

The office was quiet and too bright. Jennifer sat in the same red top she had been wearing all day, clicking through a spreadsheet she could do in her sleep. It was late, it was the same job as always, and nothing about it felt like it was going anywhere.



The sales dashboard was still up on her screen at 7:09 p.m., two million dollars in numbers that were not hers. Her phone sat face up on the desk, dark. Behind her the waiting room was empty, and Dr. Vince Palumbo was already walking over, chewing gum, headed for the door.



She looked up as soon as his shadow hit the desk. That was the job: smile, notice him, don't make him wait. He didn't sit down. He never sat down for her.



He pointed at her, still chewing. Jennifer kept her hands on the keys and let him talk.



He left without looking back. She was still sitting there with her hands on the keyboard, watching an empty doorway.



The door clicked shut and she dropped into it, elbows on the desk, hands in her hair. It was just her and the screen and another night finishing his work.



She was still folded over the keyboard when the phone lit up on the desk. Unknown call, no name, no preview, just buzzing on the wood.



She picked up because that is what the old. The voice on the other end did not belong in this office. It was too bright and too happy, like a commercial.



The office did not change. Jennifer did, mouth open, eyes wide, hands tight on the phone.



The sun was hard on the chain-link and the outdoor court. Alana tossed the ball in a lavender skirt, thick and fast, already in the point.



The return came in hot. She stepped through it anyway, teeth set, racket already there. Off court, sneakers scraped.



She was still lunging for a wide ball, shirt flying, when the coach's hand went up and killed the point. She did not look happy about it.



She pulled up, racket over her shoulder, ball still in her hand. Sweat on her chest. The coach was already walking in with a phone.



He held it out. The call was already live because he had picked up off the bench so it wouldn't die. Alana stared at it, unimpressed.



She put it to her ear and kept the racket in the other hand. The coach turned and started collecting balls. Same bright cartoon voice from Jennifer's office.



She went still for a second, then her mouth opened. A million dollars will do that.



It was a dead night downtown, orange neon and not much else. Mary poured two shots with black nails, amber climbing the glass. Slow shift. The only person worth talking to had a star on his chest and a stool he always took.



She leaned over the bar to set the glass down, jean shorts, Wrangler patch, floral tattoo down her thigh. The stools were empty and the Ice Cold Beer bucket sat there with nobody using it. Sheriff Wade looked up from under the hat. He was a regular, harmless if you ignored the badge. Mary never ignored the badge. She was on probation for battery. A drunk girl spit on her in this bar and Mary hit her for it, and she had been sweet ever since, especially when the law came in thirsty.



She held the bottle up, other hand on her hip, tattoos on her chest and arms, plaid unbuttoned. Wade sat with his back to the room and let her talk. That was the deal on a slow night. She was not going to be honest with a badge, not while the county still had her name on a list.



She paved him the second shot, bottle still in her other hand. Neon in her hair. The poster on the wall said cheers to nights you'll never remember. Wade took the glass. Mary kept him talking. That was part of the job too.



The phone lit up on the counter, blue screen, unknown number. Wade still had his shot up. Mary twisted back with the bottle in her hand and looked over her shoulder at it.



She put it to her ear. Blonde hair, chest tattoo, sleeve of skulls and roses. She was already ready to hang up. Then that same bright cartoon voice came through. She turned her shoulder in and kept it quiet. Wade could see her. He did not get to hear this.



Her face cracked open, mouth open, eyes wide. She did not look at Wade. A million dollars in a bar with a badge on a stool was how you lost a million dollars. He could wonder. He did not get the truth.



It was morning, brick and chimneys and iron walkways, a lantern still on in daylight. It did not look like a chocolate museum. It looked abandoned. Nine fifty. Ten minutes to ten.



Jennifer came in wearing the same red dress, black purse on her arm, looking up at the building like she had the wrong address. Then she saw the blonde at the far end of the yard with a cigarette, shorts, a plaid crop, and one hand on her hip. Jennifer got that little dip in her stomach she always got around other women.



She followed the wall in, pure swinging. She had finished Palumbo's report late and still felt like she was going to be late. The blonde hadn't moved much. Jennifer put on the polite smile and walked closer.



Mary turned her head, cigarette between two black nails, tattoos showing, unimpressed. She had gotten here first on purpose. She looked Jennifer over once, the dress, the purse, the sorry look, and decided this was not a cop and not a reporter. Just another girl from last night's call.



Jennifer closed the last few steps. Neither of them said a million dollars. That number did not belong in a courtyard with a stranger.



That was as far as it got. A third girl came across the cobbles in lavender and white sneakers, tennis skirt still on. Alana had a hand up, half wave, already smiling. Jennifer felt herself get smaller. Mary took a drag and watched.



The three of them stood in front of the windows. Jennifer did the polite thing because someone had to. Mary stayed on one hip with the cigarette. Alana looked at both of them like this was already going to be fine.



He shoved, cane hitting brick, and all three faces went up. Mary's hand found the back of her head. Alana's mouth opened. Jennifer forgot to hide her face.



Mr. Sugarvale stood on a stack of brick. Grey coat, waistcoat, black tie, top hat, round glasses, cane. He had not been there. Now he was. Alana and Mary started whispering immediately. Jennifer kept her face forward and pretended she couldn't hear.



Up close his smile had too many teeth. He did not explain the lottery. He did not explain the million. He told them a garden inside, some cartoon voice that had called them the night before.



They stepped inside and the brick courtyard was gone. The factory opened into a garden, with a raspberry the size of a car sitting wet and ridiculous on their left. Mary's mouth fell open. Alana's did too. Jennifer just stared. Mr. Sugarvale stood in front of them with both hands out, top hat, goggles, like he had been waiting to show this off.



It got even weirder when they could see all of it. A purple candy tree stood in the middle of the grass. Yellow sugar moss hung in curtains. There were mushrooms, marshmallow towers, lollipops big enough to lean on, and a chocolate river cutting slow and thick through the green. Round windows showed real sky. It did not look like a factory at all.



They walked. Sugarvale's cane ticked the grass. Daylight from the round windows cut across Jennifer's red dress, and she crossed her arms because that was what she did when a place was too much, except she was smiling now. Mary's eyes kept moving. Alana looked hungry. The plants beside them dripped something yellow and sticky. Nobody asked if it was safe.



The river was right there. Chocolate moved in a slow, heavy current, with red and white candy canes sticking up out of it, wet. Sugarvale pointed with the cane. The three of them stood on the grass looking at it. Jennifer's dress was tight across her hips. The air smelled like cocoa and warm sugar.



Mary was already moving before he finished talking. The plaid came up over her shoulders and her tattoos hit the light. Jennifer felt her whole face go hot. She was not offended. She just could not believe Mary was actually doing it.



Then she was just there, naked, chest ink and sleeve ink and those heavy tits out in the open. She even gave them a little lift, a little flash, because Mary did not do anything halfway. Alana lost it, that big bright laugh. Jennifer's mouth fell open. She was not offended. She was a little jealous of a woman who could stand like that and not apologize.



From above she was all pale ass and tattoos, standing on the green lip of the river with Sugarvale beside her. Candy canes stuck out of the chocolate at weird angles. Alana looked up from the grass, still dressed, still grinning. Jennifer looked too and felt that same insecure dip she always got around other women.



