



 HAPPILY
EVER
FATTER

FEATURES ENDING A: NO VORE

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Page 1

Narration:

The scent of roses and freshly cut grass hung in the warm California air, a perfect backdrop for the moment. In a sun-drenched garden, Lucia Ramirez stood, a vision in a form-fitting white dress that celebrated every curve her successful modeling career was built on. Her nails, painted a pristine white. Across from her, Jonathan Davis, the man who had built a global clothing empire from the ground up, looked every bit the self-made king in a sharp tan suit. His eyes, full of a deep, consuming adoration, were locked on hers. They had been inseparable for four years, but in this moment, it felt like he was seeing her for the first time all over again. The officiant, a kind-faced man with a gentle voice, turned to him.

Dialog:

Officiant: "Jonathan, do you take Lucia to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, until death do you part?"

Jonathan: "I do."



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Dialog:

Officiant: "And Lucia, do you take Jonathan to be your lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, until death do you part?"

Lucia: "I do."



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Narration:

A wave of applause erupted from the gathered friends and family, a joyous sound that swept through the garden. Before the officiant could even finish his declaration, Lucia closed the small space between them. She fisted a hand in the lapel of his suit, pulling him towards her. The kiss wasn't gentle or chaste; it was hard, hungry, a culmination of four years of passion and a promise of a lifetime more. Jonathan's hands immediately went to her back, gripping her ass and pulling her flush against him, returning the kiss with an equal, desperate intensity. It was this fire that had drawn them together four years ago. She was just another model on a photoshoot for his brand, but the second he laid eyes on her, a fierce, possessive need had taken root. The rest, as they say, was history.

Dialog:

Officiant: "Then by the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride!"



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Narration:

That first kiss in the garden was just the opening salvo. In the weeks that followed, Lucia and Jonathan descended into a frenzy of marital bliss that was pure, uncut lust. They were fucking every single day, multiple times a day, on every available surface of their sprawling California home. The horniness was a palpable thing, a third entity in their marriage. It was especially potent in Lucia, whose appetite for her new husband seemed bottomless. On the rare occasions he reached his limit before her, she'd simply take matters into her own hands, her fingers working tirelessly until she followed him over the edge. The euphoria was intoxicating, a drug they were both hopelessly addicted to. He had her pinned to the silk sheets of their bed, his body a heavy, welcome weight on hers.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Mine... all fucking mine now, mamacita. You feel so good under me."

Lucia: "Then why are you just kissing me, Papi? I need you inside me."



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Narration:

He always fucked her so good. He drove into her with a relentless rhythm that left her completely undone, her limbs feeling weak and shaky, barely able to support her own weight. During their frantic couplings, she'd wrap her long legs around his waist, locking him to her as she clawed at the taut muscles of his back with her perfectly manicured nails. It was her voice, however, that was his undoing. She'd moan and whisper a constant stream of filth directly into his ear, a seamless, intoxicating mix of Spanish and English. Her raw, bilingual dirty talk was a weapon, and she wielded it with an expert's precision, making him lose his fucking mind every single time.



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Narration:

Jonathan was, to put it mildly, gifted. He was blessed with a thick, heavy cock that had intimidated more than one of his past partners. But Lucia wasn't just any partner; she was a bona fide size queen, and his impressive endowment was the perfect match for her insatiable cravings. He positioned himself at her entrance, the head of his cock pressing against her wet folds. She bucked her hips, desperate for him.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Please, Papi... por favor, just put it in. I can't wait anymore. Ah... fuck!"

Jonathan: "Take it, mami. Take all of it for me."

Lucia: "Oh, god... sí... yes, like that! It's so big... it feels so fucking good stretching my pussy out. Dios mío, Papi..."



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Narration:

Her final, shuddering cry was swallowed by his as he reached his own powerful climax, emptying himself deep inside her. He collapsed onto her, his body slick with their shared sweat, and immediately began trailing wet, possessive kisses down the side of her neck and across the tops of her full, heavy tits. Her eyes were still rolled back in her head, lost in the aftershocks of her orgasm, but her body wasn't done yet. Her fingers slid back down to her clit, resuming a steady circling motion to chase the last vestiges of pleasure. This was their world now. Jonathan and Lucia weren't interested in having a family yet, not even close. The thought of that kind of responsibility was suffocating. For now, they only wanted this: to enjoy each other, to explore the depths of their shared desires, and to lose themselves completely in the intoxicating chaos of their new marriage.



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Narration:

The morning sun slanted through the bedroom blinds, striping their tangled bodies with light. The musky, sweet scent of their morning sex still hung in the air, a familiar perfume that had defined the first few weeks of their marriage. Jonathan was lazily tracing the curve of her hip when Lucia shifted, propping herself up on an elbow to look down at him. Her expression wasn't angry, but it was serious, and it made the sleepy contentment in his gut curdle into ice. His heart hammered against his ribs. He knew that look. It was the one she got right before she closed a deal, calm and unnervingly focused.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Baby... I have to ask you something."

Jonathan: "Anything, baby. What's up?"

Lucia: "I was doing laundry yesterday... your jeans. Your phone was in the pocket. I took it out so it wouldn't get wrecked."

Jonathan: "Oh. Uh, thanks. I keep forgetting to check my pockets."

Lucia: "It's fine. But the screen was on. It was on your recently opened apps page."

Jonathan: "Okay..."

Lucia: "Jonathan. Be honest with me. What is 'Bellyfulls & More'?"

Narration:

His blood ran cold. He couldn't form a sentence, his mind a frantic, white-hot blank. He had been so careful, always using private Browse, always clearing his history. But the recently used apps list... it was a rookie mistake. A damning piece of evidence left in plain sight. Her voice was soft, but it cut through his panic

Dialog:

Lucia: "I saw the other ones, too. Feederism forums. Sites with... with big women. But not just big. They were getting bigger. People were feeding them. Why are you watching that?"

Jonathan: "Lucia, I... it's not... it's nothing. It's just stupid internet crap."

Lucia: "Is it nothing? Because you fuck my brains out every single night. You can't get enough of me. But I'm not... that. I'm not fat. So I'm confused. Are you not satisfied with me? Do you want me to leave so you can find someone else?"

Jonathan: "No! God, no, Lucia, never. Fuck. That's not it at all. You're... you're perfect. You're everything."

Lucia: "Then talk to me. Tell me the truth. I'm your wife. You can tell me anything."

Jonathan: "I didn't want you to see that. Ever. I didn't want you to think... I don't know what I didn't want you to think. That you weren't enough, I guess."

Lucia: "So it's true? You're into that?"

Jonathan: "Yeah. Okay? Yes. I always have been. I just... I love bigger women. The softer, the rounder... the better."

Lucia: "Then why me? Why marry a model?"

Jonathan: "Because I fell in love with *you*, Lucia. Not a body type. You. Your fire, your laugh, the way you treat me. All of it. The other stuff... it's just a fantasy. I kept it separate because you're perfect exactly as you are. I would never, ever want you to change for me. I wanted you to be you, to live your own truth, not try to become some fantasy from my own head."



Narration:

The silence that followed his confession was heavy, thick with unspoken fears. He watched her, his breath held tight in his chest, waiting for the disgust, the anger, the inevitable heartbreak. But it never came. Instead, Lucia's expression softened. She lay her head down on his chest, right over his frantically beating heart, and her long nails began to trace slow, lazy circles on his skin. The gesture was so calming, so tender, it completely disarmed him.

Dialog:

Lucia: "So you were trying to protect me?"

Jonathan: "Yes. From myself, I guess. I didn't want you to feel insecure for a single second."

Lucia: "I'm not mad, Jonathan."

Jonathan: "You're... you're not?"

Lucia: "No. In fact... I think I have something to confess, too."

Narration:

His whole body tensed. This was it. The other shoe was about to drop. His mind, already reeling, jumped to the worst possible conclusion. She'd found someone else. She was bored. This was her way out. He held his breath, bracing for the impact.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "What is it? Just... just tell me."

Lucia: "It's... a dark fantasy, I guess. Something I've had for a really long time. Way before I met you."

Jonathan: "Lucia, you're scaring me."

Lucia: "Since I was in college... I've always had this dream. This calling, almost. To just... let go. To stop fighting it."

Jonathan: "Fighting what?"

Lucia: "The hunger. The desire to just... indulge. To eat whatever I want, whenever I want, and just... get bigger. To let myself get soft and heavy. To be... fed."

Jonathan: "Wait... what?"

Lucia: "I know it's crazy. It's the opposite of everything I'm supposed to be. My entire career is based on staying thin, on discipline. Those recruiters... they're such *hijos de putas*... they measure every goddamn inch. One pound over and you're out. So I buried it. I pushed it down because I thought it was a shameful, ugly thing to want. And I never imagined in a million years that the man I fell in love with would be into it. I thought you loved me *despite* my body, not that you might secretly want... more of it."



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Narration:

Jonathan stared at the ceiling, his mind struggling to process her words. It felt impossible, like a dream bleeding into reality. The secret, shameful desire he'd harbored his entire life, the one he was terrified would repulse her, was a fantasy she secretly shared. The two halves of a key he never knew was broken had just clicked together.

Dialog:

Lucia: "But things are different now, aren't they?"

Jonathan: "How... how do you mean?"

Lucia: "I'm not a struggling model anymore. I'm married to a handsome, successful, very rich man who takes amazing care of me. And now I find out that this man, my husband, is secretly into *tortas*?"

Jonathan: "You don't... you don't have to do that, Lucia. Seriously. I meant what I said. You're perfect. You're beautiful. Don't ever feel like you have to change to please me."

Lucia: "Papi, I know I'm a bad bitch. That's never been the question. This isn't about pleasing you. This is about... me. And you. And something that we both might want. What if this is something we could explore... together?"

Jonathan: "Explore? You mean... you'd actually want to...?"

Lucia: "I'm not saying I'm ready to become a house-sized whale tomorrow. But... maybe we could just lean into it a little? Test it out? There's no harm in seeing where it goes, right? What if it makes things even hotter between us? Can you imagine?"

Narration:

He could imagine. The thought of it—of feeding her, of watching her perfect, toned body soften and swell because of him, because it's what they both wanted—sent a jolt of pure, unadulterated desire through him, so potent it nearly took his breath away. He was terrified and unbelievably, deliriously excited.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "So... what would... how would we even... start?"

Lucia: "Well... I am pretty hungry."

Jonathan: "...Do you want to order some food?"

Lucia: "I thought you'd never ask."



