



**THE HUNGER VIRUS**  
**EVOLUTION** PART 1

**TEXT VERSION**

**LINKTREE.EE/GTSX3D**



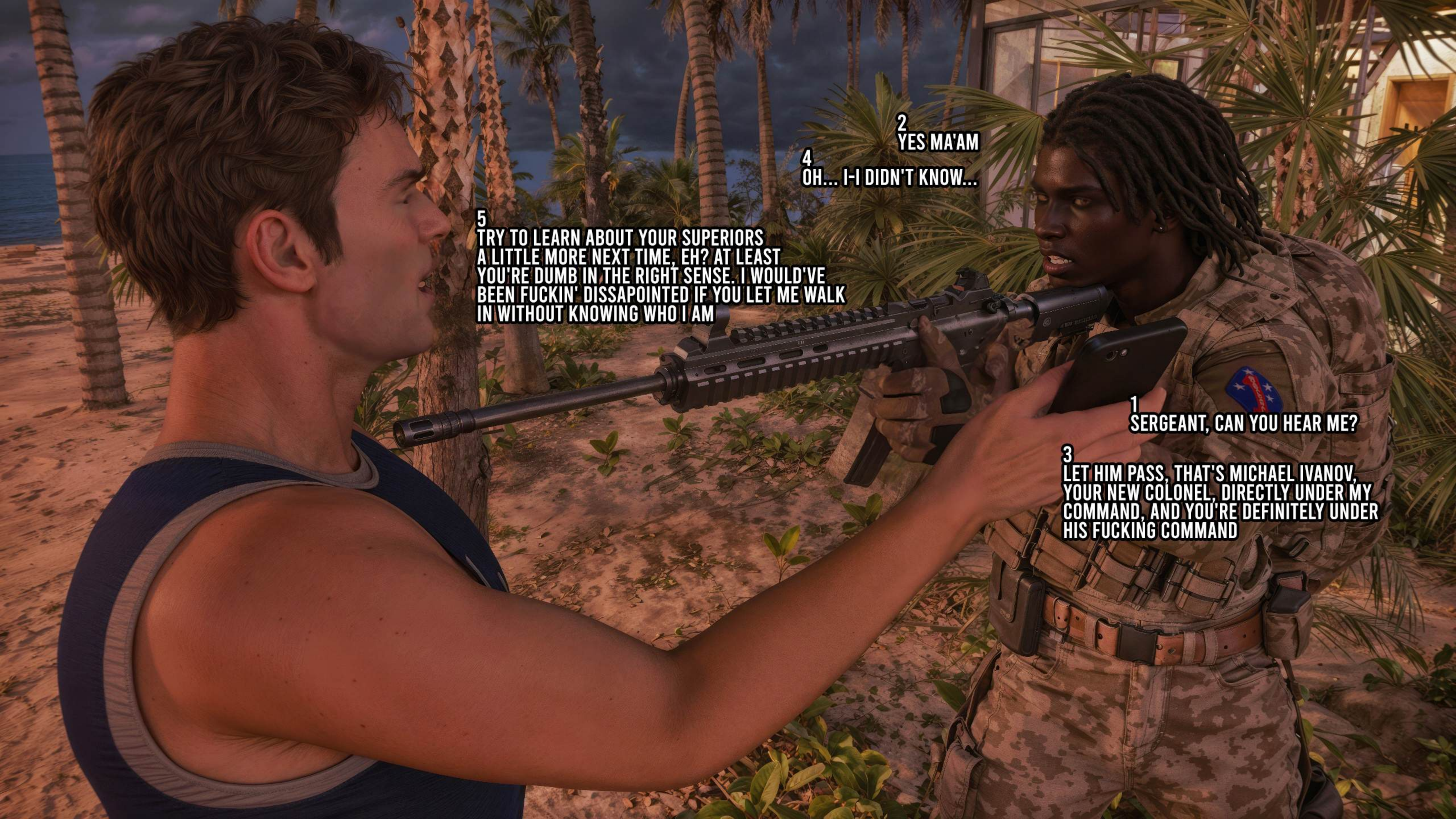
**1**  
**HEY! PUT YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM OR I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD!**

**2**  
**YOU FUCKING IMBECILE... YOU MUST BE NEW AROUND HERE..**



**2**  
GENERAL DONOVAN MADE IT CLEAR  
THAT NO VISITORS ARE ALLOWED!  
PUT THE PHONE DOWN AND WALK  
AWAY, THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING!

**1**  
HEY, I'M OUTSIDE YOUR HOUSE. THIS  
FUCKING ROOKIE IS POINTING A GUN  
AT MY HEAD, WANNA TALK THIS OUT  
WITH HIM?



2 YES MA'AM

4 OH... I-I DIDN'T KNOW...

5 TRY TO LEARN ABOUT YOUR SUPERIORS  
A LITTLE MORE NEXT TIME, EH? AT LEAST  
YOU'RE DUMB IN THE RIGHT SENSE. I WOULD'VE  
BEEN FUCKIN' DISSAPOINTEED IF YOU LET ME WALK  
IN WITHOUT KNOWING WHO I AM

1 SERGEANT, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

3 LET HIM PASS, THAT'S MICHAEL IVANOV,  
YOUR NEW COLONEL, DIRECTLY UNDER MY  
COMMAND, AND YOU'RE DEFINITELY UNDER  
HIS FUCKING COMMAND

**1**  
I-I'M SORRY, COLONEL. I'VE BEEN RECENTLY DRAFTED  
HERE. I-I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH ALL THE FACES, YET

**2**  
MIKE, JUST WAIT FOR ME THE KITCHEN,  
I'LL BE OUT IN A SECOND

**3**  
GOT IT

**1**  
**WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SERGEANT ?**

**3**  
**THIS IS A FUCKING ISLAND, AND THE MILITARY  
HAS A PRIVATE BASE HERE. NOT EVERYONE WEARS  
A UNIFORM ALL THE TIME, GOT IT?**

**5**  
**SIR WHAT? WHAT'S MY NAME?**

**7**  
**JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, WHERE DO THEY GET  
BRICKHEADS LIKE YOU? IVANOV. YOU'LL ADDRESS ME  
AS COLONEL IVANOV. NOW GET THE FUCK BACK TO  
WORK AND DON'T EVER POINT THAT GUN AT MY  
FACE**

**2**  
**MELVIN WILLIAMS, SIR.**

**4**  
**WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, SIR**

**6**  
**C-COLONEL, IV... IVER...**

**1**  
**THIS DATE BETTER BE WORTH IT...**

**1**  
**MEGS? I'M IN THE KITCHEN.**  
**IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?**



**1**  
**HOLY FUCKING SHIT!**



**2**  
RELAX, MIKE, IT'S ME... S-SOMETHING  
HAPPENED TODAY IN THE LAB

**1**  
WH-W-WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!





**MEGAN STRUGGLED TO SQUEEZE THROUGH THE NARROW DOORFRAME, HER IMMENSE BODY PROVING A SIGNIFICANT CHALLENGE. HER MASSIVE BELLY BARELY FIT THROUGH, BUT HER HIPS AND THIGHS WERE ANOTHER STORY. WITH SHEER DETERMINATION AND EFFORT, SHE FORCED HER WAY INSIDE, EVERY INCH A TESTAMENT TO HER OVERWHELMING SIZE.**

**1**  
**FUCKING HELL... I'M ALREADY STARTING  
TO SEE CRACKS IN THE WALLS...**



**1**  
Y-YOU WERE N-NORMAL THIS  
MORNING AT THE BEACH!

**3**  
WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED IN THE LAB?!

**5**  
THREE?! OH MY FUCKING GOD MEGAN!  
THIS IS REALLY BAD! I-I.. I.. FUCK!

**2**  
I KNOW, MIKE, I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I HAVE GUARDS  
AT THE RESIDENCE. I CAN'T LET ANYONE SEE ME, IT'LL  
CREATE A PANIC

**4**  
I-I... I FUCKED UP.. BIG TIME. THERE WAS FOUR PARASITES  
I WAS CONDUCTING EXPERIMENTS ON, ONE ESCAPED AND  
THREE ARE CURRENTLY INSIDE ME..

**2**  
I-I'M NOT TURNED-OFF, I JUST...  
I'M SCARED YOU'LL END UP LIKE  
BARBARA... I DON'T WANNA GO  
THROUGH ANOTHER FUCKING DOOMSDAY..

**1**  
PLEASE CALM DOWN, MIKE. I KNOW THIS ISN'T  
THE IDEAL DATE, BUT I JUST WANTED TO DISCUSS  
SOME THINGS WITH YOU AND THEN WE COULD  
HANG OUT

LOOK, YOU'RE WELCOME TO LEAVE ANYTIME YOU WANT,  
IF YOU FEEL TOO OVERWHELMED OR UNCOMFORTABLE,  
OR IF YOU'RE TURNED OFF BY MY LOOKS...  
I COMPLETELY GET IT.. OKAY?

A woman with a very large, pregnant belly is shown from the back, wearing a black top and purple bikini bottoms. Her hand is resting on her hip. A man in a blue tank top is looking at her from the side. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

**1**  
I KNOW. I'M ALSO SCARED. BUT THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOUT A BREAKTHROUGH IN MY RESEARCH. A POTENTIAL ANTIDOTE! ONE THAT CAN REVERSE THE GROWTH PROCESS.

**3**  
HE'S NO LONGER A GENERAL. I APPOINTED HIM AS A SERGEANT. I'M THE NEW GENERAL NOW. AND I'M GOING TO NAME YOU AS COLONEL.

**5**  
A LOT CAN HAPPEN IN A DAY, MIKE

**2**  
DID YOU DISCUSS THAT WITH THE GENERAL YET?

**4**  
WHOA... ALL THIS SHIT HAPPENED IN A DAY?

**1**  
I FEEL.. REALLY POWERFUL. I CAN LIFT THINGS UP EASILY,  
BUT I ALSO FEEL INCREDIBLY HUNGRY ALL THE TIME...  
I DIDN'T KNOW JUST HOW BAD IT WAS, BACK WHEN WE  
WERE DEALING WITH SHARON'S FITS..

**3**  
YEAH, SOMETIMES I BLACK OUT, SOMETIMES  
I'M FULLY AWARE... THERE'S VOICES IN MY HEAD, TOO,  
DIFFERENT ONES, THEY ALL SOUND THE SAME BUT  
TALK DIFFERENT.. I THINK IT'S THE THREE PARASITES..

**2**  
DO YOU GET THEM TOO? THE FITS

**4**  
WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

**1** I EAT, LIKE A FUCKING PIG. I EAT NONSTOP, AND WHEN THERE'S NO MORE SPACE IN MY STOMACH, THE PARASITES MAKE ROOM FOR MORE... THEN, WHEN IT GETS DIGESTED, I GO THROUGH THIS VIOLENT GROWTH SPURTS...

**4** NO, I'VE PUT UP A SEARCH TEAM, THEY'RE ALREADY ON IT

**2** YOU NEED TO SPEED UP THE CURE PROCESS, MEGAN. IT'S ONLY GONNA GET HARDER TO REVERSE THE LONGER YOU WAIT

**3** AND THE FOURTH PARASITE, DO WE KNOW WHERE IT IS?

**5** FUCK, THAT'S REALLY BAD... IT COULD BE ON THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD BY NOW FOR ALL WE FUCKIN' KNOW



**1**  
LOOK, I DON'T WANT YOU TO STAY IF YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE IT, I WAS REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR DATE, SO BE HONEST, ARE YOU NOT ATTRACTED TO ME ANYMORE? WE CAN PUT THIS DATE ON HOLD, UNTIL I FINISH UP THE CURE AND GET BACK TO MY NORMAL SELF... I'D COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND

**2**  
N-NO... I NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER SAY THIS BUT... I STILL THINK YOU LOOK VERY HOT, EVEN LIKE THIS... YOU'VE ALWAYS LOOKED SO FUCKING HOT...  
I HAD A CRUSH ON YOU SINCE THE DAY I MET YOU BACK IN THE MESS HALL

1  
YOU'RE SUCH A SWEETHEART FOR SAYING THAT...  
YOU KNOW, SINCE WE'RE EXCHANGING SECRETS...  
I'M USUALLY INTO GIRLS, BUT, YOU... I DON'T KNOW,  
SOMETHING ABOUT YOU... MAKES ME CURIOUS..

2  
\*HEAVY BREATHING\*



MEGAN'S EYES WERE FILLED WITH DESIRE AS SHE STARED AT MIKE, HER LARGE HANDS HOLDING HIS FACE IN A GENTLE YET POSSESSIVE GRIP. THE THOUGHT OF HIM BEING INSIDE HER WAS INTOXICATING, AN EROTIC FANTASY THAT HAD BEEN BUILDING WITHIN HER FOR SOME TIME. SHE LONGED TO FEEL HIS BODY PRESSED AGAINST HERS, THEIR SKIN TOUCHING IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES.





AS MEGAN AND MIKE'S PASSION IGNITED, THE AIR AROUND THEM WAS FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS OF THEIR MOANS AND GRUNTS AS THEY FUCKED LIKE RABBITS UNTIL THE NEXT MORNING. IN ALL DIFFERENT POSITIONS, HE PROVED THAT HE COULD HANDLE A BIG WOMAN LIKE HER. HIS COCK PLOWED THROUGH HER INSIDES, HITTING EVERY SPOT JUST RIGHT TO MAKE HER SCREAM OUT IN PLEASURE.



THEIR BODIES WERE SLICK WITH SWEAT AS THEY MOVED AGAINST EACH OTHER WITH A FRENZIED ENERGY. MEGAN'S LARGE BREASTS BOUNCED WITH EACH THRUST, PROVIDING AN EROTIC VISUAL THAT ONLY ADDED TO THE INTENSITY OF THEIR ENCOUNTER. THEY WERE BOTH LOST IN THE MOMENT, FOCUSED SOLELY ON THEIR OWN PLEASURE AND THE SATISFACTION THEY COULD GIVE ONE ANOTHER.

**1** OH GOD, MEGAN... YOU'RE SO  
FUCKING BIG AND TIGHT...

**MEGAN'S BODY WAS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD AS SHE STOOD ON  
HER HANDS, UPSIDE DOWN WITH HER FEET TOUCHING THE  
CEILING. HER MASSIVE SIZE CREATED AN EROTIC TABLEAU  
FOR MIKE, WHO EAGERLY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THIS NEW  
POSITION BY RESTING ON HER ASS AND THRUSTING INTO  
HER FROM ABOVE.**

**2** MMMM... HARDER, FUCK ME HARDER, I CAN TAKE IT!

AS THE AIR AROUND THEM FILLED WITH THE SOUNDS OF THEIR MOANS AND GRUNTS, MIKE CONTINUED TO THRUST INTO HER, HITTING HER WALLS HARD ENOUGH TO MAKE MEGAN SCREAM OUT HIS NAME.



**JUST AS MIKE WAS ABOUT TO SAY THAT HE WAS ON THE BRINK OF CUMMING, HIS BODY TOOK OVER. HE LET OUT A DEEP GROAN AS HE FINISHED OFF INSIDE HER, FILLING HER UP LIKE A BOTTLE. THE INTENSITY OF THEIR LOVEMAKING HAD REACHED A BOILING POINT, AND NOW IT WAS SPILLING OVER IN THE MOST PLEASURABLE WAY POSSIBLE.**

**1  
OH GOD... I'M ABOUT TO C... CU..  
ARRHH... MMMMM... FUCK...**

**2  
OH GOD... THAT FEEL SO FUCKING GOOD**





MEGAN, STILL UPSIDE DOWN WITH HER FEET TOUCHING THE CEILING, WANTED MORE. SHE WAS ON THE EDGE OF HER OWN CLIMAX, BUT THE WEIGHT OF HER BREASTS SWINGING ONTO HER FACE PREVENTED HER FROM PROPERLY SPEAKING OR MOVING.



AS THE WAVES OF THEIR ORGASMS SUBSIDED, MEGAN'S THIRST FOR MORE DIDN'T WANE. SHE QUICKLY GOT ON HER KNEES AND BEGAN SUCKING MIKE OFF, GIVING HIS COCK A MUCH-NEEDED REPRIEVE FROM ITS PREVIOUS INTENSE USE. HER LIPS ENGULFED HIS SHAFT WITH EASE, HER MOUTH ABLE TO HANDLE EVEN THE GIRTHIEST OF MEN.



