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<Trust Funded>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Seven

Stacey and Paul spent the afternoon in the coffee shop, he didn't go back to work, he watched as the almost lithe girl ate through the three slices, despite her struggling by the end of the second one. She was committed and stubborn if nothing else. The last bite taken she leaned back in the chair and Paul could see the effect of those cakes already on her. Her stomach was tight and bloated, a true food baby.

Maybe it was something genetic.

Paul made himself chuckle.

The deal was done, Paul transferred money over to Stacey, his own for now whilst he worked on getting access to the trust fund account. Stacey smiled and thanked him before she left the coffee shop, the bad taste in her mouth about feeding was replaced with the excitement about having the funds to plan the perfect party, finally she could get what she wanted.

Although the part was a success, it wasn't enough, there was always something more. The next weekend, another party, new clothes, new trends. Money was all she needed, all the time.

Paul and Stacey had a working relationship now, he would get money for her from the trust fund account providing she was able to provide a service to him. The service usually involved an obscene amount of food, paid for by him of course.

Stacey was regularly seeing Zack now thanks to her throwing all of these parties and she

thought she was making headway with him, but she was noticing her meetings with Paul were starting to take a toll on her body. She tried to go to the gym more and to diet around the midweek feasts, but she lacked the discipline. This had a compounding effect as she needed to meet with Paul more often to get more clothes as she started to outgrow all of her old ones.

It had been just over a month since she and Paul had started the new phase of their relationship, a weird one at that but it worked for her. Or so she thought.

The day of the party she was getting dressed when she realised the outfit she bought on Tuesday was now not fitting her.

“Fuck!” She screamed, frustrated.

Less than five days and...

The dress she had bought was perfect. It was new, a designer make, it looked amazing, and she had worn it on Tuesday, but they only had the one size. It was Zack’s favourite colour, scarlet red. It was perfect, but she wasn’t. The dress was already form fitting but Paul had met with her three times this week, it took its toll on her figure. It barely got over her boobs but trying to pull it over her slightly chubby stomach was another thing. It just wasn’t going.

The door to her room opened and in waddled Emily.

Another month went by, and Emily had continued to grow at an alarming rate. Stacey had resigned herself to just ignoring it at this point. Emily however was entering a new phase. Her gain was really starting to transform her shape, no longer was it just a case of her having a huge stomach and slightly enhanced bust and butt but now the whole of her body was getting fatter, she had thick arms, her thighs were massive trunks and her face was rounding out. She was looking towards the SSBBW classification, yet her belly was still so big and taut. 240 was so last month, now she was looking at 300 as a target to smash. She had so much more jiggle to her, every inch of her was starting to get covered in fat. Another month saw her gain 25lbs and with her stomach capacity she could get over 275 at an extreme push. Emily’s boobs were huge and fat, they rested heavily on her round stomach which sat on her thick thighs when she sat down.

Standing in the doorway in her way too small button up PJs, she looked immense. Her buttons were done up over her chest, but they were struggling with a lot of strain thanks to her boob's gains, her stomach had no chance of being covered properly. The button under the bust and the one after that was done up but the rest of the top was splayed open.

Emily wore clothes like this when Paul was around, Stacey thankfully rarely saw it, only in passing. Her outburst caused her mother to walk into the room to see what was wrong. Looking at her daughter struggling to get the dress over her pudge.

Pudge?

"Stace... I don't think you are going to get into that... Not with... Umm... This?" She poked the collection of fat that had formed a roll because of the tightness of the dress on her stomach.

This enraged Stacey, she couldn't be getting fat, not her, not now, no way.

Stacey sucked in her tummy and yanked the fabric really hard. Thankfully it didn't rip, her stomach was contained, for now. She turned to her mum triumphantly.

"You thought wrong." Stacey poked her Mum's taut belly, it was very tight to the touch, based on the smell in the house, it was full of pizza.

"You on the other hand." Stacey added, her palm still on her mothers packed gut.

"You know it is ok to gain weight right?" Her mother consoled her clearly in denial daughter.

"I'm not getting fat, I just ate a large dinner, I've got a lot of drinking ahead of me, I need to make sure I have enough food to soak up the cocktails." Stacey turned to look at herself in the mirror.

"Alright..." Emily said, turning to leave the room, to presumably return to Paul and the feast that awaited her.

"Getting fat..." She whispered and stared at her slightly chubby middle, made all the clearer from the tightness of the dress. "As if..."

She dismissed the thought, letting denial take hold of any bad thought that lingered about her body and left the house, barely resisting to grab a slice of pizza that was in the kitchen as she walked

through.

“Bye!” She called out before she left the house.

“Bye!” Emily and Paul called in unison.

Paul stared at Stacey’s body and soaked in the changes her body was going under, he felt himself get turned on knowing he was the one that was making her grow bigger.

The door closed and Emily turned to her boyfriend and with barely a whisper. “She’s gone... More...”

Paul was not about to deny his growing partner anymore, especially after admiring his handiwork to Stacey and turning his attention back to Emily’s big round stomach.

“Anything for you...” He drove a slice of pizza deep into her greedy maw and watched as she took the whole slice from him and started to feed herself. That freed his hands to explore her stuffed stomach. He rubbed and groped her massive gut and even started to kiss it.

“More...” She moaned as he enjoyed himself with her stomach.

Paul wasted no time and picked up another slice and escorted it to her mouth. His curiosity got the better of him. “Why did you take so long to come back down?”

“Oh, Stacey was struggling to get her dress on. I think she has been gaining weight.”

Paul felt a bead of sweat form on his head, his hard cock twitched in his pants.

“Really?” he said naively.

“You don’t think my behaviour is rubbing off on her?”

The question caught him off guard for a second. “What?”

“I mean... All this eating... Maybe she is copying me?”

“Are you trying to tell me...” He stood up and turned her, so she was sitting forward on the sofa, he got on his knees and wrapped his arms around her stomach. “This. Huge. Fat. Belly.” Each word punctuated by a kiss. “This inspired Stacey... To gain some weight?”

Emily’s eyes were rolling back in her head as Paul rubbed and played with her stuffed stomach.

“Maybe it is all the partying.” He said to dismiss the actual concern she had. “But... I wouldn’t blame her for wanting to look like you.”

“Oh?”

“What woman wouldn’t want to look like you? A big, beautiful Goddess...”

“Oh~” She cooed. “I like that word...”

Paul picked up the pizza box and placed it on her stomach, the swollen form acting like a shelf. Paul sat up on his knees and pulled his rock-hard cock out of his pants and guided the tip into her belly button before presenting her with another slice of pizza.

“Well... This Goddess needs more tribute...”

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