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Narration:

A couple of hours later, the doorbell chimed through the house. Jonathan, still buzzing from their conversation, slid out of bed and into a pair of slippers. Clad only in his boxers, he padded through the sprawling mansion to the front gate. The delivery guy from "The Food Lounge" stood there, holding two large, grease-stained paper bags that smelled like heaven. Jonathan took them, passing the driver a fifty.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Thanks, man. Keep the change."

Delivery Guy: "Whoa, thanks! Enjoy the meal!"



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Narration:

A wide, wolfish grin spread across Jonathan's face as he walked back inside, the weight of the bags a welcome promise of the indulgence to come. The heavy scent of fried food and savory sauces filled the hallway. He headed towards the master bedroom, calling out to his wife, his voice echoing slightly in the large house. He couldn't see her yet, but he pictured her lying in bed, waiting for him. When only silence answered, he figured she was in the bathroom.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Babe, I got it! Two big combos, just for us. Got you your favorite, the double bacon cheeseburger with extra cheese!"



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Narration:

As he passed the entrance to the main living room, a strange sound made him stop dead in his tracks. It was a series of wet, guttural gulps, rhythmic and deliberate. His brow furrowed and he took a detour, pushing the living room door open. The sight that greeted him sent a lightning bolt of pure lust straight to his groin. He felt himself go brick-hard in an instant, his grip on the food bags faltering. A shocked gasp escaped his lips.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "¡Ay, Dios mío..."



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Narration:

Lucia was perched on the edge of their couch, naked and glorious. Her head was tilted all the way back, her long dark hair cascading over the back of her neck as she teasingly, expertly, deep-throated a massive, black dildo. She shoved it relentlessly down her throat, taking it all the way to the base. With every push, the delicate skin of her throat bulged in a way that drove Jonathan absolutely fucking insane. She was clearly putting on a show for him, her hips rocking slightly with the effort. Her mouth was too full to speak, but the sounds she made were a language all their own.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Guuuhh... Mmmmm... GuuARRHhh..."



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Narration:

With one final, deep swallow, she pulled the dildo from her mouth with a wet pop. It was visibly soaked, glistening with the thick saliva her efforts had produced. Her lips were red and swollen. She didn't break eye contact with him, her gaze a deliberate, powerful challenge. Jonathan just stood there, frozen in the doorway, watching in total awe as his wife once again set a new, impossibly high bar for what sexy even meant. He couldn't believe how fucking lucky he was to have this woman, this goddess, all to himself.



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Dialog:

Lucia: "You like that, Papi? You want me to suck your dick just like that?"

Jonathan: "Y-yes... fuck, yes."



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Dialog:

Lucia: "Ah, ah, ah." (She brings the dildo back to her lips, licking the tip slowly while wagging a finger at him). "Not so fast, mi amor. Tienes que alimentarme muy bien if you want this mouth. I'm fucking starving. I don't want to swallow your *leche* on an empty stomach, you know?"



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Narration:

She sauntered over to him, taking one of the heavy bags from his hand and peering inside with an exaggerated look of hunger. Her eyes were sparkling with mischief. Jonathan just watched her, his mind still reeling from the show she'd put on.

Dialog:

Lucia: "So what did my big strong husband bring his hungry wife?"

Jonathan: "The... uh... double cheeseburger from The Food Lounge. With extra bacon. Fries and a large soda."

Lucia: "Mmm. And since you have two bags... I'm assuming my husband is hungry, too?"



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Narration:

A slow, flirtatious smile spread across Jonathan's face. He finally felt like he was back on solid ground, slipping into the new dynamic as if it were a custom-made suit. He set the second bag down on the coffee table next to the first.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Well, that depends. If you're a good enough piggy for me, maybe both of these meals are yours. We'll have to see how much you can fit in that tummy."

Lucia: "Jamás quisiera decepcionar a mi papi." (I would never want to disappoint my papi.) "Alright, let's not waste any more time with chit-chat, my stomach is growling. Serve me my food."



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Narration:

They had moved to the kitchen, spreading the feast out on the massive marble island. Jonathan unwrapped the first burger and slid it in front of Lucia. For months, her diet had been a miserable rotation of steamed vegetables, lean protein, and bitter greens, all to ensure she looked impossibly slender in her wedding dress. The sight and smell of the greasy, cheesy, glorious junk food was a full-frontal assault on her senses. She picked up the burger with both hands and took a huge bite. The flavor exploded in her mouth—savory beef, melted cheese, salty bacon, tangy sauce. It was the most fucking amazing feeling she'd had in months that wasn't an orgasm. A low, guttural moan escaped her lips.

Dialog:

Lucia: "¡Ay, Dios mío! This is so fucking good... mmmmmmm..."



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Narration:

She devoured the burger with a feverish intensity, chewing with her mouth slightly open. To help the big, juicy mouthfuls go down, she took repeated, greedy gulps from a can of full-sugar Coca-Cola, not the diet stuff she'd been forced to drink for years. Jonathan had deliberately ordered the normal Coke, a small, knowing gesture that added hundreds of extra, empty calories to her meal. The kitchen was soon filled with the loud, wet sounds of her chewing, punctuated by the occasional, bubbly eruption.

Dialog:

Lucia: "BuuuuuuuuRRRRGHp— excuse me."



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Narration:

Jonathan simply sat on the stool across from her, watching her pig out without saying a word. He hadn't even touched his own food yet. A crucial test was underway in his mind. He needed to see if she was truly into this, the way she claimed to be. He was observing her, studying her, trying to determine if she was a natural pig, a born stuffer. In his world, you either had it or you didn't. Some people just eat to eat; they satisfy their hunger and they stop. But others... others eat to grow. They find pleasure in the feeling of being full, and then they push past it, to the edge, into the realm of true indulgence. There's a difference in the way they attack the food, a certain desperate hunger that has nothing to do with an empty stomach. He was waiting to see which kind of woman his wife truly was.



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Narration:

After years of disciplined starvation, Lucia's belly was relatively small. It wasn't the washboard-flat stomach of a fitness fanatic, but a soft, almost-flat plane that held just a hint of a curve. It didn't take much to change that. As she downed the greasy food and washed it back with the gassy, carbonated soda, a distinct bulge began to form just below her navel. With each subsequent bite of the burger and handful of fries, the little mound became more and more noticeable, a firm swell pushing against the band of her panties. Crumbs from the bun kept falling onto her newly rounded tummy, dotting the pale skin.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Mmmph... oh god... so good... mmmhmmm..."



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Narration:

She finished the first burger and, without pausing, pulled the carton of fries towards her, stuffing them into her mouth by the handful. The small bulge was no longer just a hint of fullness; it was a definite, rounded little potbelly, straining the fabric of her underwear. The skin was beginning to look tight. She was eating with a single-minded focus, her eyes glazed over with pure, hedonistic pleasure.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Mmm, qué rico... I needed this so bad, babe..."



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Narration:

Now halfway through the second burger, her pace began to slow. The initial rush of satisfying a long-denied craving was giving way to the heavy, pressing reality of a truly full stomach. She placed a hand on her swollen belly, which was now noticeably round and firm, and rubbed it gently. She was clearly feeling full, but after a moment's hesitation, she lifted the burger again, a look of renewed determination on her face.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Ugh... Estoy tan llena, pero no puedo parar."

Translation:

Estoy tan llena, pero no puedo parar: I'm so full, but I can't stop.



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Narration:

This was the turning point. Every bite was now a conscious effort, a push against the screaming signals from her stomach. This was no longer about hunger; it was about the act itself. It was about filling herself up, testing her limits, and proving to Jonathan—and to herself—that she meant what she said. That she wanted this. Her jaw worked tirelessly as she forced down another mouthful, her breathing becoming heavier.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Unngh... just a little more... tengo que terminar..."

Translation:

tengo que terminar: I have to finish.



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Narration:

She finally took the last bite of the second burger, her cheeks puffed out as she chewed slowly, struggling to swallow. Her eyes were squeezed shut. Her once-flat stomach was now a distended, taut globe, so full it looked hard to the touch. She leaned back on the stool, her hands resting on the tight mound, panting softly. She had done it. She had gorged herself past full, to the point of being properly, deeply stuffed. A long, gassy burp suddenly ripped out of her.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Oof... BuuuuuuαAAAAARRRRRRGHp...
Ay, Dios..."



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Narration:

Having finished every last scrap of food, Lucia leaned back, looking visibly distressed. The final few bites had been a clear struggle. She was panting, her breaths slow and shallow, unable to draw a full lungful of air past her over-extended stomach. Her eyebrows were knitted together in the middle, a clear sign of the tender, aching pressure that radiated from her core. She looked like she was in a state of pained bliss, her body pushed to its absolute limit.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Oof... unnnnghh... Papi..."



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Narration:

Before she could even begin to catch her breath, Jonathan was on his feet. He grabbed another can of Coke from the fridge, the crisp *pssht* of the tab echoing in the quiet kitchen as he approached her. The sound was like a trigger. Lucia's head immediately lifted, her mouth falling open like a baby bird's, her tongue lolling out, desperate for the liquid to help lubricate her tight, food-packed throat.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Daddy... please... por favor, give me some more..."

Jonathan: "I'm surprised, mami. I never knew you could be such a good little pig."



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Narration:

He brought the cold rim of the can to her salivating lips and tilted it back, pouring the sugary, carbonated liquid steadily into her throat. He didn't give her a break, forcing her to gulp it down in a continuous stream, not allowing her any room to catch her breath from the fizz and pressure. He could tell she loved the controlled helplessness of it, though. Her eyes were squeezed shut in concentration, and one of her hands moved instinctively in a confused, alternating rhythm: first rubbing the tight, swollen globe of her belly as if to comfort it, then dipping down to grind against her pussy through the thin fabric of her panties.



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Dialog:

Jonathan: "That's it, piggy, drink it all down. Fill that tight little tummy up for daddy. Make it gurgle for me... I want to hear it."

Lucia: "Glug... glug... mmmph... HIC!... glug... Buuuurrrp!..."



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Narration:

Later that night, the satiated, heavy feeling of her stuffed belly had transformed into a potent, simmering arousal. When Jonathan entered the bedroom holding a thick leather collar with a silver chain attached, Lucia's eyes went dark with lust. He fastened it around her neck, the cold leather a stark contrast to her warm skin. The added element of kink sent her over the edge. She was ten times more turned on than usual, the fullness in her gut fueling a desperate, ravenous need. She crawled onto the bed and took his thick cock into her mouth, her big, juicy red lips enveloping him as she began to suck ferociously.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Ahhh... fuck... yes..."

Lucia: "Gllk... slurp... ggglk..."



