



AIR FORCE ONE

THE HUNGER VIRUS

**MADAM PRESIDENT**

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# NOTICE

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THE HUNGER VIRUS

**MADAM PRESIDENT**

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**Narration:**

The Oval Office, a stage set for power plays, held Dakota behind the formidable Resolute Desk. Her posture radiated an almost palpable impatience as she addressed her staff.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Alright, spit it out. The Congressional Budget Office is crying poor again, right? What massive, vital program are they saying we can't afford this week because I refuse to gut our defense spending?"



**Narration:**

Vice President Evelyn Hayes stood opposite the President, her demeanor a study in professional concern, while Secretary of State Dwight Johnson Lance, also known as DJ, sat on the couch, a smug expression subtly playing on his lips.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: "Madam President, the CBO report highlights significant pressure on the national healthcare fund and the proposed expansion of federal student loan relief. They argue that prioritizing these domestic programs is crucial for public well-being and long-term economic stability, suggesting we reconsider the scope of the recently proposed corporate tax incentives to balance the--"

DJ: "--'Balance'? Evelyn, grow up. You don't 'balance' things by coddling people who need handouts. You create wealth by letting the creators keep more of their damn money! Those tax incentives fuel innovation, jobs! Giving it away is the same as pissing it down the drain."

Dakota: "DJ actually understands how the world works, Evelyn. Shocking, I know. 'Public well-being' is a fucking fantasy peddled by losers who want something for nothing. My job isn't to wipe noses; it's to make this country strong. The corporate incentives stay – hell, maybe we'll increase them. Let the CBO whine. Now get out, unless you've got something useful to say."



**Narration:**

The late afternoon sun slanted through the tall windows of the Oval Office, casting long shadows that danced across the rich carpet. Dakota lounged back in her chair, a picture of bored dominance, while Evelyn stood with her hands clasped tightly in front of her, her expression a mask of polite disagreement. DJ remained by the couch, one hand raised as if eager to interject his unwavering support for the President's views.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: "Madam President, with all due respect, the projections from the CBO are not mere suggestions. They represent a significant risk to the solvency of vital social programs. The potential for widespread public unrest and a decline in overall productivity cannot be ignored. We are talking about the health and well-being of millions of Americans."

DJ: "Oh, here we go again with the doom and gloom. Evelyn, honey, people are always gonna bitch and moan. Give 'em an inch, they'll take a mile. The President's right. Strength. That's what people respect. And nothing screams strength like a booming economy fueled by happy corporations."

Evelyn: "But Secretary Lance, a healthy population and an educated workforce are fundamental to a strong economy in the long run. Neglecting these areas will create far greater problems down the line, negating any short-term gains from tax cuts. We need to consider the long-term implications, Madam President."

DJ: "Long term, schmong term. We're talking about right now. The President wants results, and that's what those tax breaks deliver. Besides, who cares about some whiny college kids who can't afford their degrees? They should have picked a useful major."



**Narration:**

The air in the Oval Office crackled with unspoken tension as the debate continued, Evelyn's measured tones clashing with DJ's dismissive pronouncements, while Dakota observed with a look that hinted at a gathering storm.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Enough!"



**Narration:**

Unseen, unheard amidst the clash of egos and policy debates, a tiny intruder buzzed its way into the sanctum of power. A lone mosquito, drawn by the warmth and the promise of a blood meal, flitted through the air, its minuscule sensors locking onto the oblivious figure of the President. It navigated the invisible currents of authority, heading straight for the source.



**Narration:**

With delicate precision, the insect landed on the back of Dakota's hand, its six spindly legs finding purchase on her manicured skin. The proboscis, a needle-sharp instrument of thirst, extended, poised to pierce the surface and tap into the rich vein of presidential blood. Dakota, still basking in the glow of her own self-importance, remained utterly unaware of the impending microscopic assault.



**Narration:**

A sudden, sharp prick jolted Dakota from her condescending monologue. "Ouch! What the fu—" Her voice cracked mid-sentence, surprise and annoyance flashing across her face. Her eyes snapped down to her hand, searching for the source of the irritating sting, but before her brain could fully register the tiny culprit...



**Narration:**

In a flash, a hulking figure in a dark suit launched himself across the room, tackling the President with the force of a linebacker. The unexpected impact sent Dakota tumbling out of her chair, her body hitting the floor with a thud.

**Dialog:**

Secret Service Agent: "Madam President, get down!"

Dakota: "What the actual fuck?!"



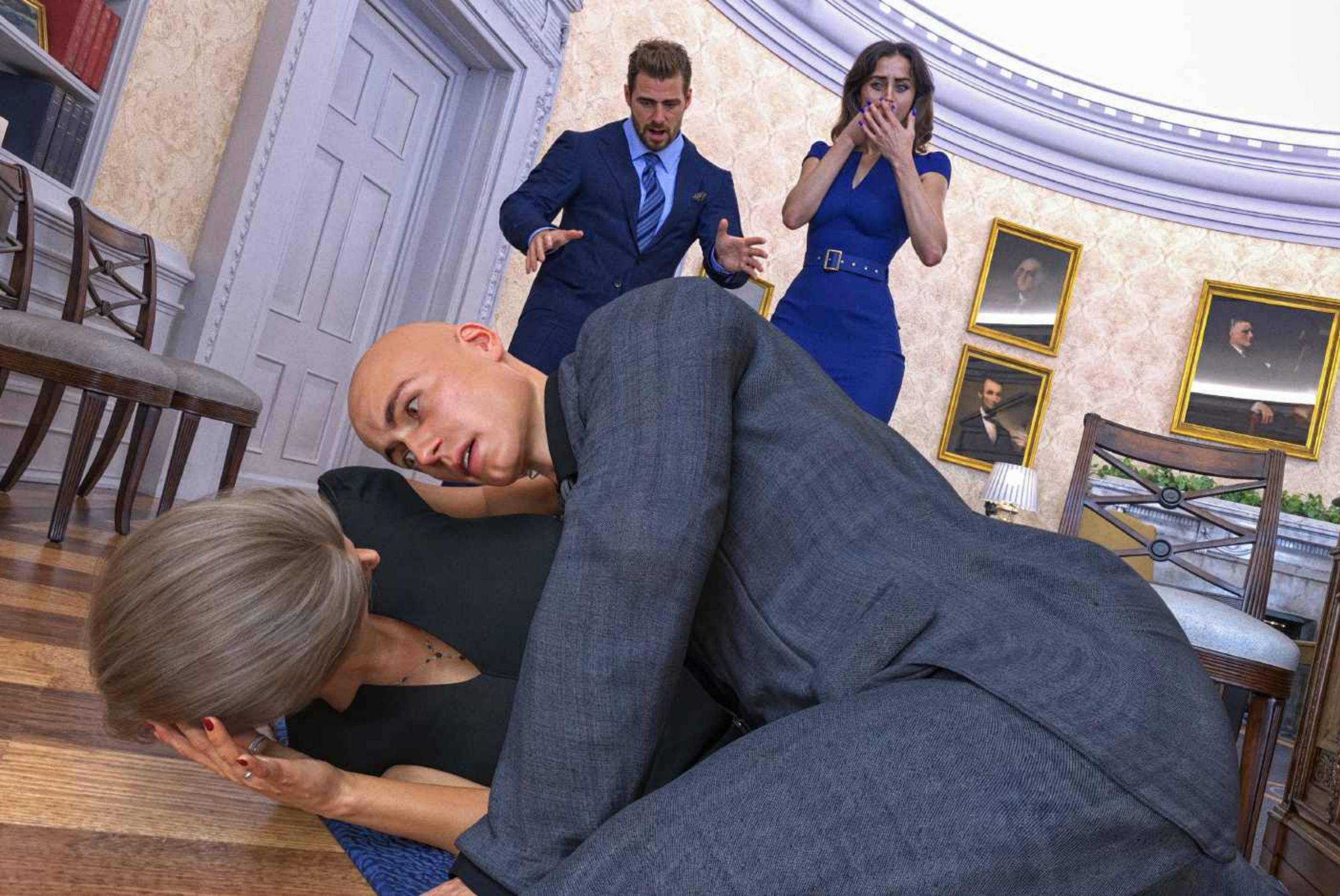
Dialog:

Secret Service Agent: "Madam President, are you alright? What happened?"

Dakota: "Get the fuck off me! You're crushing my tits, you idiot! What in God's name do you think you're doing?"

DJ: "Madam President! Oh my God, are you okay? What was it? Did someone try to hurt you?"

Evelyn: "Madam President, are you injured? What just happened?"



**Narration:**

Lying sprawled on the floor, the weight of the Secret Service agent pressing down on her, Dakota's voice dripped with incredulity and fury. The revelation that brought the presidential security detail crashing down was so utterly mundane, so ridiculously anticlimactic. The Secret Service agent froze, his face paling beneath his professional mask. The weight of his body suddenly felt like a ton of bricks as the sheer embarrassment of the situation washed over him. He probably wished the floor would just open up and swallow him whole. Evelyn stood frozen, her mouth slightly agape, processing the absurd turn of events.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "It was a fucking mosquito!"

DJ: "Get off her! Now, you clumsy oaf!"



**Narration:**

Dusting herself off with a grimace, Dakota clutched her stomach, a wave of pain radiating from the unexpected impact. The Secret Service agent scrambled to his feet, his head bowed so low his chin nearly touched his chest. He stood before her, a picture of utter mortification, bracing himself for the inevitable presidential wrath. Dakota's eyes narrowed, her voice dripping with venom as she unleashed her fury.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Are you fucking blind? Did you not see a goddamn thing before you decided to launch yourself onto me like a goddamn linebacker? My ribs feel like they've been pulverized, you incompetent buffoon! What in the seven hells possessed you to do something so utterly reckless?"

Secret Service Agent: "Madam President, I... I heard you say 'ouch' and I thought... I thought someone might have..."



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Look at me."  
Dakota: "Look me in the eye."



Dialog:  
Dakota: "You're fired."



Dialog:

Dakota: "Hayes, Lance. The corporate tax incentives are doubled. Effective immediately. This meeting is over."

Evelyn: "Understood, Madam President."

DJ: "Yes, Madam President."



Dialog:

Evelyn: "Honestly, firing him for that? It seemed a bit overkill. He was just doing his job, albeit a bit enthusiastically."

DJ: "Evelyn, darling, she's the elected President of the United States. Her decisions are her decisions, and I fully support them. Besides, maybe it's time this administration got cleaned up a little, wouldn't you say?"



**Narration:**

The weight of the day finally settling upon her shoulders, Dakota retreated to the private quarters of the White House. The opulent bedroom, usually a symbol of her power, now felt like a much-needed sanctuary. She sat on the edge of the massive bed, and began to unclip her heavy earrings, the diamonds catching the soft light of the bedside lamp. Her feet, finally freed from the constraints of power heels, were now enveloped in the comforting warmth of her plush indoor slippers.



**Narration:**

Dakota Redwood was a force of nature, a woman who had clawed her way to the pinnacle of global power with a ruthlessness matched only by her ambition. Every perfectly coiffed strand of blonde hair, every impeccably tailored suit, every sharp, cutting remark was a testament to her iron will and unwavering self-belief. She exuded an aura of command that both intimidated and captivated, a woman who demanded respect and took what she wanted without apology. The presidency wasn't just a job; it was an extension of her very being.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Ughh what a fucking day."



Dialog:

Dakota: "Who is it?"

DJ: "Madam President, it's DJ. I just wanted to check if you were alright after... everything. Can I come in for a moment?"

Dakota: "No, Dwight. I'm fine. Just tired. I need to rest."



