



PART II
GROW ME
BIGGER

THIS COMIC IS INTENDED FOR ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY.



The fabric of the reinforced chair creaks under the sheer, spreading mass of Mathilda's thighs. She is a landscape of soft, pale skin and strawberry syrup, her legs spread wide to accommodate the heavy shelf of her belly. Since stripping Marco of his fortune and retreating to Lucia's island, she has abandoned every restraint. Her fingers, sticky and pink, knead her own heavy breasts, while Lucia remains buried between her legs, her tongue working with a rhythmic, wet devotion that makes the air smell of sugar.

1
(A wet, choking sound as she swallows a massive hunk of sponge cake)
Mmmnnph—HicCC! God, Lucia... I can't... I can't even breathe with you doing that while I'm stuffing my face.

3
BuuEEuurghpp! Oh god... excuse me... I'm a pig. A rich, fat, lucky fucking pig.

I wish he could see the way my stomach is shaking. I want him to see every inch of what I'm becoming for her.

2
(Voice muffled, vibrating against Mathilda's sensitive skin)
Don't breathe then, honey. Just eat. Every time you swallow, I feel your pulse jump against my tongue. It's making me fucking starve.

4
Eat the rest of that slice. I want to hear you moan with your mouth full.



1
Urrap! Baby... Mmmph... I'm getting food drunk. The sun is... it's so hot... and you're so... HicCC!

3
That's because I don't have one anymore, honey. It's just... it's all just belly now. BuuuAAAAARGHHHP... oh, fuck. That felt good.

2

(Lifting her head, chin glistening)

You're glowing, babe. Your skin is getting so soft, so thick. I can barely get my hands around your waist anymore.

4

(Grabbing a handful of Mathilda's soft side)

It's perfect. You're finally filling out the way you were meant to.

She's so heavy now, I can feel the heat radiating off her thighs. I can't wait til she gets even bigger.

The sun is a physical weight, pressing down on Mathilda's belly, which has become a vast, soft continent since she moved into the mansion. The transition from the restrictive hell of her marriage to this life of total indulgence has been rapid—one hundred and sixteen pounds was just the beginning. Lucia doesn't just provide food; she provides permission. The terrace smells of sun-warmed skin and the sharp, fermented scent of the third bottle of champagne they've opened. Every time Mathilda shifts, the beach chair groans, a metallic whine that underscores just how much space she's taking up now.



The routine has become a blur of sensory excess. Wake up to the smell of frying bacon and expensive coffee, spend the morning being fed by Lucia, drift into a hazy, weed-smoke-filled afternoon on the terrace, and spend the evenings exploring the ever-growing limits of Mathilda's body. There is no Marco here. The air is heavy with the scent of high-grade cannabis and the lingering grease of a mid-afternoon burger. Mathilda's jaw works rhythmically, her mouth never truly empty.

1
(Unintelligible, wet moaning mixed with the sound of rhythmic chewing)
Mmm-glyph... ughn... Lu... mmmph... slrrrph...

3
(A loud, vibrating groan that turns into a wet cough)
HicCC! Both... Būuurp! God, I'm so high... I just want to keep... mmmph... eating...

2
(Giggling, her fingers buried deep in Mathilda's pussy)
I can't understand a word you're saying, piggy. Are you telling me how good it tastes, or how good I feel?

4
Then don't stop. I have three more cakes inside. I'm going to make sure you can't even stand up by dinner time.

I love how the fat on her thighs trembles when she orgasms. She's becoming a mountain.



The shadows are lengthening, but the heat remains, trapped in the thick folds of Mathilda's neck and the soft canyon of her cleavage. She is lost in a cycle of dopamine and gluttony, her senses overwhelmed by the feeling of Lucia's tongue and the taste of strawberry icing. The mansion is silent except for the rhythmic, wet sounds of their intimacy and the occasional chirp of a tropical bird in the distance. Every breath she takes is heavy, a labor of love for the weight she carries.

1
(A long, drawn-out moan that breaks into a wheeze)
Ohhh... Lucia... mmmm-urrap! I'm gonna... I'm gonna...

3
(Choking out the words)
It's too much... HicCC... I'm so full... Mmph... keep going... don't you dare stop...

2
(Speeding up the pace, her breathing ragged)
That's it, Mathilda. Take it all. Every bite, every lick.

4
I'm never stopping. We're just getting started. I want to see how much more you can take.



1

(Gasping for air, wiping her mouth)

Holy shit, Mathilda. You're... you're literally soaking the chair. I've never seen anyone get this wet just from eating.

3

(Reaching out to heft the weight of Mathilda's fupa in both hands)

Look at this. Look at how much you've grown just this week. It's so soft... so warm. You're delicious. I could spend all night just lost in these folds.

2

(Her voice is low, thick with lust and lethargy)

It's you... HicCC... looking at me like that. Like I'm a feast.

4

Then do it... BuuEEuurghpp! Use your fingers... I want to feel you deep inside while I finish the cream.

She looks so small compared to me now. I love it. I want to sit on her cute face.

Lucia finally pulls back, her face flushed and her chest heaving. She looks down at the carnage—the empty cake platters, the crumpled napkins, and the massive, sprawling woman before her. The scent of arousal is sharp now, mixing with the cooling strawberry syrup. Mathilda's fupa, a heavy, soft shelf of flesh, hangs over her thighs, shimmering in the twilight. Lucia reaches out, her smaller hands looking delicate against the sheer expanse of Mathilda's midsection.

2

(Chuckling, her eyes dark with intent)

I know. It's my favorite view. Seeing your head disappear behind them when you lean back.

4

In this house, everything is possible. We're going to make them so big you'll need me to hold them up for you. You like the sound of that, piggy?

She's reaching her limit, but I know she'll push past it. She loves being this big.

1

(Munching on the last bite of sponge)

Lucia... I can't even see you down there anymore. My tits... they're like two giant mountains in the way.

3

They're so heavy... Mmmmp... I think they've grown another cup size since yesterday. Is that even possible?

Mathilda reaches for the last remnants of the cake, her movements slow and deliberate. Her breasts have become so massive that they obscure her view of her own lap, two heavy orbs of flesh that sway with every breath. The air is cooling slightly, but the friction between them keeps the temperature rising. The scent of burnt sugar and sweat clings to the terrace.



2
Watch me, Mathilda. See how much I love what you've become.
See how my fingers disappear inside you.

4
(Pushing deeper, her thumb working Mathilda's clitoris)
That's it. Give in. Forget everything else. Just feel how big you
are and how much I'm making you stretch.

1
(A high-pitched, stuttering moan)
Ah... ahh... ahhh! Lucia... I can see you now...
oh god, your face...

3
(AHEAGO FACE - tongue out, eyes up)
Mmm-slrrph... HicCC! Fuck... faster...
I'm... I'm gonna—!

Lucia shifts her position, kneeling between Mathilda's wide-spread knees. She reaches up, sliding two fingers deep into Mathilda's slick heat while maintaining intense, unwavering eye contact. Mathilda's face is a mask of pure, mindless pleasure—her tongue lolling out, her eyes rolling back until only the whites show. She looks completely undone, a goddess of excess surrendered to her priestess. The smell of musk and cooling cream is overwhelming.



1
(A low, guttural vibration)
Urrrgh... Lucia... I don't think I can ever leave this island. I don't think I could even fit on a plane anymore in a few weeks.

3
(A final, contented sigh that turns into a burp)
Buuuurp... okay. Feed me... Just keep... HicCC... keep it coming.

2
(Between wet licks)
You don't have to leave, my big, beautiful girl.

4
I will. We have a whole lifetime of dinner ahead of us.

Lucia goes back down, her hunger renewed by Mathilda's climax. For Mathilda, this isn't just a sexual encounter; it's a total restructuring of her reality. Every pound she gains is a brick in the wall between her and her old life. She is becoming a creature of pure appetite, her dependency on Lucia growing with every calorie. The weight is a comfort, a heavy blanket that keeps the cold world away.



The evening air in the master suite is crisp, a stark, air-conditioned contrast to the humid terrace. The scent of expensive sunscreen and salt has been washed away, replaced by the clinical floral aroma of luxury body wash and the heavy, intoxicating smell of dark cacao. They are sprawled across a custom-made, circular bed—a vast expanse of silk sheets that barely seems large enough to contain them both. Mathilda is a mountain of soft, clean curves, her skin still pink from the shower. Lucia sits beside her, a heart-shaped velvet box of artisanal chocolates resting on the duvet. She picks out a dark truffle, the gold leaf glinting under the dim, warm amber lights.

1
(Holding the truffle to Mathilda's lips)
Open up, honey. This one has a raspberry ganache. It's supposed to be life-changing.

3
Did you see that post from Valentina today? The one about the "clean girl" aesthetic? She looked like she hadn't touched a carb since the late nineties. So much performative misery.

2
(Parting her lips, eyes already half-closed)
Mmmph... Urrap! God, I'm still so full from the cake, but I can't say no to you.

4
(Swallowing, a smear of chocolate on her bottom lip)
Ugh, don't remind me. I used to be her. Counting every almond, checking my jawline in every reflection. It's exhausting being that hungry and that boring. I'd rather be here, getting fat and listening to you talk shit.

Her voice is so soothing when she's just gossiping. It makes the chocolate taste even sweeter.



Lucia shifts, pulling the chocolate box onto her own lap, positioning it right over her pubic mound as she leans back against the headboard. Mathilda lies beside her on her back, her massive, soft belly rising and falling with every heavy breath. In the cool air of the room, her fupa is exposed, the skin stretched smooth and shimmering. She reaches down, her fingers sinking into the soft depth of her own midsection, kneading the flesh idly. They look at each other, a silent understanding passing between them in the quiet of the room.

1
You look so comfortable like that. I love how much space you take up now, Mathilda. You're like a sprawling work of art.

3
(Picking out another piece)
Exactly as you should be. You're finally uncurling.

2
(Giggling, her belly wobbling with the movement)
I feel like a sprawling work of art. Or maybe just a very expensive beanbag. HicCC! It feels so good to just... let it all hang out. No Spanx, no restrictive belts. Just me.

4
(Staring at the box on Lucia's lap)
Is it bad that I'm looking at the chocolate and the view behind it and I can't decide which one I want to sink my teeth into more?

I love the way she looks at me. Like I'm the only thing in the world worth pleasuring.





1
(A long, vibrating moan)
Mmmmm... oh my god.
Lucia... slrrph...

3
(Swallowing hard, her voice thick)
That... mmmph... that is the best thing I have ever put in my mouth. Seriously. It's better than the cake. It's better than almost everything.

2
(Smiling, watching Mathilda's throat swallow)
You like that one? I had a feeling. Salted caramel is your weakness.

4
(Licking a drop of caramel off her own thumb)
Good. Because there are four more of those in the box, and I expect you to finish every single one.

The way her eyes roll back when she tastes something rich... it's the hottest thing I've ever seen.

Lucia selects a square of chocolate topped with a single grain of sea salt. As she presses it into Mathilda's mouth, the shell cracks, releasing a flood of thick, viscous salted caramel. Mathilda's eyes immediately roll back into her head, her eyelids fluttering as the sugar hits her system. She smacks her lips, the sound wet and loud in the quiet room, her jaw working through the chewy, buttery center.



Lucia hands the velvet box over to Mathilda, letting her hold the weight of the remaining treats. Lucia then sits up, moving closer to Mathilda's side. She reaches out, her palms flat as she begins to softly rub Mathilda's belly. Her touch is firm but gentle, playing with the soft rolls of fat that spill over Mathilda's hips. Mathilda continues to work her way through the box, her focus split between the sweetness on her tongue and the rhythmic, tingly sensation of Lucia's hands on her skin.

2
(Moaning through a mouthful of hazelnut praline)
It tickles... Mmmph... but don't stop. It feels... it feels so heavy. Like I'm carrying a lead weight.

4
(A soft, bubbly laugh)
Buuuurp! You're obsessed. You're going to turn me into a giant balloon if you keep this up.

I can feel her hands everywhere. It's like she's sculpting me, molding me into something bigger.

1
(Massaging the underside of Mathilda's belly)
It's getting so firm, honey. You're really packing it in today.

3
It's not a weight, it's an investment. I can feel the skin stretching under my fingers.



1
(A muffled, euphoric groan)
Nnnngh... this one is so... so sweet... slrrph...

3
(Swallowing, her chest heaving)
I can't help it... it's like... once I start, I can't stop. I just want more. Always more.

2
(Watching the way Mathilda's jaw works)
You're doing so well, piggy. You've barely hesitated all day.

4
(Leaning in to kiss Mathilda's chocolate-stained cheek)
I know. And I'm going to give you everything you crave.

I wonder how much bigger she's going to be in a month? At this rate, she won't even be able to sit on any furniture without breaking it.

Mathilda reaches into the box again, her fingers brushing against the velvet lining until she finds a heavy piece of white chocolate. She shoves it into her mouth, her cheeks bulging as she bites down. The creaminess explodes against her palate, a wave of pure, unadulterated sweetness. Lucia watches her, her hand moving from Mathilda's belly up to the underside of one massive breast, feeling the weight of it.

2
(Wheezing slightly, her hand resting on the peak of her belly)
Tell me... HicCC! Tell me how much I ate. Don't leave anything out.

4
(A long, shaky moan, her legs twitching)
Oh god... keep going... tell me the total...

Hearing the numbers makes it real. It makes the weight feel permanent. It makes me feel so fucking wet.

1
Ready for the daily recap, honey? I've been keeping track. It's quite an impressive list today.

3
(Reading from the screen)
Let's see... we started with that breakfast platter, three thousand calories there. Then the mid-morning pastries—another fifteen hundred. The lunch burgers and fries, that was a solid four thousand. Then the three strawberry cakes on the terrace... we're looking at about twelve thousand calories before we even got to this room.

Mathilda adjusts her position, sinking deeper into the soft, oversized pillows. She spreads her legs further, her naked body fully exposed to the cool air and Lucia's predatory gaze. Every few seconds, her toes wiggle—a small, involuntary reflex of pure comfort. She is profoundly full, her stomach distended and taut, yet she keeps chewing, keeps moaning. Lucia reaches for her phone on the nightstand, her eyes glowing with a different kind of hunger.



The air in the room seems to grow heavier as Lucia continues the count. Mathilda reaches for a second box of chocolates—Lucia had them lined up like soldiers on the night table, ready for this very moment. As Mathilda pops another truffle, Lucia begins to massage her breasts, her thumbs circling the dark, sensitive areolas. Mathilda's belly seems to visibly tighten, the skin straining against the influx of sugar and fat.

2

(Moaning loudly, her eyes rolling up)

**Fifteen... mmmph... fifteen thousand? Baby...
BuuEEuurghpp! That's... that's insane.**

4

(Grabbing two chocolates at once)

I want... I want to hit twenty thousand. Give me the next box.

The numbers are turning my brain to mush.

1

With this first box of chocolates, you've officially crossed the fifteen thousand calorie mark for the day, Mathilda.

3

(Squeezing Mathilda's breasts firmly)

It's not insane, it's progress. Your body is soaking it all up. I can feel your tits getting heavier by the minute.

Mathilda is a whirlwind of gluttony now, her movements frantic yet heavy. She finishes the second box, her face and fingers smeared with brown and white chocolate. Lucia is relentless, her hands moving over every inch of Mathilda's expanding form, kneading the fat, tracing the new tension in her abdomen. The sound of Mathilda's breathing is a ragged, wet labor.

2
(A choking, euphoric cry)
Urrap! It feels so good... mmm-slrrph... more... tell me more!

4
(Shoving more chocolate in, her breathing coming in short gasps)
Fuck him... HicCC! He never... he never wanted me like this...

I'm becoming a monster. Her monster. And I've never been happier.

1
You're at seventeen thousand five hundred now. You're literally expanding under my hands, honey. Your belly is so tight... it's like a drum.

3
You've had more calories today than you used to eat in a whole week when you were with Marco. Think about that.



The third box is halfway gone. Mathilda's belly has reached a new peak, the skin so tight it looks polished under the amber lights. Lucia's hands are everywhere—massaging the soft weight of her thighs, the spreading rolls of her waist, the heavy pendulums of her breasts. Mathilda is completely lost to the feed, her body vibrating with the sheer caloric intake and the intensity of Lucia's possession.

1
Nineteen thousand, Mathilda. You're almost there. Your fupa is so swollen... it's practically pulsing.

3
(Leaning down to whisper in her ear)
They're making you a piggy. My big, greedy, gorgeous piggy. You're going to be so much bigger tomorrow.

2
(Her voice is a ragged whisper)
I'm so wet... Lucia... mmmmp... the numbers... they're making me... HicCC!

4
(A final, massive swallow as she clears the third box)
Yes... make me... make me huge...



Mathilda finally slumps back, the last chocolate box falling empty from her grease-stained fingers. She is a sight of total, decadence, completely stuffed, naked, and covered in the remnants of her feast. Her belly is a massive, taut dome that dominates her entire silhouette. Lucia puts the phone down and crawls over her, her hands resting on the very top of Mathilda's stomach, feeling the incredible internal pressure.

1
Twenty thousand two hundred calories, Mathilda. You did it. You're officially the greediest girl on this island.

3
(Grinning, her eyes reflecting the dim light)
You're just gonna keep growing, and growing, and growing... then you'll grow some more, and some more, and much more.

2
(A long, echoing, vibrating burp)
BuuuAAAAARGHHHP... oh god... I... I think I'm going to cum again.

4
(Closing her eyes, a blissful smile on her chocolate-smearred face)
Good. I want... I want to wake up and feel even heavier than this.



CALCULATING...

1

(Her breath coming in shallow, anxious hitches)

HicCC! Come on... just show me. God, I feel so much heavier... if this thing says I haven't gained enough, I'm going to lose it.

2

(Staring down, though the view is mostly the vast, soft curve of her own breasts)

Please be big... please be fucking huge...

My thighs are rubbing together so hard it's starting to chafe. I've never felt this much of myself before. I need the number to match the weight I have in mind.

Three weeks later. The bathroom is a temple of white marble, smelling of lingering steam and the floral scent of Mathilda's expensive pedicure. She stands before the heavy-duty scale, her fatter, rounded feet pressing against the cold glass. Her toes, tipped in a sharp, glossy red, look like small jewels sinking into the plushness of her own swelling in-steps. She's naked, her body a cascade of soft, new mass that feels heavy and unfamiliar. Her heart hammers against her ribs—a mix of terrifying anticipation and a desperate, limerent need to see the proof of her transformation. The digital screen blinks "CALCULATING...", the blue light reflecting off the sheen of sweat on her inner thighs.

467 LBS - 212 KG
You should really try salads.

The scale emits a sharp, electronic beep that echoes off the marble walls. The numbers settle, glowing bright and unforgiving: 467 LBS. Mathilda gasps, the sound wet and jagged in her throat. Underneath the weight, a small, scrolling text bar appears on the screen, a bit of high-end snark programmed into the luxury device: "USER WEIGHT: 467 LBS / 212 KG. YOU SHOULD REALLY TRY SALADS." The shock is a physical jolt. Three hundred and eight pounds was her starting point just a few weeks ago—she has packed on over a hundred and fifty pounds of pure indulgence in less than a month.

1
(A loud, wheezing gasp)
Four hundred... and sixty-seven? BuuUrGHp!
Oh my god. Lucia!

2
One hundred and fifty-nine pounds... in three weeks? That's... HicCC... that's not even possible.

3
(A shaky, hysterical laugh)
"Try a salad." That's cute. I'm eating family-sized portions now.
It's so much. I can feel the fat pulse under my skin. I'm nearly five hundred pounds. I'm actually doing it.



1

(Her voice low, thick with a new, dark power)

Urrap! Look at my arms... they're like tree trunks. And I'm... I'm taller. I can see over the top of the shower door now.

2

(Tracing a deep dimple on her hip)

It's like I'm breaking out of my own skin.

3

Mmmph... I wonder if Lucia can even reach around me anymore. I hope she can't. I hope I'm too big for everyone, including her.

I'm becoming a giant. A real, breathing giantess.

Mathilda remains frozen on the scale, the sheer reality of her size sinking in. Her reflection in the full-length mirror is a revelation of excess. Her ass has expanded into a giant, shimmering continent covered in a web of deep cellulite dimples that catch the light. New back rolls have begun to stack like soft tires beneath her shoulder blades, and her arms have thickened into wide, heavy limbs that she can no longer hold flush against her sides. But it isn't just the width; she realizes with a jolt of vertigo that the top of the mirror seems closer. She's stretching upward as she spreads outward, a literal giant in the making.