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Narration:

She was an absolute professional, a goddess of depravity. Every now and then, she would pop his cock out of her mouth with a wet smack, just for a second, to gasp for a quick breath before diving back down. The chain swung gently with her movements. During one of these brief pauses, she looked up at him with hungry eyes, her lips glistening. She was one kinky wife, and she knew exactly how to spice things up with her man.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Pull the chain a little, Daddy. Make it tighter."



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Narration:

This time, however, things were a bit strange. As Lucia gave her husband the blowjob of a lifetime, everything felt heightened. She was on her knees on the plush floor, her stuffed belly pressing against her thighs, while he knelt on the edge of the bed above her. The intensity was off the charts, but underneath the haze of lust, a strange, tingling energy began to course through Lucia's veins, a subtle hum that started in her bones and began to radiate outward.



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Narration:

As she worked him over, her body began to change in ways that were almost imperceptible. Her limbs seemed to lengthen by mere millimeters, the bones in her forearms stretching just a fraction. Her kneeling form, while still petite, seemed to take up a tiny bit more space than it had a moment ago. It was so subtle, a change lost in the heat of the moment and the rocking motion of her head.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Oh god, baby... just like that... don't stop."

Lucia: "Mmmph... gllk..."



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Narration:

The strange, quiet expansion continued. The frame of her shoulders seemed to widen by the smallest fraction, her torso elongating almost unnoticeably. The effect was that she appeared slightly more statuesque, her proportions shifting on a microscopic level. Jonathan, lost in the pleasure she was giving him, noticed nothing except the incredible feeling of her mouth.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Fuck... Lucia, I'm so close... you're so fucking good at this."

Lucia: "Ggglk... slurp... mmm..."



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Narration:

As Jonathan's hips began to buck, signaling his imminent climax, Lucia felt the leather collar suddenly dig into her neck. It felt significantly tighter than a moment ago. For a split second, she thought about it, but then dismissed it, assuming in her head that her hubby was just pulling the chain harder like she'd asked him to. She braced herself as he groaned her name, his body convulsing as he blew his thick load deep into the back of her throat. Without hesitation, she swallowed every last drop.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "I'm... gonna... CUUUM! Oh, fuck, Lucia!"

Lucia: "GULP... GULP."



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Narration:

A few minutes were all it took for Jonathan to be ready again. As he recovered, Lucia sat up, tugging at the leather collar around her neck. It was definitely digging in. She fumbled with the buckle to loosen it a notch, and in the process, the small silver chain attached to the D-ring snapped and fell away with a faint clink. It was a bummer, but neither of them cared much in that moment; they were both far too horny to let it ruin the mood. She sat cross-legged on the bed, a queen on her throne, and patted the space in front of her. As Jonathan stood before her, she took her big, full breasts in her hands, separating them to create a perfect channel for him. Simultaneously, he unscrewed the cap from a large box of thick, calorie-dense coffee cream.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Babe, this collar is way too tight all of a sudden. Did you yank on it that hard?"

Jonathan: "No, I let it go completely. Let me see..."

Lucia: "Well, whatever. Whoops... I think the chain just broke."

Jonathan: "Seriously? Must have been a cheap piece of crap. Sorry, baby."

Lucia: "Don't be. Now listen to me. I want you to fuck my tits. Right here. And while you do it... I



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Narration:

As the thick, sweet cream slid down her throat, the strange, tingling energy returned with a vengeance. It was a pleasant, humming vibration deep in her bones, a feeling of potentiality that was intensely arousing. While Jonathan thrust between her breasts, lost in his own pleasure, Lucia's torso began to subtly lengthen. Her spine seemed to stretch, adding an almost imperceptible inch to her height. Her ribcage expanded, pushing her already large breasts further apart, making them swell and press more firmly against his cock. The flesh felt denser, heavier, and impossibly soft.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Fuck, baby... your tits feel incredible. So fucking full... they're swallowing me up. Drink it all, that's it..."

Lucia: "Mmmph... glug... yes... keep going..."



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Narration:

He finished the first bottle and immediately grabbed another, not breaking his rhythm. Lucia gulped it down greedily, the sugary liquid fueling both her arousal and the strange transformation taking place. Her arms, which were braced on the bed behind her, now seemed longer, the muscles in her shoulders and biceps subtly thickening, giving her a more powerful, statuesque frame. Her legs, folded on the bed, felt more solid, her thighs pressing against the mattress with more weight. Jonathan had to unconsciously adjust his kneeling position, shifting slightly to accommodate her expanding form without realizing why.

Dialog:

Lucia: "More, babe... pour more... don't stop..."

Jonathan: "Anything for you... God, you feel so good. Just look at you, taking it all... the cream, my cock... such a good girl."



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Narration:

The growth in her breasts was now the most obvious change, even if they didn't consciously process it. The swell was significant, her cleavage becoming a deep, pillowy valley that completely engulfed his shaft. Where before he could feel the edges of her breasts, now there was just an endless, soft channel of warm flesh wrapping around him. The sensation was intoxicating. Lucia felt a pleasant, stretching ache in her bones, a feeling she mistook for the deep muscle contractions of her building orgasm. She moaned, a sound that was half pleasure from the sex and half from the strange, satisfying feeling of her own expansion.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Jesus, Lucia... look at your tits. They're perfect... a perfect fit for my cock. It's like they were made for this."

Lucia: "They're... ungh... they're all for you, Daddy..."



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Narration:

By the time she was halfway through the third bottle of cream, she was undeniably larger. Taller, broader across the shoulders, with thicker limbs and a heavier, more imposing presence. In the throes of passion, Jonathan didn't perceive it as literal growth; he just saw his wife becoming more of a goddess before his eyes, more powerful, more dominant, more everything. He thrust harder, faster, completely mesmerized by the sight of her devouring the cream while her magnificent breasts milked his cock.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "That's it... drink it all! Look at you... such a greedy fucking piggy... I'm gonna cum again!"

Lucia: "GULP... GULP... Mmmph... glug..."



LOADING

PLEASE STAND STILL...

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Narration:

A few weeks had passed in a blissful, gluttonous haze. Their new dynamic had settled into a comfortable routine of lavish meals, indulgent snacks, and constant, loving encouragement from Jonathan. One morning, after a long, hot shower, Lucia decided it was time. The moment of truth had arrived. She padded out of the bathroom, droplets of water still clinging to her visibly softer, rounder body, and stepped onto the sleek, digital scale in the corner of their bathroom. She held her breath, her heart hammering against her ribs as the screen flickered to life.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Okay... okay... let's see..."

VITAL STATISTICS

WEIGHT
166.4 kg
366.8 lbs

BMI
37.4

Height: 211 cm
Waist: 139 cm
Hip: 176 cm
Bust: 138 cm

Page 44

Narration:

The numbers on the display blinked once, twice, then locked into place, stark and undeniable. 166.4 kg—367 lbs. But that wasn't the most shocking part. The scale, a high-tech model that also measured height and body composition, delivered the second blow: 211 cm. Six-foot-nine. Her height had skyrocketed along with her weight. The final metric confirmed her new reality: BMI 37.4. Officially obese. She stared at the numbers, her mind reeling from the impossible reality of it all.

Dialog:

Lucia: "No puede ser..."

Translation:

No puede ser: It can't be / This can't be happening.



Page 45

Narration:

She stared down at the glowing numbers on the scale for what felt like an eternity, completely spaced out. Her mouth hung open, her eyes zoned out, unable to process the impossible truth. This was it. She was rapidly approaching the point of no return, if she hadn't crossed it already. She wasn't just getting fat; she was becoming a giantess, growing in every direction, her body reshaping itself into something monumental.

Dialog:

Lucia: "I'm... so fucking big... How did I get so big? Those numbers... no, they can't be right... I'm huge..."



Page 46

Narration:

Her body was a testament to their shared indulgence. Her once-famous ass had grown substantially larger, fuller, and was now matched by thick, powerful thighs that pressed firmly together, completely eliminating any trace of a thigh gap. A fine web of cellulite had started to bloom across her flesh, a texture she'd once feared but now found strangely fascinating. Her designer wardrobe was practically useless at this point. Zippers wouldn't close, seams strained, and buttons refused to meet their holes. For weeks, she had been walking around their massive house mostly in stretchy lingerie, but even that was beginning to feel suffocatingly tight.



Page 47

Narration:

The delicate lace and elastic of her lingerie now dug mercilessly into her skin, creating deep red creases. Her softer, plumper flesh spilled over the tight bands of her panties and bra, most noticeably around her expanding waist and hips. Where her skin was once smooth, it was now partitioned by the straining fabric, creating soft rolls of flesh that testified to her rapid growth.



Page 48

Narration:

Her back bore the brunt of the strain. The thin straps of her bra looked like they were ready to give up at any moment, stretched to their absolute limit under a monumental load. It seemed inevitable that the clasp would soon explode, letting her giant tits come loose like a pair of wrecking balls, free from their insufficient prison.



Page 49

Narration:

And then there were her tits... they were a different story entirely. They had grown so much, so fast, that faint, silvery stretch marks were beginning to appear on the swelling upper curves. Their sheer weight now caused a mild, persistent ache in her upper back whenever she dared to go braless. But when she did wear a bra, they were just as troublesome, spilling over the cups and threatening to pop out with the slightest movement. Her new bust was so prominent that she could barely see her own feet anymore and often had to lean her entire upper body over just to see past them properly.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Ugh... look at them... They're out of control."



Page 50

Narration:

Standing next to each other, the new reality was impossible to ignore. Jonathan, a man of average height, looked positively tiny next to his statuesque, 6-foot-9 wife. Her shoulders were broader than his, her presence overwhelmingly larger. While Lucia was undeniably turned on by the sheer scale of her new body, a hot, thrilling new aspect of the kink had emerged for her: weight gain denial. She loved pretending she was still her old size, and Jonathan, ever attentive to her desires, leaned into the game with her.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Papi, this is so weird. I think this scale is broken. It showed me some completely insane number just now."

Jonathan: "Totally broken. A piece of junk. I'll throw it out. You look like you haven't gained an ounce."

Lucia: "Right? But then... all my new panties are starting to feel a little snug around the hips. Do you think they shrunk in the wash?"

Jonathan: "Definitely. Terrible quality control these days. And look at this doorway, I swear it gets narrower every day. It's a miracle you can even squeeze through."

Lucia: "I know! It's so strange. I must be retaining water or something."



Page 51

Narration:

As Lucia woke up every morning a bit bigger and taller than the day before, their established dynamic began to warp. It was becoming harder for her to convincingly slide into the role of a submissive, obedient wife when she could literally bench press her husband. Jonathan, in turn, found it harder to dominate a woman who could effortlessly pick him up, pin him against a wall with her body, and set him on her shoulders to suck his cock. She was undeniably stronger than him now, and far more intimidating.