Dialog:

DJ: "Of course, Madam President. Just remember we have that early flight to Australia tomorrow. Meeting with the Prime Minister. You need to get some sleep."

Narration:

A subtle shift occurred in the air, a softening around the edges of Dakota's usual sharp demeanor whenever DJ was involved. Their relationship, though officially professional, held a certain unspoken intimacy, a current of something more that flickered beneath the surface of their powerful roles. The way he lingered outside her door, the concern in his voice, hinted at a connection that went beyond mere professional courtesy.



Dialog:

Dakota: "I remember. And you remember to have Air Force One ready without any fucking delays this time. Last time with the fuel was an embarrassment."

DJ: "Will do. Have a good night, Madam President."

Dakota: "Good night."



**Narration:**

In the quiet solitude of her bedroom, as the weight of the day began to lift, a very strange feeling suddenly washed over Dakota's body. It wasn't pain, nor was it pleasure, but something unsettling, primal, that sent a shiver down her spine despite the room's warm temperature.



**Narration:**

Her pupils completely constricted, shrinking to pinpricks that seemed to disappear within the hazel depths of her irises. A sharp, involuntary gasp escaped her lips, as if an unseen force had momentarily seized control of her lungs. It was a fleeting moment, a subtle but profound shift, as though something had tried to take root within her, a foreign presence attempting to assert itself.



**Narration:**

And there it was. The insidious Hunger Virus, a microscopic terror delivered by an unsuspecting mosquito, had found its mark. The tiny insect, with an almost preternatural aim, had bypassed the rest of the White House staff and targeted the most powerful woman on Earth. Donovan, the planet's galactic guardian, could monitor threats of a cosmic scale, but not the silent infiltration of spores smaller than a mosquito, returning to their origin to infect a host already intoxicated by arrogance and power. The irony was a cruel twist of fate.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Ugh... I'm feeling really hungry."



Dialog:

Dakota: "Hello? It's the President. I need a rather large order sent to my room immediately."

White House Staff: "Good evening, Madam President. Of course. What would you like?"

Dakota: "Let's start with a couple of those big, juicy burgers, you know the ones. Fully loaded. And a huge plate of crispy, salty fries. Make sure they're really crispy. Then, I want at least three of your best steaks, medium-rare. And don't skimp on the mashed potatoes, make them creamy and buttery. Oh, and gravy. Lots of gravy."

White House Staff: "Certainly, Madam President. Anything else?"

Dakota: "Yes. Bring as many sodas as you can fit on one of those rolling carts. regular Coke, Sprite, Dr. Pepper... the whole shebang. And a few tubs of that heavy whipped cream. The really good stuff."

White House Staff: "Madam President, if I may... you just had dinner not too long ago."

Dakota: "Are you questioning my appetite? Deliver the food. Now! And you know what? Add a dozen of those chocolate cupcakes with the extra frosting. And a box of assorted donuts. And a large strawberry cake. The one with the fresh strawberries. Make it snappy."

White House Staff: "Understood, Madam President. We'll have it sent up right away."



**Narration:**

True to their word, the White House kitchen staff delivered the presidential feast promptly. A rolling cart, laden with an impressive array of food, was wheeled into Dakota's bedroom by two nervous-looking maids. Burgers and fries sat piled high on plates, alongside glistening steaks, overflowing bowls of mashed potatoes, a mountain of sodas, and a tempting assortment of cakes and pastries. "That'll be all," Dakota dismissed them, her eyes already hungrily scanning the spread. Once the door clicked shut behind them, she sat up in bed, a wide, almost manic grin spreading across her face.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Oh my fucking god. Look at all this. It all looks so fucking good. Okay, okay... where to even begin?"



**Narration:**

Her decision was swift. She snatched up a juicy-looking burger, its sesame seed bun gleaming under the lamplight, and a bottle of regular Coke. Popping the cap with a hiss, she stuck a straw in and took a long, satisfying sip, her eyes already fixed on the burger. With the other hand, she took a massive bite, savoring the explosion of flavor. Crumbs of bread and flecks of lettuce rained down onto her body, a stark contrast to the silkiness of her bra and the delicate lace of her underwear.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Mmmmm... fuck, so good... mmmph..."



**Narration:**

A low rumble started deep within Dakota's abdomen, a strange, gurgling sound that quickly escalated in volume and intensity. It was an echo of the unsettling belly noises that had plagued Sharon, Barbara, Pami, and even Donovan in their initial encounters with the Hunger Virus, but somehow... louder. This new strain, whatever its specific genetic makeup, seemed to have a slightly different modus operandi. It wasn't hijacking her mind in the traditional sense; instead, it was hyper-charging her appetite, turning every calorie consumed into raw fuel for rapid growth, and letting her handle the rest.



**Narration:**

With each bite, each swallow, Dakota's belly began to swell. It started subtly, a slight rounding beneath her bra, but as she devoured another burger, then a steak, then a handful of fries, the inflation became undeniable. The fabric of her underwear strained against her expanding midsection.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*munching sounds\* "Mmmph... so creamy..."



**Narration:**

Her stomach was visibly protruding, a firm, round bulge that hinted at the gluttonous feast she was indulging in. Sodas disappeared in gulps, cakes vanished slice by slice.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*slurping sounds\* "Ahhhh..." \*more chewing\* "Fucking delicious..."



Narration:

By the time she reached for a donut, her belly was enormous, a taut, distended sphere that looked as if she were carrying twins well into their ninth month.

Dialog:

Dakota: \*contented moans\* "Mmmmmm..."



#### Narration:

Without hesitation, she grabbed more burgers and was well into her carton of thick whipped cream, chugging it straight from the container. A wave of nausea began to churn in her stomach, a protest against the sheer volume of food she was consuming at such an alarming rate. Yet, the gnawing hunger and the intense pleasure of each bite overpowered the feeling of sickness. This ravenous consumption was entirely out of character for Dakota. She had always maintained a lean physique, meticulously watching her diet, driven by a fragile ego that equated thinness with beauty, a crucial component of her intimidating persona. She craved to be both beautiful and terrifying. However, something had shifted. It was as if a switch had flipped in her mind, and she was beginning to subconsciously associate being larger with being even more intimidating, more powerful. The insidious parasite within her didn't need to seize control of her thoughts; it merely had to ignite the insatiable hunger. Dakota's own deeply ingrained egomania was doing the rest, her desire for dominance now manifesting through an ever-increasing appetite and a burgeoning physical form.



**Narration:**

Without pausing for breath, she tilted the carton of thick whipped cream, chugging it down with gusto. The creamy white liquid coated her tongue and throat as her belly visibly expanded, the skin stretching taut.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Mmmph... hnnngh..." \*slurping sounds\*



**Narration:**

Her stomach ballooned further, becoming incredibly round and heavy, pulling downwards. Forced to accommodate its immense size, Dakota's legs parted wider and wider on the bed. A thick layer of whipped cream clung to her lips as she finally let out a groan of discomfort.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Ughhh... fuck, I'm so full... it hurts..."  
\*chomping sounds\*



**Narration:**

The sheer volume of food was reaching its limit. A loud, wet burp erupted from Dakota, a guttural sound that almost made her gag. But the relentless hunger persisted, driving her onward. Her belly continued its unnatural expansion, growing at an alarming rate, as if the calories were bypassing digestion and being directly pumped into an infinitely elastic pouch within her.



**Narration:**

With a groan, Dakota finally succumbed to the sheer weight of her engorged stomach and lay back on the bed, her feet still planted on the floor. Even in this reclined position, her massive belly jutted upwards like a grotesque pregnant mound. Yet, the insatiable craving remained. Her hand reached out, grabbing a thick slice of the creamy strawberry cake, her mouth opening wide in anticipation of yet another bite.



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Mmph... chomp... glrk... mmmfff..."  
\*loud chewing and swallowing sounds\*  
\*gurgling sounds from belly\*



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Hnnngh... slurp... crunch... ahhh..."  
\*more rapid chewing and swallowing\* \*belly  
groans and stretches\*



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Uff... gulp... mmmph... bloop..."  
\*sounds of very full mouth and swallowing\*  
\*loud, extended belly rumbles\*



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Haaaa... chomp... mfff... blurp..."  
\*heavy chewing and swallowing, slightly labored\* \*straining sounds from expanding belly\*

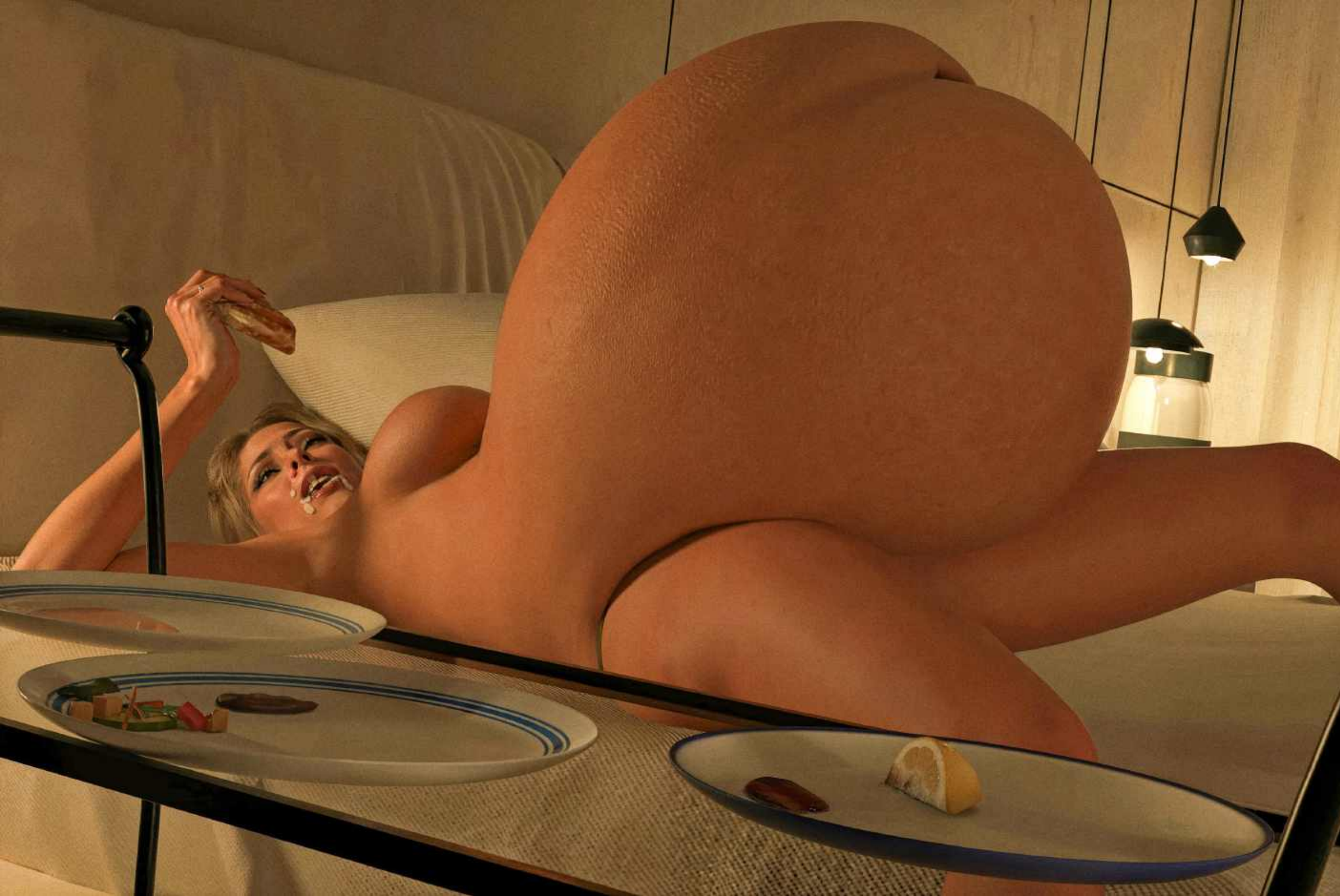


**Narration:**

Roughly an hour had passed since the initial onslaught on the White House kitchen's offerings. President Dakota Redwood now lay sprawled across her bed, one leg still resting on the mattress, the other dangling precariously towards the floor. Empty soda bottles and discarded plates formed a chaotic landscape around her, some even having tumbled onto the plush carpet. The room was cast in a soft, dim glow, the only light emanating from the lamp on her bedside table, highlighting the sheer volume of her engorged form.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Ughhh... fuck... I feel absolutely enormous... like a goddamn blimp... every inch of me is stretched to its limit... this is... this is insane..." \*groans of discomfort\*



**Narration:**

Her belly was a colossal mound, a testament to her unrestrained gluttony. It pressed against the mattress with such force that she felt completely flattened, the sheer circumference of it preventing her from even reaching the far side with outstretched arms. Yet, despite the obvious discomfort, the relentless hunger hadn't fully abated. In her hand, she clutched a half-eaten pain suisse, still mindlessly shoveling the flaky pastry into her mouth, her eyes beginning to glaze over as she ate herself closer and closer to a blissful, food-induced stupor.