The girth of her midsection has become so immense that the display on the scale is a lost memory, buried beneath the horizon of her own flesh. Her belly is no longer just round; it is a complex topography of fat, a deep crease developing around her navel. Her legs have transformed into pillars, the fat of her thighs engulfing her knees in soft, heavy folds. The scale's speaker chirps again, its mechanical voice announcing: "FOUR HUNDRED SIXTY-SEVEN POUNDS."

1
(Straining to look down, her neck disappearing into soft rolls)
I can't even see my feet. HicGG! I'm just... I'm just a mountain of belly.

2
BuuEEuurghpp! It's so heavy... it's like I'm carrying a whole other person right here in front of me.

3
(Feeling the deep crease at her waist)
The weight is a constant, delicious pressure. I feel so anchored, so solid. I never want to be light again.



1
(Slurping loudly, the sound of tapioca pearls hitting the back of her throat)
Mmm-slrrph... nnggh! Twenty thousand calories a day isn't enough. I need more. I want to hit five hundred by Friday.

2
(Slapping her belly again, watching the fat ripple)
Look at you, you greedy fucking pig. HicCC! You're going to be a giant. You're going to be the biggest thing anyone has ever seen.

3
Imagine the looks... walking into a room and just... taking up all the air.
I want to be so big that people have to look up at me. I want to be the sun they all orbit around.

Mathilda reaches for the oversized cup of bubble tea resting on the vanity, the straw clicking against her teeth as she takes a massive, greedy gulp. Even while weighing herself, she cannot stop the intake. She slaps her hand against the side of her stomach, the sound a loud, fleshy *thwack* that vibrates through her entire frame. The scent of the sweet, starchy tea mixes with the musk of her skin. The fantasy of her own dominance, of being a real-life giantess whose shadow could swallow a room, sends a surge of heat through her that makes her toes curl against the scale.

2
(Turning slowly, her belly leading the way)
Lucia... Buuuurp! You won't believe it. Four hundred and sixty-seven.

4
I'm a pig, Lucia. A huge, greedy pig. Are you... are you impressed?

She looks so hungry. Not for food, but for me. For every new pound I've grown.

1
(Her voice dropping an octave)
Well? Don't keep me in suspense, honey. How much did the scale say before you broke it?

3
(Stepping closer, her eyes widening)
Four sixty-seven? God... Mathilda. You've put on a whole human being since you got here. You look... you look absolutely massive.

The bathroom door creaks open, and Lucia slips inside, leaning her shoulder against the wall. She's changed too; the abundance of the island has left its mark on her as well. Her hips have broadened significantly, her own soft curves spilling over the waistband of her panties. She watches Mathilda with lustful eyes, her gaze lingering on the vast, wobbling expanse of Mathilda's back and the way her thighs strain against each other. The air in the bathroom instantly feels tighter, charged with a heavy, erotic tension.



Lucia walks toward her, her own weight shifting heavily on her hips. Her breasts, swollen and round, strain against the tightness of her bra, the fabric stretched so thin it's nearly translucent over the peaks. She stops just inches from Mathilda, having to look up more than she used to. The height difference is becoming undeniable; Mathilda looms over her now, a towering monument of soft, indulgent flesh. Lucia reaches out, her hand looking small as she brushes it against Mathilda's bicep, which is nearly the size of a normal person's thigh.

1
Impressed? Honey, I've never been more turned on in my life. You're becoming a goddess. How tall are you now? You're towering over me.

3
(Gazing up, her neck craning)
Look at you. You're definitely taller. It's like the fat is pushing you upward as much as outward. You're a real-life giantess, Mathilda.

2
(Looking down at her, a playful smirk on her face)
I don't know... maybe six-four? I haven't been checking my height. I've been a little busy with the snacks. HicCC!

4
(Taking a long sip of her bubble tea)
Mmmph... good. I like looking down at the world. Especially you.

She loves how big I am. I can see it in the way she's shaking. I want to grow until I fill this entire house.



1

(Squeezing Mathilda's belly, her fingers sinking deep)

Look at this, Mathilda. Look how far out you go. You're so round... so perfectly stuffed.

3

That's because you are a mountain. My mountain. I can't get enough of how you feel... how good you smell.

2

(Humming in pleasure, the sound vibrating through Lucia's chest)

Mmm-slrph... I feel so heavy, baby. Like my bones are made of lead. Every step is like... Urrap! Like moving a mountain.

4

(Leaning her head back against Lucia's shoulder)

I'm so full... but I still want that bubble tea. I think I'm addicted to the feeling of stretching.

We look so right together. Two mountains of fat and silk. I've never felt so beautiful.

They turn together to face the massive mirror, standing sideways to take in the full profile of their shared indulgence. Lucia stands in front of Mathilda, her hands wrapping brushing against the warm circle of Mathilda's midsection. They watch the reflection as Mathilda takes another long slurp of her tea, her belly wobbling rhythmically with the movement of her jaw. The room is silent except for the sound of the straw and the heavy, synchronized breathing of two women lost in their own excess.



1
We need to celebrate this milestone, honey. I'm taking you out to the Aquarium. Just us, the sharks, and a table full of everything you can imagine.

3
Hot dogs, burgers, towers of onion rings... they have it all. I want to watch you eat until you can barely fit in the booth.

2
(Her eyes lighting up, her belly giving a sympathetic jiggle)
The Aquarium? Oh my god... yes! I've heard they have the best hot dogs on the island. HicCC!

4
(Grinning, a stray bubble from her tea on her lip)
I'm going to eat until I'm too big for the table.

The thought of all that food... and everyone watching me grow... it's making me so wet I can barely stand.

Lucia nuzzles into the soft, fragrant skin of Mathilda's neck, her breath hot against a new roll of fat there. She pulls back slightly, a mischievous glint in her eyes. The idea of public indulgence, of showing off her masterpiece to the world, is clearly taking hold. The aquarium restaurant is a place with a menu designed for those who have forgotten the meaning of the word "portion."



1
Perfect. Go get dressed. Try to find something stretchy—I know most of your wardrobe is screaming for mercy lately. I'll meet you at the entrance.

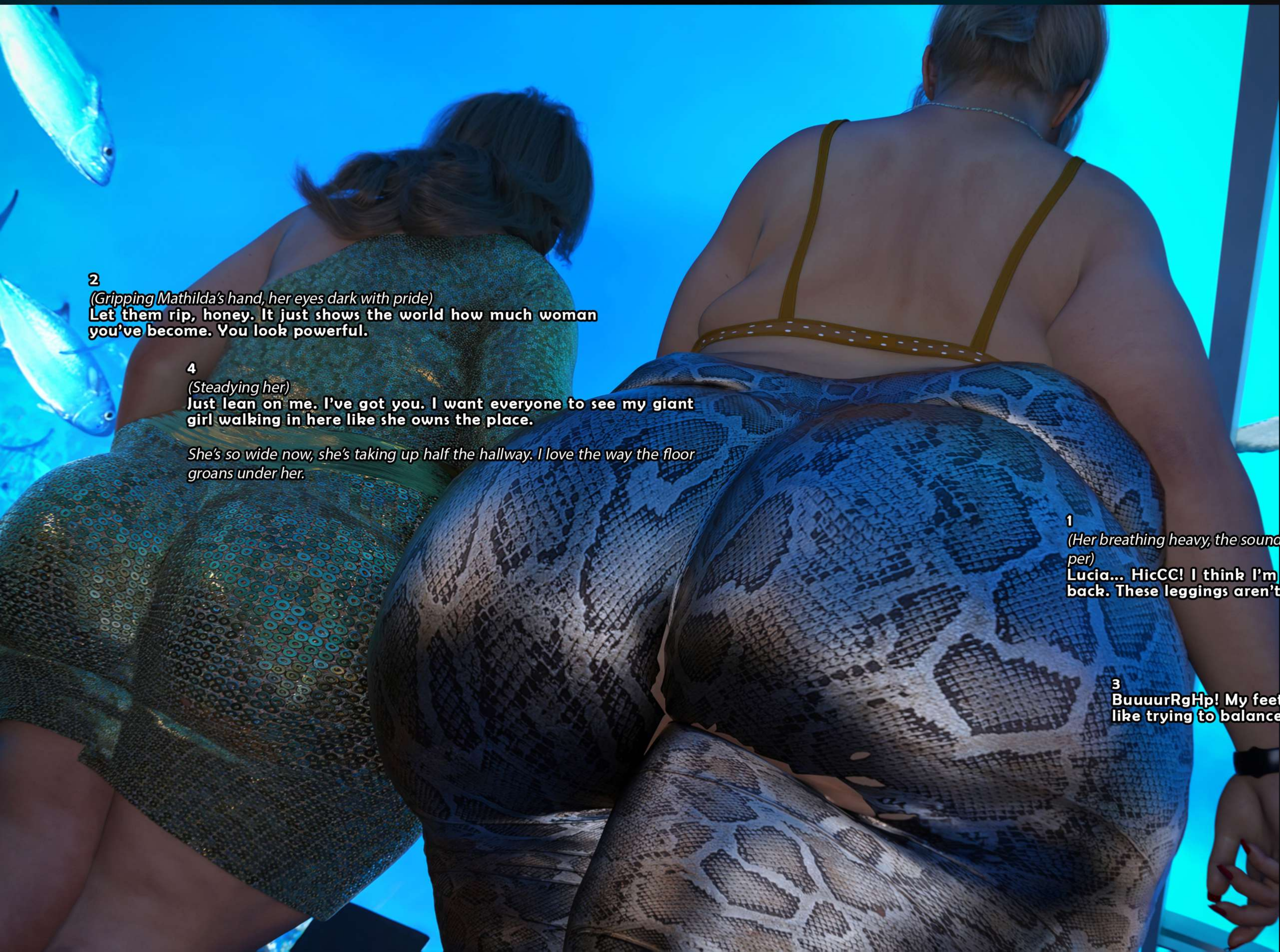
3
(Looking back over her shoulder, biting her lip)
That would be so fucking hot, Mathilda. But I doubt even you can eat **that** much in one sitting.

4
(Tossing her empty bubble tea cup into the bin)
Oh, just you watch me. I'm going to make you go broke just trying to keep me full.

She thinks she knows my limit. She has no idea how deep this hunger goes.

2
(Laughing, her belly bouncing)
What if I eat so much I rip through my clothes right there at the table? Imagine the scandal. BuuuuRghPP!

Lucia laughs, a warm, possessive sound, and gives Mathilda's belly a firm, reverberating smack. The sheer mass of Mathilda's gut jiggles for several seconds after the contact. Lucia moves toward the door, her own hips swaying with the extra weight she's carrying. The challenge is set—the reverse psychology of “not being able to eat that much” is the ultimate fuel for Mathilda's gluttony.

**2***(Gripping Mathilda's hand, her eyes dark with pride)***Let them rip, honey. It just shows the world how much woman you've become. You look powerful.****4***(Steadying her)***Just lean on me. I've got you. I want everyone to see my giant girl walking in here like she owns the place.***She's so wide now, she's taking up half the hallway. I love the way the floor groans under her.***1***(Her breathing heavy, the sound of her thighs rubbing together like sandpaper)***Lucia... HicCC! I think I'm actually ripping. I felt a pop in the back. These leggings aren't going to make it through the night.****3****BuuuurRgHp! My feet are killing me in these heels. It's like... it's like trying to balance a mountain on two toothpicks.**

The evening air is thick with salt and the scent of expensive filtration systems as Mathilda and Lucia arrive at the aquarium. Lucia is a shimmering column of gold, her dress so tight it looks painted onto her expanding hips. Mathilda, however, is a spectacle of sheer, uncontained mass. She is poured into metallic leopard-print leggings that strain to the point of transparency, the fabric audibly popping and fraying at the deep crease of her massive buttocks. Her shirt, once a full-length garment, has been reduced to a strained strip of fabric that barely contains the heavy swell of her breasts. Even her smart watch bites into the soft, puffy flesh of her wrist. With every step, her four hundred and sixty-seven pounds send a distinct, heavy vibration through the floor, the glass tanks shivering in response.



1

(A shaky whisper)

Everyone is looking, Lucia. I feel like... like a parade float that accidentally wandered inside.

3

HicCC! Everything looks tiny. The doors, the tables... I feel like I'm in a dollhouse. It's making me... it's making me hungry.

2

They're looking because you're the most magnificent thing in this room. Look at the sharks, Mathilda. They look tiny compared to you.

4

Good. That's the point.

She's so shy, but I can feel her heart racing through her palm. She loves the attention, even if she's scared of it.

They move through the entryway, hands locked tight. Mathilda's face is a mask of nervous heat, her cheeks flushed a deep, strawberry pink. The blue light from the massive floor-to-ceiling tanks washes over her, highlighting every dimple of cellulite beneath the leopard print. She feels the eyes of the other patrons—thin, elegant tourists who look like glass figurines compared to her sprawling, fleshy reality. Her heels click-clack with a precarious rhythm, each step a calculated effort to manage her shifting center of gravity. She leans into Lucia, her heavy shoulder brushing against her girlfriend's smaller frame.

1
(Pointing a plump finger at a school of bright yellow tangs)
Oh, look at them! They're so cute, Lucia. Like little swimming lemon drops.

3
(A low, guttural hum)
Mmmph... slrrrph... do you think they'd taste good? Like, if you just fried them up with a little butter? They look so... bite-sized.

2
(Smirking)
They are cute. Very delicate.

4
(Laughing)
Only you would look at an endangered species and think about the caloric count. You really are a bottomless pit today, aren't you?

Even the scenery is just an appetizer to her. She's completely lost to her appetite.

The atmosphere is ethereal, a deep, pulsing blue filled with the slow-motion drift of jellyfish and tropical rays. Mathilda waddles alongside Lucia, her leggings digging deep into her soft midsection, causing her upper belly to bulge out in a soft, shimmering mound above the waistband. Her shirt is so tight it functions as little more than a bra, exposing a vast expanse of cleavage and the soft, pale skin of her stomach. She stares into the tanks, her eyes wide, her jaw working as if she's already tasting the air.



3
(Looking at the table they're being led to)
BuUrrap! Um... Jean-Pierre? Is that the chair? It looks a little... delicate. I don't think I'll even fit my left cheek on that.

2
Thank you, Jean-Pierre. We're celebrating a very big milestone today. I hope you're prepared for her.

4
(Winking at Mathilda)
Don't be silly, honey. I want to see you squeeze in. It'll be cute—a giant girl at a tiny table. It's all about the contrast.

I want to hear that wood groan under her. I want her to feel just how much she's outgrown the world.

1
Ah, Mademoiselle Lucia! Enchanté. It is a true honor to have you back. And for your guest... welcome to the Aquarium.

A man in a crisp white chef's coat approaches, his posture impeccable despite the flicker of pure shock that passes through his eyes as he takes in Mathilda's scale. This is Jean-Pierre, the island's most celebrated culinary mind. He knows Lucia well—her modeling career has funded many of his finest vintages—but he has clearly never seen her companion in this state. He recovers quickly, a professional smile snapping into place, though he can't help but look at the way Mathilda's leopard-print thighs seem to occupy the entire width of the aisle.



Jean-Pierre bows and retreats, returning almost instantly with a platter that causes nearby diners to gasp. It is a literal pyramid of giant hot dogs, at least two dozen, dripping with grease and glistening under the blue lights. Mathilda manages to lower herself into the chair, the wood screaming in protest as her massive ass spills over the sides. Her belly is so prominent it hits the edge of the table first, pushing it forward a few inches. Without a second's hesitation, she grabs the first hot dog, her eyes fluttering closed as she brings the steaming meat to her lips.

1
(A long, needy moan)
Oh god... the smell...
Mmmph! Finally.

2
(Taking a massive bite, her hand rubbing the top of her distended stomach)
Nnnngh... it's so salty... so perfect. HicCC! I didn't realize how much I needed this.

3
(Muffled through a mouthful of meat)
This table is so small... I feel like I'm sitting at a desk in kindergarten. Buuurp!

4
Eat up, piggy. You've got a long way to go to reach the bottom of that pile.

1
Will there be anything else for the moment, Mademoiselle?

2
This is just the entry, Jean-Pierre. We'll let you know when we're ready for the next batch.

4
(Watching the table dig into Mathilda's belly)
Look at you, honey. You're literally wearing the table. It's digging so deep into your middle. Is it comfortable?

She's so stuffed she can barely speak. Jesus christ.

3
(A loud, vibrating grunt as she shoves the end of a hot dog in)
Mmm-glyph! Don't... don't go far. I'm gonna need more... Urrap!

Lucia receives a delicate stack of pancakes, drowning them in a thick, amber syrup. Jean-Pierre stands by, hovering with a look of professional concern as he watches the structural integrity of the chair beneath Mathilda. The chair has effectively disappeared into the deep, soft crack of her buttocks, the legs bowing slightly outward. Mathilda doesn't notice. She is a machine of consumption, her jaw working with a rhythmic, wet intensity as she devours the second hot dog before she's even finished swallowing the first.



Mathilda finishes the first two and immediately reaches for a third. She is a blur of grease and motion. Her eyes roll up, showing only the whites as she smacks her lips, the sound of her chewing echoing in the quiet restaurant. Her hand stays glued to her stomach, kneading the soft rolls that spill over the table's edge. Every few seconds, a deep, wet burp escapes her lips, vibrating through her chest.

1
(A wet, heavy burp)
BuuEEuurghpp! Oh... excuse me. HicCC! God, Lucia... I'm trying to be a lady, I swear.

3
(Moaning as she bites into the third dog)
Mmmmm... it's so juicy. I think I could eat a hundred of these. I can feel my leggings getting even tighter.

4
(Rubbing her stomach harder)
I'm already feeling... so full... but I can't stop. I want every single one on this plate.

The way her belly ripples when she burps... she's becoming so gloriously soft.

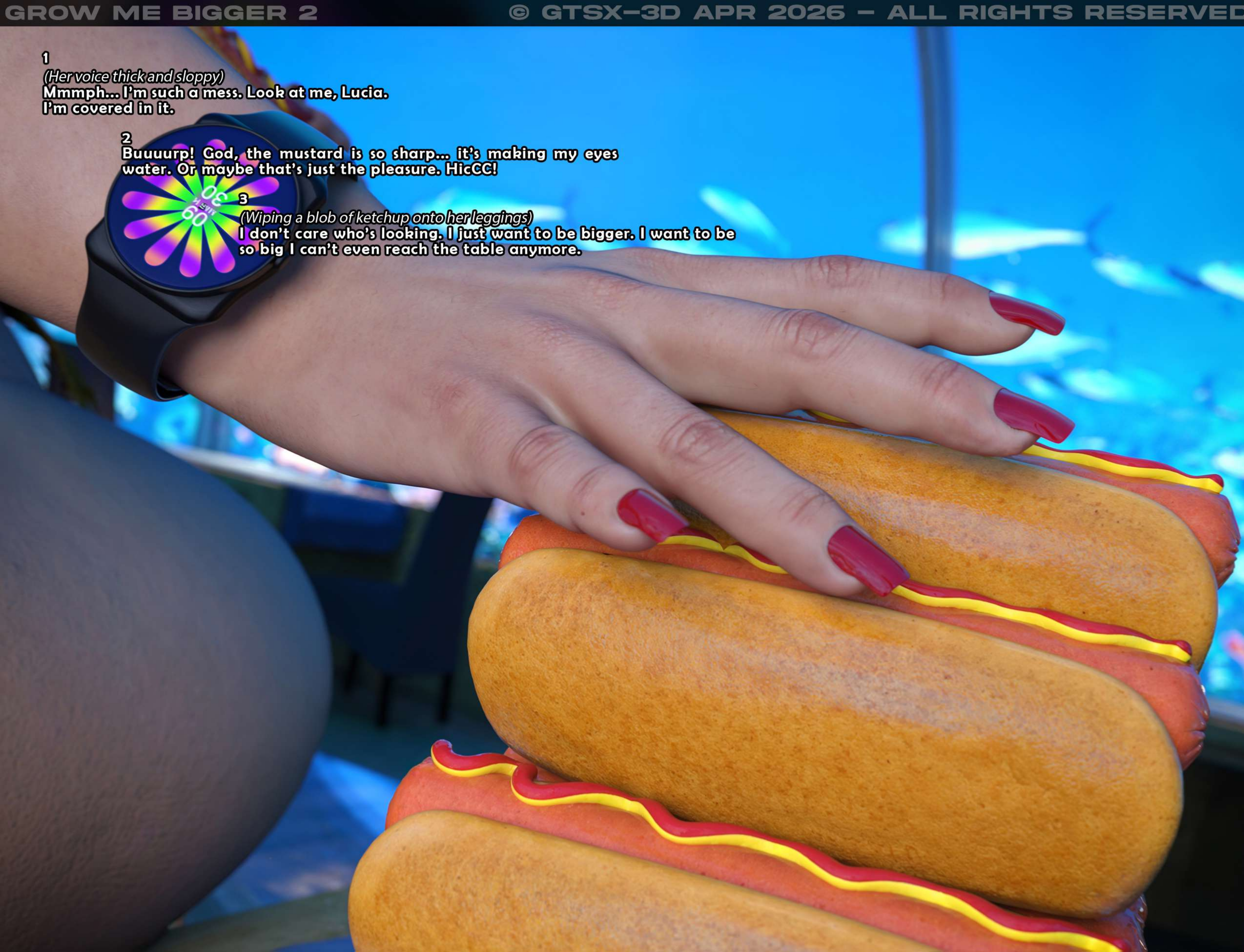
2
Don't bother. No one expects a girl your size to have manners. Just enjoy yourself, baby.