MEGAN'S HANDS MOVED FROM MIKE'S THIGHS TO GRAB HIS BUTT, HER FINGERS SINKING INTO THE FIRM FLESH AS SHE PULLED HIM DEEPER INTO HER MOUTH. THE FEELING OF HER TONGUE SWIRLING AROUND HIS COCK ONLY HEIGHTENED HIS AROUSAL AND BROUGHT THEM BOTH CLOSER TO YET ANOTHER CLIMAX.



ALL OF A SUDDEN...



HER EYES WIDENED IN SHOCK AS HER PUPILS SUDDENLY SHRANK TO THE SIZE OF A PINPOINT, AN INDICATION THAT THE PARASITES INSIDE HER WERE TAKING CONTROL ONCE AGAIN.



**1** WHAT THE... MEGS? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

**SHE ROSE IN A SUDDEN AND AWKWARD MOVEMENT THAT ALMOST TOPPLED THEM OVER. SHE WALKED PAST MIKE, WHO WAS STILL STANDING THERE WITH HIS COCK IN HAND, FEELING BEWILDERED AND CONFUSED ABOUT WHAT HAD JUST HAPPENED. HER EYES SEEMED DISTANT AND GLASSY, HER MOVEMENTS ROBOTIC AS SHE MADE HER WAY TOWARDS THE KITCHEN.**

A VOICE EMANATED FROM HER MOUTH, SOUNDING STRANGE AND MONOTONE, COMPARED TO MEGAN'S USUAL PLAYFUL AND AFFECTIONATE TONE. THE WORDS WERE COMING OUT IN A STEADY STREAM WITH NO INFLECTION OR EMOTION BEHIND THEM.

1 "I'M VERY HUNGRY..."

2 W-WHAT? IS THIS ONE OF YOUR FITS?





THE PARASITE, NOW IN CONTROL OF MEGAN'S BODY, MADE ITS WAY TO THE KITCHEN WITH PURPOSEFUL MOVEMENTS. IT OPENED THE REFRIGERATOR AND GRABBED SIX LARGE CHEESEBURGERS BEFORE PLACING THEM ONTO A PLATE. WITH NO HESITATION OR CONCERN FOR APPEARANCES, SHE SAT DOWN ON A THE FLOOR BY THE BALCONY DOOR, LETTING HER MASSIVE BELLY DANGLE BETWEEN HER LEGS AS SHE BEGAN DEVOURING THE FOOD.



AS MIKE OBSERVED THE CREATURE'S INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR TREATS, HE COULDN'T HELP FEELING BOTH WORRY AND HORROR AT THE SITUATION. HE FEARED THAT MEGAN WOULD CONTINUE TO GROW IN SIZE LIKE BARBARA AND SHARON IF THESE FITS SHE HAD WERE ONLY GOING TO GET STRONGER WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT.

**1**  
**THIS IS... THIS IS NOT GOOD...**  
**FUCK...**



A FEW HOURS LATER...

**REC**

**1**  
**MY FELLOW AMERICANS, ESTEEMED COLLEAGUES, AND CITIZENS,**

**IT IS WITH A HEAVY HEART AND A DEEP SENSE OF DUTY THAT I STAND BEFORE YOU TODAY TO ANNOUNCE MY RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE SERVICE. AFTER MANY YEARS DEDICATED TO PROTECTING AND SERVING OUR NATION, THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO PASS THE TORCH TO NEW LEADERSHIP.**

**THE GENERAL PREPARED TO ANNOUNCE HIS RETIREMENT ON CAMERA, COMPELLED BY MEGAN'S THREATENING DEMAND TO TAKE HIS PLACE. THE EMBARRASSMENT HE FELT WAS OVERWHELMING; HE DREADED THE THOUGHT OF THIS MOMENT BEING BROADCAST LIVE TO THE PUBLIC, WHICH IS WHY HE EXPLICITLY REQUESTED IT BE RECORDED FIRST AND BROADCAST LATER.**



**1 THIS DECISION WAS NOT MADE LIGHTLY, AND I ASSURE YOU IT COMES AFTER MUCH CONTEMPLATION AND CONSIDERATION OF WHAT IS BEST FOR OUR COUNTRY. I HAVE BEEN HONORED TO SERVE ALONGSIDE SOME OF THE FINEST MEN AND WOMEN, AND TOGETHER, WE HAVE FACED MANY CHALLENGES AND CELEBRATED MANY VICTORIES.**

**REC**

**1 UHH, IT SEEMS WE HAVE A SITUATION HERE.**

**MIDWAY THROUGH THE SPEECH, THE CAMERA ABRUPTLY CAPTURED A COLOSSAL BELLY INTRUDING INTO THE FRAME, STEALING THE SPOTLIGHT. THE TRANQUIL SOUND OF WAVES CRASHING ON THE SHORE WAS SUDDENLY OVERSHADOWED BY THE HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BELONGING TO THE IMPOSING FIGURE OF MEGAN. THE GENERAL PAUSED, VISIBLY FLUSTERED, AS THE UNEXPECTED PRESENCE COMMANDED EVERYONE'S ATTENTION.**



2  
WELL, WELL, GENERAL. LOOKS LIKE YOUR TIME IS UP.

1  
DONOVAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MEGAN APPROACHED THE GENERAL, HER IMMENSE FIGURE CASTING A FORMIDABLE SHADOW OVER HIM. SHE TOWERED ABOVE, HER BELLY MORE THAN TWICE THE SIZE OF HIS ENTIRE BODY, CREATING AN OVERWHELMING PRESENCE. AS SHE GREETED HIM WITH A CONDESCENDING TONE, THE GENERAL COULD ONLY STARE UP IN FEAR, HIS EXPRESSION A MIX OF DREAD AND HELPLESSNESS.

**REC**

**1**  
**IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, I TOLD YOU TO STEP DOWN YESTERDAY MORNING. IT'S BEEN 24 FUCKING HOURS AND YOU'RE STILL HERE DRAGGING YOUR FEET? ARE YOU TRYING TO TEST ME, YOU OLD FUCK?**





**3**  
**IS THAT SO?**

**2**  
**YEAH, THE CAMERA WASN'T CHARGED UP.  
WE'LL HAVE EVERYTHING READY TO ANNOUNCE  
IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS!**

**1**  
**WE WERE JUST ABOUT DONE, MA'AM, UH... I  
MEAN, GENERAL! GENERAL, APOLOGIES.**

**THE LIEUTENANTS QUICKLY INTERVENED, DESPERATE TO CALM  
THE ESCALATING SITUATION, BUT THEIR EFFORTS WERE IN VAIN.  
THE TENSION IN THE AIR WAS THICK, AND MEGAN'S IMPOSING  
PRESENCE MADE THEIR ATTEMPTS SEEM ALMOST FUTILE.**



**2**  
**IS THIS HOW YOU HANDLE ORDERS, LIEUTENANT? BY MAKING  
EXCUSES AND GROVELING LIKE A PATHETIC WORM?**

**1**  
**MEGAN, PLEASE! THERE'S NO NEED FOR THIS! WE  
WILL COMPLY WITH YOUR DEMANDS!**

**3**  
**NO! PLEASE, ARGHHH! IT HURTS!**





**2**  
PLEASE, MA'AM! I DIDN'T MEAN  
TO DISOBEY! JUST LET ME GO!

**3**  
DISOBEY? YOU THINK THIS IS ABOUT  
DISOBEDIENCE? IT'S ABOUT RESPECT.  
YOU CLEARLY HAVE NONE.

**1**  
TURN IT OFF! TURN THE CAMERA OFF IMMEDIATELY!

**THE GENERAL, HIS FACE PALE WITH FEAR, QUICKLY  
APPROACHED THE CAMERAMAN, HIS VOICE WAS URGENT AND  
SHAKY AS HE LEANED IN CLOSE, DESPERATION EVIDENT IN HIS  
EYES.**

 **REC**

**THE CAMERA PANNED DOWN TO THE GROUND AS THE CAMERAMAN FUMBLING TO TURN IT OFF, CAPTURING MEGAN'S GIANT FEET IN THE BACKGROUND. HER COLOSSAL SIZE WAS EVIDENT, EACH FOOT SINKING INTO THE GROUND BENEATH HER.**

**1**  
YOU KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS FUCKING HATED  
THAT FACE ON YOUR FACE... THE WAY YOU'D  
DICKRIDE THE GENERAL EVEN WHEN HE  
CLEARLY DOESN'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT ANYONE  
BUT HIMSELF... HOW ABOUT I FIX IT BY  
CRUSHING IT INTO A PULP?

**2**  
PLEASE! NO! I HAVE A FAMILY! PLEASE STOP!



1 ARGHHHHH! WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!!!

2 OH GOD!



AS MEGAN HELD THE LIEUTENANT, THREATENING HIM WITH HER COLD, MOCKING WORDS, SHE SUDDENLY CLUTCHED HER HEAD IN PAIN. A PIERCING HEADACHE STRUCK HER OUT OF NOWHERE, CAUSING HER TO GRIMACE AND LOSE HER GRIP. THE LIEUTENANT FELL TO THE GROUND WITH A THUD, GASPING FOR BREATH AND SCRAMBLING AWAY AS QUICKLY AS HE COULD.

**1**  
**WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?**

**2**  
**YOU ALRIGHT, MAN?!**

**3**  
**I'M FINE! PLEASE GET ME  
OUT OF HERE!**

**IT WAS ANOTHER GROWTH SPURT. THE DIGESTION PROCESS HAD FINALLY BEGUN. HER MASSIVE BELLY STARTED TO SHRINK, WHILE THE REST OF HER BODY GREW EVEN LARGER. HER ARMS AND LEGS STRETCHED, MUSCLES BULGING, AND HER HEIGHT INCREASED, CASTING AN EVEN LONGER SHADOW OVER THE BEACH. THE GROUND SEEMED TO TREMBLE WITH HER EXPANDING WEIGHT, THE TRANSFORMATION BOTH MESMERIZING AND TERRIFYING TO WITNESS.**

**1**  
**THIS PAIN... WHY AM I GROWING AGAIN?**

**2**  
**COME ON, I GOTCHU, LET'S GO**

**1**  
**STOP IT! MAKE IT STOP! I CAN'T CONTROL THIS!**

**3**  
**YOU DON'T KNOW THAT, SHE'S GOT IT UNDER CONTROL... LET'S JUST GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE, A'IGHT?**

**2**  
**THIS IS GONNA BE A BARBARA SITUATION ALL OVER AGAIN!**





1  
WAIT... THIS FEELS... MMMM...

<sup>1</sup> MMM... YES. MORE... I WANT MORE!

MEGAN'S GROWTH SPURT HAD REACHED ITS PEAK, CAUSING THE CLOTHES ON HER BODY TO STRUGGLE AGAINST THE SHEER MAGNITUDE OF HER EXPANSION. HER SKIRT, ONCE A TIGHT-FITTING PIECE THAT ACCENTUATED HER HOURGLASS CURVES, WAS NOW IN TATTERS. THE FABRIC STRAINED AGAINST HER FAT FUCKING ASS UNTIL IT FINALLY SNAPPED, LEAVING A GAPING HOLE WHERE THE REAR POCKETS HAD BEEN JUST MOMENTS BEFORE.

**1**  
**I CAN FEEL IT COURSING THROUGH ME. IT'S... INTOXICATING**

**AS THE SKIRT CONTINUED TO BE STRETCHED TO ITS LIMITS BY MEGAN'S RELENTLESS GROWTH, HER THICK THIGHS AND MASSIVE ASS BEGAN PUSHING THROUGH THE TORN FABRIC LIKE A FORCE OF NATURE. HER ONCE-ELEGANT OUTFIT WAS REDUCED TO TATTERED REMAINS, BARELY CLINGING TO HER BODY AS HER EVERY MOVEMENT CAUSED ANOTHER STRIP OF CLOTH TO TEAR AWAY AND FALL TO THE GROUND.**

**1**  
**OH, YES... MMMMMMM**

**THE FABRIC STRETCHED THIN, TORN BY THE PRESSURE OF HER BUTT PUSHING ITS WAY THROUGH. HER ENORMOUS GIRTH MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE THE INEVITABLE: THE SKIRT WOULD SOON BE COMPLETELY DEVoured BY HER BODY, SWALLOWED UP IN A TIDE OF FLESH THAT SHOWED NO SIGNS OF ABATING.**

1  
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM...

A LOW GROWL ESCAPED HER LIPS AS SHE FELT EVERY LAST STRIP OF FABRIC TORN AWAY FROM HER BODY. IN ITS PLACE, ONLY RAW FLESH REMAINED—THE UNINHIBITED MANIFESTATION OF MEGAN'S TRUE NATURE. IT WAS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD: A GODDESS OF EXCESS, STANDING BEFORE THE WORLD IN ALL HER NAKED GLORY.

**1**  
**OH FUCK.... I'M GETTING SOOOO BIIG.... MMMMMMMM...**



THE TRANSFORMATION HAD REACHED ANOTHER PLATEAU—MEGAN'S BREASTS WERE NO LONGER CONTENT WITH THEIR CURRENT SIZE. AS SHE STOOD ON THE BEACH, SURROUNDED BY THE RUINS OF HER CLOTHING, THEY STARTED TO GROW AT AN ACCELERATED RATE.

MEGAN MOANED IN PLEASURE AS HER BREASTS STRETCHED FURTHER FROM THEIR ALREADY MASSIVE PROPORTIONS. THE SKIN AROUND THEM BECAME TAUT, LIKE A DRUM TIGHTENING WITH EVERY HEARTBEAT, WHILE NEW FAT DEPOSITS BEGAN TO FORM AT THE BASE OF EACH TIT. SHE FELT AS THOUGH SHE WAS BEING CONSUMED FROM THE INSIDE OUT, WITH HER FLESH TRANSFORMING IN FRONT OF HER VERY EYES.



THEY SWAYED WITH HER MOVEMENTS, PUSHING AGAINST EACH OTHER AND RUBBING AGAINST THE FABRIC OF WHATEVER REMAINED CLINGING TO HER TORSO—A SCRAP OF CLOTH HERE, A REMNANT THERE. HER MOANS WERE CONSTANT NOW, FILLING THE AIR AROUND HER WITH A SULTRY RHYTHM THAT MIRRORED THE POUNDING OF WAVES UPON THE SHORE.



**AT LAST, IT HAPPENED: THE TITS CONTINUED GROWING EVEN FURTHER UNTIL THEY SURPASSED THEIR ORIGINAL SIZE BY A WIDE MARGIN. MEGAN WAS ASTOUNDED BY THIS NEW DEVELOPMENT AND COULD BARELY CONTAIN HERSELF AS HER BODY CONTINUED TO MUTATE IN WAYS SHE NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE. HER NIPPLES PULSED WITH EACH HEARTBEAT NOW, SHOOTING OUT STREAMS OF MILK LIKE FOUNTAINS.**



**SHE FELT A POWERFUL SURGE OF MATERNAL INSTINCT AS THE MILK BEGAN TO FLOW IN COPIOUS AMOUNTS. AS SHE WATCHED, HER TITS SWELLED EVEN MORE UNTIL THEY SEEMED ALMOST IMPOSSIBLY LARGE AND HEAVY, THREATENING TO ENGULF THE REST OF HER BODY WITH THEIR SHEER BULK.**





1  
MEGS? YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

A FEW HOURS LATER...



MEGAN HURRIED TO THE LAB, HER HEART POUNDING WITH A MIX OF FEAR AND URGENCY, THE RECENT GROWTH SPURT, THOUGH INTOXICATINGLY POWERFUL, HAD LEFT HER DEEPLY SHAKEN. THE INTENSITY OF THE TRANSFORMATION HAD BEEN BOTH THRILLING AND TERRIFYING, AND NOW THE PROSPECT OF LOSING CONTROL ENTIRELY LOOMED LARGE IN HER MIND.

**SHE FRANTICALLY SEARCHED THROUGH THE LAB, OVERTURNING PAPERS AND SCANNING SHELVES FOR ANYTHING THAT MIGHT HELP FINISH THE CURE.**

**1  
AM I TRIPPING OR ARE YOU LIKE...  
TWICE AS FUCKING BIG AS THIS MORNING?!**

**2  
I NEED TO FINISH THE ANTIDOTE... I CAN'T LET THIS CONTINUE.  
THIS HAS TO FUCKING WORK.**





**1**  
**I'M REALLY CLOSE... I THINK THIS TRIAL**  
**MIGHT BE THE ONE... I KEEP.. I KEEP LOSING**  
**CONTROL**

1  
IT'S A LOT HARDER THAN I IMAGINED, MIKE.  
IT'S IRRESISTIBLE... IT MAKES ME FEEL... HOT...  
LIKE SOMETHING INSIDE ME LIGHTS UP...