**Narration:**

With a Herculean effort, Dakota brought the pain suisse closer to her mouth, her hand trembling slightly. A box of unfinished pastries sat temptingly beside her on the bed, a siren's call to her insatiable appetite. But the sheer volume of food already crammed into her stomach was making even this small movement a struggle. Beads of sweat dotted her forehead as she pushed past the feeling of bursting.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Just... one... more... bite..." \*loud, wet burp\* "BuAAArGHHp..." \*another smaller burp\* "Ugh..."



**Narration:**

Then, with a soft thud, the pain suisse slipped from her grasp and landed on the mountainous expanse of her chest. Dakota's eyes fluttered shut, her body finally succumbing to the overwhelming effects of the food coma. Her breathing deepened, quickly morphing into a loud, rumbling snore.



**Narration:**

Crumbs of pastry and smears of whipped cream still clung to her lips and cheeks, a testament to the epic feast she had just consumed. She looked as if her former, carefully controlled self had been entirely devoured and replaced by this bloated, food-filled version.



**Narration:**

As the hours of the night ticked by, a silent, profound transformation began to unfold within the sleeping President. While Dakota remained lost in the deep oblivion of her food coma, her gargantuan belly, the immediate evidence of her ravenous hunger, started a slow, almost imperceptible deflation. The taut skin gradually relaxed, the immense roundness softening, the pressure against the mattress lessening with each passing minute.



**Narration:**

It was as if the sheer volume of consumed food was being redistributed, channeled into other areas of her physique in a bizarre, accelerated form of growth. Her breasts, once already full, began to swell, the soft tissue expanding, their weight becoming more pronounced. Her hips widened, the bones subtly shifting, the curve of her waist becoming more dramatically defined as her lower body broadened. The flesh of her buttocks thickened and rounded, the muscles and fat deposits increasing, creating a more voluptuous, curvaceous silhouette. And almost imperceptibly at first, but steadily throughout the night, her height began to increase.

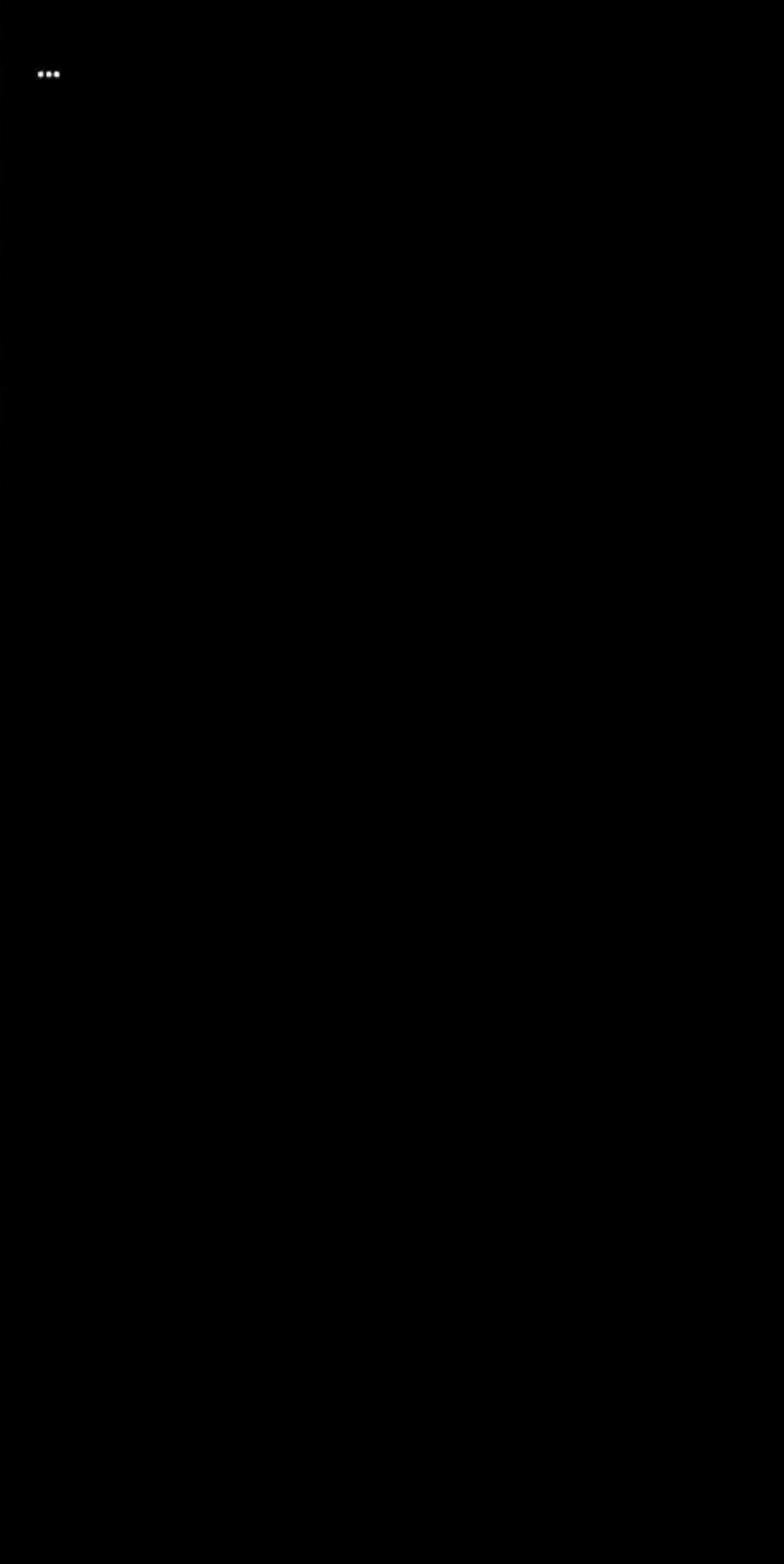


**Narration:**

Her limbs stretched, her spine elongated, her frame subtly expanding, adding inches to her stature. By the time the first rays of dawn began to filter through the curtains of the presidential bedroom, the evidence of the previous night's gluttony had largely vanished from her midsection, leaving behind a still-ample but significantly reduced belly. In its place, however, was a Dakota Redwood who was undeniably taller, more buxom, with noticeably wider hips and a more substantial, rounded ass – a physical manifestation of the Hunger Virus's unique and unsettling effects, twisting her body into a new, amplified version of itself.



The following morning...





**Narration:**

A throbbing pain behind her eyes and a dull ache in her stomach dragged Dakota from the depths of sleep. The memory of the previous night's unrestrained feasting flooded back, a wave of nausea accompanying the recollection. Suddenly, her eyes snapped open, a jolt of panic shooting through her.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Oh shit! What time is it?" \*gasps\* "I'm going to be late!"



**Narration:**

A polite but insistent knock echoed from the other side of Dakota's bedroom door. Secretary of State DJ Lance stood just outside, a concerned expression on his face as he checked his watch.

**Dialog:**

DJ: "Madam President? Are you awake? We're running a bit behind schedule for the flight to Australia."



**Narration:**

Dakota pushed herself up into a sitting position, the morning sunlight streaming through the window and illuminating the curve of one plump buttock, while the other remained shadowed by the rumpled sheets. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes with a harsh groan, the remnants of last night's feast still a heavy, unpleasant weight.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Ughhh... Lance? What the hell time is it?"

DJ: "Madam President... good morning. It's... approaching 7:30 AM."

Dakota: "7:30? Why wasn't I woken up earlier?"



**Narration:**

Still groggy and focused on the throbbing in her head, Dakota remained completely oblivious to the dramatic changes her body had undergone overnight. The subtle but significant increase in the size of her breasts, now fuller and rounder, went unnoticed. The slight but definite chubby potbelly that had formed, a soft curve where her usually taut stomach resided, was also lost on her sleep-addled senses. She reached up, rubbing her temples in an attempt to alleviate the persistent headache.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Ughhh... Lance? What the hell time is it?"

DJ: "Madam President... good morning. It's... approaching 7:30 AM. Your wake-up call... well, it was scheduled for six."

Dakota: "Six? I didn't hear it. My head is pounding. And my stomach feels like a toxic waste dump."

DJ: "Ah... yes, Madam President. Perhaps... last night's dinner was... particularly rich?"

Dakota: "Just get me some coffee. Now. Ten minutes, Lance. That's all you get."

DJ: "Understood, Madam President. I'll have it waiting."



**Narration:**

Dragging herself out of bed, completely naked, Dakota immediately noticed a subtle but distinct difference in her height. As her bare feet hit the cool floor, she felt a fraction taller than usual, a slight stretch in her legs. She shuffled towards the mirror, still more concerned with the lingering headache and the unpleasant fullness in her stomach than any perceived change in her stature.

But as her reflection swam into focus, her groggy disorientation vanished, replaced by a jolt of pure shock. Her eyes widened, fixated on the undeniably larger curve of her hips and the substantial increase in the size of her ass, which seemed to jut out more prominently than she remembered. Her thighs were thicker, rounder, filling out the space between her legs in a way they hadn't before. And then there were her breasts, spilling out over her chest, noticeably fuller and heavier than the night before.



**Narration:**

A wave of cold panic washed over her, eclipsing the lingering discomfort from her overindulgence. Her mind raced, the impending trip to Australia suddenly overshadowed by a much more immediate and personal crisis.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Huh? Did I... did I grow?" \*she takes a step, looking down at her bare feet\* "I feel... taller." \*she reaches the mirror and her breath hitches\* "Sweet Jesus... my ass... my hips... they're fucking enormous! And my thighs! And my tits... they look like they've doubled in size! What in the hell happened?!" \*her voice rises in pitch\* "Oh, no, no, no. My clothes... I don't have anything that's going to fit! And I have to leave for the airport in like, five minutes!"



**Narration:**

Down on Earth, the familiar choreography of a presidential departure was in full swing. The sleek, black presidential limousine idled at the foot of the White House steps, its polished surface reflecting the morning sun. Secret Service agents, their faces impassive and alert, were strategically positioned around the perimeter, a silent shield ensuring the safety of the nation's leader and her accompanying staff. High above, in the inky blackness of space, light-years away from the bustling activity below, the colossal form of Megan Donovan remained vigilant. Her galactic hands, vast enough to cradle planets, kept a watchful embrace around Earth, a silent promise of protection against any returning cosmic threats. Unseen and unknown to her, however, a different kind of threat was unfolding within the very heart of the planet she guarded, a microscopic invasion that had taken root in the most powerful individual on Earth.