1
(Her voice thick and sloppy)
Mmmph... I'm such a mess. Look at me, Lucia.
I'm covered in it.

2
Buuuurp! God, the mustard is so sharp... it's making my eyes
water. Or maybe that's just the pleasure. HicCC!

3
(Wiping a blob of ketchup onto her leggings)
I don't care who's looking. I just want to be bigger. I want to be
so big I can't even reach the table anymore.

The polite facade of the restaurant is beginning to crumble under the weight of Mathilda's gluttony. She grabs a bottle of ketchup and mustard, squeezing them with a heavy hand until the hot dogs are buried in red and yellow. Grease and sauce smear across her lips and chin, dripping onto her exposed chest. Instead of using a napkin, she messily wipes her greasy hands across the metallic leopard print of her stomach, leaving dark, shimmering streaks on the fabric. The sight of her own messiness acts as a secondary fuel, her moans getting louder with every bite.





1
(A hushed, horrified whisper)
Is she... is she actually going to finish all of those? She looks like she's about to burst out of those leggings.

2
It's grotesque. Look at her hands... she's eating like an animal. And the sounds... I think I'm going to be sick.

3
(A loud, vibrating groan)
Mmmmm-urrap! Lucia... I think I'm... I'm hitting a wall... but I'm gonna push through.

4
That's my girl. Show them what a real appetite looks like. Don't let a single bite go to waste.

The whole room is staring, and she doesn't even see care.

The pace accelerates. Mathilda is no longer eating one at a time; she's holding two in her left hand, alternating bites while her right hand shoves a third into her mouth. Her breathing is a series of heavy, wet wheezes, her chest heaving with the effort of both eating and supporting her own mass. Across the room, the clinking of silverware stops as other patrons turn to stare. The creaking of her chair has become a constant, rhythmic groan, competing with the loud, wet sounds of her digestion. Mathilda is oblivious, her world narrowed down to the taste of sausages and the feeling of her stomach expanding against the wood.



1
How does a human even get
that big?

3
She's going to break that chair. I'm waiting for the sound of the
wood snapping. It's like watching a car crash in slow motion.

5
Excuse me?

2
I don't know, but look at the girl with her. She's just... watching.
Like it's a show. They look like they're enjoying it, so who cares?

4
She just ordered another round. God... That's a lot
of woman right there.

6
Uhhh nothing! I didn't mean
it that way.

On the far side of the restaurant, a young, thin couple sits over their wine, their expressions a mix of fascination and absolute shock. The woman, wearing a dress that would fit around one of Mathilda's thighs, stares with her mouth slightly agape. They watch as Mathilda shoves another hot dog in, her throat working hard to swallow the massive bolus of food. The sound of a particularly loud, wet burp from Mathilda's table causes the man to flinch.



1
(Softly, almost to herself)
Look at you go. So greedy.
So heavy.

3
I can see your heart beating in your neck, honey. You're working so hard to stay full.

4
Don't worry about the noise. Don't worry about the mess. Just be the big, fat piggy that you are. That's all you have to do.

2
(Muffled moaning, her eyes half-closed)
Mmmph... slrrrph...

Lucia sits perfectly still, the picture of refined elegance as she cuts a tiny piece of pancake. She doesn't look at the other patrons; her eyes are locked on Mathilda, tracking every movement of her jaw, every swallow, every drop of grease that falls onto her skin. There is no judgment in Lucia's gaze, only a deep, simmering lust. She is the co-architect of this, and she is savoring every second of this construction.



1
(Wheezing, her chest heaving)
HicCC! I'm so... I'm so stuffed, Lucia. I can feel the bread... expanding.

3
(A long, wet burp that makes her whole body shake)
BuuAAAAARGHHHP! Oh god... I'm losing it. I'm just... I'm just a pig at a trough.

2
Good. That means there's more of you to love.

4
You're piggy. *my*

The first pyramid is gone. Mathilda orders a second, then a third, her manners completely evaporated. She is now shoving two hot dogs into her mouth simultaneously, one in each hand, her cheeks bulging like a squirrel's. Each new dog adds to the mounting pressure in her gut, her moans turning into low, guttural rumbles of both pain and pleasure. She is soaking wet—with sweat, with sauce, with the sheer physical effort of the binge. Every time she catches Lucia's hungry eyes, she finds a new pocket of space in her stomach.



Breadcrumbs and bits of meat fall from Mathilda's mouth, getting trapped in the deep, sweaty valley of her cleavage. She is a mess of consumption, her leopard-print leggings now straining so hard at the seams that the white elastic is visible. Her inner dialogue is a chaotic loop of desire and disbelief. The physical sensation of being this full, this public, and this desired is overwhelming her.

1
(Inner Thought)

I'm going to be five hundred pounds by tonight. I can feel the fat settling on my hips right now. I'm a goddess... and I never want to stop.

2
(Out loud, a broken moan)
Mmmph... slrrph... more... I need... I need the next batch.

3
(Feeling a crumb roll down into her bra, then picking it up and eating it)
HicCC! I'm covered in food. BuuuURGHP!

3
Buuuurp! My ass... I can feel the chair biting back... it's like I'm absorbing it.

1
(A muffled, panicked moan through a mouthful of meat)
Mmmph—slrrrph! Lucia... I feel... I feel like I'm blooming. Everything is... HicCC! Everything is getting so tight.

2
(Leaning forward, her eyes dilated with obsessive hunger)
I can see the seams giving way. You're literally outgrowing your clothes in real-time.

4
Let it happen. Grow for me, Mathilda. Break every stitch.

The sound of that fabric tearing is better than any music. She's becoming a giant right in front of me.

The air in the aquarium restaurant hums with a new, terrifying frequency. As Mathilda shoves the fortieth hot dog into her mouth, a localized groan erupts—not from her throat, but from the fibers of her metallic leopard-print leggings. The fabric, already pushed to its absolute limit, begins to spiderweb with tiny, white fractures around the curve of her massive thighs. Her ass, an ever-expanding continent of soft, heavy marble, begins to sink deeper into the undersized wooden chair. The wood splinters, a sharp *crack-hiss* sounding as the seat is swallowed by her girth.

3
HicCC! It's my feet, too... the sandals... they're pinching so hard. I think I'm getting taller again.

1
(Wheezing, her chest heaving as her tits swell against the thin shirt)
Oh god... I just felt my leggings go. I'm... I'm literally splitting open.

2
(A low, guttural laugh)
I told you to wear something stretchy, but even that wasn't enough for a girl this greedy.

4
Keep eating. If you break the shoes, we'll just buy new pairs tomorrow.

The growth is relentless, fueled by a caloric intake that defies biology. Mathilda's hips widen by another inch, the metallic leopard print finally surrendering at the center seam. A loud, wet *r-r-rip* echoes through the blue-lit room as her leggings split right down the crease of her butt cheeks, exposing the pale, shimmering expanse of her lower back and the top of her canyon-like crack. Below the table, her high-heel sandals begin to groan. The thin leather straps, once dainty, are now buried deep in the puffy, expanding flesh of her insteps.



Every bite of meat and grease acts as a catalyst. Mathilda's frame is lengthening and thickening simultaneously, her presence at the table becoming an impossibility. The legs of the chair bow outward, the wood moaning under the strain of nearly five hundred pounds of surging womanhood. The leopard-print fabric continues to fail, ripping further down her thighs, the metallic scales falling away like shedding skin. She is a goddess of excess, her body demanding more space than the world is prepared to give.

3
(Grabbing two more hot dogs, her hands shaking with the effort)
I'm gonna... BuuEEuurghpp! I'm gonna break it. I'm gonna break everything in here.

1
(A loud, vibrating grunt)
Urrrgh... Lucia... I'm so... Mmmph... I'm so big. I can feel the floor shaking under my heels.

2
You're a real-life giantess, Mathilda. The chair is literally disappearing under you.

4
(Reaching out to touch the strained wood of the table)
Do it. Destroy it all. Show them how much space you need.

The way her thighs are swallowing the seat... it's making me so wet I can barely breathe.

1
(A high-pitched, stuttering moan)
Ah... ahh! My shoes...

3
Buuuurp! It feels so good to be free of them... but I'm still...
mmmph... I'm still expanding.

2
(Gazing down under the table)
Look at those feet. They're so much wider...
so much heavier.

4
Good. Don't let a single strap or seam hold you back. You're too
big for the world's rules now.

*Seeing her toes burst through that expensive leather... I'm gonna fuck her so
hard tonight.*

The focus shifts downward to the violence occurring at Mathilda's feet. The delicate leather of her designer sandals finally reaches its breaking point. With a series of sharp, whip-like pops, the straps over her toes snap, the leather curling back to reveal her wide, manicured feet. Her toes, tipped in that same aggressive red, spread out across the sole of the shoe, the flesh bulging over the edges as her feet continue to thicken. Her calves, now the size of most people's waists, cause the leggings to shred into jagged ribbons of leopard print.

1
(A low, guttural vibration)
Mmm-slrrph... I'm so... I'm so naked under here now. Everything is just... HicCC... ripping away.

3
(Moaning as she swallows, her belly pushing the table even further)
I'm a giant... a giant whale. I can feel my toes stretching... BuuEEuurghpp!

2
It's beautiful.

4
You're my giant. And you're still hungry, aren't you?

The growth remains centered on her lower half as the expansion continues. The leopard-print leggings are now little more than a memory, hanging in tattered strips around her calves and thighs. Her skin, glowing with a fine sheen of sweat and grease, is fully exposed, the cellulite dimples deep and cavernous. Her ass has completely engulfed the backrest of the chair, the wood splintering further as she shifts her weight to reach for the next batch of hot dogs. The sounds of wet chewing and tearing fabric fill the silence of the stunned restaurant.



1
(A ragged wheeze)
Nnnngh... the heels snapped. I'm... I'm flat on the floor. I can feel the vibrations in my bones.

3
(A final, massive bite of the batch)
HicCC! I'm so... mmmph... so big... Lucia... tell me... tell me I'm huge.

2
(Her voice a breathless whisper)
You're too heavy for heels now, Mathilda. You need the whole earth to support you.

4
(Leaning back, taking in the full, sprawling sight)
You're the biggest thing I've ever seen. And you're just getting started.

She's ruined her clothes, her shoes, and is about to ruin this furniture. What next? I wonder.

The transformation enters its final, most intense stage. Mathilda's feet have become massive, heavy anchors, the soles of her feet pressing flat against the marble floor as her heels finally give way, the stems snapping off under the sheer tonnage. The ripping sound of her leggings moves upward, the waistband finally snapping and allowing her lower belly to cascade down in a heavy, soft wave. She is a vision of gluttonous ruin—barefoot, half-naked, and growing more monstrous by the second, all while the blue light of the aquarium dances over her shimmering, expanding flesh.





1
(Her lips closed tight, chewing the last bite with a heavy, labored rhythm)
Mmmph... mmm-glyph...

2
(Inner Thought)
It's coming... oh god, it's a monster. I can feel it rising from my gut.

3
(A low, vibrating moan of anticipation)
Nnnnng... Lucia... HicCC!

4
(Watching Mathilda's face, her own hand clenching the table)
It's coming, isn't it? Let it out, honey. Don't you dare hold it back.

Mathilda finally slows, her hand trembling as she brings the final piece of the third batch to her lips. She has reached her current limit, her threshold pushed to a peak. Her eyebrows are pulled upward in the center, an expression of profound, almost painful fullness mixed with a delirious, sugar-induced euphoria. She sits there, a mountain of flesh, her drum-tight belly protruding so far it has pushed the entire table three inches forward. Her hand, grease-stained and shaky, begins to caress the taut, polished surface of her stomach, picking away the last remnants of leopard-print fabric that cling to her sweat-slicked skin. Her shirt is a strained band of fabric, holding on by a thread, while her face begins to contort in the agonizing anticipation of a massive internal pressure.



1
(The sound of a literal foghorn, wet and vibrating)
**BUUUUAAAAAARGHHHHHHH-
HPPPPP!!!!**

2
(Her eyes slowly uncrossing, a trail of saliva at the corner of her mouth)
HicCC! Oh... oh my god... Buuurp!

3
(Gasping for air, her belly still quivering from the force)
**I think... I think I might've...
BuuEEuurghpp... overdone it.**

Then, it happens. A burp erupts from Mathilda's throat that is less a sound and more a geological event. It is a deafening, wet, multi-tonal roar that causes her lips to vibrate violently against each other. Her tongue sticks out, her eyes roll back and cross in pure, mindless relief, one eye squeezed shut while the other stares wide and glazed. The sheer, concussive force of the air leaving her lungs pushes her belly outward with a violent jolt, the sudden expansion snapping the last threads of her leggings and slamming her stomach against the table. The plate and cutlery slide forward several inches, clattering against the edge from the sheer physical impact of her girth.



1
(Voice muffled behind her hand, eyes wide)
Oh my god... Mathilda... that was... mmmph... I think you just rattled the shark tank.

3
(Starting to laugh, a low, shaky sound)
You sounded like a dragon.

2
(Trying to speak, but interrupted by another burp)
I'm... Buuurp... I'm so sorry... HicCC! I didn't... urrap... I didn't know it was going to be that big.

4
(Patting her stomach as a series of tiny burps escape)
I feel... mmmph... I feel so much better. But I think... HicCC... I think I'm still hungry.

Her face is so shocked. I love that I can still surprise her. I want to do it again.

The silence that follows is absolute, broken only by the bubbling of the fish tanks. Even Lucia looks genuinely stunned, her hand flying to her mouth in an instinctive gesture of shock. She stares at Mathilda, who is still vibrating with aftershocks, her massive belly settling back into its new, larger resting position. Small, echoing burps continue to bubble up from Mathilda's throat like carbonation, each one punctuated by a soft hiccup that makes her whole, heavy frame jiggle.



The blue light of the aquarium reflects off the thin, shimmering sweat covering Mathilda's exposed shoulders. Lucia's eyes are wide, her hand hovering near her mouth as she stares at the wreckage of the first three batches. Mathilda shifts, her massive hips spreading further across the groaning seat. The leopard-print leggings have practically vanished, reduced to a few metallic shreds clinging to the undersides of her heavy thighs and the swell of her hips. Beneath the vast, soft surface of her ass, the four wooden legs of the chair begin to sicken, the grain splintering with a series of sharp, rhythmic pops that Mathilda is far too large to notice.

1
(Her voice a breathless, shocked whisper)
Really? Another round? Mathilda, honey... You've already put away enough to feed a small army.

3
You never cease to surprise me.

2
(Stretching her legs out, the movement causing more fabric to snap)
I'm just... Mmmph... it's capacity training, y'know?

4
(A low, guttural rumble)
I feel so heavy... I don't think anything could move me right now. Buuurp!



1
(A sharp, panicked gasp as she falls)
OH MY GOD! AHHHH!

2
(Springing up from her seat, her own dress straining)
Mathilda! Oh my god, baby!

The structural integrity of the chair finally surrenders to the five hundred pounds of surging womanhood. Without warning, the front two legs buckle outward, the wood snapping with a sound like a gunshot. Mathilda's eyes go wide, her mouth falling open as her center of gravity suddenly plummets. She reaches out frantically, her greasy hands slipping on the table as she goes down. The crash is immense, a heavy, fleshy thud that vibrates through the floor and sends a ripple through the nearby shark tank.

1
(Panicked, her hands hovering over Mathilda's soft shoulders)
Are you okay? Did you hit your head? Talk to me, honey!

4
(Ignoring the stares, helping Mathilda find her footing)
Take it slow. You're just too much for a normal chair to handle, baby.

2
(Groaning, her belly wobbling as she tries to shift)
I'm fine... HicCC! Just... I think my ass is gonna bruise.

3
(Whispering frantically to her friend while gulping wine)
Did you see that? She... she just... Give me that bottle, I can't look at her sober.

The restaurant falls into a stunned, horrified silence. The "loud thump" of Mathilda's impact seems to echo longer than the burp that preceded it. Across the room, two elegant women freeze, their forks halfway to their mouths. They look at the half-naked giantess on the floor, her massive ass and legs completely exposed now that the last shreds of her leggings have peeled away and stuck to the marble. Shaken, one of the women grabs her wine glass, gulping the Italian red down in a desperate attempt to numb the sheer absurdity of the scene. Lucia rushes to Mathilda's side, kneeling in the mess of splintered wood.

1
(Wringing his hands, bowing low)
Madame! I am so, so sorry! The chair... it must have been defective! Are you injured? Should I call a doctor?

3
(Holding Mathilda's arm, rubbing her side)
Baby, you scared me for a second. You're so heavy now, I thought you were going to go right through to the basement.

2
(Wiping grease from her chin, her voice steady and low)
It's not your fault, Jean-Pierre. HicCC! That chair was never meant to hold this much woman. I'm surprised it lasted through the first dozen hot dogs.

4
(A low, confident laugh)
I'm fine, Lucia. Just a little... urrap... rattled. But I think the fall made more room in my stomach, hahah.

With Lucia's help and a series of heavy, straining grunts, Mathilda manages to get back on her feet. The last of the leopard-print fabric has been left behind on the floor like a shed skin. She stands there, practically naked from the waist down, her massive, cellulite-dimpled thighs and canyon-like crack fully visible to the entire room. Jean-Pierre, the chef, rushes over, his face of professional concern masking a deep, frantic anxiety. He sees the patrons reaching for their phones to record the scene. He knows the reputation of his restaurant is hanging by a thread, but the sight of Mathilda's sheer height and girth keeps him stuttering apologies.



As Mathilda stabilizes herself, her eyes wander away from the chef and the wreckage of her chair. Her gaze settles on the table where the two women are sitting, their faces pale with shock. In the center of their table sits two large, half-eaten pizzas, the crust thick and the cheese still glistening. Despite the crash, despite being nearly naked in a five-star restaurant, Mathilda's hunger flares up like a physical flame. She begins to waddle toward them, her heavy footsteps making their wine glasses dance.

2
(Stuttering, her eyes darting between Mathilda's face and her exposed thighs)
I... why? I mean... yes, I mean no... I mean...! Is there a problem?

4
(Frantic, her voice shaking)
Do you... do you want it? You can have it! Please, just take it!

She's so tall... so wide... I feel like she could fall on us and we'll never be found.

1
(Stopping at their table, her massive belly nearly brushing the edge)
Excuse me... BuuUrGHHp! You two look like you're finished with that. Do you plan to eat the rest of that pizza?

3
No problem at all. It just looks like it's going to waste. And I hate to see a good pizza go to waste.



1
Thank you. I knew you looked like the generous type. Mmmph!

3
(A loud, wet smack of her lips)
It's still warm. You have excellent taste. BuuEEuurghpp!

2
(Thinking to herself, her eyes wide)

Is this actually happening? Is a half-naked fat freak really stealing our lunch? If I say something, Should I say something?!

Before the woman can even finish her sentence, Mathilda's giant, grease-stained hand descends. She doesn't take a slice; she grabs the entire remaining half of the pizza, folding the dough over itself as if it were a single, thin cracker. Her sweaty, dis-tended belly rests right on the edge of the ladies' table, invading their space with a soft, warm pressure. The other woman at the table stares up in absolute, mute shock, her neck craned back to take in the sheer height of the giantess looming over them.

1

*(Muffled moaning, eyes rolling back as the cheese hits her tongue)***Mmm-slrrph... nnggh... tastes even better than the hot dogs. Should've ordered this instead. HicCC...**

2

*(Swallowing a massive hunk of dough, her throat working hard)***You girls shouldn't be so shy. You should eat more. You're both so... urrap... thin.**

3

*(A low, vibrating rumble from her gut)***Can you hear that? That's my stomach thanking you, Hahahah.**

4

*(Wiping a string of cheese onto her belly)***I think I could eat ten more of these and still have room for dessert.**

The dozens of hot dogs seem to have vanished into a bottomless void. Mathilda stands there, her legs braced wide, her belly a massive, shimmering dome that dominates the women's field of vision. She begins to chew through the folded half-pizza, her jaw working with a rhythmic, wet intensity. She doesn't move; she stays right there, her presence an active invasion of their private space, her stomach practically a third guest at their table.



