

'dum de dum dummm...' Alice hummed along to her ring-tone, absentmindedly shoving another handful of almonds into her mouth. The morning sun cast a yellow light over the back deck where the young woman was lounging with a mystery novel in one hand and a bin of mixed nuts by the other. Her phone was blowing up inside - probably those doctors again, asking about her missed follow-up.

She licked her thumb and turned to the next page of the book, scanning over the words behind a pair of oversized sunglasses. She'd check her messages later... Maybe. If she felt like it. She was far more intrigued by the antics of detective Cristoff. He had just broken down the door to a meeting between Friontek's board of directors, explaining to the stunned room how their firm was being defrauded by the shady scientist, Dr. Kraczicz.

"I have the original reports here - obtained from the whistleblower in his lab that he failed to silence - the results that he gave you were nothing but empty lies. Right here, in his own handwriting, he states that it's simply impossible for chickens to put on that much mass that quickly, the basic laws of biology simply don't allow for it." \*crunch\* another handful of nutz, and another page of intrigue. "He doctored the data in the hopes of getting your name attached to his research, then he could push for funding from other big players in the meat industry in order to achieve his original goals; little more than a common ponzi scheme dressed up as modern science."

'huh, well I guess enough money bends even the laws of biology' Alice yawned, closing the book and turning it around in her hands. "BASED ON A GRIPPING TRUE STORY" emblazoned across the back cover. "Maybe it already has... I definitely feel like an overstuffed chicken right now." She put down the book and started picking at her leggings, undoing the massive wedgie that had been building while she read. Ever since the accident last month she had been putting on weight like crazy, these leggings had fit fine last week, but now they were making her legs feel like a pair of overstuffed sausages.

"Aw fuck, not again!" She felt the wood of the deck chair pressing up against the skin of her bottom - she'd ripped another pair. She gathered her things and marched back in through the sliding glass door to her kitchen, setting them down on the counter next to the stack of dirty dishes from that morning.

"Although... erf... I guess I have been... Oof... eating a lot more..." She awkwardly peeled the garment down over her butt. "At least it's all going here I guess" she huffed, picking her panties out from

between the jiggly cheeks that had half-devoured them over the course of the last 15 minutes. "Looks like I'm stuck inside until I get something to wear then." She finished peeling the leggings off, balling up the polyester and chucking it in the trash bin while her phone lit up with a \*ding\*.

"Not in the mood right now..." She grabbed the device, ignoring her notifications and hopping online to order some bigger leggings. "Ugggh, no same-day shipping. Of course." She tapped next day and reached for another handful of nuts, only to find her fingers scraping the bottom of the bowl. "God damn it." She added nuts to the cart, and picked up a box of cheese crackers instead, munching away while she glanced at the text.

"Hey Alice, this is Pete, just wanted to let you know that the funds are all settled, and the 10 mil should be in your account now – minus my attorney's fees of course. Great doing business with you, give me a ring if you need a lawyer at any point in the future!"

She breathed a sigh of relief – things had basically been settled for over a week now, she had just been waiting on checks to clear. The company had been remarkably quick to settle after the mix-up, and now she was rather well off despite her best efforts. She opened up her emails and tapped send on her bitchy resignation note to her boss at the salon, no more menial labor for her now, so... What was there?

"This calls for some celebration!" Well, any excuse to have a glass of wine at 9 in the morning really. She poured herself a heavy glass of pinot and raised it up. "Here's to you!" She mimed a clink in the general direction of her coffee machine, before downing the cup in a few big gulps. Really, the whole thing was just ridiculous... She poured another drink, taking her cheez-its under her arm and marching towards the couch.

About a month ago she had cracked open a package of what she assumed were her new coffee grounds, written a bitchy review about how the whole tin was barely big enough for one cup, and then made her morning coffee as usual, with enough sugar and cream not to taste what she was drinking.

Alice plopped her ass down, reclining and flipping on the television, tabbing around netflix while she continued to graze on crackers.

Eight hours after that cup of coffee, she was in the ER surrounded by doctors, with no earthly idea of what had happened. A few days later, a bunch of lawyers had shown up with some papers, they told her it was 'hush money'.

Animated comedy maybe? Yeah, it was an animated comedy type of morning – she was retired now! She could do whatever she wanted. Yaaaay independence! She took another chug from her glass, setting it down while she curled up around a throw pillow. Her feet peeked out over the cushions just the tiniest bit. The couch was a little undersized for her 5'6" height.

Her glossy blue eyes glazed over while she took in the antics of a cartoon cat, nuzzling into her soft, lime green t-shirt while she dozed off to an early nap, her mind flooding with dreams before she was even quite out.

~

Alice was trying her best to squeeze out of the Uber. Her colossal ass, barely contained in a pair of tie-dyed spandex leggings, had filled up the entire back seat, and now she was having to extract herself one cheek at a time.

"Next time I'm going for the uber XL..." She muttered, lying to herself as she smiled at the people milling in and out of the grocery store, most of them either blatantly transfixed by the spectacle, or intentionally averting their eyes. "No, DEFINITELY this again..."

"Aaaand got it!" With one last shove she pulled herself out, steadying herself while her ass jiggled to a halt. "Tata" she waved goodbye to her driver, who had flushed beet red as soon as she walked out of her door, and hadn't said a word since. He gave a meek wave, then pulled out of the parking spot - leaving Alice to her business.

"Oh man, is that a compact space?" She stood in the middle of the empty spot, watching the shadow of her ungodly wide ass wobble outside of the lines. "Mmm, I can't wait until I'm too big for the disabled spots!" The 6'3" girl started marching towards the door to the supermarket, grinning lewdly as she surveyed the people around her, blowing a kiss to a girl who had her phone out and was obviously recording.

"Aha! I do fit! Alice walked through the double doors, her butt following a few seconds later. It stuck out more than 2 feet behind her, the perky cheeks creating a shelf big enough to lay a twin sized mattress on. "Definitely gonna need a cart..." She grabbed one and started moving in towards the aisles, walking in long, exaggerated steps while she observed the other shoppers gradually take note of her presence.