Dialog:

DJ: "This is really unlike her, you know? Sleeping in like this. The President is usually barking orders before the sun even thinks about rising. You'd think with a trip like this to Australia, she'd be double-checking every detail, not hitting the snooze button until half the morning's gone. She's usually the one making everyone else sweat about being on time, not the other way around."

Evelyn: "Give her a break, Lance. Everyone has an off day, even the President. Maybe she just needed a really good night's sleep for once. Perhaps she was up late working on something important."

DJ: "Working late? Dakota? Maybe having a late-night call with some foreign leader, sure. But just... sleeping in? It feels off. You know how she is about schedules. Everything is timed down to the minute. Remember that NATO summit last year? She practically had a meltdown when the French president was five minutes late."

Evelyn: "Okay, okay, I get it. It's a little unusual. But maybe she just needed a moment. And seriously, try to lay off the cigarettes for a bit? That smell is atrocious, and you know how sensitive she is to it. We'll all be crammed into that limo for hours on the way to the airport, and then on Air Force One. Trust me, she'll notice, and you'll be on the receiving end of her less-than-pleasant mood."

DJ: "Alright, alright. One more, then I'll try to hold off. But still, this whole sleeping-in thing... it's just weird."



Dialog:

DJ: "You ever really think about Donovan, though? I mean, she's literally a goddess out there. Just floating around, bigger than galaxies. Could snuff us all out in a second if she felt like it. One little cosmic sneeze and humanity's gone. It's kind of terrifying when you really let it sink in, you know? We're just these tiny ants crawling around on this little blue marble she's decided to babysit. What if she gets bored? What if she has a bad day and decides we're more trouble than we're worth?"

Evelyn: "It is... a lot to process. The scale of it is almost incomprehensible. But yeah, it's been three years, and we're still here. She seems to be genuinely protective. And think about it, Lance, she saved us from those parasites, not once, but twice. That doesn't exactly scream 'capricious destroyer' to me."

DJ: "Maybe not. But we don't know what her motivations are, do we? She's this all-powerful being, and we're just... here. Relying on her good will. It makes you wonder about the whole cosmic pecking order, doesn't it? Are we just living on borrowed time?"

Evelyn: "That's a bit existential for a Tuesday morning, don't you think? Look, the fact is, she's there, and so far, she's been on our side. And I wonder how much progress they've made on that multi-satellite project to send her those wave lengths for communication. Imagine if we could actually talk to her, understand her intentions better. That would be a game-changer for global security, wouldn't it? Less wondering, more knowing."

DJ: "Yeah, maybe. But even if we could talk to her, would we really understand her? There's just such a gulf in scale and understanding. Still, fingers crossed that those eggheads in NASA can figure something out."



Dialog:

Evelyn: "So, the Prime Minister's expecting us to really push on this new trade agreement, right? All the details are finalized on our end?"

DJ: "Yeah, the President wants this done. And soon. Our intel suggests there's some internal resistance within the Australian government, certain sectors are worried about being undercut."

Evelyn: "That's understandable. It's a significant shift for their economy. We need to frame it carefully, emphasize the long-term benefits, the opportunities for growth and collaboration."

DJ: "Of course, that's the official line. But let's be real, Evelyn. We need this deal. It gives us a major foothold in the region, especially with everything else that's been going on. The President wants to make it clear that this is a priority."

Evelyn: "And it is. But strong-arming them won't do us any favors in the long run. We need to find a way to make them feel like they're getting something substantial out of this, not just being strong-armed by the US."

DJ: "Look, they know the score. We're the United States. This agreement is good for them, even if they don't see it right away. We just need to... encourage them to see it our way. Let's just hope the President is in a diplomatic mood after her... late start this morning."

Evelyn: "That's putting it mildly, Lance. But you're right. This meeting is crucial for our strategic interests in the Pacific. Let's just try to keep things smooth and productive."



**Narration:**

Finally, President Redwood emerged, her presence immediately commanding attention. Her every step was a testament to her newfound, amplified curves, though not entirely in the way she intended. Her feet, adorned with freshly painted, vibrant red toenails that peeked out with a playful defiance, were visibly overflowing the confines of her designer heels. To anyone with a keen eye, it was clear her feet had grown just enough to make the expensive leather straps dig into her skin. Despite the obvious discomfort, Dakota moved with her usual imperious stride, leaving a subtle, pleasant scent of floral foot cream in her wake, a delicate aroma that belied the slight awkwardness of her footwear situation.



**Narration:**

Her attire consisted of a sleek black pencil skirt that hugged her significantly widened hips with a tenacity that suggested it was fighting a losing battle. The fabric strained with every movement, clinging to her newly substantial curves as if it might give way at any moment. Paired with the skirt was a sharp black and red button-up blouse, the contrasting colors emphasizing her commanding presence, but also highlighting the precarious fit of the garment.



**Narration:**

The most striking aspect of her appearance, however, was the way her breasts now filled out the blouse. They bulged outwards, creating a deep and prominent cleavage that strained the fabric to its limit. The buttons down the front looked as if they were under immense pressure, each one a potential casualty of her amplified bust. The sleeves of her tailored blazer, which she likely intended to wear neatly to the wrist, now appeared to be rolled up to her elbows. In reality, the fabric was simply stretched so tightly around her fuller arms that they couldn't be pulled down any further.



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Morning, Lance. Evelyn."



**Narration:**

President Dakota Redwood strode out, her figure a stark contrast to her usual tailored elegance. Her heels were visibly struggling to contain her feet, her skirt clung tightly to her enlarged hips, and her blouse strained precariously across her ample chest. Lance visibly stammered, his eyes flicking between the President's imposing figure and Evelyn, who maintained a professional, albeit slightly wide-eyed, composure.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Christ, took long enough. Sorry, this damn suit must've shrunk two sizes in the wash. Absolute garbage tailoring these days. Is the damn plane ready or are we going to stand here admiring the lawn?"

DJ: "M-Madam President! Y-Yes! Air Force One is... it's ready. Fueled and uh, ready for immediate takeoff. We're... we'll be running late, though. The schedule... meeting the Australian Prime Minister... it's going to be pushed back a bit now..."

Dakota: "The prime minister can cool his heels. He's meeting the President of the United States – he'll wait."



Dialog:

DJ: "Madam President, if I may say so, that blouse seems... particularly snug this morning."

Dakota: "Something catch your eye, Secretary Lance? Perhaps you'd like a closer look? Don't worry, you can admire from a distance for now. Hayes, call the flight crew. I need them to arrange some clothes in a... larger size to be brought onto Air Force One. And some heels. Size thirteen or fourteen should do."

Evelyn: "Yes, Madam President. Right away."



**Narration:**

President Redwood strode towards the waiting presidential limousine, her taller frame and amplified curves making her even more imposing than usual. As she approached, a Secret Service agent swiftly opened the rear door, his gaze fixed straight ahead, a model of professional decorum. The memory of his colleague's swift dismissal likely fresh in his mind, there was no hint of curiosity or wandering eyes.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Morning, Agent."

Secret Service Agent: "Good morning, Madam President."



**Narration:**

Getting into the car proved to be a more significant challenge than Dakota anticipated. With one foot inside, the other still on the ground, she found her larger hips and thighs making the maneuver surprisingly difficult. She had to bend much lower than usual, a grunt of exertion escaping her lips. The Secret Service agent, though his training dictated impassivity, couldn't help but register the President's unexpected struggle. From the other side of the vehicle, Secretary Lance and Vice President Hayes were simultaneously entering. Their eyes met briefly over the roof of the car, a shared look of astonishment passing between them before they quickly composed themselves and settled into their seats.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Ugh, this damn car feels like it shrunk too."



**Narration:**

The three were now seated in the spacious back of the presidential limousine. Lance, ever observant, turned slightly towards Dakota, a concerned furrow in his brow.

**Dialog:**

DJ: "Madam President, are you feeling alright? You seem... a little... larger than usual this morning."

Dakota: "Larger? What are you talking about, Lance? I feel fine. Just a bit tired from the late night."



**Narration:**

Lance couldn't help but steal glances at Dakota's attire. The way her blouse strained across her chest was rather distracting, and the bottom of her shirt had ridden up slightly as she sat, revealing a hint of a softer, rounder belly than he remembered. Dakota, however, seemed completely unconcerned. She tilted her head to the side, her blonde hair brushing against the roof of the car.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Ha! Guess we need to upgrade to a bigger car. This thing is practically a sardine can all of a sudden."



Dialog:

Evelyn: "Madam President, with all due respect, are you feeling completely well? There's been... talk... about the rather extensive food order to your room last night."

Dakota: "Talk? What the hell are you implying, Hayes? Are you suggesting I'm sick? And what kind of disrespectful gossip is going on in my White House? Can't a fucking woman have a late-night snack without it becoming the subject of national scrutiny?"



**Narration:**

In a sudden, bizarre attempt to reassert control over the situation, Dakota lifted one foot, her toes straining against the confines of her high heel.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** "Evelyn."

**Evelyn:** "Yes, Madam President?"

**Dakota:** "My heel. It's pinching. Take it off."

**Evelyn:** "Excuse me?"

**Dakota:** "You heard me. Take off my heel. My foot is killing me. Massage it for a bit."



**Narration:**

A tight, unnatural smile stretched across Evelyn's face as she nodded slowly. A flicker of fear danced in her eyes, but she masked it quickly with a veneer of professional compliance. She carefully reached for Dakota's foot, her fingers gently encircling the President's toes, which were still straining against the red leather. She began to slowly knead the swollen digits.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Hmm, yes. That's... tolerable. A bit more pressure on the big toe, if you please."

Evelyn: "Of course, Madam President."

Dakota: "Ahh, yes. That's good. Now, just a little bit further down... right there. Mmm."