2  
YOU NEED TO FIGURE THIS OUT AS SOON  
AS POSSIBLE, MEGAN. THE MILITARY'S SCARED  
OF YOU. I SPOKE TO THE LIEUTENANTS EARLIER,  
THEY SAID YOU ASSAULTED ONE OF THEM...  
JESUS CHRIST MEGAN, WHAT THE FUCK? THAT'S  
NOT LIKE YOU AT ALL!

3  
THESE GUYS ARE STILL TRAUMATIZED FROM LAST  
YEAR... THEY MIGHT COLLECTIVELY DECIDE TO  
FLATLINE YOU BEFORE YOU GET OUT OF CONTROL...  
PLEASE, MEGAN, YOU NEED TO FIX THIS



**2**  
GIANTIN-X? WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?

**1**  
YOU'RE RIGHT, IT'S NOT ME. IT'S CHANGING ME, FOR THE WORSE. I TRY TO CONTROL IT BUT I RARELY SUCCEED. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A CURE FOR A WHILE, AND THIS IS THE FIRST SAMPLE THAT MANAGED TO LOWER THE GIANTIN-X LEVELS OF MY BLOOD SAMPLE...

**3**  
I GAVE IT THAT NAME... IT'S THIS PROTEIN SIMILAR TO THE GROWTH HORMONE, BUT NOT QUITE... GROWTH HORMONES ARE USUALLY LIMITED AND MAKE THE BODY GROW TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, BUT THIS ONE CAUSES CELLS TO MULTIPLY EXPONENTIALLY, MAKING EVERY SINGLE PART OF YOUR BODY GROW PROPORTIONALLY.. A SIDE EFFECT OF IT IS EXCESSIVE FAT STORAGE... IT NEEDS ALL THE ENERGY IT CAN GET IN ORDER TO SURVIVE..

A man in a military uniform, seen from the back and side, is looking at a large, muscular, tan-skinned figure. The man is wearing a camouflage jacket with a patch on the sleeve. The figure is very large and muscular, with a prominent belly. The background is a dark, industrial-looking environment.

**2**  
W-WELL WHAT ABOUT SHARON? SHE MANAGED TO  
AVOID EATING ANYONE, DIDN'T SHE?

**1**  
IT'S BASICALLY WHAT THE PARASITES INJECT  
INTO YOUR BLOODSTREAM ONCE THEY'RE IN...  
BASICALLY, IF NOT CURED, IT'LL PUSH YOU TO  
WHATEVER MEANS NECESSARY IN ORDER TO  
ENSURE ITS SURVIVAL... IT EATS ALL THE FOOD,  
AND WHEN THAT'S NOT ENOUGH, THEN PEOPLE,  
THEN CITIES, THEN CONTINENTS, THEN PLANETS...

**3**  
ONLY BECAUSE WE PROVIDED HER WITH A FUCK-TON OF  
GIANT BURGERS FALLING OFF THE SKY... IF WE DIDN'T,  
WE MIGHT NOT EVEN BE HERE... THE PARASITE DECIDED  
TO SPARE EARTH BECAUSE IT HAD BIGGER PLANS... IT NEEDS  
EARTH TO GIVE ITS COLONY THE CHANCE TO INFECT MORE  
HOSTS..

A woman with exceptionally large, prominent breasts is in a military control room. She is looking towards a man in a camouflage uniform who is looking at a computer monitor. The room has a dark, industrial aesthetic with various panels and screens.

**2**  
WHAT WOULD THOSE BE?

**4**  
WHAT?! WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?! THAT'S SO RISKY!  
ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE THIS VOLATILE!

**1**  
I'M GONNA LET THE COCKTAIL STABILIZE FOR THE EVENING...  
THEN I'LL TRY IT OUT LATER TONIGHT.. BUT I NEED TO TAKE  
MY PRECAUTIONS..

**3**  
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE OUR DATE AT THAT CUTE  
RESTAURANT BY THE MOUNTAIN... I MAY HAVE CONTACTED  
THE CHEF AND MADE HIM SIGN A NON-DISCLOSURE ORDER  
ABOUT ME... SO THAT HE DOESN'T GO AROUND AND TELL  
PEOPLE HE SAW A FAT 12 FOOT TALL WOMAN

**2**  
... I GET IT, I'M SORRY, ALRIGHT? I JUST...  
I WORRY ABOUT YOU... CAN WE EVEN TRUST  
THIS CHEF?

**4**  
HAHAH, ALREADY USING UP THE  
GENERAL PERKS, HUH? SMART

**1**  
BECAUSE I WANT TO FUCKING FEEL NORMAL  
FOR ONCE, MIKE. MY LIFE HAS COMPLETELY  
SWITCHED UP IN THE LAST 72 HOURS AND IT  
FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN YEARS. SO YEAH, I WANT  
TO GO ON A DATE WITH YOU, AND I ALSO NEED  
TO EAT... JUST IN CASE THE SHRINKING COCKTAIL  
BACKFIRES ... THE ANTIDOTE I MEAN

**3**  
YES. I MADE IT VERY CLEAR THAT IF HE SPEAKS,  
HE'LL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN MILITARY  
PRISON.

1  
SO... ARE YOU JOINING ME OR WHAT?

3  
KEEP AN EYE ON ME, OR IS IT BECAUSE  
YOU LIKE WATCHING? HMM?

5  
YOU'RE RIGHT, I'LL DO MY BEST, MIKEY

2  
YEAH, FUCK IT. BUT ONLY IF YOU PROMISE ME  
THAT YOU'LL KEEP IT UNDER CONTROL. ONLY  
EAT THE NECESSARY AMOUNT AND DON'T START  
UNTIL I'M THERE. SO I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON YA..

4

HAHA, VERY FUNNY, SERIOUSLY THOUGH,  
DON'T START TIL I'M THERE. WE NEED TO MAKE  
SURE THINGS STAY REGULATED. I DON'T WANNA COME  
ONLY TO SEE THAT YOU'RE THREE TIMES BIGGER THAN NOW,  
IT'S GONNA GET A LOT HARDER TO FIX UP, MEGAN

**2**  
YEAH... LOOKS LIKE IT, I MEAN THAT  
FUCKING BELLY SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!

**1**  
IT'S BEEN A NICE VACATION, DON'T YOU THINK, SWEETHEART?

WHILE MEGAN WAS GRAPPLING WITH HER CONDITION, TIRELESSLY SEARCHING FOR A CURE, SHE COULDN'T HELP BUT RECALL THE STRIKING REDHEAD, PAMI, SHE HAD SEEN AT THE BEACH. PAMI, WHO HAD BEEN BLISSFULLY INDULGING IN DONUTS, WAS NOW FACING THE END OF HER SUMMER VACATION AND PREPARING TO RETURN TO ENGLAND WITH HER BOYFRIEND, GLENN.

**1**  
NOW IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO YOUR GIRL IN FRONT OF EVERYONE? SO WHAT IF I GAINED A LITTLE WEIGHT? IT'S A VACATION! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO RELAX ON VACATION! BESIDES, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KEPT BUYING ME ALL THAT FOOD, AND NOW YOU'RE COMPLAINING WHEN I ENJOY IT?

**2**  
HEY, RELAX, PAMI. PLEASE, DON'T MAKE A SCENE.



**1**  
YOU'RE STRAIGHT UP GASLIGHTING ME RIGHT NOW, GLENN. GUESS WHO'S NOT GETTING LAID ON THE CRUISE SHIP LATER? YOU ALWAYS DO THIS RIGHT BEFORE WE TRAVEL, UGH!

**3**  
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STARTED IT, SO DON'T ACT DUMB NOW. UGH, WHATEVER.

**2**  
PAMI, RELAX, I SAID. PEOPLE ARE STARING AT US. WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS PRIVATELY LATER, OKAY?

**PAMI WAS GETTING INCREASINGLY FRUSTRATED WITH GLENN'S CONDESCENDING TONE. LATELY, HER INSECURITIES HAD BEEN MOUNTING ALONG WITH THE EXTRA WEIGHT SHE HAD GAINED. HER STOMACH BULGED OUT, BARELY CONTAINED BY HER DRESS, AND SOMETIMES PEOPLE AT THE BEACH MISTOOK HER FOR BEING PREGNANT.**



**2**  
YOU CAN LEAVE THE SUITCASE WITH ME; I'LL BE RIGHT HERE.

**1**  
I'M... I'M GONNA GO TO THE BATHROOM, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

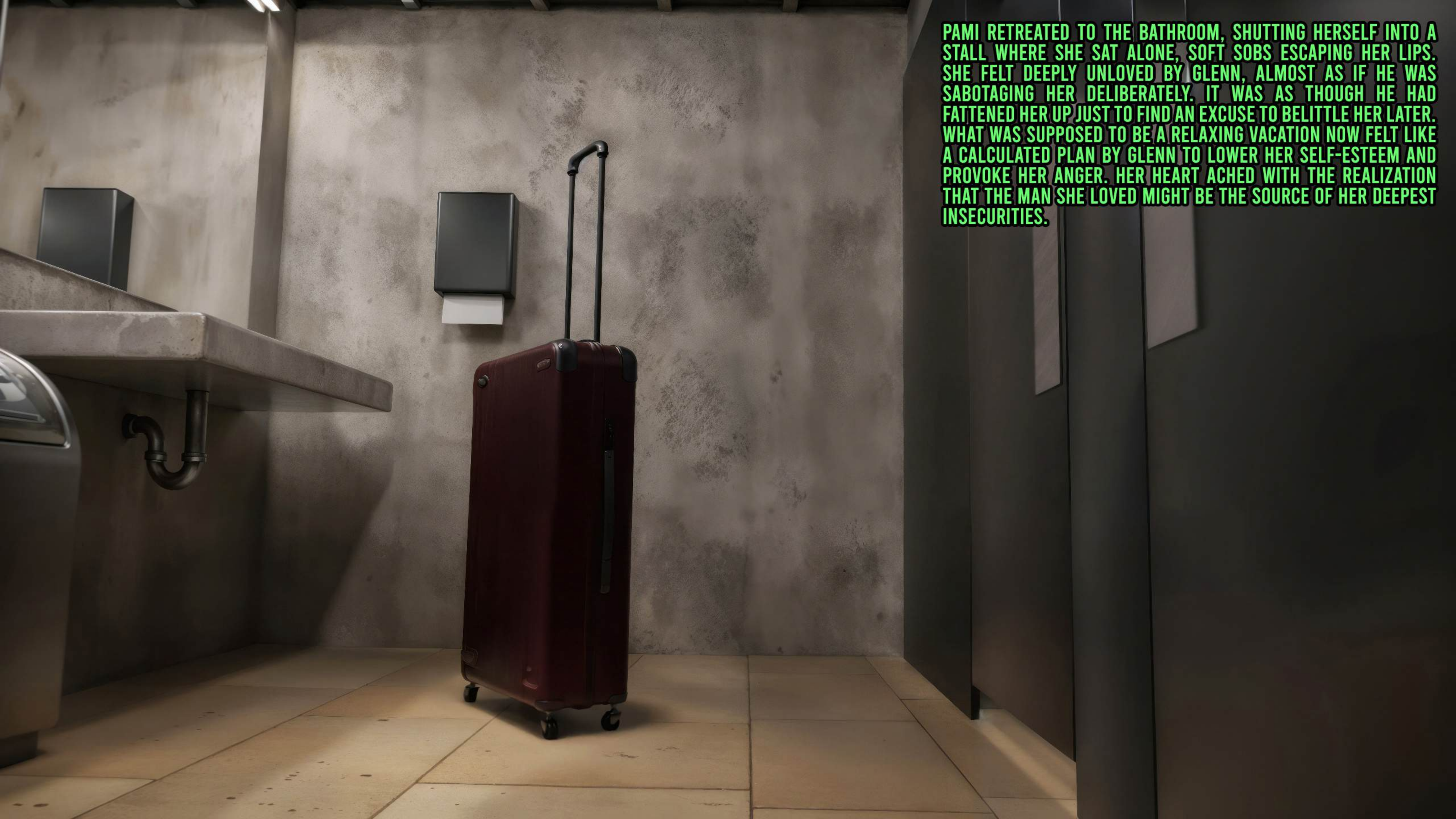
**3**  
NO, THERE'S STUFF IN IT THAT I NEED. I'LL TAKE IT WITH ME...

**PAMI WANTED SOME TIME ALONE TO COOL OFF. SHE WAS ALREADY FEELING OVERWHELMED AS PEOPLE STARED AT HER MASSIVE BODY, BARELY CONTAINED BY HER CLOTHES, THEIR FACES SHOWING A MIX OF SHOCK AND JUDGMENT. AS GLENN SAT DOWN, WAITING FOR THE DOORS TO THE CRUISE SHIP TO OPEN, PAMI EXCUSED HERSELF TO THE BATHROOM.**

**2**  
**STOP. SERIOUSLY, JUST FUCKING STOP.**

**1**  
**LOOK, I'M SORRY I SAID ALL THAT. IT'S JUST BEEN—**

**3**  
**OKAY, WHATEVER YOU SAY.**




PAMI RETREATED TO THE BATHROOM, SHUTTING HERSELF INTO A STALL WHERE SHE SAT ALONE, SOFT SOBS ESCAPING HER LIPS. SHE FELT DEEPLY UNLOVED BY GLENN, ALMOST AS IF HE WAS SABOTAGING HER DELIBERATELY. IT WAS AS THOUGH HE HAD FATTENED HER UP JUST TO FIND AN EXCUSE TO BELITTLE HER LATER. WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A RELAXING VACATION NOW FELT LIKE A CALCULATED PLAN BY GLENN TO LOWER HER SELF-ESTEEM AND PROVOKE HER ANGER. HER HEART ACHED WITH THE REALIZATION THAT THE MAN SHE LOVED MIGHT BE THE SOURCE OF HER DEEPEST INSECURITIES.




**1 THIS STUPID FUCKING PHONE! I FORGOT TO CHARGE IT. UGH, WHY IS EVERYTHING GOING WRONG TODAY?!**

**1**  
**HE'S CHEATING ON ME, HE MUST BE... GOD, I WISH MY PHONE WAS CHARGED. I'D BE ABLE TO SEE IF THE FUCKER'S LIKING ANY OF THOSE BITCHES' PICTURES.**





LITTLE DID PAMI KNOW THAT AN UNINVITED GUEST HAD MADE ITS WAY INTO HER SUITCASE BEFORE SHE LEFT. AND NOW, IT WAS THE PERFECT MOMENT FOR IT TO BREAK FREE.



**SLOWLY, THE ZIPPER MOVED, AND A SILVER-COLORED SLIME BEGAN TO OOOZE OUT, ITS SHIMMERING SURFACE CATCHING THE LIGHT. IT WRIGGLED AND PULSED, FINALLY BREAKING FREE FROM ITS CONFINES, READY TO MAKE ITS PRESENCE KNOWN.**

THEN, THE MYSTERIOUS MATTER BEGAN TO SLITHER ITS WAY TOWARD THE STALL WHERE PAMI WAS SITTING. IT STARTED TO GLOW SOFTLY, ALMOST LIKE A FLUORESCENT MATTER, TRYING TO CATCH HER ATTENTION.

<sup>1</sup>  
HUH? WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?