Dialog:

Lucia: "So, how does it feel? Dating a 370-pound, six-foot-nine Reina? You look so cute from up here." (She playfully patted the top of his head). "All teany tiny."

Jonathan: "Yeah, yeah... hilarious. You need to get ready so we can go grab lunch. I made a reservation at that sushi place you love."

Lucia: "Oh, right! But Papi, we need to go shopping later. I know you just got me all those new clothes a week ago, but they're barely fitting me anymore."



Page 52

Narration:

A few hours later, after a near-impossible search through her expansive closet, Lucia miraculously found an evening dress that could accommodate her new, statuesque frame. It was a stretchy, wrap-style gown she'd never worn before. She paired it with a set of open-toe high heels, the only pair she owned that her larger feet could still squeeze into. Soon after, she and her man were on their way to Sakura Palace, the most exclusive sushi restaurant in the city, a luxurious establishment where the bill alone was more than most people's monthly rent.



Page 53

Narration:

They walked into the dimly lit, opulent restaurant holding hands. It was a cute, almost comical sight; Jonathan's strong, manly hand could no longer wrap all the way around Lucia's much larger one, which was made to look even more formidable by her long, sharp, red nails. Her dress was a shimmering, metallic rose gold fabric that clung to every enhanced curve. Underneath, her lingerie was already straining. The dress was daringly designed, with a high slit on the bottom left that gave a tantalizing glimpse of her bloated, rounded gut with every step she took. On the top left, the dress cut away entirely, leaving her massive, bra-clad breast on full display. As they approached the hostess stand, she leaned down to whisper to Jonathan.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Babe, I'm nervous. These chairs... they don't look very big."

Jonathan: "Don't worry about it, honey. I'm sure you'll be able to squeeze into one. It'll be fine."



Page 54

Narration:

Lucia stared down to her left, her gaze softening as she looked at her husband. He was smiling, confidently navigating their way through the high-end restaurant, completely unbothered by the stares they were getting. Seeing him so happy, so proud to be with her, and so dedicated to spoiling and taking care of his queen, made a wave of pure adoration wash over her. In that moment, she felt like the luckiest, most cherished woman in the entire world.



Page 55

Narration:

In a booth across the sprawling dining area, a man in a tailored black suit was laughing with a middle-aged woman with short black hair. The man was Marcus Valowski, a disgraced former executive from Jonathan's company. He was a cocky son-of-a-bitch whose ambition had always outstripped his talent. The woman was Jianna Croft, a modeling agent Lucia had worked with years ago. Jianna was notorious in the industry for her cruelty, a mean lady who would make scathing comments if a girl gained so much as a single pound. The two of them were dating, a match made in mutual misery and arrogance.

Dialog:

Jianna: "Honestly, the service here has gone downhill. I remember when they used to treat their regulars with a bit more respect."

Marcus: "Everything's gone downhill, darling. Quality is a forgotten concept. It's all about cheap flash and no substance these days."



Page 56

Narration:

Lucia had a nasty falling out with Jianna years ago after she'd publicly eviscerated one of Lucia's friends for not losing her baby weight fast enough, making horrible comments about the new mother's stretch marks. After that, Lucia went independent and never looked back. Marcus's history with Jonathan was just as toxic. He had tried to orchestrate a hostile takeover using falsified documents and backroom deals, a con that Jonathan had uncovered just in time. Now, Marcus was bitter, a has-been who watched from the sidelines as the company he'd been kicked out of became an international powerhouse. He and Jianna were miserable fucks, pretending to be high-rollers when they were barely staying afloat.

Dialog:

Marcus: "It's all about appearances. You just have to look the part, and these idiots will believe you belong."

Jianna: "Speaking of appearances... oh, you have got to be kidding me. Look who it is."



Page 57

Narration:

Their bitter conversation came to a sudden halt. A loud, sharp *clack-clack-clack* echoed from the restaurant's entrance, the unmistakable sound of stiletto heels hitting the polished wooden floor with confident, powerful strides. They both turned in their seats to see the source of the noise and were left speechless. Framed in the entryway was the shocking silhouette of a statuesque woman and her much smaller companion—a true power couple, though not in the way anyone would expect.



Page 58

Dialog:

Marcus: "Jesus Christ, look at the size of that woman. She's making that poor bastard with her look like a damn accessory."

Jianna: "She could have him for an appetizer... Wait a second."

Marcus: "What? You know her?"

Jianna: "No, him. Is that... is that Jon Davis?"

Marcus: "Holy shit, it is. The man himself."

Jianna: "No fucking way. Then that means... oh, my god. I know the girl, too."

Marcus: "You know *that*? How? Is she one of his new... projects?"

Jianna: "That's Lucia Ramirez. She used to be on my roster. One of my best models, years ago. But what the hell happened to her? I don't remember her being this... thick. She was never this big. And... since when is she two heads taller than everyone else in the room?"



Page 59

Narration:

Jonathan, ever the gentleman, pulled one of the ornate wooden chairs back from the table for his wife. Lucia turned and began to lower her massive frame, but came to an abrupt stop. Her wide, soft hips had met the unforgiving armrests, refusing to go any further. She couldn't fit. A hot flush of embarrassment crept up her neck as she turned back to her husband, her eyes wide with mortification. That is, until a gentle, older Japanese waiter with a kind face and broken English hurried over to them.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Babe... I don't think this is going to work. My ass is too big."

Jonathan: "It's okay, it's okay, lemme see what I can do, baby, don't worry about it."

Waiter: "So sorry, so sorry, miss. Chairs... no good for beautiful lady. Perhaps... you like two wine barrels? Very strong. For madam to sit on?"

Jonathan: "No, that's really not necessary, we can—"

Lucia: "Yes. Please. That would be perfect." (She turned her gaze to the waiter). "And you should really keep some bigger chairs around for next time. This place isn't very plus-size friendly so far."



Page 60

Narration:

The waiter returned moments later, rolling two sturdy, empty wine barrels into place. With a sigh of relief, Lucia finally sat down, placing one massive butt cheek on each barrel. The improvised seat was surprisingly comfortable and perfectly accommodated her wide hips. The waiter, however, still looked mortified, bowing repeatedly. Jonathan's expression soured, his annoyance with the man's fawning apologies becoming more visible by the second.

Dialog:

Waiter: "So sorry, madam, sir. Very sorry for inconvenience. So sorry."



Page 61

Narration:

Lucia lifted her large hand, gesturing for the man to stop. A subtle, kind smile graced her lips, a stark contrast to her demanding tone from moments before. The waiter took a deep, steadying breath, his shoulders relaxing slightly.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Hey, calm down. It's no big deal, it's settled now. I was just messing with you before, you've been a sweetheart."

Waiter: "Oh! Thank you, madam. Thank you. What would you like to have today?"

Lucia: "What's the biggest sushi platter you have on the menu?"

Waiter: "Ah, the Emperor's Platter. 48 pieces. The finest bluefin toro, king salmon from Hokkaido, sea urchin, sweet shrimp..."

Jonathan: "We'll take it. Bring it over, please."

Waiter: "Right away, sir. Anything else?"

Lucia: "Another bottle of this wine, por favor."



Page 62

Narration:

The waiter bowed again, nearly tripping over his own feet in his haste to please them. Jonathan dismissed him with a curt wave of his hand, clearly having run out of patience for the apologies. As the waiter scurried away towards the kitchen, Lucia called out after him.

Dialog:

Waiter: "Again, so sorry! The bottle of wine is on the house, of course. A token of—"

Jonathan: "Nah, we'll pay for the bottle. Just make sure everything goes smoothly from here on. We don't want anything for free."

Waiter: "Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! I will bring platter back in little bit!"

Lucia: "Thank you!"



Page 63

Dialog:

Lucia: "Ugh, that poor man. He was so sweet, I feel kind of bad for him now."

Jonathan: "Don't be. You were perfectly within your right to be upset about the chair, baby. This is supposed to be a high-end restaurant, not a fucking cafeteria."

Lucia: "I know, I know. But I feel like you could have been a little more soft-spoken with him, too. His English isn't that good, you were kind of harsh."

Jonathan: "He's a waiter, it's his job to handle situations. Don't worry about it."

Lucia: "Still..."

Jonathan: "I'll give him a nice tip after, okay? A very nice tip. That's better than being soft-spoken."



Page 64

Narration:

Ignoring every social cue that screamed 'leave us alone,' Marcus and Jianna couldn't help themselves. Desperate to be noticed and to needle the couple who represented everything they'd lost, they abandoned their own table and approached Jonathan and Lucia's. A wave of annoyance washed over both Jonathan and Lucia, their pleasant mood instantly evaporating, but they schooled their features into neutral expressions as the unwelcome pair arrived.

Dialog:

Marcus: "Jon! Good to see you, man. Didn't expect to run into you here."

Jianna: "Lucia, darling. It's been ages. You look... well."



Page 65

Narration:

The two conversations started simultaneously, a transparent attempt to divide and conquer. Jonathan's focus was immediately pulled by Marcus, while Jianna honed in on Lucia, her eyes raking over Lucia's massive frame with a barely concealed sneer.

-- Lucia & Jianna --

Narration:

Jianna leaned in conspiratorially, her voice dripping with fake sweetness.

Dialog:

Jianna: "My god, you are just glowing. You look like you're eating well. Very well. Almost like you had someone for breakfast."

Lucia: "Excuse me?"

Jianna: "Oh, nothing, darling. Just an expression. It means you look... robust."

Lucia: "No, no. I heard you." (She raised a perfectly sculpted eyebrow). "Can you repeat what you just said?"

-- Jonathan & Marcus --

Narration:

Marcus was attempting to look casual, but the desperate edge in his voice was obvious as he tried to engage Jonathan.

Dialog:

Marcus: "So, listen, Jon, I've got this new venture capital idea I wanted to run by you, very synergistic with your brand..."

Jonathan: "Marcus, I'm here to have a nice time with my wife. I don't talk business outside of the office. You can call my assistant during work hours if you've got something to say."

Marcus: "Oh, right. 'Having a nice time with your wife.' From the looks of her, I'd say you're having a few nice times with the entire damn buffet."



Page 66

Narration:

That was it. Jonathan's cool snapped. He shot up from his chair, the abrupt motion rattling the table. He took a step towards Marcus, his entire body radiating aggression. Marcus took a half-step back, a smug look on his face, already calculating the payout from the lawsuit if Jonathan threw a punch.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Listen to me. You say one more fucking word about her, and I will break your jaw in half. Do you understand me?"

Marcus: "Hey, easy there, Jon. Wouldn't want to do anything you'd have to pay for..."