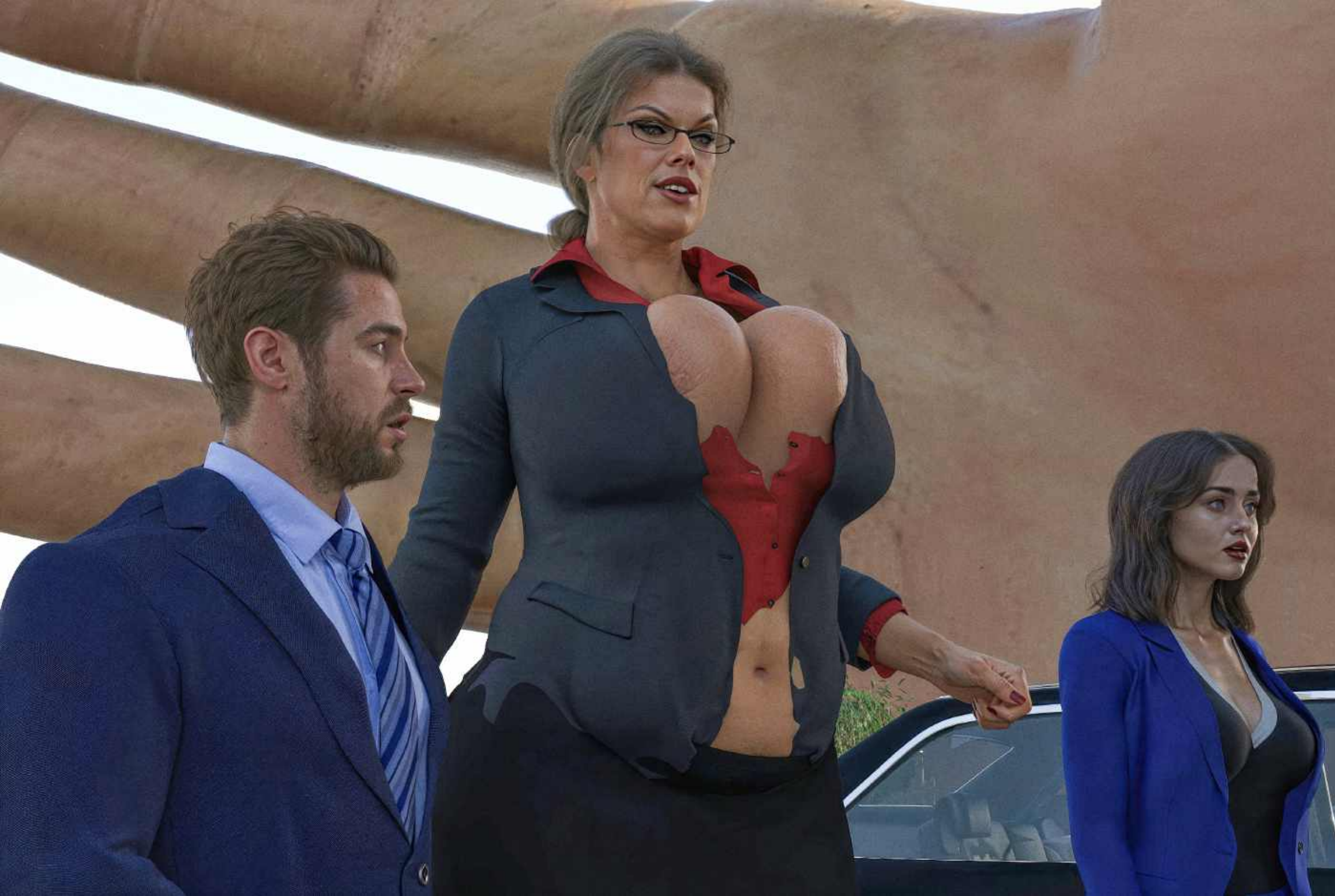
**Narration:**

The atmosphere inside the presidential limousine had become thick with unspoken tension. Secretary Lance stared straight ahead, his usual bravado completely absent. Even the Secret Service agents, the driver and the agent in the passenger seat, sat rigidly, their eyes wide and fixed on the road ahead, though their focus seemed to be entirely on the bizarre scene unfolding in the back. The casual display of raw, unchecked power by the President was unlike anything they had witnessed before, a chilling glimpse into a new, unsettling dynamic.



**Narration:**

The presidential motorcade swept onto the tarmac, pulling up to the imposing silhouette of Air Force One, gleaming under the morning sun. The iconic aircraft stood ready, its engines humming with barely contained power, poised to carry the President and her delegation across the globe.



**Narration:**

The doors of the limousine opened, and Dakota, followed by Lance and a still slightly dazed Evelyn, emerged onto the windy airfield. As they began walking towards the waiting aircraft, Dakota turned to her Secretary of State.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Lance, give me the quick rundown on this meeting again."

DJ: "Madam President, as we discussed, the primary objective is to finalize the new trade agreement with the Prime Minister. There's still some lingering hesitation on their side regarding certain agricultural tariffs."

Dakota: "Tariffs tariffs tariffs... I'll get the deal done. One way or another, they'll sign on the dotted line."

**Narration:**

Evelyn walked silently beside them, her expression still a mixture of shock and disbelief from the unusual foot massage she had just administered in the car.



**Narration:**

As Dakota ascended the stairs leading into the belly of Air Force One, her gaze drifted upwards. Even during the day, in the bright sunlight, the colossal, almost ethereal form of Megan Donovan was a presence in the sky, her features discernible to those who knew what to look for. Today, Dakota's eyes lingered for a moment on the gargantuan curve of Donovan's lips, a silent, awe-inspiring monument in the heavens. A fleeting, mischievous thought flickered through Dakota's mind, a playful imagining of the kind of power and scale she would wield if she possessed such unimaginable size. A small, private giggle bubbled up from her lips.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(whispering to herself)\* "Heh... if I were that big... oh, the things I could do..."



**Narration:**

At the top of the stairs leading into Air Force One stood a flight attendant, a petite brunette whose short, neat hair framed a face of polite anticipation. Clad in the sharp, blue and red uniform of the presidential cabin crew, she stood with her hands clasped behind her back, her posture rigid and expectant, like a soldier awaiting inspection, ready to offer a crisp welcome to the nation's leader.



**Narration:**

Dakota ducked slightly as she stepped through the doorway of Air Force One, the interior of the presidential jet momentarily feeling less spacious than usual. Her voice, a low rumble of authority, cut through the quiet cabin. As the flight attendant turned, her professional smile faltered, replaced by a look of stunned disbelief as her eyes took in the President's unexpectedly amplified form.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Morning."

Flight Attendant: "G-good morning, M-madam President."



**Narration:**

Dakota stood before the flight attendant, her significantly increased height and sheer mass making the young woman seem even smaller by comparison. Her chest, straining against the confines of her blouse, felt almost unnervingly close to the attendant's face. Dakota looked down, a knowing smirk playing on her lips as she observed the attendant's wide eyes and trembling posture.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Easy there, soldier. You look like you've seen a ghost."

Flight Attendant: "Oh, n-no, Madam President! I... I just... you look... very well today."

Dakota: "Very well, huh? Is that code for 'your tits are spilling out of the shirt'? Relax, I'm just messing with ya. Now, did you get those clothes I asked for ready?"



Dialog:

Flight Attendant: "Yes, Madam President! They're right here on the table in your office. We've ironed them for you. It's the largest size we had on hand. There are... there are also some smaller sizes available, just in case this one happens to be too... loose."

Dakota: "Too loose?" \*A low chuckle rumbled in Dakota's chest.\* "Something tells me I won't be needing anything smaller anytime soon. But thanks for the thought."

Flight Attendant: "O-of course, Madam President."



**Narration:**

With a sigh of relief, Dakota finally kicked off the tiny heels that had been pinching her feet relentlessly. They clattered lightly onto the carpeted floor, discarded remnants of her former size. She swung her legs up onto the table in her private office aboard Air Force One, leaning back into the plush leather of her chair. The faint scent of foot cream still lingered in the air. Despite the impending briefing and the need to change, the sudden relief from the tight shoes and the lingering effects of her food coma persuaded her to steal a few moments of rest. She closed her eyes, intending to take just a short nap.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Ahhh... .. that feels good. Felt like my bones were grinding together in those tiny heels..."



**Narration:**

A short while later, Dakota stood before the petite flight attendant, having changed into the larger dress and the requested size 14 heels. The transformation was striking. The new dress, while accommodating her amplified frame, still clung to her curves, emphasizing the sheer scale of her new body. Towering over the attendant, her legs looked thick and powerful, easily twice the width of the attendant's entire torso.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** "Well? How do I look?"

**Flight Attendant:** "You look... absolutely stunning, Madam President! The dress fits you perfectly, and the heels... they're lovely on you."

**Dakota:** "Good. Just making sure I'm presentable."



**Narration:**

Before heading towards the main cabin for the briefing, a familiar pang of hunger stirred within Dakota.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Is there any food being prepared onboard? It's going to be a long flight, and I didn't get a chance to eat breakfast this morning with the late start."

Flight Attendant: "Yes, Madam President, of course! We have a wide selection of meals available, and two excellent chefs on board ready to prepare anything you or the staff might desire."

Dakota: "Good. Make sure my requests are prioritized. I'm the President of the United States, and my needs comes first. The staff can wait."

Flight Attendant: "Y-yes, Madam President. Absolutely. Your... your meals will be the absolute priority."



**Narration:**

Aboard Air Force One, in the presidential conference room, a sense of uneasy professionalism hung in the air. Around a polished table sat Vice President Evelyn Hayes, Secretary of State DJ Lance, Chief of Staff Robert Sterling, and National Security Advisor Mark Jenkins. The conversation flowed, touching on geopolitical strategy, upcoming legislative challenges, and the finer points of the Australian trade agreement. Sterling and Jenkins, fresh from their separate responsibilities and having not yet laid eyes on the President since her... eventful morning, were completely unaware of the unsettling events that had transpired, or the shocking physical transformation their boss had undergone.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: "And the intelligence briefing indicates that while the Prime Minister's public stance is firm, there might be room for negotiation on the agricultural subsidies if we offer concessions on the tech sector tariffs."

Sterling: "Hmm, interesting. We need to ensure we don't give away too much, though. Our tech companies are already complaining about potential market access issues."

Jenkins: "From a national security perspective, securing this alliance is paramount, regardless of minor economic trade-offs. The shifting dynamics in the Indo-Pacific require a unified front. Lance, back me up here!"



Dialog:

Sterling: "Alright, enough talk about tariffs and alliances. Where the hell is the President? I'm starving. Are we going to get any food or is she planning on keeping us waiting all the way to Sydney?"

DJ: "Sterling, watch your tone. You will wait for the President. It is entirely disrespectful to suggest starting anything without her presence at the table."

Sterling: "Disrespectful? It's just breakfast, Lance. Lighten up. Unless you're not hungry after... whatever you had last night?"

Evelyn: "Mark, regarding the security brief for the Prime Minister's visit... did you include the updated threat assessment for the region?"

Jenkins: "Yes, Vice President Hayes. It's comprehensive. Though frankly, after dealing with giant parasites, everything else feels a bit... manageable."

Sterling: "Giant parasites, indeed. Still sounds like something out of a bad B-movie. Now about that food..."

DJ: "I said, wait!"

Narration:

Evelyn took a slow, deliberate sip from her martini glass, her eyes fixed on Jenkins as she spoke, though her thoughts were clearly miles away, wrestling with the surreal events of the morning. Meanwhile, Sterling leaned back in his chair, oblivious to the tension, and drummed his fingers impatiently on the table, while DJ shot daggers at him with his eyes.



**Narration:**

The air in the conference room, thick with the mundane anxieties of political maneuvering, suddenly snapped with an almost palpable charge. The double doors swung open, and President Dakota Redwood stepped in. Standing at an impressive six feet six inches in her new heels, she didn't just enter; she dominated the space. Conversation ceased abruptly, every head swiveling towards the towering figure in the doorway. Evelyn brought her martini glass to her lips, taking an aggressive gulp, as if trying to swallow the sheer absurdity of the moment. DJ leaned back in his chair, a complex expression on his face – part shock, part reluctant awe at the monumental presence of his boss. Sterling and Jenkins stared, their faces pale, mouths slightly agape.

**Dialog:**

Sterling & Jenkins: \*(muttering almost in unison)\* "What the... fuck?"

Dakota: "Morning, everyone. Sorry I'm late."  
\*(Her apology was quick, dismissive, utterly insincere.)\* "Alright, let's get this meeting started."



**Narration:**

With a disregard for decorum that was both shocking and undeniably powerful, Dakota sauntered to the head of the table. Instead of taking her seat properly, she swung one leg over the armrest and settled back into the leather chair, her feet, encased in the size 14 heels, landing squarely on the edge of the table, inches from the staff's breakfast plates. Her posture was a clear declaration of dominance, a physical manifestation of her contempt for traditional authority.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Sterling. Brief me. What's the latest on the budget battle in the House?"

Sterling: \*(swallowing hard, his voice a little shaky)\* "Uh, yes, Madam President. The appropriations committee is still... still pushing back on the defense spending increases. They're citing concerns about the national debt, Madam President. Your leadership on this is... truly inspiring, pushing for the necessary funding."

Dakota: "Inspiring, huh? Flattery will get you... well, it might keep you employed. They're citing concerns? Tell them their concerns are irrelevant. We need this funding. What's the strategy to ram it through?"