She fixated on one 20-something guy, watching his eyes widen, his jaw loosen, his pants start to tent... She watched his eyes travel from her ass, up to her watermelon-sized tits, contained in nothing but an overstretched men's XXL t-shirt that fit like an undersized crop top, down to the oversized camel toe created by those spandex leggings bunching up around her football-sized cunt. Then finally up to her face, a loose tangle of black hair that hung down to her shoulders, a pair of bright blue eyes giving him a wink, and pouty red lips caught between a smile and a kiss.

Before she was in the produce section, he was already running to the bathroom, and he wasn't the only one - there was such a delicious array of reactions on display. Some mothers actively backed away as she drew closer, clutching their children and tugging on their entranced husbands, she could feel every eye in the place either on her or moving towards her, and at least a dozen phones recording every jiggle of her grotesquely oversized form as she made her way down towards the dairy aisle.

"If I get much bigger, I won't be able to fit anymore." Alice breathed to herself. The gigantic girl couldn't contain her arousal, girlcum staining the front of her colorful leggings while her aisle-filling booty casually knocked down a cheez-it display to make room for itself. Other shoppers in the aisles scrambled back when they realized that there was no way they could get past her 8 foot wide hips, and the cushion of ass fat bulging out even further than that.

She made it to the dairy section, breathing heavy and ragged, coke-can nipples tenting her already stressed top in the cold air. There was a crowd forming behind her now, some recording and some just gawking, but all of them watching...

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHH" Alice purred like an idling engine as she came involuntarily, the front of her leggings darkening as she came involuntarily. Her orgasmic spasms sent her colossal butt rippling, the stain of her arousal seeping further, her musky, floral smell hung like a miasma. Her top had ridden up now, exposing her fat tits to the public. She could also feel something else, something...

"Oh god YES!" She whimpered as she came again, the cool air brushing against her skin as tears formed in her strained leggings. "YES!" She could feel the individual threads cutting into her skin, a churning feeling ticking throughout her flesh. "YES!" A numb pressure, like a balloon about to pop. "OOOOOOOooooooh" her ass fat was rising like bread in the oven, eviscerating the leggings as she came in violent, growing spurts.

The front of the leggings collapsed, useless, as her inflamed cunt gushed over and over, the butter display flooding with her fragrant juices. Behind her, her ass was free from it's confines, shaking and wobbling precariously as it grew for its awestruck audience. Alice's face was screwed up with a combination of growing pains and machine-gun orgasms, her hips and legs stretching wider and longer to support her mountains of ass flesh.

"Don't... Stop... Hrrrng..." Alice choked her words out between labored breaths, staring over her shoulder with a look like a ravenous animal. There was no way she'd be able to fit back through the aisles. Her gelatinous butt still growing, piling on pounds of flesh by the second. Her constant spasms and gyrations had coated her audience in sweat and juices.

Most of them were naked by this point, those that weren't were either fucking or masturbating through their clothes. Phones had been discarded, and everyone was transfixed by her giant, growing ass. She was their goddess. Everything they felt, they felt for her. It was all for the glory of her giant, ever-growing ass.

A high pitched shriek rang out, a fire alarm. Sprinklers rained down, freezing cold droplets sending a wave of goose pimples over her sweat-shiny skin. Alice turned away from the orgy and towards the food. Butter. Heavy cream. More butter. Taste was extraneous, all that mattered was fueling the growth of her monstrous posterior. She sank down to her knees, her swelling tits oozing into the cooler, bigger than bean bag chairs.

Behind her, the orgy was reaching a fever pitch, loudly sucking and fucking in the shadow of her eight foot tall cheeks. Each of her bloated cheeks could crush the Honda Accord she had just ridden in the back of, and they growing meatier with every mouthfuk as she stuffed her maw with endless calories.

On and on, she came and came again, her bloated pussy lips could swallow a grown man, her softball sized clit pulsed with endless orgasms. Her ass was pressing up against the ceiling, her worshippers tongued and fucked every spare inch of its glorious flesh.

"YES! YES! YEEEEEEES!" She howled, waking on her couch with a start.

~~

"What. The. Fuck!" Alice bolted upright, blinking the sleep out of her eyes and surveying her surroundings like a startled groundhog. She was still on the couch. It looked like the sun was just going down. The TV was asking if she was still watching, and her panties were SOAKED. "Jesus christ that was fucking disturbing." She tapped play on the remote, her other hand drifting down towards her crotch.

She felt weird, kinda... dirty? The fact that her mind could even dream that up... And yet, while she stroked away, shivering and recoiling in pleasure, her mind kept drifting back to her dream. It had felt so real, so palpable... The looks on people's faces, the sensations of that freakish body, the feeling of all that weight... She shuddered, god it was so revolting, the... The way she just jiggled around, so repulsively fat. She couldn't shake the image of herself, sweat-slicked and shameless, fucking herself in front of that crowd.

"Hmmm" Alice whimpered, groping at her ass fat while she continued to pleasure herself. It felt so insubstantial now, so... Bigger? She squeezed experimentally, reaching into her crack to dislodge her panties and finding them wedged deeper than she remembered. It was probably just her imagination... But what if it wasn't? What if it really was bigger? What if her dream came true? She gasped as she came.

"Jesus christ Alice, what the fuck?" She muttered to herself, trying to distract herself with the cartoon, and yet she still felt her fingers teasing away at her clit despite herself. "I need some air. Maybe some food?" Extracting herself off the couch, she walked off to the kitchen for an evening full of snacking and forgetting. But time and time again, feelings and images from her dream kept playing back, right up until she lugged herself upstairs and passed out, drifting into another steamy dream.

~

Alice was teetering on the balls of her feet in an unfamiliar living room. No, her living room. She was feeling kinda tipsy, and based on the drained bottle of vodka in her hand she had every right to be so.