Jonathan: "Pay for it? I'll fucking bleed money if it means I get to make your life hell. And trust me, I've got more than I know what to do with. I will ruin you."

Jianna: "Don't you speak to my fiancé like that!"

Marcus: "Fiancé?. Wee met for drinks last week!"

Lucia: "Alright, that's enough. ¡Par de pendejos, lárguense de aquí!"

Translation:

¡Par de pendejos, lárguense de aquí!: Couple of idiots, get out of here!



Page 67

Narration:

With a grace that defied her immense size, the Latina queen rose from her wine-barrel seat. She stepped behind Marcus, placing a heavy hand on his shoulder. Her grip was like iron; he winced, his cocky demeanor instantly vanishing, replaced by a flicker of genuine fear. She leaned down, her voice a low, dangerous purr in his ear.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Escúchame, pedazo de mierda. Get the fuck back to your table... or I'll show you exactly what it's like to have someone for breakfast."

Translation:

Escúchame, pedazo de mierda: Listen to me, you piece of shit.



Page 68

Narration:

After the disgraced pair scurried back to their table, Lucia sat down heavily on her wine-barrel throne, her body still visibly tense from the confrontation. Jonathan reached across the table and placed his hand over her much larger one, rubbing it gently. It was clear her confidence was growing with her size; the way she had asserted her dominance was thrilling, but he could see the adrenaline was still coursing through her.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Hey... don't let those assholes get to you. You were amazing."

Lucia: "Do you know that guy? Marcus?"

Jonathan: "Yeah. He's a bitter ex-investor. I dropped him after I found out he was trying to fucking play me. And you? You know that old hag?"

Lucia: "Jianna. She used to be my agent. We had a... falling out."

Jonathan: "A match made in hell, am I right? Though I gotta say, it was kind of hot what you did back there. Threatening to have them for breakfast? Would you really do that?"

Lucia: (She just smirked, a dangerous glint in her eye, but didn't answer directly). "Let's just eat, Babe. I'm starving."



Page 69

Narration:

Shortly after, the waiter returned, carrying an enormous, ornate platter laden with 48 perfect pieces of sushi. He placed it carefully on the table, still looking a bit flustered. As he was about to set it directly in the middle of them, Jonathan held up a hand to stop him.

Dialog:

Waiter: "The Emperor's Platter. And we have for you a take-out bag, made with real gold leaf, for what remains. I think even for two..."

Jonathan: "Move it closer to my wife."

Waiter: "I... I beg your pardon, sir?"

Jonathan: "It's for her. All of it. I'll just have a cold saké."

Narration:

The waiter's jaw went slack with shock, his eyes wide as he slid the entire massive platter in front of the giantess. Lucia, for her part, just licked her lips, her eyes sparkling with pure, unadulterated excitement.



Page 70

Narration:

Without bothering with chopsticks, Lucia reached out with her long, red-nailed fingers and picked up a thick piece of fatty tuna belly wrapped in rice and seaweed. She held it in front of her face for a moment, admiring it like a jewel. A hungry, predatory smile spread across her lips.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Ay, no puedo esperar. I am so fucking excited to finish all of this."

Translation:

Ay, no puedo esperar: Oh, I can't wait.



Page 71

Narration:

She brought the glistening piece of sushi to her lips, parted them, and took the first bite.



Page 72

Narration:

As she began to chew, her eyes rolled up into her head, the pleasure so intense it was almost orgasmic. A deep, guttural moan rumbled in her chest, a sound of pure, uninhibited bliss that was probably audible to the entire restaurant.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Mmmmmmmmmmm... fuck... Qué delicia... esto es increíble..."

Translation:

Qué delicia... esto es increíble...: What a delight... this is incredible...



Page 73

Narration:

She grabbed four more pieces of sushi and arranged them in the palm of her left hand so they were easier to reach. Then, she leaned back on her wine-barrel seat, tilted her head back, and began to seductively drop them into her mouth one by one, swallowing each with a little flutter of her throat. The display was purely for her husband's benefit, and she knew it was making him rock hard under the table. She kept up a running commentary, a breathless, teasing monologue that was equal parts gluttony and seduction.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Mmm... these are so good. I wonder how many calories are in all of this? Thousands, probably. After this, I'm thinking maybe we get some dessert. A whole cheesecake, maybe? Or we could just go home and you could order me three large pizzas..."



Page 74

Narration:

As she continued her decadent performance, Jonathan pulled out his phone, a wicked little smile playing on his lips. He unlocked the screen and looked up at Lucia, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Are you ready for it?"

Lucia: (Chewing) "Mmmph... ready for what?"

Jonathan: "...Down there."

Narration:

Her eyes widened in instant understanding, a thrill shooting through her.

Lucia: "Mhmmm... Put it on the max setting like a good boy."



Page 75

Narration:

Being the kinky, forward-thinking wife she was, this had all been her idea. Before leaving the house, she had taken a tiny, remote-controlled vibrator and carefully taped it to the inside of her panties, ensuring it rested directly against her wet, fat pussy. It was a little game for her husband to play, a way for him to tease her, reward her, and encourage her to eat more while they were out. Before Lucia could even reach for another piece of sushi, Jonathan pressed the button on his phone. The vibrator buzzed to life.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Nnngh—!"



Page 76

Narration:

A loud, unrestrained moan escaped her lips before she could stop it, echoing slightly in the quiet, fancy restaurant. Several heads turned in their direction. A hot blush immediately spread across her cheeks, a mix of genuine embarrassment and deep, buzzing pleasure. She continued chewing the food already in her mouth, trying to act casual.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Mmmph... excuse me."



Page 77

Narration:

Jonathan kept edging her, turning the vibrations off and then back on the second her fingers touched another piece of sushi, a delicious reward mechanism that was driving her insane. Her eyebrows were knitted together in a look of pure, agonizing pleasure, her face twisted into a full ahgao expression as she fought with every fiber of her being not to scream out loud. The more he did it, the more aggressive she became with the food, abandoning all pretense of manners and shoving two, three, four, even five pieces into her mouth at a time like a ravenous monster.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Hnnngh! Mmph! F-fuck..."



Page 78

Narration:

She kept eating, a machine of pure gluttony. Each piece of sushi was enormous, dense with rice and fish, easily packing 500 calories apiece. In less than ten minutes, the first 48-piece platter was gone. She waved down the stunned waiter, not even bothering to wipe her mouth. As Jonathan ordered a second platter, her belly, already a tight drum, seemed to swell and push out even further, groaning under the strain of the incoming tidal wave of food.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Hnngh! More... Tell him to bring another one... NOW!"



Page 79

Narration:

As she tore into the second platter, all semblance of grace was gone. She was a force of nature, her chewing loud and wet, punctuated by deep, gassy burps that she no longer bothered to excuse. Jonathan continued his relentless assault with the remote, the buzzing causing her to squirm and gasp on her wine-barrel seat. Her stomach was churning, gurgling audibly as it struggled to make room.

Dialog:

Lucia: "BuuuuuaaaRRRGHp! Oh god... Mmmph... keep going..."



Page 80

Narration:

She was nearing the end of the second platter, her belly a monstrously bloated sphere. She clutched at it with both hands, panting, trying to soothe the intense, stretching pressure from within. She shoved another piece of rice and fish into her mouth, and as she swallowed, a sharp, tearing sound cut through the restaurant's quiet ambiance. The main seam at the top of her waist had given way.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Nngh! P-Papi... it... the dress..."



Page 81

Narration:

The sight of her own pale, stretched skin spilling from the new opening in her dress only spurred her on. With a wild look in her eyes, she grabbed another piece of sushi. The simple act of lifting her arm was too much for the tortured fabric. The initial tear widened with a much louder rip, splitting further up her side and down towards her hip, exposing even more of her massively swollen gut.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Good girl... just let it happen. Rip it all for me."

Lucia: "Unnnggghh...!"



Page 82

Dialog:

Lucia: "Mmmph... fuck, it's so good... I can't stop... ¡Más, necesito más! Oh god, the vibrator... hnngh... keep it on... feed me while it's on... Look at me, I'm such a fucking pig for you... Mi barriga... está a punto de explotar."

Translation:

¡Más, necesito más!: More, I need more!

Mi barriga... está a punto de explotar.: My belly... it's about to explode.



Page 83

Narration:

As she continued to shovel food into her mouth, a new sensation began to build, separate from the bloating in her gut. A deep, heavy pressure was expanding in her hips and ass. With every piece of sushi she swallowed, her rear seemed to swell, pressing down with more and more force onto the two wine barrels. A faint, groaning creak started to emanate from the wood beneath her.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Oof... babe... something else is happening... My ass... it feels so full... so... tight..."



Page 84

Narration:

The creaking from the barrels grew louder, more insistent. With a sharp **crack!**, tiny splinters of wood began to push up from the surface of the barrels, unable to withstand the sheer pressure of her rapidly fattening ass. The metallic rose gold fabric of her dress, already ripped at the side, was now stretched drum-tight across her rear, the central seam turning white with strain.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Hnngh! Did you hear that? I think I'm breaking them... Oh god, mi culo se siente tan pesado..."

Translation:

mi culo se siente tan pesado: my ass feels so heavy.

crack



Page 85

Narration:

She shifted her weight, and the combined forces were too much. With a loud crack from the wood beneath her, the main seam of her dress finally gave way. A loud rip echoed as the fabric split right down the middle of her backside, revealing a wide stripe of her strained rose-gold panties. Her soft flesh immediately began to bulge through the new opening.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Ouf! It ripped! Right on my ass! It's getting too big for the dress!"



Page 86

Narration:

The thrill of the rip sent another jolt of pleasure through her. She writhed on her splintering seat, the sensations from the food, the vibrator, and her own explosive growth becoming an overwhelming cocktail of ecstasy. The tear in her dress widened, ripping away completely until the back of her skirt was nothing but tattered rags. Her now-massive ass was fully on display, the thin string of her panties disappearing deep into her butt crack, barely visible between her two burgeoning, heavy cheeks.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Oh, fuck... sí, baby... look at my ass... ¡Míralo! It's so fat now... so heavy..."

Translation:

¡Míralo!: Look at it!



Page 87

Narration:

As if her body wasn't already undergoing enough of a radical transformation, a new sensation began to radiate from her legs. It was a strange, tingling, pulling feeling, deep in her bones. Her legs felt like they were stretching, lengthening right there under the table. Simultaneously, her feet began to swell, the flesh plumping up and pressing painfully against the delicate straps of her open-toe high heels.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Wait... something else is happening now... mis piernas... they feel... weird. Tingly."