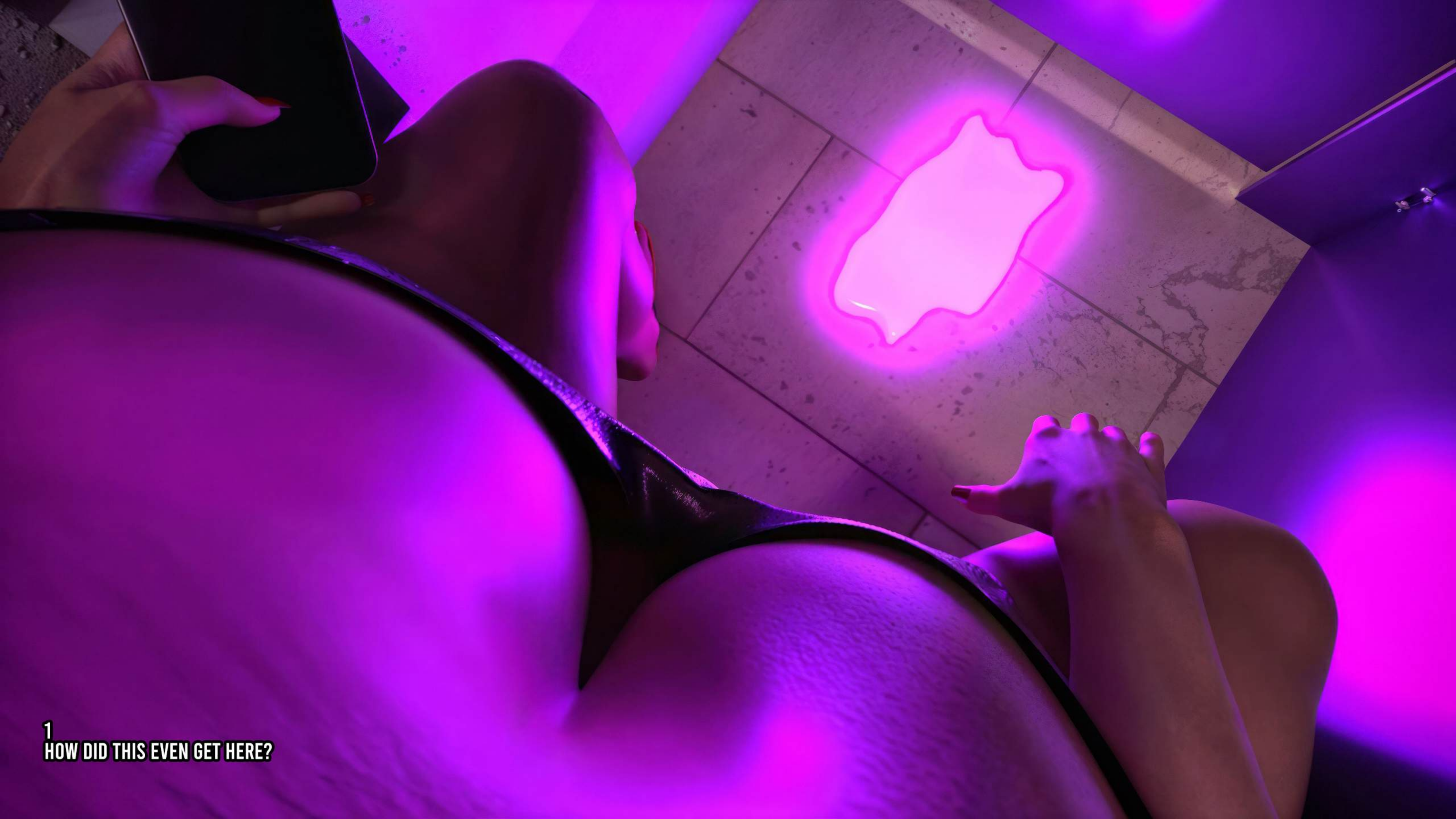


<sup>1</sup> WHOA... AM I TRIPPIN' RIGHT NOW OR WHAT?

THEN, THE SLIME'S GLOW INTENSIFIED, SHIFTING FROM A SOFT SILVER TO A MESMERIZING PURPLE, FURTHER CAPTURING PAMI'S ATTENTION. ITS RADIANCE FILLED THE STALL, CASTING EERIE SHADOWS AND ILLUMINATING THE CONFINED SPACE WITH AN OTHERWORLDLY LIGHT. MESMERIZED AND BEWILDERED, PAMI COULDN'T TEAR HER EYES AWAY FROM THE STRANGE, PULSATING SUBSTANCE AS IT INCHED CLOSER TO HER.

<sup>1</sup> OH MY GOD... WHAT IS THAT?





**1**  
**HOW DID THIS EVEN GET HERE?**

THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE SLIME MORPHED INTO THE CUTEST LITTLE ALIEN CREATURE, SMILING UP AT PAMI WITH AN INNOCENT, UNMENACING LOOK. AS SHE LOOMED OVER IT, SHE COULDN'T HELP BUT BE CAPTIVATED BY ITS ADORABLE APPEARANCE, COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF ITS HIDDEN, ILL INTENTIONS.



**1**  
**OH MY GOD, THAT IS SO CUTE!**  
**IS THIS REAL?!!!**

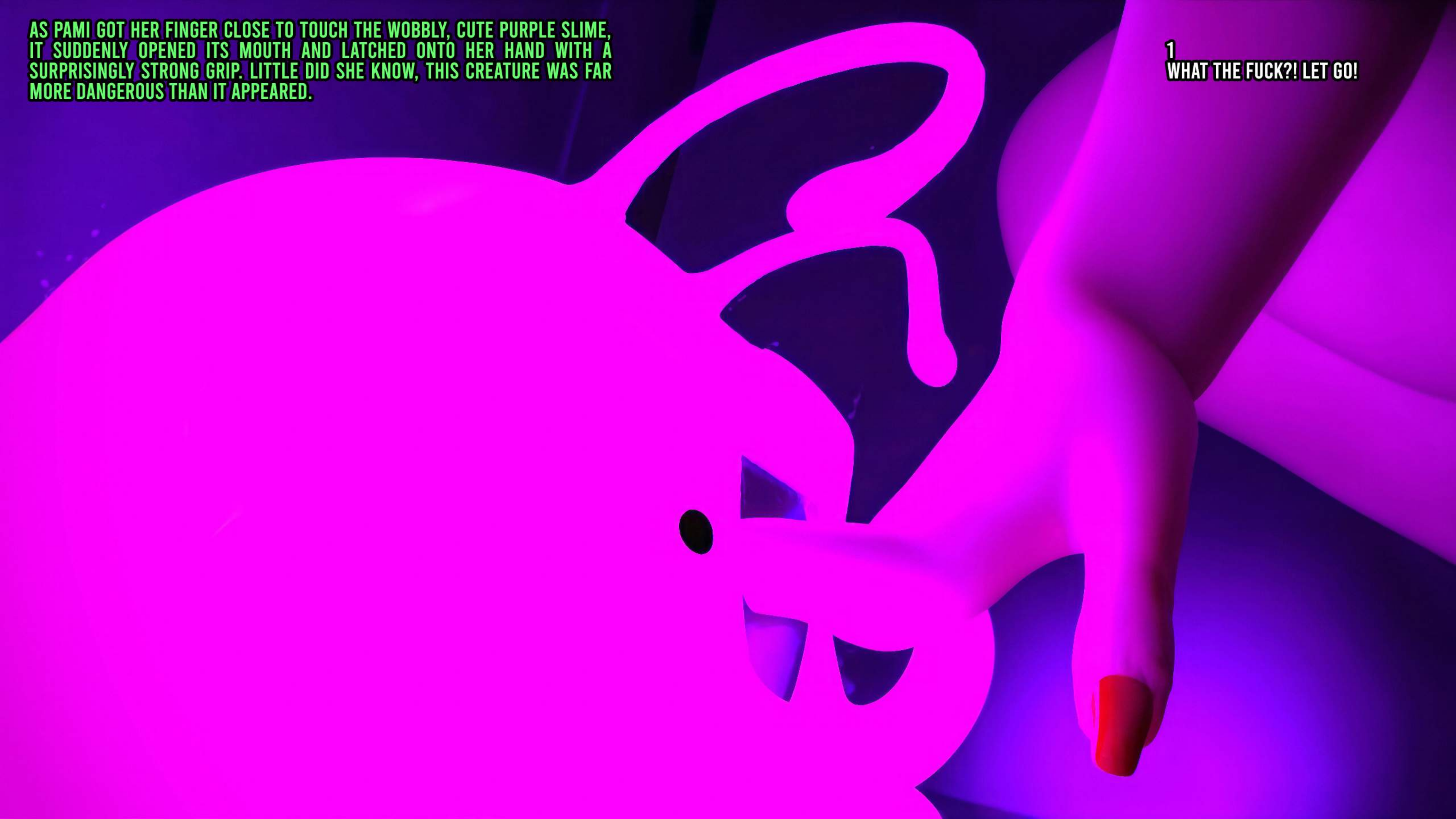


<sup>1</sup>  
I KINDA WANNA TOUCH IT...



AS PAMI GOT HER FINGER CLOSE TO TOUCH THE WOBBLY, CUTE PURPLE SLIME, IT SUDDENLY OPENED ITS MOUTH AND LATCHED ONTO HER HAND WITH A SURPRISINGLY STRONG GRIP. LITTLE DID SHE KNOW, THIS CREATURE WAS FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN IT APPEARED.

**1**  
**WHAT THE FUCK?! LET GO!**



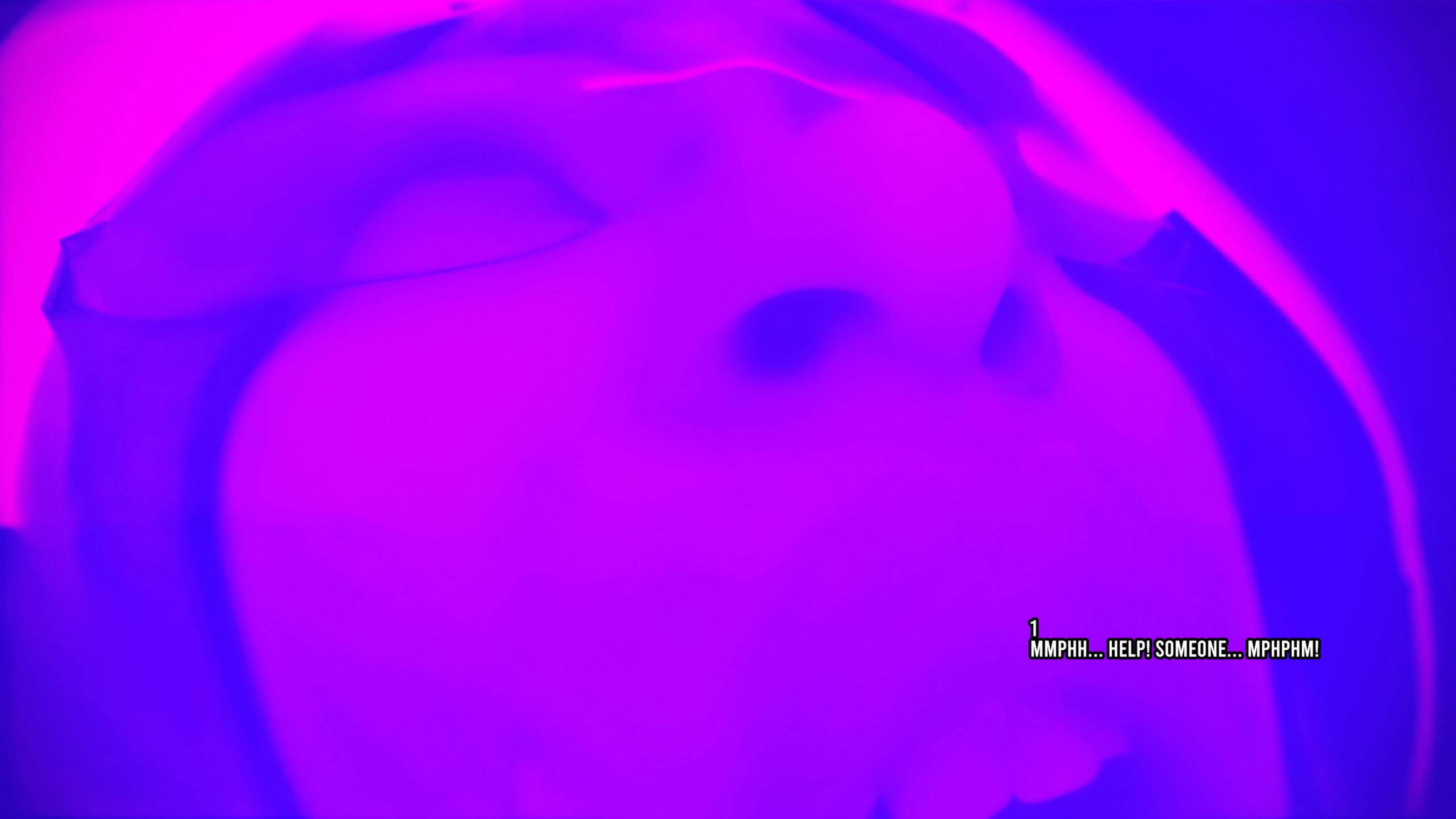
IT WAS THE FOURTH PARASITE THAT HAD ESCAPED FROM A LAB, SMARTLY ADAPTING TO ITS SURROUNDINGS, DISGUIISING ITSELF AS THE MOST IRRESISTIBLY CUTE THING TO EASILY TAKE CONTROL OVER ITS HOST.

**1**  
**WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!!!! I SAID LET GO!**



THE PARASITE THEN LUNGED FORWARD, CLUTCHING ONTO HER FACE WITH A VISE-LIKE GRIP. IT QUICKLY BEGAN TO WRAP ITSELF AROUND HER HEAD, ITS SLIMY TENDRILS SNAKING ACROSS HER CHEEKS AND FOREHEAD, COMPLETELY OBSTRUCTING HER VISION. PANIC SURGED THROUGH PAMI AS THE CREATURE TIGHTENED ITS HOLD, COVERING HER MOUTH AND NOSE, CUTTING OFF HER ABILITY TO BREATHE. SHE CLAWED DESPERATELY AT THE ALIEN SLIME, HER MUFFLED SCREAMS ECHOING IN THE BATHROOM STALL, BUT THE PARASITE'S GRIP ONLY GREW STRONGER, SEALING HER FATE.

**1**  
**MPPHPMPPHPM! GET... MPH... OFF ME!**



<sup>1</sup>  
MMPHH... HELP! SOMEONE... MPHPHM!

**2**  
**MHM! WHY DO YOU ASK?**

**1**  
**PAMI, ARE YOU OKAY?**

**HALF AN HOUR LATER, PAMI RETURNED TO GLENN. THOUGH HE WASN'T THE MOST ATTENTIVE GUY, HE IMMEDIATELY NOTICED SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT HER. HER POSTURE WAS RIGID, AND HER EYES SEEMED VACANT, ALMOST LIFELESS. SHE MOVED WITH AN UNSSETTLING PRECISION, HER USUAL WARMTH AND SPONTANEITY REPLACED BY AN EERIE CALM. GLENN'S BROW FURROWED WITH CONCERN AS HE TRIED TO MAKE SENSE OF THE CHANGE IN HER DEMEANOR.**

2  
HUH? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

1  
THERE'S SOMETHING... ON YOUR LIP.



1  
IT'S... RIGHT THERE, LIKE A PURPLE GOO-EY  
THING...

2  
PAMI... HEY! YOU'RE STARTING TO WORRY ME

PAMI JUST STARED AT HIM, HER EYES UNFOCUSED AND DISTANT. SHE SEEMED TO BE IN A TRANCE, HER EXPRESSION COMPLETELY BLANK, AS IF SHE WASN'T REALLY THERE IN HER OWN HEAD. HER USUAL SPARK AND LIVELINESS WERE GONE, REPLACED BY AN EERIE EMPTINESS THAT SENT A SHIVER DOWN GLENN'S SPINE. HE WAVED A HAND IN FRONT OF HER FACE, TRYING TO GET A REACTION, BUT SHE REMAINED UNRESPONSIVE, HER GAZE FIXED ON HIM WITHOUT TRULY SEEING.

**THEN PAMI'S GAZE SLOWLY SHIFTED DOWNWARD TO HER OWN LIPS. SHE NOTICED THE PURPLE MATTER DANGLING FROM HER BOTTOM LIP, GLISTENING UNNATURALLY UNDER THE LIGHTS. IT HUNG THERE, A SMALL YET OMINOUS REMINDER OF THE BIZARRE ENCOUNTER IN THE BATHROOM.**





<sup>1</sup> I DON'T KNOW... WHAT THAT IS...

HER FINGERS TREMBLED AS SHE REACHED UP AND STARTED WIPING IT OFF, FEELING THE SLICK, ALIEN SUBSTANCE THAT NOW CLUNG TO HER SKIN..

