

Daphne & The Pill

By TROGDOR297

Foreword

Hello, and thank you for taking the time to read my story. It's been awhile since I've posted anything, though not from lack of effort. I started approximately a dozen stories of varying narrative themes (Alien pregnancy, Giantess Futa, Breast Growth Competition, etc.) but wasn't compelled enough to finish. This one for whatever reason inspired me, and led me to writing my longest story yet.

This story focuses on two fetish themes. The first is breast expansion (duh) and lactation. The second is Belly Expansion through feeding/stuffing. I tell you this here because I've set up this story a little differently than my previous pieces. Once I hit 30 pages and was nowhere near finished, I figured I should do something to aid in readability.

As such I've broken the story up into mini chapters. For your convenience I'm going to give each chapter title a colour code. This code will indicate what sort of subject matter is covered in that chapter.

Black: Is for narrative only. The chapter focuses only on story exposition/sexual content..

Blue: Is for Breast Expansion. The chapter will focus on Breast Expansion/Lactation.

Purple: Is for Belly Expansion. The chapter will focus on Belly Expansion/Feeding/Stuffing.

As the Author of the story, I of course recommend reading the entire story as I believe it provides a richer experience, but I also get that some people aren't looking for an emotional throughline, they just want to read about expansion. I get it, I myself have scrolled past many pages of exposition in the past looking for the 'good stuff'.

Note: Narrative only chapters can and often do still have sexual content/discussions of the results of previous expansions. They just won't have that direct expansion taking place.

Once again, thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoy. As always feel free to leave a review and/or message me on reddit at my username u/TROGDOR297. I'm always down to chat.

1. Daphne

It was a day like any other when Daphne's life changed. Late in the afternoon she bustled about the kitchen, doing her best to tidy up the mess of the day. This was made difficult by the fussy 7-month-old baby who preferred to be constantly on her hip. She didn't mind of course, she loved the latest addition to her family very much. He babbled aimlessly while his tiny hands flailed about, as she attempted to wipe down the counters.

"What he say mama!" Came a tiny voice from the kitchen table.

Daphne turned and smiled at her two-year-old daughter, Camille, who was scribbling in a book with pictures of ponies. "He wants to know if daddy will be home soon!" Daphne said lovingly as she walked over to the table. "Oh wow, Cammy, such fun colors!" Her daughter had decided to color in an appaloosa with green and purple.

"Ya! I love geen!" Her daughter said with a giggle. Daphne chuckled lightly. "I love green too!"

She turned to look at the clock on the wall as she walked back over to the stone counters, still covered with bits of food. She herself was also wondering if daddy would be home soon; it was already 5:30 and there was no sign of him. Zach was by nature a very punctual person, so being 15 minutes late getting home was quite uncharacteristic. She shook her head, clearing her mind of doubts; he probably just stopped at the grocery store or the pharmacy.

Thinking of her husband brought a simple smile to her face as she balanced little Simon on her waist while she returned to scrubbing. The two of them had been through a lot, and Zach had supported her through a lot of hardships, never once batting an eye or bending under the pressure. He was her rock, and she couldn't imagine herself with anyone else.

Her problems had started long before she'd met Zach, and they'd always revolved around her weight. She'd grown up in a family that loved food, and so she'd grown to love it as well, although perhaps a little too much. A cruel trick of genetics had made her metabolism weaker than the rest of her family, so even though they all ate the same amount of food, only she gained weight.

When she joined the large community high school in 9th grade, she became subject to bullying, her weight being an easy target. To comfort herself she turned to the one thing she loved above all else, food. Unfortunately, this only led to more bullying as she continued to gain weight. The turning point came near the end of high school when a regular doctor's checkup turned serious when they advised that she was nearing dangerously obese levels. Her weight had crept up to over 350 lbs, a large amount on her 5'9" frame.

Standing in the kitchen wiping up spilled sauce on the stovetop she remembered the doctor's words as clearly as if he had just spoken them to her. "There's no easy way to put this, but you're simply too fat. Your weight has surpassed what I would consider unhealthy. If you do not change, I fear for your long term well being".

The doctor's words had been blunt, cruel, but effective. Leaving that appointment, it was like a switch had flipped inside her. No more comfort eating, no more unhealthy treats, no more laziness. But most importantly, and perhaps most tragically, she no longer loved food. For too

long food had been her crutch, and it had pushed her body to a dangerous place, and after that day she would never go back.

Leaving high school and going to university gave her a fresh start; a time and a place to reinvent herself and improve herself. She cut down on her diet drastically, and started to exercise. She pushed herself hard, looking to get her body back to a healthy place. But it was never enough for Daphne. Whenever she looked at herself in the mirror, the doctor's words would bubble up from within "You're simply too fat", and so even after she'd burned off the excess weight, she continued to work. She'd gone from one extreme to the other, but this time there was no doctor to set her back on the right path.

Throughout this period of her life, she didn't date or see anyone. She barely went out at all. When she did, she wore large, baggy clothing, looking to hide what she considered her shameful body. It wasn't until she met Zach at the beginning of her senior year that she let her guard down.

They both had decided to take the same media arts elective to round out their final year curriculum, and had ended up sitting next to each other. They quickly became friends, and after a month Zach had asked her out formally. She had joyfully agreed, but she'd asked him to take things slow. Zach, being the kind and understanding person he is, agreed.

Those first months were the happiest time of her life. She'd found someone who understood her, who truly liked her, perhaps even loved her. He made her laugh, he was handsome, he was sweet, he was the total package. And so, after 6 months when she'd truly and deeply fallen for him, she finally built up the courage to let him see her body.

After one of their weekly dates to the local school pub, he had walked her back to her apartment. Standing before her door he leaned in to kiss her cheek, which made her blush. But when he turned to walk away, she held on to his hand. He turned to look at her, eyes questioning. "Do...do you want to come up?" She asked shyly.

A broad grin split his face. "Of course, I would." Leading him by the hand she took him in and up to her apartment. She brought him to her bedroom and had him sit on the edge of the bed. Then standing before him she removed her clothing.

Immediately his eyes went wide, and he brought a hand up to his mouth in shock. She felt tears immediately form in her eyes as she thought she recognized a look of disgust.

"I knew it!" She cried. "Goddammit, I knew it! I thought you loved me, but no! You think I'm ugly! You think I'm fat!"

"Fat?! Daphne, please listen to me. Stop crying, come here. My love, come here" He stood and grabbed her hands, so that she couldn't cover her face. "Daphne, you are not fat. Look...look at yourself in the mirror" Daphne turned to look at the full-length mirror in her room and she gasped. Viewing herself with Zach standing beside her, her body dysmorphia lapsed, and she could see herself for what she really was.

In her current state she was dangerously underweight. Her ribs were visible pressing against the skin of her chest. Her arms and legs were emaciated, joints oversized due to the lack of surrounding flesh. She looked so small and frail. "Oh...oh god" She whimpered quietly. She

fell into his arms and bawled from the emotional release. Together they laid there in bed for hours as she wept, the trauma of the past decade of her life spilling out.

The next morning, they had a long and deep conversation. Daphne would go to therapy to get the necessary help to fully get over her dysmorphia and eating disorder. Zach would support her, and keep watch over her, making sure that she was eating enough. Within a year she'd gotten back to a healthy weight. She was still thin, but no longer dangerously so. Her recovery had been long and difficult, but the experience had provided her with one significant upside. Throughout it all Zach had been there by her side, and she knew that he would be the person that she'd spend the rest of her life with. When he'd proposed 2 years after graduation she immediately said yes, and they hadn't looked back.

That was almost 15 years ago, and now at age 36 they were still deeply in love. She was still thin, but also still healthy. She had a slender face, with a petite nose, and full lips. Her eyes were bright green, and round, just slightly too big for her face. Her wavy auburn hair she kept at chin length to avoid her children's grabby hands. Zach swore that she looked like she'd barely aged a day since he'd first met her, but she'd noticed the start of a few wrinkles forming at the edge of her eyes.

The baby in her arms started to make a chewing motion with his mouth as he grabbed onto the loose white tank top she wore, and tried to pull his face toward her chest. Daphne gently stopped him with a sigh. "Are you hungry, little man? Let me get your bottle" Deep inside she felt crushed, a familiar feeling that she'd struggled with for years.

Though Zach had been able to help her recover and return to a healthy body weight, the years spent starving herself had done irreparable damage to her body. The doctors had warned that pregnancy would be difficult, and it had been, but she'd successfully carried both of her children to full term. However, after birth she'd found that she was incapable of producing milk. They'd tried countless different methods of inducing lactation, but every time it ended the same way. As such both of her children had been fed with a bottle, using either formula or donated breast milk.

She'd spent more than one night after putting her children to sleep crying in Zach's arms, thinking that she was a failure as a mother because she couldn't feed her children. Each time Zach had consoled her and recounted anecdotes of many other women that he'd read about who also couldn't produce milk. It helped a little bit in the moment, but it didn't stop the painful regret and remorse she felt whenever her baby reached for her and she had to give him a bottle. If only she hadn't been a stupid girl, so obsessed with her weight then she could provide for her children like she thought a mother was supposed to.

She sat at the kitchen table cradling her son, as he began to suckle at the warm bottle of formula. Camille had finished colouring in the appaloosa, and had moved on to a unicorn that she had determined should be black and red. Daphne smiled as she gently rocked her feeding baby, when from the front of the house she heard the door open and shut.

2. The Pill

“Daddyyyyyyy!!!!” Camile shrieked as she leaped from her chair and ran down the hall towards him. A moment later Zach walked into the kitchen holding his daughter over his shoulder as she shrieked with delight. His eyes met those of his wife and he gave her one of his signature warm smiles. It made her melt just a little bit when he smiled at her like that.

Unlike his wife he'd started to show a few signs of ageing. Grey hairs at his temple, and lines on his forehead were visible. But he was still just as handsome as when she'd met him, his dark brown hair still in the same cut he'd had since university. With a grunt he heaved his daughter off his shoulder and set her back at the kitchen table, before he came around to greet his wife.

“Hello, my dearest love” He said as he leaned in to kiss her. Their lips met and she sighed gently. Everything just felt better when Zach was around.

In her arms the baby finished his bottle, but before she could flip him over Zach swooped in and snatched him up, holding him against his shoulder as he began to pat his back gently. She cocked her head to the side with a smile “Aw, thank you. I missed you.”

He nodded once, a smile still present on his face. She got up, and moved to return to the kitchen to finish tidying, when he gently grabbed her by the waist and pulled her against him. “Daphne” he said softly. “I need to talk to you” He then gestured with his head toward the other room. Daphne raised her eyebrows at him questioningly, but he said nothing else as he walked out of the room still carrying their baby. Curious and confused, Daphne followed.

This was highly irregular behavior for Zach, she thought as she followed him out of the kitchen. He was always open and warm. The way he'd spoken made it sound like he had a deep secret to reveal.

She found Zach standing near the front door, next to an odd assembly of items piled upon the front bench. There was a small plastic pill bottle, filled with pills that she didn't recognize. Then beside that were several paper bags, with the logo of the local grocery store on them. Lastly, and strangest of all, beneath the preceding items was a large pizza box.

She swung her head up at him with a look of betrayal “Pizza?! Zach you know I don't eat pizza, what the fuck were you thinking?” She said getting agitated. Though she was back to a healthy weight and no longer starved herself, she'd never fully kicked her weight conscious attitude, nor had she ever rediscovered her love of food. There were several things that she'd loved as a child that she no longer ate, simply because they were unhealthy and she didn't want to risk the calories.

Zach held up his free hand palm out in a calming gesture. “I know you don't eat pizza, babe. It's part of what I wanted to talk to you about”

She put her hands on her hips and gave him a stern look. “Zach, if you're going to try to convince me to eat junk food again, then you can forget it. That stuff will kill you. It almost killed me when I was a kid! Remember!?!?”

Zach nodded sympathetically "Of course, I remember. That's not what I wanted to talk to you about. What I wanted to discuss-" He leaned over and picked up the bottle of pills that sat atop the pizza box "-was these."

Daphne leaned in to read the label, but found it undecipherable. All the characters were in a middle eastern language she didn't recognize. She looked back at Zach, her curiosity temporarily overwhelming the anger she'd been feeling. "What are they?"

He smiled at her. "Daphne. They're the answer!"

She gave him a confused smile back. She could never stay mad at him, he was just so genuine and kind. "The answer? To what!?"

He blushed slightly. "To...uh... to feeding..." On his shoulder his son gave a tiny burp. "...Simon"

Daphne shook her head. "I don't understand Zach, could you please just spell it out?"

His face went even redder, as he built up the courage to say what he had to say. "They're.. They're pills to help you lactate!" He blurted out, clearly uncomfortable with the topic. The problems she'd gone through had been a sensitive subject between the two of them so his discomfort was not unexpected.

Daphne laughed at the absurdity. "What?! What are you talking about?! There isn't a pill on the market that does that or we would have tried it already"

He nodded as he continued to gently shake his son. "It's not on the market, it's sort of...not legal. Wait, let me explain!" He said quickly as he saw her face twist in anger once more.

Zach sat down on the bench and signaled for her to sit beside him. "A colleague at work helped me out after I talked with him about the trouble we've had." Daphne gave him an accusatory look, after which he quickly backpedaled. "Don't worry, I didn't tell him about *why* we've had these problems. I would never, *never*, share your secrets with random people"

She nodded approvingly "Ok, good! So...how did he help you?"

Zach continued "He has family back in Egypt where this pill is being developed. He told me that the results are unprecedented, a resounding breakthrough. This is what we've been waiting for, Daphne!" He took her hand in his and squeezed, giving her a smile.

She smiled back weakly. "And...you trust him? Do we even know what it is? How it works? Are there side effects? I'm sorry Zach, I know you meant well, but this seems very sketchy. There are a lot of unanswered questions that are giving me doubts. I'm not just going to take a random pill that we know nothing about!"

It was Zach's turn to nod. "Of course, of course. I can at least answer one of those questions; Ahmed explained to me how it works, or at least what he read. It's some kind of metabolic accelerator. Basically it makes your body burn calories in overdrive and turns it into...umm" He blushed once more.

Daphne chuckled. "...Milk? Come on Zach, does it still make you that uncomfortable?"

He rolled his eyes. "Hey, I don't tease you about your insecurities, you bully!" He nudged her gently with his free elbow drawing another laugh from his wife.

"Ha ha, careful! You almost knocked me over!" She caught herself on the bench before nudging him back. They laughed together for a moment, just enjoying each other's company.

"Alright, but seriously" Daphne said "You're telling me that the fix is really just take a pill, eat a salad, and then Boom, I'm cured? It seems too good to be true"

Zach grimaced. "Well...you're right it isn't that simple. The truth is the process is extremely inefficient and so to get results, you need an extreme surplus of calories." He gestured towards the closed box of pizza.

Daphne lurched back as if Zach had hit her. "No...No!" She said through gritted teeth as tears began to form in her eyes "No Zach! I won't do it! Overeating made my teen years fucking hell, and I will not go back to that place! I can't believe that you'd ask that of me!! After all we've been through, after all I've been through!" She turned away from him, arms crossed over her chest in anger, tears now starting to run down her cheeks.

Zach gently placed a hand on her shoulder. "Daphne...I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you. This obviously isn't my first choice, either. I just...I just see how sad you get when you have to feed Simon with a bottle. I just wanted to take that pain away"

She turned back to look at him, his eyes full of concern. He wasn't wrong; not being able to feed her children in the natural way had been and continued to be a serious emotional toll. But if the solution was over eating...well that was a hard pill for her to swallow as well.

Zach squeezed her shoulder "Ahmed said that the women that he's read about never experienced any long-term weight gain, which is a plus. I don't know...It's...it's up to you, my love. I'll support you either way"

They sat together for a minute in silence, Daphne contemplating the choice before her. In the other room they could hear Camille giggling over whatever latest wild colour combination she'd picked for her next pony.

Daphne wiped her eyes and nodded. "OK...I'll try it. Just one time. But I'm not eating that pizza, I'll just make a really big salad" She picked up the pill bottle and opened the seal, shaking a single pill into her other hand. She popped it in her mouth and swallowed it dry.

Zach nodded with a calm smile as he wrapped an arm around her shoulders "Of course! Of course my love, you eat whatever you want."

They returned to the kitchen to prepare dinner. Zach pulled some cooked chicken and cucumbers out of the fridge and began to chop it up for his daughter, while Daphne prepared herself and Zach a salad. She doubled her portion from the usual, though it still just barely filled the plate. Then they sat together at the table to eat.

Daphne felt better as she ate her salad. She'd freaked out temporarily when Zach had suggested she eat pizza, but she knew he meant well. And if this pill really worked, then all the better. She watched contentedly as her husband helped their daughter eat, while their son sat asleep in his high chair. She took another mouthful of salad and smiled as her husband caught her eye; he really was the best, always looking out for her.

Then she felt it. In a single moment it felt like a pit opened inside of her. Her stomach gurgled violently, causing her discomfort that nearly made her double over. For over a decade she'd lived with a constant feeling of hunger, though in recent years it wasn't as bad as it had been those first few years when she'd starved herself. What she felt now was far stronger. A fire blazed within her abdomen, demanding food. She groaned, as she held a hand against her stomach. She took another bite of salad, and swallowed, but it did nothing to abate her hunger.

Then a scent hit her nostrils, and she turned to look at its source. The pizza box sitting unopened on the counter. She became fixated on it, as the warm smell of cheese, sauce, and dough overwhelmed her senses. During her pregnancies she'd suffered cravings, and so she recognized the feeling, but this was like a craving turned up to 11. She didn't just crave that pizza, she needed it.

Wordlessly she stood, and walked over to the counter, standing before the pizza box. She lifted the lid and the smell intensified. Oh god, it smelled so good. She didn't think she'd ever smelled anything as good as this.

Zach saw her standing before the pizza and spoke. "Hey, don't worry about the pizza. I'll pack it up and take it to work tomorrow, the guys can eat it... Daphne?" Daphne turned to look at him, her lower jaw hung slightly ajar, then she looked back to the Pizza. Slowly she picked up a slice and stuffed it halfway into her mouth, biting three inches off the tip in a single bite.

Her mouth exploded with pleasure as the combination of flavors hit her tongue. She closed her eyes and moaned with joy as she chewed the pizza then swallowed. Without hesitating she took another large bite, followed by another moan of delight.

After she finished the slice, her mouth felt dry. She looked to her right at the paper grocery bags, and saw the top of a 2L bottle of cola emerging from the top. She pulled it out, twisted off the lid and chugged a mouthful. The sugary liquid flowed down her throat, cutting through the rich flavors of the pizza. It was exactly what she needed. She wiped her mouth then returned to the pizza.

She stood there with eyes closed savoring every bite as she ate. The sweet and fatty cheese, the tangy tomato sauce, the warm and doughy crust, and then the sharp quench of the soda. She was in heaven.

She only stopped when she reached into the pizza box for the next slice, and her fingers touched bare cardboard. She opened her eyes to see an empty pizza box before her. Looking to the bottle on her right, there was only a quarter of the bottle left.

"Daphne...? Are...are you okay?"

Daphne looked to her left to see her husband watching her, face in shock. She nodded with a grateful smile. Yes, she felt more than ok. The fire inside had abated. She felt...full. Satisfied. It'd been nearly 20 years since she'd felt that. Her stomach gave a gentle rumble of appreciation. She reached down to place a hand on her navel when she felt something that shocked her. Her stomach was not the flat surface that she'd maintained for over a decade. She pulled up her loose top to confirm what she'd felt. Starting from the bottom of her rib cage, her stomach angled out slightly forming a small bump, like she was almost 4 months pregnant. Her skin was smooth and taut, vibrating against her hand as her stomach gurgled again.

An icy chill ran through her, dispelling any feelings of joy or satisfaction that she'd previously had. "Oh god...OH GOD!! I'm...I'M FAT!! LOOK AT WHAT YOU DID TO ME!" She shrieked at her husband. Zach's eyes went wide with surprise as his wife stared daggers at him. He'd never seen her give him a look like that before. Before he could react, she ran past him and up the stairs to their room. From above Zach could hear the door lock.

Hours later after Zach had cleaned up and put the kids to bed he went upstairs. He tried the knob on the door but it was still locked. He sighed with resignation, then turned around and walked away. He grabbed a spare pillow and set of linens from the hall closet then made his way downstairs to the couch.

Within the bedroom, Daphne lay in bed, eyes red from crying. How could she let this happen? She'd been so good for so long, so focused on staying healthy. And then Zach had come in with his stupid miracle cure and now look at her.

But it wasn't Zach's fault, not really. She'd agreed to try the pill, and then she'd gone overboard. She still didn't know what had come over herself. And how had she eaten that much? An entire large pizza and almost an entire bottle of pop. Even during her youth when she'd been at her heaviest, she'd never eaten that much in a single sitting.

She sniffed once to clear her nose, still running from the tears. She didn't know what part of the entire ordeal she hated more. That she'd lost control, or...that deep inside on a primal or subconscious level she'd really enjoyed it. Even now after lying in bed and weeping for hours, her hand still rested upon her full stomach, gently rubbing it when it occasionally rumbled with digestion.

3. The Next Day

Daphne woke late the next morning. She rose groggily, releasing a long yawn as she sat up. She checked the clock; 8:03 am it read. She'd slept for nearly 10 hours! She hadn't slept that long since before she'd had kids. Downstairs she could hear Zach moving about the kitchen, while Simon cried, and Camille giggled. "Ah, shit, I shouldn't have overslept," She muttered as she pushed herself out of bed. She'd been angry with Zach last night but that was no reason to abandon her duties as a mother.

She walked to her dresser to get a pair of bottoms to put on over the panties she'd slept in. As she rifled through her drawer, she absent-mindedly itched her stomach. Then she paused. Her stomach felt exactly the same as it had the morning before. She rushed to the ensuite bathroom and pulled off her tank top and gazed at her reflection in the mirror. She looked like...herself. Her flat toned stomach, her slim graceful thighs, her A-cup breasts. It was as if last night's binge had been a bad dream.

She sighed with relief. She'd lost control one night, and freaked out, but it was behind her. No harm done this time; she'd just be careful to never do it again. Then, her mind curious, she reached down and massaged one of her pink nipples. Her soft nubs became instantly stiff from the attention but when she felt nothing else after 20 seconds she let go and shook her head. So much for the miracle lactation cure. She redonned her top then slid into a pair of yoga pants and headed downstairs.

Daphne entered the kitchen to loud cries of joy from her daughter and son. "Mama! I miss you!" Camille squealed from her seat. Daphne smiled and leaned down to kiss her daughter on top of the head. "I missed you too, Cammy. I was just feeling sick last night, but I'm all better now"

She stood and looked across the kitchen to where Zach stood washing the breakfast dishes at the sink. He met her eyes and gave her a small smile. "Good morning, Daphne" He said. Then he looked down and his face went red. Confused, Daphne looked down to see what had triggered her husband. Through the white cotton of her top both of her nipples were still stiff and quite visible. She laughed. "Oh Zach, you're such a goody two shoes. I'm your wife, you're allowed to look at my...you know" She stopped herself, not wanting to go into detail in front of the kids.

He chuckled and nodded "Right, sorry."

She walked over and kissed him on the cheek. "Zach..." She said quietly. "I'm sorry about last night. After...after I did what I did, I flipped out. It just brought up a lot of repressed feelings and I didn't handle it well. Throwing it in your face was wrong, and I'm sorry."

He pulled her against his side with an arm around her shoulder. "It's ok, I know you've been through some hard stuff, and we really didn't know how that pill would work. On that note...do...those..." He flicked his eyes down to her nubs pressing insistently against her tank top "...mean that the pills worked?"

She shook her head "No, I tried to get things going upstairs, but felt nothing. I don't know why they're still stiff...you like?" She said with a coy smile, biting her bottom lip. Zach's eyes kept

drifting down to stare at them as they talked. He looked back up at her. "Hehe, yeah...I do" He said with an embarrassed grin.

She tapped him on the nose with her finger. "Good, you've never paid much attention to them, time for that to change"

He raised an eyebrow. "Really, now?"

She rolled her eyes at him. "No, not now, you silly man, you've got to go to work! You're already late, as it is!"

Zach checked his watch and groaned. "Oh dammit, you're right. Alright, my love, have a good day" He kissed her on the cheek, then kissed both his son and daughter on the head as he rushed out the door. Daphne shook her head with a smile. "Oh, that husband of mine"

The rest of her morning proceeded like every other morning in recent memory. She cleaned up the kitchen, changed her children's diapers, got them dressed in play clothes, and kept them entertained in the living room, letting her son keep himself busy in the jolly jumper, while she read picture books to Camille.