Mary jumped. No countdown, no testing it with a toe. One tattooed body in the air, arm up, mouth open, tits and hips heading for the chocolate. Alana had already lost the top and was sitting on the bank in her tennis bottoms. Jennifer pulled her dress up over her face like not looking would make it not happen. It still happened. Mary hit the chocolate hard.



Mary came up chocolate-slick and laughing, tits glazed, the chest tattoo shining under cocoa. Alana left the bank in a jump of her own, thick, dark, completely bare, and still fast. Jennifer had lost the dress somewhere between hiding and being dared. She stood on the grass naked, all that curve catching the light, looking down at Mary like she already knew she was going in. Sugarvale waved them on.



Jennifer sat on the grass at the edge and let her legs find the chocolate. It was lukewarm, thick and sweet around her calves and thighs, then up under her ass. Alana and Mary were already in, backs to her, chocolate climbing their bodies. Sugarvale stood behind her. She breathed in and slid forward.



They split up along the river, each of them in their own corner. Chocolate painted Jennifer's tits, her belly, her hips. She stood in it up to her thighs and stared at her own hands, red nails glazed, cocoa running down her wrists. She dragged a chocolate finger across her skin and felt her stomach tighten.



She put the finger in her mouth, eyes half closed, tongue working. The chocolate was richer and warmer than candy, and she made a wet little sound around it that she would have been embarrassed about at work.



She tipped her head back and did it again. Chocolate sat on the swell of her tits, a smear across one nipple, red nails shining. Every time she breathed, the river moved against the underside of her breasts. She sucked cocoa off her finger and did not stop.

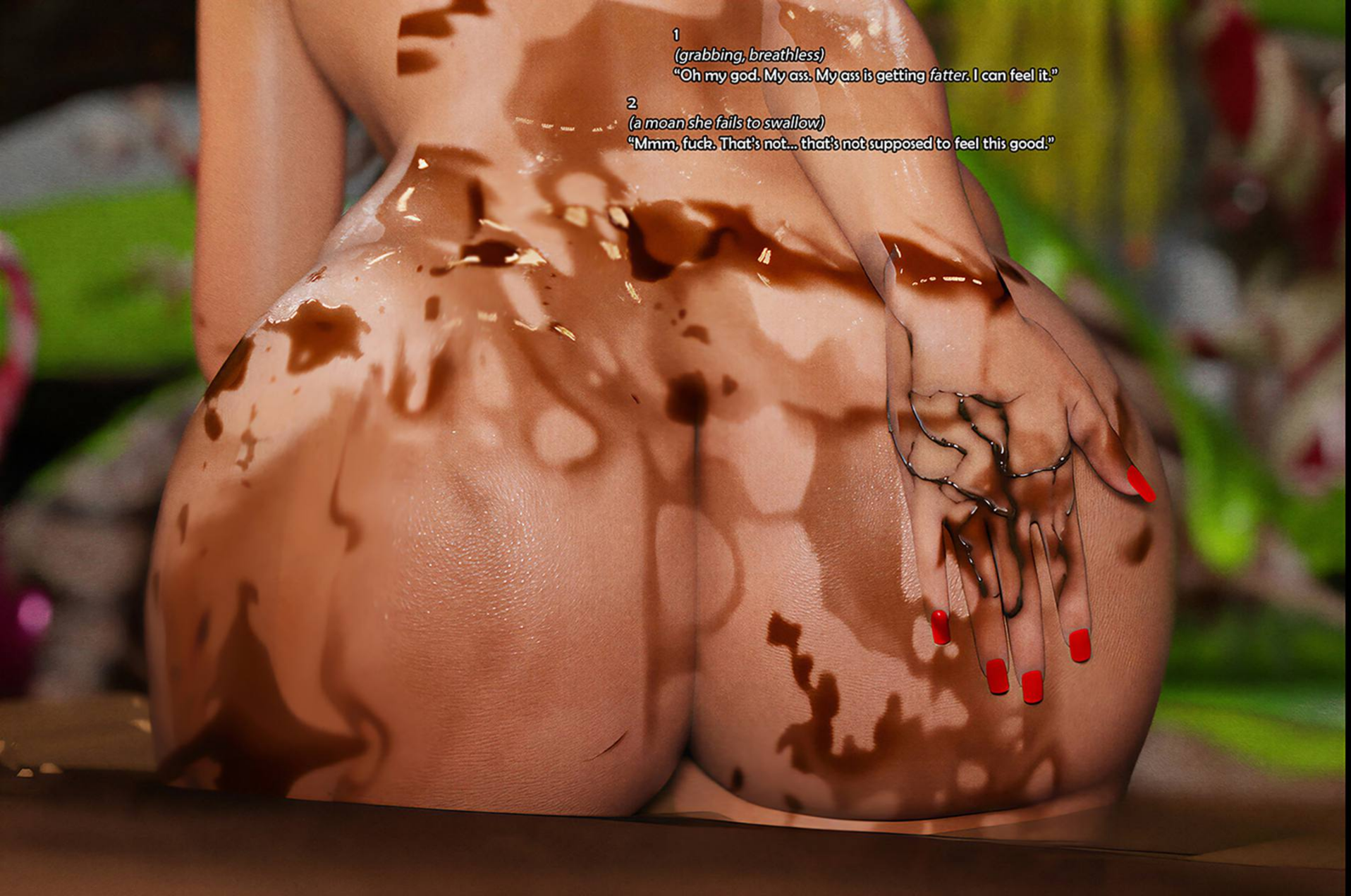


1

(a startled moan, not looking back yet)

"Wait. Wait, something's... *nnn*... something's happening to me."

It started in her ass. Chocolate ran down the spread of it, and then the ass itself started to swell, heavier, wider, pushing out into the river. Jennifer felt the weight before she understood it, warm and sudden and way too good.



Her hand went back, red nails, chocolate up to the knuckles, grabbing a handful of herself that had not been that handful ten seconds ago. Soft, huge, getting bigger under her palm. She made a sound she had never made at work.



She squeezed. She had to. The cheek filled her hand and then some, chocolate squeezing out between her fingers, the other side swelling to match. Her hips were widening. She kept her face forward because if she looked she was going to have to admit she wanted it.



Her ass filled the shot, two heavy chocolate-smeared globes, the river lapping where her thighs met. Every swallow of cocoa was going straight there, fat and shameless, and she could not stop touching it.



She looked back over one chocolate shoulder, mouth open, tits hanging heavy and glazed, that newly enormous ass under her own red-nailed hand. Sugarvale stood on the grass in the distance, watching. Her eyes were wet. She did not tell him to stop looking.



Alana had found a candy cane the size of a walking stick, red and white and already a little messy. She was naked in the garden light, sugar starting to cling to her chest, tongue out, that grin that said she was about to do something stupid on purpose. Mary was a blonde blur in the background.



She put it in her mouth anyway. It was not polite and it was not a taste, just a long wet suck, eyes closed, white nails on the swell of her own tit, sugar glittering on her skin. The cane shone with spit. She made a noise that did not belong on a tennis court. Her breasts, which had already been a problem in a sports bra, felt like they were waking up.



They grew while she sucked. That was the trick. Her tits swelled into her own hand, heavier, hotter, the skin stretching. Sugar stuck to the new size. She kept the cane in her mouth because taking it out would have meant stopping, and she was not stopping. A drop of spit ran the red stripe.



