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, beginning to waddle to her car to get her purse.

"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’t 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 might not 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, stacked in a ordered category.

“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, still taking in the intoxicating bouquet.

“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 think that fattening foods speed up the process; 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, strongly. “There are not a lot of people in this world who is as kind as you are. Believe it or not you’re one of the few.

Your kindness sparks a never-ending light of hope, and it will be with you for all eternity, as will your reward – free in-store products, and two remaining wishes.”

“Well thank you.” I beamed at her.

“If you need anything, you just holler at me, ok?” she confirmed with me, looking down on me like a hawk.

“Sure thing, Madam Eliza.” I replied.

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 with 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. “Before you eat any item of food from this store, tell it what you want it 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.”

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. I could feel it stretch and swell with each passing second. My nipples were extending and becoming longer. Looking down my shirt, I could see my once B-sized boobs slowly press together, forming a defined cleavage.

The feeling was tremendously orgasmic, but I wanted to enrich it. 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 poured in. 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 everywhere.” 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 my mouth for a second, and sprayed a small amount on my pussy. I rubbed the cream inside and out of my wet lips, 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. My areolas were stretching along with my tit-flesh, soon to become disc-sized. 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 D-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. My thighs were swelling inside my shorts, bulging out from behind them. I could feel my butt checks stretch against the cover of the bed. It was becoming rounder and fuller; my shorts began to show signs of defeat.

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 scrumptious, 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 DD-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. I could feel the cream being pressured and squirting out of my elongated nipples. It felt tremendous! 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, and I kept producing more. 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 fat tits, my plump thighs and curvaceous 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 these three ‘funbags’, were 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 felt it seep into them through my skin, like it was sucking like a vacuum cleaner. Eventually, there was none left; 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 E cup, my thighs were suffocating my pussy beneath its fat, and my plump ass was curvier and incredibly swelled. 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 cream sprays out,” I said, sleepily. “I want the amount 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.

**CHAPTER 3 – DINNER AND A STORY**

I woke up in the bath, still naked from the recent happenings of chocolate cream. I was cold, and surprisingly hungry. Getting up and out from the tub, I glanced at the clock on the wall and noticed it was past 6:00pm. I decided to get some take-out for dinner, because I really didn’t feel like cooking. I walked back into the bedroom, noticing some remaining droplets of whipped cream on my bed, and decided what I should wear. I put on a short, black skirt, which really showed off the curves from my ass, and a tight red buttoned-up shirt. The shirt complimented my gorgeous cleavage, and was making my two love puppies squeeze together. I noticed that both my dress and shirt were tighter than before, so it felt strange to walk around in them. I’m going to have to go shopping for more clothes, soon. I walked downstairs, picked up my keys, got in the car and drove off.

“Hmmm, where should I go to tonight?” I said to myself. “McDonalds … KFC?”

I thought about it for a moment as I drove out of my street. I didn’t know which one to pick! Then a thought popped into my head: there’s always Madam Eliza’s. I could use some more growth, here and there, and I did awfully enjoy what happened today. Thinking about what I can do with some of Madam Eliza’s food, I thought of a contradiction. Soon enough, playing with myself is going to get boring, and I’ll need someone to share it with. I remembered that I had two remaining wishes left, and I knew what to do with one of them.

I pulled into the Oakland Shopping Centre, and turned my car off with a hum. Walking towards Madam Eliza’s, I saw that she was smiling at me, as if she knew that I was coming.

“Hello again, dear!” she tweeted. “Back for more, I see? Well, what can I do for you this fine night?”

“Hi, Madam Eliza,” I replied. “Well, I was wondering if I could get some take-out food, if that’s alright.”

“Of course, my dear!” exclaimed Eliza. “You don’t even have to ask. And please, call me Eliza.”

“Thank you again, Eliza.” I thanked her enthusiastically. “But there is something else, as well.”

“Oh, yes?” she twitched her head in curiosity.

“With everything that happened today,” I started. “I realised that I need someone to share it with. Someone trustworthy, and who loves me and who I am going to love back.”