The fuzzy dreamscape was starting to coalesce - new memories flooding her mind. She was the world's foremost camgirl, stacking up dough by shaking her freakishly huge ass for millions of adoring fans.

She looked down and surveyed what she was working with. Melon-sized knockers bulged against a tight white t-shirt, ass cheeks like jelly-filled beach balls strained against spandex boy shorts that were being devoured from both sides by her deep, sweaty crack and beefy pussy lips. She took a few teetering steps, thighs like Christmas hams rubbing against each other while she fought for balance.

Trembling with lewd anticipation, she pulled up her instagram and glanced at her own bio.

“Big is my lifestyle #ThickerThanUrGirl 🍑🍑🍑” Below it were hundreds of posed and candid shots of herself in varying states of undress – showing off her monstrous TnA for her three million followers. She scrolled all the way down to the bottom of the page and opened the very first picture she had posted.

A mirror shot of herself grinning like an idiot in a bikini: 5’9”, 110 lbs, and flat as a damn board, the caption read “Hi everyone! My name is Alice and I want to get really fucking huge! Hopefully you’ll be seeing a lot MORE of me in the future – pun definite intended 😊 #goals #biggerdreams”. She giggled a bit, she was so small back then...

Scrolling, she tapped on another picture from later that year. Posing in the mirror in profile, showing off the thirty pounds of ass and thigh meat she had put on. Beside her in the frame, a table covered in all sorts of pills, supplements, and cosmetics “Time to get serious #gainz #progress #moretocomeee”. Up again.

Wearing nothing but a tape measure wrapped around her hips and a proud smile – Alice was glancing back over her shoulder towards the camera, one hand held the measuring tape taut at the 55 inch mark, and the other held the tattered remains of a black bikini. “I was gonna do a comparison shot from 18

months ago, but the bikini wasn't up for it 😊 50-34-55 and GROWING #progress #measurements #DummyThicc #MonsterAss". 1.5 million likes.

"Ohh fushk I'm a sexy bish... And drunk... Oh fuck" Alice dropped her phone in a panic and stared back down at her body. "I'm drunk and I'm... Fucking hungry." She hoisted herself up and started moving, her rump lazily smacking as she lurched and stumbled her way to a lavish, well-equipped kitchen.

"Mmmm lets see here uh... Fuck. Yes." Box mac n cheese – and a lot of it. "Okay there's uh, 12 boksesh and I uh... yah." Alice procured a very large pot and set it to boil, cracking open the fridge to pull out cream, butter, and... "Fuck yeah, pizzsha!" an extra large supreme pizza; her leftovers from the previous night. She set to work on the pizza. "Oh fuck thatsh greasshy" Slice after slice disappeared down her throat, rivulets of grease running from the corners of her mouth .

"Oh fuck thatsh it?" She had gone in for another slice and nearly bitten her own hand off – the box was empty and she was still starved, but her water had come to a boil. "Fuck yaaaasss, mac time!" Alice started ripping apart the blue boxes, until the 15 gallon pot was loaded up with pasta. "I dun wanna wait 12 fucking minutesh thatsh bullshit!" She smacked her ass with the wooden stirring spoon "hehehe... \*urp\*... I want more pizza"

Alice tore open the fridge, lackadaisically tossing its contents over her shoulder as she rummaged in vain for another pizza. "Fuck! Guessh I gotta keep cooking!" She emerged and grabbed a half full container of GAINMAX 9000 from atop the fridge, sending everything else up there to join the mess on the ground. Ignoring that for now, Alice grabbed a gallon of milk, poured it into the powder, and gave it a shake.

"I'm gonna pack on some fuckin poundsh tonight." She removed the lid and took a look at her high calorie chocolate sludge "Needsh more milkshake..." In went a pint of heavy cream, half a gallon of ice cream, and quite a lot of irish cream liquor. Capping the container again and giving it another shake, she popped the top to find it full to the brim with someone that was almost drinkable in consistency.

"Yasssssss..." Alice took an experimental sip, and then a not-so-experimental gulp, and then began chugging the stuff. Dropping to the floor with a smack, she leaned back against the counter and slurped



away at her creation until a ‘ding’ came from the oven timer. “Mmmm Fuck, mac should be done...” Alice staggered to her feet, noticing that she had been sitting in a huge puddle of olive oil.

“Mmmmm Fuck that’s hot...” Her ass and thighs were coated with the stuff “shooooo shiny!” She discarded the chocolate-caked cylinder, making her way over to the pasta on the stove. “Oh fuck this is gonna be \*urp\* good” Alice drained the pot and in went a quart of heavy cream, a disturbingly large pile of cheese sauce, and 16 sticks of butter. “oh yeah FUCK yeah thatsh uh \*hic\*... not enough...” She stirred up the concoction to a thick, even consistency. “Aw fuck, I don’t think I have any real big spoons, unless...” With a stroke of inspiration, Alice grabbed a metal saucepan by the handle and dipped it into the bigger pot, filling it up with sauce and pasta.

“Now... Cooking...” Alice drank down the cheesy pasta while she began prepping everything she could get her hands on. The tipsy influencer was working like a madwoman, only stopping periodically to refill her “spoon” with more macaroni. Alice’s kitchen was enormous, well-stocked, and ridiculously well-equipped – and she intended to take full advantage of that fact.

By the time she had torn through all 12 boxes worth of mac her two stand mixers had worked overtime to convert 50 pounds of flour into the beginnings of some delicious baked goods. The enormous macaroni pot had been repurposed to boil 40 lbs of potatoes, the sink was full of meats defrosting in warm water, every vegetable in the kitchen had been chopped, and everything else edible had been organized on the countertop.