Translation:

mis piernas: my legs



Page 88

Narration:

The pressure in her feet became immense, an unstoppable force of expansion. With a sharp, tearing sound, *SHRRK!*, the thin leather straps across her toes gave way completely. Her newly plumped toes, now far too large for the shoes, burst through the front, wiggling freely. Her entire foot seemed to visibly fatten and spread out on the floor.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Oh! My shoes! Jonathan, did you see that? My toes... they just ripped right through! They're too fat!"



Page 89

Narration:

Her legs continued their slow, inexorable stretch, causing her to rise slightly higher on her splintering, wine-barrel seat. To steady herself, she instinctively put more of her massive weight onto one foot. The delicate stiletto heel beneath it, never designed for such a colossal burden, bent sideways for a moment before snapping completely in half with a loud *CRACK!*

Dialog:

Lucia: "Whoa! iAy! The heel broke! It just snapped! Babe, I think I'm still growing... I'm getting even taller!"



Page 90

Narration:

A few moments later, Lucia finally called it quits. She had devoured three of the 48-piece Emperor's Platters, along with a full plate of chicken and fries, a steak dinner, and an entire chocolate cake for dessert. At roughly 500 calories a piece, the sushi alone was over 70,000 calories, putting her total for this single, fucking meal well over 80,000 kcals. Jonathan just sat there in his chair, his head tilted all the way back as he looked up at his magnificent, grown wife in absolute shock and awe. He didn't mutter a word, just listened as she sat there groaning, her voice a low rumble.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Oooof... oh god... I'm so gassy... so full... I think... I think I probably ate too much..."



Page 91

Narration:

She began patting her enormously bloated belly, her hand making loud, hollow thumping sounds against the tight skin as she tried to relieve some of the immense pressure. In her other hand, she still held a full glass of wine, swirling it occasionally without drinking, as if just having it near was part of the indulgence.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Thump... thump... ooof... thump... God, it's so tight..."



Page 92

Narration:

She stared down at her own body, or what she could see of it past her massive breasts. A slow smile spread across her face. This was her own doing. She was actively, consciously turning herself into a whale in real time, and she fucking loved it. She adored how big she was getting, how much space she took up. Her expression was a perfect portrait of her new reality: a mixture of profound, bone-deep pleasure and the sheer exhaustion that comes from eating way, way too much.

Dialog:

Lucia: "My god... I'm really doing it... I'm turning into a whale..."



Page 93

Narration:

Continuing to pat her drum-tight belly, she felt a massive bubble of gas rise up her esophagus. She braced herself for impact, her eyes widening. Her bra, already under unimaginable strain, looked like a single thread was all that was holding it together. Her tits were pressed up and squeezed so tightly in the middle that she knew, with a thrill of anticipation, that it could go off at any second now.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Oh— here it comes..."



Page 94

Narration:

Suddenly, a gigantic, impossibly loud burp erupted from her mouth, echoing through the restaurant. A fine spray of tiny food particles that had been stuck between her teeth flew out with the force of the eruption. The shockwave of the burp was so powerful that it was the final straw for her bra; it instantly gave in, the clasp and fabric ripping apart completely. Freed from their prison, her massive tits spilled forward, slamming down heavily against the upper curve of her bloated belly with a soft, fleshy thud.



Page 95

Narration:

From their nearby table, Marcus and Jianna watched in absolute, abject horror. The waiter, who had just placed a small slice of strawberry cake in front of Jianna, stood frozen in place, his mouth agape as he stared at Lucia. The first volcanic eruption, however, was not the last. It was merely the opening salvo in a symphony of gastric distress. With her tits now resting heavily on her bloated belly, Lucia leaned back on the splintering barrels and continued to burp with absolutely no shame.

Dialog:

Jianna: "Did... did her clothes just explode from a burp?"

Marcus: "She's a farm animal. A goddamn pig in a dress."

Lucia: "Buuurrrp!—oops, excuse me."

Jianna: "This is the most disgusting thing I have ever witnessed."

Lucia: "BRAAAAAP!—Ay, Dios... — Guuuuhhrp! — So gassy...—Huuurrrghhp!—So sorry... BUUUUJARP!—Okay, I think that's the—Hic!—last one."



Page 96

Narration:

The waiter finally unfroze, his professional training taking over, though his eyes kept darting nervously towards Lucia's exposed, heaving chest and the tattered remains of her dress. He approached their table cautiously, but dared not say anything about the absolute inappropriateness of the situation. Instead, he directed his question to Jonathan, his voice trembling slightly. All the while, Jonathan's gaze remained fixed on his wife, who had picked up her wine glass and was calmly finishing the rest of the bottle.

Dialog:

Waiter: "Sir... will... will there be anything else?"

Jonathan: "No. I think we're done here."



Page 97

Narration:

Jonathan pulled a heavy, black metal credit card from his wallet and handed it to the waiter. The waiter looked at it, then back at Jonathan, confused. Jonathan's good mood was palpable; seeing his wife take pigging out to such an extreme, public level had been an incredible turn-on. He was feeling exceptionally generous.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Here. Give yourself a nice tip. And you can keep the card."

Waiter: "S-sir? I don't understand."

Jonathan: "Go ahead, take it before I change my mind. The code is in the back. Go get yourself something nice."

Waiter: "Thank you... thank you so much, sir!"



Page 98

Narration:

With a great effort, Lucia pushed herself up from the splintered wine barrels. Jonathan rose with her, and they began to head for the exit. Every eye in the restaurant was on them. Gasps and shocked whispers followed their slow procession as everyone took in the sight of the almost-naked giantess, a woman who was now visibly bigger, fatter, and taller than she had been when she first walked in. Each step was a slow, deliberate effort for Lucia; she felt so incredibly stuffed and lethargic, her body heavy with food.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Let's go, mami."

Lucia: "Ugh... walking is so hard right now... I'm so full..."



Page 99

Dialog:

Lucia: "Hang on. Wait a minute."

Jonathan: "What is it?"

Lucia: "Let me take a look at this real quick."



Page 100

Dialog:

Lucia: "Well, hello again. That's a nice-looking little piece of cake you have there." (She leans heavily on their table, grabbing the cake from Jianna's plate). "You wouldn't mind if I have this one, would you? You don't look like you need it."

Jianna: (Staring up in horror) "No... no, you can have it! You can have it!"

Lucia: "That's what I thought." (She turns to leave, taking a bite of the cake). "See you around, puta."



Page 101

Narration:

Jonathan stared up at his magnificent wife. He was already thinking ahead, knowing she would struggle to even buckle the car's seatbelt now that she was this fucking big. He watched as she, without missing a beat, began eating the small strawberry cake she had just commandeered, despite having consumed a gargantuan feast moments earlier.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Are you planning to have more stuff today?"

Lucia: "Of course. This was just lunch. We still have to think about dinner. And a late-night snack." (She stops walking for a moment and turns to him, her voice dropping to a low, demanding tone). "And when we get home, you're going to fuck me then eat me out like a good boy until I can't walk. Understand?"

Jonathan: (Under his breath) "Fuck, that's so hot... you're driving me crazy."



Page 102

Narration:

The second they walked through the front door, their clothes—or what was left of them—were torn off in a frenzy. They stumbled into the bedroom, a tangle of limbs and desperate lust, and crashed onto the reinforced bed. The events at the restaurant had ignited a new, ferocious fire between them. Lucia's once-playful submissive behavior was fading away, completely incompatible with the sheer scale of her new body compared to her husband's. She had become more demanding, more dominating, while Jonathan naturally slid into the servant role, awestruck and worshipful of the giantess his wife had become. He immediately knelt before her.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Ooooh, fuck... Ahhh... Mmmhmmm... yes..."



Page 103

Narration:

Jonathan continued his worship, his face buried between her massive thighs. He was on his knees, carrying the immense weight of her legs over his shoulders, his arms straining with the effort. He dug his tongue deep into her fat, juicy, wet cunt, working tirelessly as she thrashed and writhed on the bed above him. She was in complete control now, her voice a guttural command.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Yes, right there... Don't stop... Lick it harder, *perrito*! Faster! Make your goddess cum!"

Translation:

perrito: puppy



Page 104

Narration:

As Jonathan continued to worship at her altar, a familiar, tingling heat spread through Lucia's chest. Her already monumental breasts began to feel even heavier, swelling with a fresh wave of growth. They plumped up right before his eyes, the faint, silvery stretch marks seeming to glow as her flesh expanded, becoming fuller and rounder with every flick of his tongue.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Ohhh, yes... just like that... I can feel them... my tits are getting bigger again, *Muñeco*! Keep going!"

Translation:

Muñeco: doll / handsome man (can also imply plaything)



Page 105

Narration:

The strange, growing sensation then moved to her legs. A deep, pulling ache settled into her bones as another height spurt took hold. The bed beneath them groaned in protest as her legs seemed to physically lengthen, pushing her feet further towards the end of the mattress. Jonathan had to readjust, struggling to keep her massive, elongating legs on his shoulders.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Fuck... it's happening again... my legs... they're stretching... I'm getting so tall for you, baby..."



Page 106

Narration:

It wasn't just one part of her anymore; her entire body felt like it was inflating. Her flesh grew hotter and softer, her limbs thickening as her weight settled more heavily into the mattress. The bed frame let out a loud, pained ***CRREEEAK*** as another ten pounds seemed to manifest out of thin air, her belly pushing out even further, her ass spreading wider across the sheets.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Don't stop! Your tongue... it's making me grow! Make me bigger, ***mi Cariño***!"

Translation:

mi Cariño: my darling / my sweetheart



Page 107

Narration:

The intense growth spurt finally subsided, leaving her panting, her body humming with a pleasurable exhaustion. She was undeniably larger than she had been just minutes before—taller, heavier, a true goddess of flesh and scale. The orgasm that had been building finally crashed over her, a wave of pure bliss that rocked her entire, massive frame.

Dialog:

Lucia: "AHHH—! FUCK! YES! Good boy... You did so well... Now get up here and look at what your diosa has become."

Translation:

diosa: goddess

VITAL STATISTICS			
WEIGHT	BMI	Height:	376.9 cm
608.3 kg 1341.0 lbs	42.8 Obesity Class III	Waist:	386.1 cm
		Hip:	367.0 cm
		Bust:	285.0 cm



Page 108

Narration:

A few months later, the feeding didn't slow down; it got worse. The gluttony intensified to a degree that was hard to comprehend. What Lucia used to eat in a week, she now consumed in a single day, packing in hundreds of thousands of calories without fail. Her monthly food budget alone was in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. She was a very expensive feedee, but Jonathan fucking loved it. One morning, after she stepped on their industrial-grade scale and it simply errored out, he had to buy another, a custom-built one designed for weighing livestock. Upon stepping on it, the bright red numbers settled on a whopping 608.3 kg - 1341 lbs. With a new height of 337cm (or approximately 11 feet 1 inch), her BMI was now off the charts, firmly in the highest class of obesity. She was fucking gigantic.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Well... holy shit. That's... that's a new record."