“Ah, love; ones true feeling of happiness,” she said dreamily. “A man, perhaps?” she continued.

“Well, I thought about it, and I think it will have to be a woman.”

“Why a woman though; if you don’t mind me asking, of course.”

“No, no, it’s fine. It’s just that … um.” I rubbed my hands slowly on my smooth ass. “I feel like I will be more attracted to a female, and from experiences, I just …”

I cut off there, not knowing how to make this clear to Eliza.

“What I’m trying to say, is that I feel more comfortable around women than men,” I explained, still rubbing my round cheeks. “Plus, I think that it will be a lot more fun with a woman.”

Eliza thought about what I said for a moment, scratching her cheekbones as she did so. It felt pretty awkward, so I looked down at the types of chocolate bars at the counter, to avoid her gaze.

“I had that problem as well,” Eliza blurted out. “A long time ago, I was in love with the most beautiful woman I ever saw, Bella. And I’m not talking about looks; I’m talking about her passion and feeling that she had for me. We spent years together, centuries even!”

I was quite disordered and puzzled when she said that they had been together for that long.

“We were both witches,” she explained. Then from seeing the other look on my face, she continued. “Not all witches are evil! We get a couple of bad eggs, here and there, but most of us are good.

Anyway, this woman and I, we were bonded to each other; bonded with love for all eternity. That was until an evil, repulsive witch decided to take her away from me! She was jealous, you see, jealous of our profound love that she couldn’t have. She killed Bella, my beautiful, sweet Bella! Oh, but did she pay; I cursed her for what she did to my Bella. I told her that nobody on this fine earth will love her, and that she should rather die instead of trying to find love. Well, she couldn’t take it; she left earth to try and find someone to love her, but she failed. Bella, she … she was kind. And that’s why I gave you three wishes: you reminded me of her.”

She gave me a wide grin, deepening her wrinkles as she did so. Her eyes sparkled like fireworks. I tried to deliver the same result.

“But enough about me ranting on,” she sighed. “I’ll grant you your wish, but you have to promise me you’ll look after until the end of this earth.”

“I promise.” I replied, looking in her eyes with great confidence.

“Ok then.” She smiled again. “Her name is Jessica; she has the same amount of kindness as you, and the same fetishes, think of her as a twin.” She added with a wink. “She is trustworthy, she loves you, and most importantly, she will do **anything** for you.”

Looking around the store, I expected her to jump out and surprise me. However, this failed to occur.

“Where is she?” I asked.

“She is sitting patiently in your home, waiting for you to bring back dinner.” She reassured me.

The word dinner made me realise what I was here for in the first place. I thanked her, and walked towards the ‘Take-out’ isle. I looked around for something enough to feed at least 5 (I’ve got to get her big, too), but couldn’t find anything. As if Eliza read my mind, she hobbled over with a giant bag with an ‘M’ marked on it.

“Take this, Sammie.” She said. “I think that this will fill you both up.”

I thanked her, took the bag and hurried back to my car, excited for what was sitting at home for me.

**CHAPTER 4 – DEEP-FRIED SODA FAT TAKE-OUT BANANZA**

I pulled into the drive-way, got out and locked the car. I searched into my bag to find my keys, but I didn’t need to. The door flew open, and there stood the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen in my entire life. She had long brown, silky hair that just reached below her shoulders. Her smooth creamy skin somehow glowed in the darkness. She was wearing a really tight leather short skirt that complimented her hips, and a tight low-cut t-shirt that flattered her cleavage and showed off her belly. There wasn’t much to flatter, though. Not on her ass and thighs either, but we’ll fix that soon enough.

“Sammie, your home!” she chirped. “I thought you’d never come back.” she closed and bolted the door as I walked in.

“Well, I’m back.” I replied.

I dropped the bag of goodies on the table and went to throw my keys in the basket, but missed. I bent over to pick them, not realising that I was showing off my booty in front of Jessica’s face. Putting the keys back in the basket, I turned around to see Jessica staring at my ass.