They got bigger, two heavy sugar-dusted tits pushing up against the cane and against her own palm. She sucked harder. The cane was wet to the fist. Her mouth was a mess. She looked like she was ruining herself on purpose and loving it.



She came off the cane with her tongue out and her eyes gone. Those tits were huge now, powdered, spilling over her ribs, nipples thick. She held the stick like she was not done with it.



Sugarvale had come down to her level, crouched on the grass with the cane across his knees. Alana stood in the chocolate up to her chest, and there was a lot of chest now, looking up at him with her mouth open, one hand still on herself. Behind them Mary's pale, grown ass sat in the river.



She turned her back on him and thought about it. From behind she was already thick, sugar and chocolate on her hips, and Sugarvale sat on the grass watching. Alana's head tipped down. She was not shocked. She was deciding.



The smile that showed up was small and private and a little mean. Alana looking down at her own idea, curls falling, chocolate up to those newly heavy tits. She had already decided. The smile was just her catching up.



The hook of the cane went where he had meant it to go, red and white candy stretching her open, disappearing between her thighs. Her belly was already rounding. Those tits were so huge now they filled the shot. She took it like she had been waiting for someone to tell her she could.



She fucked herself with it. On her back in the chocolate, huge tits piled toward her throat, the cane working in her fist, mouth open, eyes gone. Her hips spread. Her waist thickened. Her ass started catching up with her tits. Alana swore like she was winning.



Her ass took over the shot, sugar-dusted, enormous, swallowing the small of her back. She was on her side in the chocolate and the grass, and every pass of the cane inside her seemed to pump another inch into her. She had been thick. This was past that.



She reached back and grabbed it, white nails sinking into a cheek that kept getting bigger under her hand. Sugar glittered on the new stretch of skin. Her hips were so wide now there barely seemed room. The cane was still in her. You could tell from the way she moved, little helpless rolls.



The hand could not cover it. The cheek swelled past her palm, a huge sugar-frosted shelf of ass rocking in the chocolate. Her waist had thickened. Her thighs had thickened. She was still Alana. She was just Alana with a body that was not going back in a tennis skirt.



Mary had drifted to her own corner of the river, which was how she ended up face to face with a cheeseburger that had opinions. It sat in the grass, double stacked, bacon, pickle, cheese, ketchup running down the bun, and it was looking at her. Mary, nude, chocolate-slick, tattoos shining, stared at it the way a bartender stares at a drunk who just said something stupid.



It had a face. Angry little eyes in the bun, a mouth that was mostly bun and spite. Mary leaned in despite herself, profile to profile with a sandwich that wanted something from her. She felt, very clearly, that she had maybe had enough cartoon for one morning.



She said it close enough to smell the ketchup. Mary's face had gone skeptical and a little mean, the face she used on drunks. The cheeseburger sat in the grass like it had been insulted. It wanted to be eaten. She was taking too long.



He meant it. The burger left the grass and hit her open mouth with a wet clap, bun and pickle and spite, clutching her face, shoving. Mary's hands flew to the bank. Downriver, Jennifer and Alana were busy with their own bodies and did not see it. Mary made a sound that wanted to be a word and became a gag instead. Chester went in like he had been practicing.



It filled her. Bun jammed past her teeth, cheese and beef packing her jaw, her eyes rolling as the thing wriggled toward her throat. Chocolate up to her tits. The chest tattoo shining. She had nothing left in her mouth but sandwich and panic, and then the taste hit, and the taste was unfairly good.



The growth hit her from behind. Mary on all fours in the chocolate, blonde hair a mess, that bartender ass already swelling, hips widening, the tattoo on her thigh stretching. She could not speak. She could only crawl, tits hanging heavier, the burger still working down her throat.



She reached back with those black nails and grabbed it. The ass filled her hand and kept filling it, pale, huge, chocolate-wet, the floral tattoo on her thigh warping as her hip went from petite to something that would break a barstool. Her mouth was still occupied. The moan that got around the burger was not a protest anymore.



She looked back over her shoulder with as much face as the sandwich would allow. That ass was heavy and round and shining, her hand a small dark star on all that new fat, tits hanging, belly starting. Mary had been the little one this morning.



The cheek swallowed her fingers. She was a small blonde woman disappearing into her own backside while a rude cheeseburger finished the job in her throat. The tattoo on her thigh looked stretched. Mary made a sound that might have been *fuck* if her mouth had been free.



She hauled herself toward the bank. You could still see him in there, bun and beef packed behind her teeth, her mouth forced wide, eyes wet, one black-nailed hand clutching a giant cookie. The rest of her had gone heavy all at once: tits, belly, that stuffed-tight look. Taste flooded her. It was unfair how good it was.



The burger was a dark wet shape going down her throat. She was huge in the river now, chest tattoo stretched over breasts that had not been that size when she lit a cigarette in the courtyard, ass a pale moon behind her. Her eyes squeezed shut. She swallowed because she had to.



Then he was gone, down her throat. Mary hung on the cookie at the bank with her mouth empty at last and her body absolutely not, a stunned, swollen, chocolate-slick mess of tits and belly and that enormous ass. She looked down at herself like she might still argue. It was too late for that.



She crawled onto the grass and dumped herself on her side. The belly was a pale hill. The ass was a second one. Her tits spilled off to the side. The thigh tattoo sat on a newly massive leg. Her mouth hung open, chocolate-wet, and the burp that came out of her was not polite and was not trying to be. She was just fat, and full, and on the lawn.