The only difference was her nipples, which refused to return to their softened state. She definitely thought it odd; she'd never experienced anything like it before, but they also weren't causing her any sort of discomfort or pain. They were just sort of there, ever present, poking out through her cotton top.

It only became an issue after lunch. Typically, she took her kids out for a run in their stroller, but today her insistent nipples created a dilemma. She liked that Zach liked them, but she wasn't about to just parade around the neighborhood with her high beams on display. Her usual running gear was a spandex t-shirt, but in one of those her nipples were very obviously visible. "What the fuck is going on with these?" She said to herself as she looked at herself in the mirror. With a shake of her head in frustration she returned to her closet to find a solution. To solve the problem, she'd resorted to putting on two sports bras, and then the spandex on top which finally was enough to contain them.

Loading up her children into the stroller she headed out for her run. She felt particularly energetic today and took off down the street pushing them at a decent pace. As she ran in the warm summer air she began to feel a strange sensation throughout her body. She started to sweat, which wasn't uncommon, but then she started to feel a warmth and pressure in her chest. The feeling of heat and pressure only seemed to increase as her run went on, but she wrote it off as her body not being accustomed to running with two tight sports bras constricting her.

She returned home almost an hour later, body coated with sweat, and her chest burning. "Fuck..." She panted. "I gotta get these things off of me" She quickly put her children into a playpen and then hurried upstairs to her bedroom. Without hesitating she ripped off her top followed by the two sports bras. She closed her eyes and sighed with relief, as the pressure eased, taking a moment to bask in the sensation before she opened her eyes once more.

She gasped, nearly falling back onto the bed, as she took in what she saw. Her breasts were swollen and bright red, veins visibly pressed against the surface. "Ah what the fuck!?" She cried

out loud as she stared at them. Her nipples were still turgid, but had turned a deep purple color. She took her hand and gently touched the top of her breasts. The flesh was stiff and hard, though not painful to the touch. She could feel the pressure build in them again. She felt a panic attack coming, until she saw something that snapped her out of it. At the tip of her right teat was a single droplet of white liquid.

“Oh!...oh my god! Oh my God!! Milk!!” She screamed in shock. “This is insane! What is...” She froze as the memory of last night returned. She’d spent the morning trying to forget about what had happened, but now she had no choice but to think about it. “The Pill?! It works! Holy shit it works?! Ah ha ha, aaaa ooo fuck, its starting to hurt! What...what time is it?” She checked the clock beside the bed. It wasn’t time for Simon to feed, but...she couldn’t pass up this opportunity.

Still topless she ran down to the living room and picked up Simon and set him on her lap. “Come on...come on” She whispered urgently as her son looked up at her as she raised his face towards her exposed right breast. For a moment he did nothing, then instinct kicked in and he latched onto her engorged nipple. Instantly milk began to flow into her son's mouth which he swallowed eagerly. She sighed as she sat back into the couch cushions, doing her best to get comfortable.

“Mama?” She heard from in front of her. She looked over to Camille who was standing in her playpen. “Yes, Cammy?” She said, wincing slightly as she sat up.

“What you doing, Mama?” She asked with a curious smile.

“Well, Honey” Daphne said lovingly “This is how mother’s feed their babies”

“Am I your baby, Mama?” Cammy asked.

Daphne nodded. “Of course you are honey! Are...are you hungry?”

Cammy nodded. “Yes, Mama”

Still cradling her Son, she stood and helped Camille out of the playpen before sitting back down on the couch, letting Camille kneel and straddle her thigh. Her daughter quickly latched on and began to nurse alongside her brother.

Daphne closed her eyes as she sat on the couch, with her two children in her arms. Then she began to cry. Tears of joy streamed down her face, as she quietly sobbed. The hidden pain of the past two years drained from her as she wept. She let it all go; her doubts about herself, the pain and remorse that she’d inflicted on herself. All of it faded away.

After 5 minutes the flow ended, the pressure within her breasts disappearing entirely. She gently placed her children back in the playpen, then she went back upstairs to get dressed again. She wiped her eyes as she walked, before she started to laugh uncontrollably with joy, the emotional release overwhelming her. She couldn’t believe it. The pill had worked, just as promised. The only downside was that she’d run out of milk after 5 minutes, which was far below average.

She walked into her ensuite bathroom to wash her face, when she stopped dead. For the third time today, she was shocked by an unexpected change in her appearance, although perhaps she should've expected it.

When she'd first removed the sports bras, she'd noticed that her breasts were swollen, but she had figured that was just because they'd been suddenly engorged with milk. But it hadn't just been the milk. Her breasts had grown.

Ever since university, when she'd begun her dieting obsession, she'd had almost non-existent breasts. Breasts were made of body fat and she'd tried to reduce her body fat as much as possible. When she'd recovered from her mental illness and returned to a healthy body weight her curves had stayed absent. Until today.

She stared in wonderment in the mirror. She was now the proud owner of a pair of C-cup breasts. Beautiful, perky, round, breasts. She cupped them with her hands, and there was actually something to hold on to. When she turned from side to side, her figure actually had some projection. She ran her hands through her hair and then began to laugh again.

"Holy shit! I...I have boobs! God damn...that pill really worked!" She ran to her bedroom, and grabbed a low cut top from her closet. She pulled it over her head and returned to the mirror. The small top, which used to fit her loosely, was now filled out quite fetchingly by her bust. A small line of cleavage was visible above the neckline where her new breasts were pressed together.

Daphne squealed with delight. "Ahhhhahahaha!!!! Yes, yes, yes! Oh, I can't wait to show Zach!"

From downstairs she heard her son begin to cry. "Oh shit!" She cursed as she ran back downstairs to calm her children.

4. Life goes on

Zach arrived home that afternoon shortly after 5. As soon as he closed the door, he turned to see his wife bouncing down the hall towards him. "Daphne!" He said with a smile. "You're not usually the girl who comes to greet me at the door!" As if on cue from behind her mother Camille came tottering down the hallway. "Daddyyyyy!" She screamed.

He scooped up his daughter and then leaned in to give his wife a kiss. "How are you feeling, my love?" He asked as they pulled away. She gave him a devious smile.

"I'm feeling very good, Zach. Notice anything?" She stood before him; hands clasped behind her back. She still wore the low-cut top that she'd put on earlier. She began to nervously bounce on her heels, the motion emphasizing her new assets.

It took him a moment to notice the change, but when he did his eyes nearly bugged out of his skull. "Daphne!! What the...how...what?!"

Pleased with his response she leaned in to kiss him again, pressing her chest against his. "Come in to the kitchen and I'll explain everything"

While Zach sat at the table, minding the children, Daphne explained the events of her day while she made dinner.

"I still can't believe it!" She said as she brought over two plates of chicken and rice; despite the positive experience of the pill she wasn't going to abandon her healthy convictions.

Zach nodded, his eyes still locked on to her cleavage. "I..uh...yeah"

She smirked at him. "Eyes up here, lover boy. Don't worry, I'll give you the full tour after the kids are in bed" She gave him a wink before she dug into her food.

Zach gave her an eager smile before starting into his own plate.

They ate in silence, the only sound the clinks of forks on plates, markers on paper, and the mindless babbling of their infant son. He would need to eat again soon, a feeling that filled Daphne with anxiety. She hadn't felt the pressure again. What if it had been a one-time thing?

As Daphne made her way through her plate, she discovered another issue. Her food...just didn't taste good. It had nothing to do with how she'd prepared it, she'd used the same recipe she'd always had. It was just...bland. How had she lived relying on this? As she chewed on the mildly seasoned chicken her mind kept straying to last night's pizza. The rich flavors, the fat, the grease. She repeatedly had to push it out of her mind to focus on her meal.

Zach gave her a genuine smile as he finished his food. "Delicious as always, my love" She nodded, mouth full of flavorless rice. "Mmm, fank you" She said with her mouth full. Of course it wouldn't taste as good as pizza, she thought, but who cares. Being healthy required sacrifice.

After dinner, Zach took their daughter up to her room to get her ready, while Daphne prepared herself for her second attempt at nursing. She still hadn't felt that same intense pressure but

she decided she wouldn't stress about it. She gently picked up her son, and then pulled down the neckline of her top, exposing her right breast. Her nipples, which had gone back to their softened shrunken state after this afternoon's feeding, perked up in the cool air. She closed her eyes, silently pleading as she brought her son's face to her nipple. He began to suckle at her breasts, and for a few seconds she held her breath, until suddenly milk began to flow once more. She sighed with relief, leaning back against her chair as she let her son feed. But just as had happened this afternoon, after 5 minutes she was empty.

Her son began to cry, his dinner cut short, so she quickly prepared a bottle of formula, and gave it to him. She frowned as she watched him happily drink down the formula. Considering before this morning she hadn't been able to produce milk at all, she knew it shouldn't bother her that she couldn't produce enough, but it did. Unfortunately, there was little she could do about it so she would just have to accept the reality of the situation.

Later that night after putting her children to bed, she joined her husband in the bedroom. He sat on the edge of the bed and she stood before him. With a coy smile she gently grabbed the hem of her top and pulled it off over her head. Zach licked his lips as he viewed her new topless form, reaching up with both hands to hold her new round breasts.

"Tsk!" She playfully swatted his hands away. "Not with your hands, silly boy." She stepped forward and leaned into him, pressing her breasts against his face. Immediately he grabbed her around the small of her back pulling her into him as he began to kiss all over her chest. He laid back on to the bed pulling her with him in his grip. Daphne squealed with surprise as he manhandled her.

"So, Zach" she said as she laid atop him, her breasts still pressed firmly against his face. "Do you like my new...titties?" She emphasized this last word, knowing the profanity would make him blush. "Mmhmm" Was his response, as he continued to kiss and rub his face against every inch of her chest. Apparently, the power of boobs had overridden his normal shyness.

"Good" She purred. "I like them too." She reached behind her to find her husband's member standing at attention. "Mmm, good boy" She whispered, as she raised her hips. Pulling her panties to the side, she slid herself onto his shaft and began to use her thighs to move her hips up and down.

Letting go of her back he grabbed onto her hips and then started to thrust up into her. "Mmmfff" Was all she could hear from beneath where his face was still smothered by her chest.

"Oh yesss, fuck me, baby" She moaned. She could've sworn that he'd never felt harder than he did tonight, filling up her pussy with his rock-hard meat. It took only a few minutes of this before he exploded inside her.

"Ooo, naughty boy!" She teased "Trying to get me pregnant again?" She sat up, still with his cock inside her, resting on her knees. Zach took a deep breath as he was freed from her restraints. "Oh fuck...Goddamn Daphne, that was...fuck!"

She chuckled lightly as she eased herself off of him "Swearing too! Who replaced my sweet innocent man! Eek!" She yelped as he grabbed her and flipped her on to the bed beside him. Holding her tight he began to kiss the back of her neck, while she giggled with glee.

"I love you so fucking much, Daphne" He whispered into her ear. She scooted closer to him, wanting to be in contact with as much of him as possible "Mmm, I love you too Zach"

The next morning they woke feeling refreshed and happy. Just like every other morning, they got the kids up, and went down together to start the day. Breakfast was a bowl of greek yogurt with a touch of honey for each of them. Daphne silently worked her way through the dish while she nursed her son.

The tang of the yogurt and the sweetness of the honey was nice, but she couldn't help but feel that she really would've liked a nice big plate of bacon and eggs. She left the table with her stomach growling, something that she'd gotten used to over the years, though today she found it bothered her.

The rest of the week continued much the same. Daphne got herself into a proper breastfeeding routine, and she and Zach got into a proper routine of enjoying her breasts in a much more adult manner.

Though Daphne was quite happy with the change in her lifestyle, things weren't perfect. Firstly, there was her issue with food. Logically she knew that her diet was the best choice for her without question. It was healthy, controlled, and exact. They'd lived in this routine for years and she'd never struggled with it. Not until this week. Now the healthy recipes that she'd grown to love just didn't satisfy the way that they'd used to, nor was she fine being hungry all the time. Leaving meals unsatisfied was starting to frustrate her more and more.

The other issue was that of her milk supply. The euphoria of being able to finally breastfeed her child quickly gave way to frustration that she couldn't *fully* breastfeed her child. She was thankful that the pill had worked for her, she just wished it had worked a little bit better.

Sitting with Zach watching television late at night the following Saturday, she resolved that she needed to move past this. Why stress about a situation that she couldn't change? Zach was happy, the kids were happy, she should be happy. They lived a healthy lifestyle and that was for the best.

A month had passed and Daphne had more or less succeeded with her resolution. Though she still felt occasional cravings, she'd felt the same before she'd taken the pill. And as for her nursing dilemma, after talking with friends and her therapist, she'd agreed that she was being unreasonable with her expectations. She'd been given a wonderful gift and should be appreciative.

It was Sunday morning, and Daphne stood in the kitchen gazed about with a look of confusion on her face. In her hand she held the portable emulsion blender, which had just died on her while she was in the middle of making smoothies. "Zaaaach" She called from the kitchen. "Where are the AA batteries?"

"Bottom drawer, where we keep all the random junk" He called from the living room where he was watching the children.

She walked over and pulled open the drawer to find an assortment of what her husband had accurately described as 'Random Junk'. She rifled through it, but was unable to find the batteries.

“Are you sure?” She called over her shoulder.

“Pretty sure! Look near the back”

She pushed items out of the way and reached back to where the drawer didn't quite make it out of the millwork. Her hands moved from item to item looking for the familiar shape of a pack of batteries, when instead it closed around a small plastic cylinder. Confused as to what it could be, she pulled it out. In her hand was the bottle of pills.

Her eyes went wide as she stared at it. After she'd exploded at Zach that first time, she'd thought that he'd disposed of them. But here they were, just sitting in the junk drawer.

Her breathing became labored as she knelt there on the kitchen floor staring at the pill bottles. The cravings, the desires, the need that she'd worked to repress over the past month came back stronger than ever. Here was the answer to all of her problems in the palm of her hand.

Satisfy her cravings without impacting her weight? Take the pill. Increase her milk supply to better take care of her children? Take the pill. The only side effect was making her boobs grow slightly bigger, which was something that she wouldn't say no to. That first week after the initial incident Zach had worshipped her and her new breasts, making love to her every night. She'd felt like a goddess. But in the weeks following she had gotten the impression that for Zach the novelty had worn off, as the passion and frequency of their love making had tapered off to normal levels. She didn't blame him; C-cups were the largest breasts that she'd ever had but they were far from what anyone would describe as “big”.

She flipped open the bottle and looked at the pills inside. Her skin became flushed, sweat beading on her forehead. It was all so simple; just take the pill.

“Babe? Did you find them?” Zach's voice echoed.

Daphne snapped out of her reverie. She twisted the lid back on and stuffed them back into the drawer. What was she thinking? Had she forgotten what happened last time? When she'd totally lost control? She'd made a promise to herself that she would never do that again. As if in protest, her stomach growled loudly. “Shut up!” She hissed. “Oh god, why am I talking to my stomach?” She shook her head with frustration, then looked back in the drawer. There, pressed up against the side of the drawer were the batteries. She pulled them out and closed the drawer.

“Yup! Got them, thanks honey!” She called back. With a dish towel she wiped the perspiration that had formed on her face, and returned to making smoothies.

5. Midnight Snack

That night she lay awake in bed, Zach softly asleep beside her. It was nearly midnight and she couldn't sleep. Ever since she'd found the pills that afternoon, she'd been fixated on them, a constant battle raging in her mind. Give in to her temptation or hold strong. Do what she wanted, or do what she was supposed to do.

She sat up in bed, mind wide awake. She couldn't take it anymore, she had to do something. Beside her Zach snorted softly in his sleep then rolled over. "I love you, baby" She whispered as she got out of bed. She tossed on a t-shirt and a pair of comfy sweats then headed downstairs and out the door, grabbing keys and the pills on her way.

She drove away from their house, mind racing. To help herself focus she began to walk herself through her plan "Ok...I think what I have to do is make a compromise? Like, give in to my craving, but...but just a little bit. Last time I lost control but that's because the food was already there. Once I ran out of food, I regained control. So...I just need to make sure I don't get too much food. Yes, that...that should work!" She exited their neighborhood, heading towards downtown.

Stopped at a red light, she grabbed the bottle of pills. "Alright, it took about 20 minutes for you to kick in last time" she said to the pills as she opened the bottle. Across the intersection was a local burger joint, known both for its large greasy burgers and for being open 24/7. She shook a single pill into her open palm. "So, I'll take you now, go order a burger, and then drive home. By then it'll have kicked in and I'll be good!" She smiled to herself, feeling a bit smug. She'd figured out a way to have the best of both worlds.

She popped the pill in her mouth and swallowed. The light changed and she accelerated through the intersection, signaling to turn into the parking lot. She pulled into the drive thru lane behind two other cars, and waited. Then it hit her.

She doubled over in pain as the fire bloomed in her stomach. "What?! No!" She groaned. Her stomach gave a loud growl as if to say 'Yes'. She began to pant as the pain in her stomach intensified. The car in front of her pulled ahead, and she jerked her car forward up to the order box.

"Hello, what can I get for y-"

Without thinking Daphne yelled out her window "4 Bacon Double Cheese burgers, 2 extra-large fries, 2 extra-large chocolate shakes!" She needed that food, and she needed it now.

A minute later she pulled up to the pick-up window, her body shaking. It felt like her stomach was eating her from the inside out. Her gut growled almost non-stop, unwilling to negotiate its demands.

The window opened and she slapped down a \$100 bill on the counter, far more than what the food cost. "GIVE IT!" She yelled with outstretched arms, sweat beading on her skin. The frightened employee handed her the large bag of food and tray of drinks, which she snatched out of his grip. He picked up the \$100 bill and turned to the register.

"Ok, just give me a second and I'll get your change. Hey, wait?!" Daphne had peeled out of the drive thru lane as soon as the food was in her car.

She zipped across the parking lot and stopped in an empty area. She was technically parked across 4 different spots currently, but she didn't care. She ripped open the bag and the smell that hit her almost made her faint. It was glorious. She started with one of the burgers, tearing off the wrapping then taking a massive bite. The rich taste of the burger flooded her mind with endorphins. Chewing only twice she swallowed. "Oh fuuuuuck" She moaned before she took another bite.

After finishing the first burger, she started on the fries. Salty and sweet she ate them by the handful. Then the shake, thick and creamy, the rich chocolatey taste making her eyes roll back in her head with pleasure.

She continued her feast without stopping, enjoying every second of it. The fire within her stomach blazed, but it no longer hurt, it was just a warm pleasant feeling as she stoked the fire with more and more food.

With a slurp she finished the last of her second shake. Reaching into the bag she found it empty. She'd eaten it all. She leaned back into her seat with a groan of contention. The burning in her stomach was a dull warmth "Fuck, that was good" She said to herself.

Curious, she lifted the hem of her t-shirt. Just like before, her stomach slanted out slightly from her body, forming a taut little bump. Surprisingly this time it didn't bother her. She'd thought she would've panicked if she lost control again, especially since she'd only planned to indulge a bit, but she couldn't deny that this felt good. Maybe because she'd done this before and everything had worked out ok, she subconsciously knew it was fine. "Alright" She said with another exhale of relief, "Alright, let's go home, and burn this off" She said, gently giving her pudge a pat.

She turned the car back on, and set it in gear, when her stomach gurgled. Suddenly the fire in her gut relit, stronger than before. She clenched her teeth in pain "Hnnngg... What?! How are you still hungry!" Another growl was her stomach's response.

Her breathing became labored again, and the pain redoubled. She didn't know how or why, but that didn't matter. All she knew was she needed more food; a lot more food. Gripping the steering wheel with white knuckles, she drove back to the drive thru. Luckily there was no longer a line.

She drove past the order box and right to the pick-up window. The attendant opened the sliding glass with a smile. "Oh, good you're back, I can give you your change!"

Breathing heavily, she glared at him, and spoke through her teeth. "Double. My. Order"

"...Ma'am?" He questioned.

"DOUBLE IT!" She yelled. Another low growl and a clenching pain caused her eyes to squeeze shut.

The attendant, confused, just nodded. "Uh Ok, Ma'am, your change from before covers this order. I'll have it over to you shortly"

"HURRY!" She shrieked. She sat back in the seat and closed her eyes, trying to shut out the pain. With one hand she gently rubbed her stomach, hoping that would relieve the discomfort, but it was of little help. A minute later the window reopened and two bags and trays were handed out to her. This time she didn't even wait to leave the drive thru lane. She just put her car in park and tore open the bags.

She didn't think anything could taste better than the food she'd eaten 15 minutes ago, but somehow the second round of burgers topped it. The meat was juicier, the bacon crispier, the cheese cheesier. Every bite brought a moan of deep satisfaction as the sensation in her stomach returned to a controlled burn.

The attendant watched in a mix of awe and horror as the thin woman sitting in the car before him devoured 8 burgers, 4 extra large fries, and 4 extra large shakes all without taking a moment to pause. It took her only 20 minutes to eat enough food to feed a family of 8.

Daphne closed her eyes as she swallowed the last bite. Finally the fire within her subsided, and then fully went out. She took several deep contented breaths, relishing the feeling. Her stomach was full, fuller than it had ever been, but it didn't feel painful, it just felt...good. The only discomfort was a minor pressure that she could feel near the front of her stomach. "Ok..." She said, eyes still closed "Now, THAT was fucking good"

"Ma'am...are...are you ok?" She heard the attendant ask.

Eyes closed and maintaining her deep breathing she nodded. "Yes... I'm fine... Thank you. Sorry... for yelling"

"You don't need me to call you an ambulance?"

She turned to look at him and opened her eyes "An Ambulance?! What are you talking about?"

"Ma'am...your stomach" He said pointing.

Daphne whipped her head around to look down at herself. Her eyes went wide. "Oh..." Was all she could say, a mix of wonder and dread running through her mind.

That minor pressure that she'd felt was her stomach pressing into the steering wheel. From underneath her rib cage it arced away from her body dramatically forming a large round dome. The skin was still taut and smooth, blemish free. Her t-shirt rode up, unable to cover the expanse of her belly, leaving the outer half completely exposed.

Her first thought was of her pregnancies, but looking down at the round orb of her food stuffed gut she knew that wasn't quite an accurate comparison. She was pretty sure that she was slightly bigger than she'd been at the end of each of her pregnancies.

She rested a hand on her stomach and gently rubbed the convex upper curve of the rounded shelf of skin. "Wow..." She said as her stomach gently rumbled. She was in complete shock. With the evidence of it visible before her the reality of what she'd just done stunned her. In less

than an hour she'd consumed enough food to feed Zach and her for an entire week. And she felt fine.

That was what shocked her the most. For her entire adult life her weight had been a constant worry, a looming threat in the back of her mind that had shaped her actions, and nearly pushed her to the brink of disaster. After she'd recovered, she'd become hypervigilant, obsessed with maintaining a healthy lifestyle. A toned midrift, slender arms, a trim face and neck. These had been her goals.

She flipped down the sun visor and opened the mirror to look at herself. She had to chuckle slightly. She still had the slender arms and the trim face and neck, but her stomach was far from toned.

"Ma'am?" The attendant asked.

Daphne jumped in her seat. She'd forgotten that she was still sitting in the drive thru. "Oh, yes, sorry! I'm fine. All good! I'm just...a big eater" She gave him a fake smile then turned the car back into drive and pulled off into the night.

She drove with the window down, elbow resting on the sill, head leaning against her fist. As she made her way back home the steering wheel constantly rubbed against the outer edge of her stomach as she drove; a constant reminder of her current condition. As she drove she didn't panic, she didn't stress, she didn't freak out, she just pondered.

She was fat. Sort of. She trusted that the pill would work as before and burn it all off. After all, the large orb of her belly wasn't fat, just her stomach filled with food to a supernatural degree. Maybe that was why she wasn't stressing about it? Because she knew it wasn't permanent. As she turned on to her street, she felt another growl and then a moment later an unexpected burp escaped from her lips. She laughed at the absurdity of it all as she patted the outer edge of her stomach. "Easy girl" She muttered with a smile.

She pulled into their driveway and turned off the car. With a bit of difficulty, she slid out of the vehicle. She had to catch herself as she stepped out, her center of balance askew because of her gut. Standing upright, it projected out from her torso, drooping only slightly from the weight. Recalling the stance she had to use when pregnant, she waddled up toward the house.