“Mmmm, you like my ass?” I teased.

She bit her lip, looking quite aroused, and nodded her head. I grabbed the bag and walked up the stairs.

“Well, follow me if you want it.” I purred, slowly moving my butt side to side, with each step.

I walked into the bedroom and sat down on the bed, just as Jess flew into the room and landed beside me. She crawled on top of me, pinned my arms down, and kissed me full on the lips. I could feel her tongue trying to push into through my lips, so I let it. Our tongues locked onto each other, dancing from mouth to mouth. I put my arms around her and brought her closer to me. She flipped me over, so that I was on top of her. Slowly, she moved her hands down to my fat, plump butt, and squeezed it slightly. I moaned in satisfaction, so she squeezed harder. It must have been hours before we both let go of each other’s mouths.

“I’ve wanted to do that for a long time,” she whispered to me.

“So have I.” I breathed, lying beside her.

I looked deeply into her dark brown eyes, as she looked into mine. She brushed her hand on my cheek, and slowly moved it down my neck and to my breast, circling my areola and squeezing my big fat tit. I opened my mouth and gasped in arousal. I was so horny, and I wanted to fuck her so bad, but I was hungry and surely so was she.

I grabbed the bag of food, and opened it. Inside there were 4 cheeseburgers, 1 litre of Coco Cola, and a whipped cream can marked ‘Ice-cream’ on the side. I couldn’t fathom how all this food was fitting into one measly bag. I unloaded it all onto the bed, except for the ice-cream, which I set on the bedside table for later. Jessica and I breathed in the addicting smell, and were ready for a giant feast.

“So, which one first, Sammie?” Jessica asked me.

I wanted most of this food to help her grow in all the right places, but I wanted felt like I wanted to feed her. I pulled Jessica over to me, laying her down so the back of her head nestled in my comfortable cleavage, so I had a perfect view of hers. I ran my hands through her soft hair, and lowered it on Jessica’s soon-to-be tits.

“Would you like a couple of cheeseburgers?” I asked her, lightly rubbing her small nipples.

“Mmmm … that would be lovely …” she replied, closing her eyes.

I grabbed one of the cheeseburgers and removed its packaging. I focused on the burger, and thought: *When Jessica eats these cheeseburgers I want all the fat to fill up her breasts. And I want it to feel good for her, and I mean* ***really*** *good.*

I broke the burger in half, and stuffed one of the halves into her open mouth. She started chewing the burger, moaning seductively as she did so, which meant that it was delicious. Swallowing it, she looked down to her chest.

“Oh my god,” she murmured. “They’re … they’re growing.”

And they certainly were; I could feel her skin stretch and push outward into my open hand. I felt her nipple grow, as well, pushing against Jessica’s bra. Her breasts were swelling with fat, getting bigger and bigger, stretching and bulging against my hand. Jessica moaned in satisfaction.

“Mmmm … this feels good,” she slowly brushed her fingers over her tits, and down to her pussy. “Feed me more! I want to get bigger!”

I did as she said; I stuffed the other half of the burger into her mouth, and she hurriedly swallowed it. Jessica’s breasts swelled again, her nipples lengthening and becoming stiffer. I massaged her growing bosoms, as she massaged her wet pussy. With no further questions, I grabbed another burger and shoved it into her mouth. She swallowed it without delay; Jessica squealed in ecstasy, as her boobs surged outwards. It felt great to feel my lover’s boobs inflate with fat, but I wanted the stretching and swelling to increase dramatically. Picking up the next burger, I focused and thought: *I want the remaining burgers to do the same thing to Jessica as before, but when I rub or tickle her boobs I want them to inflate with even more fat.*

“Jessica,” I said. “You like the feeling of your boobs growing, don’t you?”

“Mmmm, I **love** it!” she giggled. “I want them to be full with fat … mmmm … I want them to be BIG!”