“Mmmmm this is gonna be soooooo good!” Alice nonchalantly tossed the empty saucepan, re-purposing that hand to feel up her well-oiled ass, while the other lifted a head of iceberg lettuce to her mouth. “Mmmm \*crunch\* can’t have a salad without \*crunch\* dressing.” Still munching away on her lettuce, Alice grabbed a large mixing bowl and wobbled over to her ranch dressing collection. She popped the cap off a bottle and squeezed it into the mixing bowl; the impossibly gluttonous girl repeated this process until 9 empty bottles of ranch lay around her feet, the bowl was practically overflowing, and the lettuce was all gone.

“Eh, I’m a ranch girl.” Without skipping a beat, she lifted the bowl of ranch to her mouth and started drinking – liters of buttermilk vanishing in a series of heavy swallows. The oven timer dinged: two pans of fudge brownies, three loaves of focaccia, and two pound cakes emerged. “Mmmm, momma

like.” Not bothering to wait for it to cool, Alice grabbed a handful of pound cake out of the pan and started munching. “So fucking good!”

“FUCK I’m thirsty!” She licked her fingers clean of poundcake, scanning the kitchen for something drinkable, and grabbing a quart sized bottle of extra virgin olive oil. “Hmm, I know I said I was a ranch girl buuuuut...” Alice started sucking down its contents – a warm, tingling sensation gradually permeating her body as she drank deeply. “Mmmmm I feel... huh?” The tingling was giving way to a numbness, but not an unpleasant one. “I uh I’m... Wuuh?” The empty bottle of oil hit the floor.

The world started to cloud over, strange visions intermingling with the world in front of her. She was diving into a sea of molten chocolate, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of the sweet gooey liquid while she sank into it. “Oh Fuck it feels so real” Alice’s stomach groaned. She was dimly aware that her point of view was dropping, was she falling? She couldn’t feel anything at all, she could barely even see...

Another vision took over: She was lounging in an ornate palace surrounded by faceless manservants. Two of them were covering her nude form in oil and rubbing it in, another was going down on her, out of sight below her massive oily tits, and another was devoted to keeping her hungry mouth stuffed full of endless, delicious food between her moans.

“Mmmmmm...” Alice liked that one a lot – it felt so real, she could practically feel the oil on her skin... “Waye... Wuh? ?” Alice blinked herself out of her reverie. Glancing up at the clock on the microwave, it appeared that only sixty seconds had passed, and that she was still standing in the same exact spot. “Oh wow, I still can’t feel my legs I... Oh FUCK I’m so hungry.” She looked down to find that pan of brownies, but found something else instead.

“O...M...G...” Alice’s view was occupied by twin beach balls of sweaty, greasy titflesh. Definitely bigger than a O cup, in fact probably too big to be constrained by conventional bra sizing. “I’m Massive. Like... Way too big.” She squeaked out, gingerly massaging the underside of her new pontoons and getting a sense of her new scale.

“Oh my god...” She carefully parted the yard of cleavage blocking her view of herself, catching a glimpse at her coke-can nipples in the process. “Oh fuck I’m...”. Her stomach had swollen up into a chubby little paunch, but her lower half had EXPLODED in size.

“I’m not standing... Oh.” Alice was sitting on a mountain of ass. Her vision was level with her former height, and she could feel her pancaking cheeks pressing up against the confines of the counters. Her thunder thighs were no less replete – each one was wider than the Alice of two minutes ago. Nestled between those fleshy tree trunks was the fattest pussy Alice had ever seen. Her cunt had blown up to inhuman proportions: blubber-pumped lips swollen up past the size of a football, engorged cherry red clit nestled inside.

“Oh man!” With a wet, pressurized Schlump Alice dislodged her catastrophically oversized ass from the ground and worked her way to a standing position, leaving the oil-soaked remnants of her shorts on the ground behind her. Feeling the air flow against her skin was unreal, and she was standing a good six inches taller than she had before. Grabbing the barely-eaten poundcake, Alice moved over to the other side of the kitchen, in view of the wall mirror in the living room.

“I’m so...” Even her voice had deepened with her dramatic transformation. Alice’s six foot wide hips distorted her form into a cartoonish pear shape. Her entire torso was obscured by breast flesh, grease from her binge trickling down her 3-foot canyon of cleavage. “I’m so BIG...” Rotating to admire herself in profile, Alice could feel the weight of her elephantine cheeks shifting atop her tree trunk thighs as her lower body rotated into view. “It feels amazing...”

Her colossal cheeks formed a shelf that could have comfortably slept a grown man. The globes of pale ass meat were doing their best to combat the effects of gravity despite their monstrous size. Alice grabbed a handful of ass and gave it a shake, rapidly setting the whole jiggling mass aquiver “Aaaaah.” While still jiggly and gelatinous, Alice’s ass maintained an unbelievable degree of firmness. Flexing experimentally, she was able to effortlessly shift the gargantuan lobes. “Holy shit those must be soooo heavy!” Rotating in the mirror again, Alice glanced over her shoulder to admire the view from behind.

“O...M...G... Look at my butt” she lilted sarcastically. Licking her lips, she reached down and lightly caressed the ass that filled her vision. Her 6-foot hips weren’t even visible from behind. “Mmmmm fuck this is hot.” Alice leaned forward and squatted down, her turgid red nipples hanging just inches

from the ground. She put on her best porn star face, and threw that colossal ass back. A very substantial smack rang out, Alice's entire form jiggled wildly, her clit throbbing with desire.

"Ohhhh god, I'm so big!". Alice's cunt was drooling all over her thighs "Fuck this is everything... Oh god I'm so, soo horny but..." She looked into the mirror, fixated on her cold, thoughtless eyes. "I'm so. Fucking. Hungry." She dug her face into the poundcake, devouring it in a matter of seconds. She heard a ding from the steam oven, the newly enlarged butt beast stopping to grab her phone as she strutted over to retrieve her baguettes.