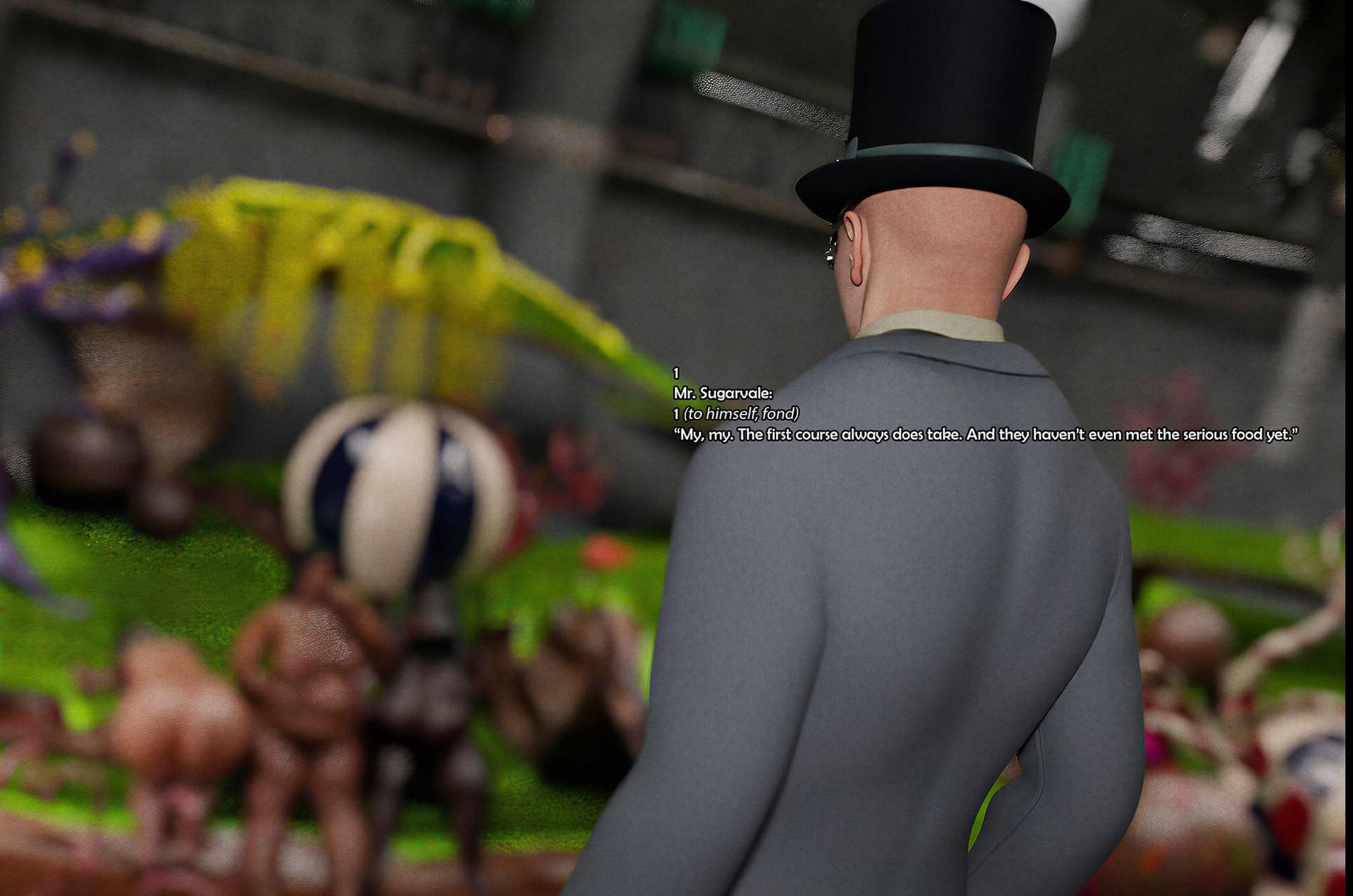
Sugarvale crouched beside her head like this was a garden party and she had merely overdone lunch. The cane rested easy in his hand. She lay there swollen and shining, looking up at the man who had said follow me in the courtyard. He smiled the way he always smiled. Too many teeth.



From the grass he was all hat and goggles and that smile, filling the sky over her. Mary's body was still humming, the growth still ticking. Sugarvale leaned in.

1
Mr. Sugarvale:
1 *(soft, almost kind)*
"Rest, Miss Mary. Catch your breath. Today is going to be a *very* long day."

2
(barely there, a last burp in it)
"...you ain't kidding."



A few hours later, Mr. Sugarvale stood with his back to the brick and looked down on them. Three bodies on the grass, pale, dark, tattooed, all of them glossy with sugar and sweat, already too big for any normal room. He had left them to it. He had been right to.



Mary was still eating. On her belly in the grass, face wrecked with cream and strawberry, yellow cake torn open on the plate. The chest tattoo sat under icing. Behind her, Alana's ass was huge. Mary did not look up.



Jennifer had a chocolate fudge cake, cocoa all over her mouth, red nails on the slice, the other hand on a belly that did not belong in an office anymore. Alana, beside her, had a metal milk can tipped up, white running her chin. Mary's enormous pale ass filled the foreground. They were messy. They were not done.



Alana poured. The milk came out in a thick white stream that painted her mouth, her throat, those already huge tits. Jennifer behind her was still at the fudge, face buried, chocolate dripping. Sweat stood in the new folds.



From the other end of the factory he was a grey toy on a mushroom, cane and hat, calling across the chocolate river. The three of them sat with their backs to him, Jennifer's ass a wide glazed stretch, Alana's beside it, Mary still down with her cake. The next course, he said, would be mightier than it looked.



The boat arrived pink and glossy, nosing through the chocolate. Three faces turned toward it, Mary cream-smeared, Jennifer chocolate-mouthed, Alana white to the chin from the can. Macarons sat in the hull in heaps. They did not look like a million dollars. They looked like a dare.



From above the boat was bright pink on the brown river, three white plates stacked with yellow and gold and strawberry. Sugarvale's little silver shoe was a joke at the edge of the frame. Three plates for three women.



They took them. Jennifer lifted a plate, a pink macaron already between red nails, chocolate still on her mouth. Alana's plate sat in her lap, a hill of yellow and orange and rose, milk drying on her lip. Mary, cream and jam still on her face, looked down at her own heap like she was going to finish it whether she liked it or not.



It started as a joke and then it wasn't. Alana held a yellow one up to Jennifer's mouth. Jennifer held a strawberry one up to Alana's. Two messes looking at each other, cocoa and cream. The plates were still full. The air smelled like almond and sugar and warm skin.



They did it together. Yellow against Jennifer's chocolate mouth, pink disappearing into Alana's, eyes closing. The sound was wet and stupid and intimate. Two giantesses on a lawn, feeding each other pastry. Mary, off-frame, was already going to eat more than both of them. They didn't know that yet.



Alana sat on the edge with a plate parked on her own tits, and the growth started in her ass again, thigh against the grass, cheek spreading. That tennis body, which had already given up once today, gave up again, going heavy and wide while she was still busy feeding. Sweat beaded on the new size. She did not get up.



1
(moaning, still feeding, still sitting)
"Keep going. I can take it. My thighs are getting so fucking *thick*."

The thigh took more of the frame as it went wider. The cheek pushed back, sugar-dusted, a soft creak of skin stretching. Her tit hung beside it. The plate of macarons rode her chest and did not fall. Alana breathed out and let the weight come.



The ass kept going, a huge dark globe of hip and cheek sitting the grass down, glossy where sweat and chocolate mixed. Alana's belly had started to catch up. She liked it. That was the simple fact of it.



1
(breathless, squeezing a handful of herself)
"Fuck. Okay. I'm bigger. I'm *noticeably* bigger. Don't look at my ass unless you're gonna say something nice."

It settled into her. Ass, thigh, the heavy slump of a hip that had outgrown the word hip. She was still holding the plate. She was still Alana. She was just Alana with a backside that would not fit through a normal door.



Jennifer's turn showed up in the belly. Beside Alana's dark, sugar-dusted tits, Jennifer's stomach was tight and huge, the navel starting to sink. Her own breasts had gone heavy and veined. Alana's plate hovered at the edge of the shot, still working. Jennifer was being fed, and her body was putting every macaron somewhere obvious.



More belly, more tit. The two of them sat side by side, Jennifer's pale swell crowding Alana's darker one, sweat in every crease, the plate still in Alana's hand. Jennifer's nipple had gone tight and dark. She was not thinking about the office.



The belly took the light. Jennifer's tits sat on top of it now, not beside it. Alana's breasts, already huge, hung next to her. The macarons on the plate looked smaller, and that was not the macarons. Jennifer made a sound that had started the day as a whisper.



It kept coming. Her belly was huge now, and her tits had caught up, navel a shallow well in sweat and stretch. Alana's plate was still in reach. She wanted another macaron and she was not going to pretend otherwise.



Mary had finished the cake. The plate of macarons sat on her tits, her messy cream-and-jam face tipped back, eyes half shut, and one black-nailed finger pressed gently into the swell of her own belly. She was eating while she did it. The tattoos on her arm were already starting to look stretched.