I grabbed another cheeseburger, and fed it into her open mouth. Swallowing it within seconds, her tits enlarged again, straining against the fabric of her bra. I think that her bra needs to come off; I squeezed and played with her CC-sized tits, still plumping up. They grew larger as I tickled them, filling up with fat. Jessica gasped in both surprise and arousal; she fiddled with her pussy faster. I pinched her stiffened nipples, purposely making them lengthen. I tickled her boobs again, and this time they grew faster. They pressed up against her bra, making the cleavage more profound. Jessica was elated; she looked down and saw her cleavage deepen.

“Feed me more!” she breathed. “I want to bust out of this bra!”

I picked up the final cheeseburger, and stuffed the whole thing in her mouth. With a loud gulp, her boobs fattened with one last heave. Her bra couldn’t take it and snapped in two, sending Jessica over the edge and cumming right on top of me. She shrieked with enjoyment and squirmed as I rubbed her nipples slightly; they must be really sensitive. Jessica eventually ceased, and started to check out her babies. She rubbed her nipples, moaning as she did so, and squeezed her tits so her cleavage jumped out at her. I put my hands on top of hers, and gently rubbed her hands over her breasts.

“Would you like a drink with that meal?” I asked.

Jessica replied with soft aroused moans, so I took the litre of Coco Cola and undid the bottle. Focusing on it, I thought that this bottle of Coco Cola would fill up her breasts. I held the bottle to her mouth, and almost immediately, she wrapped her lips around it and started to drink it. With each swallow, her breasts inflated outwards, pushing against her shirt. Jessica moaned it approval, touching her pussy once again. Her breasts swelled incredibly fast; after about 4 mouthfuls, they began to reach EE-size. She stopped drinking it for a second, and burped loudly, decreasing the size of her beauties slightly.

“Oh, my,” she said. “It feels so strange. I can feel bubbles fill my tits with every mouthful; it’s making it so sensitive.”

“So, if I did this …” I wrapped my hands around her tits and shook them around.

Jessica gasped and moaned loudly from the soft drink bubbling in her breasts. She loved every second of it. I put the bottle back in her mouth, and she started drinking it again. Her tits inflated with Coke and were becoming extremely bloated; her tits were bigger than basketballs now. Pausing to burp again, her tits deflated and became smaller. I couldn’t have that, so I forced the soft drink in her mouth, making her tits surge up again. Jessica’s shirt was being pushed to its limits; the material slightly started to rip. She tried to pause again to burp, but I held the bottle firmly in her mouth, so she was forced to keep drinking. With my free hand, I jiggled and squeezed her swelling tits; I could hear the Coke in her breasts fizz. She shrieked sexily as her tits strained against the fabric of her t-shirt.

Looking at the bottle, I noticed that Jessica was on her last mouthful, so I gave her tits one last shake to enrich the feeling. Just as Jessica was on the brink of another orgasm, her nipples exploded with fizzing Coco Cola. She moaned and groaned loudly, massaging her pussy as she was cumming again. Her tits were shrinking back down to its previous size. The Coco Cola sprayed all under her shirt, and down her skirt. Some squirted out and landed in my cleavage, leaving my boobs all sticky. Eventually, Jessica stopped spraying Coke out of her nipples, and ceased moaning.

“Ohhh, wow,” she breathed. “That felt great! Mmmm … and I’m all sticky, too.”

“Would you like some dessert, some creamy, sticky dessert?” I asked.

“How could I possibly say no?” she purred.

I moved her so she was lying beside me, and reached over the bedside table to get the ice-cream can. Sitting on top of her, I noticed that her shirt was still dripping with Coke. I pulled off her shirt, revealing a very big pair of juicy, plump tits so creamy and soft I wished I had a dick so I could fuck them silly. I pulled the lid off the can, and held the nozzle over Jessica’s open mouth. Remembering what my tits could do, I wanted Jessica to be able to do something similar. I told the can, in my mind, to make Jessica’s breasts act like a soft-serve ice-cream machine and for all the ice-cream to fill them up. Make the ice-cream also fill up Jessica’s ass and thighs, making them plump. Satisfied with my wish, I held down the button. Just like a soft-serve ice-cream machine, a thick line of soft vanilla ice-cream poured out of it, as it whirred silently.