She was relieved to find the lights off in the house. Zach was a pretty heavy sleeper so it was unlikely he would've awoken, but she still didn't want to risk running into him. She didn't want him to see her like this. She was willing to accept it as she knew it was temporary, but she didn't want Zach to be disgusted by her and what she did. He was a very kind and understanding man, but even that had its limit.

Quietly she crept upstairs and into their bedroom. She stripped down to the panties and bralette that she'd been sleeping in prior and eased her way past the bed into the ensuite. With the door closed, she flicked on the mirrors backlight. Her reflection sprang into view from the darkness, and she was face to face with the consequences of the night's events.

"Goddamn..." She whispered as she took the view of herself in. It was tricky to get a proper sense of scale viewing her stomach from above. Getting to look at it straight on made it quite clear how big it was. When she'd been pregnant, her body had swollen and grown alongside her

stomach to adapt to growing a child. Tonight the only thing that had grown was her belly, nearly the size of a full term twin pregnancy. She turned to face away from the mirror. Looking over her shoulder with her back to the mirror, she looked exactly like she always had; slender legs, graceful arms, small tight butt.

“Oh, hello there” She playfully whispered to herself, still with her back to the mirror. She put her hands on her hips and swayed them back and forth enticingly, mimicking being on a dance floor “Oh you think I’m sexy? Aw, thank you, that’s so kind.” She blew a kiss at herself over her shoulder as she continued her little roleplay. “I hope you don’t mind...I’ve got a bit of a belly” She swung her body around to face the mirror again. Even though she expected it, the sight of her huge round belly swinging into view still surprised her.

Placing her hands on the back of her hips to help balance herself, she began to sway back and forth once again, her belly moving from side to side. “Oh, what’s wrong? You still think I’m sexy right?” In her mind she pictured the handsome suave man that she’d imagined for her roleplay, and his face going white with shock when he saw her massive gut. She began to giggle uncontrollably. “Oh that is too funny” She said as she wiped a tear from her eye. “Alright, enough silliness. Time for bed, and time to digest”

She quickly brushed her teeth so Zach wouldn’t be able to smell the fast food on her breath in the morning. Then she switched off the mirror light and re-entered the pitch-black bedroom. She tiptoed as quietly as she could around the bed, when unexpectedly her body betrayed her. A loud gurgle emerged from her stomach, as her body worked on digesting her feast. Daphne froze. Surely that wouldn’t be enough to wake her husband. Surely...

“Daphne...” His groggy voice came from the direction of the bed. “Yawn...Is that you?”

Daphne reacted quickly. “Yes! It’s me my love. I was just...going to the bathroom. Sorry to wake you”

“Oh...ok. Are you ok? I thought I heard something strange”

Daphne didn’t move. Both hands gripped the outer edge of her stomach, desperately hoping that would prevent it from making more noise. “Yes, all good. Go back to sleep, honey. I don’t know what you heard”

“Oh...ok” He said. He rolled over to go back to sleep.

Daphne breathed a quiet sigh of relief. Then she felt it coming. It started as a little gurgle in the pit of her belly, then it grew in volume, echoing up her throat. She put her hands over her mouth to try and stop it, but it was pointless. A loud belch emanated from her mouth, causing her belly to shake from the vibration. “Shit...” She muttered.

6. The truth comes out.

From the bed she heard Zach sit up. "Daphne?! What the...What's going on" A moment later the light clicked on, and Daphne went red with embarrassment. *Well, the cat's out of the bag now*, she thought.

Zach blinked as his eyes adjusted to the light, then he looked over and laid his eyes on her. His jaw dropped open in surprise. "Holy shit?! Daphne?!"

"Hi honey" She said with an embarrassed smile. "I...uh...I was hungry so I went out to get... some food" Her belly, sticking out almost a foot from her torso rumbled loudly, making her face go redder.

He stood up and rounded the bed to stand before her, his mouth still ajar, eyes bugging out as he took her all in. Finally, he looked her in the eye "...You got...some food?"

"Well...a bit more than 'some' I guess" she said with a shrug.

"Daphne, what the hell happened?" He said, voice confused and concerned.

Daphne gave a long sigh and then came clean about everything. The cravings she'd been feeling, her shame about her milk, how their food didn't taste good to her anymore, and everything else that had piled up over the past month.

"It all came to a head when I was looking for the batteries today. I found...I found the pills...in the drawer"

Zach had been listening silently, but he perked up at this. "Wait, you're saying the pills did this? How many did you take!"

She held up her hand with her index finger extended. "Just one. I took it an hour ago, and then I ate...well a lot"

"Jesus, Daphne. One pill did this?! You look like you're full term with twins! How is this possible?"

She nodded, resting her hands back atop her belly. "I don't know either. My guess is the pill has some chemical agent that affects your stomachs...stretchiness...so that you can eat enough to fuel whatever it is that it does?"

Zach nodded. He didn't know the science behind it either, but it made enough sense. Daphne rubbed her eyes with one hand, trying to keep herself awake. It was almost 1am, and her stuffed body was desperate for sleep "I'm sorry I tried to hide it from you, I just...I didn't want you to see me like this, in case you thought I looked...disgusting"

Zach shook his head. "No, I don't think you're disgusting. I'm just concerned. How are you feeling about all this? When you took the pill the first time you didn't get nearly as big, but you flipped out and then cried in your room for hours! How are you not freaking out!"

She shrugged again, looking off to the side “I dunno? Honestly...I feel alright? Like it feels weird of course, feeling this massive weight hanging off of me, but...it doesn't feel bad? It feels kind of good sometimes. Like it feels nice to be full, really nice. And rubbing it also feels nice...it's calming. I know I should be freaking out but I'm just...not. Maybe it's just all too surreal for me to process, y'know? Like...how is this all me?” She ended with a short chuckle looking down as she slid her hands down the front of her emphasizing the full extent of her girth.

Zach lightly pinched her chin with his fingers and tilted her face back towards him. “You sure? Because if you're not alright, I want you to tell me.”

She smiled at her husband, then gave him several reassuring nods. “Yes. Yes, I'm good. This is just temporary anyways, right? The pill will burn it all off. Maybe...maybe this was a good thing. A way to face my fears. Yeah, I'm fat right now...like...really fat” She highlighted this by slapping the sides of her belly with both hands. Her stomach responded with a low growl. Both Zach and Daphne laughed at the timing. “I'm fat, but it's ok. It's not the end of the world. So maybe I don't have to be such a health nazi all the time. Just live life in moderation”

Zach nodded, giving her a smile. “That sound's like a great plan”

“Thanks” She said, wiping a single tear from her eye. She hadn't realized that she'd been tearing up, but letting out all these feelings and fears with her husband had taken their toll. “Like...I know our diet is super healthy and good for you...but...the food kind of sucks, right?”

Zach threw his head back and laughed. “Oh my god, Daphne, thank you for that. I love you dearly, I will always love you, but I've been suffering in silence. Yes, a lot of the food we eat definitely sucks”

She put on a feigned offended expression, then playfully hit him on the chest. “Rude! Why didn't you say anything!”

He shrugged “Because I love you, duh. It was important to you at the time that we ate healthy all the time, and so I accepted that as part of the deal. If I wanted to be with you, I had to eat like you.” She cocked her head to the side with a pout “Aww, baby! I had no idea!”

He shook his head with a smile “Don't worry about it. I was more than happy to do it.”

He stepped forward to kiss her, but found himself abruptly stopped when he collided with her belly, his face still a foot away from hers. “Oop! Sorry” He said sheepishly.

Daphne laughed. “Ha, I'm the one who should apologize. She's pretty big ain't she?”

Zach raised an eyebrow. “She?”

Daphne gave him a smirk “Yeah...I don't know why I keep calling it she. Whatever, come here!” She grabbed him by the collar of his t-shirt and pulled him forward. Zach placed his hands on the side of her belly to brace himself as he was unexpectedly forced to lean over her. Their lips met and they shared a passionate kiss. As they continued to lock lips, his hands idly rubbed circles on the sides of her distended gut, drawing a moan of delight from Daphne.

Daphne pushed him away after several seconds, giving her husband a warm smile. Zach returned the smile as he righted himself, letting go of her gravid form. "So...speaking of food. Where did you end up going for your late night snack?"

Her eyes lit up with joy. "Oh! So, I went to that burger shack across from the gas station."

He nodded "Oh yeah, they make good burgers"

She raised an eyebrow at him "Oh? And how would you know?"

He paused, his shoulders tensing as he began to panic internally "Umm...I...Uhh"

Daphne let her husband stew for only a few moments before she laughed "I'm kidding! I'm sorry, I'm just kidding. I should hardly be upset at you for sneaking breaks from our diet after tonight."

Zach visibly relaxed. "Ha ha, right, right. So, the burgers were good?"

Daphne turned around to walk over to her side of the bed. "Oh god yes, I don't think I've ever eaten anything that delicious. We should make that place a regular spot of ours. Or maybe not...I don't think I can ever show my face there again, Ha ha-" Her chuckling was interrupted when something caught her eye.

Her husband, or more precisely her husband's package, which was currently aggressively tenting his pyjama pants. She hadn't noticed it before because her belly had been in the way, but now it was all she could notice. Zach followed her gaze to his crotch then blushed with embarrassment.

"Oh my god, Zach?!" She said in surprise. "Wait...do you..." She turned her eyes to meet his where he stood still beside the bed "Does...does this turn you on?" She gestured to her large round belly.

Zach said nothing, but in his pants his cock jumped involuntarily. A smile split Daphne's face. "Oh my god, it does! Zach! You little freak!"

Zach's face went redder "I...I just think you're beautiful"

She nodded with a wild grin "Yeah you do. Beautiful with this big gut!" She thrust her hips forward, causing the round dome of her stomach to jump slightly in place. She cackled as she watched his face get redder. Through it all his cock remained stiff as a rock.

"Alright, alright" He said, pulling back the covers to get into bed. "Very funny. Let's just go to bed"

Daphne raised her eyebrows at him. "What? What are you talking about, you silly man. This is the only time I'm going to look like this, this is your one chance to fulfill your fantasy! I'm not going to let you pass that up. Now get over here and make love to me!"

Zach's expression changed from one of embarrassment to one of surprise. "Wait...really?"

She kneeled on the bed before him, giving him a demure look. "Come here" She purred as she removed her bra. Zach didn't hesitate, removing his pants in a single motion then climbing onto the bed with her in an instant. Then he was upon her, lips kissing her face and neck, everywhere he could reach. His hands explored every inch of her swollen stomach, rubbing and caressing. Daphne moaned with desire at this. She didn't know why but it was really turning her on. Reaching down between her legs she could feel that she was already soaking wet.

Gently pushing him off of her, she turned so her back was to him then carefully got on to her hands and knees. "Fuck me, Zach. Fuck me and my big...round...belly" Zach entered her forcefully and began to thrust like a beast unleashed. "Oh....fuuuuuuuccckkk" Daphne moaned as he fucked her harder and faster than he ever had before. It was clear from how wild with lust he was, that her belly didn't just turn him on, it was his wildest sexual dreams come true. With each thrust she could feel its comforting weight swaying beneath her, brushing against the top of the comforter.

As he continued to pound away at her, he leaned forward, moving his hands from her hips to the side of her gut hanging heavily beneath her. He squeezed with his open palms and used it to anchor himself as he desperately tried to push himself deeper into her. The added pressure and ferocity was too much for Daphne, an orgasm erupting inside of her, making her see stars. Her climax caused her pussy to contract wildly around Zach's cock, pushing him over the edge as well.

They both collapsed on the bed breathless, Daphne laying on her side, Zach spooning her from behind, hand resting upon the edge of her round abdomen. Within seconds they were both asleep.

7. A fresh start.

They awoke next morning to the sound of Simon crying. They were still in the same position that they'd been in the night before. Zach got up first, quickly donning his pants, then setting off to comfort his son. Daphne let out a long yawn, then pushed herself up.

"Huh..." She said as she looked down at herself. The massive sphere of a belly from the night before was gone, but neither was it her flat toned stomach. It was somewhere in between, looking slightly bigger than the first time that she'd taken the pill and eaten an entire pizza.

"Guess you couldn't burn all of that in one night... I don't blame you girl, that was a fuckton of food" She gave her belly a quick pat then got herself out of bed, quickly donning some stretchy pants and a loose t-shirt.

She arrived in the kitchen to find it smelling delicious "Mmm...that smells really good, baby. What is it?"

"Just eggs and toast, nothing fancy" He said with a smile.

She smiled back "Well it smells amazing." She walked over to the high chair and picked up Simon to nurse him. Her son, feeling particularly rambunctious this morning, grabbed the middle of her t-shirt and lifted, exposing her semi-swollen midriff.

"Mama! You fat!" Cammy said with a giggle from her place at the table.

Zach turned from where he was cooking, eyes concerned. Daphne felt the words hit her, but then just like that they were gone. She was ok.

"Cammy" She said voice loving but stern "It's not nice to call people fat."

"Sowwy, Mama" Cammy said, thoroughly shamed.

"That's ok dear. Thank you for apologizing. You're not wrong, I am a little fat today, but that's ok!" Daphne sat down at the table then lifted her shirt to expose her nipple to her son, who hungrily latched on. As her milk began to flow she suddenly remembered the other half of why she'd taken a second pill. She waited with anticipation as her son fed, but, just like every other day in the past 5 weeks, after 5 minutes she was empty. She set her son over her shoulder to burp him, internally reassuring herself.

There was no need to freak out. She was still digesting last night's feast. Last time the pill didn't kick in until well after she'd finished digesting. Moments later Zach walked over with their own breakfasts. She gladly took the plate of eggs and toast from her husband and began to eat. Though her stomach was still partially filled with food, she still felt hungry enough to eat.

Thirty minutes later Daphne stood in the ensuite, looking at her profile in the mirror as she held her t-shirt up with her hand to expose her midriff. Her stomach had definitely shrunk since she'd woken up. She nodded approvingly. The idea of being fat no longer made her go into a cold sweat panic, but she still preferred the way she looked thin. Though she couldn't deny the chemistry of last night...

Zach walked into the bedroom to get dressed for work. "Hey babe, everything ok?"

"Yeah, all good" Daphne said, stepping away from the mirror. "So..."

"Yeah?" Zach said as he started to put his legs into a pair of dress pants.

"Last night...was pretty good?" She said coyly as she sat down on the edge of the bed.

Zach gave her a broad grin as he pulled up the pants. "Yes, yes it was. Thank you for pulling me through my inhibitions. You were right, that was definitely a fantasy of mine, and I appreciate having the opportunity to fulfil it"

She smiled softly "Well...it was pretty fucking good for me too." A few moments of silence passed before she spoke again. "Your happiness matters to me, you know that right?"

Putting his arms through a button-up shirt, he turned to face her. "What? Yes, of course I do! I'm so happy! Especially so that I've got such an understanding wife. Most guys don't ever get to explore their fantasies. I'm frankly ecstatic that I got to do it at least once"

She nodded "Right...right. But would you...want to do it again?"

Zach stopped in the middle of tying his tie. "I mean...sure? But that's not going to happen right? We both agree that last night was an intense experience for you. And what if each time you take a pill the effects get more intense!"

An image formed in Daphne's mind of herself, with an even larger stomach than the one she bore last night, followed by an image of Zach standing before her, even madder with lust. The thought made her pussy tingle.

"Daphne? You there?"

Daphne looked back to her husband, emerging from thought. "Yes, sorry. Yeah...you're right. It's not worth the risk"

Zach nodded as he finished pulling his tie through the final loop. "Trust me, baby. I don't need that fantasy fulfilled any more. I love you so much"

Daphne smiled weakly "I love you too" Zach leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead. "Alright, I have to go. I'll see you tonight"

"Goodbye, love" She said as she watched him go. He was right, it was too risky. Still, it was difficult for her to forget the wild thrusts and primal noises he'd made last night. To think that she drew that animal out of her quiet, reserved husband made her shiver. She put it out of her mind when she heard a whine echo from downstairs; she had other things to worry about.

Daphne spent the day in anticipation. By the early afternoon her bump had completely disappeared, the food burned away completely. It shouldn't be long after that, that the second half of the pill, its true purpose, would take effect. But as the afternoon dragged on, nothing happened. As the clock hit 5, she was starting to get worried that it wouldn't happen at all.

Her husband walked in the door at 5:30. "Hey honey, I went to the store and got us some steaks!"

"Cool..." Came her lacklustre reply from the kitchen. Zach walked in, looking confused. "Daphne? What's wrong?"

She returned Simon to his high chair after finishing feeding him with formula. She gave him a smile as he rounded the table to see her. "It's nothing, don't worry. I don't think I've ever had steak!"

Zach leaned in to give her a kiss. "Oh you're gonna love it. I'll get it started"

Daphne watched as her husband busied himself in the kitchen. She didn't want to tell him what she was stressing about, because she knew what he'd say. 'Don't worry' and 'It'll happen, just be patient'. Which she knew was absolutely the correct attitude to take, but she still wanted to be annoyed by it. The pill had worked so much faster last night, why was this part taking so long!!

Half an hour later, Zach presented two plates filled with steak and roasted potatoes. Just like this morning it smelled delicious. The two of them dug in with gusto. Daphne moaned with joy as she ate, the good food temporarily distracting her from the day's annoyance.

"Babe?" She heard Zach ask from across the table.

"Mmhmm?" She murmured through a mouthful of delicious steak.

"Would you like me to turn the thermostat up?"

She swallowed her mouthful, before spearing another large piece of pink meat and putting it in her mouth. "Mmm, why?"

"Well...you just look...uh...cold?" His eyes flicked down to her chest.

She leaned back in her chair to look at herself as she chewed through her steak. There on her chest were two prominent points poking through the loose t-shirt that rested upon her chest.

"Mmf!! Mmff!!" Daphne tried to speak but her mouth was too full of food. She shook her hands with excitement pointing at her nipples, eyes wide with joy.

"What...is...happening? Are you happy to be cold?" Zach asked confused.

Daphne finally finished chewing and swallowed. Her mouth free of food she burst with excitement "Zach! This is amazing! Last time I took the pill this happened! It means the second phase of the pill is starting!" She bounced in her seat excitedly, causing her breasts to bounce along with her.

She took a bite of potatoes and continued her joyful rant “Oh, I’m so happy! Soon, I’ll be able to finally produce enough milk for our Son! The days of formula are over! And that’s not all it means...” She gave her husband a seductive wink.

Zach looked at her confused. Daphne rolled her eyes at him, as she placed her hands upon her chest, then mimicked them getting larger. Zach watched, his face puzzled, until it clicked.

“Oh...Oh!”

Daphne nodded “Right? This is good news for everybody. It’s all just a matter of time now” She cupped her breasts once more and gently squeezed, giving another squeal of delight.

“Goddamit, stupid boobs” Daphne muttered to herself with arms crossed over her chest as they laid in bed late that night. Hours had passed, and nothing had happened. Zach, who was reading a book in bed beside her, gave a light chuckle.

“Don’t be mean to your boobs, I happen to be quite fond of them” He teased.

Daphne rolled her eyes. “Oh hush, you.”

Zach kissed her on the top of her head, then reached over to turn out his light. “Don’t pout my love, it’ll happen in due time.”

Daphne sighed, rolling over in bed, then turned out her own light to go to sleep.

8. Milk for Breakfast

Daphne moaned in her sleep. She was having an odd dream where she was cooking over an open fire, but she kept getting too close, making her chest hot. Her dreamself took a large pan of meats and then leaned right over the fire to set it in place. She felt the skin on her chest get painfully hot from the fire, until it became too much to bear. With a start she awoke, face drenched in sweat.

“Ah...Just a dream” She said to herself, wiping her face. But something was wrong. Her chest was still burning. She sat up in bed and gently touched her chest through the t-shirt she’d worn to bed. The flesh was hard and springy. Immediately she knew what was happening.

Daphne reached across the bed to grab her husband by the shoulder and shake him awake. “Zach! Zach!”

Zach stirred with a groan. “Mmmm...wha...what is it?”

She continued to shake him. “Wake up! Wake up! It’s happening!”

Zach wiped the sleep from his eyes. “What’s happening, babe...”

She was too excited to be frustrated by his lack of care. “My milk! The pill! It’s coming now!”

That got his attention. He sat up straight. “Oh shit! Now?!”

She nodded in the dark. “Yes! The pressure is building. Fuck me, I forgot how uncomfortable it was” She began to breathe deeply in a rhythmic pattern, to help keep her mind distracted.

Zach finally turned on the light. Daphne was still lying in bed, propped up on her elbows, covers thrown back to expose her entire upper body. With the light on it was clear that her breasts were indeed bigger, filling out her t-shirt more than they had the night before.

Zach stared mouth open. “Goddamn” He muttered.

Daphne flashed him a grin, lifting her eyebrows suggestively. “I know, right? Lift up my shirt, let’s have a look at them!” Her eyes closed as she took another series of deep breaths.

Zach tore his gaze away from his wife’s swollen rack and focused on her. “Hey, are you alright?”

She nodded, though she didn’t open her eyes, nor did she move from her position. “It’s just...mmm...just a little painful”

Zach nodded back, though she couldn’t see him with her eyes closed. If his wife said she was alright, then he trusted her. Zach got up on his knees and carefully made his way over. He gently grabbed the hem of her t-shirt and lifted, first exposing her flat toned stomach, then hitting the underside of her breasts. He had to pull away from her body to get the fabric to stretch out over her twin mounds of flesh. After getting clear of them, he let go, letting the shirt bunch up around her collar bone, her chest fully exposed.

Zach stared with an open-mouthed grin plastered to his face. *Now those are some tits*, he thought. Each of her breasts had puffed up, swelling rounder with the new milk, each the size of a softball. Her nipples were still erect, and still pink. The skin was flushed, but not the deep red it had been before. Veins were visible along the surface, though just barely.

Daphne opened her eyes, and smiled at her expanded bust. "Mmm...not bad"

Zach looked at her. "Not bad?! Babe those are amazing. I just want...can...can I touch them?" His hands reached out of their own accord.

She managed a short laugh in between her continuing deep breaths. "Not yet, still too sensitive...in a bit, I promise."

Zach withdrew his hands, getting a hold of himself. "Of course. Sorry. So what happens now? When does it stop?"

She took a moment to answer, pushing through another set of deep breaths. "Last time it stopped... when I started to lactate...The pressure and pain...disappeared when I started...to nurse"

Zach rubbed his chin. "Alright, makes sense. Let me go get Simon"

With a heavy grunt of effort, Daphne pushed herself up so she was sitting against the headboard. Zach moved to get out of bed, but she grabbed him by the wrist. "Don't wake him. I don't want to ruin his sleep schedule"

Zach sat back down confused. "Ok...then what do you propose?"

Head tilted back against the headboard, she struggled to focus through the discomfort. "Well...I do have another boy here who loves my nipples" She turned her head to look at him and gave him a pained smile.

Zach smiled back, leaning forward, face angling toward the nearest nub. He licked his lips eagerly, as before him her nipples quivered with anticipation. Only 6 inches away he was stopped by Daphne's hand on his forehead.

"Not so fast, baby" she said through another labored breath as she pushed him back. "I don't think it's done"

He looked at her confused. "What? How do you know?"

"Am I leaking?" She asked.

Zach raised his eyebrows in confusion. "What?!"

Daphne gritted her teeth through another wave of discomfort. "Is...is there any milk forming at the end of my nipples?"

Zach looked back down at his wife's breasts. Her nipples were stiff and pink, but completely dry.

"No" He said flatly.

She nodded once "Then it's not done. Oh fuck! Here we go" The burning pressure in her chest intensified. The hue of her skin began to darken while the veins began to visibly pulse.

"Babe!" Zach cried out "Are you alright"

Daphne gave him a tight grimace, eyes squeezed shut. "Oh yeah. Piece of cake...Baby...I think...I think they're growing!"

Zach sat up with a start and looked down at her chest. He didn't see it at first, but after a moment it became visible. With each beat of her heart, he could see the outer edges of her breasts shift, slowly edging outward in tiny pulses. Zach watched in open mouthed wonder as his wife's breasts grew before his very eyes.

Daphne said nothing, teeth gritted and eyes squeezed shut in determination. She wanted relief desperately, the pressure was incredibly intense, the burning non-stop. But she also didn't want to stop before the process was through. This pill would do the job, she thought, it had to. This time would increase her supply enough to feed her child. And if it gave her big fucking tits that made her husband drool? Win-win. All she had to do was not get in the way.

