“…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 cum. 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….”

The shocks on the Volvo recoiled as the green and rust colored car clambered across the pot-holed parking lot. Yvette steered the venerable transport to her usual parking spot in back of the building, sequestered in shade behind the tree line. Leaning back and unbuckling herself, she removed her hat and reached back to the tight, prim, brunette bun on the back of her head, removing the clip and letting it down to her shoulders. She liked this spot. It allowed her to relax, if only for a moment, before continuing with her less than satisfying career.

Today, she couldn’t relax. She glanced down at the receipt from that most recent delivery, as she had furtively done several times on her ride back to the restaurant. Her eye caught the dash clock incidentally, and she realized she was back early from the latest run, and she didn’t have to worry about getting chewed out by Jack.

Not knowing exactly why, she hesitantly picked up the receipt and inspected its signatory’s girlish and overelaborate hand writing.

“Isabel…..something something…” she mumbled to herself, squinting to decipher the elegant handwriting, noting how the signature turned into nothing more than a scribble as so often occurs on receipts. “What a pretty name.” Instinctively she brought it close to her lips, tremulously, haltingly, shocked at her own behavior.

Her nostrils flaring, she inhaled, taking in the smell of the receipt. It was the same smell as the apartment, and while she wasn’t positive before, this confirmed it for Yvette: the unmistakable, bleachy stink of cum. unconsciously, she rubbed her plump thighs together, squeezing the harsh denim against her mons.

Yvette should certainly know it well. She considered herself truly rare amongst women as one of the few that genuinely loved cum. The smell of it, the taste, the texture. There was nothing quite like it. Her past boyfriends would stand testament to her need of it; indeed, she had the occasionally received the unheard of complaint that she insisted on sucking dick too often. She would refuse any of them to finish insider of her, insisting that they blow their load instead all over her waiting face, her mouth open wide and her piercing blue eyes gazing into theirs hungrily. They usually got over that complaint quickly.

A gut-wrenching orgasm took her out of her reverie. She felt the sopping wet heat of her pussy as she was grinding her marble-sized clit underneath her middle finger, the aromatic receipt still clutched to her face as she panted. Her eyes went wide with shock for two reasons. Firstly, her clit had never been the size of a marble before. Secondly, she couldn’t stop.

Craning her head behind her in a panic and scanning out the windows of her stuffy car, it seemed that this part of the lot was truly abandoned, and fortunately no-one had seen this indiscretion take place. Though difficult, she managed to pry the receipt from her face, but in doing so it slipped free of her quivering hand, slipping effortlessly into the v-neck of her shirt and disappearing down her cleavage. Immediately another compulsion overcame her and she thoughtlessly turned to the backseat, grabbing the first undelivered box she could find.

Inside was one of their famous “gut-buster” Stromboli, with more calories than Yvette would realistically eat in three or four days. It was fully intended to be consumed by a family, stuffed as it was with a panoply of meats, vegetables, and cheeses. Her trembling hand grabbed it around its widest point at the middle, her free hand still furiously mashing her clit as though on autopilot, and brought it to her lips.

Yvette was by no means a thin girl. She enjoyed a good meal, and in her experience, knew that most men wanted a little meat on the bones. Never, however, had food really engaged her; but the moment the golden brown crust touched her lips, she felt her tongue light up in a way that it never had before. She felt a deep tingling pulse, running from her tongue all the way to the newly-fat clit that she had been relentlessly assaulting.

Her ears ringing as she came, she jammed as much of the Stromboli into her mouth could be physically managed, her cheeks distended outrageously, barely able to chew as the spastic orgasm rocked through her body. She managed to time her swallows in concert with her jerking movements, practically deepthroating the meal rather than truly eating it. Her neck distended ever so slightly and her muscles throbbed rhythmically, motivating the huge bolus into her waiting belly. It was more of a chug than a swallow, the last of the Stromboli disappearing into her mouth less than two minutes after she began eating it.

She only managed a quick gasp for air before she found herself jamming her hand in her mouth, her tongue working around it in the wide circles, cleaning off all the crumbs and grease. Clean of anything caloric, she was able to consciously pull it back out of her mouth, thick, viscous salvia stretching in glimmering strands between her fingertips and her lips.

“I’m….. I’m… a chubby little whore!” she moaned, immediately clasping her sticky hand over her mouth. Why in the fuck did she just say that? What was happening?!

Her left hand, however, was still busy frigging herself aggressively, leaving little room for thought. Trying her hardest, grunting from the strain, she tried to pry her hand away from her aching button, and found the action impeded not by a psychological imperative but a physical impediment.