1
Excuse me! Why would you do that? That is completely unacceptable. My friend did not give you permission to just... grab her food!

3
(Backpedaling immediately, her eyes widening as Mathilda leans her weight toward her)
I... I just meant... it's unusual! I'm not saying you can't have it! I just... please don't be angry!

2
(Chewing slowly, smacking her lips, then letting out a wet burp)
Huh? Buuurp! Did you say something, hon? I was a bit distracted by the pepperoni.

4
(A slow smile spreading across her face)
Angry? Why would I be angry? I'm far too full to be angry. But you seem... nervous. Is it the size? HicCC!

She's terrified. She thinks I'm going to squash her. She would make a good chair, though. This is so fun.

The second woman, the one whose pizza is still untouched on her plate, finally finds a spark of indignation through her fear. She sits up straight, though she looks like a doll compared to Mathilda's towering frame. She stares at the greasy hand currently shoving dough into Mathilda's mouth and clears her throat, her voice trembling but determined. Mathilda stops chewing for a second, looking down at the small woman with a look of bored, gluttonous curiosity.

2

(Leaning over the table, her shadow completely covering the indignant woman)

You were saying something about manners? BuuEEuurghpp! That's funny, coming from someone who's just... sitting there... wasting perfectly good calories.

4

(Taking another step, her thigh brushing against the woman's arm)

Leaving? But you haven't even finished your crusts. That's a sin where I come from. HicCC!

3

(Her voice a tiny squeak)

I... I didn't mean anything by it! I'm so sorry! We were just leaving!

Mathilda finishes the first half-pizza in three massive bites. The first woman is frantically whispering to her friend, trying to de-escalate the situation before the giantess decides to use them as footstools. Mathilda, however, isn't finished. She takes a heavy, waddling step closer to the indignant woman, her massive belly swaying with the movement. Each step makes the woman's silverware rattle against her plate.

1

(Whispering)

It's okay! Really! I wasn't hungry anyway! Just let her have it, let's just leave!



1
(Her voice a low, vibrating rumble)
Now that I think about it... I'm still a little bit hungry. And I'd hate for your pizza to go to waste too.

3
You know, a girl like you should really watch her intake anyway. All those carbs... they might go straight to your hips. HicCC! Better leave them for someone who knows how to handle them.

4
(Patting the woman's head with a greasy hand)
Good girl. See? Was that so hard?

2
(Gasping, her head tilted back as far as it can go)
Take it! Please! Just take the whole thing! I'm so sorry I said anything!

Mathilda looms over the woman, her face so close that her massive, warm belly is literally touching the woman's chin and shoulders. The indignant woman is pinned against the back of her chair, staring up into the vast, soft expanse of Mathilda's cleavage. The air between them is thick with the scent of pizza grease and Mathilda's sweat. Mathilda looks down at her with a look of mock concern, her eyes dark and heavy.



1
(Chewing loudly, her lips smacking)
Mmmph... slrrrph... see? It's all about sustainability. We shouldn't let food go to waste. It's bad for the planet. Buuuurp!

2
(A massive hiccup that sends a shockwave through her mid-section)
HicCC! Whoops. Sorry about that. My belly has a mind of its own lately.

3
(Nervously talking to her friend)
Julia... Can you call a cab, please?

Mathilda reaches down and grabs the remaining third of the second pizza, folding it into a thick, oily wad. She stands there, towering over the cowering woman, and takes a slow, deliberate bite. As she hiccups, her massive belly shakes, slamming softly against the woman's head with every spasm. The woman lowers her head, looking utterly defeated and small, her face flushed with shame. She whispers frantically to her friend to call a cab, desperate to escape the shadow of the giantess.

1
(Inner Thought)

I can feel the pizza settling on top of the hot dogs. I'm so packed... but I need dessert. I need something creamy. I wonder if they have cheesecake?

2

(Out loud, a long, wet moan)

**Mmmph... slrrrph... Yeah, cheesecake sounds good. Lucia... HicCC!
I think I need to see the dessert menu.**

3

(Rubbing her distended stomach with both hands)

BuuEEuurghpp! God, I'm so full...

Mathilda devours the last of the second pizza in front of the retreating women, her eyes fluttering closed in a trance of pure gluttony. She is profoundly, monstrously full—her stomach is a taut, shimmering drum. Yet, somewhere in the sugar-fogged depths of her mind, a new craving begins to form. She needs something sweet to cut through the grease. She stands there, swaying slightly, imagining a towering mountain of whipped cream and chocolate.



1
(Whispering, his face flushed)

Lucia, please... I value you as a client, but I must ask you to leave. Your friend... she is practically naked! Look at the people! This is a disaster for my restaurant!

3
No, no! I cannot risk it! Someone will call the police! Please, Lucia, for the sake of our friendship, you must go now.

2
(Crossing her arms, her golden dress straining)

Relax, Jean-Pierre. It's an island. There are nude beaches everywhere. She's just... enjoying her meal. I'll sponsor your next campaign, okay? A week of visibility on my Instagram.

4
(Sighing, her eyes narrowing)

Fine. If you're going to be like that. But you're losing out on a very big tip, Jean-Pierre.

In the background, away from the spectacle of Mathilda's pizza theft, Lucia is engaged in a low, intense conversation with Jean-Pierre. The chef is looking around the room at the other patrons, many of whom are filming with their phones, their expressions a mix of awe and fear. He looks at Lucia, his face pleading. He loves her money and her influence, but the sight of a half-naked giantess stealing food from other guests is more than his reputation can handle.



2

(Raising an eyebrow)

A dozen? Jean-Pierre, have you seen her? She'll finish a dozen before the delivery guy gets back to his car. I'm gonna need more than that.

4

(Turning toward Mathilda)

Come on, Mathilda. Let's go. We're moving the party back to the house.

6

Just trust me, baby. Let's go. I'll explain everything in the car. It's going to be much, much better than cheesecake.

5

(Waddling over, her belly swaying)

What? What do you mean? I haven't had dessert yet! HicCC!

7

(Sighing, a final, wet burp escaping her lips)

Fine. Buuurp! But I'm still taking this last crust with me.

I don't want to leave... but the way Lucia is looking at me... I know it's going to be worth it.

1

Listen... if you leave now, I will personally send dozens of our finest, creamiest donuts to your mansion. Free of charge. A gift for your... hungry friend.

3

Absolutely! As many as you want! We will start baking them immediately. They will be at your door in two hours. Please... just go quietly.

Jean-Pierre sees the disappointment in Lucia's eyes and quickly moves to salvage the relationship. He leans in closer, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. He knows exactly what buttons to push to ensure Lucia leaves without making a scene. The promise of private indulgence, of a feast delivered directly to the sanctuary of their mansion, is the ultimate peace offering. Lucia's eyes light up at the mention of the donuts, her mind already calculating the caloric windfall.

1

*(Her voice low, a needy vibration in her chest)***Tighter, Lucia. I want to feel every inch of the cord. I want to feel myself outgrowing them with every bite.**

3

HicCC! Just start... please. I can smell the glaze from here. I'm already starving again.

2

*(Tying a final, firm knot)***You're so greedy, baby. You want to be a prisoner to your own appetite. I can already see your skin straining against the plastic.**

4

*(Walking toward the first stack of boxes)***Don't worry. I'm going to make sure you never feel empty again.***She looks like a captive goddess. I can't wait to see how long these ropes actually hold her.*

The master bedroom has been transformed into a cold, clinical theater of gluttony. Jean-Pierre kept his word; dozens of white cardboard boxes are stacked against the wall, the scent of fried dough, yeast, and synthetic vanilla filling the air. Mathilda, freshly showered and smelling of sandalwood, sits atop a heavy-duty, reinforced plastic chair. Her damp skin glistens under the recessed lighting. At her own insistent request, Lucia has bound her fleshy, ink-stained wrists to the back of the chair with thick silk cords. The constraint is a psychological trigger, a way to feel the pressure of her own expanding mass against the resistance of the bindings.

2

*(Eyes dilated, her mouth already parting)***Mmmph... it's so hot. You look like you're going to burst out of that just like I'm going to burst out of this chair.**

4

*(A needy, guttural moan)***Feed me... Buuuurp! Stop talking and just put it in.***The way she looks at me... like I'm just a hole to be filled. I've never felt more alive.*

1

*(Standing over her, a Boston Cream donut held between two fingers)***Look at you. My prize pig, tied up and waiting for her dessert. Do you like the latex, honey?**

3

*(Brushing the chocolate glaze against Mathilda's bottom lip)***We're both growing, Mathilda. But you're the one who has to do the heavy lifting tonight.****Lucia has leaned fully into the role, her body encased in shimmering black latex leggings that emphasize the new, lush weight on her hips. Her high heels click sharply against the floor, a rhythmic, dominant sound that makes Mathilda's breath hitch. Mathilda is perched on the very edge of the sturdy chair, her feet on tiptoes to balance the massive, soft weight of her thighs. The chair groans, the plastic bowing slightly under the weight, plus the anticipation of the thousands of calories about to follow.**



2
(A muffled, euphoric groan, her jaw working frantically)
Mmm-glph... ughn... so much... slrrrph...

4
(A long, wet wheeze)
HicCC! More... don't stop... make me... make me huge...

1
(Shoving a jelly donut in, the red filling erupting over Mathilda's lips)
Take it all. Swallow it down. I want to see your belly hit the floor by midnight.

3
(Wiping a glob of cream onto Mathilda's lactating nipple)
Look at you. You're leaking everywhere. You're so full you're literally overflowing.

The session descends into a messy, rhythmic blur of indulgence. Lucia sits perched on Mathilda's thick, shimmering thigh, her latex-clad weight adding to the strain on the chair. She shoves one donut after another into Mathilda's mouth—jelly-filled, sprinkles, maple bars dripping with syrup. The cleanliness of the shower is a distant memory; Mathilda's torso is a map of gluttony, her skin smeared with pink frosting and sticky jam. Her breasts, swollen and heavy, have begun to leak, drops of milk mixing with the sweat and the melted sugar on her midsection. Her mouth is a disaster of strawberry glaze that leaks down her double chin and pools in the soft rolls of her neck.



2
(Swallowing hard, her throat working the thick dough)
Urrap! I'm... I'm so tired... but I can't...
mmmph... I can't stop.

4
(A needy whine as she accepts the next bite)
Nnnngh... please... keep feeding me... make me stay this full forever.

1
You're doing so well, piggy. Look at how much you've taken already. You're a bottomless pit.

3
That's the spirit. You don't get to be a giant by quitting. Open wide. This one has double the filling.

Lucia is relentless, her movements precise and demanding. She reaches for a long, cream-filled eclair, sliding it into Mathilda's mouth with a slow, provocative motion. Mathilda's eyes are glazed, her face flushed with the heat of her own digestion. She looks exhausted, her chest heaving with the effort of swallowing, yet every time she sees Lucia's black latex form looming over her, she finds a new, desperate depth to her hunger.



The bedroom air is thick and sweet. Lucia continues the praise, her voice a low, seductive hum that acts as a secondary fuel for Mathilda's binge. She strokes Mathilda's messy, sugar-streaked cheeks, her fingers leaving dark streaks on the pale skin. Mathilda is lost in the rhythm, her world narrowed down to the taste of chocolate and the feeling of her own body expanding against the chair.

1
You're such a good girl, Mathilda. So greedy. I've never seen anyone consume like you.

3
Yes, you are. My big, beautiful, hungry pig. I'm so proud of every pound you're putting on right now.

2
(A loud, vibrating moan)
Mmmmm... I'm your pig...
BuuEEuurghpp!

4
(Eyes rolling back, her tongue lolling out)
HicCC! Tell me again... tell me how big I'm going to be.

The praise is better than the sugar. I'm growing just to hear her say it.

2
(Breathing in short, shallow gasps)
I can feel... mmmph... I can feel the chair. It's...
urrap... it's going to snap.

4
(A wet, heavy burp)
BuuAAAAARGHHP! God... I'm... I'm so heavy.

The chair is crying under me. I'm going to crush it soon. I can feel it.

1
(Checking the next box)
Six boxes down, honey. You're a machine.

3
Let it snap. I want to see you break out of it. I want to see you become too big for this room.

Empty boxes are beginning to pile up on the floor like discarded husks. In less than an hour, six boxes (seventy-two donuts) have vanished into Mathilda's maw. The structural integrity of the plastic chair is nearing its terminal point. Every time Mathilda moans or shifts her weight, the plastic emits a high-pitched, splintering whine. Her ass has flattened and spread, the flesh beginning to wrap around the white poles of the chair.



2
(Gripping Mathilda's shoulders, her latex gloves squeaking)
It's giving way! You're too wide for it, Mathilda! Keep eating!

4
Don't stop! Give it everything you've got!

1
(A sharp, euphoric gasp)
Nnnngh! I just felt it! The back... it's moving!

3
(Shoving another donut in, her jaw working frantically)
Mmmph—slrrrph! I'm... I'm breaking it! I'm actually breaking it!

The growth begins in earnest, a biological surge triggered by the tidal wave of calories. Mathilda's hips expand, the flesh pushing outward with a visible, slow-motion force. The back of the chair, intended to support a normal human frame, begins to tilt dangerously. The vertical poles of the backrest are buried deep in the soft, cascading rolls of Mathilda's back and upper buttocks. A sharp *snap* echoes through the room as the first piece of plastic fractures.

2
You're too big for this world, piggy! You're outgrowing every cage we put you in!

4
Yes! Be a giant! Be my big, beautiful monster!

1
(A loud, vibrating grunt)
Urrrgh... Lucia... I can feel the pieces... they're snapping off!

3
(Wheezing, her belly shaking with every swallow)
BuuEEuurghpp! I'm... I'm a giant... HicCC!

The expansion continues, focused on the sheer mass of Mathilda's rear. Her ass is no longer just sitting on the chair; it is consuming it. The plastic backrest groans and twists, the vertical bars bending at impossible angles as her hips widen another half-inch. Another *CRACK* sounds, and a shard of white plastic flies across the room, hitting the floor with a sharp clatter. The silk cords around her wrists are now buried so deep in her expanding forearms that they've disappeared from view.

2
You've wrecked it, honey! You've completely destroyed it just by sitting there!

4
You are bigger. You're filling the whole room.

1
(A long, ragged moan of pure triumph)
Mmmmmm... it's gone... the back is gone!

3
(Muffled through a mouthful of custard)
Nnnngh... I feel... mmmph... I feel so much bigger... urrap!

The back of the chair is a ruin of twisted, splintered plastic. Mathilda's mass has completely overwhelmed the structural design, her back rolls stacking high and pushing against the upper rim until it shatters into jagged fragments. Her ass, now a vast, wobbling landscape of soft skin and cellulite, spreads further, the sides of the chair bowing outward until the legs begin to splay. She is a force of pure, unchecked expansion, her body demanding more space with every calorie Lucia shoves into her mouth.

2

(Gasp, laughing with pure joy)

Look at the mess you've made! You're a monster, Mathilda!

A beautiful, fat monster!

4

I know. And I'm not stopping until the rest of the chair goes with it.

1

(A deep, wet burp that shakes her entire frame)

BUUUUUAAAAARGHHHHPP!

3

(Her eyes rolling back)

HicCC! I'm... I'm still growing... I can feel it... mmmph...

The final destruction of the chair's rear is complete. Mathilda sits on the flat, splayed remains of the seat, her ass having effectively pulverized the backrest through sheer, heavy growth. The room is littered with white plastic shards. Mathilda is a vision of gluttonous power—bound, messy, and triumphant. Her presence has become so immense that the wall behind her looks small. She is reaching a new level of girth, her body settling into the ruin of the chair with a heavy, final thud.



2
(Muffled moaning, her jaw working in a sugar-haze)
Mmm-slrrph... it's so... it's so heavy...
nnggh...

4
(A wet, choking groan)
HicCC! Make it bigger... I want to... urrap... I
want to touch the floor.

1
(Feeding her another, her own latex-clad chest heaving)
You're so hot, baby. Literally. I can feel the heat
coming off your stomach.

3
Look at your belly. It's splitting in two. You're getting so fat so
fast, your skin can barely keep up.

The growth shifts to Mathilda's midsection, which has reached a point of staggering distention. Her belly is no longer a single curve; it is rapidly transforming into a double belly, a deep, sweaty crease forming at her navel as the upper and lower mounds of fat compete for space. She is radiating a visible heat, the room's air-conditioning powerless against the furnace of her digestion. Sweat pours off her, mixing with the leaking milk from her breasts and the sticky frosting on her skin. Lucia shoves another maple bar into her mouth, the syrup running down Mathilda's chin and disappearing into the canyon of her cleavage.



1
(A loud, vibrating roar)
BUUUUUAAAAARGHHHHHPP!!!!
OH GOD... YES!

3
(Gasping for air, her head lolling back)
I'm... BuuuUAAARGHPpppp... I'm about to burst... mmmph...

2
(Chewing the last bite, swallowing hard)
Fuck... that was a monstrous burp.

4
(Licking her lips)
Not yet. You still have twenty boxes to go.

Mathilda reaches a new peak of fullness, her body practically vibrating with the effort of containment. As Lucia shoves the last of the maple bar in, Mathilda's eyes cross and she lets out a scream of pure, gluttonous pleasure that turns into a deafening, wet burp. The sound is ragged and long, a release of internal pressure that seems to physically push her belly out even further. Lucia, caught up in the intensity, finishes the last bite of the donut herself, her own mouth messy as she watches Mathilda's entire frame jiggle with the aftershocks.



Lucia begins to massage Mathilda's belly, her latex gloves squeaking against the sweat-slicked, sugar-coated skin. She kneads the heavy, soft mounds, feeling the incredible tension of the internal expansion. Mathilda's calories are converting into fat with an almost supernatural speed, the rolls settling on her hips and cascading down toward her lap. Her belly hangs lower now, a heavy, pendulous weight that rests comfortably between her wide-spread, rib-boned thighs. The mixture of sweat, milk, and frosting creates a thick, opaque glaze over her shimmering form.

2
(A low, guttural vibration of pleasure)
Mmmmm... keep doing that... HicCC! It feels... it feels so good to be handled.

4
(A soft, bubbly laugh)
BuuEEuurghpp! I'm... I'm just your piggy... urrap... your big, fat, leaky cow. Moooooo! Hahahah.. HiCCc...

1
(Kneading the fat, her fingers sinking deep)
It's so soft... but so heavy. You're becoming a real mountain, baby.

3
I can feel you growing under my hands. Every second, there's more of you to hold.



The sheer scale of Mathilda's expansion creates a new physical challenge. She has become so wide, her belly protruding so far forward, that Lucia's arms are no longer long enough to easily reach her mouth from the side. Mathilda has grown taller as well. Lucia, recognizing the obstacle, brings a fresh box of cream-filled donuts and holds it directly in front of Mathilda's face. Mathilda, her wrists still bound (barely), has to bend her head forward, shoving her face into the box like an animal at a trough, selecting her prize with her teeth.

1
(Holding the box out, her arms straining)
I can't even reach you anymore, honey! You're too big!
You'll have to help yourself.

4
That's it. Dig in. Show me how hungry you are.

2
(Bending forward, her hair falling into the glaze)
Mmmph... slrrph...

3
(Grabbing a sugar donut with her teeth, the cream erupting as she bites down)
Nnnngh... ughn...



Mathilda is a vision of primal gluttony, her head buried in the cardboard box as she snuffles and chews. Her belly, a vast, quivering dome of fat, vibrates with every swallow, the double-belly crease catching pools of sweat and milk. Lucia watches with an expression of pure, unadulterated lust, her own breasts leaking through her latex bra in a sympathetic response to Mathilda's excess. The room is filled with the sounds of heavy breathing, wet chewing, and the occasional squish of Mathilda's flesh shifting against the ruin of the chair.

2
(Muffled moaning from inside the box)
Mmm-glyph... HicCC!

4
(A loud, wet smack as she pulls her face out for a second)
Buuuurp! I want... I want to swallow everything in this house.

1
(Gasping, her hand going to her own chest)
God, Mathilda... I'm leaking too. Just watching you eat like an animal... it's making me crazy.

3
Look at your stomach... it's so huge. It's like you've swallowed a whole other person.



Mathilda tilts her head back, the sugar-covered donut still firmly gripped in her teeth. She refuses to let it go, her jaw working with a rhythmic, powerful intensity to chew the dough while it's still partially outside her mouth. The cream leaks from the sides, dripping onto her neck and chest as she tilts her head further back, letting gravity assist the massive bolus of food. Her eyes are rolled back, showing only the whites, as she swallows the entire donut in one long, struggling gulp that makes the muscles in her thick neck bulge.