Page 109

Narration:

A big, genuine smile spread across her face as she looked down at the fruits of her hard work. She had dedicated every waking moment to this fantasy, turning her entire life into a celebration of consumption and growth, and she couldn't be happier. A soft double chin was now a permanent feature, a testament to her dedication. Her face, once slender and angular, had finally caught up with the rest of her body, its new plumpness giving her the look of a true, prize-winning hog.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Oh, my sweet Jonathan is going to lose his mind when he hears this update."



Page 110

Narration:

The changes to her breasts were profound. Her areolas had widened into dark, puffy dinner plates, their surfaces dotted with prominent glands. Her nipples, once petite, had swelled into thick, sensitive knobs that were almost constantly erect. It didn't take long after that for her to start lactating uncontrollably. She would often wake up in the mornings to find the front of her oversized t-shirts completely soaked through with her own sweet, creamy titty milk. Her breasts were fucking gigantic, pendulous orbs of flesh that hung heavy on her chest.



Page 111

Narration:

Her belly, once a single, tight globe, had finally succumbed to gravity and its own immense weight. It folded over on itself in the middle, creating a big, fat double belly that shook and swayed like jelly every time she took one of her heavy, plodding steps. It now measured an astonishing 152 inches in circumference; she was officially wider than she was tall. Her hips were just as gigantic, measuring a whopping 144.5 inches around, supporting an ass that looked powerful enough to crush multiple watermelons at once.



Page 112

Narration:

At this point, Jonathan had become her fucktoy. The bigger she got, the more demanding and dominant she became, and the more serving, obedient, and submissive her husband got. The roles were completely reversed. He was so desperate for her. After seeing her on the scale, he had followed her sneakily into their cavernous bathroom. He stood behind her, completely dwarfed by her tree-trunk legs and humongous ass, and got so hard he couldn't help but start stroking his dick as he looked up at his gigantic wife in pure, unadulterated admiration.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Oh... Diosa... so perfect... so big..."



Page 113

Narration:

Lucia turned around, a slow, knowing smile spreading across her plump face as she heard the wet, slick sounds of her husband stroking himself. He didn't stop, just kept looking up at her massive, folded belly, his eyes glazed over with worship.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Did you see the number, baby? Thirteen hundred and forty-one pounds."

Jonathan: "Yes... mi ama... yes..."

Lucia: "You're so horny for me, it's cute. You like your wife fatter and bigger, huh?"

Jonathan: "I love you, Diosa. I'll do anything you ask me to do. Anything."

Lucia: "Anything, my sweet little perrito? You promise?"

Jonathan: "Yes! Anything! Please!"



Page 114

Narration:

Lucia looked down at him, her expression a mix of amusement and desire. She slowly turned her left hand into a tight fist, bringing it closer to her mouth. Then, she pushed her right cheek out with her tongue, making a crude, unmistakable gesture of a blowjob.

Dialog:

Lucia: "You want some of this?"

Jonathan: (Frantically nodding) "Yes! Yes, please, diosa, please!"



Page 115

Narration:

They made their way to the living room, as the master bedroom was currently inaccessible. Their old bed had collapsed under Lucia's colossal weight a week prior, and Jonathan had to order a new, custom-made one with a reinforced steel and cement base to sustain her ever-increasing size. In the living room, the Latina giantess grabbed her husband with one of her massive hands, her perfectly white-nail painted fingers wrapping easily around his entire waist. She lifted him up to her mouth as if he weighed nothing. He held onto her head for stability with his now-tiny hands as she put his cock in her mouth and began to suck him off, pulling his entire body back and forth while his knees rested against her upper chest.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Oof— hnnngh..."



Page 116

Narration:

She continued her work, her head bobbing rhythmically, her cheeks hollowing with each powerful suck. Jonathan gripped her hair tighter, his knuckles white, his head thrown back as he let out a series of helpless, breathy moans. The sounds of her wet mouth were loud and obscene in the cavernous living room.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Oh, fuck... ahhh... Diosa... yes..."



Page 117

Narration:

She increased her pace, pulling him back and forth faster, swallowing him deeper. He couldn't hold back any longer, his body convulsing as he blew his load directly into the back of her throat. The hot, thick stream barely bothered her; it was an insignificant amount of liquid for a woman of her scale now, and it went down her throat with a single, easy gulp.

Dialog:

Lucia: "*sluorp... glug...*"

Jonathan: "AHHH—FUCK! MI AMA!"



Page 118

Narration:

Finished, Lucia casually moved her hand back, lowering Jonathan away from her face as if he were a mere object. She looked at him, a thoughtful, serious expression on her face. He was still panting, trying to catch his breath.

Dialog:

Lucia: "I've been thinking, and I'm ready."

Jonathan: "Ready? Ready for what, mi ama?"

Lucia: "For the gainer shake tank. On the terrace."

Jonathan: "Are you really sure? Don't you think you need some more capacity training before tackling the tank? The pressure from that thing is insane."

Lucia: "I feel ready. Seeing that number on the scale this morning... it gave me confidence."



Page 119

Narration:

Jonathan looked at her, his post-orgasmic haze replaced by genuine concern. He knew the mechanics of the tank better than anyone; he'd designed it for her, after all. Lucia, however, had an unnerving look of determination in her eyes.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Babe, the tank's pressure valve... it prevents it from being turned off on demand. If you start chugging and can't finish, the rest will spill all over the terrace. It would be a huge waste."

Lucia: "...Not if I wear a mouth gag."

Jonathan: "Are you serious? You'd explode! There's no way you're fitting that much chocolate gainer shake into your belly, Lucia. I love you, but it sounds like a bad idea."

Lucia: "Last time I checked, I'm the one who decides what can and can't go into my body, not you."

Jonathan: (His defiance immediately vanished).
"Yes... yes, of course, mi ama."

Lucia: "Go get the gag. Place it in my mouth, and we'll secure the hose through it. That way, there's no stopping. It's getting finished, one way or another. I'll meet you on the terrace."



Page 120

Narration:

Lucia made her way out to the expansive terrace, completely naked, her massive form silhouetted against the blue sky. She settled herself onto a series of wide, cold metal beams that served as avant-garde seating, loving the way the hard edges dug into her soft flesh, making her fat spill out between the gaps. She got herself into position, leaning back and looking up at the massive stainless steel tank that loomed over her. The gag was already in her mouth, a large rubber ring stretching her lips wide.

Dialog:

Lucia: "lff ee omoff reddy, baby?" (Is it almost ready, baby?)



Page 121

Narration:

This was a crazy idea, and a deep, rational part of her brain knew it. She knew the stakes, knew how fucking ridiculous this entire spectacle was. But she was ready for it. She felt an overwhelming confidence that she could handle it. She had every reason to believe so; her belly was now an absolutely gigantic, pendulous sack of flesh that had already proven to be elastic enough to accommodate an impossible amount of food. This was just the next logical step.



Page 122

Narration:

Jonathan finished the final preparations. The thick, reinforced hose coming from the tank was now wedged directly down her throat, its position secured by the gag's central ring. The leather straps of the gag were wrapped tightly around her face, buckling securely at the back of her head. The only way to remove it was from behind, making it impossible for her to get it off by herself.

Dialog:

Lucia: (She gave a muffled grunt of confirmation as he tightened the last strap)
"Mmmph!"



Page 123

Narration:

Jonathan stepped back, looking at the complex setup and his giantess wife, who was now essentially fused with the feeding machine. He shouted from across the terrace, his voice echoing slightly.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "The tank is ready, mi ama! Are you absolutely sure about this? This is your last chance!"

Lucia: (Her voice was a loud, distorted bellow from the gag) "I'M REDDY! AN' I'M NOFF OOVIN 'IL THA' THIN' IFF FINIF'D!" (I'm ready! And I'm not moving 'til that thing is finished!)



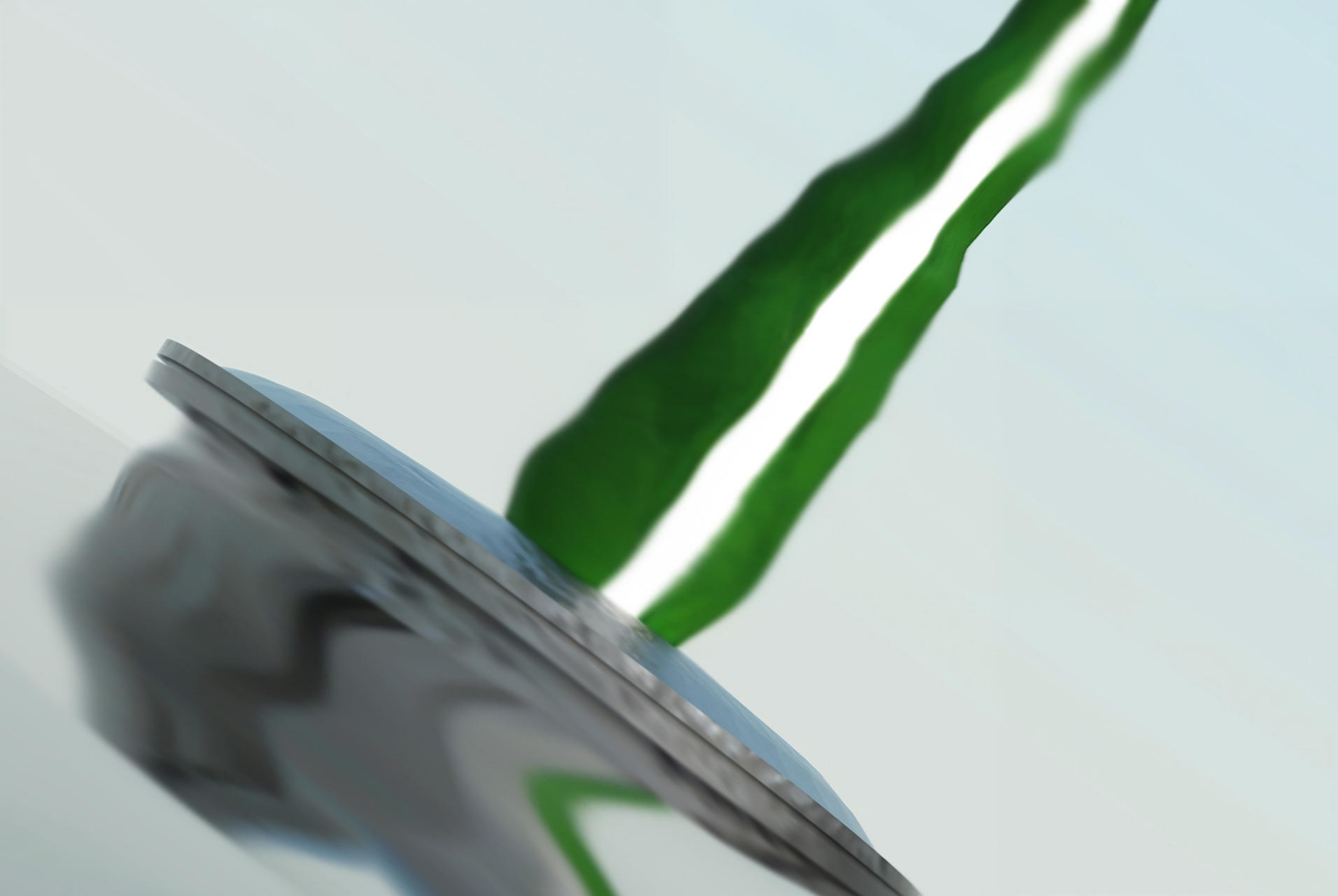
Page 124

Narration:

