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828 words.

<The Gift>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Twenty One - Sam

Lauren's face screwed up; she didn't quite understand.

It won't take her long.

I felt the effects start to wash over me almost immediately after I felt that sharp prick into my wrist. The warmth spread up my arm and into my torso and I felt my naked body become warm enough to counteract the chill in the air. Lauren's eyes went wide.

She can see it already.

"What is it?" I said innocently.

I could feel my nipples becoming painfully hard, almost as if they were elongating. I let out a soft moan, this time the growth was a lot more pleasurable.

Probably because I have given in...

My tits started to rise, like they were being inflated, they rose on my chest and became even rounder and bigger. The alphabet couldn't contain the gigantic orbs I now had on my chest; my stomach was also changing beneath my melons. Every second I could feel myself becoming less stuffed, but I knew that meant one thing.

Bigger... Fatter...

My body billowed forward, and I was a gigantic queen of lard now standing before Lauren.

"I must be at least twice as big as that guy... Don't you think so?" I lifted my thickening arm

and gave my fat belly a big smack, the reverberations sent the rest of my body into a frenzy.

Lauren ripped off her clothes and stood in the doorway, fingering herself and staring at me as I grew.

She is consumed by lust...

I held my hand forward and beckoned her to come closer with a sausage-like finger.

“I know you want to feel... So come here... Feel how big I am getting... I know how much you like it...”

Lauren trembled in the doorway, her body becoming tense, I could see each of her muscles flexing.

She let out a huge scream. She came.

Falling to one knee, she looked up at my large and growing form.

“Sam... You...”

“What? Lauren? I can’t see you down there, I am just too fat.” I slapped my stomach for emphasis.

I felt a surge of force, Lauren had leapt at me like a frog from her position. I felt her tongue licking the underside of my stomach and her hands were grasping at my wide belly with desperation. I spread my legs.

“You’ve had enough... My turn...” I took one step forward, giving good access to my nethers.

Lauren didn’t need to be told twice, her head lowered, and I found her tongue was on my clit in no time at all. Suddenly the power dynamic was in my court, despite my occupied status. I was leading the charge; Lauren was a slave to my growing body.

Who was she to resist her fantasy?

The effects of Oscar were still changing my body, every second Lauren was down there, my belly spread over her body, like a giant boulder, I was hovering above her, each second growing wider.

I felt my legs wobble.

She is going to have to move... But...

I couldn't resist her now, I needed to cum, I needed her to get me there, my expanding body needed more, I was so close.

"Almost..." I whimpered.

Beneath my behemoth of a belly, there was no way she heard. Lauren continued her assault. My legs were now trembling, I was feeling weak in the knees. I never questioned how I could carry this mass around but now I was finding the weight to be too much, along with Lauren between my legs.

I let out a moan, my body erupted with an explosive orgasm. It had been far too long; I had almost forgotten what it felt like. My legs were giving way, I felt myself start to go.

"Move!" I yelled.

Lauren pulled back and as she did, she scraped her head along the underside of my fat gut. I started to fall backwards.

There was a huge crash, followed by a heavy thunk.

I found myself in some pained discomfort, I looked up at Lauren, who was standing tall above me now. I looked around me to determine why I felt a sharp pain and I could see the remnants of Lauren's desk beneath my colossal frame. I could even feel my ass growing fatter by the second over the debris, only for a few seconds longer, however. I looked at Lauren and she had a crazed look in her eye.

Her body was ripped, she looked incredible. Lauren reached out her hand and I extended mine, only to notice the second casualty of my fall.

Oscar:

The face of the watch was destroyed on my wrist, I gasped when I saw it.

"No!" I said sadly.

I guessed he must've hit something in the fall.

“It’s Ok Sam... I can get you another one... The memory transfers across.” She winked at me; A large smirk spread across her face. “Wouldn’t want you to lose any gains now, would we?”

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