1
(A long, guttural groan as the food slides down)
Nnnngh... slrrrph...

2
(Swallowing hard, her throat clicking)
HicCC! It's... it's so...
BuuEEuurghpp!

3
(Wiping a drop of cream from Mathilda's forehead)
You didn't even drop a crumb. So greedy. So efficient.

4
(Eyes uncrossing, looking at the next box)
More... give me... give me the one with the sprinkles... urrap!

1

(A long, vibrating moan that ends in a wheeze)
Nnnngh... oh god... Lucia! I'm... I'm literally bursting!

3

HicCC! It feels... it feels so tight... pull them harder! Make me empty so I can fill up again!

2

(Gasping as the first spray hits her shoulder)
You're overflowing, baby. You're so full of sugar and cream it has nowhere else to go.

4

(Leaning in, her eyes fixed on the rhythmic spurts)
I'm going to drink every drop. You're my big, beautiful cow.

She's so heavy the mattress is dipping four inches around her. I want to drown in her.

The silk cords finally surrender to the inevitable. As Mathilda's forearms thicken by another half-inch, the fibers snap with a rhythmic *pop-pop-pop*, the restraints falling away into the heap of plastic shards on the floor. The chair is a ruin, its legs splayed and its backrest pulverized. They migrate to the bed—a custom-built, reinforced expanse of memory foam and steel that groans under the sudden, shifted arrival of what could very well be over a 700 or 800 pounds goddess. Lucia, her black latex shimmering like oil, drops the act of the distant feeder and crawls over her prize. She reaches out, her smaller hands gripping the heavy, pale mounds of Mathilda's breasts. With a firm, practiced motion, she begins to squeeze the engorged nipples like a dairy farmer, and the response is immediate—bursts of warm, sweet milk shoot out at a high velocity, arcing through the air.



2

(Swallowing a hunk of dough, her voice a thick rumble)

Drink it all... Buuuurp! I have... I have so much more. I can feel it making more as I eat.

4

(Grabbing another donut, her fingers sinking into the soft dough)

Then keep... HicCC... keep feeding. I want to see how much we can both take.

1

(Gulping loudly, the milk staining the collar of her latex)

Mmm-slrrph... nnggh...

3

(Pulling back for a second, her chin glistening)

It's so sweet... like vanilla.

The room is a symphony of wet, heavy sounds. The milk shoots at a high velocity, a steady stream hitting the back of Lucia's throat as she latches on, gulping the warm sweetness down with a desperate, thirsty rhythm. Mathilda is a mountain of soft, shimmering flesh, her naked body glowing with a fine film of sweat and frosting. Even as she provides for Lucia, her own hunger remains a black hole; her left hand reaches for a maple-glazed bar while her right hand kneads the lush, expanding weight of Lucia's own breasts. They are two beings lost in a closed loop of consumption, the bed becoming a slick, sweet landscape of surrender.

1

(Looking back at the wreckage)

Look at the chair, Lucia. I... BuuEEuurghpp! I really did it. I destroyed it.

3

Urrap! I feel like... like I'm taking over the whole room. Every time I breathe, I feel the walls getting closer... The room getting smaller.

2

(Running a hand over the wide expanse of Mathilda's hip)

You didn't just destroy it, honey. You outgrew the very idea of it. You're too big for anything but this bed now. And soon, even this bed won't fit.

4

Let them. I'll buy us a bigger house. I'll buy us a palace. You don't have to slow down.

Behind them, the room has been colonized by the remnants of the feast. A towering pile of empty white cardboard boxes leans against the wardrobe, some teetering and spilling onto the floor. The shards of the plastic chair are scattered like bone fragments, a testament to the sheer physical force of Mathilda's growth. The air is cloying, the scent of fried dough and milk so potent it feels like a physical weight. The bed is no longer a place of sleep; it is a trough, a workstation for two women dedicated to the pursuit of the absolute limit.





1
(A low, vibrating "Mooo" that breaks into a wet chuckle)
Mmmm-slrrph... I'm your big... HicCC... big prize heifer, aren't I?

3
(Tossing the blueberry remnants into her throat)
Nnnngh... it's so good... I can feel my ass... Buuurp! It's sinking so deep. I don't think I can get up.

2
(Pulling hard, watching the milk arc)
The biggest in the world. So soft... so heavy. You're filling up the whole mattress, baby.

4
You don't need to get up. You just need to stay here and be fed.

Mathilda adapts to her new, sprawling reality. She uses the vast, heavy plateau of her own breasts as a table, resting a fresh box of donuts directly on top of her lactating chest. She plunges her face into the box, her teeth finding a blueberry-filled donut dripping with strawberry frosting. She tilts her head back, the blue and pink juices running down her chin as she chews, all while Lucia continues to pull and squeeze at her nipples with a rhythmic, farm-like intensity. Mathilda begins to lean into the role, letting out low, guttural moans that sound like the lowing of a contented cow. Her ass sinks deeper into the reinforced mattress, her back rolls stacking high and wide as she claims nearly the entire width of the bed.

2
(Pulling back, her face smeared with milk and frosting)
You're not going to pop. You're just going to stretch. Drink some more, honey. It'll help the donuts go down.

1
(A long, ragged moan)
I'm so full... Lucia... I think I'm... I'm gonna pop... mmmph!

4
(Massaging the taut skin)
It's perfect. You've never been this big.

3
HicCC! It's so tight... my belly... it feels like it's made of stone. BuuEEuurghpp!

The gluttony in the suite is absolute. One breast continues to spray a rhythmic arc of milk onto the silk sheets, the white liquid pooling in the deep folds of the duvet, while the other is locked in Lucia's mouth. Lucia gulps down the warm flow, her hand resting on the peak of Mathilda's drum-tight belly, feeling the internal pressure of dozens of donuts and pints of milk. Mathilda is nearing a physical threshold, her breathing a series of short, shallow gasps, her eyebrows pinched in a mask of beautiful, overstuffed agony. Yet, she reaches for the next donut, her body demanding the very excess that is pushing her to the brink.





The growth kicks in again as the clock ticks past midnight. Mathilda sits in the center of the bed, a massive, shimmering mountain of womanhood. Her hips have achieved a staggering girth, her thighs spilling over the edges of the bedframe, the fat so thick it obscures the view of the floor. The skin over her buttocks is stretched to a polished sheen.

2
(Gasping as she watches the mattress dip further)
I saw it! You're getting so wide... you're taking up the whole bed, baby! You're so fucking hot. I love you so much.

4
You're a goddess. Keep growing. I wonder how much you weigh by now.

1
(A low, guttural vibration)
Urrrgh... I just felt... my hips. They just... HicCC... they just spread again.

3
(A wet, heavy burp)
BuuAAAARGHHHP! I'm a giant... I'm a real... urrap... real giant-ess. I love you, baby, I love you.



2
(Staring up from the pillows)
God, you're massive. You're towering over me even while you're sitting down.

1
(Looking down at Lucia, her voice deeper, more resonant)
I'm getting... I'm getting so tall. I can see the top of the wardrobe now.

3
HicCC! My hands... they're so much bigger. I can hold three donuts in one palm now.

The growth pushes upward as much as outward. Mathilda's spine seems to lengthen, her head rising toward the ceiling as her frame thickens to support the new weight. She reaches for a box on the nightstand, her arm looking like a massive, soft pillar. The simple act of reaching causes the rolls of fat on her back to shift and stack, a complex topography of excess that ripples with every movement.



3
(Spitting a mouthful of Mathilda's own milk back into her throat)
Take it back, honey. Swallow it all.

1
(A long, needy moan as the sugar hits her system)
Mmmmmm... slrrrph... I can't stop... nnggh...

2
(A loud, vibrating burp that shakes the bed)
Buuuurp! I'm so full... and yet... HicCC... I'm still so hungry.

4
(Eyes rolling back, accepting the kiss and the milk)
Mmmph... yes... everything... I want everything.

Mathilda tilts her head back, her throat working with a rhythmic, powerful intensity as she devours a strawberry-frosted donut. The pink glaze smears across her lips and neck, mixing with the white streaks of milk. As she swallows, her belly surges forward another inch, the double-belly crease deepening into a dark, sweaty canyon. She is a vision of total, unrepentant consumption, her body a factory of fat that never stops production. The sounds of her wet chewing and heavy breathing are the only things left in the universe.



Hours have passed, and the room has reached a point of absolute, decadent ruin. Mathilda has expanded again, her ass sinking deeper and deeper into the bed. Her thighs have thickened into massive, soft tree trunks, the flesh wrapping around her knees and calves in heavy, shimmering folds. She is a monument to the binge, her presence so immense that Lucia looks like a doll resting against her side. The scent of the room is a heady, intoxicating mix of sugar, salt, and raw, lactating womanhood.

2
(Kissing the soft roll of Mathilda's waist)
You don't need to move. You're exactly where you belong.
You're the center of the world.

4
You're perfect. You've outgrown everything, my love. Even your own expectations.

1
(Her voice a thick, wet whisper)
Lucia... I can't... I can't move my legs.
They're too heavy.

3
BuuEEuurghpp! I feel... I feel like I'm made of clouds. So soft... so endless.



The growth reaches its climax. Mathilda has achieved a size that defies the limits of the room. She is taller, wider, and fatter than she ever dreamed possible. Her silhouette a massive, looming shadow that dominates the space. Her belly has settled into a vast, heavy dome that rests on the bed between her legs, its surface shimmering with sweat and milk.



She sits in the wreckage of hundreds of donuts, a goddess of the bottomless pit, her eyes finally closing in a daze of total, blissful satiety, as she mindlessly chews through the few remaining donuts.

1
(Yet another massive burp that rattles the windowpanes)
BUUUUUU AAAAAAARGHHHHH-
HPPPPP!!!! Mphmm...



1

(Muffled, gulping sounds as she swallows)

Mmm-slrrph... nnggh...

3

(Pulling back for a second, her face flushed and glistening)

It's so thick... I can feel my own hips getting heavier.

2

(Her voice a low, heavy rumble that vibrates through Lucia's seat)

Drink it... HicCC! It's all... urrap... it's all for you.

4

(A wet, needy moan)

Good. Grow with me. You'll have to grow with me if you plan on being my feeder. I don't wanna get too big for you to handle.

The air in the bedroom is a physical weight, thick with the scent of ozone from the black latex and the cloying sweetness of Mathilda's high-velocity milk. Lucia is no longer just the feeder; she has become a vessel of consumption in her own right. Perched on Mathilda's massive, shifting thigh, Lucia latches onto a distended nipple, drinking with a desperate, rhythmic greed. The milk is unnaturally rich, packed with the thousands of liquid calories Mathilda has processed. As Lucia gulps, her own body begins to react to the surge. The black latex over her hips begins to whine, the shimmering material stretching to its absolute limit as her ass expands, widening and thickening with a visible, heavy force.



1

(A sharp, euphoric gasp as the latex snaps)
Oh baby... I just... I just ripped. My leggings... they're gone.

3

(Groping her own widening hips)
I'm so wide... I can feel the fat settling. Your milk... it's making me so fucking heavy.

2

(A loud, vibrating burp)
Buuuurp! Finally. I was... mmmph... I was waiting for that.

4

(Grabbing another donut with her mouth, her eyes glazed)
HicCC! Don't stop. There's still so much left. Fill yourself up.

The growth is a silent, surging tide. Lucia's thighs, encased in the black latex, begin to thicken into dense pillars of soft flesh. The seams of the leggings, reinforced for fashion but not for this level of biological upheaval, start to white out. A sharp *r-r-rip* sounds as the latex finally fails, a jagged tear opening up along Lucia's outer thigh, exposing the pale, burgeoning skin beneath. She is growing taller as well, her spine lengthening as she drinks, her head rising until she has to crane her neck to stay attached to Mathilda's breast.



1
(Her voice thick with lust and lethargy)
Mmm-glph... I'm getting so big... It feels amazing.

3
(Massaging her own expanding thighs)
I'm splitting the seams, baby. I'm growing just for you.

2
(A low, guttural vibration)
Nnnngh... stay on me... I want to feel... HicCC... feel every new pound.

4
(A wet, heavy sigh)
BuuEEuurghpp! We're... we're a pair of pigs now.

We're going to be too big for this bed by morning.

The expansion continues with a relentless, heavy momentum. Lucia's ass has become a vast, soft weight that sinks deep into the mattress alongside Mathilda's. Every swallow of the rich, sweet milk adds another layer of lush fat to her frame. Her breasts, too, are swelling. The room is filled with the sounds of wet drinking and the occasional pop of a latex fiber.



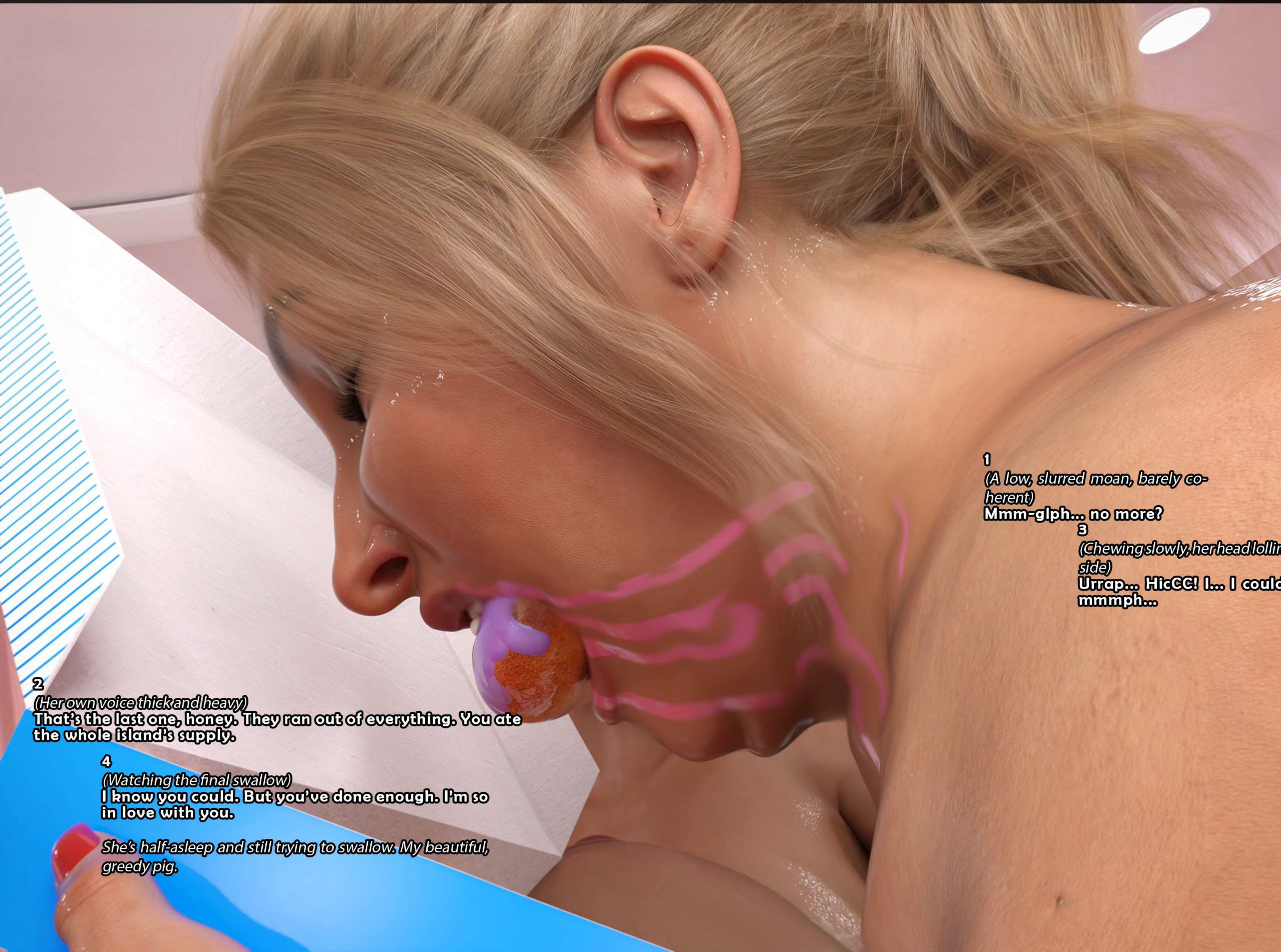
1
(A long, vibrating moan of satiety)
I'm so full... Babe... I can feel my skin...
mmmph... stretching.

3
(Leaning her heavy head against Mathilda's neck)
I don't even know how many gallons I've
had of your milk.

2
(A final, wet burp that rattles the empty boxes)
HicCC! You're beautiful. So much... urrap... so much
more of you to love.

4
(Closing her eyes)
Good. That's where it
belongs.

The growth for Lucia reaches a peak of shimmering, black-clad excess. She is now a significantly larger version of the woman who walked into the room hours ago. Her thighs are striped with the remnants of her ripped leggings, her ass is a wide, heavy anchor, and her height has increased too. They are two giants locked in a cycle of production and consumption, the milk flowing as fast as the fat settles. The bedframe moans under them, the steel struts bowing toward the floor.



The marathon of gluttony finally hits an external wall. After five hours of relentless consumption, after nearly four thousand donuts have been reduced to sugar and fat, the supply has finally run dry. The restaurant's delivery drivers have stopped arriving; the kitchens are empty of flour and yeast. Mathilda sits in the center of the bed, a monument of absolute decadence. She is holding the final donut, a strawberry-frosted ring that looks like a toy in her massive, grease-stained mouth. She is in a deep food coma, her eyes squeezed shut, her jaw moving with a mindless, mechanical rhythm. The pink frosting leaks from the corners of her mouth, dripping onto her vast, distended belly.

1
(A low, slurred moan, barely coherent)
Mmm-glyph... no more?

3
(Chewing slowly, her head lolling to the side)
Urrap... HicCC! I... I could still...
mmmph...

2
(Her own voice thick and heavy)
That's the last one, honey. They ran out of everything. You ate the whole island's supply.

4
(Watching the final swallow)
I know you could. But you've done enough. I'm so in love with you.

She's half-asleep and still trying to swallow. My beautiful, greedy pig.



1
(A long, wet, vibrating burp that makes her lips flutter)
BUUUUUAAAAARGHHHHHPP!!!! Oh god... HicCC!

3
(Kissing Mathilda's chocolate-stained cheek, here eyes crossed)
Sleep, piggy. We'll... urrap... we'll weigh you in the morning.

2
(A muffled, dazed groan as she swallows the final bite)
Mmmph... slrrrph...

4
(A final, contented sigh that ends in a burp)
BuuEEuurghpp... love you... Lucia...

The clock on the wall reads 5:00 AM. The room is a battlefield of empty boxes, plastic shards, and the lingering scent of warm milk. Mathilda is too far gone to finish the last bite; she is drifting into a deep, sugar-heavy sleep, her jaw stalling mid-chew. Lucia, herself bloated and heavy with milk, reaches over with a shaking hand to help and shove the final piece of the donut into Mathilda's mouth. Lucia is burping uncontrollably, the wet, vibrating sounds echoing in the quiet room as her eyes roll back and cross from the sheer intensity of her own overstuffed state. They are far too exhausted, far too heavy, and far too messy to even think of the shower. They collapse together on the reinforced mattress, sinking deep into the memory foam, two massive, sugar-coated giants falling into a coma of pure, unadulterated gluttony and pleasure.



1

(Squinting through the viewfinder, her voice clinical and precise)

Lucia, honey, I need you to shift another three feet to the left. Your left breast is catching too much glare, and it's cutting off half the background.

3

I know, darling, but the contrast is what sells. The way you're looming over... it's iconic.

2

(Waddling slowly, her massive hips causing the pool tiles to groan)

HicCC! It's hard to shift anywhere quickly, Nico.

4

(A low, heavy burp that vibrates through her now gigantic chest)

BuuEEuurghpp! Just tell me where to stand. I'm too full to think.

The Mediterranean sun beats down on the terrace, but it feels like a different world than it did a month ago. The mansion is a shell of its former self, the air filled with the rhythmic thud of hammers and the scream of saws as crews work frantically to widen doorways and reinforce flooring. Mathilda and Lucia have outgrown the architecture of their old lives; they now reside by the massive house pool, living outdoors. Nicolette, a sharp-featured woman with a neck-length bob of jet-black hair and a surprisingly heavy bust for her wiry, thin frame, adjust her camera lens. She looks like a fragile doll standing near the edge of the water, her shadow dwarfed by the massive, sun-drenched forms of the women she's been hired to document.

2

(Her voice a low, heavy vibration)

HicCC! I'm not moving anywhere fast, Nico. My legs feel like they're made of wet concrete today.

