as it was becoming more round and defined. My pussy swallowed the excessive amount of cream it was fed, and my thighs blossomed out making it almost impossible to hold the cans in place. I was elated, moaning in ecstasy and enjoyment.

“Oh, gooooood!” I groaned, squirming on my bed. “This feels so good; all this cream and fat!”

I looked down to my pussy, where all the action was happening, but my vision was obscured with two ginormous jiggling melons. Surely they were E-cups now. Giant, globed shaped E-cups filled with chocolate cream … chocolate cream ready for squirting. I stopped spraying cream in my pussy for a second, and went to hop into the bathroom. The weight difference sure increased, but I quickly got used to it. I sat down in the tub, and put the nozzles back in.

“When I orgasm, I want my tits to spray chocolate cream all over me!” I cried, closing my eyes in complete bliss. “I want the cream to be so creamy and thick … thicker than cake frosting. And I want lots to come out … at least enough so it overflows this tub!”

I hit down the buttons as hard as I could, and yet again, more cream was flowing into me. I could tell I was ready to explode; I was crying out. Not for help, but for hunger, for more cream to fill me up. At last I climaxed; I shook violently as my juices from my pussy were flowing out into the tub. Thick, chocolate cream sprayed out of my engorged nipples, filling the bath with it. I was getting covered in cream; I could feel it spreading over my face, but I didn’t care. In fact I liked it. No, I loved it! All this thick, yummy cream covering my voluptuous body made me excited. At last, my luscious tits stopped producing cream just as I could hear a few plops on the bathroom floor, which meant the tub was overflowing. I took the nozzles out of my vagina and put them on the floor, and wiped the cream out of my eyes. I looked down and saw a giant mountain of thick, chocolate cream covering my whole body, so I went swimming.

I slipped and slided in the rich cream, smearing it all over my body; slathering it over my E-sized tits, and down to my inflated thighs and plump ass. I never knew it felt so kinky to be slippery all over. I laid down in the tub, tits-first, and glided up and down in the tub, all over the mountain of chocolate cream. Looking down to my incredibly deep cleavage, I noticed an excessive amount of cream was stuck between my two big melons. I brought them up to my mouth and licked the cream off my profound cleavage. As soon as I tasted the luscious chocolaty butter, I came right there and then; my body shook violently and out came another load of buttery chocolate cream.

“Ooooh…” I squealed, as more cream filled the tub. “Ohhh, more … mmmm … more cream!”

I took another lick of the batter from my cleavage, and I orgasmed again. More cream gushed out of me, flowing out of the tub and onto the floor. I kept lapping up more cream, so I kept producing more cream. Eventually, almost the whole bathroom was covered in thick, buttery chocolate cream. I saw this as an opportunity to get even bigger; I scooped up a large portion of cream.

“The moment I eat this, I want all the cream that came out of my tits to go back into me,” I stated, still quite aroused. “I want it to go to my tits, my thighs and ass.”

I put the cream in my mouth and swallowed it. As soon as it was down my neck, all the cream in the room divided into three amounts; one covered my tits, the other my thighs, and the last covered my butt. It was like my tits, or my thighs or ass, was eating the cream which was covering it. It felt really strange, but yet so good! My tits, thighs and ass swelled even bigger as the cream was disappearing into them. I came and came again, sending more cream to be eaten by these fat things. I tried to control myself, and stopped producing cream from my nipples. Eventually, there was no more; looking around the bathroom it was as if nothing happened in the last few minutes. That was until I looked down at my body.

My tits increased size to at least an EEE cup, my thighs were suffocating my pussy beneath its fat, and my plump ass was rounder and bigger. It all felt so good just to touch. I noticed some leftover cream still nestling between my soft globes, and wiped it up with my finger. I didn’t want that to happen again. I didn’t want to become too big, too fast.

“I want to be able to control when I orgasm,” I said, sleepily. “I want the feeling to build up, and to let go when I want it to.”

I licked the cream off my finger, and with that I passed out in the tub, never knowing what other changes there was still to come.