“…Thanks…”

The door slammed shut in the delivery girl’s smiling face, an appropriate ending to an awkward encounter. The girl who had answered the door had to have been similarly aged; 18-24 or so, she guessed. Something about her had the air of a student, but it was a bit odd her apartment was this far from campus… and that she had ordered enough food for a small gathering… especially since it was 10 in the morning… and her blinds were shut tight… and there was no light on when she opened the door… and she was clad in a thick terry cloth robe on a sunny-and-seventy day… and, if Yvette wasn’t mistaken, the alkaline smell of bleach…?

“Oh well,” she said to herself as she turned and made her way down the stoop and to her waiting car. “At least the tip was decent.” Rather generous, actually, she thought to herself. Hadn’t Jack mentioned delivering to this address just a day or two ago? She reminded herself to check the next time she saw him. Shaking off the strange vibes, she slipped back into her rusted out Volvo and headed back to the shop.

And as she sped off, the eye peering through the slightest crack in the blinds disappeared.

Isabel, turning away from the window, quickly hefted the massive stack of pizza boxes and Styrofoam containers to the kitchen counter, and just as quickly resealed the locks to her apartment door, wondering to herself if the delivery girl noticed the smell… well, if she had, she hadn’t made a show of it.

Without missing a beat she grabbed the topmost pizza box and spirited it to the towel-covered couch in the adjoining living room, careful to navigate past the trash can without knocking it over, filled to the brim as it was with similar takeout boxes. The apartment was small, or “cozy,” as it had been advertised to her, but she was thrilled to have it to herself, especially considering her recent condition.

Throwing herself down on the couch, sweat running down her temples, she opened the box and began to tear into the steaming hot pizza inside with one hand as the other untied her robe and began to slip it off her shoulder. Her stark red hair was expertly braided into a long tail that cascaded down to her mid back and her bangs, which normally cutely framed her lightly freckled “schoolgirl” face, were plastered to her moistened forehead. She was sweating profusely, considering the apartment couldn’t have been more than 60 degrees with the central air blasting away.

Her awkward disrobing was accentuated only with small grunts and moans in between mouthfuls of food. In just a few seconds the first piece was gone, and in one smooth motion her remaining arm slipped out of the robe’s sleeve before darting back at the pizza box for a second slice, the yellow bath robe now resting slack at her waist. Her torso now bared, it was clear her bra was too tight, not in the band but in the cups. Her breast flesh was ballooned out obscenely at the top of the petite, lacy b-cups, and likewise at the bottom. Two fierce tents could be seen where her nipples managed to make themselves known despite a significant amount of padding, proudly announcing themselves like two chubby marker caps.

Where her bulging tits were mashed together harshly in the center by her too tight bra, a rivulet of sweat began to form and run, it’s rapid course only blunted by the sudden outward curve of her swollen belly. It was glaringly out of place compared to her svelte and lightly muscled arms and dainty, manicured hands, but still reasonably fit within “food baby” territory and not “real baby” territory—though for how long was questionable considering she was finishing up the first pizza.

Sucking the crumbs and grease off her fingers she groaned longingly as her stomach lurched outward again, expanding as the doughy meal absorbed water in her gut.

“Jesus Christ what is going on with me,” she said, rubbing her turgid stomach in large circles as she began to catch her breath. It couldn’t have been more than two minutes since she started on her first slice. “It feels so fucking good. I’m so full…” She knew, however, that feeling wouldn’t last much longer.

Forcing herself to her feet and back to the kitchen, her mind satisfied enough to think about that delivery girl instead of the food she brought. Specifically her chubby frame stuffed into that white and red uniformed top and tight jeans. Not fat by any means, Isabel recalled, but full – “Curvy” as recent media would love to call it. She had a very classic hourglass shape, and her hips seemed just a hair’s breadth wider than her shoulders. Child-bearing hips. Hips meant for getting fucked, a pathetically flat belly begging to be filled, and ripe grapefruit sized breasts begging to be squeezed and slapped. Izzy shook her head, shocked at the sudden shift in her thinking, glancing down and realizing she just polished off an entire cheesesteak. With barely any conscious thought she grabbed a two liter of cola, twisted the top off, and threw her head back for a drink. And kept her head back. She barely even swallowed, her throat simply remained open, and within just a few seconds the bottle was empty. Satisfying, but she craved something thicker and more bitter.

She staggered backwards, panting with the sudden burning sensation in between her legs. It was happening again, and faster than last time, Izzy noted to herself. She hobbled awkwardly back to the couch, minimizing any movement to the bobbing mass poking against the robe folded around her hips.

Gingerly she set herself down, reaching down and making sure that the bucket on the floor was within reaching distance. With a look of grim fascination, she let her robe fall open, her eyes glazing with lust at the sight.

There, bulging through the thin silken material of her black panties, was the unmistakable outline of a cock. More shocking was the apparent size of the balls that the girthy shaft was perched on. Each fat nut was easily the size of a red delicious apple, and they were obviously swelling up as she watched. Strangely, she noticed, as her balls grew more distended, her stomach began to recede.

Her hand shaking, she reached into the band and unsheathed her massive package. Her erect dick shot bolt upright to eight inches, curving tantalizing toward her own face. The skin of her cock was perfectly smooth, despite the bulging network of veins coursing along its surface to feed the huge, mushrooming glans.

Immediately she gripped the beast, her hand just barely able to encompass its diameter, and she began to jack it vigorously, her head lolling back against the sofa. A constant stream of pre leaked, fat pulses in time with the beating of her heart. Instantly her hand, dick, balls, and most of her thighs were covered in her own copious, stringy, lube.

In her mind, Izzy imagined the pizza girl, on her knees at her feet, her piercing blue eyes staring into her own as she sucked on the golf ball sized head of her dick.

That was all it took for her cock to distend in one great pulse, turning almost a deep purple as it began to spurt a thick torrent of perfectly white cum. As though sympathetically, her bra began to soak through as her nipples spurted milk in time with each thick rope. Spasming and jerking with pleasure, she managed to slide forward off the couch and aim her pulsing appendage into the lip of the bucket. The force of the stream nearly knocked the bucket over, each pulse ringing out with a sound not unlike a cow’s milk splattering at the bottom of a pail.

About a minute later, the stream of cum had turned into a trickle. Izzy practically straddled the bucket as she came down from her high, her belly now almost flat. Her ass now in the air, it was clear that not only her breasts had been growing. Her panties had failed to cover her cheeks at all, and had been sucked into her crack to form a thong, her huge cheeks quivering with each aftershock of her orgasm.

Her body once again moving almost reflexively, she picked the bucket up, her racing mind quickly noting the graduations she had marked in the bucket. Over 300 mL of pungent, steaming, perfectly white cum. She threw her head back and began to chug, moaning as it coated her mouth and throat.

The bucket fell to the ground with a solid thump, and Izzy slouched back against the couch. She was panting desperately for air and her face was thickly coated in come. A cursory glance downwards confirmed her expectation… her red, oblong balls were now bigger than apples, and her angry, deflating prick was clearly thicker too…

Catching her breath, she spoke:

“What… The… Fuck….”