Sterling: "We're... we're working on leveraging support from key senators, highlighting the job creation aspects, Madam President. Your vision for a stronger military is resonating."

Dakota: "Damn right it's resonating. Make them understand this isn't a negotiation. It's a directive."



**Narration:**

Dakota's gaze swept across the table, lingering on Sterling and then shifting to Jenkins. Neither man dared to meet her eyes for long, let alone question her sudden, drastic change in appearance or her increasingly outlandish behavior. They simply sat there, captive audience to her unfolding display of amplified power.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Jenkins. National security threats? Anything new and exciting trying to blow us up or steal our secrets?"

Jenkins: \*(voice tight with nerves)\* "No, Madam President. No immediate credible threats beyond the existing geopolitical tensions we've briefed you on."

Dakota: "Good. Keep it that way. And let me be clear, gentlemen." \*(Her voice dropped, taking on a low, dangerous tone.)\* "You all work for ME. Not the Senate, not some committee, not your old boy networks. ME. My word is law in this administration. If you ever, for a single second, think about going against my directives, obstructing my vision, or even questioning my decisions... I will make your lives a living hell. You understand? Because I *am* the government. And you are entirely replaceable."

Sterling: "Y-yes, Madam President. Completely understood."

Jenkins: "Crystal clear, Madam President."



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Ugh, is it just me or is it boiling in here?  
Someone tell the crew to crank up the AC. It's  
like a damn sauna."



**Narration:**

The sudden feeling of oppressive heat wasn't merely a cabin temperature issue. Without warning, an agonizing, all-consuming hunger clawed at Dakota's insides. Her already constricted pupils tightened further, becoming mere pinpricks in her hazel eyes. Her hands clenched into involuntary fists on the table, her knuckles turning white.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "F-F-Fuck!"



**Narration:**

A tense silence fell over the table as the staff watched the President's brief but intense struggle. Sterling, Jenkins, and even DJ and Evelyn looked on with concern and alarm.

**Dialog:**

Sterling: "Madam President! Are you alright?"

Jenkins: "What was that?"

Dakota: \*(Ignoring them completely, her eyes scanning the table.)\* "My food. Where is my food?"

DJ: "Madam President, we were just about to serve it. The crew is bringing it now, they wanted to make sure it was hot for you."

Sterling: "Someone get the President her food, \*now\*!"



**Narration:**

Before anyone could react, Dakota shot up from her chair, bending over the table with surprising speed despite her size. Her eyes, wide and fixated on Sterling's breakfast plate, held a predatory gleam. With a swift, unceremonious motion, she snatched the plate right out from in front of him. Sterling scrambled back in his chair, giving her a wide berth as she lunged for the food.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "I'll just have this for now."

DJ: "Madam President, perhaps you could wait just a moment? Your meal is on its way."

Dakota: *\*(mouth already full)\** "Mmph! I'm hungry now, Lance! What's mine is mine, and apparently, what's yours is mine too."

Evelyn: *\*(whispering to herself)\** "Oh God... it is... it's the virus..."



**Narration:**

Gripping the chicken with a primal intensity, Dakota dangled a piece of the glistening, juicy meat just above her open mouth. Her eyes rolled back slightly in her head, a look of pure, unadulterated pleasure already washing over her face in anticipation of the coming bite.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*Sounds of anticipation, slight whines of impatience.\*



**Narration:**

As she chewed ferociously, Dakota glanced down at the pilfered plate. Her brow furrowed in mild disgust at the sight of the remaining corn and vegetables. Her mind, now completely hijacked by the parasite's demands, craved substance, weight, the satisfying density of meat and the greasy comfort of fried food. Healthy greens felt utterly pointless, like trying to fill a cavernous void with a single leaf.



**Narration:**

Crumbs of chicken and stray pieces of corn flew from Dakota's mouth as she chewed, her gaze sweeping past her startled staff towards the front of the plane.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Hey! Crew! Get in here! Bring me more food! Everything you've got! I didn't have breakfast! I'm starving!" \*Chewing sounds interspersed with shouting.\*



Narration:  
Around an hour later...



**Narration:**

The scene in the presidential conference room had devolved into something out of a nightmare. President Dakota Redwood had truly "pigged out." Dozens of empty plates, bowls, and wrappers were piled high on the table and spilled onto the floor around her. Burgers, fries, pizza slices, sausages, chicken bones, remnants of rice and pasta – it was a culinary battlefield. Her staff watched from a distance, horror etched onto their faces, having instinctively backed away as her consumption grew more grotesque and her burps became loud, wet, and uncontrollable.



**Narration:**

Despite the chaos, Dakota was still going strong, her hand shoveling large spoonfuls of strawberry shortcake piled high with rich whipped cream into her mouth. Her belly was now a truly monumental sight, stretched taut and covered in angry white stretchmarks, easily surpassing its size from the night before. She ate with a frantic, animalistic messiness, cream and cake smearing her face. The black dress, unable to withstand the strain of her ever-expanding form, had ripped violently, exposing her groin as she lay half-sprawled across the table, one foot still on the floor, the other propped up on the table amidst the debris, bending the plates and bowls as she leaned on them.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(Sounds of frantic chewing, gulping, tearing food apart)\* "Mmmph... More... Need MORE! BUAAARGHRRRP! Oh god... yes... just... keep it coming..."



**Narration:**

With a final, determined effort, Dakota shoved the last remaining spoonful of strawberry shortcake, thick with cream, into her already overflowing mouth. A low, unintelligible stream of complaints about her fullness rumbled from her throat, slurred and thick like a drunkard's lament. Her eyes, glazed over with a mix of gluttonous pleasure and overwhelming sleepiness, rolled back in her head as she chewed, a look of blissful, food-induced surrender washing over her face.



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Mfffff... sho full... gonna popppp...  
uhhh... mmmph... sho muchhhh..." \*wet  
chewing, groans of fullness and pleasure\*



**Narration:**

With a sound that seemed to shake the very cabin of Air Force One, Dakota expelled a truly colossal burp. It was a wet, booming eruption, sending a spray of crumbs and half-digested food particles flying from her mouth like tiny projectiles. Across the room, the petite flight attendant watched in wide-eyed horror, frozen in place, waiting for the inevitable, terrifying instruction from the monstrous figure who was supposed to be the President.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "BuAAArGGHHHP!"



#### Narration:

With immense effort, Dakota struggled to her feet. She swayed slightly, a colossal figure teetering precariously above her terrified staff. At six feet six inches and several hundred pounds heavier than she had been just hours before, she was a force of nature, her voice thick with sleepiness and punctuated by involuntary hiccups. DJ stared up at her, his face pale, his voice choked with fear as he pointed, speechless, at the ripped remnants of her dress and the vast expanse of exposed flesh. Behind him, Evelyn pressed herself against Lance's back, as if trying to physically disappear. Jenkins remained rooted to his chair, eyes wide and silent, while Sterling hovered behind him, equally paralyzed by shock.

#### Dialog:

Dakota: *\*(Struggles to her feet, towering over everyone, swaying slightly. Her voice is thick, laced with hiccups.)\** "Meeting's... hic!... done. For... hic... me, anyway. Deal with... hic... this mess."

DJ: *\*(Voice choked with fear, staring up at her immense form)\** "M-Madam... President...? Your... your clothes... Y-you're..."

Evelyn: *\*(Muffled whimper from behind Lance)\** "Oh... my... God..."

Sterling: *\*(Whispering)\** "What in God's name...?"

Jenkins: *\*(Silent, staring)\**



**Narration:**

All eyes in the cabin were drawn to Dakota's belly, a monumental, stretchmarked sphere that seemed to possess a gravitational pull of its own. As she addressed her stunned staff, she unconsciously reached down, repeatedly slapping the soft, yielding flesh of her abdomen in a strange, self-soothing gesture. The bizarre scene, coupled with the evidence of the obscene amount of food consumed and her physical transformation, left no doubt among the Air Force One crew. The President was infected. The challenge was no longer identifying the threat, but comprehending its full scope and, more immediately, figuring out how to hide this grotesque reality from the world, especially with the Australian Prime Minister waiting on the other side of the globe.



**Narration:**

Seeking refuge from the stunned silence and fearful stares of her staff, Dakota retreated to the private sanctuary of her presidential bedroom aboard Air Force One. She lumbered onto the plush bed, her immense weight causing the mattress to sigh in protest. Lying on her back, her feet dangled just off the edge, the tips of her toes gently resting on the carpeted floor, a constant reminder of her discomfort. Loud, obnoxious moans, wet burps, and persistent hiccups escaped her, a symphony of post-gorging distress.



**Narration:**

Despite the physical discomfort, a strange sense of perverse satisfaction began to settle over Dakota as she drifted towards sleep. She muttered to herself, her voice slurring, the words directed inwards, a conversation with the amplified, grotesque version of herself.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: *\*(Muttering, slurring)\** "Mmmph... Oh, you... you love this, don't you...? Getting bigger... feeling this... more... You need more... Every damn leader... every king and queen... they'll all... hic!... bow down... to me..."



**Narration:**

A soft rap on the bedroom door interrupted Dakota's descending spiral into sleep.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(Groggily)\* "Who is it...?"

Flight Attendant: "Madam President? It's... it's me, the flight attendant. I just wanted to remind you that... that the bedsheets still need changing. The night crew... they seemed to have forgotten."

Dakota: "Come in. Close the door."



Dialog:

Dakota: *\*(Voice low, laced with moans and pain, holding her belly)\** "You little thing... standing there... so small... doesn't it just... hnnngh... make you feel insignificant...?"

Flight Attendant: *\*(Voice trembling)\** "M-madam President...?"

Dakota: "Forget the damn sheets. Look at me. Do you think I can get up and let you change them right now? I feel like... like I'm cemented to this bed. Go. Fetch Secretary Lance. Tell him to come here. By himself. Now. No questions. Just get him."

Flight Attendant: "R-right away, Madam President."



Dialog:

Jenkins: *\*(Voice tight with panic)\** "Oh god, oh god, oh god. The media! When we land, they'll be there! What are they going to say? How are we going to explain... this?! We can't hide this, Evelyn! She looks... she looks like a... a house!"

Evelyn: *\*(Trying to stay calm, but her voice is strained)\** "Mark, breathe. Just breathe. We'll figure something out. We always do. Panicking won't help anyone."

Jenkins: "Figure something out?! She just ate half the plane's catering and looks like she's going to pop! And she fired a Secret Service agent for a mosquito bite yesterday! What are we going to do when she gets to the meeting? Demand they serve her live cows?"



Dialog:

Sterling: "Mark's right, Evelyn. This is unprecedented. A national security nightmare. How do you contain something like this? Lance!" \*(Sterling turns to DJ, his voice low and serious)\* "How long have you known she was... changing?"

DJ: \*(Hesitates for a moment)\* "Not... not long. It wasn't... like this... this morning. It happened... fast."

Evelyn: "We need to think clearly. We need a strategy. What are the medical implications? Is this a pathogen? Could it be contagious? We need to isolate her, discreetly. Get medical personnel involved."



Dialog:

Sterling: "Isolate the President of the United States? On Air Force One, mid-flight to meet a foreign leader? Lance, this isn't just a medical issue anymore. This is a direct threat to the stability of the government. Her behavior, her appearance... it's erratic, unpredictable."

DJ: "I know, Sterling. Believe me, I know."

Sterling: "So what do we do? We can't exactly stage a coup at thirty thousand feet. For now... we have to follow her lead. She's the President. We obey her directives. We just have to hope she maintains some semblance of control... at least until we can get back to the US and figure out how to handle this without causing global panic."