The finger became a hand. The belly rose under her palm, pale, taut, and shining. Macarons still sat on her tits, and her face was still a mess of pastry. She did not take the plate off her chest. It was the only flat-enough surface left, and it wasn't even flat.



She lifted the hand like she might say wait, and the belly kept coming anyway, a smooth dome under the light, the tattoos on her forearm warping as the arm itself got heavier. The plate rode her tits. Mary's mouth was open on a sound that was not a word yet.



The burp that came out of her was not a lady's burp. Mouth wide, eyes shut, cream still on her teeth, the belly jumping under her palm. Macarons trembled on her chest. She did not cover her mouth in time and she did not look sorry after.



They went after Jennifer's mouth like it was a project. Mary's tattooed hand pushed an orange macaron in from one side, Alana a yellow from the other. Jennifer's own fingers were in the middle, stuffing, chocolate still on her lips, a plate of color in her lap. Three desserts going into one girl. She opened, because she always opened.



The belly arrived huge, shining, navel-deep, tits piled above it, Alana's dark breast at the edge of the shot, Mary's tattooed arm still working the plate. Sweat ran the slopes. She was being packed. She sounded like she was being packed.



Hands found her because there was so much of her to find. Red nails on the dome of the belly, Alana's darker fingers on a tit that had gone heavy, Mary's plate still in the air. Jennifer's navel was a well. The skin shone. She moaned like a woman who had been given too much and was going to ask for more anyway.



Then her tits leaked. Real milk, thick and white, ran down her chest and over the sides of that huge belly. Alana's nipple in the corner was already doing the same. Jennifer's stomach had become enormous. She was soaked and she was still opening her mouth.



They rolled her, or she rolled, and then it was the ass, a huge pale cheek under her own red nails, Alana's darker one beside it, grass under both of them. Jennifer grabbed herself because that was the only way to measure it. The hand looked small. The hand was small.



1
(wrecked)
"Don't look at it. Look at it. I don't know. Just keep putting food in my mouth."

The cheek swelled past the fingers, sweat in the texture. Alana's hip was a dark wall on the left. Jennifer kept her hand there like she could hold the growth still. She could not.



There was no hand in the shot now, just ass, a glazed enormous globe of Jennifer, Alana's matching darkness crowding the frame, two giantesses parked on a lawn that had not been built for this.



Alana put her white-tipped hand on it, and Jennifer's ass got bigger under the palm. They were feeding her still. You could tell from the extra inch, the heat. One of them pinned to the earth by her own stomach. The other two not done.



Then they fed each other and left Jennifer to her gravity. Mary's tattooed arm lifted an orange macaron into Alana's cream-smeared mouth. Alana's dark fingers put pink in Mary's. Two plates, two messes. In the foreground, Jennifer's belly was a pale horizon she could not get out from under, pinning her to the grass. Macarons trembled on the plates.



The plates tipped. Two macarons, yellow and strawberry, fell through the air, and Jennifer's mouth was already open underneath them. Alana's milk hit her face in a thick white stream. Jennifer, pinned, ruined, stained, ate what fell. She did not need to be fed on purpose.



They piled. Alana and Mary on their knees, Jennifer's head somewhere between their thighs, while the two of them kept putting food in each other and, accidentally, in her. Sugarvale stood to the left with his cane and watched. All three of them were growing. You could see it in the way the brick looked smaller.



They were closer, heavier, Alana's dark ass hanging huge, Mary's pale one beside it, tattoos stretching, Jennifer a face and a mouth that would not close, milk and chocolate on her. They fed and they grew. Sugarvale did not interrupt.



Jennifer's face came up between them, wrecked and shining. Mary's huge pale backside filled the right side of the world. Alana's filled the left. Sugarvale was a grey speck. All three of them were fattening at once.



Mary's ass was enormous, Alana's dark thigh a wall, Jennifer's messy open mouth the only part of her still talking. They were still eating. They were still growing. Sugarvale smiled.



The burps hit together, almost, two loud ugly sounds, Mary's mouth a wreck of cream, Alana's head tipped back, hand in her hair, those massive tits out. In the foreground Jennifer's belly was a pale hill and under it her pussy sat swollen, wet, obvious. Sugarvale, tiny in the corner, was laughing. Jennifer's voice did not sound like the office.



Mary was pulling ahead. You could see it in the belly, packed now, the tattoos on her thigh starting to warp. Alana was huge, tits first, always tits first, but Mary had eaten the most of those macarons while Alana was busy feeding Jennifer. Jennifer, under them, was still growing, just slower. Sugarvale watched like it was a scoreboard.



Alana leaked, a thick white bead off a nipple the size of a fist, running the underside of a breast that had outgrown sports and shirts and tennis. Mary's hand sat on her own pale, stretching gut. Jennifer's pussy stayed in the shot, swollen and shining. Different rates, same mess. Sugarvale was still small, still smiling, still not helping.



Jennifer looked down at her own tits and licked what was left of her mouth. Chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, Alana's milk in white tracks across her cheek. She was stained and huge and the look on her face was someone who had been given permission to want it.



Sugarvale came up to her tiny at the curve of that colossal belly and put a thumb in the air like she had passed a test. Jennifer held herself, red nails vanishing into the side of a stomach that had taken the whole morning, tits leaking, face a mess, eyes wet. Belly first, that was her. He told her she had done a really good job. She almost said thank you, sir.



He turned, and Alana filled the view from above, two dark hanging breasts with Sugarvale a stick figure between them, macarons scattered on the grass. Jennifer's pale swell crowded the left. Alana had grown past her, tits first, always, sweat-polished. He had praise for her too.



Alana hugged them because there was nothing else to do with tits that size except hold on. Milk ran and sweat ran. She was bigger than Jennifer now, grinning, and Jennifer's belly in the left of the frame looked almost reasonable, which was a lie. Sugarvale was a hat and a cane at their knees.



Mary was the biggest. That was the picture. The floral tattoo on her thigh had stretched into a red smear on a hip that had no business on a bartender, arm ink warped, tits heavy, gut a pale cliff. Alana beside her was all chest and milk. Sugarvale at their feet looked up. Mary had one hand near her mouth already, not quite covering.



From above they were too much: Jennifer sitting in her own belly, Alana looking over with milk on her mouth, Mary in front with her back turned and her hand coming up to her lips, Sugarvale a grey ant in the grass. Mary did not look like a winner. Mary looked like her stomach had just turned on her. The other two saw it.



Mary had the back of her hand over her mouth. The tattoos on her chest were stretched. Alana looked up at her from a lower swell of tit and worry. Jennifer's shoulder sat in front of them. Mary's eyes were wet and tight. If she opened her mouth the factory was going to hear it.



She let it out in Alana's face. The burp was loud enough to shove Alana's curls straight backward, cream and heat from the woman who had eaten the most. Mary's mouth was a wrecked O, eyes wide, chest ink shining. Alana took it. It had not been sickness. It had been a burp she had been holding in.



He lifted a finger. Top hat, goggles, that smile, candy trees behind him. He did not explain the plates. He did not explain the milk. He did not explain why Mary was the biggest. He explained the only thing that actually mattered.



He turned and pointed at the ceiling. Three transparent tubes hanging from heavy machinery, different mouths, different sizes, chrome collars catching the light. Alana's tits made a wall on one side of him. Jennifer's pale belly made a wall on the other. The river, the macarons, the milk, all of that had been volume. This, he said, would punch.