She could feel the weight increase upon her chest with each passing second, as the pill turned the mass of calories she'd consumed, stored somewhere within her, into new milk ducts and new breast flesh to support them.

Zach was dumbstruck by what he saw. Daphne's tits had already been quite large, moments ago, but apparently that little swelling had just been an appetizer. This was the main course.

After only 30 seconds of growth, they'd reached nearly halfway to her navel, finally overflowing the bottom edge of her rib cage. They'd maintained their full round shape, nearly the size of cantaloupes now. Each pulse of growth pushed them further in every direction, growing deeper, rounder fuller. But they weren't done yet.

Daphne forced a weak smile, her eyes still squeezed shut in focus. *They're still going!* She thought, her mind a mix of wonderment and joy.

Zach was starting to drool as he watched her breasts continually expand before him, his cock insistently erect between his legs. With a final shudder her breasts slowed to a halt. Each was roughly the size of a soccer ball, sloping aggressively away from her chest. Each globe of titmeat projected beyond the side of her torso by at least two inches. The skin was bright red, veins rigid on the surface.

"Is...is it done?" Daphne asked quietly.

Zack looked down at her nipples, rigid and dark. As he stared, a single drop of milk formed at the tip.

"You're ready" He said, voice heavy. "How...how should I?"

She patted her thighs "Lay down"

Zach carefully turned himself about then laid gently upon her lower thighs, his head resting upon the one furthest from him. Turning his head, her nipple was mere inches from his mouth.

"Come on" She panted. "Don't make me wait!"

Zach leaned his head forward to take her nipple into his mouth then sucked hard. An instant flow of warm milk was his reward. From up above he could hear Daphne's deep sighs of relief. With his hands he grabbed hold of her other breast, and squeezed on to that one's nipple. It too began to spray milk forcefully, reaching almost halfway across the bed. A second sigh emerged from Daphne as the pressure on her other breast was relieved.

They lay in silence for minutes, Zach doing his best to drain the milk from her breasts, Daphne just enjoying the sensation. After 5 minutes, Daphne opened her eyes. Zach still lay across her lap, suckling on one nipple and milking the other. She smiled as another wave of relief hit her. They'd hit the 5-minute mark and she was far from empty. The pill had done its job.

"Doing ok down there?" She asked.

Zach released the nipple from his mouth. "Yeah...it's a lot of milk!" Even with his mouth no longer sucking she could still feel the nipple spurting little streams of milk.

Daphne laughed. "I mean...yeah, that was sort of the point, right?"

Zach chuckled as well, before he locked his lips back upon her nipple. Daphne moaned with pleasure. A few more minutes passed, and still the flow continued. She gently rubbed the upper curve of her new breasts, taking in their size. She was partially shocked at how big they'd gotten, but then again, she'd consumed roughly three times as much food this time, she should've expected much more growth.

She turned her head to look at Zach's lower body, a grin forming on her face when she spotted his rock-hard shaft. "Mmm...well somebody likes my new titties!" She said teasingly.

"Mmhmm" Came the muffled reply from below.

Daphne reached over, and pulled down the hem of his pyjama pants, freeing his cock into the night air. "Oh yes" She purred "Definitely a tit man". Then with a grin she wrapped her hands around his shaft and began to stroke up and down.

"Mmm!?" Came a muffled cry.

"Sh sh sh." She shushed him. "Don't stop my love, let mommy take care of you" With her other hand she reached around and began to gently stroke his hair. Zach on her lap moaned with delight as he continued to suck down her milk. Daphne smiled lovingly at her husband, as she began to speed up her strokes.

His cock twitched in her hand as she continued to slide her hand up and down, her movements deliberate and sure. "Come on baby" She whispered.

"Mmm!" He moaned through a mouthful of milk. His hips bucked, but she maintained her grip on his meat, speeding up again. His body tensed, hips lifting off the mattress slightly as he came, thick ropes of cum fountaining out of the tip of his cock.

"Good boy" She purred, still gently rubbing his head. Finally, Zach let her nipples go and laid back, breathing heavily. A few seconds after the flow from her nipples abated, only a few drops remaining, stuck to the end of her turgid nipples.

"Come on, let's go get cleaned up" she said, patting his head. Together they got up and stripped the sheets, putting on a new dry set. Then they headed to the ensuite for a shower, both of them covered in a combination of milk and cum.

Daphne stopped before the mirror to look at herself on her way to the shower. Her profile was incredibly profound now. Her breasts sloped away from her collarbone to two full round orbs of flesh each 8" deep. Her waist looked absolutely tiny in comparison, though if her bust got much bigger you wouldn't even be able to see her waist from the front at all. She squealed in delight before she followed her husband into the shower to get cleaned up.

9. Adjustments

Daphne woke early the next morning. She'd slept on her back, and woke with unexpected weight pressing upon her. She opened her eyes and before her, her bust dominated her view. Though gravity pulled them down and to the side in each direction, they still piled impressively high upon her chest, their full flesh resistant to gravity's whims. Atop each, pointing at the ceiling, rested her pink nipples, soft and sweet. After last night they'd returned to their little pink selves, completely ignorant of the massive mounds they were now attached to. Daphne sighed with contentment, stretching her arms above her head against the headboard.

She turned her head to look out the window, the sun starting to peak out over the houses across the street. Lying in bed in the peaceful morning quiet she thought back to 6 weeks ago and how different her life had been. Fretting over diet, constantly on edge about her weight, remorseful and regretful because of her inability to provide in a way that was important to her.

Now look at me! She thought turning her head back to look at the billowing mounds of her breasts. She pushed herself up into a sitting position, her pillows slumping forward, returning to the near spherical shape she remembered from the mirror last night. Her face split into a wide grin as she stared at them.

These were not part of the plan, she mused, *but I love them!* And so did her husband. She turned to look at Zach still asleep beside her. She owed it all to him. He'd taken a wild risk and it had paid off splendidly. Luckily for Daphne she knew a few ways that she could make it up to him.

Swinging her legs off the bed she stood and quietly padded her way to the closet. Like the belly she'd sported a day ago, her new breasts forced her to compensate in her walk, their additional weight throwing her off balance. She giggled as she walked. *This is going to take some getting used to,* she thought. *I should probably look up some back strengthening exercises.*

She walked into her closet and was immediately presented with another problem. None of her clothes would come close to fitting now. She grabbed her loosest tank top and threw it over her shoulders, pulling the hem down as far as it could go. She almost laughed when she looked at herself in the mirror. The fabric was stretched to its limit by her bust, the hem barely reaching her navel. Her breasts were squeezed tight against her, pushing the already perky jugs even further towards her collar bone.

She gave a little hop in place just for fun. Her breasts bounced along with her, the shirts restricting grasp incapable of restraining them. As they returned to their motionless state, Daphne noticed a small tear at the neckline. "Hmm" She hummed thoughtfully, a devious smile on her face. Then in a swift motion she threw her arms back, thrusting her chest forward. Her titanic tits heaved, and with a ripping sound burst forth through the thin fabric. The remains of her tank top hung off her shoulders, the garment thoroughly destroyed. "Daphne 1, Tank Top - 0" She said with a self-satisfied grin.

She pulled the remaining bits of fabric off of her then grabbed her red silk robe off its hanger. She tucked her breasts into the folds of the robe as best she could then tied the sash around her waist. The visual effect of her breasts pushing out the front of the robe before it sloped dramatically back to her thin waist, somehow made her figure even more impressive than it had

been in the nude. The robe, which usually reached her knees, had been pulled up at the front to her upper thigh.

"Well, that settles it" she said as she walked out of the bedroom. "I'm definitely going to have to go shopping".

Letting her husband sleep, she went to retrieve her son. She carried him quietly down to the kitchen, where she sat at the table. She rested him upon her lap then gently flipped the fold of her robe away revealing her nipple. She had to lift him up to reach her nipple which sat at the front of her enormous globe. Simon seemed to not care at all that his mother now had S-cup breasts, and latched on to her nipple same as he had every morning.

Daphne waited anxiously for the milk start flowing. She didn't know how her new form would impact the flow of her sweet nectar. She didn't want to drown her baby with his breakfast. Thankfully as he began to suckle, he was easily able to handle the volume she was outputting. She sat back in her chair, gently rocking her son, humming a little lullaby as she fed him.

15 minutes later he let go, thoroughly filled. "All done, my love?" She cooed as she lifted him to look at him face to face. He was indeed, although she wasn't. When she went to tuck her exposed breast back into her robe, she found that her nipple was still insistently spraying milk all over the kitchen table.

"Oh shit!" She exclaimed, leaping up. She spun around to get a wash cloth, which then sent little droplets of milk spraying across the kitchen. "Ahh!" She cried out, as her spurting breast continued to spray milk every which way.

She rushed over to the sink, and leaned over it, letting her nipple spray into the stainless-steel receptacle. Holding her baby against her shoulder with one hand, she squeezed on her nipple with the other, hoping to speed up the emptying process. After a minute, her flow finally ceased. She stood up straight, tucking her now empty breast back into her robe. She quickly patted her hand across the stretched silk that contained her other breast. It was dry as a bone, her breast comfortably resting within. "Whew, I'm gonna have to work on controlling that" She said as she turned around to survey the mess.

Milk was everywhere. On the floor, on the cabinets, on the table. "Ah Jesus. I made a mess!" Her son giggled in her arms. With a smile she bounced him up and down "I made a mess, Simon! I made a mess!" Placing him into his high chair, she set about cleaning up the kitchen.

As she moved about the room, wiping up milk, she found herself adapting and adjusting to her new bust. They were definitely large, and sometimes in the way, but not nearly as much as she would've expected. Within 10 minutes she'd gotten the place all cleaned up, not much longer than it would've taken her before. "All clean!" She said, feeling satisfied.

"All clean?" Zach said as he entered the kitchen carrying Camille.

Daphne waved him off "Yeah, yeah, had a bit of a milk spill, but me and Simon took care of it. Isn't that right Simon!" She tickled his nose, causing him to laugh.

Zach set Camille down in her own chair, then rounded the table to say good morning to his wife. He leaned into her with a big smile, her chest pressing against him, forcing him to crane his neck forward to kiss her. "Mmm, good morning" Daphne said warmly as he pulled away.

Across the table Camille was staring at her mother, mouth wide open. "Mama! What happen to you! You're big!"

Daphne laughed at her daughter's bluntness. "Yes, Cammy, mommy went through a little growth spurt last night. But I'm all done growing now!"

Camille nodded, seemingly satisfied with the answer, now more interested in the breakfast of fruit loops that Zach put before her.

"That was quite a growth spurt" Zach said in her ear as he hugged her from behind, pulling her against him.

Daphne leaned into him smiling. "Yes, it was. It's going to take me a while to get used to them" She placed her hands over his where they rested on her waist. The two began to gently rock from side to side, enjoying the loving embrace.

"I don't think I'll ever get used to them" He punctuated this remark by rubbing his groin against her ass. She could feel the hard shape of his erection beneath his pants.

"Gasp You dirty boy! Not while the kids are here!"

"Sorry, babe, but I can't help it. If you didn't want to turn me on all the time, then you shouldn't have grown the world's sexiest pair of tits" He growled in her ear.

She turned her face towards him "Oh, you are bad!" She smiled at him and kissed him once more. Then she pushed him off of her towards the hallway "Get! Get out of here!" She said, shooing him away. He quickly left the kitchen with a grin upon his face.

She sat down at the table to have her own breakfast. Her skin was flushed as she looked off towards the hall where her husband had left the room. His words echoed in her mind bringing a grin to her face, and causing her body to shudder with delight. *The world's sexiest pair of tits...*

10. The simple life

After that fateful night life returned to normal for Daphne and Zach. Or at least as normal as it could get when one had S-cup breasts.

Daphne's first goal was to update her wardrobe. The first weekend after the change she left Zach at home with the kids so she could go out shopping. The only piece of clothing in the house that covered her new figure was an oversized hoody that Zach had gotten as a gag gift at a company xmas party. The XXXL garment had sat in their closet untouched until Daphne pulled it out with a satisfied smile. The huge sweater completely hid her figure, allowing her to leave the house without feeling scandalous.

But getting out of the house was just the first hurdle. Next was finding a store that would be able to clothe her. Visiting all the old boutiques that she used to frequent would be a pointless affair; they'd only stocked fashionable clothing for slender builds, something she could no longer claim to possess.

She decided to start with finding a bra. Her breasts were firm and perky, but she didn't want to risk any sagging. Plus, she didn't want her nipples on display for the public, even though they'd hardly be the most noticeable thing about her now.

She'd visited 4 different specialty lingerie stores who advertised "We have a bra for every size!". Each time the same thing had happened. She entered, talked with the chatty sales attendant, asked them to size her, went into the changeroom to do the sizing, was immediately asked to leave when the attendant saw her unbelievably prominent figure. "They're just jealous" she said to herself after leaving the 4th one, the attendant openly staring as she watched her leave.

Pushed to desperate measures, Google directed her to a little seamstress on the edge of town. The shop was tiny, but the old lady who greeted her was warm and kind. She explained that her name was Ethel and that she owned the shop and would be happy to make whatever garment she needed. Ethel didn't even bat an eye when Daphne disrobed. "Oh my, aren't you gifted!" She just said with a warm smile. She quickly took her measurements and gestured for her to redon her sweater.

"Alright, your underbust measurement is 26", and your bust measurement is...50". Which makes you a 30S. Well, certainly the first time I've made one of those!" The old lady said with a soft chuckle. "It'll take me a week. I'll see you then."

Daphne thanked the woman and left feeling giddy. 50"! She had over 4 feet of boobs! She couldn't wait to tell Zach.

She had a little bit of better luck with finding clothes to wear. Clothing for curvy women need not be as dimensionally precise as a bra. She was able to find a number of tops with stretchy fabric that fit her quite nicely; the elastic stretching over her bust, but contracting around her waist. At a separate store she found a number of sweater dresses that she fell in love with. These too were designed for women with accentuated curves, although the curves they were meant to accommodate were supposed to be at the hips. Regardless, these soft comfy dresses hugged her curves marvelously and made her feel incredibly sexy. Lastly, she swung by the local

Walmart and grabbed a dozen XXL t-shirts, just something loose and light that would cover herself when she was home with the kids

A week later she picked up the new bra. She'd expected it to be a functional number made with boring beige, and numerous hooks and straps. Instead, it was made with red satin, and lined with black lace, it's design incredibly chic and refined. Ethel helped her try it on in the back of the store. It was amazing, fitting nearly perfectly, pulling her breasts together and giving them just a slight lift. She spun around on the spot and did a few little hops to test it out. The cups held her huge round orbs snugly, keeping her movements pain free. She hugged the old woman, before asking her to make 3 more.

That night she made love to Zack wearing it. She'd decided beforehand that tonight she would be on top. With her new brassiere supporting her breasts she bounced gleefully upon her husband's cock, riding him to within an inch of his life.

Her wardrobe update finished, she next set out to gain the confidence to go out with her new body. On a personal level she loved her new breasts: their size and weight, the hyperfeminine silhouette they gave her, how they made her husband drool with lust... All that withstanding she couldn't deny that her new look was...unconventional. She knew without a doubt that she'd draw attention going out, and she didn't know how ok with that she'd be. In college she'd worn baggy clothes because she'd felt ashamed about showing her body in public. She was no longer ashamed, but she also wasn't exactly confident.

She started with just taking her children to the park, wearing the large loose t-shirts she'd bought for home comfort. Though she got a few odd glances from the other mother's, there'd been no snide remarks, or rude accusations. After a few days of doing this, she felt comfortable with a more public outing.

Almost a month after her growth, she and Zach took the family to the mall to do some shopping. She'd worn something more fashionable this outing, her favourite pair of skinny jeans, and then a black short sleeve turtleneck sweater. She hadn't wanted to show any cleavage on her first go, but the outfit was still scandalous. The sweater was stretched to near translucency across her bust, the outline and design of her bra clearly visible. After pulling into the parking lot, Daphne sat in the passenger's seat, face anxious. Zach gave her a questioning look as he put the car in park.

"You ok?" He asked.

She looked down at herself. "I...I don't know if I can do this."

Zach turned in his seat. "What's wrong?"

She faced him "Look at me, Zach! I look like a pornstar! Oh god, what will people think..." The reality of facing hundreds of people inside was crashing down on her. Hundreds of leering eyes, gawking faces. She felt tears form in the corner of her eyes, a panic attack starting to set in.

Zach reached across and gripped her hand tightly. "Daphne. Are you a pornstar?"

She sniffed "No" She said quietly.

He nodded, giving her hand a squeeze. "Do you like the way you look?"

She nodded, sniffing away more tears. She really did. Before they'd left for the mall, she'd spent 5 minutes with her outfit on just posing and vamping in front of the mirror.

"Do you think you're sexy?" He asked again.

She gave him a small smile. "Yes..."

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear you, what was that?" He pushed.

She rolled her eyes. "Yes! I think I look sexy!"

He smiled "Damn right! You are the sexiest fucking thing I've ever seen, and I think you should be proud of that! And if people think you look like a pornstar? Well, for one, you sort of do" She pouted and punched his arm at that "Hey! Ow! I'm not saying you are one, but like...come on! Besides, you know I love it! Anyway, my second point was who cares what they think? We're happy! You look amazing! That's all that matters to me"

Daphne sat in silence mulling it over, looking down at her bust, projecting obscenely from her chest. After a few seconds she looked back up at Zach and gave him a warm smile. "Ok, I'm ready"

With Daphne feeling better, they left the car to spend the next few hours together wandering the mall. Zach pushed the children in the stroller ahead of them, while she walked beside him. The first five minutes were the most nerve inducing. As she walked through the mall, she could easily notice the things that she'd feared. The stares, the whispers, a few people were even brazen enough to point. She felt her anxiety building once more, until Zach took her hand and squeezed. Daphne, feeling reassured by her husband, took a deep breath, and then let the feeling pass. She was fine. Their whispers and stares meant nothing. As the day went on she found it easier and easier to ignore them.

Her confidence reached its plateau at the end of the month. The final weekend of summer had arrived, and she'd spent the past few weeks spending more and more time outside of the house, even without Zach. She barely even noticed the wide eyes and gaping jaws of the people she encountered. Of course they looked at her like that. As her husband had said, she was the sexiest fucking thing ever. Tops with cleavage became a more regular appearance; the deep valley between the two round mountains of her soccer ball sized breasts, drawing the eye of many a man she passed.

They ended their summer with an impromptu trip to the beach. When Zach had suggested it at breakfast, Daphne had been excited, until she remembered that she didn't have a bathing suit that would fit her. Zach told her not to worry about it, just get the kids ready and he'd take care of it.

Though she was confused about what he could possibly mean by "He'd take care of it" she trusted him. An hour later after she'd gotten the kids all packed up, he returned with a suit in hand. What he'd done was taken two of her old string bikinis, cannibalized one of them for the

strings, then tied them to the ends of the other. The result was a bikini top that had enough length to reach fully around her bust.

"What do you think?" He asked.

"Wow" She said as she held it up. "It's...a little small?" She draped the bikini top across her chest. The triangles of fabric meant to be the cups were only 4" on each side. That'd been more than enough to cover her old A-cups, but they would only cover a fraction of her current endowments.

Zach shrugged. "Yeah, I guess. I think it'll look hot?"

She smiled devilishly "Your right, it will"

Arriving at the beach they found themselves a spot and got settled in. Zach got the umbrella set in place, while Daphne got the kids set up on a blanket with toys. Together they sat and played in the sand. Daphne had the bathing suit on but with one of her XXL t-shirts over top to cover up.

After lunch Zach tucked the kids in with a towel over them on the blanket to take a nap, then settled into a beach chair to read his book. Daphne gently gave her husband a squeeze on his arm then stood up. "I think I'm going to go for a walk along the beach." She said. Zach nodded with a smile. "Have fun" She smiled back "Oh, I think I will".

From the large bag they brought she pulled out her wide brimmed sun hat and a pair of black aviator sunglasses. Then she removed her t-shirt, donned her sun items and set off across the sand.

A broad grin split her face as she began to walk across the beach. Zach, was right, her suit was very hot. The strings, tied around her neck and mid back, weren't quite long enough to fully encompass her bustline, but Zach had pulled and tied them tight to be sure she wouldn't suffer any wardrobe malfunctions. The result was that her suit dug into her flesh, the fabric of the top pushing against the front of her bosoms, trying its best to hold them back, but they were far too large for that, and so they bulged out around the little black triangle. The strings dented her flesh creating little valleys, the constriction causing her flesh to push out in other directions. Ultimately it created a very striking image; a woman whose massive breasts could not and would not be contained.

She walked down the beach, head held high with pride. The sun warmed her creamy skin as she walked. She was the sexiest thing on the beach and she knew it. The increase in her self-confidence in the past weeks had impacted the way she held herself in public recently. Her gait had become an exaggerated strut, hips swinging seductively with each step. When she was normally out with one of her bras on, her breasts only bounced slightly in place with each pace. The enormously outsized string bikini offered no such support, so as she walked down the beach her tits jiggled and swung back and forth, straining the strings on her top. The effect was hypnotic.

"Hello boys!" She said with a casual wave to a group of college aged guys who were tossing a football around in the sand. All of them stopped and stared, faces agape with shock and delight. Unfortunately, one of them had thrown the ball before she'd gotten their attention which

promptly struck the lad closest to her in the chest, knocking him on his ass in the sand. Daphne giggled, holding a hand up to her mouth. Nearby their girlfriends laid together sunbathing in the sand. As Daphne passed, all of them began to give their boyfriends dirty looks. One of them, a skinny little thing with double-d breasts of her own, even got up off her towel and tromped off toward their cars. Daphne cheered inwardly at this. *Sorry bitch, I'm the hottest thing around today.*

When they returned home and got the kids settled, Daphne immediately pulled Zach into their bedroom. Laying back on the edge of the bed, she spread her legs and crooked a beckoning finger at her husband. He didn't need any more encouragement than that, lifting her legs to rest on his shoulders, then easing his hard shaft into her glistening wetness.

He took things slow today, wanting to enjoy his time with her. She didn't mind at all, running her fingers through her hair as she enjoyed the slow rhythmic thrusts of her husband. She still wore the bikini top, liking the way it made her breasts look.

"You were so fucking hot today" Zach grunted as he continued his steady motions.

"Mmm...you think so?" She teased.

"Oh fuck yeah...Watching you walk back towards me, your tits bouncing in the sun. Christ, I nearly creamed my pants right there"

Daphne smiled "I don't think you were alone in that feeling"

Zach gave a short laugh "Yeah, I don't doubt you were the source of some unexpected boners today"

He quickened his pace, his movements insistent. She gasped with pleasure at the increased stimulation.

With both hands she reached up and grabbed a handful of each of her mammoth jugs, pushing them together. "Maybe I was...but these...these are only for you baby" She purred as she mashed them together. Zach's breathing grew rapid, his thrusts more powerful.

"Show me how much you love my big...round...tits" She demanded; voice coy. With a groan Zach pulled out and scrambled on top of her cock in his hand. Straddling her waist, he gave his meat two quick pumps then came, spurting several strings of cum onto her waiting rack. "Mmm!" She moaned as she ran her fingers through it, "So much, baby! I need to do a better job of keeping you satisfied"

Zach collapsed on to the bed beside her, kissing the side of the nearest breast and then her cheek. "I don't think it's possible for me to be more satisfied" He said voice content.

She turned her body to lean against him, breasts pressed against his chest. "Mmm, there's always room for improvement" she said lightly. Zach laughed as he squeezed her tight, not realizing how serious Daphne was.

11. Girl Talk

Fall rolled around with Zach and Daphne continuing to enjoy and adapt to their new life. By mid-October things still hadn't slowed down for them in terms of their sex life. Daphne had figured that Zach had been joking when he said that he would never get used to them, but three months in and he still looked at her naked form as if he was a man in the desert discovering water.

This continued to thrill her to no end, to know that her husband worshipped her body and craved her desperately. Whenever she disrobed or removed her bra in his presence it made her feel giddy as his eyes went wide and his cock jumped to attention.

With a more than satisfying sex life accomplished, she desperately found herself wanting to talk about it. But who could she do that with? Her husband? He already knew all the dirty details; he was right there with her. No, what she needed was to talk to her peers.