Where this morning her jeans fit her perfectly, snugly, showing off the smooth curves of her hips and thighs, now the thick denim was stretching and groaning at the seams. Yvette blinked; it was so tight it was physically pinning her hand in her pants. More alarming, perhaps, was new muffin top she was sporting, a thin crescent of creamy white skin protruding easily two inches over the band of her pants. She noticed then that the amount of belly she was seeing was increasing, slowly but surely, as her shirt was hiked higher. Her body, scantly allowing her a moment to process these changes, marched on, her two braless c-cup breasts beginning to burn and ache.

The decision that morning to go braless was a conscious one, Yvette would be pained to admit. Pizza delivery didn’t pay well, and any tool she had to get a bigger tip was one she had no reservations in employing. Being without a bra wasn’t a big issue for her—she’d had inverted nipples her entire adult life, much to her embarrassment, which fortunately meant she never “flashed her beams” when going commando in such a way.

She couldn’t believe it when she saw two fingertip sized nipples straining against the thin white cotton of her t-shirt. In front of her eyes they jolted outward suddenly as two smaller but impressive bulges formed beneath them, her previously tiny areola doming outward, approaching the size of small tea cups. At a glance, her new nipples seemed outrageously disproportionate to her middling-sized breasts.

This time, in full control of her faculties, Yvette started rubbing her clit. One of her biggest insecurities washed away instantly. It dawned on her, her breath catching in her throat that she wanted more. As though on time, she felt herself cresting another peak, and barely registered her marble sized clit swelling lager underneath her fingers, distracted as she was by the sight of her rack swelling out at least an inch.

“M-more!” she said, without actively thinking so, “I need it. N-need to be filled!”

Unlike her previous orgasms, this one didn’t resolve. It receded low for a moment, before rising again, and again. She was bucking her hips viciously, arching her back at each apex before slamming her bloated ass down against the leather seat. And with each jolt her tits surged outward again. For a moment, the world went white.

Yvette heard the distant echo of a moan, saw a vague outline of a red-haired figure, and could vaguely feel how dry her mouth was – and strangely, how wet her legs were. Another moment and she felt the now familiar feeling of her engorged clit pressing against her fingers. Then, she realized those moans were hers.

Jolting awake, she snapped her eyes open, heart pounding out of her chest as she felt a recent orgasm fading away. Her left hand was painfully cramped and still stroking wide concentric arcs over her now-golf-ball-sized clitoris, and she felt a last bite of Stromboli working its way down her throat. Panicked, it took her a moment to register that it was dark out. Looking at the dash clock, it seems she’d been out for the better part of 10 hours.

Again trying desperately to remove her hand from her pants with a loud squelch, she felt it stuck far worse than before, and frustratingly her hand still refused any command other than “Stroke.” In the dim light she could make out a huge pile of empty boxes. Somewhere in her spell she must have realized there was more undelivered food still in the backseat.

For the first time since that morning, Yvette felt at least a portion of her faculties returning to her. She didn’t bother to locate her cell; she dared not read the angry texts nor listen to the angry voicemails. She wondered if she’d still have a job come morning. Surprisingly, she didn’t feel overly panicked. Whatever had been happening seemed to be winding down in intensity, and the best thing she could do now would be to collect herself and get home. Fortunately, her stroking fingers seemed to be moving a little slower, and she estimated she had at least a few minutes before another orgasm racked her body.

Turning the key in the ignition with her free, albeit sticky, right hand, her heart sank as she heard it turn over once before stalling out. She groaned out loud, realizing she must have left the lit delivery sign on the top of her car on all this time.

Opening the door, she recoiled as she felt the surprisingly cold night air on her apparently exposed belly. She tried swinging her legs out, the huge pool of what Yvette concluded to be her own girlcum squelching shamefully as she wrestled herself to her feet. Despite the fact she was wearing sneakers, the way her jeans were constricting her thighs and hips made it feel like she was balancing on a pair of heels. She couldn’t help but note that it wasn’t just her belly felt the night’s cold touch; she could feel little pockets of cold where the seams of her pants had apparently burst.

Silently thanking the universe that apparently no one had stumbled upon her in the throes of…whatever that had been, she made her way past the tree line. The rest of the lot was empty, and it looked like the pizza place was locked up tight. Gripping her key tightly in hand she made her way to the back entrance.

She forgot how eerie it could seem here at night. The door creaked open, in desperate need of some WD-40. Yvette easily navigated the back of the kitchen by rote memory, having made this trek hundreds of times after closing up shop. She made the choice not to flip on the lights, lest a curious onlooker think a break in was in progress. The last that she needed, Yvette thought, was a group of policemen showing up with her in this state. With their muscles and thick cocks. They’d probably all have to take turns

She had to pause for a moment and brace herself against the huge industrial freezer on her left as her probing fingers coaxed out yet another hearty orgasm. Perhaps she imagined it, but she could swear she heard threads ripping as she went over the crest.

Stumbling forward, she finally made her way into the employee bathroom just a few feet away, slammed shut the door, and flicked on the lights.