**1**  
GOOD MORNING! MAY I HAVE YOUR  
PASSPORTS, PLEASE?

**2**  
GOOD MORNING! YES, OF  
COURSE, HERE YOU GO.

**GLENN FOUND HER RESPONSE QUITE PERPLEXING. PAMI CLEARLY SEEMED CONFUSED, AS IF SHE GENUINELY HAD NO IDEA HOW THE PURPLE SUBSTANCE GOT THERE. WAS SHE PRETENDING, OR DID SHE TRULY HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF IT? THE UNCERTAINTY GNAWED AT HIM, BUT THERE WAS NO TIME TO DWELL ON IT. THE DOORS TO THE CRUISE SHIP OPENED, AND PASSENGERS WERE LINING UP FOR PASSPORT CHECKS AND BOARDING.**

**DETERMINED TO AVOID THE CONGESTION, GLENN QUICKLY TOOK PAMI'S HAND AND GUIDED HER TOWARD THE DOORS BEFORE THE CROWD ARRIVED. THEY JOINED THE LINE, PASSPORTS IN HAND.**

**2**  
OH, YES, IT WAS QUITE NICE. A BIT TOO SHORT, THOUGH.

**4**  
WE MOSTLY RELAXED ON THE BEACH AND  
TRIED OUT SOME LOCAL RESTAURANTS.  
THE FOOD WAS AMAZING.

**1**  
THANK YOU! DID YOU TWO ENJOY YOUR STAY?

**3**  
THAT'S ALWAYS THE CASE WITH VACATIONS,  
ISN'T IT? WHERE DID YOU SPEND MOST OF YOUR TIME?

**2**  
EXCUSE ME? THAT WAS  
INCREDIBLY RUDE.

**4**  
I ASSURE YOU, I WAS SIMPLY MAKING  
CONVERSATION. THERE'S NO NEED FOR  
SUCH HOSTILITY.

**7**  
WELL, MAYBE SHE SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR,  
THEN..

**6**  
I'M SO SORRY ABOUT THIS. SHE'S  
NOT FEELING WELL TODAY. PLEASE,  
FORGIVE US.

**1**  
GET A FUCKING ROOM ALREADY, THE TWO OF YOU!

**3**  
OH, PLEASE. YOU WERE PRACTICALLY DROOLING  
OVER HIM. JUST DO YOUR FUCKING JOB.

**5**  
RIGHT, BECAUSE ASKING ABOUT OUR VACATION IS  
PART OF YOUR JOB DESCRIPTION. JUST STAMP THE  
PASSPORTS AND MOVE ALONG BEFORE I SMACK YOU  
THE FUCK UP

**1**  
A DOCTOR? HOW CUTE, YOU THINK I NEED A DOCTOR BECAUSE I CALLED YOU OUT? YEAH, MAYBE WE SHOULD CALL A DOCTOR... TO HELP YOU OUT AFTER THE ASS WHOOPING YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET FROM ME.

**3**  
SECURITY? OH, HONEY, YOU THINK A COUPLE OF RENT-A-COPS CAN HANDLE ME? YOU SHOULD FOCUS ON STAMPING PASSPORTS AND LEAVE THE TOUGH TALK TO PEOPLE WHO CAN BACK IT UP.

**2**  
MA'AM, THAT'S ENOUGH. PLEASE PROCEED OR I'LL HAVE TO CALL SECURITY.

**4**  
PAMI, STOP IT. LET'S JUST GO. I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THIS.

**1**  
**WHAT A NUT JOB...  
NEXT, PLEASE.**

**2**  
**WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT, PAMI?**

**3**  
**OH, RELAX, GLENN. SHE NEEDED TO BE PUT IN HER PLACE.  
IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE THAT, MAYBE YOU SHOULD GROW A  
BACKBONE.**

**GLENN WAS UTTERLY BAFFLED. IT WAS AS IF THE PAMI  
WHO WALKED INTO THAT BATHROOM HAD BEEN REPLACED  
BY SOMEONE ENTIRELY DIFFERENT—MORE ARROGANT AND  
WITH FAR LESS FILTER.**

A chef in a white uniform and tall hat is smiling broadly, looking upwards and to the left. He is standing in a restaurant setting with tables, chairs, and plants. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting an evening or night setting. The chef's expression is one of joy and anticipation.

**1**  
HELLO AND WELCOME TO LA GRANDE TABLE!  
HAPPY TO HAVE YOU HERE, GENERAL!

**BACK IN THE ISLAND... LATER THAT NIGHT, THE MOMENT FINALLY ARRIVED FOR THE CHEF TO WELCOME MEGAN INTO HIS RESTAURANT. HE STOOD THERE, A BROAD GRIN STRETCHED ACROSS HIS FACE, THOUGH IT WAS MORE A MASK FOR HIS NERVES THAN AN EXPRESSION OF JOY. HIS EYES FIXATED ON MEGAN, THE GIANT, FAT GODDESS, AS SHE LUMBERED TOWARD HIM, HER STEPS RESONATING THROUGH THE QUIET EVENING AIR.**

AS MEGAN LUMBERED ALONG, HER MOUNTAINOUS POSTERIOR STRAINED AGAINST THE FLIMSY FABRIC OF HER SHORTS, THE OVERSTRETCHED MATERIAL CLINGING TO HER PRODIGIOUS ASS-CHEEKS LIKE A SECOND SKIN. EACH STEP CAUSED HER ENORMOUS, FLESHY RUMP TO WOBBLE AND JIGGLE, SENDING WAVES OF FLESH RIPPLING OUTWARD FROM THE EPICENTER OF HER GROTESQUELY SWOLLEN GLUTES.

1  
THANK YOU! THIS LOOKS QUITE NICE, ACTUALLY. I HOPE YOU'VE PREPARED A LOT OF FOOD BECAUSE I'M *FUCKING HUUUUUNGRYYYY...*

2  
OF COURSE! ANYTHING YOUR HEART DESIRES! I MUST SAY, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE-



THE BRA SHE WORE DID LITTLE TO CONTAIN HER EQUALLY MASSIVE GUT AND TITS, WHICH BILLOWED OUT BEFORE HER, COVERED IN A LATTICEWORK OF GLISTENING STRETCH MARKS THAT SEEMED TO PULSE WITH EVERY BEAT OF HER HEART. EVERY MOVEMENT SENT HER BELLY AND ASS QUIVERING LIKE GELATINOUS MASSES, THREATENING AT ANY MOMENT TO BURST FREE FROM THE CONFINES OF HER INADEQUATE CLOTHING AND SPILL FORTH INTO THE WORLD IN A FLOOD OF QUIVERING, BLUBBERY FLESH.

2  
ABSOLUTELY, GENERAL. I ASSURE YOU, NO ONE WILL HEAR A WORD FROM MY LIPS. MY UTMOST RESPECT AND DISCRETION ARE GUARANTEED.

1  
-THIS BIG? YEAH, WHICH IS WHY I MADE YOU SIGN THE NON-DISCLOSURE DEAL IN THE FIRST PLACE. ANYBODY HEARS ABOUT THIS AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN.

3  
GOOD, NOW, THE FOOD, WHERE IS IT?



**1** PLEASE, THIS WAY, GENERAL. WE HAVE THE TABLES LINED UP FOR YOU, AND THE FOOD WILL BE READY IN NO TIME. WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU TO ARRIVE SO THAT EVERYTHING COULD BE SERVED HOT AND FRESH.

**2** PERFECT! I CAN'T WAIT TO DIVE IN. I HOPE YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH TO SATISFY ME.



THE TABLE IS AN ENTICING DISPLAY OF CULINARY CRAFTSMANSHIP, EACH PLATE OFFERING A PROMISE OF INDULGENCE. AT THE FOREFRONT, A PERFECTLY GRILLED STEAK SITS INVITINGLY BESIDE GOLDEN-BROWN POTATO WEDGES, THE TENDER MEAT GLISTENING WITH JUICES AND THE WEDGES CRISP AND AROMATIC. TO THE LEFT, A PLATTER OF BEAUTIFULLY BAKED PASTRIES ENCIRCLES A CREAMY, TANGY DIP, EACH PASTRY BOASTING A GOLDEN CRUST AND A SOFT, FLAVORFUL INTERIOR. A DISH OF TENDER SALMON, RICH WITH A DARK, GLOSSY GLAZE, IS ELEGANTLY PRESENTED WITH BRIGHT YELLOW CHERRY TOMATOES AND DELICATE GREENS, ADDING A TOUCH OF FRESHNESS AND COLOR. COMPLETING THE SCENE IS A HEARTY BREAKFAST PLATE WITH WARM, TOASTY FLATBREADS, A PLUMP SAUSAGE, AND SAVORY SLICES OF BACON, ACCOMPANIED BY A LEMON WEDGE AND A SCATTERING OF BAKED BEANS, EACH ELEMENT METICULOUSLY PREPARED TO OFFER A DELIGHTFUL BLEND OF TEXTURES AND FLAVORS.



TO THE LEFT, A DELIGHTFUL MIX OF BREAKFAST AND LUNCH OPTIONS, EACH DISH CRAFTED TO PERFECTION. AT THE CENTER, A TOWERING BAGEL SANDWICH, LAYERED WITH FRESH VEGETABLES AND JUICY MEAT, PROMISES A SATISFYING BITE. NEARBY, A PLATE OF FLUFFY PANCAKES DRIZZLED WITH SYRUP AND TOPPED WITH A MELTING PAT OF BUTTER SITS NEXT TO CRISPY BACON AND LEMON SLICES, INVITING INDULGENCE. A SIMPLE YET ELEGANT SALAD FEATURES A SEARED FISH FILLET ATOP A BED OF GREENS, ADORNED WITH VIBRANT CHERRY TOMATOES AND RINGS OF ONION. THE ARRAY IS COMPLETED WITH SLICES OF TENDER MEAT, BREAD AND CHEESE, EACH OFFERING A UNIQUE AND DELECTABLE EXPERIENCE.

A table set with various dishes including avocado toast with shrimp, quiche, poached eggs, and bread.

THE NEXT TABLE IS A FEAST FOR THE EYES AND PALATE, OFFERING A DELECTABLE VARIETY OF DISHES. AT THE FOREFRONT, PERFECTLY POACHED EGGS REST ON A BED OF CREAMY AVOCADO TOAST, TOPPED WITH SUCCULENT SHRIMP AND VIBRANT CHERRY TOMATOES, MAKING FOR A DELIGHTFUL AND REFRESHING BITE. NEARBY, A PLATE OF GRILLED ASPARAGUS AND JUICY VINE TOMATOES ACCOMPANIES THICK, TOASTED ROUNDS OF BREAD, PROMISING A SATISFYING MIX OF TEXTURES. A BEAUTIFUL QUICHE, RICH AND GOLDEN, IS GARNISHED WITH FRESH GREENS AND HALVED CHERRY TOMATOES, ITS FLAKY CRUST HIDING A SAVORY FILLING. FINALLY, A PLATE OF DELICATE, HARD-BOILED EGGS SERVED WITH A TANGY SAUCE AND A SIDE OF FRESH GREENS INVITES INDULGENCE IN ITS SIMPLICITY AND ELEGANCE.



THE LAST TABLE TO THE LEFT PRESENTS AN IRRESISTIBLE ASSORTMENT OF BREAKFAST DELIGHTS. AT ITS HEART, TOWERING STACKS OF PANCAKES COMMAND ATTENTION, DRIZZLED WITH DECADENT CHOCOLATE AND CARAMEL SAUCES, AND CROWNED WITH FRESH BERRIES THAT ADD A VIBRANT BURST OF COLOR. BESIDE THEM, A GOLDEN SLICE OF TOAST IS TOPPED WITH A PERFECTLY COOKED SUNNY-SIDE-UP EGG, THE YOLK GLISTENING INVITINGLY, ACCOMPANIED BY A PLUMP CHERRY TOMATO. ANOTHER PLATE FEATURES A HEARTY SANDWICH OF LAYERED TOAST AND MELTED CHEESE, EACH BITE PROMISING A SATISFYING BLEND OF TEXTURES. FINALLY, NEATLY ARRANGED SLICES OF SEARED MEAT LIE NEXT TO A GARNISH OF FRESH BASIL AND RADISH SLICES, OFFERING A SAVORY CONTRAST TO THE SWEET INDULGENCES NEARBY. THIS TABLE IS A TRUE CELEBRATION OF MORNING FLAVORS, EACH DISH CRAFTED TO DELIGHT AND SATISFY.

**1** I RECOMMEND YOU START WITH THIS ONE,  
WE CALL IT THE -

**2** STOP FUCKING TALKING AND GET IT OVER HERE  
ALREADY, I'M SO FUCKING HUNGRY!

**MEGAN PLOPPED HER CHUNKY ASS DOWN IN THE CHAIR, HER MASSIVE TITS PRACTICALLY SPILLING OUT OF HER ITTY-BITTY TOP LIKE A PAIR OF OVERRIPE MELONS ABOUT TO BURST. SHE SNATCHED THAT PLATE FROM THE CHEF'S HAND LIKE SHE WAS CLAIMING A PRIZE, HER PUDGY FINGERS DIGGING IN WITH A DESPERATE NEEDINESS.**



**1**  
**MMMMM, I'M SO FUCKING READY...  
LET'S SEE HOW GOOD THIS IS**

**MEGAN LOST HER DAMN MIND THE SECOND THOSE PLATES HIT THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HER. ALL RATIONAL THOUGHT FLED AS HER BEADY EYES LOCKED ONTO THE HEAPING PILE OF GRUB, A PRIMAL HUNGER TAKING HOLD AND REDUCING HER TO LITTLE MORE THAN A RABID PIG AT THE TROUGH.**

**SHE COMPLETELY FORGOT THE PROMISE SHE HAD MADE TO MIKE—TO WAIT FOR HIM AND NOT GO OVERBOARD WITH THE EATING. SHARON'S BRAIN SCREAMED, DROWNING OUT ANY LINGERING SCRAPS OF WILLPOWER OR SELF-CONTROL. RIGHT NOW, ALL THAT MATTERED WAS SHOVELING AS MUCH FOOD INTO HER GAPING MAW AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE—AND IF THAT MEANT BALLOONING UP TO THE SIZE OF A HOUSE IN THE PROCESS, THEN SO BE IT.**

**THE PARASITE INSIDE HER NO DOUBT PLAYED ITS PART IN FANNING THE FLAMES OF HER INSATIABLE APPETITE, BUT SHARON DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT THAT EITHER. SHE WAS A SLAVE TO HER OWN GLUTTONY NOW, AN OBESE BITCH WITH NO IMPULSE CONTROL AND A CONSTANT, GNAWING EMPTINESS THAT ONLY MORE, MORE, MORE COULD POSSIBLY SAT.**

WITH A SAVAGE GLINT IN HER EYE, MEGAN ATTACKED THE FEAST WITH ALL THE RESTRAINT OF A FAMISHED WOLVERINE ON A RABBIT CARCASS. PLATE AFTER PLATE DISAPPEARED INTO HER MAW LIKE MAGIC, EACH SUCCESSIVE HELPING ONLY STOKING THE INFERNO OF HER HUNGER.

BUT IT WAS WHEN SHE LAID EYES ON THE TOWERING STACK OF PANCAKES THAT DONOVAN TRULY LOST CONTROL, HER GLUTTONOUS FRENZY REACHING NEW HEIGHTS OF DEPRAVITY. WITHOUT HESITATION OR CEREMONY, SHE SEIZED THE MASSIVE TOWER IN HER HAND AND RAMMED THE ENTIRE THING INTO HER FACE WITH A LEWD, WET SMACK, SENDING BUTTER AND SYRUP FLYING AS THE FLUFFY DISKS DISINTEGRATED BETWEEN HER LIPS.



MEGAN'S MIND WAS A HAZE OF GLUTTONOUS ECSTASY AS SHE GORGED HERSELF ON AN ENDLESS DELUGE OF CALORIES, EACH MASSIVE BITE FUELING HER INSATIABLE HUNGER AND SWELLING HER ALREADY BLOATED FORM.

HER FAT C\*NT THROBBED WITH EVERY MOUTHFUL, GROWING WETTER BY THE SECOND AT THE THOUGHT OF HOW MUCH MORE GROTESQUELY OBESE SHE'D BECOME BY THE TIME THIS FEEDING FRENZY FINALLY ENDED. HER TITS WOBBLLED AND HER ASS JIGGLED WITH EACH SAVAGE GULP.

1  
MMMMM OH FUCK...  
THIS IS SO GOOD I COULD CUM...

SHE MOANED GUTTURALLY, HER HIPS BUCKING SLIGHTLY AS SHE IMAGINED THE OBSCENE SIZE AND SHAPE HER BODY WOULD TAKE ON - A GIANTESS HAM HOCK WITH TITS THE SIZE OF BEACH BALLS, A BELLY THAT COULD SWALLOW A MAN WHOLE, AND A JUICY, QUIVERING ASS MEANT FOR NOTHING BUT SITTING ON OTHERS.





**1**  
IS MEGAN HERE ALREADY?

**2**  
Y-YES S-SIR, I-

MIKE'S HEART RACED AS HE ARRIVED TO THE RESTAURANT, A SENSE OF IMPENDING DOOM SETTLING IN HIS GUT LIKE A LEAD WEIGHT. HE COULD ALREADY PICTURE THE SCENE IN HIS MIND - MEGAN SPRAWLED OUT ACROSS MULTIPLE CHAIRS, HER BLOATED BODY BARELY CONTAINED BY THE FLIMSY FABRIC OF HER CLOTHES, A TRAIL OF CRUMBS AND SPILLS LEADING FROM HER LIPS TO THE EMPTY PLATES PILED HIGH BESIDE HER.

