“….what -what, what is it…?” Jack asked in a groggy panic. Jolting upright, he glanced out his window into the pale moonlight. “Yvette? Where were you all day—“

“I’ll explain…” a breathy voice replied from the other side of the phone,” e-verything… Just meet m-me at the restaurant, o-kay?”

“Are you okay? What’s going on?”

“P-perfect, I prom…”-- the sound of swallowing, then licking of lips-- “…promise! Just need you to – uh- pick me up!”

“Fine, alright, don’t worry, just relax, and I’ll be there in 10!”

Jack slipped out of his neat bed, flicking on the lamp at his bedside. A mixture of frustration, confusion, and concern forced him to move with speed as he bent down to work his sneakers on over bare feet. Striding briskly to the other side of the room, he flung open in his closet and rustled through his overstuffed hamper, grabbing a passable black T-shirt. Stumbling toward his dresser, he slipped it over his arms, paused, pocketing his keys, then worked the shirt fully on. A moment later, he was on his way out the door.

*Click.* The second she heard Jack hang up, Yvette dropped the phone. Before it could even finish clattering on the barely lit floor, her right hand had darted up toward the countertop, probing the edge of the table for another sandwich. She could hear only the sound of her own heavy breathing in the dark of the kitchen. Moaning in frustration, she realized she must have finished the last of the ten hoagies she had haphazardly prepared while she was on the phone with Jack.

Anxiously looking toward the dim glow coming from the open door at the other end of the room, Yvette braced herself. Her tubby, wet, bare ass squishing on the cold tile floor, she whimpered as she attempted to gain some traction with her feet, wind being pressed out of her chest as she flexed forward against the three pneumatic masses appended to her crowded torso. The soles of her converse high-tops had no hope of gripping the tile through the thick layer of sweat and girl-cum that was glazing the floor and in quick order her feet began to slip.

Panting, she fruitlessly tried once more to extricate her fatigued left hand from the waist of what remained of her pants. Thought it was too dark to make out, Yvette was keenly aware of the cold air on her legs. Her jeans had been eviscerated by her ballooning thighs and ass, leaving only two form-fitting denim sleeves on her legs below the knees, where she still had the same petite calves she woke up with this morning. The sturdy seams at the groin and waste of her jeans had, miraculously, refused to rupture, instead constraining her sex and hand in what was effectively a tattered denim thong.

With a flash of insight, Yvette’s free arm once again probed the countertop, finally finding purchase on the wooden handle of the breadknife she had used just minutes ago to prepare her most recent binge. In the low light, she exhaled and sucked in her gut. Blindly guiding the flat of the blade under the colossal protuberance of her belly, she slipped it, thanks in part to the soaking lube saturating the fabric, under the waist band, lifted it a few degrees off the surface of her smooth skin, and began to saw into the fabric.

On the third stroke, the cloth having been stretched well past its intended limit for the last few hours, it cut cleanly in half, the released pressure of her fat-laden pelvis rebounding instantly, bursting the material from her body. The concentric wave of energy released set the fat of her ass and belly quivering as she took a deep breath.

Clenching her jaw, she managed to will her left hand’s massage to a final, blessed stop. Hissing through her teeth at the sensitivity of her clit, she finally lifted her fingers off the surface of the pliant flesh, noting its apparent girth – roughly, at her approximation, the size of her clenched fist.

Lifting her liberated hand and gently twisting it in the hazy light, the burning ache of hours of recurrent masturbation flooded to the limb. Torrential strands of glittering lube stretched from her wrinkled, prune-skinned finger tips all the way down to her drooling cunt. Her clit was already begging to be molested anew, as if somehow the entire day of constant stimulation hadn’t been enough.

For lack of a better option, she rubbed her soaking hand in wide circles on her belly, cleaning of the bulk of the heady juice off of her fatigued hand. Reaching up behind herself with, at last, both hands free, she managed to hook her elbows against the metal drawer handles behind her.