Dialog:

\*(A gentle knock on the conference room door. Everyone's heads snap towards it. The flight attendant from earlier stands there, looking even more terrified than before.)\*

Flight Attendant: "Excuse me... Mr. Secretary?"

DJ: \*(Standing up quickly)\* "Yes? What is it?"

Flight Attendant: "Madam President... she'd like to see you. In her room. Alone."



**Narration:**

A ripple of fresh apprehension passed through the room. Evelyn's eyes narrowed, a flicker of suspicion clouding her features as she looked from the trembling flight attendant to DJ. The request for Lance alone, especially after the unsettling events of the morning, struck her as deeply irregular.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: "Alone? Why alone? I'm the Vice President. Any meeting with the President should include me."

Flight Attendant: "I... I'm just delivering the message, Vice President Hayes. Those were... those were her exact instructions. Secretary Lance. Alone. In her room. Now."

DJ: \*(Putting on a brave face, though his eyes betray his apprehension)\* "It's alright, Evelyn. Don't worry. I'll go see what she needs. I'll... I'll brief you when I get back."

Evelyn: \*(Her voice low, filled with unease)\* "Brief me? Lance, what is going on? What does she want you for?"

DJ: "I don't know, Evelyn. But I'll find out."



**Narration:**

The flight attendant, her face a mask of fear, held the door open as Secretary Lance stepped into the presidential bedroom. The door clicked shut behind them. DJ's eyes immediately landed on the figure reclined on the bed, and his face flushed crimson. There lay President Redwood, completely naked, her vast, stretchmarked belly swelling towards the ceiling like a monumental balloon. With one hand, she was idly playing with the weight of one of her immense breasts, her fingers gently kneading the soft flesh.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Dwight. Took you long enough."

DJ: "M-madam President."

Dakota: "Go fetch some more of that strawberry cake with extra icing, sweetie. Still craving something sweet."

Flight Attendant: "Right away, Madam President." \*(The stewardess quickly exited, relief flooding her features as she escaped the room.)\*



**Narration:**

With a groan of effort, Dakota pushed herself up from the bed, her immense form unfolding and rising to an astonishing height. She stood before DJ, a towering, naked goddess of flesh. He stared up at her, mesmerized and intimidated, a palpable mix of fear and desire swirling in his eyes. A distinct bulge began to form beneath the tailored fabric of his trousers as he instinctively reached out, his hand finding the soft, yielding expanse of her belly, gently rubbing circles on her distended skin.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "That's a good boy, Dwight. You've been so patient. Waiting for your turn. Hiding my little secret for me." \*(She tilted her head, a hint of a smirk playing on her lips.)\* "You like what you see, don't you?"



Dialog:

Dakota: \*(Her fingers threading through his hair as he continued to rub her belly, his breathing quickening)\* "Yes... that's right. Now... I want you to make me feel good, Dwight. Get down there. Eat me out. Now."

DJ: \*(Voice tight with nervousness and anticipation)\* "Madam President... here? What if... what if someone hears?"

Dakota: "Don't be a fool, Dwight. This room is soundproofed. No one can hear us in here. Not the staff, not the agents, not even little Evelyn. My personal quarters are designed for... privacy. Now. Get to work. You know you want to."



**Narration:**

With a low groan, Dakota settled back onto the bed, spreading her thick, powerful legs wide. Her immense belly settled against her thighs as DJ, his hands trembling slightly, knelt before her.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(As DJ begins)\* "Mmmmm... oh god... fuck... yes... right there... that's it... mmmph..."

\*Loud, guttural moans of pleasure fill the room.\* "That's right, little one... you know what I like... good boy... work that tongue, my little slut..."



**Narration:**

Dakota's massive belly rested heavily on DJ's head as he devoted himself to pleasuring her. Her skin was flushed, damp with sweat and arousal, her pleasure evident in every loud moan and sharp intake of breath. The sheer scale of her lower body was undeniable, her "fupa" now a prominent, fleshy mound.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Oh yes... harder... mmm... deeper... fuck... you're so good... my little pet... don't stop... keep going..." \*More intense moans and sounds of pleasure.\*



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Mmmph... god yes... oh fuck... that's  
right... keep going..."



**Narration:**

As the intense pleasure coursed through her, a familiar, strange sensation began deep within Dakota's abdomen. Like the night before, her immense belly started a slow, subtle deflation. Simultaneously, a new feeling of pressure and expansion began in other areas – her breasts seemed to tighten and swell, her hips widened further, and a faint stretching sensation ran through her limbs, indicating she was growing taller yet again.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Mmm... nghhh... what the fuck... oh god... yes... don't stop..."



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Ahhh... fuck yes... mmmph... feels so good... right there..."



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Keep going... little one... oh god...  
more... I need more..."



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Yes... yes... Mmmph... perfect... don't stop..."



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Oh fuck... almost there... keep going...  
yes... yes... YES!"



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Oh god... oh FUCK yes... mmmph...  
faster... I'm so close... yes!"



Dialog:  
Dakota: "Harder! Don't stop! I'm gonna CUM!  
OH SWEET JESUS FUCK YES!"





**Narration:**

The quiet click of the door opening was almost lost amidst the President's continued, echoing moans. The petite flight attendant stepped hesitantly into the room, a small plate in her trembling hands holding two perfect slices of strawberry cake, glistening with icing. Her eyes immediately fell upon the scene before her – the gargantuan, naked form of the President sprawled on the bed, her body still subtly shifting and swelling, and Secretary Lance... engaged in a deeply compromising position. The stewardess froze, the color draining from her face, the carefully composed service demeanor shattering into sheer, abject terror.

**Dialog:**

**Flight Attendant:** \*(Voice a barely audible whisper)\* "Madam President...? I... I have the cake..."

**Dakota:** \*(Loud, drawn-out moan, oblivious)\* "Ohhhhhhhhhhh... yes... YES... Mmmmmmm!"



**Narration:**

The stewardess, rooted to the spot, swallowed hard and tried again, her voice a little louder this time, desperate to announce her presence and escape the horrifying tableau. But Dakota was lost in the throes of her amplified senses, her body continuing its bizarre transformation, oblivious to the terrified young woman standing just feet away. Meanwhile, DJ, trapped and struggling slightly as Dakota's powerful thighs tightened around him, was equally unable to acknowledge the attendant's arrival.

**Dialog:**

Flight Attendant: *\*(Voice trembling)\** "Madam President? I've brought the... the shortcake..."

Dakota: *\*(Continued moans, perhaps slightly less intense but still loud)\** "Mmmph... feels so good... more... always more..."



Dialog:

Dakota: \*(Her eyes, still half-closed, finally fixating on the plate in the attendant's hand. Her voice is thick, demanding, ignoring the context.)\* "The cake. Feed it to me. I'm... I'm busy."

Flight Attendant: \*(Eyes wide, utterly shocked by the request)\* "Madam...?"

Dakota: \*(A low growl enters her voice, mixed with a lingering moan)\* "Don't just stand there, you idiot! Feed me the fucking cake! NOW!"



Dialog:  
Flight Attendant: \*(Nodding frantically, her hands shaking violently)\* "Y-yes, Madam President! Right away, Madam President!"  
\*(The sound of the plate rattling as she brings it closer to Dakota's face.)\*



**Narration:**

As the stewardess brought the first slice of cake towards Dakota's mouth, something shifted. The President's eyes snapped open fully, locking onto the attendant with a sudden, terrifying intensity that went beyond mere hunger. In a motion that was startlingly fast for her size, Dakota's hand shot out, seizing the stewardess's arm in an iron grip. The plate clattered to the floor, the cake slices scattering. The stewardess gasped, a choked cry escaping her lips as she instinctively tried to pull away, her body tensing in a futile act of resistance.

**Dialog:**

Flight Attendant: *\*(Gaspng, struggling)\** "Ah! Madam President! Let go! Stop!"



**Narration:**

Dakota's mouth stretched open wider than any human mouth should, a vast, dark cavern. With a terrifying, inhuman strength, she yanked the struggling stewardess towards her, shoving the young woman's entire arm into her gaping maw. It was a horrifying, visceral act, driven by a hunger that cake could no longer possibly satisfy. The parasite within her had escalated its demands, its logic cold and cruel – if consumption was the key, and a government official would cause too much unwanted attention, a virtually anonymous flight attendant was the most convenient person to swallow whole.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(A low, guttural sound of exertion and consumption.)\*

Flight Attendant: \*(Muffled screams and sounds of desperate struggle from within Dakota's mouth.)\*



**Narration:**

The climax was washing over Dakota, her body convulsing with pleasure and the strange tremors of transformation, while DJ, his face buried between her legs, worked to bring her to the peak. The air was filled with her loud moans and sharp cries. Then, cutting through the sounds of her pleasure, came a sudden, terrified shout – the flight attendant's voice, followed by a distinct, wet gulping sound that seemed to echo unnaturally close. DJ's rhythm faltered, his head snapping up, startled.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Oh god... yes... Mmmmmph... fuuuuck!"

Flight Attendant: "Madam President PLEASE! I have the cake! THAT'S NOT THE CAKE!"

DJ: \*(Muffled from between her legs, then lifting his head)\* "Huh?" \*(Followed by the wet gulping sound from Dakota.)\*



Dialog:

DJ: *\*(Pulling his head back, eyes wide with terror as he sees the scene)\* "What the f-?!"*

Flight Attendant: *\*(Repeated shouts, distorted and muffled.)\* "Mmmph! Let go!"*

Dakota: *\*(Deep, wet gulping sounds, mixed with residual moans.)\* "Mmmgh... hnnnngh..."*



**Narration:**

The tableau was horrifyingly surreal. Dakota lay back, her massive, stretchmarked belly dominating the space. One of her thick, beautiful legs was propped up, resting casually on DJ's shoulder, her large foot dangling near his head. Her pussy was still exposed and glistening, a stark contrast to the gruesome spectacle unfolding at her mouth. The flight attendant, still shouting and struggling, was already halfway down Dakota's throat, her lower body flailing in a desperate attempt to escape the fleshy maw.



Dialog:  
Flight Attendant: \*(Shouting, muffled and distorted)\* "No! Stop! Please!"

Dakota: \*(Straining sounds, deep guttural noises)\* "Mmmph... gotta... get... in..." \*(A loud smack as she grabs the attendant's hip.)\*

Flight Attendant: \*(Higher pitched, more frantic muffled shouting.)\* "MMPH! MMMPH!"

Dakota: \*(Exertion sounds)\* "Almost... there... hnnngh!"



**Narration:**

Dakota continued to swallow, her throat visibly bulging with the effort. Her eyes were wide, locked in a disturbing mixture of concentration and primal satisfaction. The stewardess's muffled shouts grew fainter, more distorted, as her entire torso disappeared inside Dakota's stretching gullet. DJ remained trapped, Dakota's powerful legs wrapped around his neck, holding him in place, forcing him to witness the horrific act unfold inches from his face.

**Dialog:**

Flight Attendant: \*(Fainter, muffled, desperate sounds.)\* "Mmmph... mmmph..."

Dakota: \*(Loud, wet swallowing sounds, grunts of exertion.)\* "Gulp... hnnngh..."



Narration:  
With relentless, animalistic determination, Dakota kept shoving. The stewardess was now two-thirds in, her entire torso and one of her legs pulled into the depths of Dakota's body. The other leg still protruded from the President's mouth, twitching feebly. As the attendant's form slid downwards, Dakota's massive belly immediately responded, bulging outwards even further, the skin stretching to accommodate its new, living contents. The stewardess was now truly in her new home – the President's distended stomach.