Daphne found herself considering this very subject on the Saturday night before Halloween. With the kids in bed, she and Zach sat on the couch watching a scary movie. Wearing only panties and one of her custom bras she sat slumped into the crook of his armpit, his arm draped around her neck, his hand gently resting atop one of her mammoth jugs. Every so often he gently gave it a scratch, the sensation giving her tingles of delight.

"Stop that!" She said teasingly after the fourth time in fifteen minutes. "I'm trying to focus, and that is very distracting"

He kissed the top of her head "Sorry babe, can't help myself. They're just so much fun to touch!"

She smirked, rolling her eyes, as she returned her attention to her phone where she'd opened her old messaging app. She'd turned off the notifications on it years ago, having gone radio silence around the time when she became pregnant the first time. She'd been so stressed at the time; she couldn't deal with any of her friend's drama. After her life had quieted back down, she'd gotten into a routine of not communicating with them and so she'd never gone back.

As the app opened the first item at the top of the page was the old group chat she'd been a part of with her 3 best friends. "4D's" was the name of the chat, named after the 4 members; Diana, Daisy, Danika, and of course Daphne herself.

She opened the group chat, expecting it to be long abandoned, but was pleasantly surprised to find the opposite. There were messages between the other girls as recently as earlier this afternoon. Her hands hesitated over the keyboard on her phone. What should she write? She decided on keeping it simple.

"Hey! Long time, I know"

She stared at the screen expectantly for ten seconds, then chided herself. Was she really going to sit and stare at the screen until they messaged back? They were adults with their own lives, it's not like they would be waiting with baited breath for her surprise return. She set her phone on the arm of the couch beside her when she heard it ping.

She jerked forward and snatched her phone, opening up the app. There was a message from Danika.

“HOLY SHIT! DAPHNE?!”

Daphne smiled, as she began to type a reply when another messaged popped up, this one from Daisy, followed shortly by one from Diana.

“Daphneeee! Omg, yes! We’ve missed you girl!”

“Danika, you owe me 20\$”

“20\$?”

“Yeah, she bet that you would never come back. What with your perfect husband, and perfect children. Don’t need us skanks dragging you down”

“OMG Diana, STFU”

“Ha ha, you’re both bitches. Zach is perfect tho...”

“Right?! He’s dreamy...”

“Keep it in your pants Daisy. Lmao. We gotta find you a man”

“ASAP!”

Daphne grinned with childlike glee as she reconnected with her friends. She hadn’t realized how much she’d missed this. She spent the rest of the movie glued to her phone, texting like a teenager. By the end of the night, they’d agreed to meet each other for lunch the next day to have a proper catch up.

The next morning at 11am Daphne stood in her bedroom in the nude. She’d laid a number of fashionable but conservative outfits on the bed in front of her and now stood before them contemplating what she’d wear. Zach walked in the bedroom and stepped up behind her, reaching his hands up to grab her breasts and lifting them from below.

“Mmm...that feels nice. Wish you could do that all the time.” She said with a sigh as she leaned back into him.

“Ha ha, me too. You’ll just have to make do with your bra.” He said as he kissed her neck.

“Yeah, well, my bra isn’t warm and doesn’t play with my tits” she said with a giggle. In response he reached further, fingers tiptoeing up the bottom curve of her bust, searching for her nipples.

“Mmm, a little to the left” She guided him “Further up. Keep going!” Her breathing became a little shallow as she felt herself get excited by her husband's gently teasing fingers. Finally he found the two little pink nubs and gave them both a pinch. “Ooo!” She squealed, her body

quivering from the surprise sensation. She stepped away from him as she recovered. "Don't get me excited! I have to go soon"

Zach held up his hands apologetically. "Sorry, sorry. So what are you going to wear?"

Putting her hands on her hips she turned back to the clothes laid out. "I don't know...I haven't seen them in 3 years! I want to look good!"

Zach leaned against the doorframe behind him with an easy grin. "You could go like this...I think you look pretty damn good!"

She scoffed at her husband's joke "God, you are such a man. No, I need something that is classy but sexy. Something that makes them think "Wow! Look at her!"

Zach walked past her to stand beside the bed. "I think they're going to think that regardless of what you wear."

Daphne sighed. Her husband had a point. Her S-cup breasts would certainly be the main topic of conversation, not her outfit. She groaned with frustration. "Ugh! I don't know! What do you think I should wear?"

Zach rubbed his chin in thought. "Yeah, I dunno. Hmm...Do you...Do you remember the night when you first introduced me to them?"

Daphne thought back to her college years. She'd met the other D's in residence in first year. They'd all been in the same major which meant they spent a ton of time together which had created a rather tight friendship. Whenever any of them got a new boyfriend, he had to 'pass inspection' from the remaining three ladies, and Zach had been no exception. A month after they'd started formally going out, her three friends had joined them at the local pub for a night of drinks, and to lay down judgement on Daphne's new man.

"I do remember that night, why do you bring it up?" She asked, confused.

"Do you remember what they were wearing?" He replied.

She thought back to that night. Daphne, still at the height of her anorexia crisis, had worn a floor length skirt and a long thick top, keeping herself covered. Daphne reached into her memory; what were *they* wearing that night? An image of her three friends by the bar floated into her mind. Diana was in a red cocktail dress, Daisy had worn tight jeans and a spaghetti string tank top, and Danika was wearing a denim mini skirt and a fashionable top.

Daphne nodded "Yeah...I do...what's your point?"

Zach sighed "What was similar about their outfits?"

The images rotated in her mind. They were completely different outfits, different colors, different brands, different styles...Wait...there was something similar about them all. Each of their outfits displayed an above average amount of cleavage. That wasn't their typical pub attire...why had they decided to wear those that night...

“Oh my God?!” Daphne said out loud as the realization hit her. “Did...did they flirt with you!”

Zach nodded. “Throughout the night each of them came up to me when you were off with the other two and hit on me. I politely rejected each in turn, I was already madly in love with you. I didn’t tell you because I thought it was just something your group did, make sure that your friend’s new man is loyal?”

Daphne shook her head “No...we never did that for anyone else. Oh my god, those whores!!” Her mind drifted back to last night’s text chat. *Perfect Husband...He’s so Dreamy!*

Daphne felt anger well up inside her “Oh, I’m going to show those bitches! Nobody tries to take my man!” She stomped into the closet to get a different set of clothes.

Zach watched her go surprised by her display of rage. “Babe, it was over a decade ago, I’m sure they’ve forgotten.”

Her voice echoed from the closet “Not likely! Just last night they were talking about how perfect and handsome you were!”

“Really? Handsome?” Zach said surprised. Daphne’s head popped out of the closet, staring daggers at him “Watch it, mister!” She pointed a finger at him in warning then returned inside the closet.

Zach said nothing else, not wanting to be on the further receiving end of his wife’s fury.

A minute later she emerged wearing an absolutely sizzling outfit. Starting from the bottom she wore 4” black heels, then a pair of skin tight leather pants. On top she wore her massive red satin bra, with a simple white buttoned cardigan over top. Except she’d only buttoned up the cardigan halfway. Almost the entire front of her bra was exposed, her bust squeezed tight projecting forth from the cardigan.

Zach’s eyes went wide “Holy shit” He said.

She pointed at him as she walked past, pleased with his response “That’s what I’m talking about!” In the bathroom she applied a layer of makeup, applying dark lines around her eyes and painting her lips cherry red. She kissed at herself in the mirror, before giving herself a confident grin. She was stunning and she fucking knew it.

She hurried past her husband, kissing him on the cheek, leaving a bright red mark. “I’ll be back in a few hours” She called back to him as she made her way downstairs. She threw on a large wool overcoat that she’d bought for the coming winter months then left the house.

She arrived at the restaurant minutes later. She exited the car and made her way in. She smiled devilishly when she saw her three friends already seated. *Perfect.* Then she put a faux look of excitement on her face and called out.

“Heyyyy!!” She said as she approached the table. The three seated women, already in conversation, turned and then screamed at once. They moved to stand to greet her, but she waved them off. “Please, please, sit. We can hug and everything later. So, what’s going on?”

Daphne sat at the table with her overcoat still buttoned up. It did an impressive job hiding her figure, instead just making her look rather large overall. She looked around the table at her three friends as they began to fill her in on their discussion. They looked just like she’d remembered them...well, mostly. They’d aged slightly which was to be expected. Diana had a few gray hairs in her long ponytail. Danika had put on a bit of weight, though she carried it well. Daisy looked about the same, her blonde curly hair done up in the bun that had been her signature look, but that was to be expected. She was the only unmarried one in the group and so spent a lot of time maintaining her appearance.

“So...Daphne. It has been forever! Where have you been!” Danika said with a smile.

Daphne tossed her head from side to side “Oh, you know. Life’s been busy, kids and all”

Diana nodded “Of course! We know how that is. The little ones are well?”

“How’s Zach!” Daisy piped in from across the table. Diana lightly smacked the blonde, without dropping eye contact from Daphne.

Daphne nodded “Zach is good, thank you. He’s at home with the kids who are also good”

The three other women nodded understandingly. Finally, it was Danika who took the bait.

“We haven’t seen you in so long, Daphne, we barely recognized you! I guess pregnancy was pretty hard? I know I struggled to burn off that weight, but I worked at it! But if you and Zach are comfortable, then that’s what matters!” The woman’s backhanded compliment would’ve stung Daphne if not for the trump card she was about to play.

Daphne gave her friend a saccharine smile, as she began to undo the buttons on her jacket. “Yes, we’re quite happy, thank you. You’re not wrong, I have...put on some weight recently. But...I don’t think Zach minds” As she finished she whipped off her jacket, then arching her back she lifted up her breasts. She then leaned forward, slamming them on to the table with a triumphant smile on her face. The impact caused the cutlery and plates on the table to jump in place. The round tops of her breasts that emerged from her bra wobbled back and forth, like a bowl of jello.

The table was silent as her three friends stared at her open mouthed, too shocked to speak. Daphne looked across the table at each of them, daring them to say something.

Diana spoke first. “Daphne...what...what?!” Was all she could muster.

Danika went next. “Are those implants? They have to be, they’re enormous!” They were indeed. Resting upon the table their round forms took up Daphne’s entire section of the table top. Daphne rested a hand atop the right one, gently caressing it. “Oh no, these are all me, my friend”

Diana shook her head, spluttering “I...I don’t...how...”

"I think they look great!" Daisy said from across the table. "Can I touch em?"

Daphne pondered for a moment then nodded "Sure, why not"

Daisy stood and reached across the table, placing a hand atop one of her breasts then gave it a gentle squeeze. "Yup, those are real alright!" the blonde said as she sat back down.

Daphne blushed faintly at the touch of her friend. "Ooo, gentle!"

At this point the other two woman reached over, also wishing to have a feel. Daphne let them grope her for a few seconds. It was a completely new experience to feel three different sets of hands pawing at her, and she felt herself get a little flushed. Not wanting to get herself any more flustered she sat back, pulling her breasts off the table and back into her lap. "Alright, that's enough. Don't need this lunch turning into a penthouse letter"

The other women withdrew their hands, blushing themselves. "You're one to talk" Diana joked, taking a sip of her water "Look at your outfit! You look like you could be on the cover of penthouse!"

"More like the centerfold" Danika chimed in.

Daphne rolled her eyes at the two of them. "Very funny. I actually chose this outfit for a specific reason."

"Oh?" Diana said, raising an eyebrow.

Daphne nodded. "Mhm! You see my husband told me an interesting story today, about a night where three Skanks who I thought were my friends, hit on him all night!"

"Oh, c'mon Daphne, that was over a decade ago!"

"Yes well, I only first learned about it 30 minutes ago"

"I don't know what you're worked up about" Danika said. "He turned us all down; he's only got eyes for you"

At this Daphne gave them a ferocious grin "And that is precisely why I wore this outfit today. In case any of you were having thoughts about my *dreamy, perfect* husband" she said emphasizing the two words from last night's text chain, "Here I am to tell you that he is mine, and to show you that *none* of you come close to comparing to me"

The three other women exchanged glances then at once apologized for trying to steal her man a decade prior. Upon hearing this Daphne sat up with a cheerful smile. "Thank you for that. Now, what are you guys feeling? I'm in the mood for pasta!"

Her friends exchanged another set of looks and then shrugged. If Daphne was willing to move on from it, then so were they.

An hour later and the lunch neared its conclusion. The conversation had purposefully avoided the topic of Daphne's new bust, as none of the women were comfortable discussing it after she'd thoroughly roasted them at the meals beginning. But, after the waiter brought the table a 4th bottle of wine, which was poured out amongst the table with joyous screams of "Wooo", the topic was finally breached.

"Daphneeee..." Diana slurred. "What...what are they like?"

Daphne, feeling rather intoxicated herself swung her head to look at her friend. "What are what like? You mean...my titties?!" The table of women giggled at the profanity.

Diana nodded "Yes! I mean...they're...they're so big! They've gotta be heavy right?"

Daphne shrugged "Yeah, I guess. But...they're really not that bad. The bra helps a lot. The woman who made this thing is a genius"

"Remind me...to never let you around my husband" Danika added. "I've seen the hentai he jerks off to. I always told him '*Richard! Nobody actually has breasts like that!*' Ha! I guess...I guess I was wrong!" The table erupted into laughter again.

"But like..." Daisy started voice quiet. "How do they feel? When...you guys...y'know"

Daphne smiled, eyes lidded as she finished her glass of wine. "Amazing. They're reaaaaaally sensitive, and Zach is really good at teasing them"

Daisy smiled, resting her head on her hand "Oh, that's good. So, you really like them?"

Daphne didn't have to think, she just nodded. "Yes, I really do. It's weird, the way I got them...I didn't set out to get huge porn star melons, they were just an added benefit, but...they've been the best part! I love them, I love the way they look and feel, and so does Zach"

Danika smiled lifting an eyebrow suggestively. "So, Zach's a tit man, eh?"

Daphne smiled back "Oh yeah, big time! I don't think I've ever seen him more turned on then he's been since I got these...oh...wait...no... that's not true"

The other women leaned in, excited for the juicy secret. "What was it? Tell us!"

Daphne squirmed in her seat. She hadn't wanted to bring up the other half of the experience with the pill. It'd been so long ago, and they'd been so happy with their new life that she'd partially repressed the *other* night until just now. It was obvious that her husband loved her and her huge tits, but he'd been absolute animal when he'd fucked her when she had that belly.

"Well...I just know he has a thing for women with large bellies"

"Oh my god! He likes pregnant chicks?" Danika said in shock.

Daphne blushed then nodded. She hoped Zach would forgive her for sharing his secret.

Daisy who was quite drunk now began to rant “Ah pfft. That’s not that big a deal, I’ve met plenty of guys who were into pregnant chicks. They’re always so secretive about it too, as if it’s not totally natural to be attracted to pregnant women. They say ‘*Oh no, Daisy, I’m totally into regular girls like you*’ then you sneak on to their computer, look at their porn, and BAM, pregnant city. They can’t help it, it’s just what they really want”

Daphne relaxed as the conversation shifted towards Daisy's poor luck with men. While they gossiped, she texted Zach asking him to come pick her up as she was too drunk to drive. 20 minutes later he arrived, kids in the back in their car seats, hopping out of the car to help her out of the restaurant. She hadn't been drunk in years, and thus found it difficult to walk, especially with how absurdly top heavy she was. When he'd entered the three other ladies catcalled him, until Daphne gave them a dirty look, after which they zipped their lips.

Zach helped her in the house then took her up to bed. He helped her undress from her provocative outfit, then tucked her into bed. A single kiss on the forehead marked his departure as he left her to sleep off her drunkenness. As she drifted off to sleep part of Daisy's final rant drifted through her head. *They can't help it, it's just what they really want.*

12. The Deal

It was late June of the following year and Daphne sat at the kitchen table deep in thought. She held her son in her arms, gently rocking him as he nursed. By the end of this year, she'd be weaning him off of her, and that would be the end of her milkmaid career. She and Zach had discussed another pregnancy, but had come to the conclusion that two children were enough for them, and so earlier this year Zach had gotten a vasectomy.

Of course, she could always have Zach drink her milk again. He'd never done it since that first night. They'd both seemed to enjoy it, so it was a bit of a surprise, thinking back on it now, that they'd never done it again. Not that their sex life had been unfulfilling. They still couldn't keep their hands off of each other when alone, and his love of her magnificent breasts had not waned at all.

Her breasts were the one thing that hadn't changed in the past year. Living a more comfortable life, a less restrictive life, had taken its toll. She'd put on a bit of weight around her thighs and hips, her stomach, no longer perfectly toned, had a slight bit of pudginess to it. These were things that would've previously brought her to tears, but over the past year she'd accepted them gracefully. Mostly because her breasts were still just as large, round, and perky as the day they'd first ballooned to this size. Compared to them her waist and hips were still tiny. Every morning she marveled at them as she passed the mirror in her bathroom. Even after nursing for almost a year, they'd been impervious to change.

Her son unlatched, having finished his breakfast. She gently placed him into his high chair and pulled the loose t-shirt back down over her chest. She walked over to the counter to refill her coffee, then returned to the table. She sat in silence as she sipped at her mug. She'd been mulling over a course of action for the past few months, working through the details, outcomes and potential issues. And now, she'd decided that it was time to put her plan into action. The first step was a conversation with Zach.

She found him upstairs getting ready for work. Face solemn she walked into the bedroom and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Hey, babe, what's up?" He asked as he applied his deodorant.

She sighed once then patted the bed beside her. "Zach...we need to talk"

Zach froze, his face going white. "What...? What is it? What's wrong?"

She looked up to him and gave him a small smile, then patted the bed beside her. He rushed over and sat down, reaching over to grab her hand. His concern was not unwarranted, they hadn't had a serious talk like this for quite some time.

They sat in silence for a moment, then she began to talk. "Zach...I want to apologize"

Zach sat up with a start. "What?! What are you talking about, apologize for what?"

"Apologize that I can't be everything for you"

Zach shook his head "I still...don't know what you mean. You *are* everything to me!"

Daphne reached behind her and grabbed their tablet off the bed. She unlocked it then opened the web browser. "I'm not upset" She explained as she opened the browser history. "I understand that you have desires that I can't fulfil for you" She scrolled back through the months, stopping every few weeks to open various links. They led to websites filled with pictures and videos of women in extreme states of pregnancy, or illustrated drawings of women with incredibly stuffed stomachs. Zach went white as his porn history was displayed before him.

"Daphne...I...I'm sorry...It's not that I don't love you or find you attractive...I just..." He stammered, mind panicking, searching for the words that would earn him forgiveness.

Daphne tossed the tablet back on the bed behind her, then leaned against him resting her head on his shoulder. The motion pressed the side of her closest breast against his body. He had not yet put on pants, so the erection starting to form by this contact was immediately visible.

She looked up at him and smiled "You think I don't know that? I told you; I'm not upset. I know how much you love me; how much you cherish me. You've always been there for me, to support me, to bring me through my dark times. These" She rested a hand atop the shelf of her bust "have brought me so much joy. I didn't know it but my self-esteem was in shambles before this. Now I've never felt better about myself. And I owe it all to you"

Zach nodded numbly, still shocked and confused.

"You're everything that I've ever wanted in a partner" She continued "But I know that I'm not everything you'd want"

Zach shook his head "Don't say that. You're a goddess. I thank the heavens every day that I'm lucky enough to have you"

Daphne smiled and nodded. "I know, honey. But I know you want more, and I want to give it to you"

Zach eyed her "Wait...what are you saying?"

She turned to look him square in the eye. "Zach...I want to take another pill"

Zach gulped, his mouth suddenly bone dry. "Wh..what!?"

Her face was serious "You heard me, I want to take another dose of the pills. I still have the bottle, it's been in my nightstand since last summer."

Zach looked down at her chest, her nipples had gone stiff with excitement poking through her t-shirt. He looked back up at her still shocked. "But, your breasts!"

"What about them?" She asked innocently.

"They'll get bigger!" He blurted out. "Much bigger!"

She smiled. "You say that like it's a bad thing."

Zach stood up, and began to pace back and forth. Images of his wife with breasts much larger than their current size flashed through his mind. He couldn't deny that he found those images arousing.

"What if...what if they get too big!" he said whipping around to face her. He sported an impressive erection, which whirled around as well, its tip stopping a few inches from her face.

"Careful, you're gonna take my eye out!" She joked. She stood up and stepped to stand in front of him, taking his hands in hers. "Personally, my love, I don't think there is such a thing as too big, and I don't think you do either. You're just worried about me, which I appreciate, but I've given this a great deal of thought, and this is something that I really want to do for you"

His eyes met hers. Her round green eyes were full kindness, and love. He shook his head "I still don't understand, why?"

Her mouth split with a grin. "Because I love you! I'll never love anyone more than I love you, and would do anything to make you happy." Her smile faltered slightly as she gave a shrug. "But...also because I'm jealous"

"Jealous!" He said surprised.

Her face took on a sad look "Yes! Jealous that you're looking at other girls online. I know it's unfair, but I only want you to have eyes for me. Which is why we're going to make a deal."

"A deal?" He asked lifting an eyebrow.

She nodded "Yes. You're going to promise me that you'll never look at those girls online ever again, real, animated or otherwise. In exchange I take the pill...and we make our own porn for you"

"Really?" He said, his voice heavy.

She nodded "Mhmm. I've looked at those women that you jerk off to. Some of them have got some pretty big bellies, bigger than I had I'll admit. But I think you'd like them to be bigger. Much bigger"

Zach gulped.

"Well...I could be bigger for you? Stuff me up with so much food that my belly just grows and grows" She'd stepped forward, pressing her bust against his chest. She reached out one hand underneath, and took hold of his erect penis.

"Would you like to see me like that? A belly so big that it makes my tits... look... small?" Zach had no words only grunts, as she began to stroke him. His head was bent forward resting on her shoulder. She held onto the back of his neck to keep him in place while she whispered in his ear.

"Then you can take me home, and fuck me and my enormous belly. It'll take days for me to digest it all, days that you can have your way with me. Do you like the sound of that?" Zach grunted, his eyes tightly shut as she squeezed tighter on his cock.

"We can make videos, and take pictures of it all. All for you, my love. A lifetime supply of porn with my big round belly, and my big fat tits. Tit's that are only going to get bigger and fatter. Mmm it turns me on just thinking about it" Zach's cock was twitching in her hand, his release was near. Suddenly she stepped away, releasing his shaft from her grip. Zach stumbled, opening his eyes with a start. He reached for his meat, to complete what she'd started.

"Ah ah!" She said, slapping his hand away. "Not yet! Do we have a deal?"

Zach stared at her in bewilderment, his cock angrily jumping in place demanding that it be satisfied. He nodded wildly "Yes! Yes!"

Daphne smiled, then knelt down before him. Pressing her hands into the side of her rack, she squeezed them together and lifted them up, presenting them to him. "Sign your name, please" She said with a smirk.

Having received permission, Zach gripped his quivering meat and pumped furiously. Seconds later he came, covering her breasts with his seed. Zach reached out to grab hold of the dresser to keep himself standing.

Daphne stood, a triumphant smile on her face. "It's a deal. We'll begin working out the details of when we want to do this when you get home. From now on you only cum for me. Understood?"

Zach nodded weakly, still leaning against the dresser. Daphne nodded "Good boy. Now come on, let's go shower! As much as I love being covered in your cum, I have a play date with Diana and her children in an hour" Taking him by the hand she led him into the ensuite to get cleaned up.

13. The Plan

When Zach returned home from work that night, they discussed the plan over a dinner of mac and cheese. The concept hadn't left his mind throughout the day, and he'd come up with a number of concerns.

"Transportation?" He started. "From what you told me, you basically filled the front seat last time"

"We'll rent a cargo van. I expect there should be enough room in the back"

"Ok, what are we doing with the kids?" He asked.

"They're going to stay with my parents for a week...or as long as we need. I've been pumping between feeding sessions and I've stored up enough milk for Simon for at least a month. It's all out in the garage freezer" She patted one breast affectionately.

Zach nodded. Daphne's parents were good, kind people. He trusted no one else in the world more than them with his children. The last time they'd seen them was Christmas. It'd been quite a shock for them to see their girl so big, but they were mostly just happy that she'd redeveloped her love of food.

"What about afterwards...how are we going to take care of the kids if you grow much bigger?"

"We're going to hire a live-in nanny. She'll stay in the guest bedroom" Daphne said nonchalantly through a mouthful of pasta.