The tubes filled the foreground, three different sizes, and behind them the giantesses stood in a sticky row, Mary cream-smeared and huge, Jennifer chocolate-mouthed and huge, Alana milk-chinned and huge, looking at the last thing between them and a million dollars. Sugarvale was a grey toy at their knees. Nobody asked what punch meant. They looked at the diameters and did the math themselves.



Alana was already gone. The tennis body, buried under a morning of fat, still knew how to move, a dark blur of ass cutting for the widest tube. Mary saw it a second late, saw the biggest prize leaving, and shoved off. Jennifer was in the way. The purple tree was right behind her.



Mary's foot found Jennifer's gut. Not an accident. She used the extra size she had eaten as a shove, planting that kick in Jennifer's stomach and sending her back into the purple candy tree, milk still on Jennifer's tits, mouth open. Alana was already a dark streak toward the fat tube. Sugarvale stood in the grass and did not move.



Alana's hand hit the biggest tube and held it. Sugarvale's little grey body turned toward it. Mary came in a second behind, reaching, already knowing, already bitter, cream still on her mouth. Behind them Jennifer was a pale wreck on the grass, groaning where the kick and the tree had put her.



Jennifer got to her knees slow and shaking, that enormous ass filling the shot. Ahead of her, Alana and Mary were already at their tubes. A white plate lay in the grass. She had been kicked. She had been left the smallest tube. She still got up.



She walked to the last tube because there was nothing else to walk to. Mary stood at the middle one, towering, cream on her teeth, looking down at Jennifer's back like the kick had been nothing. Alana was already home at the wide one. Sugarvale watched from the grass and did not step in. The smallest tube waited. It looked like a consolation prize.



Three hands under three holes. Alana on the left, ecstatic, arm up. Mary in the middle, satisfied enough, still wanting the bigger one, still hoping the middle mushroom would close the gap. Jennifer on the right, palm under the smallest mouth, face defeated, stained, already sure she was walking out with nothing. They waited.



It came down Alana's tube, a cap of glowing purple-pink, stem catching gold. Alana's curls filled the shot. Her hand was already there. First touch had been the tube. This was the prize landing in the palm that had run for it.



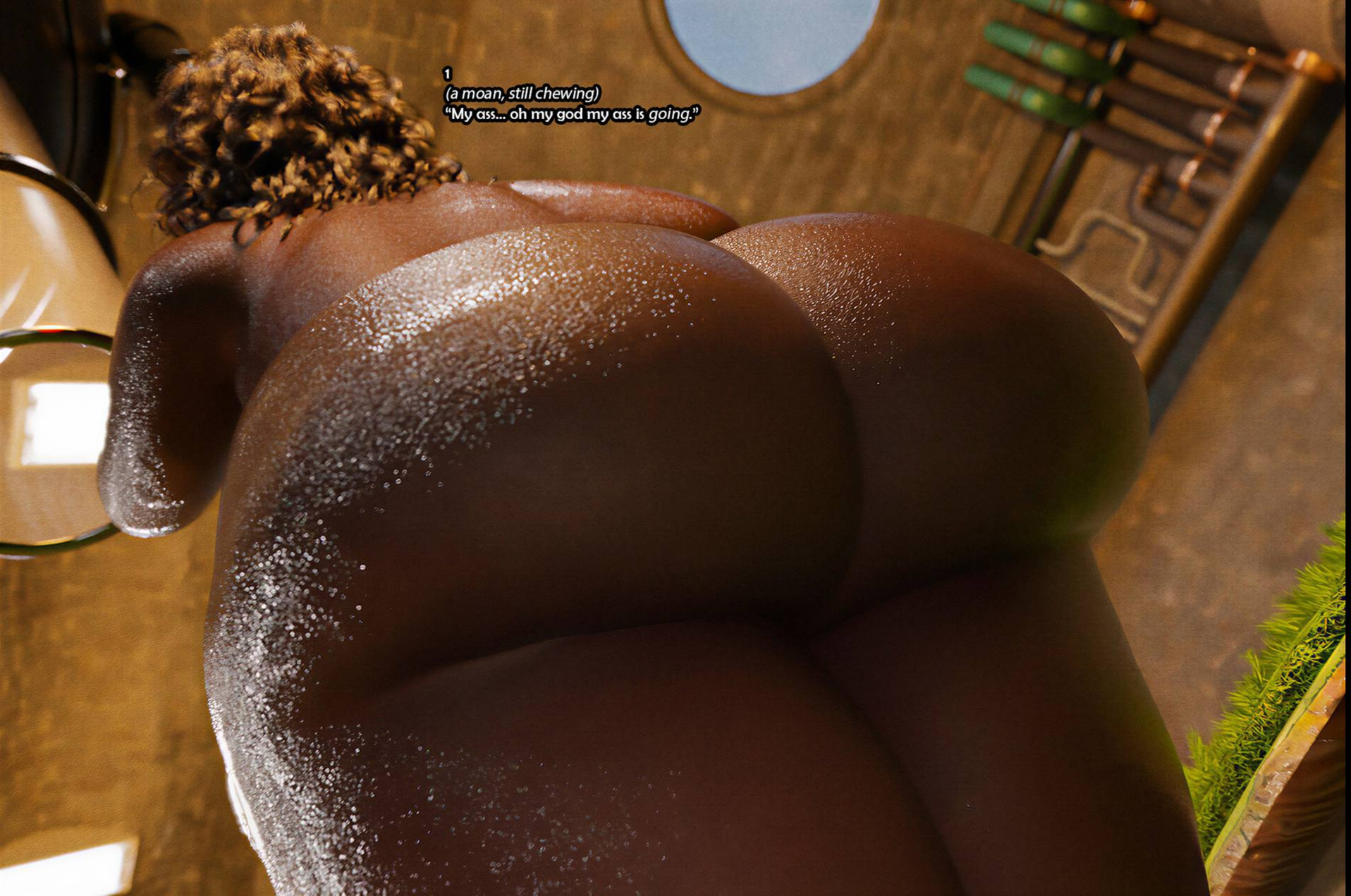
She held it up. A red cap veined with purple-blue fire along the stem, big enough to be a weapon. Her other hand was on her own tit, milk still a white bead on the nipple. Behind her Mary waited under the middle tube, arms up, not dropped yet. Alana looked at the mushroom like she had already won.



Mary's fell second, yellow-gold, blue-marbled, smaller. She held it out like it might be dirty. Behind her Jennifer had the smallest one in red nails, a tiny blue cap on a thin stem, a joke you could swallow without chewing. Jennifer's face had already given up. Mary's face said this was not what she paid for.



Alana did not wait. She tipped her head back and shoved the big red thing into her mouth, stem and glow and all, a long wet take, tits filling the bottom of the shot. She bit and she chewed.



It started in her ass. From above she was two dark, sugar-dusted globes already huge, and then they were more, swelling, shining, the crease going deeper. She did not look back. She didn't have to. She could feel it arriving by the handful.



The cheeks went wider and heavier and pushed the brick out of the shot, sweat in the texture, sugar on dark skin. Alana's body was taking the biggest mushroom the way she had taken the biggest tube: all at once. She was becoming a wall.