"Let's see, I wonder how many grocery delivery orders I can put in at once..." She cracked open the oven, releasing a cloud of steam and grabbing a loaf of fresh bread. Backing away from the heat, she started chowing down. "I figure I might as well \*crunch\* use the kitchen while I still \*cruch\* fit... Ooh, that's chilly!" Alice had backed up her badonkadonk into the island, unintentionally engulfing part of the cold granite countertop in butt flesh. "Maybe 'fit' is a \*crunch\* strong word." She grinned impishly and wobbled her beanbag sized cheeks, sending a pile of fruit clattering to the floor.

She peeled herself off the island and started greedily filling her arms with baguettes. She dropped into a squat, shivering as her ass fat spread out over the cold tile floor. she started collecting the fallen fruit, chomping away her pile of fresh, crispy bread. "I hope this all goes \*crunch\* straight to my big \*crunch\* fat \*crunch\* whale butt. "

The greased up glutton was tearing through the baguettes like they were breadsticks, whole loaves disappearing down her throat in seconds. "Momma needs you bigger \*crunch\*... So much bigger..." She stroked her gargantuan donk lovingly, beaming with pride. "It's gonna feel so \*gulp\* incredible \*crunch\*... \*crunch\*... \*gulp\*... we're gonna be MASSIVE! "

Alice stomped over to the stove, pulling the cooked potatoes off the heat and draining the enormous pot. She emptied a shoebox-sized block of butter, a pint of whole milk ,a quart of sour cream, and a few cups of salt into the pototatoes, grabbed a potato masher, and set to work; her jumbo tits slapped together with the rhythm of her mashing – her other hand still shoving her face full of bread. "Mmmm \*crunch\* fuck \*cruch\* girls that feels so good!" Juices were flowing from her engorged folds, her musky, saline aroma mingling with the smell of fresh bread and butter. Eyes glazing over, she polished off her last baguette. " ... Meat."

Alice abandoned the mashed potatoes momentarily and began gathering the defrosted meat. 5 pounds of filet mignon, 6 25-packs of boneless chicken breast, 3 lbs of sushi-grade tuna, 2lb of pork shoulder, and 10 lbs of thick cut bacon. “Fuck I love meat...” She piled the chicken breasts and pork shoulder into a huge roasting pan, dousing them in a citrus marinade and stuffing it in the oven. The moment the oven door shut, Alice was emptying fistfuls of bacon into her mouth as fast as she could.

KNOCK KNOCK Alice stopped mid-bite, bacon grease dribbling from the corners of her half-full mouth. “\*GULP\* oh yeah... Groceries...” Alice dumped the raw steak, tuna, and remaining bacon into a mixing bowl and started squeezing her way through the kitchen. “Now how the fuck...” Alice was now faced with the entryway into her house, the bloated girl “Fuck. Didn’t think about this part...” KNOCK KNOCK she was FAR too bootylicious to fit into the short hallway leading up to the even-narrower door that was keeping away from her food.

“Umm, can you just leave it there?!” Alice was in no fit state for human contact, on top of being nude, her face was covered in blood. “Sorry ma’am, but \*huff\* there’s alcohol in this order so I’m gonna need to see an ID!” The delivery boy’s muffled voice came from the other side of the door; Alice chowed down thoughtfully, eyes lighting up with an idea when she noticed that the door was unlocked.

“Hey! Would you be able to bring the groceries inside a little bit? I can’t get out there I’m uh... Disabled.” She grinned and started back to the kitchen, wiping her face clean “Just uh, like past that little entryway - then come get the ID once they’re all in?”

“Uh... \*huff\* sure I uh, I guess...” Alice shuddered with anticipation when she heard the door click open, standing out of sight in the kitchen and sloppily chowing down on mashed potatoes. “Oh wow, that smell is uh, something else... \*grunt\* you been cookin in here?” Alice didn’t have her ID on her, it was up the stairs which were now too small for her, but maybe he could take something else instead? This was a CLASSIC porn scenario! Her cunt was dripping with anticipation.

“You sure uh, got a lot of groceries \*oof\* got a lot of kids around the house?” Oh, he had NO idea... “Nope, just me! \*slurp\* I guess you could say that I’ve got a big appetite though...” The groceries continued to pile up: When Alice ran out of potatoes she switched her attention to her body, biting back moans as she tweaked one of her coke-can nipples, pawing at her blubbery pussy with the other hand.

“Welp \*oof\* that’s the last one! Just need to see that ID now.” Alice was SO ready - she was all posed up: Ass pointed towards the entryway, upper body ever-so-slightly rotated to showcase her sublime mega-tits, looking back over her shoulder with her best fuck-me pout, one hand on her hip and the other caressing the upper curvature of one of her cheeks.

“Hey, what’s your name?” She crooned “Name’s Hank, ma’am... Sorry just uh \*huff gimme a second to catch my breath here...” Oh yeah, he could fucking get it.

“Okay Hank, but just remember, I’m diSaBLed – so try not to look too shocked, okay? You wouldn’t want to offend me, right?” Alice’s voice was oozing with lust. “Oh Don’t worry ma’am I...” Hank was frozen in place, just past the threshold into the kitchen. Alice bounced on the balls of her heels, wobbling her bare curves at the shell shocked delivery boy.

“Oh no, I seem to have lost my ID!” Alice began to pivot, turning to face Hank, going slowly enough to give him a REAL good look. “I just can’t help it, with my disability and all!” She was facing him now, a predatory grin took over her face as she started to advance – the room shaking with each of her footfalls. “So maybe there’s something that me and my... Disability... Can do instead?” She was directly in front of Hank now, towering over him with her 7 foot height.

“Because your mouth says...” she leaned in close, mimicking his vacant expression while swallowing his shoulders up in titflesh. “But this says...” She reached down and palmed his crotch, tracing the outline of his erection. “That we can come to an arrangement...” With a deft motion, she undid his shorts and dropped them to floor along with his underwear. “Now then...” Alice dropped onto her ass, knocking Hank off balance as her cheeks pancaked underneath her. “Fuck me.” Lying down on her cushion of ass, Alice’s football-sized cunt was pressing up against Hank’s chest – dousing his white shirt in feminine juices. “Now.”