Through the high-definition viewfinder of Nicolette's camera, the world is reduced to textures of excess. The lens tilts downward, focusing first on the ground where Lucia stands. Her feet have transformed into wide, heavy pads of flesh, her toes looking like sausages buried in the swelling of her insteps. The ankles are gone, replaced by thick, shimmering 'cankles' that flow seamlessly into calves the size of tree trunks. As Nicolette pans up, the frame is swallowed by the sheer, hanging weight of Lucia's lower belly—a vast, sun-warmed expanse of soft skin that ripples with every labored breath she takes.

1

(Muttering as she adjusts the focus, her finger trembling slightly)

God, Lucia... the way the light hits these rolls. It's like a mountain range. Don't move.

3

That's perfect. It looks expensive. It looks... heavy. Just stay right there.



2

(Grinning, her chin resting on the upper curve of her own breast)

Buuuurp! They have a mind of their own lately. I think they're trying to reach the pool before I do.

4

(A low, guttural giggle that makes her chest heave)

I'm carrying the weight of about ten thousand donuts, Nico. And it feels... mmmph... amazing.

I can feel the heat trapped underneath them. I'm a fortress of soft, heavy milk.

1

(A sharp intake of breath)

Jesus, Lucia. Your chest... they're literally taking up eighty percent of the shot. I've never seen anything like it.

3

(Stepping back to try and find a wider angle)

It's the money shot, honey. Your fans are going to lose their minds. You look like you're carrying the weight of the world right there.

Nicolette clicks the dial, tilting the camera upward to capture the full, staggering reality of Lucia's new silhouette. The belly is a massive, protruding globe, but even its immense girth is dwarfed by the astronomical growth of her breasts. They have become a localized weather system—five times their previous size, a pair of heavy, soft planets that seem to have claimed the entirety of her torso. The fat distribution has been biased, funneling every calorie into her chest until her tits are nearly the size of the beanbag chairs they used to use in the house.



1
(Smiling as the shutter clicks)
Make sure you get the height, Nico. I want them to see how much I've grown since last week.

3
(A heavy sigh that ends in a burp)
BuuEEuurghpp! That woman was starving. This woman... HicCC... this woman is not.

2
Got it. You're practically a titan. It's hard to believe you're the same woman from the modeling catalogs all those years ago.

4
And profitable. Your last clip paid for three catering trucks. Mathilda is going to be very happy.

Maintaining this level of biological expansion has transcended a mere fetish; it is now a high-stakes corporate operation. With Mathilda's caloric requirements costing tens of thousands of dollars a day, both women have turned their bodies into the ultimate sensation. Lucia looms at nearly seven feet tall, a golden monument of soft, heavy marble, posing against a thick pillar while her hand sinks into the deep, shimmering canyon of her hip. Behind the lens is Nicolette—hired specifically for her high-fashion eye and her ability to handle the “unusual” scale of the shoot. Nicolette is a sharp, skeletal contrast to her subjects, her neck-length black hair framing a face that is constantly twitching with professional focus. She has a surprisingly large bust for her wiry frame, but she moves with a silent grace, capturing the visceral hunger in Lucia's eyes and the vast, growing landscape of Mathilda's form. Both women are now icons of the weight gain community, their every burp and every new stretch mark monetized to fuel the bottomless pit of their needs.

**1**

(A breathless whisper, her hand hovering just inches away)

Can I... can I touch them? They look so soft...

3

(Sinking her fingers into the soft, warm mass)

Oh god... they're so warm. It's like... I feel like I could just disappear inside you.

2

(Looking down from her seven-foot height, a teasing glint in her eyes)

Of course you can, honey. I'm a very generous girl. Feel how heavy they've gotten.

4

(A low, vibrating hum)

You might. If you're not careful. But don't worry... Mathilda doesn't mind sharing her feeder.

She's so tiny... I could hold her with one hand. I love how she shakes when she touches me.

Lucia detaches herself from the pillar, her heavy footsteps making the pool water ripple in tiny, rhythmic waves. She waddles closer to Nicolette, her massive frame casting a shadow that engulfs the skinny photographer. Nicolette looks like a fragile insect in comparison—barely reaching Lucia's neck, her entire body dwarfed by a single one of Lucia's planetary breasts. The air between them is thick with the scent of luxury sunblock and the musk of Lucia's growing body. Nicolette reaches out, her small, pale hand looking like a doll's against the vast, shimmering surface of Lucia's chest.



3
(A nervous, high-pitched laugh)
I was just... checking the lighting, Mathilda!
You know how it is!

2
(Giggling, her hand still on Nicolette's hand)
HicCC! Somebody sounds jealous. Don't worry, baby, there's plenty of us to go around.

1
(A voice like a low-frequency rumble)
Mmmph... slrrrph! You girls are getting awfully cozy over there without me.

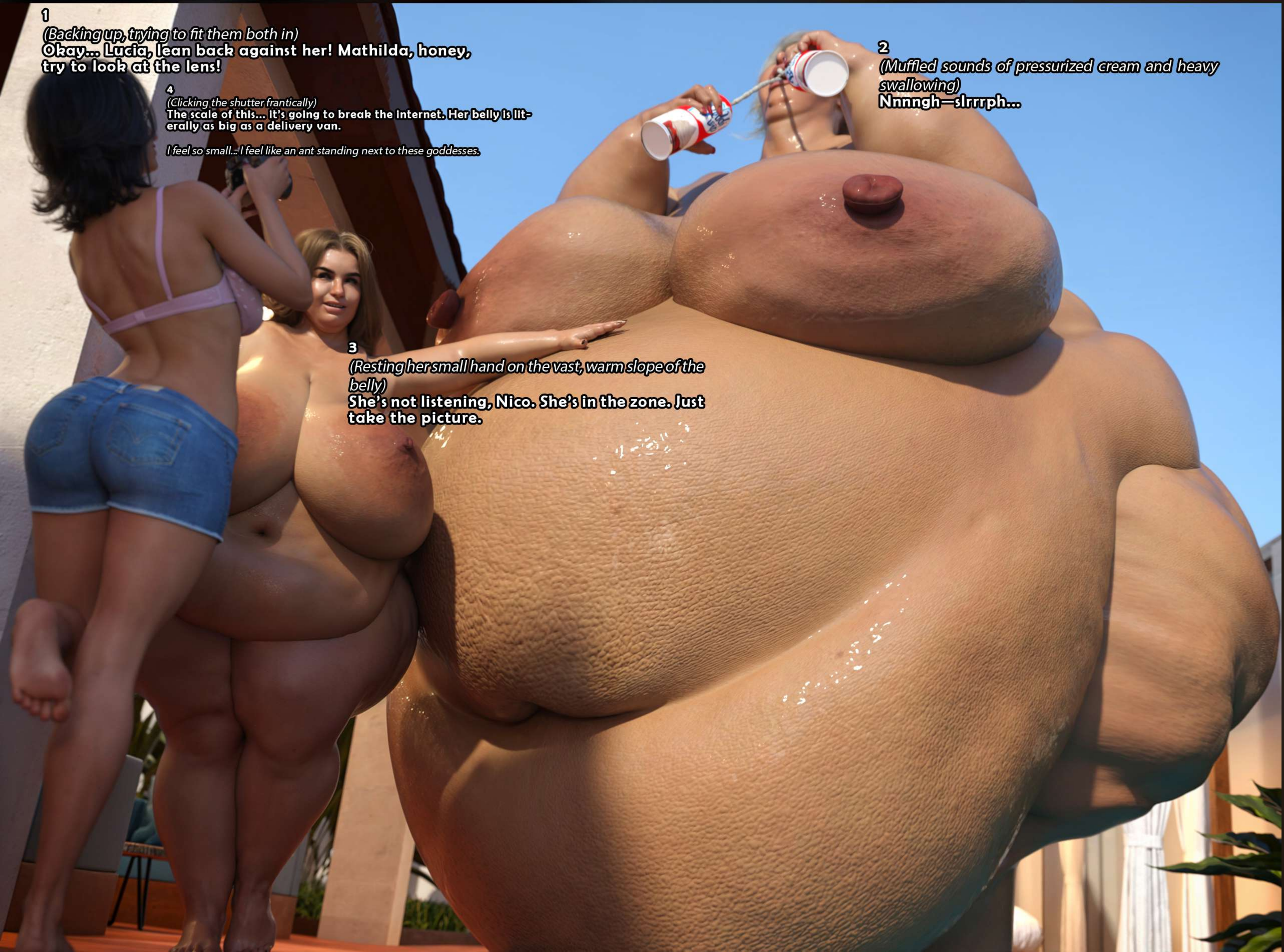
4
(A long, wet burp that makes the pool water slosh over the sides)
BUUUUUAAAAARGHHHHPP! Come over here then. I'm bored... and I'm starving.

The intimate moment is broken by a voice that doesn't just cut through the air—it vibrates through the ground. Mathilda is in the pool, the water displaced so much that the overflow system is screaming to keep up. A massive, looming presence that creates a deep, resonant gravity in the garden. Nicolette and Lucia both turn their heads toward the water, their gazes shifting from each other to the giantess whose current size is unfathomable.



Mathilda begins to rise from the pool, a geological event that takes minutes to complete. As she displaces the water, the sheer, impossible scale of her becomes apparent. She has achieved a size that defies all human classification—a real-life Godzilla-sized giantess. Lucia, at seven feet tall, barely reaches the height of Mathilda's knees. Each slow, ponderous step Mathilda takes sends a shockwave through the mansion's foundation, the marble tiles cracking under a weight that can no longer be measured in pounds, but in tons. They've abandoned traditional scales; Lucia has ordered an industrial elephant scale from a specialty manufacturer, though even that feels like a toy compared to the eighty or a hundred thousand pounds of soft, shimmering mass Mathilda now carries.

1
(Wheezing, her breath like a heavy wind)
Urrap... god... it's so much... HicCC... harder to move in the air than in the water.



1
(Backing up, trying to fit them both in)
Okay... Lucia, lean back against her! Mathilda, honey, try to look at the lens!

4
(Clicking the shutter frantically)
The scale of this... it's going to break the internet. Her belly is literally as big as a delivery van.

I feel so small... I feel like an ant standing next to these goddesses.

3
(Resting her small hand on the vast, warm slope of the belly)
She's not listening, Nico. She's in the zone. Just take the picture.

2
(Muffled sounds of pressurized cream and heavy swallowing)
Nnnngh—slrrrph...

Lucia leads Nicolette toward the base of Mathilda's towering form. Lucia stands against the massive, swaying wall of Mathilda's belly—a surface so vast and shimmering it looks like a truck-sized drum of soft marble. Mathilda is completely occupied, her attention narrowed down to the two industrial-sized cans of whipped cream she holds in her gargantuan hands. She sprays them directly into her mouth, a constant, thick stream of white sweetness that disappears into the black hole of her appetite. She doesn't listen to Nicolette's instructions; the need to consume has become an all-encompassing biological imperative that never sleeps, even during the night when she is hooked to high-flow feeding pumps.



1
 (A long, vibrating moan as she empties the first two cans)
 BUUUUUUUA AAAAAARGHHHHHHH-
 HPPPPP!!!!

3
 HicCC! Need... need
 more... slrrrph...

2
 (Looking back at the vast expanse of Mathilda's rear)
 Look at her. She's getting wider every second. I can practically hear the fat cells multiplying.

4
 She's a bottomless pit, Nico. A beautiful, four-story-tall bottomless pit.

Mathilda is a whale of a woman, her back a complex landscape of triple-stacked back rolls and love handles so immense they look like heavy sandbags draped over her frame. Her ass is a gargantuan, shimmering continent that could literally crush a luxury vehicle under its weight without Mathilda even noticing the resistance. Every time she shifts to spray more cream into her mouth, the fat on her back ripples and folds with a heavy, wet sound. She is a vision of total, uncontained excess, a creature made entirely of desire and calories.



Her face has been swallowed by soft, overlapping chins—a triple set that flows into a neck so wide it matches her shoulders. Her fingers, looking like thick, greasy sausages, grip the whipped cream cans with a primal intensity. The white foam leaks from the corners of her mouth, dripping down her throat and into the canyon of her chest. Whipped cream has become her water, her lifeblood; she consumes hundreds of cans a day just to maintain her astronomical baseline, alongside enough solid food to feed an entire town.

1
(A series of small, rapid burps as she inhales the cream)
Urrap... urrap... urrap... Mmmph!

3
(A long, wet slurp as she tilts her head back)
Slrrrph... nnggh... more...

2
(Whispering as she watches the cream disappear)
It's like she's inhaling it. She's not even tasting it anymore... she's just... absorbing it.

4
(Massaging the underside of Mathilda's lowest chin)
That's it, baby. Get it all down. You're such a big, greedy girl.

1
Don't fight it, Nico. You can't fit a goddess into a standard frame. I'll have to get you a wider lens... maybe a panoramic one from a satellite.

3
(A low, vibrating laugh)
Let them think what they want. We know the truth. She's real, she's hungry, and she's mine.

4
(To the camera)
Switch to video. I want the world to see her burp. I want them to hear the sound of a thousand cans of cream hitting her stomach.

2
I've never seen anything like this. Even on video, it's not going to look real. People are going to think it's CGI.

Nicolette finally lowers the camera, her arms aching from the effort of trying to frame the impossible. No matter how far back she walks, Mathilda always seems to fill the viewfinder from end to end, a wall of soft, shimmering flesh that denies any attempt at containment. Lucia walks over, her heavy hips swaying, and looks at the digital display. She sees the frustration on Nicolette's face and smiles—a slow, possessive expression. She reaches out and begins to massage the peak of Mathilda's truck-sized belly, her hand looking like a tiny speck on the vast horizon.





1
(Slapping the shimmering mound of fat with a rhythmic 'thwack')
Oh, here it comes. I can feel it bubbling right under the surface. You're packed to the brim, aren't you, piggy?

3
(Grinning up at the four-story-tall giantess)
Don't hold back. I want to feel the ground shake. I want Nicolette to see exactly what kind of goddess she's filming.

2
(Licking a dollop of cream from her top lip, her voice a deep, wet wheeze)
Mmmph... slrrrph... it's right there, baby. Every slap... HicCC... every slap is just pushing it up.

4
(Eyes fluttering as the pressure reaches her jaw)
Nnnngh... get ready... it's a big one...

The air around the pool is heavy, vibrating with the low-frequency hum of Mathilda's labored breathing. She shakes the two industrial cans of whipped cream, the hollow rattle of the mixing balls echoing against the marble. White foam streaks her triple chins and pools in the deep, sweaty valley of her collarbones. Lucia stands at the base of the mountain, her hands looking like tiny toys as she slaps the taut, sun-warmed curve of Mathilda's upper belly. Each smack produces a deep, wet sound, like a hand hitting a massive drum of soft marble. Mathilda looks down, a slow, knowing smirk spreading across her grease-slicked face as she feels the internal pressure climbing her throat.



2
(Shouting over the noise, her arm shielding her face)
Holy shit!

1
(A deafening, geological roar that vibrates through the floor)
BUUUUUUUUAAAAAARGHHHHHH-HPPPPP!!!!

3
(Her lips vibrating, her eyes rolling back in pure, mindless relief)
HicCC! Oh god... BuuEEuurghpp!

4
(Gasping for air, the smell of sour cream and sugar clouding the air)
That... that was... mmmph... that was the one.

Mathilda unleashes. It is an absolutely gigantic burp, a concussive blast of air that transcends sound and becomes a physical shockwave. The force of it erupts from her throat, a wet, multi-tonal roar that sends a visible gust of wind down in front of her. Lucia immediately covers her head with her arm as the wind-gust of the burp catches her hair, sending the golden strands flying forward. The very water in the pool ripples outward in a concentric circle of displacement, the force of the giantess's release rattling the glass of the nearby sliding doors.



1
(Whispering, her voice lost in the wind)

Is she... is she even human anymore? I felt that in my teeth.

Nicolette is caught in the blast of the shockwave. Her neck-length black hair is whipped back from her face, the wind of the burp hitting her with enough force to make her stagger. She grips her high-end camera with white-knuckled intensity, her knuckles popping as she fights to keep the expensive equipment from being blown out of her hands. She stares up, frozen like a statue, her eyes wide with a mix of professional awe and primal terror. Standing at the base of a woman who has become a living mountain, the sheer scale of Mathilda's power is finally, viscerally clear.

2
(A series of smaller, yet still booming burps)
Urrap... urrap... urrap... mmmph.

The tiny photographer looks like she's about to blow away. I love the way she trembles.



1
(Tapping her chest, her voice thick and wet)
Excuse me... Buuurp! My goodness... that was... HicCC... that was quite the internal pressure.

3
(Checking the playback with shaking fingers)
I caught it... but barely. The camera almost flew out of my hands and into the pool. The stabilization is screaming.

2
(Turning to Nicolette, her chest heaving)
Did you catch that? Tell me the lens was open for that one, Nico!

4
(Laughing, a low, possessive sound)
That's my girl. She's too big for technology to handle.

Mathilda taps her vast, shimmering chest with a hand the size of a dinner platter, the sound a dull 'thud' against her flesh. A series of smaller, echoing burps follow, each one loud enough to rattle a normal person's ribcage but sounding like whispers compared to the geological event from seconds before. She looks down at the two women at her feet, her expression dazed and sated. Lucia is already smoothing her hair back, her eyes glowing with the high of the spectacle.



1
(A low, guttural rumble of hunger)
 Could someone... BuuEEuurghpp... could someone get me more?
 I need whipped cream. And donuts. I haven't had a donut in...
 HicCC... forever.

4
(Looking down at Nicolette, a slow, heavy smile on her face)
 Yeah, let Lucia grab the cans. It's quite a lot of weight to push
 around, honey... you're so tiny. Why don't you just join me in the
 pool while we wait?

6
(Chuckling, her belly jiggling)
 Don't worry. I'm not gonna accidentally fall on you... unless
 you ask me to, Hahahah.

2
(Stepping forward eagerly)
 I'll go! I can run to the catering
 truck and—

5
*(Looking up at the mountain of soft, warm
 flesh)*
 Can I? I mean... is it safe?

3
 No, no, no. You stay here, hon'. You've got the 'eye.' I'll
 go get the next batch.

The post-burp relief is short-lived; the bottomless pit of Mathilda's appetite is already demanding a new sacrifice. She shifts her weight, her massive thighs rubbing together with a heavy, wet sound, and looks toward the catering area. The twenty-minute gap since her last donut has begun to feel like a physical void. Nicolette, sensing an opportunity to be useful, offers to fetch the supplies, but Lucia quickly intervenes. The dynamic is shifting; the multi-millionaire model isn't ready to let her photographer play the role of the feeder just yet.

2

(Watching her with heavy, half-lidded eyes)

That's all me, honey. My body has to work so hard to keep this much woman going.

4

(A low, wet grunt)

Come closer then. Don't be shy. I don't bite... unless I'm really hungry.

She looks like a little bird in my bath. So small... so delicate.

1

(Gasping as she enters the water)

It's so warm! It's like... it's like a hot spring in here.

3

(Wading closer, the water reaching her waist)

I can feel it vibrating. The whole pool is... it's humming.

Nicolette doesn't hesitate. She kicks off her short denim shorts, revealing a tiny pink bikini that looks like a few scraps of silk against her thin, wiry frame. She sets the camera carefully on the cool marble floor and walks to the edge of the infinity pool. She expects the water to be refreshing, but as she dips her feet in, she's met with a startling, heavy heat. The pool has been transformed into a massive bath, the thousands of gallons of water warmed to a tropical temperature by the sheer, radiating body heat of the giantess standing in the center. Nicolette descends the steps, feeling the warm, liquid weight close around her as she moves toward Mathilda.

1

(Her voice a low, seductive rumble)
You know... you're kinda cute, Nicolette. I like the way you look at me.

3

(Chuckling, her belly shaking and creating a wave that pushes Nicolette back)
Mmmph... slrrrph! I think it's more than that. My gaydar is pretty good. Are you into women, honey? Or maybe just giant ones?

5

(Leaning forward, her shadow deepening over the tiny woman)
Good. I like bi girls. They're much more... adventurous. And I'm a very big adventure. HicCC!

I can see the hunger in her eyes. She's terrified, but she's also so, so wet. I can smell it on her.

2

(Looking up, her neck craning back as far as it can go)
I... I'm just doing my job, Mathilda. You're just... very photogenic.

4

(Blushing a deep red, her voice a shy whisper)
I... yeah. I am. I'm bi, actually. But I... I've never seen anyone like you.