The ass filled the frame. Two huge, tight, glittering globes, no more back, no more waist in the picture, just a woman who had bet on the big tube and was getting paid in fat. Alana made a sound that belonged exactly here.



Then the rest of her caught up. From below she was tits and belly and ass stacked, white nails lost in the swell of her own gut, milk still dripping off one nipple, the tubes tiny above her. Thighs thickening, pussy swollen between them, taller too. She could feel the floor getting further away.



The hand on her belly looked like a child's. The tits hung huge. Her ass below them was enormous, two tight globes shining with milk and sweat. Alana was not an athlete anymore. She was a woman who liked to win, and this was what winning looked like.



She filled the upward view completely, belly a dark dome, tits huge above it, ass huge below, the tubes and the brick looking like toys around her. The pussy between those thighs was swollen, obvious. She was still growing.



From Jennifer's height, Alana had become the right side of the world. Mary stood in the middle with her back to the camera, still holding her mushroom, still looking small next to what the red cap had done. Sugarvale was a stick on the far bank. Alana had begun to tower. She knew it.



She stood over them. Alana on the right, a dark giantess against the tubes, Mary a pale back in the middle, Jennifer a shoulder in the corner, Sugarvale a grey speck on the grass. The biggest mushroom had done what they all thought it would do. The math looked perfect. The math was the trap.



She closed the distance and made a ceiling out of her chest. Mary's pale, tattooed back filled the foreground, that bartender ass still enormous and suddenly not enough, Alana's dark tits shoved almost into her face, milk on the skin, the leftover mushroom in Mary's fist. Alana was smiling down like a bully who had earned it.



Mary put the gold-blue cap to her mouth with Alana's dark ass filling the foreground, Jennifer watching from the grass, stained and quiet. Mary's face was still a mess of cream and jam. She did not look like a woman who believed in losing.



She finished it. Blonde hair, black nails, the last of the glowing stem going in, eyes down, the mess on her mouth mixing mushroom light with leftover pastry. No ceremony, just a bartender swallowing a dare.



It took her sideways and down, belly pushing, ass rounding, the tattoo on her thigh stretching as the hip under it arrived. She was still smaller than Alana at the edge of the shot, but she was growing. The middle mushroom had a punch. It just was not the punch she had wanted.



Her hand found the lower swell, black nails in pale fat, the tattoo warping, Alana still a roof in the corner. Mary's mouth was open. She was getting bigger. She could feel it in her ass, in the hang of her tits. She thought this was the climb. She thought it would keep going.



She crossed her arm over the new belly like she was measuring a win, tits heavy, ass a pale cliff. The tattoo on her thigh stretched. Alana still occupied the top of the frame. Mary rubbed anyway. She believed the math.



It slowed. You could see it in her face before you could see it in the body, eyes shutting, mouth still messy, waiting for the next inch and not getting it. Jennifer watched from behind, still the smallest. Alana's dark ass filled the foreground. Mary's growth stopped in the middle.



It stopped. Mary looked down at herself with her mouth open, cream on her teeth, the belly full and tight and finished too soon. Jennifer in the background had the face of a girl watching two other people fight over a prize she had already lost. Alana's ass did not get smaller to be polite. The middle mushroom had punched. It had not punched enough. That was what they all decided, without asking the man in the hat.



Mary's belly from below was a pale, stretched drum under black nails, her face still a mess, the growth stopped so clearly you could feel it in the skin. She rubbed it, stuffed and gassy and not enough.



Alana shoved her tits in Mary's face. Jennifer, left of frame, looked up from a smaller stretch of ass and back, chocolate still on her mouth, watching the two of them play winner. Alana was smiling. The smallest mushroom was still in Jennifer's future, and if the middle one had only been a bump, the tiny one would be nothing. That was the logic. Alana loved the logic.



Jennifer held the miniature blue thing up in red nails. Huge pale tits, huge pale gut, leftover chocolate on her mouth, and that tired what's-the-point look. Sugarvale stood on the bank behind her, tiny, cane in hand, not done with her. She did not lift the mushroom to her mouth. Not yet.



She ate it anyway, because the little grey man behind her had a way of making anyway sound like a rule. The blue cap disappeared between her teeth easy as a mint. No glory in it, just a sad stained giantess on the grass swallowing the last course. Her belly still sat there like nothing had happened.



The first weirdness was gas. She wrapped her arms around that huge pale gut like she could hold the burp in, mouth open, eyes down, a small wet sound starting in her throat. The tits sat on the belly. Sugarvale watched from the bank. It looked, for a moment, like the start of what had happened to Alana. It was not going to be that.



She swelled a little. Tits heavier, belly tighter, the navel a shallow well, red nails lost on the side of herself. It was growth. It was real. Compared to what they had just watched happen to Alana, it was a shrug.



A little more, then it stopped. The belly shone. The tits shone. Sugarvale stayed a grey detail. Jennifer's red nails rested on the dome. The punch the small mushroom had thrown was a tap.



They looked down on her. Jennifer's pale ass in the middle, Alana dark and smiling on the left, Mary pale and tattooed and smiling on the right, both of them a head and a chest above the girl who had eaten the grape. They were laughing, and it was not kind. Sugarvale did not say a word.



Same pile, same laugh. Jennifer's huge pale backside sat between two bigger women who had decided she was the joke of the last course. Alana was smiling. Mary was smiling. Jennifer had been kicked, given the smallest tube, given the smallest mushroom, given the smallest swell, and now she was being given this.



Jennifer stood between them, small in a way that had nothing to do with the fat on her, looking up, Mary's pale back on the left, Alana's dark body on the right, Sugarvale a grey far thing on the grass. The laugh was still happening. Standing under it was the quietest she had felt all day.



She looked up at Alana and all she could see was tits, two dark sugar-dusted globes filling the sky, and that smile above them. It was the same smile that had liked her in the courtyard. It did not like her enough now. The laugh kept stretching, and Jennifer felt something blue and quiet start behind her eyes.



She turned her head and Mary was a belly, a pale wall shoved into her face, tattoos at the edge, cream still on that bartender mouth. Same mouth that had said no hard feelings after the kick. Jennifer's world had two women in it who had decided she was the punchline. The mascara had not run yet. It was about to.



She cried. Of course she did. She took the unfair race and the kick and the laugh, mascara melting in black tracks, chocolate still on her mouth, tears on her chest.



The face changed before the eyes did. Same tears, same mascara, same stained mouth, but the look she turned on Mary was not shy. Mary had been rude from the tube. Mary had been the one. Jennifer's brows came down. The cry stayed.



Then the irises went hard electric blue, mascara still running, a tear caught mid-cheek. Behind the color was not Palumbo's secretary. The small mushroom, which had looked like a grape, had been waiting. Something in her turned.



It started while they were still looking at her like a joke. The blue was in her eyes and the body was already leaning, already more. Alana was still a dark mountain, Mary still a pale one, and Jennifer, who had been the smallest of the three, took a breath that did not fit her lungs anymore.



She outgrew the joke in a single wet second, tits and gut and ass and height all arriving at once while Mary's hand was still on her own belly and Alana's mouth was still half a laugh. The blue stayed in her eyes and the chocolate stayed on her mouth. The body came on so fast the brick looked like it had shrunk. They had laughed at a failed swell. It had not been finished.