Hank was transfixed by the enormous sex organ being thrust in his face. Without a word, he shuffled backwards slightly and gave her ass a ginger slap, a ripple passing through Alice’s splayed out flesh. “Mmmmm, slap it harder.” She whimpered: eyes clamped shut, hands pulling her knees as far back as they would go – giving Hank the best possible view of his prize. Another smack rang out, another disappointment. “Fuck! Harder!” Alice whimpered again, pulling her legs back even harder.

“Mmmmmmm” The pouty butt beast felt Hank grab two handfuls of butt meat, his arms stretching as far as they could to embrace as much ass as possible. With a grunt of effort, he planted his face on her clit and started violently shaking her cheeks. “OH FUCK YASSSSSS!” Alice came immediately, squirting all over Hank’s face. Alice’s bucking hips were contributing to her ass’ wild gyration now; the sex-addled girl came a second time, spraying down Hank yet again.

“NOW FUCK ME!” She snapped her legs forward like a crocodile’s jaws, wrapping Hank up tightly and forcing him on top her. “I SAID NOW!” She needed him inside. Arms and legs wrapped around her impromptu lover, Alice shimmied Hank’s body higher up against her own. “YOU. GET. IN. HERE.” Hank’s upper body was wedged in Alice’s cleavage, his mouth sucking greedily at her melons, but more importantly she could feel him pressing up against her entrance.

“AAAAAAAH!” With one last, violent shove Alice pushed Hank inside. “AAAAH! FUCK! OOOOOOOH FUUUUUUUUCK!” The feeling of her orgasm pulsating through her entire colossal form was unreal, and Alice wanted more. Hank had blown his load the second he entered, but that wasn’t stopping her.

“FUCKMEFUCKMEFUCKMEFUCKMEFUCKME” she had wrapped herself around the ecstasy-stricken Hank, forcibly pumping him in and out of her like a human sex toy. “WHY ARE YOU SO \*CLAP\* FUCKING \*CLAP\* SMALL!” Hank was doing his best to fuck Alice now, forcing himself as deeply into her as he could – her curves smacking together cataclysmically with every thrust. Minutes went by, the two growing increasingly tightly entwined, Alice growing increasingly unsatisfied.

“OH FOR FUCK’S SAKE!” with a grunt of frustration, the blubbery mini-giantess tossed Hank off of her and stood up, the delivery man crumpling into a gasping, girlcum soaked heap. “Fucking Christ you’re useless.” Alice wobbled over to her groceries and took inventory of them. Oh fuck yeah. “Mmm, Hank you were a disappointment... But you did SUCH a good job with the groceries!” down and started sorting the large pile of food on the floor, oil-drenched ass cheeks jiggling like a pair of jello-filled bean bag chairs.

"Hey Hank..." She was already cramming food into her mouth, the trembling delivery boy managed to

let out a frightened peep of acknowledgement. "I'm gonna need you to make yourself useful - you can either go another grocery run for me, OR put that mouth to work." She turned back over her shoulder, wiggling her titanic butt enticingly while she chewed up a mouthful of fudge - bedroom eyes underscored by the chocolate rimming her lips.

"Really I don't think you'd survive the second option - or at least your ribcage wouldn't" she smiled, bouncing her donk for emphasis. "So grab a pen and paper and start taking notes. Oh, and maybe towel off. Or don't."

~

"mmmm" Alice's eyelids creaked open, tiny rivulets of light seeping into her sleepy world. "Five more minutes..." She wrapped herself up even tighter in her duvet, squirming into a comfy position while sleep engulfed her again.

~

"All right, now Hank... You're gonna need to turn the camera on, okay? You're looking for a green light." Alice hastily checked her hair and makeup in the full-length mirror, this had to be perfect. "Okay, and then hit the spacebar in 5,4,3,2..."

"Heeeey there followers, it's meeee!" Alice gave a tiddling wave towards the camera; "Anyway, you might have noticed that a few things are different! For starters, we're streaming this on every platform I can find and links are in the description! So if we do get taken down, I shouldn't be too hard to find!"

"So about some of those other differences – well, for starters, I've redecorated my living room a little bit" she gestured around the destroyed remnants of the living room. "I haven't replaced the couch yet because well, I just broke it..." She pouted at the camera, grinding the flattened couch further into the ground. "And some of you might have also noticed that I'm now fucking gigantic!" She flashed a huge smile, slapping one of her beefy thighs for emphasis.

"Now some of you might want to know, exactly HOW gigantic am I? Well that's a great question!" Alice rose to her feet, leaning in towards the camera to showcase her impressive rack. "Well, my tits



are waaay too big for any bra size! I'm also over 7 feet tall and six and a half feet wide!" She began rotating, bringing her derriere into the shot. "Now this ass is where I've REALLY packed on the pounds!" She wiggled it for emphasis. "Well guess what, we measured it, and I am officially the proud owner of a 245 inch booty! Whooo!" She clapped those cheeks, staring directly at the viewer while they slowly jiggled to a halt. "Or just over 20 feet, if you like it better that way!"

"Now some of you might be wondering how I turned into a fuckall-huge freak-butted goddess overnight? Well, that's what I'm here to demonstrate!" She slapped the huge metal cylinder to her left. "Now, in here we have 10 gallons of mostly-liquid ice cream, \$1200 worth of bulking product" She waved an empty container of mass gainer for the camera, "256 sticks of butter, waaay too much heavy cream, a whole BUNCH of cake and brownie batter, like 10 bigass bags of sugar, a gallon of sweetened condensed milk, and some chocolate pudding mix!" She scooped a small handful of tarry sludge from the vat and sucked it down.