"What! How are we going to afford that!" Zach said shocked. He made decent money, but certainly not enough to pay another person's salary.

Daphne just smiled "Oh, husband, you didn't think I've thought of that? Your girl has been busy!"

She passed her phone across the table to him. Taking it he looked on the screen to see her banking app open. They'd had a shared account since they married, so he was surprised to see an app from a different institution. He was more surprised to find that her balance was a little over \$500k.

"Jesus! How?!"

"Well, first I started selling my milk. It only took me a week to pump the month's supply for Simon. After that I started to sell the surplus and...well the more I pumped the more they produced. Last week I had a pumping session in bed where me and the kids took a nap. When we woke two hours later...they were still going! Anyway, natural breast milk is in high demand, so that's been a pretty profitable enterprise" She stuffed another mouthful of mac and cheese into her mouth with a smile.

Zach sat back in his chair in shock. "You made five hundred thousand dollars selling breast milk?!"

Daphne laughed. "Oh goodness, no. I'd say only about \$75k is from the milk. The rest is from my OnlyFans." She reached across the table and closed the bank app on her phone. She flipped through the front pages of her phone until she found the icon for the Onlyfans app. She clicked on it, opening her creator page, then set it before Zach for him to peruse.

He scrolled down through the posts that she'd made. They were all photos of her in various states of undress, although all of them had her face strategically absent. He then saw the subscriber count at the top of the page. Just over 25,000 subscribers.

"Oh my god...when did you have time for this?"

"For that? Please. That takes no time at all. I take a photo of myself when I'm getting dressed in the morning, post it and I'm done for the day." She said smugly. Zach did the math in his head. 25,000 subscribers at...he checked her rate...5\$ a month. 125k a month!

"You make as much as I do all year, in a month!" He said, suddenly feeling emasculated.

Noticing his upset demeanor, she reached across the table to lay a hand on his forearm. "Aww...honey. You've been an excellent provider for our family. We wouldn't have this house and this lifestyle without you. Now it's my turn to provide, with the gifts you've given me. Besides...I'm going to need you at home to help take care of me!"

Zach sighed as he processed it all. He felt better as he put the pieces together of how their future would look. He would quit his job to stay home and take care of his impossibly busty wife while she raked in money hand over fist...Yes, he could get on board with that.

He gave his wife a reassuring smile "Alright. I'm ok now, thank you." Daphne squeezed his arm lovingly then leaned back and returned to her meal. They ate in silence for a few minutes, before Zach spoke once more.

"So...what would you like to have?"

Daphne looked from her food, swallowed then gave him a coy smile "Mmm, now we're talking! I've been thinking about that as well. We need an all you can eat place...but one that's actually all you can eat. A lot of places have a time cut off, and I don't want to have to stop before I'm...full" She said this last word seductively, giving her husband a wink.

Zach felt a shiver of excitement pass through him. "Ok that may be tricky" he said as the feeling passed. "Couldn't we just go to multiple places?"

Daphne shook her head "No, I don't think so. When the hunger starts it's insatiable, having to drive from one spot to another would be torture. Also...it may become difficult to move me before I'm finished"

Zach pictured an image of his wife with a stomach large enough to impact her mobility. Another shiver passed through him, and his dick twitched in his pants. "Do you really think you'll get that big?" He asked.

Daphne shrugged with a smile. "Dunno..." Then she met his eye with a devilish grin "...I hope so"

"Shit..." Zach muttered; voice heavy. He wiped both hands over his face to regain focus. "Alright...alright...I'll see what places I can find. When do you want to do it?"

"Tomorrow. I've already got my parents and the van lined up. I don't want us to have to wait any longer than we have to"

Zach nodded, a dumb smile on his face. This was all happening so fast, but it was clear that Daphne had been planning this for quite some time. Zach was just lucky enough to be going along for the ride.

After dinner they cleaned up the kitchen together, and after spending an hour together in the living room, they put their kids to bed and went to bed. As they got undressed, Zach approached her from behind, fully erect. Before he could touch her, she turned to face him. "Oh, not tonight, my love" she said apologetically.

Zach looked at her confused. "Oh?"

She nodded as she walked away into the ensuite. She returned moments later brushing her teeth. "Tomorrow is going to be a big day, and I want you to save your strength. We want to make the most of it, no?"

Zach looked crestfallen, but he nodded understandingly. She was right. They would need all of their energy to make it through tomorrow.

14. The Big Night

It was 6pm the following night and Zach and Daphne stood waiting in the entrance way of the fourth all you can eat restaurant that they'd visited that night. The first two had made claims of being "all you can eat" but after some discussion with the hostess, it was admitted that there was indeed a limit. The third restaurant they didn't even go in, its front entrance being only a single door, which Daphne expected she wouldn't fit through before the night was over.

And so, they'd found themselves at "Uncle Charlie's All American All-You-Can-Eat Palace". Unlike the previous restaurants which were all buffet's this one was fully a la carte, but instead of paying per plate you paid a flat fee for the experience.

Zach leaned against the hostess podium, drumming his fingers, waiting for someone to greet them. Behind him Daphne stood, nerves buzzing. She had a good feeling about this place.

She'd picked out her outfit special for tonight. She'd done her make-up up to the nines, wanting to look as beautiful as possible for Zach. She wore a brown knee length sweater dress made with a thin stretchy fabric. She hadn't worn a bra, so her enormous breasts jiggled within the dress with every movement. Her nipples had gone stiff with excitement soon after they'd left the house and remained so now, prominently pointing through the garment. She'd chosen this dress for tonight because of one particular feature: it did up in the front with a series of inch wide white buttons. At her bust line, they strained slightly, little holes appearing between the buttons, giving outside viewers a peek at her twin globes beneath if they caught the right angle.

At last a portly elderly man with thinning white hair approached them. "Welcome! Welcome to Uncle Charlie's!"

Zach nodded with a smile "Are you Uncle Charlie?"

With a flourish the stout fellow gave them a bow "In the flesh, sir and madam. How are you two this evening?"

Zach gave Daphne a smile then turned back to Uncle Charlie. "Well, that depends, Uncle Charlie. You see we've been trying to find a *true* all-you-can-eat restaurant but everywhere we've been has balked at our request"

The elderly man nodded "Ah, I see! You're a big eater, are you?"

Zach shook his head. "Oh, not me. My wife"

Uncle Charlie looked past Zach to look at Daphne, only now fully taking her in. She stood patiently, holding her purse before her, an innocent smile on her face. She bounced absently on her heels, each motion causing her jugs to jump visibly in place. Charlie's face went a deep red almost immediately. "Oh my heavens..." He said under his breath.

"Charlie?" Zach said, trying to reacquire the man's attention. Charlie turned back to face him, face still like a tomato. "I'm sorry, for my impertinence, sir. Your wife is quite a beauty"

Zach nodded "That she is. So...can you help us out? Can you give us a *true* all you can eat experience?"

The elderly man nodded "It would be my pleasure. A man is only as good as his word. I promise you, neither of you shall leave until you are fully satisfied" Then he turned and gestured for them to follow. Zach took his wife's hand then set off through the restaurant. Charlie led them to a small table near a side wall. "Here you are!"

Zach frowned, then turned to point at a nearby table, one set for 6. "Can we sit there instead?" He asked.

It was Uncle Charlie's turn to frown. "Are you expecting more guests, sir?"

Zach shook his head "No, just us two. Just...we're going to need a lot of space for plates"

Charlie looked at the table, then around the restaurant. The place was mostly empty, what would be the harm of letting them sit there. He gestured at the larger table "As you wish?"

Zach pulled out a chair for Daphne to sit, then walked over to the smaller table that they'd just refused. Taking out his phone, he turned on the camera to record then leaned it against the table center piece, pointing it towards his wife. Daphne looked at the camera and blew a kiss at the lens. Then Zach walked back over and sat across from her. A few minutes later the waitress arrived.

"Welcome to Uncle Charlie's! Can I start you off with some drinks?"

Zach shook his head "No, I think we're ready to order"

"Alright then!" The waitress said cheerily. "What can I get you?"

Zach flipped open the menu, scanned for a few seconds, then closed it. "Alright, I will have the chicken sandwich and my wife will have...the lasagna, the garlic mashed potatoes with gravy, the meatloaf, and the fettuccine alfredo."

The waitress raised her eyebrows "Goodness, that's quite a first round! Ok I'll be out shortly with your 5 plates"

"Ah, sorry" Zach said, catching her attention. "Not plates, trays, thank you"

"Pardon?" The waitress said confused.

"I assume the food is cooked in a large tray before its plated?" Zach asked with a smile.

The waitress nodded "Yeah, I think so..."

"Great, then we'll take one each of those...except the chicken sandwich"

The waitress looked between the two of them, Daphne sitting demurely in her chair, Zach watching the waitress expectantly.

"You want...an entire tray?"

"To start, yes" Zach replied calmly.

"I...I don't know if I can bring you that" The waitress said nervously.

Zach sighed giving her a shrug "Look, it's either you bring us the tray, or we make you run back and forth to bring us an entire tray worth of food on plates. We're just trying to save you time"

"I'll...see what I can do" The waitress said.

"Thank you, baby!" Daphne said cheerily as the waitress turned to leave.

The waitress rushed off, stopping to speak with Uncle Charlie. They had a conversation in hushed voices, the waitress nodding towards their table. Uncle Charlie looked over catching Zach's eye. Zach gave him a look saying "Well?". That was all Uncle Charlie needed, as he turned back to the waitress and nodded at her.

Minutes later what seemed like the entire kitchen staff burst forth, each carrying a large metal tray piled high with the selected food. As Daphne and Zach watched them approach, Zach turned to his wife. "You're sure about this?" He said anxiously.

She grinned at him "More sure than I've ever been about anything in my life" Then from her purse, she pulled out the pill bottle, popping one in her mouth and swallowing. As the staff set the 4 large trays of food upon the table, her stomach gave off a loud growl and the fire ignited. "Here we go" She grunted through the discomfort.

"Enjoy" The waitress said, eyes growing wide as she watched Daphne lift the tray of lasagna off the table and set it atop her breasts, using her shelf of flesh as a table top. Then she grabbed a fork from the table and started to eat.

With the tray this close to her face, the smell of the lasagna was overpowering. The first bites went down her gullet only after having barely chewed them. Chewing just got in the way of her main goal; fill herself with as much food as possible. She felt the thick rich pasta slide down her esophagus and then disappear into the blaze that roared in her gut. It was like a rain drop on a bonfire.

Zach watched his wife eat with growing awe, ignorant of his own food waiting for him on the table before him. She was like a force of nature, unstoppable in her consumption. It was incredibly arousing, made even more so by the primal moans that escaped her every few bites.

After 5 minutes she was through the tray of lasagna. "Mmm, very good. Can I get something to drink, baby?" She asked as she set the empty tray back on the table.

Zach quickly got the waitress's attention. She approached the table, face in shock when she saw the empty lasagna tray. "Yes, sir?" She asked still staring at the empty dish.

"Can we get 3 pitchers of cola? Thank you!" The waitress nodded wordlessly then left. Zach turned to watch his wife once more. She'd started on the garlic mashed potatoes, feeding herself with the large serving spoon that had come with the tray. These she didn't chew at all,

simply gulping down each spoonful of creamy mash whole. The tray had come with a small pitcher of gravy, from which she drank directly after every few mouthfuls of potato.

It was then that Zach looked down. He'd been so mesmerized watching her eat at a supernatural level that he hadn't noticed the impact of all that food. Below her breasts a round bump pushed out her dress, like she was smuggling a basketball. The fabric of the dress stretched to contain it, but the edges of the button line were starting to move away from each other.

"Drinks are on the way, my love. Feeling ok?" Zach asked.

After swallowing, she opened her eyes to catch his gaze. She gave him an exaggerated nod "Ohhh yeah. I'm in heaven, baby." She set the half-finished tray of potatoes back on the table for a moment. "Let's see how we're doing..." She reached forward and rested her hands on her newly bulging gut; it was nearly as big as it had been that night a year ago. She gave it a gentle pat "Mmm...she's a big girl, but she's far from done growing yet!" She picked up the potatoes and began to shovel them into her mouth again.

"Not feeling full?" Zach asked.

She shook her head after she gulped down another large spoonful. "Mmm! Oh no, not even close!" Her stomach gave a loud growl in agreement. The waitress returned shortly after with the three pitchers in hand. Daphne set down the now empty tray of potatoes and took one of the pitchers from her, and began to chug it directly.

The waitress watched open mouthed, her expression of shock intensifying when she noticed the growing bulge of her stomach. She'd now surpassed her previous size quite handily, her stomach a round taut mass, arcing away from underneath her breasts to its peak over a foot away from her body. Zach was reminded of some of the porn he'd used to watch, of women with full triplet bellies. Daphne was at least that size and would soon be larger. The stretchiness of the dress's fabric was reaching its limits, as her stomach pushed further out and wider, soon her skin would be visible between the buttons.

Daphne was in a state of pure bliss as she started into the tray of meatloaf, the juicy meat and onions tantalizing her tongue before sliding down her throat in great chunks. She loved everything about this. The pill had intensified all of her senses. The food smelled better and tasted richer. Everything was simply ten times more satisfying than normal. And then there was her belly.

Oh, it felt good to be so full! And to know that soon she'd be fuller still! As the fire in her stomach roared demanding ever more sustenance, she could actually feel her stomach stretch and expand. It happened in waves; first food would enter her gut pressing against the outer edge of her stomach. When it did she felt an extremely pleasurable pressure within, a feeling of immense fullness that emanated warmth through her body. Then with a quiet groan her stomach lining would expand, relieving the pressure and giving her more room to eat.

She wiped her mouth after chugging the second pitcher of soda, the empty tray of meatloaf discarded upon the table. She took a deep breath, followed by a sigh of contentment, reaching forward to rest her hands on the shelf of her gut. The fire was a dull burning, but she knew it was far from over.

She turned to look at Zach, who hadn't even touched his chicken sandwich. He'd been solely focused on watching her. He was sweating slightly as his eyes lifted to meet hers. There was something in the way he looked at her that she recognized. *There he is*, she thought with glee, *there's the animal*.

"Mmm...how am I looking, baby?" She purred. Zach grunted a response, eyes still fixated upon her. "Big enough yet?" Another grunt. She shook her head "No, I don't think so either". Looking forward she could now see her belly sticking out past her bust line. "Ooh! She's getting big!" She cooed.

Her stomach was an impressive mass, larger than any human had achieved before. It was easily two and a half feet deep, and the same across. To maintain its round form it now spread out away from her body at the sides. It was like she had a yoga ball attached to her torso. Her legs had spread to accommodate its girth as gravity pulled it out and towards the floor. Large diamonds of flesh were visible up the center line of her gut where the sweater dress was stretched to its near limit, but the stitching on the large white buttons was strong, and so the garment held. One of those diamonds featured her belly button, miraculously still an innie.

"We're going to need more food, my love" She said nonchalantly, as if they were planning on just ordering a second plate of fries. Then, the roaring in her stomach creeping back up to irresistible levels, she picked up the tray of fettuccine and began to scarf down the rich creamy pasta.

Her demand broke Zach from his stupor, and he waved the waitress over, flipping open the menu. She arrived in seconds; the entire waitstaff and most of the kitchen stood at the perimeter of the room, having abandoned their duty to witness this impossible woman who was hellbent on eating the place clean.

"Sir?" She asked, eyes not leaving Daphne, whose moans of near orgasmic delight had increased in intensity and frequency as the meal had dragged on.

"Yes...can we get a tray of the bacon mac and cheese, a pot of chili, a tray of fried chicken, and...a tray of your mozzarella sticks" He ordered with a smile.

Daphne paused her feasting, and with her mouth to full to speak gestured toward the tray of fettuccine that she'd just started upon.

"Oh, and another tray of the fettuccine. Thank you so much"

The waitress nodded. "And...anything for you sir?"

Zach shook his head with a smile "No, I'm still working my way through my sandwich thanks." He'd only taken a single bite. With a nod the waitress set off, signaling for the kitchen staff to follow her. Moments later Uncle Charlie approached their table, hands clasped together in front of him.

"Sir and...madam. I don't know what sort of cruel trick this is, but I feel that you are taking advantage of my generosity!"

Zach nodded. They'd expected this might happen. Frankly the restaurant had been more than accommodating already. Daphne, having heard the man's plea, pushed her purse across the table towards Zach before she continued eating. Zach opened the small leather clutch and pulled out a pen followed by a cheque, pre-signed by Daphne.

"Will 10 grande be sufficient?" Zach said, looking up at Uncle Charlie as he placed the cheque on the table.

"Sir?" Charlie asked.

"Ten thousand dollars, to allow us to continue our meal. We've enjoyed our time tonight, haven't we honey?" Daphne let out a deep moan of ecstasy hand reaching forward to massage what part of her belly she could reach as she swallowed another large mouthful of pasta.

Zach turned back to Charlie "But we also understand that this is a place of business, and you're not wrong that we have taken advantage of your restaurants deal. So please, take our money as a gesture of good will, but also please let us finish our meal"

Zach filled out the cheque and handed it to the man who looked at it stunned. Then he pocketed it and turned to address his staff. "Get these people anything they want for the rest of the night!" He turned back to Zach and extended his hand. Zach shook it firmly. "Enjoy the rest of your night at Uncle Charlie's." Charlie said with a warm smile.

As he walked away, the kitchen doors opened with the 5 trays of food they'd ordered. They placed them upon the table, just as Daphne finished the first tray of fettuccine. Her eyes widened with glee at the steaming food before her. "Come on girl!" She whispered, hand patting her stomach "Let's show em what it really means to eat"

She attacked the plate of mac and cheese with increased ferocity, shovelling the food into her mouth at an unbelievable rate. Her mouth was in constant motion, chewing and swallowing as fast as she could. She was starting to feel a tightening across the front of her gut but she ignored it; the fire still blazed in her so she knew she had to keep eating. It took her only two minutes to devour the mac and cheese. She licked her lips greedily as she next reached for the chilli.

Resting the warm pot on her cleavage, she simply put her lips on the edge and tilted the entire thing, pouring the warm mix into her mouth directly. The cycle of pressure, pleasure and then growth continued within her stomach, though at an increased rate as she continually pushed to increase her rate of consumption. Inch after inch was added to her waistline, as her stomach continued to expand like an oversized beach ball filling with air. The only discomfort was that tight feeling against her skin, almost like something was pinching her. She now was beginning to feel it in a number of locations.

After half finishing the chilli, she set it aside for a moment, the pain across her front becoming quite distracting. "Zach...ooo...something...something is pinching me" she said pointing at her stomach, wincing through the pain. Zach jumped up and rushed around to her front. "Oh, shit! Its your dress Daphne, you've grown too big for it!"

The buttons miraculously still held, though they were strained incredibly tight. The gaps in between the buttons were stretched wide, the flesh of her stomach bulging through. But where the buttons held, they dug into her flesh restricting her growth.

“Do you want me to undo them?” He asked “Or perhaps cut the dress? I don’t think i could undo them now if I tried...”

She shook her head, picking the chili back up. “Nope. This is why I wore this dress. Make sure you get a good angle” she said giving him a wink. Then she tilted the pot back up and began to chug once more.

Zach rushed over and grabbed his phone, still set to record. He brought it around to stand in front of her, watching with extreme anticipation. Her stomach was over three feet in diameter now. He reckoned it would reach her knees if not for the dress holding it up.

Daphne swallowed the chili with determination. She wanted to give Zach the best possible show this evening and this was going to be a highlight.

The pinching sensation increased as she continued to guzzle down chili. Her stomach growled angrily. It wanted to grow and something was holding it back. It pressed against the confines of the dress as she finished the dish. Setting down the pot she braced herself against the chair and then taking a deep breath she flexed her abdominal muscles, pushing outwards “*HUH*” She grunted as her belly bulged out from her effort, straining against the dress. But the threads didn’t budge.

Panting she took another deep breath then flexed again “*HUH*”. Again, her gut jumped in place, pushing against the fabric. This time she heard fabric starting to tear. Sweat forming on her forehead, she steeled herself as she took in another deep breath, and tensed her muscles and arching her back as hard as she could pushing her stomach out as far as she could muster.

PWING! PWING!

The two outermost buttons, the ones that bordered her belly button shot across the room as the pressure from her bulging gut finally won out against the constraints of the dress. She sighed with relief as her stomach surged forward into the gap. The remaining buttons began to pop off as well as pent up waves of growth, previously held back by the dress’s restriction caused her stomach to expand outward by three inches in a sudden pulse. Daphne cried out with delight as she felt her stomach sliding forward to make room for more food.

Zach stood stock still, camera still focused upon his wife’s gargantuan form. “Daphne...holy shit...are you ok?” Deep red marks criss-crossed the front of her skin where the dress had been digging into her flesh, but beyond that she bore no other stretch marks, her creamy pale skin just as smooth as it always had been...there was just so much more of it. As Zach had suspected, free of the dress her stomach reached past her knees, her legs spread to almost splits to make room for it. It had to be almost 4’ across. She was more gut than woman now.

Surely this was it, Zach thought, surely she must be done. She’d consumed a massive amount of food, and had experienced an equally massive amount of growth. Her belly, so big and round, was a thing of glory. His cock strained in his pants, begging for release at the sight of it.

Daphne sat still, leaning back in her chair, hands resting atop her now bare stomach. She had a beatific smile on her face. Her deep peaceful breaths, causing her breasts to slowly rise and fall in place. She looked to be truly at peace.

The room was silent. Then a minor scowl of discontent appeared on her face. She bit her lip and let out a grunt of pain. Then a loud growl echoed from her stomach, visibly vibrating her taut skin. It travelled up through her chest, then out her mouth as an echoing belch. She gave her belly a hearty slap "Ahh...Good Girl. That feels much better." Hands bracing against the seat she heaved, pushing herself up so she was sitting straight. Then...she began again.

Zach slapped his forehead in shock. Around the room murmurs of surprised echoed from the watching staff. How was she still going?!

Daphne moaned with satisfied joy as she began to eat once more. The tray of fried chicken balanced atop her bust, no longer the most remarkable part of her body, she held a piece of chicken in both hands, taking turns ripping large chunks of the juicy tender meat off the bone with her teeth. With eyes squeezed shut with glee, her cheeks bulged as she piled as much food as she could into her gaping piehole, savoring the taste for brief moments before swallowing the chunks nearly whole, all before stuffing even more food in.

Before now, the food that she ate was like a dampener on the fire, keeping the roaring blaze to a controlled burn. Now it had turned into kindling. Each mouthful of food she sent careening into her gut just made her hungrier, as her stomach's growth began to outpace the rate at which she could eat. She wanted more, so much more. It all felt so good, this feeling of unimaginable fullness, indescribable hugeness, but as good as it felt, she somehow knew it'd feel better if she was even bigger, even fuller.

The chicken was gone within minutes, followed by the mozzarella sticks. She was unstoppable now, freed from the restraints of her clothing, free to just eat and grow, eat and grow. When she finished the second tray of fettuccine alfredo, she took a small breather. She opened her eyes and looked straight ahead, searching for her husband. There he was sitting in a chair a few feet from her, just watching. She could see his chest moving, his breathing heavy with lust. She knew that he was desperately restraining himself, as he ogled the largest belly he'd ever seen. *Not done yet, my love.* She thought as she gave him a wink, patting her belly with satisfaction.

Her enormous stomach rumbled once more, the sound filling the room. It was a deep growl, like that of a bear. Her stomach was speaking to her. *Don't stop*, it said. She had no intention of doing so.

She turned to address her husband, to ask him to order more food, when suddenly the staff arrived, removing her empty trays and bringing ones piled with fresh food. She hadn't heard him order more, or perhaps the staff just recognized that she wasn't done. Either way she was giddy as she appraised the table full of food. She grabbed the closest one, a massive pot of clam chowder, and lifted it to her mouth, opening her throat and pouring it straight down.

Her stomach inched forward, growing rounder, heavier and deeper. As she continued to chug the creamy rich chowder, she felt a cool sensation on the lower edge of her belly, followed by a sudden unexpected relief of pressure. Her gut, hanging off of her front, had finally reached the floor. She moaned heavily. She hadn't realized that she'd been under tension, her body unconsciously bracing and straining against the weight that hung off her front. Now that it

rested upon the floor that stress was lifted. Her body no longer focused on holding herself up, it could turn its attention to only one thing; more growth. Her stomach lurched forward, an inch at a time, free to spread across the floor as it pleased.