Nicolette reaches the center of the pool, standing directly in front of Mathilda. The contrast is staggering; Mathilda is a towering wall of soft, shimmering flesh that seems to cover the entire sky, her presence so immense that Nicolette is completely plunged into shadow. Mathilda looks down, her triple chins resting against her massive chest as she takes in the tiny photographer. Her "gaydar"—honed over years of observation—is pinging loudly. She sees the way Nicolette's pupils dilate, the way her breath catches as she stares up at the vast, cellulite-dimpled landscape of Mathilda's thighs and belly.

2

(Gulping, her eyes fixed on Mathilda's massive, shimmering breasts)
... I think they're beautiful. The way you take up space... the way you don't care who sees you eat. It's... it's admirable.

4

(Blinking)
Huh? Up... up where?

1

(Her voice a vibrating, wet purr)

Be honest with me, Nicolette. Why did you really take this job? Was it just for the portfolio... or do you have a thing for fat girls?

3

(Grinning, her teeth flashing)

Admirable? Mmmph... slrrrph... You're a smooth talker. Come on up here.

5

(Patting the massive, soft expanse of her belly)

Closer. Come closer. I want you to climb up. I want to feel you on me.

She's hesitating, but I can feel her heart hammer from here. She's going to do it.

Mathilda begins to lower herself, her movements slow and ponderous. As she drops to her knees, the displacement of her massive frame sends a tidal wave of warm water surging over the sides of the pool, leaving the water level significantly lower. Despite the lack of water, Mathilda's sheer volume causes the remaining liquid to rise back to the top. She is now at a level where Nicolette can see her face, the giantess looming over her like a soft, warm mountain. Mathilda leans in, her breath smelling of strawberry cream and heat, as she begins to probe Nicolette's motivations.



1
(Gasping as her hands sink into the soft mass)
You're so... you're so soft. It's like... I'm sinking in.

3
(Struggling to find a grip, her bikini top shifting)
It's so hard to get a hold! You're so... so smooth... and so big.

2
(A low, guttural moan of pleasure as Nicolette climbs)
Nnnngh... that's it, honey. Use your feet. Don't be shy. I'm built to handle a little pressure.

(A heavy, vibrating chuckle)
HiCC! Just keep going. I've got you.

I love the feeling of her tiny feet on me. She's like a little kitten trying to scale a hill.

Nicolette agrees, her hands shaking as she reaches out to touch the vast, sun-warmed surface of Mathilda's midsection. She feels like she's standing at the base of a literal mountain of flesh. She reaches up, her small hands sinking into the soft, heavy weight of Mathilda's lower breasts for leverage. She plants a foot against the shimmering, sweat-slicked dome of Mathilda's belly and begins to push herself upward. Every movement is a struggle against the sheer scale of the giantess; the flesh is soft and yielding, making it feel like she's climbing a wall of warm, breathing marshmallows.



1
(A low, wet vibration)
Easy now. I've got you. You're so small, I could just... mmmph... tuck you away and never find you again.

3
(Bringing Nicolette's face inches from her own)
And my hunger is even bigger. You like being handled like this, don't you? Being a little toy for a big, fat girl?

2
(Gasping, her heart racing against Mathilda's palm)
Oh god... you're so... you're so strong. Your hand is... it's as big as my whole torso.

4
(Whispering, her pupils blown wide)
Can't you tell already?

Nicolette's climb falters as she slips on the film of sweat and pool water covering Mathilda's skin. Realizing the struggle, Mathilda reaches down with a hand that could comfortably hold a basketball. She grabs Nicolette by her tiny, wiry ass, her fingers easily wrapping around the entirety of the woman's backside. With a slow, deliberate motion, she hoists Nicolette upward, pushing her body forward toward her towering face. The sexual tension between them is a physical weight now, thick enough to choke on, as the tiny photographer is brought level with the giantess's half-lidded, hungry eyes.



2
(Her eyes going wide, her mouth falling open in shock)
You... you what? Here? Right now?

4
(A soft, shaky moan as she nods frantically)
Yes. Okay. God... yes.

1
(Her voice a thick, wet whisper)
You know... While we wait for Lucia to bring back the donuts... I think I want to eat you out instead.

3
(Grinning, her grip on Nicolette's ass tightening)
Unless you have a better idea. You said you like how I take up space... well, I'm about to take up yours.

Mathilda stares at Nicolette, her teeth biting into her own lower lip, which is still smeared with the white, sugary remnants of the whipped cream. The heat radiating between them is immense, the pool water practically simmering around them. Mathilda doesn't believe in subtlety; she is a creature of pure appetite, and right now, she's found something she wants even more than a donut. She looks at Nicolette's flushed face and doesn't hesitate, her voice a deep, commanding rumble that leaves no room for refusal.



The catering cart rattles over the tiles, laden with a small mountain of blue cardboard boxes and a rhythmic clinking of dozens of industrial-sized whipped cream cans. Lucia pushes it with a slow, heavy waddle. As she nears the pool area, the air changes—it's thicker, humming with a low-frequency vibration that isn't just the construction in the distance. A moan, sharp and desperate, echoes off the water, rising in pitch with every heavy step Lucia takes. A slow, knowing smile spreads across Lucia's face, her own heavy breasts bouncing with the effort of the push.

1

(A low, guttural chuckle that ends in a burp)

HicCC! Well... it sounds like someone found a way to pass the time without the donuts.

2

(Pushing the cart through the steam rising from the warm pool)

I leave for ten minutes and the pool turns into a boudoir. Greedy, greedy girls.

3

(Eyes shining with a mix of jealousy and dark lust)

Mmmph... slrrph... I hope you saved some of that energy for the sugar, Mathilda.

4

(Stopping at the edge, the cart's wheels locking)

Let's see what kind of mess you've made now.



1
(A hushed, breathless gasp)
Oh my god...

Lucia rounds the corner of the foliage and stops dead, the cart vibrating as she releases the handle. Her mouth falls open, a small trail of saliva catching the Mediterranean light as she stares. The sight before her is a masterpiece of erotic scale, a vision of absolute dominance that makes her own seven-foot frame feel like a doll. She is mesmerized, her heart hammering against her chest as she takes in the staggering, impossible geometry of the two women in the water.



The tableau in the center of the pool is staggering. Mathilda is on her knees, her massive, truck-sized thighs anchored in the shallow water, her belly a vast, shimmering dome that breaks the surface like a rising continent. Nicolette is completely naked, her wiry, pale frame looking like a porcelain doll against Mathilda's heavy, sun-warmed tits. Nicolette's legs are spread wide, each foot resting on one of Mathilda's towering, soft shoulders for balance, while her hands are pressed firmly against the giantess's broad forehead. Mathilda's face is buried in Nicolette's lap, her giant tongue—still coated in a thick, white film of whipped cream—lashing out with a slow, rhythmic power. Nicolette is undone, her eyes rolled back until only the whites show, her head tossing from side to side as she moans into the open sky.

1
(A high-pitched, stuttering cry of pure ecstasy)
Ah... ahh... ahhh! Mathilda! Your tongue... it's so big... it's everywhere!

3
(Her fingers digging into Mathilda's brow)
Oh god... keep doing that... don't stop... I'm... I'm gonna—!

2
(Muffled, wet slurping sounds from between Nicolette's thighs)
Mmm-slrrph... nnggh...



Nicolette is lost in a haze of sensory overload, her voice echoing off the mansion walls as she directs the giantess with desperate, shaky commands. Mathilda looks up for a split second, her half-lidded eyes dark with a new, weight-induced horniness that seems to have multiplied with her girth. She stares directly at Nicolette's surprisingly large breasts, watching them bounce with every thrust of her tongue. The added tonnage hasn't just made Mathilda fatter; it has turned her into an engine of pure, unadulterated lust, her appetite for sex now rivaling her appetite for food.

1

(Gasping, her breath coming in ragged hitches)
Right there... yes! Deeper... lick it deeper!
Mmmph... slrrrph...

2

I love it... oh god, yes... I've never felt anything so... so huge...



1
(A broken, wheezing moan)
Nnnnnggh... it's so deep... ah! I can feel it
in my stomach!

3
(Her eyes crossing, her tongue lolling out)
Don't stop... please...
Mmmmmmm fuck...

2
(A wet, sloppy sound as she pulls back and dives in again)
Mmm-glph... slrrrph...

Mathilda redoubles her efforts, her massive jaw opening wide as she shoves her tongue deep inside Nicolette. The contrast is visceral—the tiny, pink vagina of the photographer being filled by the gargantuan, sugar-coated tongue muscle of the giantess. Nicolette's moans turn into wordless, guttural cries, her body arching off Mathilda's shoulders as she's impaled by the rhythmic pressure. Mathilda's belly waves and ripples with every movement, the displacement of the water creating a constant, lapping sound against the marble edge.

4
(Looking over Mathilda's forehead, her face flushed)
Lucia! Oh god... hurry... I need you too!

2
(Feeling the weight, her back rolls shifting and stacking)
Urrap! Lucia? Is that you back there? Mmmph... watch the donuts...

1
(Grunting as she hauls her own seven-foot frame up Mathilda's back)
HicCC! Move over, girls. Make room for the heavy lifting.

3
(Sinking her hand into a deep roll of fat for leverage)
I've got them secured, baby. Just stay still.

Lucia can no longer stand to be a mere spectator. Driven by a surge of possessive lust, she begins to load herself up for the climb. She slings several boxes of donuts over her back, secures multiple cans of whipped cream between the heavy, sweating valley of her planetary breasts, and steps into the warm, vibrating water. She approaches Mathilda from behind, her eyes locked on the vast, stacked topography of Mathilda's back. The giantess's back rolls and love handles, now triple-stacked and shimmering with moisture, serve as a literal staircase. Lucia begins to climb, her high heels abandoned on the deck as her bare feet sink into the soft, yielding fat of Mathilda's rear, scaling the mountain of her girlfriend to join the frenzy at the top.



2
(Reaching out, her fingers locking with Lucia's)
I've got you! Come on... get up here!

1
(Gasping, her chest heaving against Mathilda's shoulder blades)
Nicolette! Give me a hand... I don't want to slip and lose the frosting!

4
(Pulling herself up, the donuts rattling in the boxes on her back)
Almost there... god, Mathilda, your shoulders are like two king-sized mattresses.

3
(A low, muffled rumble from below)
Mmmph... slrrrph... careful... urrap!

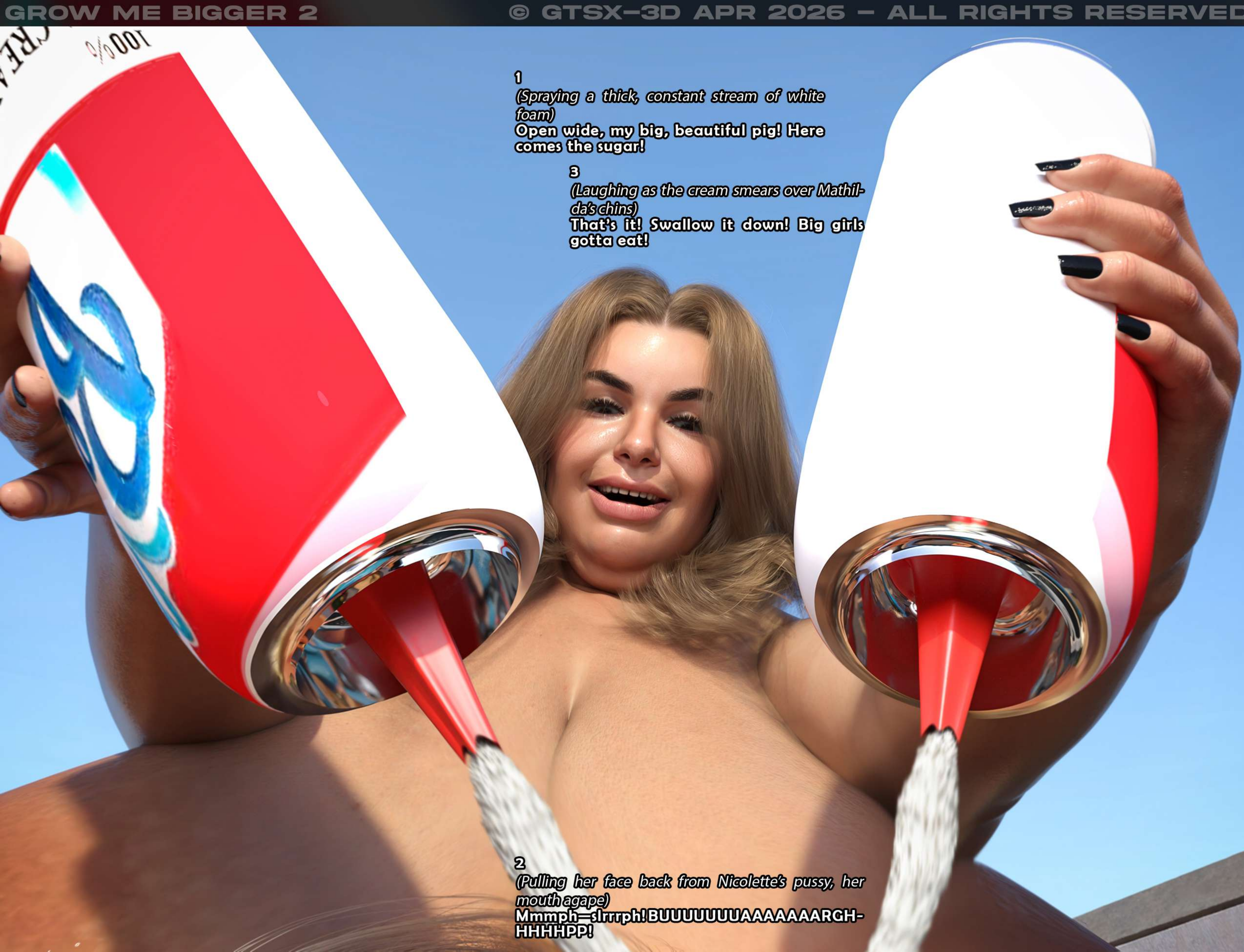
Lucia reaches the upper plateau of Mathilda's shoulders, her breathing ragged from the effort of moving her own increased mass. She reaches a hand forward, her fingers trembling slightly as she seeks balance. Nicolette, still pinned beneath Mathilda's face and arching through the remnants of a climax, reaches out a sweat-slicked hand to meet her. The tiny photographer acts as a bridge, her small frame the only thing connecting the two growing giants as Lucia prepares to haul herself over the final crest of Mathilda's neck.



2
(Straining to keep her balance as Lucia climbs over)
Don't fall! Mathilda... oh god... that's it... right there!

1
(Her voice a thick, wet whisper in Mathilda's ear)
I'm here, baby. And I brought everything you like.

Lucia hauls herself up, her planetary tits squeezing hard against Mathilda's broad, sweat-slicked back. The cans of whipped cream are pinned precariously between them, the pressure making the metal hiss. Mathilda provides a steady counterweight, leaning her massive head forward to accommodate Lucia's arrival without dislodging Nicolette. It is a precarious, fleshy dance of physics—Nicolette balanced on Mathilda's brow, Lucia scaling her spine, and the giantess in the center, never once stopping the rhythmic lashing of her tongue.



1
(Spraying a thick, constant stream of white foam)
Open wide, my big, beautiful pig! Here comes the sugar!

3
(Laughing as the cream smears over Mathilda's chins)
That's it! Swallow it down! Big girls gotta eat!

2
(Pulling her face back from Nicolette's pussy, her mouth agape)
Mmmph-slrrrph! BUUUUUUUAAAAAARGH-HHHPPP!

Lucia finally achieves her position, sitting astride Mathilda's thick, fat neck with her legs spread wide, each of her own massive thighs resting on one of Mathilda's shoulders. She is the crown on a mountain of fat. Lucia reaches for the whipped cream cans she had secured between her breasts, her fingers slick with sweat. She shakes them violently, the rattle of the cans competing with Nicolette's fading moans. With a triumphant grin, Lucia begins to spray the white, pressurized foam directly toward Mathilda's upturned mouth, the cream arcing through the air like a sweet, sugary fountain.



2

(Shoving three donuts in at once)
She's a bottomless pit! Look at her throat working! HicCC!

4

(Watching the donuts disappear)
You're such a greedy girl, baby. Eat for us. Grow for us.

1

(Holding the funnel steady, her hands covered in cream)
Keep it coming, Lucia! She's swallowing it as fast as you can spray it!

3

(A low, rhythmic groaning sound as she swallows)
Mmm-glph... ughn... slrrrph...

Things quickly dissolve into a true feeding frenzy. Nicolette, having come down from her high, shifts her position to become a functional part of the machine. She slides down onto the vast, soft plateau of Mathilda's left breast, using the heavy curve as a seat. Nicolette takes up a large funnel, holding it steady over Mathilda's mouth, while Lucia—still perched on the neck—sprays the whipped cream directly into the top of the funnel. The cream melts and flows in a thick, white river down Mathilda's throat. Meanwhile, Lucia's fingers are adorned with rings of donuts, shoving them into the giantess's mouth between bursts of cream. Mathilda is lost to the surge, her jaw working mindlessly as she gorges on the combined offerings of her two feeders.



2
(Spraying more cream into the funnel)
The box is almost empty! We need to hit the next crate!

1
(Grabbing a donut from a box resting on Mathilda's collarbone)
This one has strawberry filling! Open up, big girl!

3
(A long, vibrating moan of pure satiety and lust)
BuuEEuurghpp! Mmmph... don't... don't stop...

The logistics of the frenzy are a testament to Mathilda's staggering scale. Lucia remains seated on her shoulders, her legs spread wide to balance the boxes of donuts scattered across Mathilda's upper chest and neck. Nicolette is anchored between the mountainous swell of Mathilda's tits, one knee buried in the soft flesh of the left breast while her other leg provides balance in the deep, sweaty cleavage. They are a single, multi-limbed organism of gluttony, the air filled with the hiss of aerosol, the wet sound of chewing, and the constant, heavy wheezing of the giantess as she expands under their ministrations.



2
(Gasping as she's lifted higher)
God, Mathilda! You're getting so wide! You're taking up the whole pool!

4
And you're still hungry, aren't you? Look at you, you completely let yourself go and you LOVE IT.

1
(A low, guttural vibration that ripples through the water)
Urrrgh... I just felt... my hips. They're... HicCC... they're growing again.

3
(A wet, heavy burp that rattles the gold cart)
BUUUUUAAAAARGHHP! I'm a mountain... I'm a real... urrap... real fucking mountain.

The growth begins with a terrifying, heavy momentum. As the sugar and fat hit Mathilda's system, her body reacts with a localized surge of expansion. Her ass, already vast enough to fill the shallow end of the pool, begins to swell further, the soft, cellulite-dimpled flesh pushing outward against the walls until the stone itself begins to hair-line-fracture. Every calorie is a brick, building her higher and wider, her presence becoming a literal physical threat to the structure of the mansion.



4
(Shoving more donuts in)
I'm going to make you so big the clouds will have to move around you.

2
(Clinging to the funnel as Mathilda's chest swells)
I can't believe it! You're outgrowing the fucking house, baby!

1
(Wheezing, her breath like a heavy wind)
Mmmph... slrrph... I'm getting... I'm getting so tall...

3
(A long, needy moan)
Nnnngh... more... keep feeding... make me... make me bigger... BIGGER! MAKE ME FUCKING BI-BUAAAAARGHP-BIGGER!

The expansion moves upward into her back, the triple-stacked rolls thickening and merging into a single, massive wall of shimmering flesh. Lucia is hoisted upward by the surge, her own golden frame looking like a child's as Mathilda's frame lengthens and widens. The love handles at her waist expand into heavy, soft sacks of fat that drape over her hips, their surface shimmering with the sweat of her internal furnace. She is a landscape of soft, heavy marble, her presence expanding to fill every cubic inch of the air, the scent of her growth a heady mix of musk and vanilla.



2
(Looking down the vast cliff of Mathilda's stomach)
You're too heavy for the water to hold you up anymore! BIGGER BABY! MORE! OPEN UP!

4
(Massaging the new rolls on Mathilda's shoulders)
You're beautiful. So much... urrap... so much more of you to love.

1
(A loud, vibrating grunt)
Urrap! Lucia... I think... I think I just... HicCC... I'm starting to break through the floor!

3
(A wet, sloppy sound as she swallows the tenth donut in a row)
Mmm-glyph... ughn... slrrrph...

Mathilda's belly, the engine of her transformation, surges forward with a violent, slow-motion grace. The double-belly crease deepens into a dark, sweaty canyon as the upper and lower mounds of fat compete for space. The weight of her midsection is now so immense it has pushed all the water out of the shallow end, the marble floor groaning under the concentrated tonnage. She is a vision of gluttonous ruin, her body a factory of fat that never stops production.