"Wow! Tastes like a lot!" The big starlet giggled girlishly. "Oh, and that's not all!" She gestured at the mountain of food behind her. "So basically... I cooked everything in the kitchen and put it in a big pile!" Alice licked her lips, a manic gleam in her eyes. The mound of calories was about as tall as Alice and nearly as wide, flocs of grease trickling down its slopes. "20 boxes of spaghetti, 8 frozen pizzas, 36 burritos, 25 pounds of rice, a few family sized boxes of cheez-its, 500 chicken nuggets, three liters of ranch..."

Alice's eyes were glazing over as she listed off more and more food, drool beading around the edges of her mouth. Her diatribe continued for another minute, her viewership doubling as she detailed the extents of her gluttony. "And finally, three big pans of meatloaf, 10 pounds of sharp cheddar, and a whoooooole lot of syrupy pancakes!" She clapped her hands excitedly - pot belly jiggling for the camera, breasts heaving up and down as she caught her breath.

"Alrighty, let's see..." The greasy titaness leaned forward into the camera, checking the viewer count on her laptop. "Oh wow! 40,000 of you already?! Well, for those just tuning in: My name is Alice." The girl backed up from the camera, "I'm a tremendous fatass." She whapped her bottom for emphasis, sending the whole gelatinous mass quivering. "And You're about to watch me get even fatter! I hope you enjoy the show as much as I will"

“First though, I’m thirsty!” Alice produced a gallon of extra virgin olive oil from behind the destroyed couch “Now, is everyone ready for this?” She paused, as if waiting for a response, and then started chugging. 20 seconds later, she threw the empty bottle across the room with a belch. “Let’s get fucking started.”

~

“Mmmmmmm not yet” Alice twisted around in the sheets, both hands pressed tight between her legs. “Just... Just a lil more... \*yawn\*” she dozed off again.

~

“MMMmmm so full!” The very last sauce-drenched chicken nugget vanished into her mouth, the drained vat of uber-rich goo had been tossed to the side long ago. Alice’s belly had continued to bloat as she ate and was hanging just inches off the ground, dwarfing her humungo-tits. “Sooooo stuffed!” She began shuffling back towards the camera, tummy swiveling haphazardly with every step. “Oh wow! 7 million viewers! You guys are just in time for the REAL show!”

She grinned and sauntered away from the camera, shimmying her 6 foot wide ass with each step.

“Mmmm fuck, here it comes!” An electric feeling was spreading all through her insides, her taut stomach softened in her arms, and her whole overgrown form began to rumble with a violent gooey sloshing sound, like someone was stirring a vat of cheesy macaroni with a power drill.

“Oh god, I really overdid it this time...” A tinge of fear entered her voice, her pasty white skin was flushed scarlet, tingling so severely that she couldn’t feel the edges of her form. “I’m gonna be so big, way too big...” Her nostrils flared, the honey-like scent of her arousal, the olive-tinted musk coming off of her sweaty, oiled-up body, the smells of fresh bread and cured meat that still cut through the air...

“Way. Too. Big.” Her legs were shaking uncontrollably, turning to jello underneath her. Alice smiled, biting her lip and clamping her eyes shut as she collapsed on her side, the impact shaking the walls and sending things toppling all over the house.

The sounds, smells, and feels escalated. It felt like she was stuck in hundreds of taffy pullers all at once, being stretched out on every direction. Her rapidly expanding flesh sounded like a cauldron of boiling rubber, hundreds of pounds of muscle and adipose tissue piling on by the minute. Alice’s ego

had broken under the onslaught of sensation, eyes rolled back in her head and tongue lolling out, every nerve was coursing with orgasmic impulses, every neurochemical channel flooding with pure dopamine while her body convulsed and swelled to disgusting new levels of big. After some time had passed, and hank had long ago fled the horrific sight in front of him, Alice's drugged out state began to fade, her eyes swiveling back to reality, where the consequences of her gluttony awaited her.

She tried to sit, but ended up on her knees when her head connected with the 10 foot ceiling, forcing her eyes open; the gigantic girl drank in her reflection. The spread of her hips had widened so much that they were now digging into the drywall, her legs had grown comically long and far apart, her torso wasn't even visible behind her car-sized tits, and her butt... "Oh. My. God. This ass is FREAKISH!" Her butt had already blown up so dramatically that she was nearly wedged in the living room. Its confines were rapidly losing the fight for space. The ceiling was already starting to bow and splinter, the furniture was flattened underneath her bulk, and she could feel the house's frame cracking against the wall of ass meat.

"There's so much of me..." Alice maneuvered onto her hands and knees, shuffling forward to make more space for her swelling ass. "Mmmf, hi there lovelies..." Alice grabbed the webcam as she forced her upper half into the kitchen, pillowy tits and bloated gut dragging across the cold tile floor as they continued to grow. "Mmmm, if only you guys could feel how GOOD this feels!"

Her thighs were bigger than any tree trunks she had ever seen and getting thicker by the second, fighting for space with her engorged cunt. "I'm so big!" Alice was as close to prone as she could get, her swelling curves expanding out in every direction. "Ooooooh holy fuck" she pointed the camera over her shoulder and wiggled her hips "Look." Her ass wobbled back and forth precariously, its room-filling expanse pancaking under the effects of gravity, distended globes of ass cheek jiggling around like a pair of flesh-colored Jell-O molds.

The surface of her rear was constantly shifting and rippling, supplicant to the endless motion of a swimming pool's worth of muscle and blubbery ass fat. Choppy waves pulsed through the fleshy sea at irregular intervals as she twitched in orgasm, an incessant tide of growth raising the rounded peaks higher and higher above Alice's head.

Her feet crept further apart as she grew taller and wider at the hips, her structure deforming to

accommodate her impossible curves. Sandwiched between her endless rolls, she could feel her dripping folds spreading out across the floor, every motion sending shockwaves through her beer-keg clit, smooshed up against a massive gurgling belly that purred like a small hatchback made entirely out of flab.