After the chowder she devoured a second tray of lasagna, and then a second tray of mashed potatoes. As she finished the tray of potatoes she was surprised to see the tray being lifted up towards her. "Mmmf?" She questioned through her stuffed mouth. Then as she felt another surge of growth push out she realized what was happening.

As she filled her stomach it had continually aimed to maintain its spherical shape, which up until now had meant growing out and away from her toward the floor. But now that her stomach was resting on the floor...to maintain its shape it had to go the other direction. Her stomach was swelling up towards her, pushing her breasts toward her face, along with the tray of potatoes on top of it. "Oh shit!" She said as set down the empty tray. Ahead of her the dome of her belly now arced up and away from underneath her bust, peaking taller than her head while sitting down. The enormous mountain of flesh gently trembled as it settled from her most recent wave of growth.

"Zach!" She cried out. She heard footsteps from in front of her, then listened to them make their way around, until he appeared at her side. "Yes, Baby?" He said, his focus constantly switching between her face and her swollen sphere of a gut.

"What do you think?" She asked with a smile.

Zach was speechless. "I...I...you're incredible. Unbelievable! How are you feeling?"

She closed her eyes and focused on the sensations bombarding her. She could feel every inch of her rotund form, where it rested on the floor several feet before her, the outer most edge where belly button resided. All of it. "Yeah...incredible sounds about right. God...I'm just so big!" A shiver of excitement ran through her, sending goosebumps rippling across the hill of flesh before them. "Oooo!" She moaned as it passed over her.

Zach nodded. "Big doesn't even begin to describe it. So...are you full?"

She shook her head. "Not quite. That's actually why I called you over. I need your help"

"To do?"

"To stand up. I think I can still fit a bit more in me, grow a bit bigger, but I can't eat with my boobs in my face." The top of her melons were inches from her chin, lifted by the curvature of her stomach.

Zach nodded. He moved behind her, and linked his arms underneath her armpits. Then counting down together, they lifted as one. Zach pulled up with all his might, while Daphne pushed up with her legs, made difficult by how far apart they'd been spread. "Almost!" Daphne grunted as she felt her weight shift. Then with a motion that made the floor groan, she got on her feet, her stomach shifting forward on the floor away from her. As it did her breasts receded from her face, though only just slightly. Ahead of her, the peak of her stomach was nearly at her shoulders. "Ahh" She sighed "That feels much better. Alright...I'd like some dessert please?"

Charlie rushed forward with a large tray of tiramisu. He handed it to Daphne, who went to lift it to sit upon her bust as before, but found that even standing her breasts were too close to her face. "Damn. Zach, would you be a dear and please feed me?"

Zach nodded numbly. He grabbed the tray from her and stood beside her, then with her head turned to face him he began to feed her forkful after forkful of the sweet dessert. Daphne just stood with eyes closed, arms gently rubbing the side of her belly, as she enjoyed the final dish of the night. She chewed slowly and swallowed, before opening her mouth, signaling Zach to give her more.

Her stomach had been still throughout the dessert course. As Zach delicately placed the final forkful of tiramisu into her mouth, he stepped back as she swallowed it with a sigh. For a moment there was silence, and then with a mighty rumble her stomach lurched, expanding outward one final inch. At the outermost edge of her stomach, nearly 6' from her torso, Daphne felt her belly button pop out.

"Ahhh... thank you, I'm stuffed" Daphne said, gently reaching out to pat the top of her stomach. Indeed she was. At last the fire inside had gone out, her seemingly endless hunger finally ended.

Zach stepped back to look at her. Her belly was unbelievably large. Looking at it from the side it looked like she'd swallowed a hippo whole. The enormous blimp of flesh arced up from under her bust to its peak height, 5' off the ground, before it rounded down to the front of her. It rested upon the ground, nearly 4' in front of her. Zach guessed if he walked around to the front it'd be about as wide as it was tall. An almost perfectly spherical orb of flesh, with a tiny woman attached on the side. Daphne stood with eyes closed, massaging her skin "Mmmm...Good Girl" She whispered to her stomach.

Still holding his camera, he stopped the recording. He then took a picture, and set it as his phone home page. Zach would never forget this night for as long as he lived.

15. The Incredible Blimp

The restaurant was silent except for the occasional low rumble emanating from Daphne's great gut. No one said anything, shocked into stillness. At last, Zach heard a voice echo from behind Daphne.

"Is she done?" He heard Charlie ask.

"Yeah...she's done" He called back.

"Ah, good. I hope you enjoyed our food ma'am?"

"Mmhmm! It was divine" She said without opening her eyes.

"I'm glad. Always nice to see a...uh...satisfied customer"

"Oh, I am VERY satisfied" She said. Her stomach growled, and another burp burst forth from her mouth. "Ahh" She gave her stomach another pat. "Very satisfied indeed"

"Good...good. So...do you have a plan to...um...leave?"

"Uh..." Zach said grimacing. They'd brought the cargo van to carry her but...how were they going to get her *into* the van. He couldn't begin to fathom how much her food stuffed gut weighed right now, but walking was out of the question for certain.

As Zach floundered, Daphne took control. She could revel in the joy of her stupendous stomach later. Right now, she had to lead. Zach hadn't been thinking of this plan for as long as she had, and he probably didn't expect her to get this big. To be fair Daphne hadn't thought she would either, but she'd hoped she would, and was incredibly pleased that she had. And of course, she'd planned for just such an outcome.

"Zach, honey. Please go get the van, and back it up to the doors. When you return, please grab the cart that's hanging in the back of the van." She asked him with the same tone someone would ask their spouse to change the laundry.

Zach rushed off, his walk an awkward shuffle as he did his best to move with his unyielding erection. *Poor boy* She thought as she watched him go. *He's probably desperate for release. Just hang on a little longer baby.*

Zach returned a few minutes later, cart in his hands. It was a 4-foot by 4-foot wood platform with wheels underneath, typically used for moving furniture. Today it would be used to move her.

Daphne turned to address the restaurant staff who stood on the other side of her stomach, which currently split the room in half. "I'm afraid we're going to need your help a bit. First we have to turn me. If you could be so kind?" She asked with a smile. Three of the kitchen staff came around to join Zach on his side of her. Then together they each braced their hands upon the side of her stomach. "

"Alright. On 3. 1. 2. 3.!" Zach said to the 3 men helping him. With a heavy grunt they pushed against the heavy mass of her stomach. Her smooth skin dented slightly where their hands pushed, until they made contact with her stomach lining and the great mass of food within. Pushing against this Daphne's stomach began to slide across the tile floor. Carefully she stepped counter to their rotation. She found it difficult to focus as she moved. The 4 pairs of hands pressing into her stomach was like a deep tissue massage on her already overly stimulated abdomen. She quietly moaned with pleasure as their hands kneaded her flesh as they heaved against her. At last, she'd been rotated into position.

"Whew. Thank you. Now we'll need to lift my stomach enough to get the cart under it."

Zach turned to the table that they'd dined at. "Grab the table cloth", he said pointing at it. A number of waitresses quickly rushed forward to clear the table, allowing Zach to grab the cloth. Then with him and two men standing on one side and three on the other, they slid the cloth down the front of her stomach, shimmying it into place until it was underneath her. "Ooo, that tickles!" Daphne squealed as the cloth rubbed against the underside of her belly.

"Ok, once again, on 3." Zach commanded. "1. 2. 3!"

Crouching and holding on to the edge of the table cloth, the six men pushed up with their legs. Slowly but sure, the great mass of her stomach lifted off the ground. "Oh my, that feels intense" She moaned as she felt her great form shift. Having lifted her gut 8" off the ground, Uncle Charlie stepped forward and slid the cart underneath. The lift team let go, and her stomach settled on top of the cart.

"Perfect! Now I should be able to walk out" Daphne said with a smile. Pushing off with her legs she stepped backwards. It was a strange sensation, dragging her stomach along with her, but with the help of the cart she was able to move toward the van without assistance. There was a moment of doubt when she stepped through the double doors, unsure if they were large enough to accommodate her, but her belly followed through without issue, at least half a foot of clearance on each side.

She stopped when her ass bumped into the open tailgate of the van. She'd laid a thick plush blanket in the bed of the vehicle before they'd left, and so stepping back she sat down on the edge. "Ok!" She called to the people she assumed were on the other side of her. All she could see in front of her was the expanse of her gut. "I'll need you to push me the rest of the way in!"

"Ok this will be difficult" She heard Zach say to the other men. "We're going to have to push her in then rotate her up and back so she's lying on her back. Ready? Alright, here we go!"

At once Daphne felt a number of hands press into the outer edge of her stomach and push. She scooted with her butt to push herself back as far as she could. "Careful boys!" She called "I'm a delicate flower!" She giggled as she heard the men beneath her bulk groan as they heaved against her.

It was a fascinating feeling as they shifted their grip and moved lower. It really highlighted just how vast her stomach was that these men could move about her this way, just to lift her. Finally, 2 of them got their shoulders underneath her and with a great grunt, stood up, pushing her mass up and away. Feeling her weight shift, she laid back, head hitting the pillow she'd set

on the floor just behind the front seats, as her stomach rolled then settled above her. Then the doors slammed shut and she was in darkness.

Zach thanked the men for their assistance, handing each of them \$100 tip. He shook Charlie's hand, thanking him again for a wonderful dinner. One of the waitresses came out with a takeaway box; Zach's chicken sandwich that he'd barely touched.

Waving goodbye, and thanking them once more, he rushed around to the driver's seat. He opened the door then hopped in, turning around in his seat to look at Daphne.

"Hi, baby!" She said from where her head rested on the pillow on the floor.

"Hi..." Zach said as he took her in. She completely filled the back of the cargo van, her stomach having flattened out around her, spreading from wall to wall at the van's bed and then arcing up towards the ceiling. Only 6" of clearance remained between the top of the van and the top of her belly.

"Daphne...you are incredibly massive" He said in awe.

"Thank you! I worked hard to become so!" She said with a wink. "Do...do you like it?" She figured she knew the answer, but a small part of her was worried. What if she'd gone too big for him?

Zach reassured her doubts instantly "Ohhh yeah. I've been hard for the past hour. I've never been this aroused in my life. But...are you ok? That must hurt, that much weight on you?"

She shrugged, or at least attempted to shrug. Her entire body below her bust line was enveloped by her stomach. Only her feet were visible at the other end, just barely visible sticking out where her stomach arced back up towards the heavens. "I'm fine. My legs are a little numb, but thats all. I'm more worried about you baby!"

Zach raised an eyebrow. "Me? I've never been better!"

She shook her head "But your poor blue balls! Come here, let me give you some release" She smiled at him seductively. Zach didn't have to be told that twice. He quickly unzipped his pants and pulled them off. Next came his underwear leaving his erect cock standing at attention. The head was a deep purple, strained from maintaining this state for so long.

"So how should I..." He asked as he moved into the cargo hold. There wasn't much space for anything other than Daphne back there.

"Sit down" She instructed "Let me rest my head in your lap" Zach slid down beside her, carefully lifting her head and removing the pillow then sliding his legs underneath. She set her head back down resting it on his thighs, then turned to face him. "Mmm...I think I may have a bit more room in my belly for your cum" Taking him in hand, she leaned her head toward him then wrapped her lips around his tip. Then she craned forward sliding his meat in, until he touched the back of her throat.

Zach moaned as her luscious lips dragged up and down his cock. After half a dozen dips, she pulled off, giving the underside of his head a lick. His cock jumped in her hand, spurring a giggle from her.

"Zach" She purred.

"Yeah, babe?" He said huskily.

"I want you to touch it. Feel what I did for you. Feel how big I am" Her voice was eager, desperate. From where he sat, he barely had to lean to touch her. His hand pressed against the warm flesh of her stomach sloping up and away from her. He leaned into it, pushing against her, massaging her. Her stomach let out a deep rumble, and he could feel it shake beneath his fingertips. Lifting his hand, he brought it down swiftly, slapping her belly hard. "Oooh!" She squealed "She likes that!" She said teasingly. "Do it again!" Then she took him back into her mouth and once again took him in as far as she could.

Zach did as instructed, slapping her belly hard once more. She moaned around his cock, eyes squeezed tight with pleasure. Where he'd struck her, a red hand print had formed on her cream skin, though it quickly dissipated.

"Again?" He asked.

"Don't stop" She gasped in between panting breaths, briefly taking him out of her mouth, before she continued to suck on him aggressively.

Zach slapped her belly once more, causing the great mass of flesh to tremble. Her lips on his cock squeezed tight, as another moan emanated from deep within her. Zach could feel his orgasm arriving, and so craned his arm back and slapped with all his might. Tremors shook through the dome of flesh, as her eyes shot open with surprise. Zach thrust forward, pressing his cock into the back of her throat as he came.

Daphne's whole body quivered from the last impact, a tingling feeling racing across her skin. As she felt his warm seed spill into her throat, her own climax hit her, erupting from somewhere deep inside her. She let out a deep guttural moan, muffled by her husband's meat stuffed in her mouth.

Zach pulled out and sat back, leaning against the wall of the van.

"Holy shit" He said.

Daphne grabbed the pillow and slid it back under her head, before collapsing upon it. "Holy shit...is right! You made me cum!"

He smiled. "Really? From your belly?"

She nodded "Yeah! Ohhh..." She moaned as another wave of tingles set her nerves alight. That had been the most intense orgasm of her life, its aftershocks still rebounding through her.

Zach grabbed his pants and stood up, carefully putting them back on. From beside him, the wall of her stomach growled and shook. Zach eyed it suspiciously.

"Uh...everything ok?" He asked.

She waved at him dismissively "Oh, don't listen to her, she's just a big whiner" Then she crossed her fingers together, placing them behind her head, laying back with a contented sigh.

"Alright" He said as he got into the drivers chair. Fishing the keys from his pocket, he turned the ignition, the van rumbling to life. "Home we go!" He said cheerily.

"Oh! Sorry, I forgot to tell you, we aren't going home! Could you pass me my phone?" She asked. Zach fished her phone out of her purse that he'd retrieved from the restaurant and handed it to her. She unlocked it, typed in it for a few seconds, then handed it to him. "Go here!"

Zach looked back at her. It was still an awe-inspiring sight. Her beautiful smiling face, looking up at him from the floor, then her stupendous bust, breasts the size of soccer balls, and then her belly which filled the rest of the van. Thinking back to the previous night, he'd remembered her promise. *I'm going to have a belly that makes my tits look small.* She'd done that and then some.

Taking her phone, he plugged the address into the van's GPS. Then with one last look in the side mirror at Uncle Charles All American All You Can Eat Palace, he put the vehicle in gear and drove away.

16. The Hideout

Daphne lay in the back of the van, eyes closed as she took a moment to rest and collect herself. She scratched idly at her breasts, digging her nails into the brown fabric still draped across them. Her bust was covered by the remains of the sweater dress, the buttons around her chest having not suffered the same terrible fate as their cousins that used to reside near her midriff. Annoyed at the discomfort, she undid the final buttons, and pulled her arms out of the sleeves. She settled back on to the pillow, with a sigh of relief. So far, the evening had gone better than expectations, but this was just Phase 1. Phase 2 would begin once they arrived at their destination.

The van hit an unexpected pot hole, causing the whole vehicle to jump. Above her, the great mass of her stomach wobbled back and forth. The feeling sent shivers along her skin.

She frowned as her gut settled back to stillness. She could feel her great cauldron of a belly beginning to churn, her stomach muscles beginning to grind away at the incredible amount of food in her belly. Digestion was beginning. *Dammit, not yet!* She pouted internally. *We haven't had nearly enough fun yet!*

The van stopped suddenly. "Whoa!" Daphne said as she felt her entire stomach lurch forward from the momentum, before rocking back. "What is it?" She asked after she was settled once again.

"I think this is the place...?" Zach said, leaning forward to look out the windshield. "It looks like a warehouse?"

Daphne nodded "Yup, that's the place. Pull up to the garage door"

Zach did as instructed, creeping across the asphalt. They were in an industrial part of town. The street they were on was filled with warehouses exactly like the one they were pulling into. Zach peered about, hoping to get a clue as to why this was their destination, but it just looked like a boring turn of the century warehouse.

"There's a keypad beside the door" He noted.

"Yup. The code is your first name" She replied from the floor.

Zach typed in the letters of his name into the number pad and sure enough the motor of the overhead door sprung to life, the metal portal opening before them.

Putting the van back into gear he turned around and then backed into the warehouse. The building was pitch black, no automated lights springing on to inform him of his surroundings. Once the van was fully in, he opened the door and stepped out. "Now what?" He asked his wife.

"Next to the garage door there should be a control pad." She said.

Where the hell are we? He wondered as he pulled out his phone and unlocked it. He let out a slow breath as his phone opened; he'd forgotten that he'd set the picture of Daphne at her

biggest in the restaurant as his phone's background. "I'm the luckiest man alive..." He whispered to himself, staring at the image.

"Babe? Did you find it?" Daphne called from the Van. "I'd like to get out at some point..."

"Sorry! Sorry" Zach said as he turned on the phone's flashlight. Pointing it at the side of the door he found the control panel waiting just as Daphne had foretold. "Ok, I'm here"

"Great! First press the red button" She commanded.

He pressed the red button. The motor of the overhead whirred to life, shutting the door behind them.

"Now, flick the yellow switch"

He flicked the switch. Starting from the side of the building that they were currently at, banks of lights began to switch on, flooding the room with light. Zach walked over to look around and his jaw dropped. The empty warehouse was not so empty as he'd thought.

Over on the left wall there was a living area set up. A king size bed, two desks with plush chairs, a fridge, television, and two massive leather sectionals. They could be quite comfortable here for a while.

The right wall had a number of complex machines lined up and pressed back against the edge of the building. Zac surmised that those were probably the leftover machinery of the previous tenant's.

In the center was the most interesting setup. It looked like a movie set. There were stands with large spotlights and a few tripods with digital cameras already set up. The floor was covered with gym mats, some protection for bare skin against the cold concrete floor.

"Holy shit!" He said as he took it all in. "Daphne?! When did you have time to set this up!" He said as he returned to the open driver side door to look in at her.

"Looks good, right?" She said with a smile. "I technically didn't do any of it. I paid people to get this set up for us. A lot of things are pretty simple when you have money to throw around"

Zach nodded understandingly. "So...what's with the film set?"

She scoffed at him "Do you not remember our deal?"

"Yeah, that's why we recorded you eating?"

She shook her head "Oh you silly boy. We're going to record *a lot* more than just me eating! Now, get me out of here! This van isn't as comfy as it looks!"

"Right, right" Zach said as he sprung into action. He rushed to the back of the van and opened the doors, where he was greeted by the bottom half of her stomach, and her feet poking out the

bottom. "Now what..." He said to himself. They'd managed to push Daphne into the van, but that'd been with 5 other men. How was he supposed to get her out by himself!

"Babel!" He heard Daphne's voice echo from behind the mound of her stomach. "I have an idea. You'll have to come to this side!"

Zach walked back over and hopped up into the van. "Ok, what are you thinking?"

She smiled at him "Well...If you haven't noticed my overall shape right now is sort of...spherical"

"Yeah, I've noticed. Why?"

"Well, what's the easiest way to move a ball? You don't slide it, you roll it! I think if you can get me going, the momentum will take care of the rest."

"Alright, it's worth a shot. I'll need you to push a bit as well" He said as he stepped towards her. She nodded "I'll do what I can"

Bracing his shoulders against the top side of her stomach, he lifted his legs placing his feet directly against the back of the driver seat. Daphne did her best to sit up, but with the weight of her stomach upon her she couldn't accomplish much.

"Ok" Zach grunted. "Here we go" With a heave he pushed with his legs against her taut rotund mountain of a gut. "It's working!" She said gleefully. Indeed, he could feel her stomach turning away from him. "Great job baby- Whoa!" Her cheers of delight became a cry of surprise as her body was lifted up off the floor of the van as her stomach rolled out the back. Zach watched as his wife's body moved up and around over the top of her stomach then disappeared from view, rotating around her stomach as it exited the vehicle.

"Gah! Help!" She screamed.

Zach rushed to the back of the van. All he could see was the great mass of her stomach resting on the floor of the warehouse and then her legs kicking wildly poking out over the top. He leaped off the tailgate and rushed around to the other side. There he found Daphne, upside down and nearly vertical, her hands flat against the floor. She'd managed to halt her momentum, but was now stuck.

"You ok?" He asked, leaning down to address.

She gave him a fake smile "Oh I'm just peachy, honey! Feeling just dandy! Now, HELP ME UP!"

He nodded "Just a sec" He quickly hopped back in the van and pulled forward; she'd rolled out the back of the van and then stopped, so to roll her back up he needed to first move the van. After pulling the vehicle out of the way, he rushed back over to his wife. Then grabbing onto her shoulders he lifted. Slowly her body rolled back over the rotund girth of her stomach. "Ah, thank you" She said as her head lifted up past him. "Whoa!" She felt the momentum carrying her back over the other side, until Zach caught her by the wrists and pulled, slowing her rotation to stillness.

“Better now?” He asked, stepping forward.

“Much, thank you” She said giving him a sweet smile. Her face was level with his, but her body was horizontal stretched out behind her. She was laying entirely atop her stomach, the great orb of her belly flattened slightly with her weight pushing down on it. She crossed her arms in front of her resting atop her bust which was almost pushed up to her face by her stomach below. Over her head, he could see her lower legs lifted up, kicking idly back and forth overhead.

“So...” She gave him a wink “Come here often?”

Zach laughed as he leaned in to kiss her. He had to crane his neck forward while pressing his body against the outer curvature of her gut to reach her.

“How does it feel?” He asked after pulling away.

“Ohh...Incredible!” She moaned. She spread her arms and legs out akimbo, resting them against the upper surface of her stomach. “Laying here on top of it all...all that food inside me...its just amazing...It’s like I’m lying on a waterbed...but the waterbed is me!”

A shiver passed through her body, which Zach could see visibly pass through her belly, the skin tensing in a wave.

“You know that feeling when you’ve eaten a really good meal” She said as she rested her head against her body “That nice full feeling, that heaviness inside, just a little bit of pressure that feels so good?”

Zach nodded “Yeah?”

She looked up to meet his eyes with a broad grin “It’s like that, times a thousand.” Her eyes rolled back in her head as another wave of pleasure shuddered through her.

Zach reached out and rested a hand against the nearest side of her belly. The skin was smooth and soft, with an undeniable warmth emanating from within.

“You know” He heard her say after she recovered from her most recent bout of bodily joy. “This part...I wasn’t that excited about before. Eating the food? Absolutely, I’ve been looking to that for months. And my beauties swelling up with milk? Mmm, I can’t wait... But the part in between...the belly. Well, this part was supposed to be really more for you...”

“But?” Zach asked running his hand across her skin as he stepped around her, wanting to take her all in once more.

“But...I was wrong. I’m absolutely loving this. I feel so...sensual. To think that this is all me is insane but...” She squeezed her eyes shut, her body trembling once more. Zach could feel her skin tighten against his palm as the wave of stimulation rocked through her. “...it’s intoxicating. So...full. So...huge”

Zach nodded as he finished his walk of her perimeter, running to her head. "I'm glad you like it" He said "I'd feel guilty if you weren't enjoying yourself"

She smiled sweetly "Oh, don't you worry about that, I definitely am." She breathed out with a moan as another wave hit her. "Each of those...feels like a mini orgasm, but with so much more flesh involved...whew." Opening her eyes, she looked to see her husband undressing before her. "Mmm...good idea" She purred "This belly won't last forever... Roll me over to the photo set and we can have some fun"

Grabbing onto her hands he pulled to the left, rotating her mass until her body was parallel with the direction he needed to go. Then walking around to the side, he pressed his hands against the upper edge of her bulk and pushed. "Wee!!" She squealed with glee as her body rolled away from him, disappearing from view behind her belly. He quickly said a silent prayer as he continued to push, hoping she wouldn't be hurt when she went under. Thankfully seconds later her arm followed by the rest of her emerged from beneath the great rolling mass. "Oh, hello there" She said with a smile as her body rolled up in front of him. He grabbed onto her ass and gave it a squeeze as he used it to continue pushing her. "Dirty boy, copping a feel!" She wagged a finger at him as she once again rolled up over top and then out of view.

Zach began to push harder, hoping to increase their pace. Daphne began to cackle with joy as she began to rotate faster and faster around her belly. "This.....feels....amaaaazing!" She cried out at him each time she passed him.