I soon filled her mouth with delicious, fattening ice-cream. Closing her eyes, Jessica’s tits slowly filled with ice-cream. Her melons jiggled together, becoming fatter with each moment. The areolas stretched against her skin and her nipples perked up, like the nozzle from the ice-cream can. As I was sitting on her leg, I could feel her thighs begin to fatten under my pussy. Her ass was pumped with ice-cream, slowly lifting Jessica up from the waist down.

Looking back at her tits, I decided that they were a bit bare, so I took the nozzle out from her mouth and held it over her still-bloating tits. I held down the button, so out poured even more rich ice-cream. Jessica saw what I was doing, and smiled in satisfaction. She smeared the ice-cream all over her growing melons, which seemed to be soaking up the cold treat. Jessica’s beautiful tits could now fit into a DD-sized bra, but they were not done. They were going to get **so** much bigger. But I wanted them to grow faster. Remembering what I did earlier today, I looked at the can, and thought that I when I pour ice-cream from this can up her pussy I want all the fat to fill out in her already fattening areas. And I want it to feel 10 times better and grow twice as fast. I slid the nozzle of the can through her pussy lips, and pumped ice-cream into her. Almost immediately, she let out a load helpless moan. She grasped her hands to her tits and felt them swell tremendously. Her fingers, covering her two fat nipples, were slowly moving apart as her fuck-bags continued to pump with frozen cream. Think of when you hold a balloon in your hand, and you pump it with air; it stretches and inflates. Well that’s what Jessica’s creamy puppies did. Her nipples suddenly perked up to attention, just as Jessica decided to squeeze her melons quite gingerly.

“Ohhh … this … feels so … gooooood!” she cried. “Grow … grow **bigger**! Uhhhhh!

Just as Jessica’s big ballooning Diary Queens reached past an EE-cup, her breasts slightly sunk into her chest and exploded out with delicious, soft-serve vanilla cream. It plopped mainly on her tits, but also landed on her pussy and on her face. Looking at all the sweet ice-cream, I abandoned and threw the cold can next to Jessica on the bed. I took of my tight shirt and my short skirt, and dove right into the sticky mess. Latching my mouth onto one of my lover’s engorged nipples, I sucked it for all it was worth. Mouth-watering vanilla ice-cream poured into my mouth and was filled to the brim. It tasted divine; the rich, frozen cream practically melted in mouth. I looked up to Jessica, who had taken the can and was sucking the remaining ice-cream clean out. Jessica’s tits began to flourish with fat, once again. Still engulfing ice-cream from her right tit, I felt her breasts grow in my mouth. Her nipple luxuriated in it, lengthening and filling out any remaining space.

I was so turned on by this feeling; I began to hump her leg while maintaining to gorge on her soft-serve treat. Jessica softly ran her hand through my hair, and lightly stroked my back until finally landing on my plump butt. I was helpless, like a baby sucking its mom for milky food. I was felt that I was on the verge of cumming, so I rocked harder on Jessica’s fleshy thighs. She knew that I was about to orgasm, because she said:

“Oh, yes!”She moaned. “Cum for me, Sammie! **Cum on me** … Ohhh.”

Jessica’s seductive words pushed me over the edge; I came on her leg, squirting my juices all on her. She didn’t mind. She thought it was kinky.

“Oooo, my leg feels all wet and warm.” She teased. “I love being all drenched in cum.”

I didn’t realise how sticky we both were until I slid off her leg, panting beside her.

“Do you want to take a wet, steamy bath with me?” I moved closer to her, until our face was almost touching.

“Mmmm … A slippery, soapy bath?”She breathed. “Together? At the same time?”

“Uh huh,” I replied with a sigh.

“Well, what are we waiting for?” she purred.

I took her hand and we both ran into the bathroom, slamming the door behind us, obviously ready for some steamy sex. We both didn’t know what kinky event was going to happen later on that very night. But if I knew what it was, I couldn’t wait.