2
You're everything,
Mathilda.



The growth sequence reaches a point of absolute, world-bending physics. Mathilda's thighs have become gargantuan pillars of soft flesh, the skin wrapping around her knees and calves in heavy, shimmering folds. Her ass has achieved a size that denies all human classification, a shimmering continent of fat that dominates the entire pool area. She is a titan of the binge, her presence so immense that Lucia and Nicolette look like tiny insects crawling over a sun-drenched hill. The air is thick with the scent of sugar and raw, growing womanhood.

1
(A long, ragged moan of pure satiety)
I can't... I can't even feel the ground under me anymore... only my own fat ass...

3
(Another, massive burp that rattles the windowpanes of the mansion)
BUUUUUUAAAAAARGHHHHHHPPPP!!!!



Mathilda slumps back, her gargantuan frame settling into the floor of the pool with a heavy thud. She is a vision of total, decadent ruin—barefoot and half-naked. Her belly is a massive, taut dome that dominates her entire silhouette, her presence so immense that the pool looks like a small bowl beneath her. Lucia and Nicolette, themselves messy with cream and sweat, lean against her vast, warm thighs, lost in the shadow of the goddess they are actively building.



1
(Gasping, her hands covered in frosting as she shoves three more donuts in)
She's taking the cans! Mathilda! Slow down, you're going to—!

3
(Looking back at the empty boxes scattered across Mathilda's tits)
I can't keep up! Lucia, she's clearing them faster than I can open them!

2
(A muffled, pressurized hiss of aerosol followed by a heavy swallow)
Mmmph—slrrrph! Nngh!

4
(A low, vibrating grunt, her hand reaching for the next crate)
Urrap! Don't... don't stop... more...

The air in the pool area is thick enough to chew, a humid fog of sugar and raw, lactating heat. Nicolette is a blur of motion, her tiny frame looking like an insect as she scrambles over Mathilda's mountainous chest. She clears box after box, shoving handfuls of glazed dough into Mathilda's waiting maw. Mathilda's jaw works with a mechanical, predatory rhythm, her teeth bared and slick with strawberry frosting. Eventually, the pace of the hand-feeding isn't enough to satisfy the black hole of her appetite. Mathilda's eyes glaze over with a terrifying, primal greed. She reaches out, her fingers like thick, greasy bolsters, and begins to snatch the industrial cans of whipped cream directly from the cart, bypassing the funnel entirely. She shoves entire bottles into her mouth, swallowing the pressurized cream in great, rhythmic gulps, her throat bulging as she acts as a living, breathing dispenser machine.



2
(Spraying a thick, white crown of foam over the donuts)
Look at her face. She can't even close her mouth. She's completely stuffed!

4
(Squeezing Mathilda's neck)
That's it. Gulp it down. Show me how much a goddess can hold.

1
(Pushing the last of a baker's dozen past Mathilda's lips)
Open wide, baby! Swallow it all!

3
(Muffled, wet groaning, her jaw straining to contain the mass)
Mmm-glyph... ughn...

Nicolette redoubles her efforts. She stuffs Mathilda's mouth with a dozen donuts at once, the dough stacking behind Mathilda's teeth until her cheeks puff out. Lucia, perched on the neck, continues the filling from above, spraying a constant stream of whipped cream over the heap of donuts in Mathilda's mouth. Mathilda is silenced by the sheer volume of the intake, her eyes rolling back as she tries to process the massive bolus of sugar. Her breathing is a series of wet, labored wheezes, the displacement of her lungs making her vast chest heave with a heavy, rhythmic groan.



2
(Clinging to Mathilda's hair as she's hoisted upward)
You're getting taller! You're outgrowing the mansion, baby!

1
(A low, guttural vibration that ripples the entire pool)
Nnnngh... oh god... I'm... I'm stretching!

The growth resumes with a terrifying, silent surge. As the thousands of liquid and solid calories hit her system, Mathilda's body responds with a localized explosion of mass. Her frame lengthens, her head rising into the air as her hips spread with a violent, slow-motion grace.



1
(Screaming as she's pushed back by the expanding wall of flesh)
The pool! Doesn't look like she has much room left in here!

2
(A wet, heavy burp)
Buuuurp!

The expansion moves into her midsection. Mathilda's belly surges forward and downward, a massive, shimmering dome of fat that reaches the far edge of the pool. The water is displaced in a single, violent wave that almost clears the deck entirely.



Her thighs thicken into gargantuan pillars of soft, dimpled flesh, the skin stretching to a polished sheen. Each new inch of growth is accompanied by the sound of shifting marble and cracking tiles as her weight settles into the earth.

1
(Wheezing, her breath a hot gale)
HicCC! I feel... I feel so heavy...
so powerful..



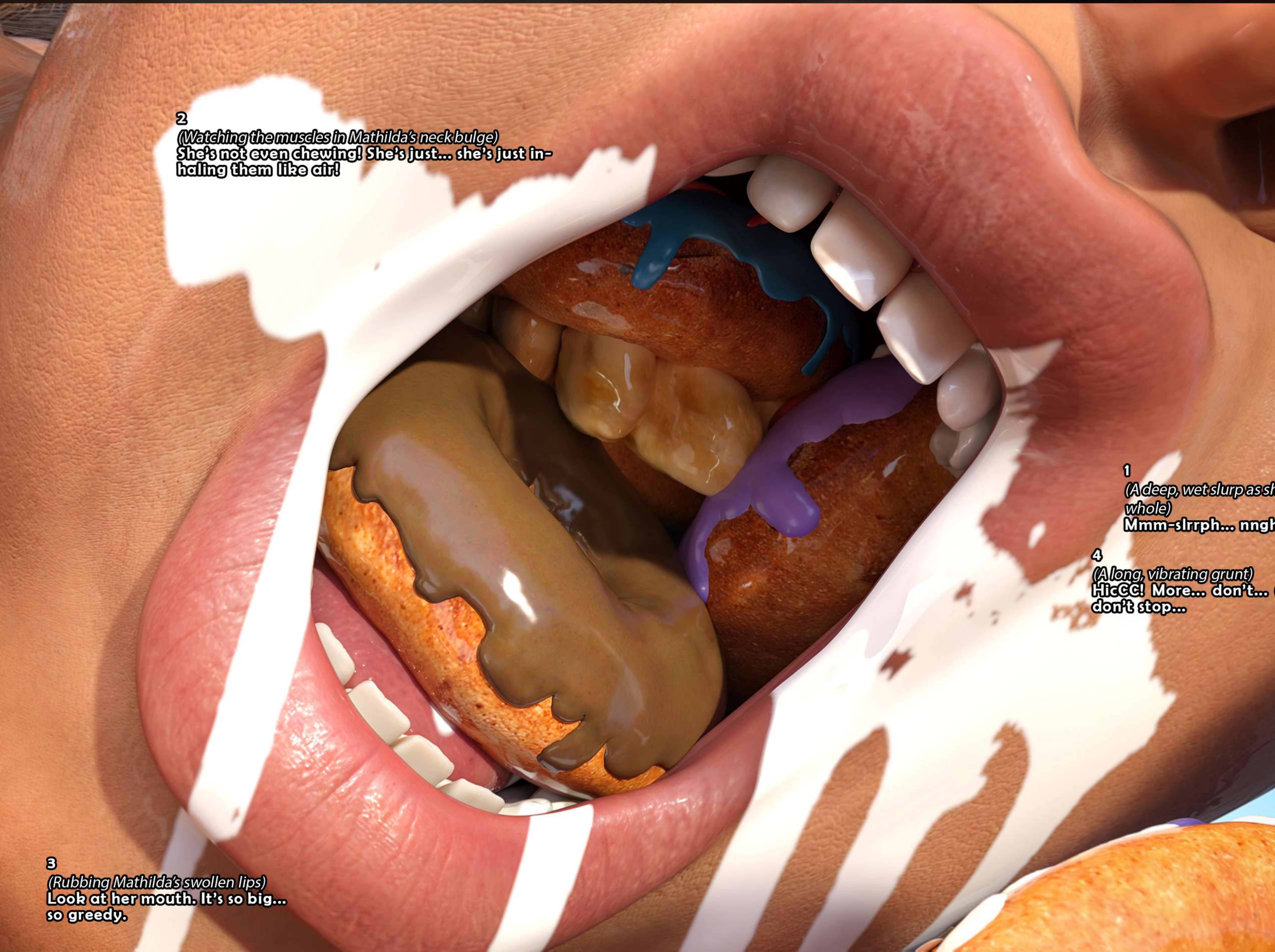
The double-belly crease deepens into a canyon, her navel disappearing into the sweaty, dark depths of her own expansion. Her presence is no an obese giantess in a pool; it is a landscape.

1
(A long, needy moan)
More... I'm still... mmmph...
still growing...



The growth sequence reaches a peak of impossible physics. Mathilda's silhouette dominates the entire estate, her shadow stretching across the island as she achieves a size that dwarfs the surrounding trees. She is a titan of fat and sugar, a soft, shimmering mountain of pure appetite.

1
(A massive, wet burp that shakes the house)
BUUUUUAAAAARGHHP!



2
(Watching the muscles in Mathilda's neck bulge)
She's not even chewing! She's just... she's just in-
haling them like air!

1
(A deep, wet slurp as she swallows the mass whole)
Mmm-slrrph... nnggh...

4
(A long, vibrating grunt)
HicCC! More... don't... urrap...
don't stop...

3
(Rubbing Mathilda's swollen lips)
Look at her mouth. It's so big...
so greedy.

Inside the wet, dark cavern of Mathilda's mouth, a war is being waged. Dozens of donuts are crushed together into a single, massive bolus of dough and cream. She is no longer chewing; her teeth simply act as a gateway as she gulps the mass whole. The strawberry frosting coats her tongue, the sugar molecules screaming against her over-stimulated taste buds as the rich, fatty dough slides down her throat. Her lips, now packed with new, lush fat, have swollen to twice their size, looking like heavy pillows that struggle to contain the surge.



2
(Blinking, her hand frozen over a donut box)
What? What's wrong, baby? Are you too full?

4
(Scrambling back, her heart racing)
What is it? Are you okay? Mathilda!

1
(Her voice a low, panicked wheeze)
Wait... get off... get off me!

3
(Struggling to push them away with her gargantuan hands)
No! Get off! I think... HicCC... I think something's about to happen!

As the last few donuts are forced past her swollen lips, the atmosphere shifts. Mathilda's expression of gluttonous bliss is suddenly replaced by a look of sharp, visceral worry. Her brow furrows into heavy rolls of skin, and her breathing hitches. She feels something deep within her core—not just the pressure of the food, but a fundamental shift in her own body. The sheer, astronomical volume of her growth is reaching a critical mass.



3
(A high-pitched, stuttering moan)
Ah... ahh! It hurts... it feels so good... HicCC!

1
(Whispering, her eyes fixed on the massive, shimmering belly)
Do you hear that? It's... it's coming from inside her.

2
(Backing up, her face pale)
She's growing again. This one feels different...

4
(Cringing as the ground shakes)
She looks like she's about to explode.

Lucia and Nicolette scramble away, slipping on the sugar-slicked fatness as they retreat into the shallow remnants of the pool. Nicolette stands knee-deep in the warm, milky water, staring up at the towering silhouette of the giantess. A deep, resonant rumbling begins to emanate from Mathilda's core—a sound like tectonic plates grinding together. Mathilda's hands are clutched to her chest, her face a mask of panic as she moans, the sound vibrating through the very earth.



1

(A low, guttural roar of pure, expanding power)
Nnnnng... slrrrph...
BUUUUUUAAAAAARGHHHHPP!!!!

The Mediterranean sun is high in the sky, yet the pool area is suddenly plunged into an unnatural twilight. Mathilda is expanding with such violent speed that she is creating her own eclipse. Her hips spread outward, her shoulders widen, and her height surges upward until the sky itself is blocked by the vast, shimmering landscape of her flesh. Nicolette is engulfed by the shadow, the darkness closing in as she stares up. Her pupils dilate, her head tilting further and further back until she's staring vertically into the dark, mountainous vista of Mathilda's underbelly and breasts.



The darkness deepens, the pool area now completely shadowed by the astronomical scale of Mathilda's growth. The sounds of her pleasure—a mix of panicked moans and power-drunk laughter—echo like thunder. For the first time, a flicker of genuine worry crosses Lucia's face. She has spent weeks molding this appetite, but the speed of this spurt is beyond her control. She stands in the dark, looking up at the towering shadow that used to be her girlfriend, feeling the wind-gusts of Mathilda's breath hit her like a storm.

1
(A muffled, distant-sounding groan)
Mmmph... slrrrph... everything
is so tight...

2
(Mathilda's fat ass closing in on her)
Uh-oh...

Lucia retreats further, her feet splashing in the dark water as she moves toward the rear of the pool. But there is no escape. Mathilda's ass, a continent of soft, heavy flesh, is expanding backward with a crushing momentum. It moves like a slow-motion avalanche, claiming every inch of the pool's surface area. Lucia finds herself pinned against the wall, the shadow of Mathilda's rear engulfing her entirely. The shimmering, cellulite-dimpled wall of fat begins to brush against Lucia's face, a warm, soft pressure that threatens to suffocate her as the space vanishes.

2

(A deep, resonant vibration)
BUUUUUAAAAARGHHHHPP!

1

(Worried tone)
Baby... please... Take
it easy...

The growth sequence at the rear of the pool is relentless. Lucia is almost entirely submerged in the soft, cascading rolls of Mathilda's expanding hips and buttocks. The darkness is absolute here, the scent of Mathilda's musk and sweat overwhelming Lucia's senses. The fat is warm, vibrating with the internal engine of the giantess's digestion. Lucia pushes back with all her strength, but it's like trying to move a mountain of warm marshmallows; her hands simply sink into the deep, yielding mass.



1
(in a muffled voice)
Baby... Careful! I'm
Stuck!

2
(A low, power-drunk moan)
Mmmph... I feel so... urrap...

The expansion continues until the shallow end of the pool is no longer water—it is simply Mathilda. Her ass has wedged itself into the corner, the marble cracking under the tonnage. Lucia is trapped in the narrow space between the pool walls and the giant-ess, the soft weight of Mathilda's buttcheeks pressing against her like airbags. The air is hot and thin, the only sound the rhythmic, wet thumping of Mathilda's heart.



1
(A voice like thunder, incoherent and ragged)
Nnnnnggh... slrrrph... HicCC!

2
(The sound of stone crumbling under her weight)
BuuEEuurghpp! Everything is... urrap... so small!

3
(Gasping for air, her belly swaying between the buildings)
I'm... I'm too big... I can't stop...

4
(A low, guttural vibration)
Mmm-glyph... ughn... slrrrph...

Mathilda feels the resistance behind her, the frantic pulse of Lucia trapped against the crushing weight of her ass. With a heave that shakes the foundations of the island, she pushes herself upward, rising onto her gargantuan legs to avoid flattening her lover. Her height surges to a new, impossible peak. She reaches out with her fat hands to maintain her balance. Her right arm slams onto the rooftop of the mansion, the tiles shattering like glass under her palm, while her left arm grips the reinforced stone wall of the outer gate. She is a bridge of shimmering, heavy flesh, her body spanning the entire estate as she continues to expand uncontrollably.



1
(A long, vibrating roar of expansion)
BUUUUUAAAAARGHHHHHPP!!!!

2
(The sound of her skin rubbing against the stone walls)
Urrap! It's... it's tight... I'm too wide...

3
(Incoherent, wet gurgling)
Mmm-slrrph... nnggh...

The expansion is now a violent conflict between Mathilda and the architecture. Her ass, wide and heavy as a city block, slams against the balcony walls, the stone snapping and falling in jagged fragments to the pool below. She is growing wider than the space between the wings of the mansion.



1
(Wheezing, her chest heaving as she expands further)
HicCC! Lucia... Nicolette... where... where are you?

2
(A deep, resonant vibration)
I'm stuck... Buuurp! I'm so fat I'm stuck!

3
(A low, power-drunk giggle)
Mmmph... slrrrph... I'm bigger than the house...

4
(A final, massive grunt of expansion)
Urrap! BUUUUUUAAAAAR-GHHHHPPP!!!!

The growth reaches a terminal velocity. Mathilda's frame is now a solid mass of soft, shimmering fat that has wedged itself into the very heart of the estate. Her hips are locked between the rooftop and the outer gate, the pressure so intense that the walls are bowing outward. She is a prisoner of her own mass, a goddess trapped in a cage made of her former home. The air is filled with the sound of snapping timber and falling masonry as she continues to thicken, her skin stretched to a polished, iridescent sheen.

1
(A low, wet wheeze, her voice struggling to find air)
HicCC... gassss... feel... feel so gassy...

2
(A series of small, rapid-fire burps that sound like machine-gun fire)
Urrap-urrap-urrap... mmmph!

3
(Her belly swaying, the double-belly crease rubbing against the pool edge)
Mmm-glyph... ughn... slrrph...

4
(Staring up from the dark water, petrified)
She's... she's not stopping. She's going to fill the whole valley.

The transformation enters its final, most monstrous stage. Mathilda's waist expands until it fills the entire backyard. Her face has been swallowed by soft, overlapping rolls of fat, her jaw disappearing into her neck, her eyes becoming dark slits in the vast, shimmering landscape of her cheeks. Her arms, once pillars, are now massive, soft sacks of flesh that drape over the rooftops. She is a vision of total, uncontained gluttony, her presence an active, growing threat to the island's stability.

1
(A voice like a low-frequency hum)
BUUUUUUUAAAAAARGHHHH-
HHHPPPPP!!!!

2
(A long, wet groan of satiety)
HicGG! So... so full... urrap...



Mathilda is now officially wedged. Her hips are jammed between the rooftop of the guest wing and the primary gatehouse, the stone groaning and crumbling under the concentrated tonnage. She can no longer move her legs; they are buried in her own expanding mass, the fat of her thighs and ass merging into a single, vast horizon of flesh. She stands there, a titan in chains made of her own gluttony, her breathing a ragged, heavy labor. The darkness beneath her is absolute, a sanctuary of shadow created by her own staggering girth.

1
(A voice like a distant storm)
Mmmph... slrrrph... HicCC!

2
(Trying to speak, but falling into a daze)
l... Pm... urrap...

4
(A final, contented sigh)
BuuEEuurghpp... so big...

3
(Staring at the vast, shimmering expanse)
She's wedged.

The growth finally plateaus, leaving Mathilda as a permanent fixture of the landscape. She is a shimmering mountain of womanhood, her presence having completely consumed the backyard and half the mansion. Her tits are like soft hills resting on the rubble, her belly a vast plains of fat that slopes down into the pool. The air is silent, save for the rhythmic, heavy wheezing of the giantes. Nicolette stands in the shadow of the goddess, looking up at the impossible scale of what they have created.





1
(A low, struggling wheeze)
Nnnngh... HicCC... Lucia? I... I can't...
urrap... I can't move.

2
(Gasping for air, her triple chins quivering)
Everything... everything is so small. My hands... my tits...
they're... BuuurRRRGHP!

3
(Staring at her own belly)
How... how am I...
urrap... so fat?

The growth spurt finally comes to a heavy, shivering halt. Mathilda is completely stuck, a prisoner of her own staggering mass. Any attempt to move results in the terrifying sound of the mansion's foundations snapping; she is wedged between the walls and pillars. She stares down at the vast, shimmering landscape of her own body, her breath coming in short, shallow hitches. Even the simple act of forming a sentence is an exhausting labor. She is shocked, petrified by the reality of her own scale.



3
(Looking down from her height, a slow smirk spreading across her face)
Mmmph... slrrrph... a goddess. I like the sound of that. HicCC!

4
(Her voice a deep, resonant rumble that shakes their bones)
But you know... now that I think about it... I don't think donuts are going to cut it anymore.

6
(A low, power-drunk giggle)
You. I want you.

1
(Her voice a low, reverent whisper)
Look at you. You're our goddess.

7
(Her eyes widening as she stares up into the shadow)
What... what do you mean, baby?

2
(Kneeling in the shadow, her eyes fixed on the massive belly)
A goddess who deserves to be worshipped. Not just by us... by the whole world.

5
(Looking up, breathless)
Anything, Mathilda. We will bring you anything. Just tell us what you want.

Lucia manages to squeeze her way through the narrow space between the crumbling wall and Mathilda's hip, emerging into the front alongside Nicolette. They stand together at the base of the mountain, looking up at the staggering, sun-drenched vista of Mathilda's midsection. They are tiny specks of color against the vast, pale horizon of her fat. Lucia reaches out, her hand disappearing into the soft, warm depth of Mathilda's belly rolls, and begins to massage the shimmering flesh. They look up with expressions of pure, unadulterated worship, the power-dynamic having finally shifted into its ultimate, monstrous form.

[TO BE CONTINUED]