Now anchored, she arched her back out, finally lifting her gargantuan ass off the slippery floor. With labored breathing she tested her footing, her core shaking to hold her mass parallel to the ground. Yvette tried not to imagine what she must weigh by now. With a quick jerk, she popped her right elbow up another level, followed quickly by her left. She had given herself enough distance to slowly walk her feet underneath her. After a few nervous seconds of shuffling, Yvette found herself in a low squat. She could feel the heat of her tits as they pushed up toward her face by her new stance.

Blinking the sweat out of her eyes, she began to rise, finding it surprisingly easy. Her ass and legs had seemingly packed on muscle as well as fat, her body attempting to adapt to her bulk.

With a final heave, she was upright. She hiked herself up on her tip toes for a brief moment, allowing her to heft her globular ass to rest on the frigid steel countertop while she caught her breath. She placed a hand on the small of her back, tracing its curve down to where it sloped out outrageously into her tremendous cheeks. The shelf-like bulk of thick, slappable meat swelled out further than the distance between the start of her palm and the tips of her fingers.

Yvette finally caught her breath, and decided to appraise the damage. She had looked in the mirror when she arrived about an hour ago, and that was what had spurred her to defy her better judgment and (after another uncontrollable and massive binge) call Jack.

She began to make her way toward the bathroom door, feeling her massive hips tilt side to side, her butt slapping loudly against her thighs. Her widened bottom was forcing her to walk practically heel-toe-heel-toe, strutting like a model would on the catwalk. Indeed, it was seemingly more comfortable for her to walk on her tip toes than as flat as she normally would, as it allowed better shock absorption and minimized the shuddering of her fertile body. Hesitating for a moment, she grabbed a gallon jug of milk from the fridge, knowing she’d soon be thirsty again.

With more than a little anxiety, she walked into the room and looked into the mirror.

She had prepared herself, to a point, for what she saw reflected in the dusty full length mirror. Her hair was an absolute mess, brunette strands frizzed and tangled, soaked with a mix saliva and her own feminine juices. Her normally piercing blue eyes were puffy and bloodshot, no doubt from the constant throaty grunts of her unceasing orgasms. But her disheveled mien was the least outrageous change.

Yvette had been a woman long enough, read enough magazines, and seen enough television, to know plenty about the female form. She had always considered herself blessed with her relatively hourglass shape, priding herself on her femininity. She knew that some women were considered “Pears,” who tended to carry all their weight around the hips and thighs. There were also “apples,” who would gain the belly foremost, and the even rarer subset who seemed to carry purely in their breasts.

What she saw in the mirror was a seemingly impossible combination of all those forms. Two truly prodigious tits were on lewd display in the skintight cotton of her strained “shirt”—it barely passed as a flimsy sports bra at this point. The huge twin teardrops had long surpassed the volume and size of her head. Each was on par with an average woman’s 7-month pregnant stomach both in size and volume. Unlike a pregnant stomach, however, the massive globes constantly jiggled and oscillated on her chest with even the slightest movement or breath. They were, by far, the biggest tits she’d ever seen. Moreover, they were unmistakably real, natural, breasts; their apparent perkiness was deceptive, Yvette surmised, and mainly due to the support provided by her shirt. The mushrooming flesh that rose out her collar was crisscrossed with pale blue veins, struggling to circulate blood back from her fantastically engorged areola.

Each the diameter of a DVD disc, they domed out proudly, capped with nipples thicker and longer than her first three fingers pressed together, diamond hard, their deep pink color flushing through tortured cotton fibers.

Bigger still than her chest was the pumpkin sized mass of her gut. *Gut.* That was the only word her mind could render to adequately describe its size and nature. The size of her belly surpassed a woman at full term. It certainly carried low enough to be mistaken at first glance for a pregnant stomach, but the way it shook and jiggled belied its nature. It was packed to the brim with pounds of food, bubbling away audibly. Sweat ran in thick rivulets down its packed sides, coursing gently into the deep recess of her belly button and out again. The globe pulsed faintly, contracting ever so subtly as it digested the insane amount of nourishment contained within, and working it’s hardest to bloat her tits and ass further by the second.

Mouth agape, Yvette placed a faltering hand on the curve of her flank. Her hips were clearly wider than her shoulders by several inches on each side, free of any blemish saving some red lines where her obliterated blue jeans had struggled to quarantine her encroaching bulk. Pinching her supple flesh softly, a shiver of pleasure shot up her spine, forcing her to arch her back. The sudden wobbling of her assets nearly threw her off balance.