Jennifer kept going, faster now, pale belly and breasts filling the left of the world, Alana and Mary suddenly the ones looking up with their mouths open. The blue had not left her eyes. The mascara was still there. The person who cried was not driving anymore. Hunger was doing the driving.



Mary was chest-high on a woman who had been under her laugh ten seconds ago. Jennifer's hand rested on her own spreading gut. Alana's dark face stared from behind the swell. The factory had a new tallest thing, and it was the one who had been given the grape. The mushroom's punch, it turned out, did not care about diameter.



Jennifer's thigh filled the shot like a wall, Mary a pale tattooed smear at the edge of it, looking up. Sweat shone on the skin. The last of the smallness was gone so completely it felt like a prank. Mary's mouth was open. For once, she did not have a line.



Sugarvale stood at the edge of Jennifer's ass, two huge pale globes that had turned the brick and the windows into toys. Mary was a tiny tattooed figure in the purple tree's shadow, looking up, looking lost. Jennifer's body had taken the scale of the room. He watched her the way he watched a last course. He had not stopped the kick. He was not going to stop this either.



Mary's face from below was all freckles and fear. The cream was gone. The smirk was gone. She was looking up at a woman who had been shy in a courtyard that morning and was not shy now. It was the look of a bartender who had finally met a drunk she could not throw out.



Jennifer smiled, blue still in the eyes, and took Mary by the head with those red nails in blonde hair. The smile did not wobble. She was not full. That was the thing. The million dollars felt like it was happening to somebody else. What she had was a mouth, and a woman who had kicked her, and an appetite that had taken the wheel.



From behind it was almost beautiful. Jennifer, pale and huge, lifting a kicking tattooed Mary toward her mouth, Alana's dark ass a second wall in the foreground, Sugarvale a grey man between them with his cane, looking up, looking glad. Mary's feet found nothing. Nobody had a rule for this.



Mary went in headfirst. Jennifer had decided that was how this went. Red nails on a tattooed back, pale legs still kicking in the air, floral ink stretching on a thigh that had been a weapon an hour ago. Jennifer's mouth was wet and dark with leftover chocolate at the corner, and she was smiling around a bartender. Mary's apology came out muffled by tongue.



Mary went further. Her ass and legs were still outside, a pale tattooed leftover, while Jennifer's huge pale tits filled the frame under the swallow and those blue eyes sat half-lidded. It was hot and wet and tasted like leftover sugar from the whole day. Mary did not die. Nothing in here was built to kill her. She was just going down.



The last of her went. From below Jennifer was a sky of belly and breast, that blue-eyed face looking down past her own body like she was checking a plate, red nails still in the shot, a smile still on her mouth. Somewhere a tattooed foot was already gone. The room had one fewer giantess in it, and Jennifer's stomach had one more.



The belly swelled immediately, a huge sweating pale wall going tight and then tighter as Mary rearranged herself inside. Bumps moved under the fat, a shoulder maybe, a hip. Jennifer put the swallow on so fast the brick looked smaller.



It ballooned. Two pale sweating globes of gut stacked into a double swell, the navel a crater, the surface going bumpy where Mary found a place to be alive. There was no death in it, just heat and tight skin. The chocolate river, down the garden, had a new dam going up in the middle of it.



A hand at the edge of the picture, red nails, the belly a sweating swell of bumps. Jennifer was not looking at the million. She was looking at the way her own body had become a room with a woman in it. She had been hungry her whole life and had called it being polite. She was not calling it that now.



The burp that came out of her was huge, mouth a wide shocked O, blue still in the eyes, the double belly a pale cliff over the grass. Alana stood to the right, suddenly reasonable, suddenly small, speechless, one hand on her own hip like she needed the reminder she was still outside. Sugarvale, tinier, looked at Jennifer like a man watching a last course finish itself. Mary thumped once inside and went quieter.



Alana found her voice in the only place she had any left: the prize. She stood on her own island of grass, tits still a disaster, and tried to buy the rest of her life with a million dollars she had been sure was hers ten minutes ago. Jennifer, in the foreground, was a pale range of belly, tongue out, already tasting the next one. Mary rolled inside her. The factory floor felt like a drum.



She walked. Each step put a shiver through the brick, through the chocolate, through Alana's teeth. Jennifer from below was tits and gut and that blue-eyed smile, Alana's curls a dark smear at the edge of the shot. The courtyard version of her would not have recognized the mouth. Inside the belly, Mary made a sound, and a gurgle rolled through Jennifer loud enough to feel.



The mouth opened. Chocolate still sat in the corner of it. Her tongue came out pink and wet, and the leftover buffet of the day was on her breath: river, macaron, milk, Mary. Alana, off-frame, could have counted the teeth. Jennifer did not look like a secretary.



Sugarvale put his fist to his mouth. Off the main event, on the grass, a cartoon man watching Jennifer do the thing he had been selling all day without explaining. The cane hung. The goggles hid whatever a man like that used for awe. He did not stop it. He had not stopped the kick. He would not stop this.



Alana's face was inside her mouth. It was hot and wet and tasted like leftover chocolate and pistachio and strawberry and milk, a dark room with a tongue in it and Jennifer's teeth at the edge. Alana's mouth opened on a sound that did not make it out. She was safe. She was alive. She was getting swallowed anyway. She would remember the taste of Jennifer Marino for a long time.



A few moments later the garden had a different tallest thing, and Sugarvale was applauding it before you could even see her feet. Red candy trees behind him, grey gloves, the little clap of a host whose last course had gone exactly as cryptically as he had sold it. He was talking to a woman the picture could not yet hold.



Then there was the foot, a pale sweating sole taller than his whole grey body, Sugarvale's hands together at the heel. A red mushroom the size of a cottage stood behind him. Jennifer Marino, who had been late at a desk at 7:09 p.m., had a foot you could lose a man under. He kept clapping. Of course he kept clapping.



Red toenails filled the frame, wet from the day, Sugarvale mid-clap at the side of her foot. The brick floor looked like a toy. The grass barely registered as grass. He had offered a tour. She had become the thing you came to see.



She leaned on the wall and laughed, blue still in the eyes. The navel was a red-brown crater in a belly that went out of the shot in both directions, sweaty, stretched, a little face maybe pressed from the inside if you knew where to look. She had eaten the smallest mushroom and still ended up leaning on the wall. She looked like she knew it. She looked like she liked it.



The belly was the river's new dam, a long sweating pale stretch of double-gut, bumpy where two giantesses lived, shining under the factory lights. It filled the brick room so completely the chocolate somewhere behind it had nowhere left to go. Jennifer's head was a small dark smile at the far end of her own body. Two women were in there, Mary and Alana, safe and tight and moving. Her belly blocked the room now, and she was moaning into it.



From below it was only belly, a sweating navel-deep swell blocking the light. The chocolate river was a dark smear at the bottom of the room, stopped where she met the water. There was no head in the picture and no hat, just the proof of it: two giantesses inside her, and Jennifer holding the river still with her own weight.



She filled the garden, pinned to her own gut, ass a pale range, tits a second range, the red candy trees looking like toys. Sugarvale was a grey figure at her foot, applauding like a man who had just hired somebody. Jennifer looked up at a ceiling she could have kissed. The million dollars did not matter anymore. He offered her the garden instead: a job, a reason not to go back to Palumbo's report, greet the next visitors if there were next visitors, and stay. She accepted slow, moaning, two lives rolling in her belly, the blue still in her eyes.