"Now then... Time for a tour!" She started panning the camera over herself, smacking and jiggling everything she could reach while the mass piled on. "Starting with the elephant in the room - well, I guess it won't fit in any one room now..." she grinned lasciviously, lazily pumping her butt up and down, the whole house shuddering. "And I think elephant is really underselling the size. What do you guys think?" She fixed the camera back on her face, pouting while her cheeks continued to swell in the background like a pair of zeppelins being pumped full of cottage cheese.

"Hmm, and take a look at THESE!" She set the tripod down in front of her and wrapped her arms around one of her tits, hefting it up to show off the football-sized nipple surrounded by a bike tire areola. "What do you guys think I should do with them? I was thinking... Oop." Alice felt her hips press into either side of the living room. "As I was saying, how abouuuut... This!" The overgrown camgirl grabbed one of her remaining gallons of olive oil, dumping half of it down her man-sized canyon of cleavage.

"I'd show you more, but things are a little bit cramped right now." She licked her pinky clean, putting on her best Betty Boop look. "Hopefully I can bust out of here - give you guys a better look at just how freakish." She lapped her ring finger clean. "How huge." She tongued her middle finger, the walls feeling tighter and tighter. "Hmm, what's the word?" Index. "Oh right. Monstrous. That's it." She popped her thumb in, sucking it clean with an unnerving fire in her eyes.

"Really, it's almost horrifying - grotesque, really." She embraced her bustline, chubby arms overflowing with slippery tit fat. "These obese fucking tits, an ass so fat that I can't fit inside my own house, a pussy that you could use as a sleeping bag... You'd like that, wouldn't you?" A puddle of sticky warmth was growing under her, succulent nectar bubbling out of her cunt like a burbling brooke. "I'm pretty much a one-woman freak show, but it feels so good..." Her look was downright crazed, her tone more forcible than sexy.

"It's kind of wold, right? There's just so much of me, and I can feel every. Single. Inch. All of it.

There's so much sensation. So much feeling. More than any of you will ever know. And all I want is more. More ass. More tit. More everything. I'm already more than human. I want to be more than that." Alice wrapped her lips around the bottle of oil like a nip. "Wanna watch?"

She started sucking down the calorie-dense oil, rubbing her tits down with anything that spilled. Her eyes rolled back in orgasm almost immediately, a sound like a fire hose pressed up against a wall rumbled through the air as her cunt gushed against the floor, pressed down by the weight of her ass. She drained the half gallon in a matter of seconds, then switched her mouth to her oily tits as her orgasm refused to abate.

"AaaaaaaahhhhhAaaaahhhhg... Agh... eep." Drooling, glassy-eyes, with both hands full of her squishable new belly, Alice's orgasm finally came to an end after 20 seconds of pure ecstasy. The sweaty behemoth went limp in a puddle of cum, panting in the afterglow. "Ohhhh fuck... That was... Oh my... M-more..." She grabbed another bottle of oil and started sucking. Then another. And another. And another... 6 gallons of olive oil vanished down her throat in under a minute.

"I'm gonna be SUCH a big girl!" Alice grinned demonically as she felt her butt swell in response to the calories she pumped into her stomach. A huge CRACK rang when her hips met support beams, snapping them after only a moment's resistance. Her gelatinous, well-oiled breasts were exploding in size – bean bag chairs to small cars in under a minute. She felt her pussy, belly, and thighs bloating up underneath the blankets of tit and ass that smothered them, and her ass...

"Hmm, I don't think I fit into this house as well as I used to..." She croaked through her moans, eyes twitching rapidly, orgasms firing off like a gatling gun. The living room wasn't even visible behind her. Nothing but endless white ass-flesh and the crack where the two globes met. "Oh my god I can feel the ceiling!" Alice bit her lip in anticipation. "I'm about to... Oh god... Here it comes!" The ceiling gave way instantly, cracking apart like the crust on a Crème brûlée.

"OBAH HDFB BEEEDFFFG ASSSSSSSSSSSS!" Alice came, sputtering incoherently at the top of her lungs. The insanely developed musculature hiding underneath her blubber tensed as she shoved her body forward and arched her back. Dust and plaster cascaded all over her cheeks as they ripped through the upper story, her tits stopping just shy of breaking down the front door. The contents of her bedroom, guest room, and bathroom crashed down behind her.

“HRRNFGFH AAAGGGGGGG” Alice had maneuvered onto her knees now, grabbing desperately towards her labia. “WANT!” She stood up to her full 14 foot height, head and shoulders above what little of the second floor was still hanging on, and the collapsed backwards onto her ass. A monumental SMACK rang out, then a noise like a trash compactor as the kitchen and most of her upstairs furniture were flattened under tons and tons of booty.

“YES!” Reaching past her colossal tits, in between her tanker truck thighs and her fatty stomach, the sex monster formerly known as Alice managed to grab hold of the glistening bud peeking out from her repulsively fat pussy. All she could do was scream. She loved herself too much.

Locked in an ecstatic stupor, Alice pumped hundreds of gallons of cum into the remains of her house while reality dissolved around her.

~

“Oh god WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!” Alice bolted upright, clit throbbing, bedsheets soaked, covered head to toe in sweat. “Holy fuck I think I’m gonna be sick...” She groped blindly for her phone, shuffling out of bed and towards the bathroom, grabbing a glass of water off the nightstand while she disentangled herself.

“I don’t think I can ever even look at another bottle of olive oil...” She muttered to herself, still shuddering over the visceral feelings of the dream. It was still dark out? Wait, no, she had just slept for 16 hours. “Well, retirement I guess...” She stumbled into her bathroom and flipped the lights on, blood running cold when she caught her reflection in the mirror.

“Eep.” Her hips, ass, and thighs were DEFINITELY bigger – pretty clearly evidence by her panties that were totally invisible from behind, gobbled up by basketball-sized ass cheeks. Her eyes widened, brain swimming with both panic and fragments of her fantastical dreams. “Oh fuck” her stomach growled, a pang cutting through her. “I’m so hungry... Oh no.”