**1**  
WHAT?! WHERE IS SHE?!

**3**  
BUT WHAT? FUCKING SPIT IT OUT ALREADY!

**2**  
RIGHT HERE, SIR... UHH... I... I TRIED TO  
REASON WITH HER, B-BUT...

**4**  
SHE WOULDN'T STOP! SHE KEEPS DEVOURING THE  
PLATES AND ASKING FOR MORE... SHE'S ON HER  
FOURTH SET, AND EACH SET IS FOUR TABLES  
WORTH OF PLATES! MY WAITERS ARE WORKING  
OVERTIME JUST TO CLEAR SPACE FOR NEW DISHES.



1  
WHAT... THE FUCK?!

AS MIKE STUMBLED THROUGH THE DOORWAY, HIS GAZE FIXED ON THE SCENE UNFOLDING BEFORE HIM WITH A MIX OF HORROR AND MORBID FASCINATION. THERE, SPRAWLED OUT ACROSS THE CHAIRS LIKE A FALLEN TITAN, WAS MEGAN - BUT NOT AS HE HAD LEFT HER MERE HOURS PRIOR.

**1**  
**MMMPHHH... F-FUUCK, I'M S-SO F-FULLLLL...**

A woman with an extremely large, bloated belly is sitting at a restaurant table. She is wearing a white lace top and a white bikini bottom. Her hands are resting on her massive, distended stomach. The table in front of her is covered with a white tablecloth and is set with numerous plates of food, including cakes, pastries, and other dishes. The background shows a restaurant interior with large windows and a red awning.

**1**  
**UGHNNN... MY ST-STOMACH...  
IT'S G-GONNA B-BURST...**

**MEGAN PLOPPED DOWN, HER MASSIVE GUT JUTTING OUT OBSCENELY IN FRONT OF HER, A BLOATED BEACHBALL LETTING OUT THE LOUDEST RUMBLES. HER HANDS RESTED ATOP THE DISTENDED EXPANSE OF SKIN STRETCHED TAUT AROUND HER STOMACH, MARRED WITH A LATTICEWORK OF GLISTENING STRETCH MARKS - A TESTAMENT TO JUST HOW SEVERELY SHE LET HERSELF GO.**

**FUCK, EVEN 'PIG' SEEMED LIKE AN INSULT NOW - THIS WASN'T JUST SOME CHUBBY GAL WHO OVERINDULGED ONCE OR TWICE. NO, MEGAN HAD TRANSCENDED MERE CORPULENCE TO BECOME A GIANTESS HAM HOCK, A GROTESQUE PARODY OF FEMINE BEAUTY WARPED BEYOND RECOGNITION BY HER INSATIABLE APPETITE AND RECKLESS GLUTTONY.**

2  
GRRRAANNGG... M-MICHAEL...  
I-I'M S-SORRY, I C-COULDN'T...  
HUUUURP!

1  
I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE THIS... LOOK  
AT THE... LOOK AT THE SIZE OF YOU...  
YOU'VE BEEN PURSUING THIS, HAVEN'T  
YOU? ALL THIS TIME, YOU FUCKING  
WANTED IT!



1  
BUAAAAUUURP! HAH! OOOH, THAT WAS A BIG ONE...

2  
I-I DON'T... I DON'T WANNA BE HERE ANYMORE,  
THIS DATE'S OVER

**1**  
N-NO, MICHAEL, PLEASE W-WAIT, I CAN E-EXPLAIN...

**2**  
SAVE THAT SHIT, MEGAN. I DON'T WANNA  
TALK ABOUT THIS. I'LL SEE YOU AT WORK.

**1**  
M-MICHAEL, PLEASE, DON'T GO! W-WAIT,  
I CAN... I CAN EXPLAIN, JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE...

**3**  
NO, PLEASE, MIKE! I NEED YOU TO  
UNDERSTAND... I DIDN'T MEAN FOR THIS TO HAPPEN...

**2**  
I'M DONE, MEGAN. THIS IS TOO MUCH.

**4**  
I'VE HEARD ENOUGH. WE'LL TALK AT WORK.



**1**  
**MIKE, PLEASE... I NEED YOU...**



ALL OF A SUDDEN, A SEARING HEADACHE, MUCH LIKE THE ONE SHE HAD EXPERIENCED AT THE BEACH, STRUCK HER WITH BRUTAL INTENSITY. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THE PAIN WAS FAR MORE EXCRUCIATING, FEELING AS IF IT WAS SPLITTING HER HEAD APART. THE SHEER FORCE OF THE HEADACHE LEFT NO DOUBT IN HER MIND—A MUCH LARGER AND MORE UNCONTROLLABLE GROWTH SPURT WAS IMMINENT. AS THE PAIN INTENSIFIED, SHE CLUTCHED HER HEAD, A MIX OF FEAR AND RESIGNATION WASHING OVER HER. SHE KNEW WHAT WAS COMING, AND THERE WAS NOTHING SHE COULD DO TO STOP IT.

1  
MMMPPH... S-SHIT... H-HAPPENING AGAIN...

MEGAN'S ASS WAS ALREADY A MAJESTIC SIGHT - ROUND, PLUMP AND RIPE LIKE TWO OVERGROWN MELONS NESTLED IN A HAMMOCK OF SOFT, CREAMY FLESH. BUT AS THE SECONDS TICKED BY AT A GLACIAL PACE, HER DERRIERE BEGAN TO SWELL WITH AN OTHERWORLDLY RAPIDITY.

**1**  
**F-FUCKING GROWING... SO BIG... CAN'T STOP IT...**

**WITHIN MERE MOMENTS, THE FABRIC OF HER SHORTS STRETCHED TAUT OVER THE BURGEONING MASS, THE SEAMS STRAINING TO CONTAIN THE SHEER VOLUME OF LUSCIOUS ASS-FLESH THAT WAS EXPANDING BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES. IT PULSED AND RIPPLED WITH EACH BEAT OF MEGAN'S HEART, GROWING LARGER AND MORE MAJESTIC BY THE SECOND.**



THE SHORTS LET OUT A SICKENINGLY LOUD TEARING SOUND AS THEY FINALLY SURRENDERED TO THE UNRELENTING PRESSURE, THE FABRIC SPLITTING WIDE OPEN TO REVEAL AN EXPANSE OF UNBRIDLED, TITANIC ASS-CHEEKS THAT SEEMED TO SWALLOW THE AIR AROUND THEM. EACH CHEEK WAS NOW BIGGER THAN MEGAN'S HEAD, A PERFECT SPHERE OF BLUBBERY, QUIVERING FLESH THAT GLISTENED WITH A SHEEN OF SWEAT IN THE DIM LIGHT.



<sup>1</sup>  
MMMMM FUCK, I'M SO HEAVY NOW

BUT STILL, IT CONTINUED ITS RELENTLESS GROWTH, EXPANDING OUTWARD IN ALL DIRECTIONS LIKE A BALLOON FILLED TO BURSTING. IT BEGAN TO TAKE ON AN ALMOST THREE-DIMENSIONAL QUALITY, THE EDGES OF EACH CHEEK ROUNDING OUT INTO SOFT, PILLOWY MOUNDS THAT SEEMED TO DEFY GRAVITY AS THEY PUSHED OUTWARD FROM HER PELVIS. THE SURFACE OF HER ASS BECAME A MESMERIZING TAPESTRY OF DEEP CREVICES AND VALLEYS, EACH ONE CRADLING A MINIATURE MOUNTAIN RANGE OF FATTY TISSUE THAT RIPPLED AND UNDULATED WITH EVERY MOVEMENT.



MEGAN'S TITS WERE ALREADY QUITE GENEROUS - PLUMP, PERKY SPHERES OF CREAMY FLESH THAT FILLED OUT HER TOP NICELY. BUT AS ANOTHER WAVE OF GROWTH SURGED THROUGH HER BODY, THEY BEGAN TO SWELL WITH A NEW INTENSITY, AS IF EAGER TO RECLAIM THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE AS THE CROWNING GLORY OF HER VOLUPTUOUS FORM.



1  
HNNNGGG... FUCK, NOW MY TITS T-TOO?

AT FIRST, IT WAS ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE - A SLIGHT ROUNDING AND SOFTENING OF HER ALREADY AMPLE BOSOM. BUT WITHIN SECONDS, MEGAN'S TITS WERE GROWING AT AN ALARMING RATE, STRAINING AGAINST THE FABRIC OF HER BRA WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT. THE MATERIAL BEGAN TO STRETCH AND DISTORT, THE FABRIC THREADS RIPPING OFF ONE BY ONE AS HER BREASTS CONTINUED THEIR INEXORABLE EXPANSION.

1  
GRRRAANNGG... I D-DON'T THINK THIS BRA'S  
GONNA MAKE IT MUCH L-LONGER...



1  
MPHHH... JUST W-WANT THIS TO S-STOP ALREADY...  
BUT IT K-KEEPS GOING AND G-GOING...

AS HER TITS BALLOONED TO AN EVEN MORE GARGANTUAN SIZE, MEGAN'S BRA COULD NO LONGER CONTAIN THEM. THE FABRIC SPLIT WIDE OPEN ALONG HER CLEAVAGE, THE SEAMS RIPPING LIKE WET TISSUE PAPER UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF HER BURGEONING BOSOM. HER NIPPLES, NOW FULLY FREED FROM THEIR CONSTRAINTS, JUTTED OUT, GLISTENING WITH A SHEEN OF SWEAT AND BECKONING THE WORLD TO COME HITHER AND WORSHIP AT THE ALTAR OF HER MAMMARY MAGNIFICENCE.

**2**  
I NEED TO LEAVE... LIKE RIGHT NOW.  
THIS IS REALLY B-BAD... I DON'T THINK IT STOPPED YET.

**1**  
G-GENERAL, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

THE GROWTH SPURT FINALLY SEEMED TO SLOW DOWN, ALLOWING MEGAN TO STAND ON HER SHAKY LEGS, HER IMMENSE GIRTH CAUSING HER TO WOBBLE PRECARIOUSLY AS SHE GAINED HER FOOTING. WITH A MIX OF EMBARRASSMENT, SHAME, AND RELIEF, SHE PULLED HERSELF TOGETHER AND STARTED MAKING HER WAY TOWARD THE EXIT. JUST THEN, THE CHEF INTERRUPTED HER.

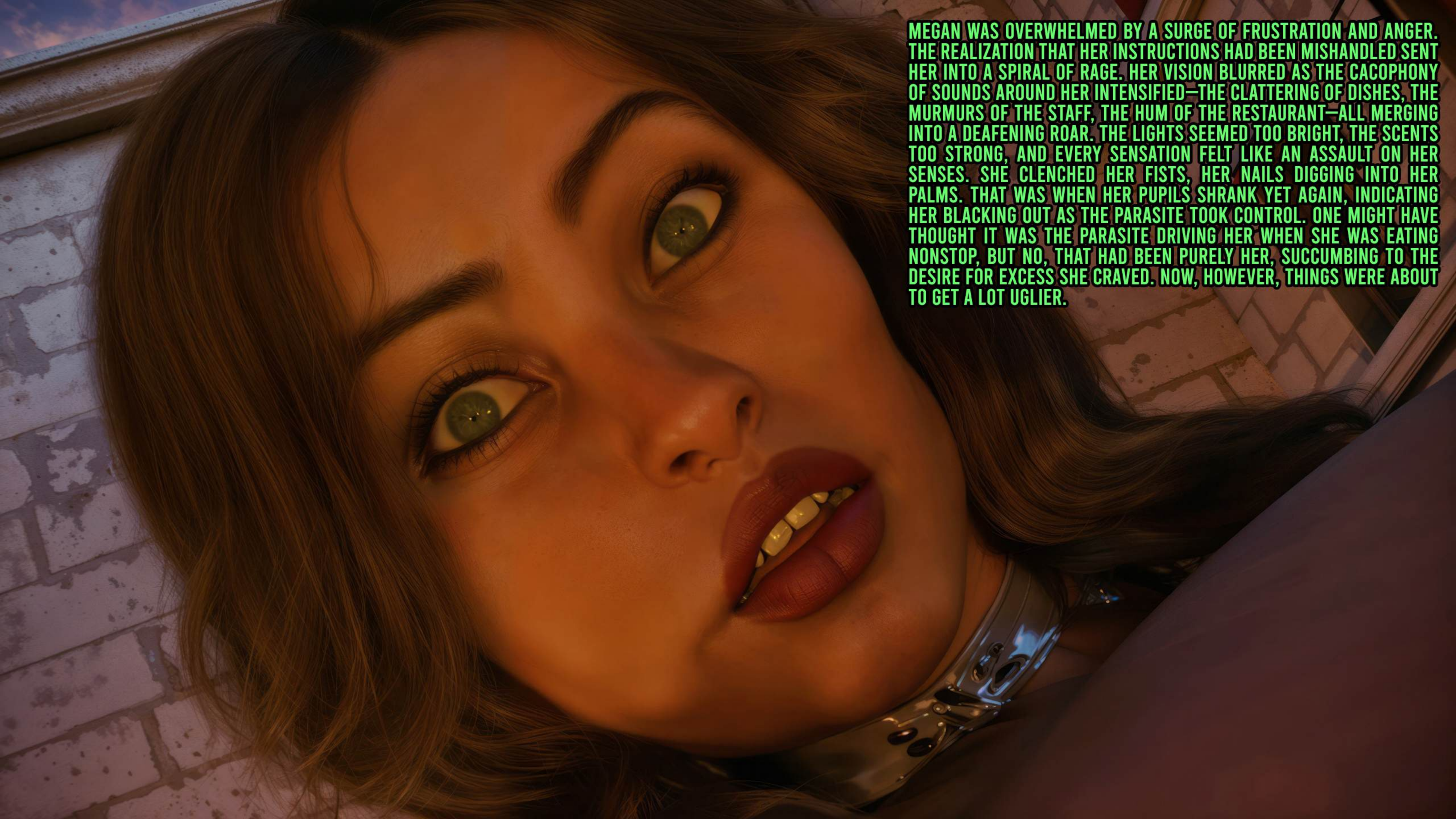


**2**  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I THOUGHT THAT WAS ALREADY SETTLED.  
I INSTRUCTED MY LIEUTENANTS TO BRING YOU CASH BEFORE  
MY ARRIVAL, NO?

**4**  
WHAT?! NO... FUCK, FUCK  
FUCK FUCK FUCK! UGHHHHH!

**1**  
I U-UNDERSTAND, BUT YOUR FOOD,  
WHO'S GONNA PAY FOR IT?

**3**  
N-NOBODY SHOWED UP, G-GENERAL.  
MAYBE T-THEY WENT TO THE WRONG RESTAURANT?



MEGAN WAS OVERWHELMED BY A SURGE OF FRUSTRATION AND ANGER. THE REALIZATION THAT HER INSTRUCTIONS HAD BEEN MISHANDLED SENT HER INTO A SPIRAL OF RAGE. HER VISION BLURRED AS THE CACOPHONY OF SOUNDS AROUND HER INTENSIFIED—THE CLATTERING OF DISHES, THE MURMURS OF THE STAFF, THE HUM OF THE RESTAURANT—ALL MERGING INTO A DEAFENING ROAR. THE LIGHTS SEEMED TOO BRIGHT, THE SCENTS TOO STRONG, AND EVERY SENSATION FELT LIKE AN ASSAULT ON HER SENSES. SHE CLENCHED HER FISTS, HER NAILS DIGGING INTO HER PALMS. THAT WAS WHEN HER PUPILS SHRANK YET AGAIN, INDICATING HER BLACKING OUT AS THE PARASITE TOOK CONTROL. ONE MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS THE PARASITE DRIVING HER WHEN SHE WAS EATING NONSTOP, BUT NO, THAT HAD BEEN PURELY HER, SUCCUMBING TO THE DESIRE FOR EXCESS SHE CRAVED. NOW, HOWEVER, THINGS WERE ABOUT TO GET A LOT UGLIER.

1  
G-GENERAL, ARE YOU OKAY?  
Y-YOU'RE CLENCHING YOUR TEETH...

2  
"YOU THINK YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE, LITTLE ONE?"