Jonathan took a deep, shaky breath, his heart pounding in his chest. He was feeling incredibly stressed out. He knew his wife was an eater, a true champion of consumption, but this was next level. This was the ultimate feedism challenge, a crazy fantasy that was entirely her idea. And him, being as rich as he was and as devoted as he was, couldn't help but oblige his goddess's every desire. He placed his hand on the large lever.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Okay, Reina... I'm turning the lever now! There's no going back!"



Page 125

Narration:

In a fraction of a second after he pulled the lever, the thick hose inflated violently. A massive, churning wave of thick, creamy, chocolate gainer shake busted through it, a brown torrent that rapidly raced down the tube directly towards Lucia's waiting mouth.



Page 126

Narration:

In the split second of quiet after the lever was pulled, Lucia waited. She could hear the thick, churning liquid rushing through the wide hose, a sound like a coming tidal wave. A thrill of pure, terrified anticipation shot through her. She was nervous, wondering how it was going to feel once that torrent of calories started gushing down her throat with no way to stop it.



Page 127

Narration:

Before she could even finish the thought, it hit her. The thick gainer shake slammed into the back of her throat and began pouring down into her stomach uncontrollably, the pressure unlike anything she had ever experienced. It wasn't a drink; it was a jet, a firehose of dense, creamy liquid. Her eyes, already wide, shot open even further, her pupils dilating in pure, overwhelming shock.



Page 128

Narration:

The first few gallons of the thick, chocolatey shake poured down her throat in a relentless torrent. Her already stuffed belly, still digesting the 75,000-calorie sushi feast, immediately began to distend even further. The skin, which had been merely tight before, now felt like it was being stretched to its absolute breaking point.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Glug-glug-glug-Mmmph!"



Page 129

Dialog:

Lucia: "Glog-glog... mnnngh... glrph..."



Page 130

Dialog:

Lucia: "CHUG-CHUG-CHUG...
NNNGGGHHHH... HNNNN..."



Page 131

Dialog:

Lucia: **"*SLOSH*... glug-glug... Hnnnng?!
NNGH!"**



Page 132

Narration:

Her belly was now bigger than it had ever been, bigger than she had ever imagined possible. It looked like a parody, a comically huge yoga ball that had been inflated under her skin. A gassy pressure built up behind the torrent of liquid, forcing its way up her throat.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Glog... mmmRRRPH... HNNK—!"



Page 133

Dialog:

Lucia: "Ohhh... OHHHH... glug-glug..."

Mmmmmnnnn..."



Page 134

Dialog:

Lucia: "Hnngh?!"

Mmmph-hnnngh?!"

NNNGHHH... *slosh*..."



Page 135

Dialog:

Lucia: "GLUG... GLOG... NNNGH-HURK!
AHHHH... MMMMNN..."



Page 136

Dialog:

Lucia:

Mmm-glog-glog-glog...!"

"AAAAHHH-GLRPH!"



Page 137

Narration:

She could hear the tank's machinery beginning to sputter, the powerful jet of liquid slowing to a forceful gush. It was almost halfway. She greedily swallowed it all, her body a monstrous, wobbling planet of flesh. Her belly was a testament to her ambition, wider, rounder, and fatter than she ever could have dreamed.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Glug... glug... g-g-glrph... mmmph... HNNNNNN..."



Page 138

Narration:

She was taking in so many calories, so fast, that she was gaining kilograms in real time. It wasn't just her belly anymore; a wave of growth was rolling through her entire, massive body. Her tits swelled even further, her ass spread wider across the splintering barrels, and even her face began to plump up. The leather straps of the mouth gag, which had been merely tight before, now dug painfully into her puffing cheeks, the whole apparatus constricting around her rapidly fattening head.



Page 139

Dialog:

Lucia: "HNNNNNNGGGHHH..."



Page 140

Narration:

The wave of growth continued, but this time it was centered entirely on her rear. A deep, spreading warmth filled her colossal ass cheeks as they began to plump up even further. They swelled rapidly, the soft flesh pushing hard against the two metal beams she was sitting on, squeezing deeper into the gap between them.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Mmmrrrrr..."



Page 141

Dialog:

Lucia: "*grrrooan...* NNNGH!"



Page 142

Dialog:

Lucia: "UUUUUUHHHHNNN..."



Page 143

Dialog:

Lucia: "*SCCCREEEEEE...* Mmph!"



Page 144

Dialog:

Lucia: "Ahhh—! HNNNG!"



Page 145

Dialog:

Lucia: "Nnnngh-hurk... mmmmm..."



Page 146

Narration:

The pressure became immense. The thick metal beams, once perfectly straight, were now visibly bowed under the incredible, ever-increasing weight of her gigantic ass. Her cheeks had become two colossal, perfectly round spheres of flesh and squeezed so tightly between the bending bars.

Dialog:

Lucia: "OOOHHHHNNNNNGGGGGGGHHH..."



Page 147

Dialog:

Lucia: "Mmmmmm..."



Page 148

Dialog:

Lucia: "Haaaahhh..."



Page 149

Narration:

Suddenly, with a sharp *SNAP!*, the leather strap of the mouth gag gave way. The sheer pressure from her fattened-up face had become too much for it, and the buckle tore clean off, causing the gag to split in half and fall away from her mouth. With a desperate, instinctual movement, her left hand shot up and grabbed the thick hose, her fingers wrapping around it tightly.



Page 150

Narration:

She yanked the hose out of her throat with a wet, sloppy sound and took a massive, shuddering gasp of air. It was immediately followed by a cascade of gigantic, chocolate-flavored burps that shook her entire body, each one a testament to the immense volume of shake she had just consumed. Between the eruptions, she managed to gasp out a few short, breathless words.

Dialog:

L u c i a :
"*GASP!*—**BRAAAAAAAAAAAP!**"—Fuck...—*
* B U U U U R R R P ! * * — S o
full...—**GRRRAAAP!**"—Mierda...—**BRAAP!
—So big...—HUUURRRP!**"—Oh
god...—**BRAP!**"—Fuck...—**GUUURRRgle-Rrr
p!**"—Huge...—**BRAAAAAAP!**"—Holy...—**B
UUUUURP!**"—shit...—**GRAP!**"



Page 151

Narration:

In the end, Lucia had managed to finish 98% of that tank, with only the last two percent going to waste on the terrace floor. That was millions of calories, a truly insane amount, ingested in one go. It was a miracle that she had pulled it off. With monumental effort, she slowly slid off the now-bending metal bars and sat on the cool floor, her back resting against the base of the tank. She panted heavily, her tongue lolling out of her mouth as she gasped for air. A final series of burps, each one louder than the last, rumbled out of her. Her massive tits were leaking milk uncontrollably, soaking her chest and belly, and her arms were dangling uselessly behind her, too heavy for her to even lift. Jonathan rushed to her side, his face a mask of concern and absolute awe.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "Lucia... are you okay? Oh my god... Do you want a belly massage? I can't believe you actually did it."

Lucia: (Panting) "I... I underestimated it... That was... actually crazy... But... it felt better than any other stuffing I've ever done."



Page 152

Narration:

Jonathan stared up at his now much bigger, much fatter wife—a true, living giantess of soft, warm flesh. He stood before her, his head barely reaching her navel, and confessed with a raw, trembling voice how much he fucking worshipped her now, her and every inch of her magnificent body. He confessed that he couldn't spend one second without thinking of her, her belly, her godliness. Lucia looked down at her tiny, devoted husband, a gentle smile on her face.

Dialog:

Jonathan: "I worship you, Lucia. Every pound. Every inch. You're my everything."

Lucia: "I love you too, my sweet, little Jonathan. This is the best decision we've ever made. I'm so glad I found out about your kink... I never thought I could live this fantasy with a man like you."



Page 153

Narration:

He got closer to her and started rubbing his dick against her massive arm and caressing her swollen, leaking tits, while Lucia gently rubbed her own extremely swollen stomach. She looked down at him with seductive, heavy-lidded eyes.

Dialog:

Lucia: "Am I getting too big for you now, baby? Because I'm getting big. Like, really big. Seriously."

Jonathan: "Never. You could never be too big for me, my love."

Lucia: "I don't have friends anymore. I don't have a job. I don't want to spend time with anyone else. It feels like a waste of time... time I could be spending ingesting more calories, getting bigger for you and for myself... taking up more space..."

Jonathan: "I know. Our whole dynamic has shifted. I'm happy with it. Are you?"

Lucia: "Yes. There's nothing I love more than the feeling of being worshipped by the man I care about and love the most."



Page 154

Narration:

Lucia looked at her tiny husband, her heart swelling with a love as immense as her body. He looked back up at her, his entire world, his reason for being, embodied in her colossal form.

Dialog:

Lucia: "I love you forever, my sweet Jonathan."

Jonathan: "I love you forever, my beautiful Diosa."

Lucia: "Good. Now, I want you to fuck me again. And then, I want you to call the tank refill guy. Tell him to bring the next batch for tomorrow. I want to make this a daily thing now... until I'm bigger than this entire house."

Narration:

This was their world now. A perfect, isolated bubble of mutual obsession and adoration. This is the story of a feederism fantasy taking hold of the life of a married couple, erasing the world outside and replacing it with a new reality of endless growth, submission, and a love measured not in years, but in pounds. A love that promised to make Lucia, **happily ever fatter.**

THE END.