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<Trust Funded>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Eight

The party was organised by a company, it needed to be perfect for tonight. I had used the money Paul had given me to buy a bar for the night, it was decently sized, it had a dance area with a DJ. The place was already mostly full, lots of people I didn't recognise filled the venue and the music was pumping, and the drinks were flowing. Upstairs there was a seated area that I intended to use later for some alone time with Zack.

Tonight is the night.

After a number of weeks of speaking to Zack at these get togethers she was going to finally make her move. Arriving at the party after things had gotten underway was her normal M.O. She walked in and rushed up to her friends, they exchanged pleasantries and one of them pointed to the door just as Zack walked in.

Go time.

Stacey walked past the bar and was on the prowl. Swaying her hips, long sexy strides, they weren't the same now. She had gained weight, it was clear as day to anyone who knew her, yet she was the one with the money, so her friends weren't going to tell her that. Her denial was at its highest. Stacey dismissed the jiggling of her stomach, the wobble of her ass and the unmistakable feeling of her thighs starting to rub together.

She saw only one thing.

Zack.

“Hey...” She said as sultry as she could muster over the music.

Zack was built like he was chiselled out of stone.

Most of his time must be spent in the gym, Stacey thought as she ogled his bulging pecs, almost busting out of his shirt. He looked at her and gave her some of the smoulder before he looked down and winced slightly.

Stacey missed it and continued to talk to him.

“Hey Zack... It is always nice seeing you come to my parties.”

“Well, you know how to throw a good one.” He said, looking around at the drunken masses dancing.

Now...

“Do you want to come with me? I’ve got a booth upstairs.” She asked bravely.

Before the young man could answer Stacey took another step forward and pressed herself against his body and pulled his head down so she could whisper in his ear.

“Just me and you...”

Letting go of him, he looked her over one more time.

“No thanks.” With that he waved into the club and shouted “DAAAAVE” before he walked away.

Stacey was shattered. Standing there frozen in time.

“Who was that bird?” Another male voice said.

“That’s the chubby chick running this whole thing.” Zack added before the conversation was swallowed by the music as the buff Demi-God slipped into the crowd.

Chubby...

Stacey looked down and saw her dress was barely holding on, the small roll of fat was quite clear. The dispelling mist of her denial was fading as the spotlights highlighted her bodily changes.

I’ve never been chubby...

Everything she had done for this moment, and it was gone within an instant, her greed for the money cost her the one thing she couldn't afford to lose in this game. Her figure. Tears filled her eyes, and she walked out the front door, seeing people still flooding into the club.

It's over.

She booked a taxi and waited on the quietest street corner and just tried to process everything.

Arriving home, she was greeted by that same greasy smell that filled her nostrils earlier that evening.

Pizza.

Her stomach rumbled; it was quickly developing a habit of doing that but she was always determined to ignore it. Not now however.

Walking towards the kitchen, she peered into the front room and saw the discarded boxes of pizza on the floor next to the sofa. Continuing to walk onward towards the kitchen, she peered her head around the corner and prayed that nobody was there.

Her wish was answered, to her surprise. Entirely empty, other than one thing that caught her eyes immediately.

Pizza.

In Emily's gluttony, it seemed that she wasn't quite able to meet Paul's order.

"He must've ordered her like 10 pizzas or something..." Her voice trailed off because she felt the familiar pang of her stomach cramping and rumbling. Looking down stared at the chubby little pudge she had.

*It is kinda cute... Who the fuck was Zack to turn me down for this **tiny** thing...*

Stacey picked up a box and opened it. It was massive, the biggest diameter pizza she had ever seen.

I didn't know they made them this big...

The pizza was still mildly warm.

Maybe he ordered more, and they couldn't get to it.

She shuddered.

Or maybe it is for after...

She cast the thought from her mind and just tucked into the first thick slice. The fat was dripping off of it. In it went all the same, she chewed and swallowed the first slice, yet her stomach was still pained. Her fasting was apparently for naught so why should she hold back now? A question that Stacey didn't have an answer for immediately, another grumble and she picked up another slice. It wasn't long until the whole pizza was gone.

Closing the box, she chose to sit down on the stool that was near the breakfast bar. The second her body compressed there was a large ripping sound that filled the air.

Oh no...

Stacey was mortified, she turned her gaze towards the source of the tearing and could see that the side of the dress, where the seam line ran down, had split open. Her skin was desperately trying to breach the hole. For the first few breaths Stacey watched as more stitching gave way.

Stacey couldn't linger on the thought for long, she heard a noise that nearly made her jump out of her skin. In fact, by her startled jump, her dress ripped open more.

Her eyes darted to the doorway, and she saw Paul. He was standing there in his sweatpants, he was covered in a thin layer of sweat, it was clear to anyone who knew human anatomy what he had just been doing. He stared at Stacey, more specifically the bulging fat oozing out of her dress.

Stacey went to speak but she noticed that through his sweatpants she could see his cock rapidly hardening.

"I... I'm so hungry Paul..."

Paul stood there shocked; her words made things ten times more arousing. He couldn't even think at this point. He could just watch as Stacey stood up.

She showed off her bloated stomach, the whole pizza sure did a number on her belly, it was

as round as it usually was during their midweek stuffings but thanks to her dress it looked all the more noticeable. During their meetings, Stacey had never shown him her bare belly, she usually wore baggy clothes, it was a tiny victory she had over him as she continued to eat. Judging by his reaction, he was clearly the winner right now.

“What is it Paul? You can’t handle seeing me this *big*?” She teased. “You did *this*”

Stacey arched her back and listened to the dress continue to rip, revealing more of her belly to him.

“Oh... That’s right... You’ve never seen my belly... Have you?” Stacey knew the answer, but her words were clearly affecting Paul.

“Well... You should get to see the fruits of your labour, right?”

With one big pull, Stacey ripped the dress in two, she moved the fabric covering her front away and showed off her giant stomach. Paul’s legs wobbled and held onto the frame for support.

“Well... Don’t just stand there Paul.” She patted the bulging top of her stuffed stomach. “I said I was hungry...”

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