**1**  
G-GENERAL... P-PLEASE...

**2**  
"BEG ALL YOU WANT, LITTLE MORSEL.  
IT WON'T CHANGE YOUR FATE."

WITH AN INHUMAN STRENGTH, MEGAN'S GRIP TIGHTENED AROUND THE CHEF'S THROAT, CUTTING OFF HIS AIR SUPPLY AS SHE LIFTED HIM HIGHER INTO THE AIR. HIS FLAILING LIMBS KICKED FUTILELY, UNABLE TO BREAK FREE FROM HER UNYIELDING GRASP. THE NERVOUSNESS IN HIS WIDE, BULGING EYES WAS PROOF THAT EVEN A GROWN MAN COULD BE REDUCED TO A QUIVERING, HELPLESS MESS AT THE MERCY OF HER GLUTTONOUS DESIRES.



**1**  
W-WHAT ARE YOU D-DOING?

**2**  
H-HEY! S-STOP THIS, P-PLEASE!

**AS MEGAN'S HOT, MOIST BREATH WASHED OVER HIS FACE, THE CHEF FELT HIS ENTIRE BODY GO RIGID WITH TERROR AND HELPLESSNESS. THE SHEER SIZE OF HER MOUTH, COMBINED WITH THE BULGING, HUNGRY CURVE OF HER CHEEKS, WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE EVEN THE MOST SEASONED MAN TREMBLE WITH FEAR.**



**1**  
**N-NO.. STOP! HEEEEELP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!!!**



MEANWHILE, ON THE CRUISE SHIP...

1  
HMMMM... THIS IS NICE...

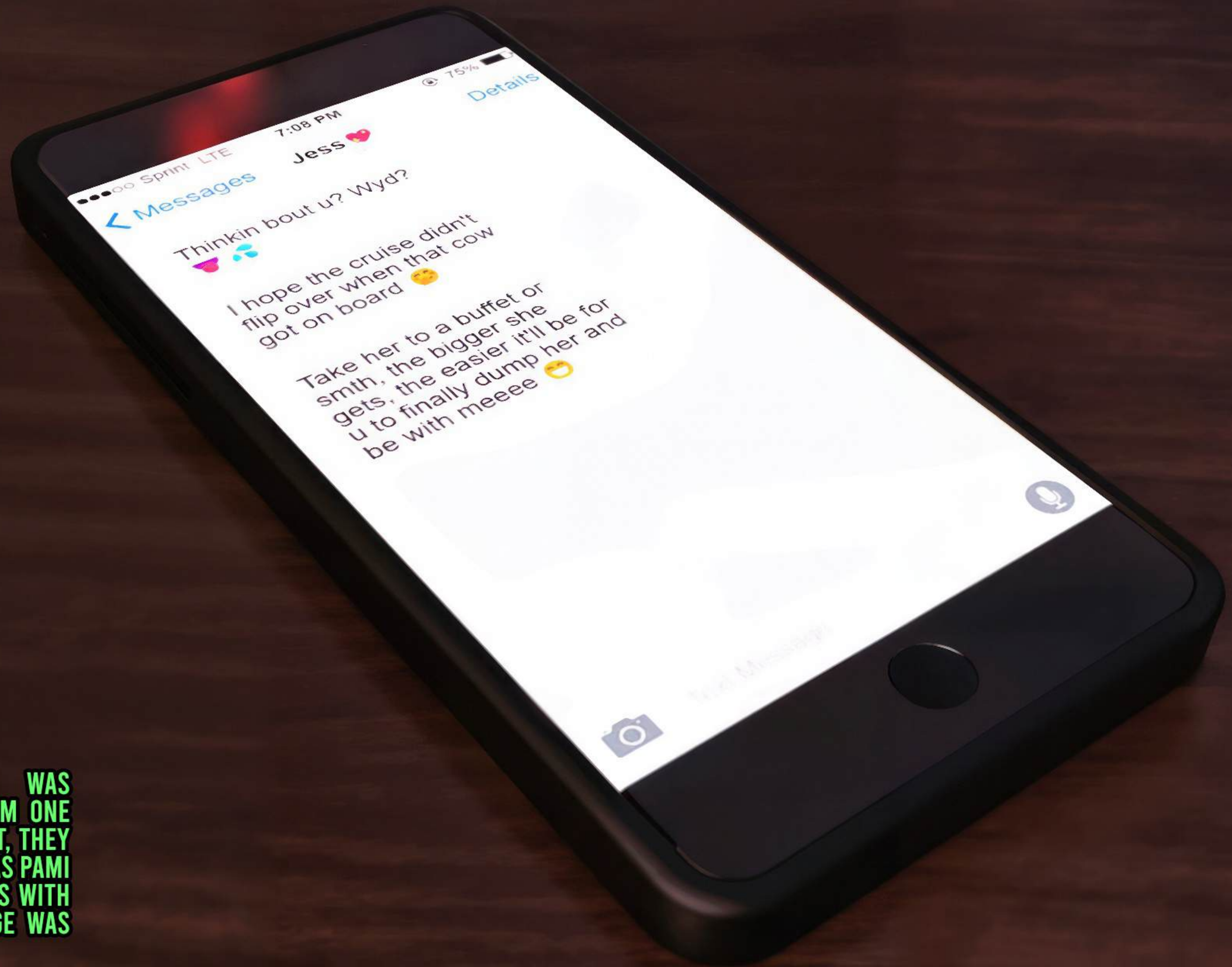
ON THE SUN-KISSED DECK OF THE LUXURY CRUISE LINER, PAMI SPRAWLED OUT IN A TAWNY GLOW OF GOLDEN SKIN AND SEDUCTIVE CURVES, THE VERY PICTURE OF A RELAXED AND INDULGENT GETAWAY. HER VOLUPTUOUS BELLY ROSE AND FELL WITH EACH LAZY BREATH, BARELY CONTAINED WITHIN THE FLIMSY FABRIC OF HER BIKINI BOTTOMS.

WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD, PAMI LET HER UNDERWEAR SLIP JUST A TANTALIZING NOTCH LOWER, GIVING THE WORLD AN UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF HER PLUMP FUPA.

**1**  
HEY, WHY AREN'T YOU SAYING ANYTHING?  
ARE YOU STILL MAD AT ME FROM EARLIER?

**3**  
I'M SORRY ABOUT EARLIER, OKAY? I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TOOK OVER ME. I THINK SOMETHING HAPPENED  
IN THAT BATHROOM, BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER.

**2**  
NO, PAMI, I'M JUST TRYING TO CATCH SOME SHUT-EYE.  
IT'S 6 IN THE MORNING, AND I DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO  
COME OUT HERE ON THE DECK. YOU PRACTICALLY FORCED  
ME TO.



SUDDENLY, THEIR CONVERSATION WAS INTERRUPTED BY A NOTIFICATION FROM ONE OF THE PHONES ON THE TABLE. AT FIRST, THEY COULDN'T TELL WHOSE PHONE IT WAS, AS PAMI AND GLENN BOTH HAD SIMILAR DEVICES WITH IDENTICAL ALERT TONES. THE MESSAGE WAS FROM SOMEONE NAMED "JESS."



**1**  
**WHO THE HELL IS MESSAGING ME NOW?**  
**LET ME TURN OFF THIS DAMN PHONE.**



**1**  
**OH, IT'S PROBABLY JUST A SPAM MESSAGE. LET ME GET THAT... DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.**

**THE REALIZATION HIT GLENN INSTANTLY—HE KNEW IT WAS HIS PHONE. PAMI'S PHONE WAS ALMOST ALWAYS ON VIBRATE. HIS HEART SANK AS HE GUESSED WHO MIGHT HAVE MESSAGED HIM. FEARING THAT PAMI WOULD FIND OUT, HE QUICKLY REACHED FOR THE PHONE, TRYING TO ACT COOL.**

**1**  
BABE, WHY ARE YOU SO EAGER TO GET THIS?  
IT'S OKAY, GO BACK TO SLEEP, I'LL TURN IT OFF

**2**  
SERIOUSLY, PAMI, IT'S NOTHING IMPORTANT.

AS GLENN REACHED FOR THE PHONE, TRYING TO ACT NONCHALANT, PAMI NOTICED HIS SUDDEN URGENCY. SUSPECTING SOMETHING WAS OFF, SHE QUICKLY GRABBED THE PHONE BEFORE HE COULD. SHE RESPONDED WITH A TONE THAT WASN'T OUTRIGHT ACCUSATORY BUT WAS AGGRESSIVE ENOUGH TO LET GLENN KNOW SHE SENSED SOMETHING WAS WRONG.

PAMI BEGAN READING THE MESSAGES, HER EYES WIDENING AS SHE TOOK IN THE HURTFUL WORDS. THIS "JESS" GIRL HAD TEXTED GLENN, CALLING PAMI A COW AND SUGGESTING HE SHOULD KEEP FEEDING HER MORE SO HE COULD HAVE AN EXCUSE TO BREAK UP WITH HER WHEN SHE BECAME TOO BIG.



1  
JESS? WHO'S JESS? SHE CALLING ME A COW?

2  
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS, GLENN?

**2**  
JOKING? CALLING ME A COW AND TELLING  
YOU TO FEED ME UNTIL YOU CAN DUMP ME?  
THAT'S A JOKE TO YOU?

**4**  
YOU WERE FUCKING CHEATING ON ME THIS  
WHOLE TIME, GLENN?

**1**  
PAMI, IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK. JESS IS JUST  
A FRIEND. SHE WAS JOKING, IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS.

**3**  
I SWEAR, PAMI, I NEVER ENCOURAGED HER.  
I DIDN'T EVEN RESPOND TO THOSE MESSAGES!

A pregnant woman with long, wavy red hair is shown from the waist up, wearing a light pink bikini. She is standing on a boat deck, looking down at a black smartphone in her left hand. The background is a vast, calm sea under a clear blue sky. The lighting is soft, suggesting late afternoon or early morning.

**1**  
**Y-YOU... YOU'VE BEEN LYING TO ME THIS WHOLE TIME? IS THAT WHY YOU'VE BEEN GETTING ME FOOD I CRAVE? SO I CAN TIP THIS SHIP OVER?**

A pregnant woman with long, wavy reddish-brown hair is standing on the deck of a boat. She is wearing a light pink, halter-neck bikini. Her expression is one of anger or frustration, with her mouth open as if shouting. Her right hand is on her hip, and her left hand is resting on the boat's railing. A smartphone is lying on the railing in front of her. The background shows a vast, calm sea under a clear, bright sky.

**1**  
**NOW IT ALL MAKES PERFECT FUCKING SENSE!**  
**THERE GOES YOUR FUCKING PHONE!**

**2**  
**GO FUCK YOURSELF, GLENN. WE'RE DONE.**

**1**  
**YO, WHAT THE HELL? WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT? MY PHONE!**

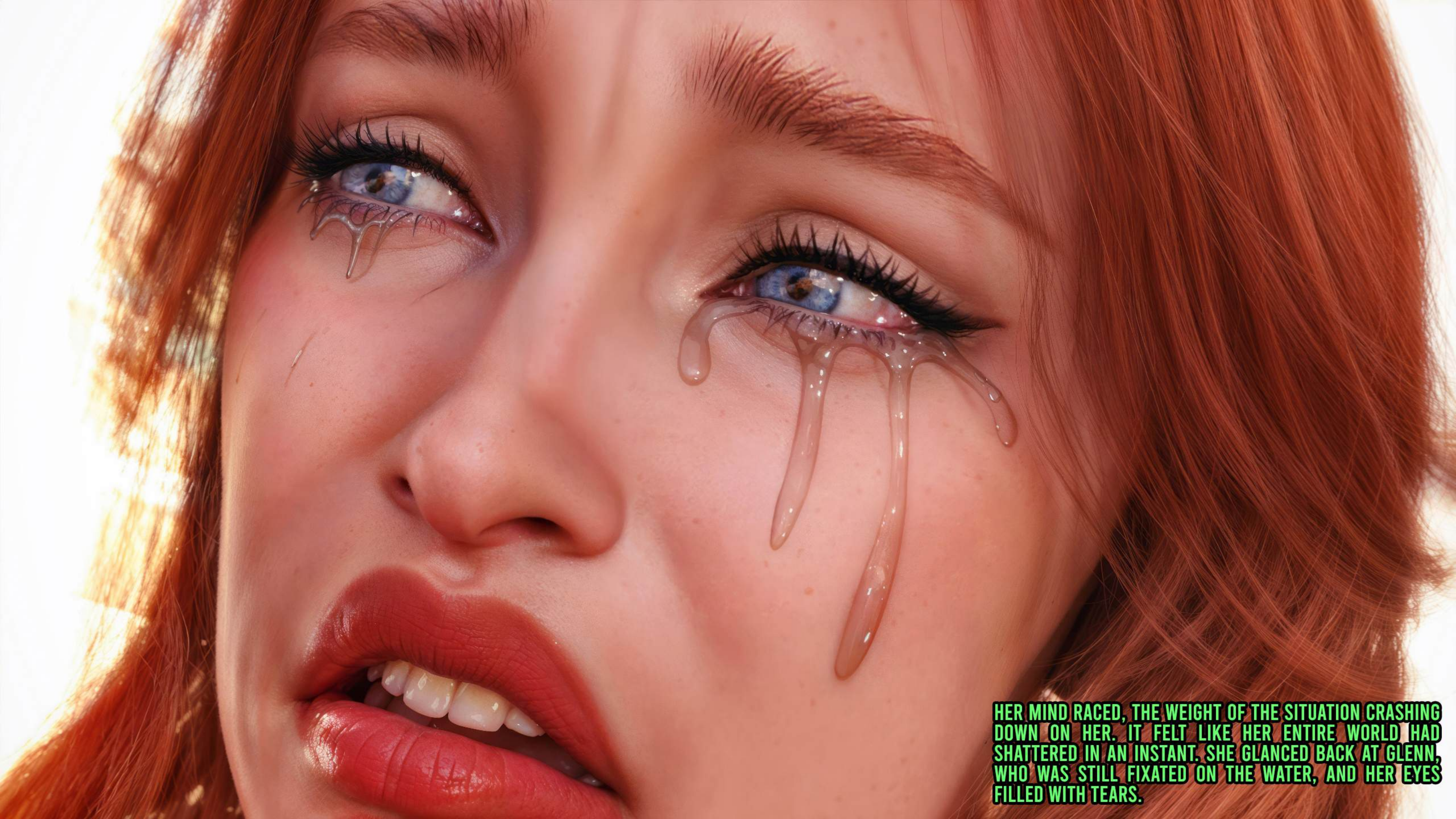
AS PAMI TURNED AROUND, HER FACE CLOUDED WITH RAGE, THE ONLOOKERS WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING THE SCENE UNFOLD QUICKLY AVERTED THEIR GAZES, PRETENDING TO BE ENGROSSED IN THEIR OWN ACTIVITIES, FEARFUL OF BEING CONFRONTED BY HER.