Spreading her legs to stabilize herself, her new stance drew her attention to where her delicate flower had once laid. Yvette had always had a rather delicate sex. In its place was a furiously puffy, inflated vulva. In-between her abundant dripping folds was a clit the size of an orange. From beneath it a constant stream of copious, viscous lube was dripping out of her slit. Heat rising in her core, Yvette’s right hand began to rub circles on her stomach as her left crept across her thigh and under her monstrous button, and with a probing digit she attempted to finger herself.

She couldn’t. Her cunt was clamped down impossibly tight despite the burning invitation from within. Moaning with frustration at this impasse, and with the returning hunger in her ravenous gut, she picked up the gallon jug of milk she’d brought with her, uncapped it, brought it to her mouth, and began to chug.

Turning to her side with her eyes still fixed at the mirror, she inspected her bulk in profile, all the while chugging away at the gallon jug. Her body looked even more absurd from this angle, tits and belly jutting out well over a foot from her torso. Her titanic ass cheeks and thighs managed to counterbalance her front load admirably, though her back was curved like a preening slut to compensate for all the weight – to “make room” on her torso, her back had naturally adapted to thrusting her chest out and upward, rolling her shoulders back. Lower down, her spine had become swaybacked, thrusting her rear out in order to pull her center of gravity somewhere close to midline. From both the front and profile she was a ridiculous procession of curves from head to toe.

Her eyes traced the constant flow of milk down her throat and into her cavernous stomach. In just a few more seconds she was done with the jug and dropped it to ground, her belly brimming once again.

Yvette’s mind was racing and panicked despite the incredible pleasure she felt. Her body had become little more than a jiggling collection of sultry orbs, and her appetite was still far from sated.

“I’m so fucking fat!” she said, her words again springing from somewhere deep below her conscious mind. “I’m a tubby whore who needs to be filled!” Her breath quickened, tits jiggling to the rhythm of her hitching breath. She spun around frenzied, nearly throwing herself off balance again, and strode out into the kitchen proper, her pussy gurgling with each step as rivulets of lube dripped onto the floor. Her hunger was incredible. “I need it. I need all of it.”

Abandoning her previous caution, she flipped on the lights in the kitchen and rushed towards the walk-in refrigerator, supporting her quaking titflesh with one arm while she threw the door ajar with the other.

Fumbling with anticipation she managed to withdraw a huge plastic tub filled to the brim with tomorrow’s pizza dough. With a heavy thud, she threw it down on the metal counter. Thrusting herself up on her tiptoes, she straddled the rounded steel edge of the countertop, lending support to her ballooning gut. Yvette shivered and gritted her teeth from the stark cold of the counter, but was soon allayed as her throbbing cunt coated the surface and warmed it in short order, her huge clit buzzing electrically with the minutest shift of her titanic weight on the fulcrum of her lovebutton.

Saliva drooling from her mouth and femcum drooling from her cunt, she dug in with both her hands, each arm taking turns shoveling handfuls of the buttery dough into her waiting mouth. Lightly floured crumbs began to cake her moist cheeks as load after load of pure fattening bread was driven into her, her throat constantly throbbed as she strained to swallow, leaving just enough time to take deep gasps of air between bites. The pressure in her throat lanced white hot pleasure down to her core, radiating further to her chest and loins. With each straining mouthful, the heat in her clit bloomed more intensely as her already stupendous stomach fought to contain the glut of food, its mass encroaching further onto the countertop by the second.

Yvette fell into a perfect rhythm: she would tilt forward, grinding her bulbous clit against the smooth metal of the countertop and putting her arms in perfect position to reap another huge swathe of foodstuff. In doing so, she would compress the impressive swell of her stomach, agitating the huge volume inside, which in turn facilitated the entrance of the next mouthful that coursed down her throat. Rebounding back as she ate relieved the pressure on her stomach, allowing it to swell outward once again.

As she crested and came thunderously once again, she heard the click of an opening door down the hallway.