Finally, they'd reached the center of the area lit by the spotlights. As Daphne rolled up past him one final time, he grabbed onto her thigh and upper arm and pulled back, slowing her to a halt. She lay perched atop her belly once more, breathing heavily, head face down in her cleavage, arms and legs laying limp.

"Oh...fuck" She panted. "I think...I came...twice...doing that"

Zach walked around to the front of her, and gently pushed away, rotating her body away from him, until her feet were flat on the ground. Doing so brought the only discerning mark on her stomach into view, her belly button which still remained popped out, a little bump the size of a marble. With a grin he reached out and flicked it "Ooo!" Came a cry from several feet away as goosebumps erupted on her skin emanating from her navel. "Jesus christ! That felt like you flicked my clit!"

Placing a hand on her skin, he walked around her, digging his nails into her flesh leaving faint lines. "Oohhhhhhhh....Hnngg" She moaned with ecstasy as he approached. Rounding the bend to see her, he noticed a small patch of wetness on the floor; her pussy juices overflowing from stimulation.

He stepped up behind her, and rested his fresh erection between her butt cracks. He leaned into her, hands reaching forward to take two large handfuls of her tits. "Are you ready?" He said, voice low.

"Uh-huh!" She whimpered. "Please...give me your cock! I need it!"

Bending his knees, he lowered himself until his tip reached under her, then he straightened his legs, sliding into her soaking wet pussy. "Guuuuhhhhh" She let out a guttural moan as he filled

her. For a moment he held that position, cock twitching with readiness inside her, then he slowly slid out and pushed back in.

Taking her hands in his he pulled her arms up and pushed them against the fleshy surface in front of them. Daphne's conscious mind left her as she was overwhelmed with the most intense sexual experience of her life. It was like he was fucking her against a wall...but she was the wall. "Unnnhhhhh...ahhhhh...mmmmm..." The sounds escaped from her throat, unable to form words but body desperate to express her pleasure.

Having cum so recently, Zach's cock was primed to go the distance. Within minutes he felt Daphne's body tense, her lips quivering, the inside of her pussy contracting wildly around his cock. "OOOHHHH GAAWWWD" She cried out as her first penetrative orgasm hit her. Normally this would have pushed Zach over the edge, but in this moment he felt focused.

A few minutes of heavy thrusting later another one hit her; her voice hoarse as she cried out once more. After this one he felt her legs go limp below her, the overwhelming stimulation turning them to jelly. In one smooth motion he looped his arms under her armpits and lifted, pushing her forward. She rolled slightly ahead, feet leaving the floor as her body rotated away from Zach. Now with some of her weight resting upon her gut, Zach could do the rest, grabbing onto her thighs and lifting to hold her steady as he resumed thrusting.

Daphne lost track of time. She forgot everything about her life. In this moment there were only two things of importance: her belly, a massive drum that trembled with each orgasm; and Zach's cock, the mallet that beat that drum.

"Please..." She moaned weakly. "Please cum...It's...too much"

Hearing his wife's plea finally turned the switch within Zach. Letting out a grunt from deep within his chest, he thrust in one final time, Daphne's pussy now constantly writhing around his shaft, as he came hard, filling her with his cum.

"Hnnngg...guh...oooo" She moaned quietly as he pulled out. Gently he rolled her forward until she was back on top. Her eyes were glassy and unfocused as she gazed off into nowhere, head turned to the side. Her arms and legs visibly quivered, muscles spasming frequently. From this vantage he could see up between her legs; her pussy lips were red and raw, tinted only by a bit of white as his cum began to leak out of her.

Zach took a step back and then sat down hard, only now realising how exhausted he was. With a groan he laid back, and shut his eyes, to rest. From several feet above him, he could still hear his wife's quiet voice, her cum addled brain only able to get out moans and babbles as it tried to pick up the pieces of her consciousness.

17. Recovery and Revelations

Zach's eyes fluttered open to the sound of his wife calling his name. "Zach! Zach! Zachary Teller, wake the fuck up!"

Zach sat up groggily. "Sorry, I'm up...What is it?" He stood up and walked around to the other side of Daphne's belly so that he could face her. As he arrived, she crossed her arms and gave him a frown. "What?!" He asked again as he stepped up beside her.

With her right hand she reached out and flicked him on the forehead. "Stop sleeping through your special night! I've put in a lot of time and effort to fulfil your fantasy and I will not have you wasting that opportunity by sleeping!"

Zach yawned, then gave her a smile "I'm pretty sure you're enjoying my fantasy more than I am at this point"

She blushed, her frown flipping into a mischievous grin "Oh shut up! Just go get us some coffee. There are some ice mochas in the fridge over there" Zach walked around her and jogged over to the living area that she'd gotten set up. He opened the fridge to find it stocked with an abundance of refreshments and snacks. He grabbed the two coffee drinks and returned.

"How, long was I out?" He asked as he unscrewed one of the drinks and handed it to Daphne. Without hesitating she put the bottle to her mouth and chugged.

"Hard to say...you literally fucked my brains out, I don't know how long it took me to recover, but if I had to hazard a guess it's been a little over 30 minutes. What I do know is that this belly isn't long for the world." She gave the edge of her gargantuan mass a pat. "I've definitely shrunk since we left the restaurant"

Zach took a step back to take her all in, and had to agree with her assessment. She was still colossal, her tiny frame stuck atop her gut that ballooned out from her in all directions. But her head was no longer level with his, having dropped at least a few inches. Her body was working overtime now to burn through the food she ate.

"Definitely" He said rubbing his chin "So...what were you thinking? I...don't know if I can have sex again for a bit. My legs are still wobbly, and two orgasms in a row has my dick out of commission."

She laughed "Oh definitely not sex. You pounded my poor pussy into oblivion, she's off limits for at least a few days." She pointed to one of the tripods to the left that held a high-quality digital camera, rather than a camcorder like the others scattered about them. "I figured that we could fill up your spank bank folder. I intend to hold up my end of the deal!"

Zach walked over and grabbed the camera before returning to stand beside his wife. She gave him a dazzling smile as he turned on the camera "How would you like me, my love?"

For the next two hours she was his doll. His enormously inflated doll. She enthusiastically acted the role of his muse, posing for him in any and every way he requested. Her laying on top of her belly with both hands holding her face in shock as if to say "Oh my god! I'm so big!?" Next, Daphne laying on her back reaching out to caress her belly, her face a mask of awe and admiration, this time saying "Wow...I'm so big!" Then, her standing proudly, belly resting on the floor before her, arms held up high saying "Ta-dah!"

Zach snapped photo after photo of his overstuffed wife, capturing her in her massive glory until the camera ran out of memory. At last, the night would come to an end. It was almost 1am and they were both exhausted. Daphne suggested that Zach sleep in the bed, but he was having none of it. They'd shared an incredible night together and he would end it sleeping with his wife. He rolled Daphne over so that she was lying down on the mats on her side, her stomach spreading out across the floor beside her. He retrieved the king size comforter off the bed and draped it across her mountain of a belly, the blanket barely big enough to cover it. Then he laid down on the floor beside her, scooting in close. Together they passed out, and enjoyed a long peaceful sleep.

It was late afternoon when Daphne awoke to the sound of someone knocking on the door. She opened her eyes with a start, letting out a loud yawn. The first thing she noticed was her stomach. It had reduced in size considerably, which was to be expected, though it was still approximately the size of a yoga ball. She let out a mournful sigh "I'm gonna miss you, girl" She said, rubbing her hand across it.

Bracing herself she pushed herself up and got her legs under her, and then with a heave she pushed up to a standing position. She had to bend her torso back, keeping at least one hand pressing against her hip for balance, but she'd done it. She was up and mobile once more.

She slowly waddled her way across the room to the door way that echoed from the repeated strikes. "Who the fuck could that be?" She muttered annoyedly as she approached. Standing with her belly out to the side she grabbed the door and pulled it open.

In the doorway stood a middle eastern man in his early 60's. He was completely bald, and had a well trimmed beard, hair fully gray, on his face. "Daphne Teller, I presume?"

Daphne raised both eyebrows in shock. How did this man know her name, and more importantly why wasn't he freaking out about the enormous gut she still sported.

"Umm...yes? Who are you?" She said holding on to the door defensively.

He gave her a charming smile "My name is Dr. Abdul Ibrahim. I'm the lead developer of Lacgorginex."

She still eyed him suspiciously "Good for you. What the heck is Lacgorginex?"

He gestured toward her "The pill that you took to achieve your...condition"

"Oh, I see...um, not to be rude but...why are you here? How did you find us?"

He fished his phone out of his pocket. Unlocking it he turned the screen towards her “I’ll answer your second question first. You came onto my radar rather unexpectedly. You my dear, are a little bit famous”

Daphne leaned in to look at the screen. It was a Youtube video...of her at Uncle Charlies. The video currently showed her bursting out of the buttons of her dress, her great belly heaving from her effort. Watching herself in the video gave her a thrill of excitement, she hadn’t really had a chance to fully take in how big she was...and this part in the video she wasn’t even at her biggest. *My god I was huge!* She thought. Then she looked down to see the viewership count: over 1,000,000 views. “Oh god...” She said, rubbing her forehead with anxiety.

Dr. Ibrahim returned the phone to his pocket. “Indeed. One of the waitstaff recorded it I presume. When this video showed up on my frontpage this morning, I immediately recognized the effects of my pill...or more specifically someone not using it with the correct methodology. I was supremely lucky to be at a convention in the capital, only 2 hours drive away.”

Daphne nodded weakly, her mind spinning. She didn’t quite know how she felt about being Youtube famous yet, for something so personal and intimate. Yes, there’d been the people at the restaurant last night who’d seen her...but this was the whole world. Her friends, her family. She sighed, she would have to deal with that later.

The Doctor continued his tale “My first stop was Uncle Charlies. The so-called Uncle Charlie was more than happy to regale me with the story of your impressive bender. When asked if he knew your names, he produced the cheque which you so kindly provided him. They also mentioned the cargo van, and so the rental shop was my next stop. From there they turned on the vans GPS tracker which led me to this very building”

Daphne processed everything he’d said. None of it seemed fishy. Though there was one point that was sticking with her.

“Wait...what did you say about incorrect methodology?” She asked suddenly concerned.

He clasped his hands before him “That would be the answer to your question of why I’m here. May...I come in?”

She pulled the door open to let him in. The pair walked back over toward the living area. Zach was sitting up, having awoken from the voices. Grabbing a pair of blankets to wrap both himself and Daphne in he joined the pair, after which Daphne got him up to speed.

After offering the doctor a drink they got down to business “So...what did you mean by incorrect?” Daphne asked, getting on to the bed. Though she was mobile her gut was still extremely heavy, and she found it much more comfortable to lay down on her side.

The doctor finished a sip of the ice coffee they’d offered him “Ahh, yes. So Lacgorginex, as you obviously know was developed to be a lactation aid for mothers. The pill would increase one’s appetite, and turn the excess calories into new milk ducts.”

Daphne nodded from where she lay “Sounds right to me. So, what did we do wrong?”

The doctor smiled at her “You took more than one pill my dear. The supplement was developed to be a single dosage. Though the immediate effects of the pill only occur directly after ingestion, the pill itself leaves traces in your body, continuing to affect your cell makeup, and as a side effect make them more receptive to future doses. Hence the increased intensity after each dose. I’m certain you’ve noticed your milk supply increased over time?”

Daphne thought back to the past year, specifically when she’d started to sell her breast milk. It felt like her supply had been endless compared to when she’d first started.

Zach chimed in “Wait, if you’re only supposed to take a single dose, why did it come packaged in a large bottle? There must be 20 pills in there!”

The Doctor sighed “That packaging is for an entire clinic, Mr. Teller. Single doses were meant to be prescribed by the doctor, with distribution kept under strict control. How you acquired this many doses is a mystery, but whoever did so acted incredibly recklessly. How many doses have you taken Mrs. Teller?”

“This was my third” She said through a yawn.

“Remarkable. This sort of reaction to the medicine was purely theoretical before today. Well, just be thankful that I found you while you’re still in the processing phase. So that you can take this” Out of this pocket he pulled a separate bottle of pills.

“What’re those?” Zach asked.

“A counteragent of sorts” The doctor said, unscrewing the cap. “This is the second half of the supplement. The pill’s effects were only meant to be temporary, women would take the pill, be able to produce milk for the year or two as required, and then take the counter agent. The tissue that you grow from the pill have certain genetic markers. Upon taking the counter agent it’ll burn through that tissue and neutralize any ongoing processes”

Daphne’s face fell “What! So I’ll go back to what I was before? A stick with no boobs?”

The Doctor nodded “Yes. That is the intention. Now since you’ve taken three doses, I recommended you take three counter agents once your body has finished digesting. Understood?”

Daphne was silent for a moment, still laying on her side on the bed. “Are...are there long term health implications if I don’t return to my original size?”

The doctor considered her question before responding “Mmm...not exactly. Nothing dangerous will occur. But with the drug still in your system your body will continue to produce milk without cessation.”

“Oh, is that all? Ok great! Thank you, Doctor, you can go now” She said with a smile.

The doctor eyed her “Are...you going to take the counteragent?”

She nodded “Yes, of course! ...Eventually”

The Doctor sighed “Mrs. Teller, I cannot speak to what led you to consume three doses of the pill, as two would be more than enough to provide enough milk for multiple children. I must assume then that the desire was sexual in nature. If this is the case, it is my professional opinion that you do not let yourself reach the growth phase for this third dose. The size you reach will be...unprecedented, and I cannot speak to how your body will react”

“Mmm, sounds like a challenge” She said giving Zach a wink.

Dr. Ibrahim sighed again, placing the bottle of counteragent on the table. “I wash my hands of this. Please take the counteragent, for your own sake”

Zach stepped forward to shake the doctor's hand “Thank you for coming out Doctor. Don't worry about us, my wife knows what she's doing”

The doctor shook his head “I fear she does not. As I mentioned before, the effects of the pill compounds after multiple doses. Her growth will be...exponential in nature”

Zach's eyes went glassy, images flowing to his mind, his mouth slumping open. The doctor noticing he no longer held Zach's attention gruffly sighed then turned and walked away leaving the building. Zach returned to the bed, to lay down beside his wife.

“Did you hear that?” He asked excitedly.

She nodded with a grin. “Exponential! Oh...I can't wait”

The rest of the day they spent resting and relaxing, watching tv, napping and altogether just enjoying each other's company. As the hours rolled on her stomach shrunk further and further. By the time they went to bed at night, it was down to a relatively small bump, the size of a 6 month pregnancy. Daphne drifted off to sleep with a grin upon her face. When they woke the next morning, her stomach was gone, and her nipples were stiff.

18. Exponential

Daphne sat on the edge of the bed, waiting with anticipation. It'd been a few hours since they'd awoken, her stiff pink nipples like two thimbles, a harbinger of the growth to come. Her stomach having reverted to its prior flat state, her breasts were once again her most dominating feature. She lovingly caressed the top curve of her twin cannons. "You girls are in for a real treat" She whispered to herself.

Zach walked back over from where he'd been busily working. "Alright, I moved the light stands and camera tripods out of the way. There should be nothing in the way...well except whatever that machinery is against the other wall, but that's almost 100 feet away, I don't think you're going to grow *that* big"

Daphne shrugged "You never know. The doctor did say exponential"

Zach felt his cock twitch, rising to attention. Daphne eyed it and let out a soft moan. "Mmm, I think somebody likes the sound of 100-foot titties" She slid down off the bed getting on to her knees before him. Pressing her breasts against his legs, she pulled him toward her until his tip came within reach of her lips.

With a smile she took his girth into her mouth, bobbing her mouth along his shaft. Zach groaned from the stimulation. It wouldn't take long for him to come from this. "Almost..." He muttered "Almost there..." She moaned on his cock, the sound sending vibrations through his shaft. He could feel his orgasm coming when...Suddenly she stopped, pulling off of him"

Zach opened his eyes "Guh...what?! What is it?"

"It's...it's starting" She whispered.

In the minute that she'd been focused on sucking her husband off, her tits had gone from their creamy pale color to bright pink. She'd been feeling a tingling in her chest, that she'd just thought was anxiety and excitement, but which she now recognized as the familiar burning sensation.

Lifting herself back up she sat upon the edge of the bed. "Alright...so from what I remember...it burns like this for a bit...and then they...OH! Fuck!?"

Her breasts weren't waiting for the burning to intensify, they wanted to grow now. In an instant they swelled, expanding out by an inch in each direction. She leaned back on the bed, arms out stretched behind her to balance as she watched with eyes wide. Another surge of growth hit, this time larger. Within seconds her s-cups were the size of beach balls, resting upon her knees.

Zach watched in silence as her breasts spilled forth from her, like someone filling an enormous balloon with water. They'd started growing in pulses every few seconds, but as the pulses got closer together, they flowed into one another, creating the illusion of an unstoppable tide of swelling.

Daphne bit her lips as she felt them surge past her knees, soon after touching the cool floor. The burning sensation had hit full intensity, but it couldn't match the extreme pleasure she was feeling from every inch of her breasts.

As each breast neared the size of an oversized bean bag chair, she felt herself begin to be lifted. The tight firm flesh of each tit, now each nearly 6 feet across, was determined to maintain its spherical shape, and so as they filled out rounder and deeper, the distance from where they attached to her body to the floor was now less than the diameter of each breast. And so her body was pulled up to compensate.

Daphne let out a constant string of heavy moans as the speed of the growth slowed. She was now standing on the edge of the bed on her tiptoes, her enormous round tits resting before her, each nearly the size of an SUV. Zach walked around her, mouth ajar. "Holy fucking shit...He wasn't kidding when he said exponential!" He stopped standing in front of her, looking at each one head on. Just above his head, he could make out her little pink nipples, little bumps stuck into the side of the immense sphere of flesh. He stared at them for a moment. Something was off about them, but he couldn't quite place it.

They were still pink...and there was no milk leaking from them...which meant...

From across the room he heard his wife let out a primal scream of pleasure. Zach took a step back, when suddenly the wall of tit before him surged toward him aggressively, jumping forward by a foot. A few seconds later, another foot. Then it came at him like a tidal wave, and unstoppable wall of breast flesh. He watched it in awe for a few moments, before it suddenly occurred to him that he was in danger, as her breasts continued to swell towards him. He took a step back, then another, before he turned and ran.

Behind him he could hear his wife's screams of orgasmic ecstasy as more and more of the warehouse became filled with solely her breasts. As he reached the halfway mark, he began to hear the groaning of metal. Her tits had touched the ceiling and were pressing against the steel decking, forcing it to bend. "Jesus christ!" He yelled as they continued to slide forward.

He was nearly at the other end of the building, and began to panic. If they didn't stop soon he'd be crushed. He turned and watched the ever growing wall of tit flesh slide closer and closer. He looked to the left and right, each breast was nearly 40 feet across now. Standing right at the center of her cleavage he wouldn't be able to make it if he tried. He closed his eyes and braced for impact. But impact never came. He opened his eyes with a blink. Her breasts had stopped. With only 20 feet to spare.

Zach looked up at them in awe. She'd nearly filled the warehouse. It was like someone had parked two blimps inside the building. Staring up, he could just make out the tiny bump of her nipples, far overhead. He began to hear a dripping sound coming from the floor nearby. Little drops of milk. She was definitely done.

Another scream echoed from the far end of the warehouse. "Oh, shit, Daphne!" He started to sprint, running first towards the side of the building, just so he could get around her, and then back towards her. As he ran he stared up at the titanic side of her tit. It was even bigger looking at it from the side.

At last he'd made it back to the living area. He walked around the other side of her colossal breasts, expecting to find her still on the bed, but she was gone.

"Daphne?" He cried out, confused.

"Up...up here" He heard her moan.

Zach looked up. There suspended 30 feet in the air attached to the side of her two mountainous breasts was Daphne. "Oh my god, Daphne! Are you okay!"

Her body was limp laying against the side of her breasts, no motion except for the occasional tremble as another orgasm hit her. "Need...need...milked. So...full" He just barely heard her make out.

"Shit, of course. But...but how! How am I supposed to milk you!"

"Machines..." She lifted a hand and weakly pointed to the other end of the warehouse.

Zach ran back to the other end of the building to inspect the machines that he'd dismissed when they'd first arrived. His wife's planning had been impeccable. The machinery was a set of industrial milkers, with a long hose attached. The pumps ran to a large tank in the back of the room, ready for her to fill it. He just had to attach the nozzles.

Zach stared back up at her nipples, still dripping with milk some 30 feet overhead. He turned and looked around the room. He needed something to get him up there. "Aha!" He said as he spotted a 40' extension ladder leaning against the wall in the corner.

"Hurry!" He could hear his wife scream from the other end of the room. Zach ran over and snatched the ladder, hauling it back over to the front of her colossal bust. Gently he rested it against the side of the first tit, then taking the nozzle of one of the milk pumps in one hand, he climbed up and attached the nozzle. The suction was strong, and kept it attached to the side of her flesh. Immediately her nipple began to spurt forth milk. The flesh of her breast visibly relaxed as the pressure began to drain.

Sliding down the ladder, he carried it over to the other nipple and repeated the process. With both nipples being milked, he lowered the ladder and then carried it back around to the living area. Setting it against her once more now on the back side of one of her tits, he climbed up until he stood on the ladder beside where her body hung.

"Hey..." She said weakly, eyes closed. "Thank you...That feels much better"

"You're welcome" He said with a smile. "So...think you're big enough?"

She let out a soft chuckle, eyes still closed as she rested against her breasts "Yes...I think this is... probably too big. It's...hard for me... to focus...so much...sensation and stimulation" Zach pulled the counteragent bottle from his pocket, popping out a pill into his hand. "Ready for the counteragent?"

She opened her eyes to look at the pill. "Sigh...yeah. But...don't give me a full pill"

"No?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

She shook her head. "No. I want to keep a little extra to remember this!"

He gave her a grin "I love you Daphne."

She closed her eyes and rested her head back atop the surface of her bust, settling in to finish her milking. "Mmm, I love you too Zach."

EPILOGUE

It took over 12 hours for Daphne to finish milking. By the time she'd finished she'd filled the industrial tank to almost $\frac{3}{4}$ of its volume, a personal record for her. Satisfied with having experienced what it really meant to be truly gargantuan she took a reduced dose of the counteragent. The secondary pill worked slower than the first one, her body slowly burning up the flesh over the next few days. At last, she reached a size that she felt happy keeping, a bit bigger than her S-cups that she'd had before. Each breast reached the top of her thighs, nearly 18" in diameter, as round and firm as they'd been days before.

They returned to their normal life, albeit with some changes. Zach quit his job to stay home and assist his wife full time. Though she was still mobile, her newly enlarged breasts prevented her from doing a number of typical things. She could no longer drive herself, had difficulty cleaning up around the house, and more. Zach was more than happy to pick up the slack.

They were forced to buy the warehouse; her breasts having done permanent damage to the roof structure. They kept it as a little home away from home, a place just the two of them could go to get away and relax.

She spent most of her days the same from then on, split between entertaining and caring for her children, and then resting in bed while she milked. Her Onlyfans only grew in subscribers, especially after Zach uploaded the various photos and videos of their escapade, available for a premium charge.

Her friends had a number of questions regarding the events of that night, as the viral video of her and her stupendous gut inevitably reached them. She eventually came clean to them, sharing with them the entire tale. After they'd left, each of them messaged her separately, asking if she could share with them a dose or two of the pill. Daphne may or may not have shared.

Zach was good on his word. He never looked online at porn again. His every fantasy had been fulfilled by his wife, and now was saved onto his hard drive.

As for Daphne...she was happy. Happy to have given her husband everything he'd asked for, and to be loved deeply for it. But...every now and then...she thought back to that night and the incredibly intense sexual experience that it had been, and knew that she missed it.

Zach entered the bedroom, a year later. Daphne was sitting on the bed, resting upon the headboard. Her breasts sat heavily in her lap, nipples pumping away into her milking machine. The model she used had varying receptacle sizes, up to a gallon. She could typically fill that size within an hour. She looked up from her phone to give him a smile.

"So...what do you want to do this weekend?" She asked him coyly.

Zach shrugged "I dunno. What were you thinking?"

"Oh...I thought maybe we could go out to dinner?" She said nonchalantly.

Zach sat down beside her in bed with a smile, leaning in to give her a kiss on the lips. "That sounds nice, where were you thinking?"

Her mouth split with a devious grin, as she held up the bottles of Lacgorginex and its counteragent. "How about Uncle Charles?"