1 I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE FOR HIM, THIS IS HOW HE REPAYS ME?



**1**  
**HOW COULD HE DO THIS TO ME? WHAT WAS I THINKING, TRUSTING HIM? I FEEL LIKE SUCH AN IDIOT.**

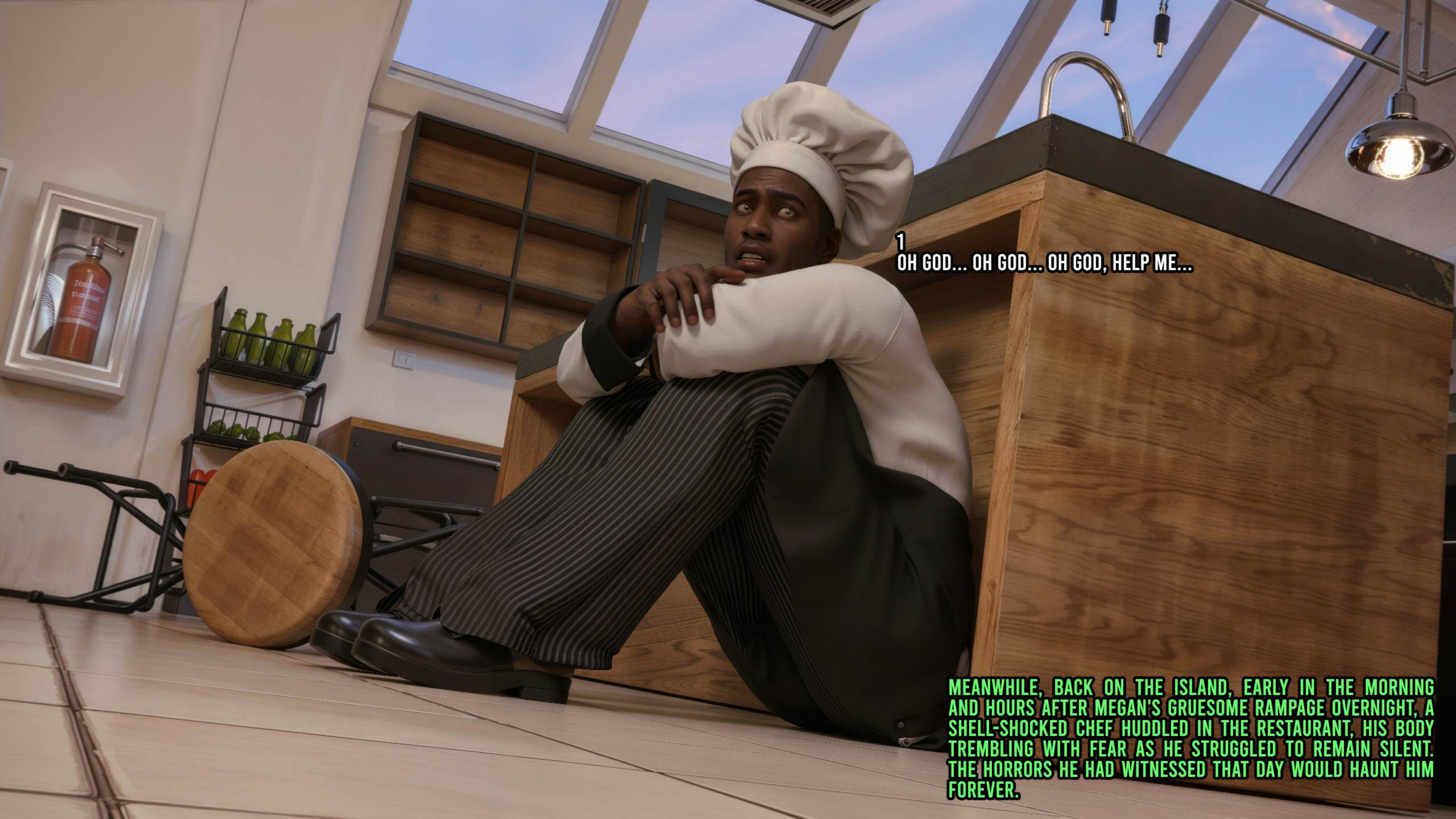
**AS PAMI STORMED AWAY, HER ANGER GAVE WAY TO OVERWHELMING SADNESS. GLENN STOOD BY THE RAILING, STARING HELPLESSLY AT HIS PHONE AS IT FLOATED AWAY BEFORE SINKING INTO THE OCEAN. PAMI'S STEPS FALTERED, HER RAGE MELTING INTO A DEEP SENSE OF BETRAYAL AND HEARTBREAK.**



HER MIND RACED, THE WEIGHT OF THE SITUATION CRASHING DOWN ON HER. IT FELT LIKE HER ENTIRE WORLD HAD SHATTERED IN AN INSTANT. SHE GLANCED BACK AT GLENN, WHO WAS STILL FIXATED ON THE WATER, AND HER EYES FILLED WITH TEARS.



AND WHAT MORE PERFECT TIME FOR THE PARASITE WITHIN HER TO STRIKE? IT ALWAYS STRATEGICALLY CHOSE MOMENTS WHEN ITS HOST WAS AT THEIR MOST VOLATILE, MOST IMPRESSIONABLE, AND MOST EMOTIONALLY CHARGED. AS PAMI'S HEARTBREAK AND FURY REACHED A FEVER PITCH, HER PUPILS SHRANK TO THE SIZE OF A GRAIN OF SAND. IN THAT INSTANT, THE PARASITE SEIZED CONTROL, READY TO UNLEASH ITS FANTASIES. WHAT WAS ABOUT TO UNFOLD ON THAT SHIP WAS SOMETHING NO ONE ON BOARD COULD HAVE EVER PREPARED FOR.



<sup>1</sup> OH GOD... OH GOD... OH GOD, HELP ME...

MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE ISLAND, EARLY IN THE MORNING AND HOURS AFTER MEGAN'S GRUESOME RAMPAGE OVERNIGHT, A SHELL-SHOCKED CHEF HUDDLED IN THE RESTAURANT, HIS BODY TREMBLING WITH FEAR AS HE STRUGGLED TO REMAIN SILENT. THE HORRORS HE HAD WITNESSED THAT DAY WOULD HAUNT HIM FOREVER.

IN THE AFTERMATH OF HER RAMPAGE, THE ONLY REMNANTS LEFT BEHIND OF THE POOR SOULS WHO HAD ONCE TOILED IN THE KITCHEN WERE THEIR CRUMPLED HATS SCATTERED HAPHAZARDLY ACROSS THE FLOOR.

1  
"UUUUURRP!  
WHUUUWHAT'S... MMPHHH... N-NEXT?"

HAAAAHHNNNGGG...



<sup>1</sup> "MMPHH... F-FOOD... MORE... G-GOTTA... H-HAVE M-MORE..."

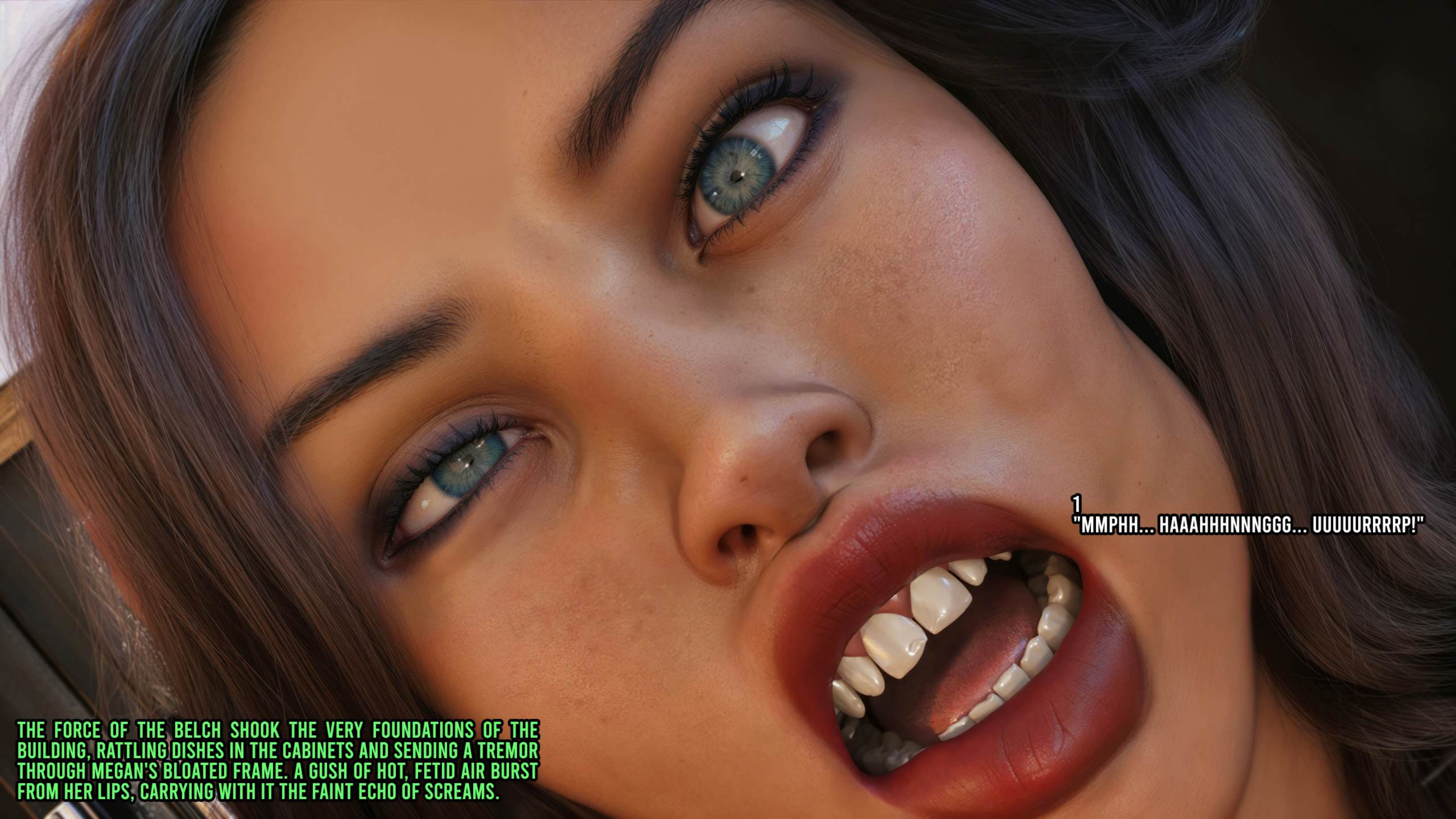
MEGAN'S MONSTROUS GIRTH HAD REACHED NEW, PREVIOUSLY UNIMAGINABLE HEIGHTS - A GROTESQUE, BLOATED BEHEMOTH OF FLESH AND FAT THAT SEEMED TO DEFY ALL RATIONAL BOUNDS. A PULSATING BLUBBER, WITH EVERY CURVE AND CONTOUR THREATENING TO SWALLOW THE UNWARY WHOLE.

A woman with long dark hair and red lipstick is lying on a wooden floor in a kitchen. She has an extremely large, bloated, and rounded belly that dominates the frame. She is looking towards the camera with a pained expression. Her right hand is resting on her massive belly. In the background, there is a kitchen counter with a stainless steel sink and a wooden cabinet. On the floor next to her are several cartons of milk, including one labeled '100% LOW-FAT'.

**1**  
"HNNNGHH... S-SO... T-TASTY... B-BLOATED BELLY... RREEEALLY FULL... UUUURRP!"

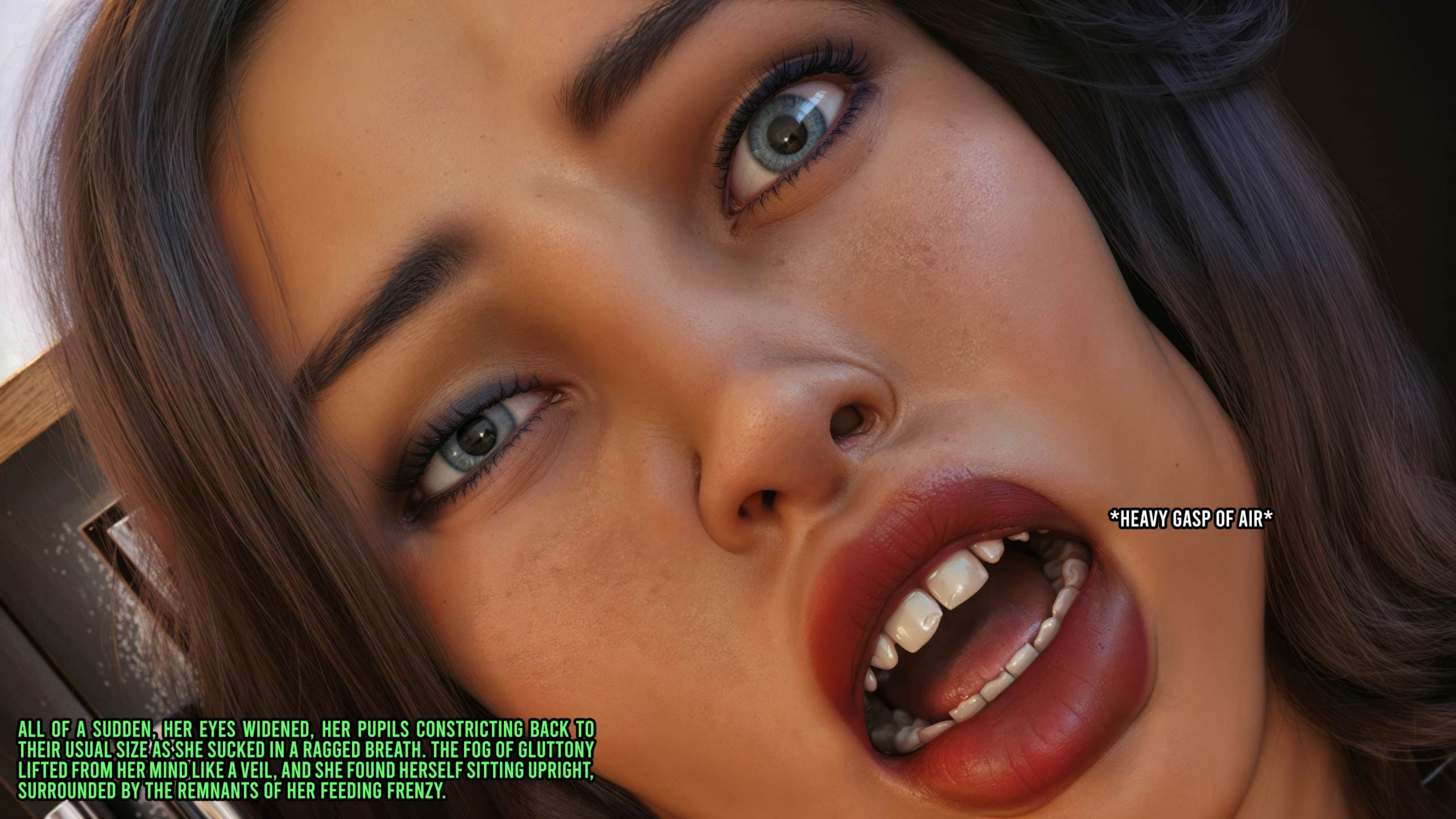
**IN THE PITCH-BLACK VOID OF MEGAN'S STOMACH, THE TRAPPED CHEFS COULD FEEL EVERY TREMOR, EVERY RIPPLE THAT COURSED THROUGH THEIR MONSTROUS CAPTOR'S BODY. THE AIR WAS THICK WITH THE ACRID STENCH OF DIGESTIVE ENZYMES AND HALF-DIGESTED GRUEL, A CONSTANT REMINDER OF THEIR DIRE SITUATION.**

**AS THEY HUDDLED TOGETHER IN TERROR, THEIR EARS PICKED UP THE TELLTALE SOUNDS EMANATING FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD - THE DISTANT RUMBLE OF MEGAN'S BLOATED GUT AS IT CHURNED AND CHUGGED ALONG; THE OBSCENE SLOSHING OF HER BODY FLUIDS AS SHE SHIFTED AND TURNED, HER IMMENSE WEIGHT DISPLACING THE VERY FLOOR BENEATH HER FEET.**



<sup>1</sup>"MMPHH... HAAAHHNNNGGG... UUUUURRRRP!"

THE FORCE OF THE BELCH SHOOK THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF THE BUILDING, RATTLING DISHES IN THE CABINETS AND SENDING A TREMOR THROUGH MEGAN'S BLOATED FRAME. A GUSH OF HOT, FETID AIR BURST FROM HER LIPS, CARRYING WITH IT THE FAINT ECHO OF SCREAMS.



**\*HEAVY GASP OF AIR\***

**ALL OF A SUDDEN, HER EYES WIDENED, HER PUPILS CONSTRICTING BACK TO THEIR USUAL SIZE AS SHE SUCKED IN A RAGGED BREATH. THE FOG OF GLUTTONY LIFTED FROM HER MIND LIKE A VEIL, AND SHE FOUND HERSELF SITTING UPRIGHT, SURROUNDED BY THE REMNANTS OF HER FEEDING FRENZY.**



<sup>1</sup>  
OH GOD... W-WHAT HAVE I DONE?!

SHE BLINKED RAPIDLY, TRYING TO CLEAR THE HAZE FROM HER VISION AS SHE TOOK IN THE SCENE BEFORE HER - THE HATS STREWN ABOUT, THE SPILLED FOOD AND DEBRIS, THE VERY WALLS OF THE RESTAURANT BEARING THE TELLTALE SIGNS OF HER RAVENOUS ONSLAUGHT. A WAVE OF SHAME AND HORROR WASHED OVER MEGAN AS THE FULL EXTENT OF WHAT SHE HAD DONE HIT HER LIKE A TIDAL WAVE.

**1**  
**PLEASE DON'T HURT ME, PLEASE! I HAVE A FAMILY!**

**3**  
**I DON'T WANT TO BE SWALLOWED LIKE THE REST! PLEASE!**

**2**  
**HURT YOU? WHY WOULD I...**  
**OH NO... PLEASE DON'T TELL ME I...**

**4**  
**OH MY FUCKING GOD! I-I DIDN'T...**  
**I DON'T RECALL DOING THAT...**

1  
OG NO... THIS IS REALLY BAD.. I-I NEED TO  
GET BACK TO THE LAB QUICK... B-BEFORE THIS  
CAUSES ANOTHER SPURT... OH MY GOD, I CAN'T  
BELIEVE I DID THIS

**TO BE CONTINUED**