**Narration:**

Only the stewardess's foot now remained outside Dakota's mouth, a small, uniformed shoe a shocking contrast to the grotesque scene. Dakota strained and gagged, her throat bulging with the effort of swallowing the last resistant piece. It was a difficult, messy process, her body making violent retching sounds as she forced the remaining limb down.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(Loud gagging sounds, wet heaving, grunts of exertion.)\* "Urgghhh... mfff... just... get... in... Urggh!"



**Narration:**

With a final, desperate push, Dakota swallowed the last bit. Her body shuddered. The tension in her legs finally relaxed, releasing a stunned and horrified DJ. He scrambled backwards on his hands and knees, his eyes wide with unspeakable terror, letting out hoarse, choked shouts of horror. Dakota lay back on the bed, her chest heaving, still gagging and letting out deep, pained moans, her colossal belly now even more monstrously distended.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Urgghh... mmmph... so full..."

DJ: *\*(Crawling backwards, shouting)\** "OH GOD! NO! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?! WHAT DID YOU DO?!"



**Narration:**

Dakota lay sprawled on the bed, a monumental landscape of flesh, her eyes closed, lost in the hazy aftermath of her voraciousness. Her own moans of satiation still rumbled in her chest, they were now accompanied by faint, muffled shouts and frantic, internal thumps – the desperate sounds of the stewardess trapped within the confines of the President's distended belly.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(Deep, contented moans, punctuated by soft gurgles from her stomach.)\* "Mmmph... so... full..."

Stomach: \*(Faint, muffled shouting and thudding sounds from within.)\*

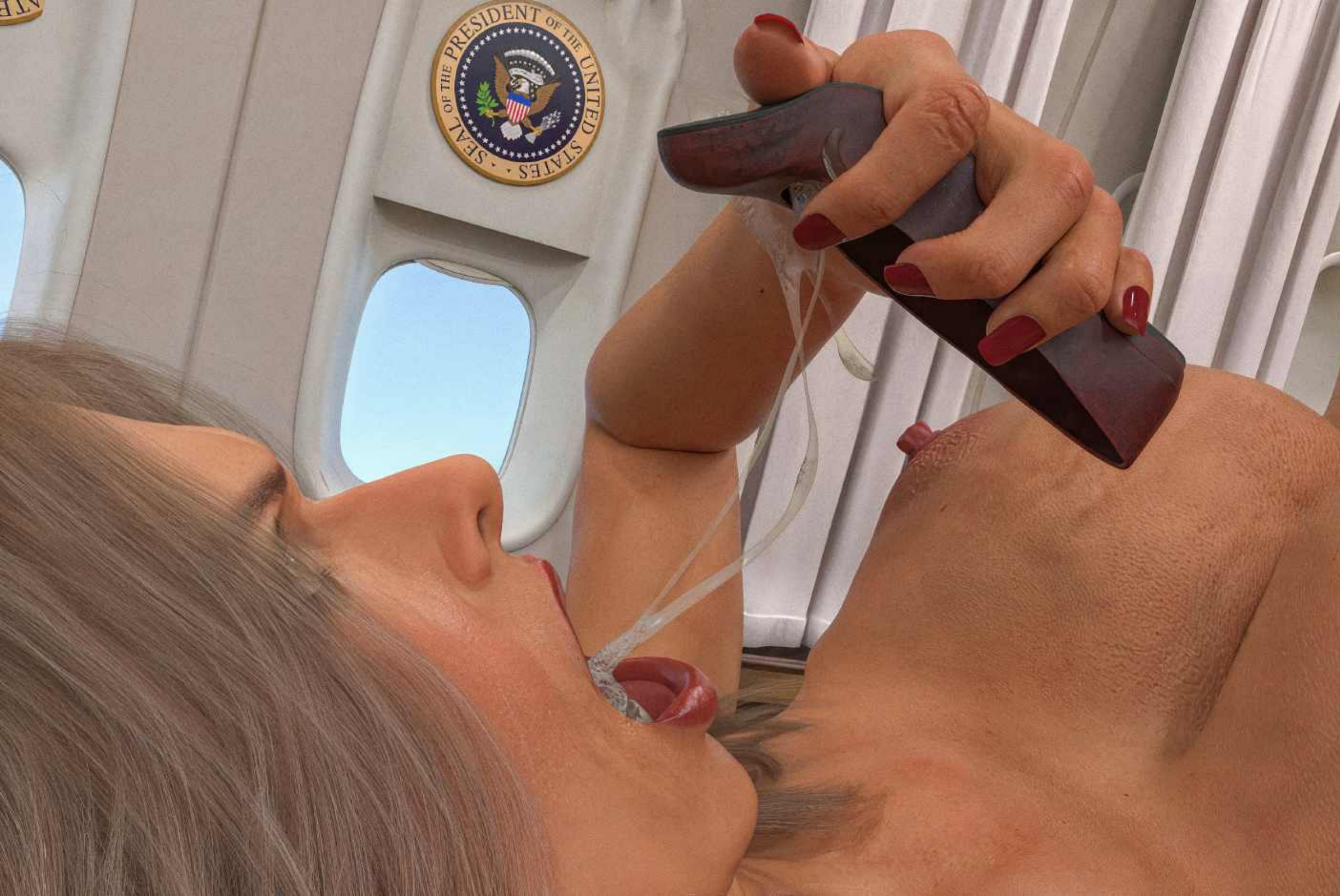


**Narration:**

Without warning, a seismic tremor ran through Dakota's massive form. A truly gigantic burp, deep and resonant, erupted from her, vibrating through the entire cabin of Air Force One and causing a brief, alarming moment of turbulence that sent loose items rattling. Along with the deafening sound, a small object was forcefully expelled from her mouth, arcing across the room before landing with a soft thud on the carpet.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "BuAAArGGHHHP!" \*(Followed by a startled grunt from Dakota.)\*



**Narration:**

Still half-conscious, her eyes fluttering open slightly, Dakota reached a massive hand towards the object that had shot from her mouth. Her fingers closed around something small and firm. She brought it closer, her blurry vision gradually focusing on what she held. It was the stewardess's red, uniformed shoe, still connected to Dakota's mouth by a shimmering, elastic strand of thick, glistening spit.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(Muttering groggily, her voice thick with drool.)\* "Wha...? A shoe...?" \*(A slight sound of surprise or confusion.)\*



**Narration:**

Even with the physical evidence of her actions in her hand, Dakota's mind hadn't fully grasped the reality of her size. Still in a haze of bliss and discomfort, she instinctively slapped the side of her colossal belly, a dull thud echoing through the room. Drool and spit smeared the lower half of her face.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(Slapping her belly with a wet thud.)\* "Heh... big belly... good belly..." \*(More incoherent muttering.)\*



**Narration:**

Slowly, as the intense, parasitic hunger began to temporarily subside and the immediate effects of the feeding frenzy wore off, a horrifying clarity dawned upon Dakota. Her pupils, which had been pinpricks of primal need, gradually dilated, returning to their normal size. Her eyes widened, not looking straight ahead, but upwards. Up, at the impossible, mountainous landscape of her own body. Up, at the vast, protruding dome of her belly, stretching towards the ceiling like a grotesque, inflated tent. A sharp, disbelieving gasp tore from her throat.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(Sharp, sudden gasp of shock and horror.)\* "Gah!"



Dialog:

Dakota: \*(Staring at her belly, voice filled with a mix of shock and morbid fascination.)\*  
"Look at that thing... just... enormous. Heh. Maybe I got carried away... Will be hard to explain what j-just happened..." \*(A deep, wet, rumbling belch erupts from her, vibrating her entire body.)\* "BuAAARGhP! Feels... full."



**Narration:**

It wasn't as though the voring had been a completely unconscious act. In the throes of her hunger-fueled madness, a twisted sort of logic had prevailed. She had been aware, she had chosen the stewardess – a less important, less noticeable person if she simply vanished. But in her fevered state, she hadn't fully considered the immediate, dramatic consequences for her own physical form. She hadn't factored in the immediate, grotesque bulging of her stomach as the stewardess fell into her, or the horrifying fact that this immense size was only the beginning, a temporary holding space before the parasite began to redistribute the mass, shrinking her stomach and swelling the rest of her to even more unimaginable proportions, just as it had the night before. That chilling next phase... she hadn't thought of that at all.



**Narration:**

With a low groan that resonated through the cabin, a sound like shifting earth, Dakota began to push herself up from the bed. It was a monumental effort, her immense weight making the task arduous. When her feet finally found the floor, her footsteps were no longer just steps; they were heavy, thudding impacts that vibrated through the aircraft's very structure, causing a subtle, but noticeable turbulence that rippled through the cabin. Each ponderous movement sent unsettling tremors through the air as she lumbered towards where DJ still cowered against the wall, curled into a fetal position, his hands clamped over his head in a desperate attempt to shield himself from the terrifying reality before him.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*(Heavy breathing, grunting with effort.)\* "Ugh... feels like I weigh a goddamn ton... maybe more." \*(Her voice is still a little thick from the burping and gagging.)\* "Hard to move..."

**Dakota:** \*(Taking another heavy step towards DJ, her voice laced with a disturbing mix of post-digestive satisfaction and cruel dominance.)\* "What's this, Dwight? Still scared? Get up." \*(Slapping the side of her immense belly with a loud, wet thwack that echoes in the room.)\* "See this? All... for me..." \*(Another step, looming over him.)\*

**DJ:** \*(Pressed against the wall, covering his head, voice muffled and trembling.)\* "M-madam President... please... just... leave me alone..."



Dialog:

Dakota: "Leave you alone? Don't be ridiculous. Who would I play with? Who would admire my... growth?" \*(Another heavy slap to her belly.)\* "Don't worry about our little snack. She was just a flight attendant. Expendable. Nobody important." \*(A wet, sudden burp interrupts her, louder than before.)\* "BuAAARGhP!"

DJ: \*(Flinches violently at the sound, pressing himself harder against the wall.)\*

Dakota: "See? Already making room. And disappearing people is easy. A few keystrokes, a little paperwork... poof. Like she never existed. Her social security number, her service records... I can erase her from history, Dwight. Just like that. Who's going to miss her? Some family somewhere? They'll think she transferred." \*(A small, wet hiccup follows.)\* "Hic!"

DJ: \*(Stammering, tears welling in his eyes.)\* "B-but... the others... they heard... they saw... the food... the... the shoe..."

Dakota: "They heard what they wanted to hear. They saw what fear allowed them to see. Or they saw what I tell them they saw." \*(She takes a final, heavy step, standing directly over him.)\* "I'm the President, Dwight. I control the narrative. I am the government. And you... you belong to me. Now, enough of this cowering. Get up. Or do I need to pick you up?" \*(Her voice is laced with impatience and renewed, chilling dominance.)\*



#### Narration:

As Dakota stood over the trembling DJ, her hand still resting on her colossal belly, a low, aggressive rumbling started deep within her distended form. It was different, louder, a violent churning sensation that sent a wave of nausea through her and made her feel suddenly lightheaded, the room seeming to spin around her. She instinctively reached down, slapping her belly again, harder this time, trying to quell the turbulent sounds within, a look of confusion clouding her features.

#### Dialog:

DJ: \*(Slowly lowering his hands, staring up at her with terrified, bewildered eyes.)\* "Madam President...? What's... what's happening now? What was that sound?"

Dakota: \*(Pressing a hand to her forehead, swaying slightly, her voice strained.)\* "I... I don't know... Dwight... My stomach... it feels... it feels like it's boiling... and I... I don't feel good... not good at all..." \*(Her voice trails off, a note of genuine unease breaking through her arrogance.)\* "Something's happening..."



**Narration:**

And then, with a sudden, terrifying surge, it began. A violent internal churning intensified within Dakota's belly, but the outward effect was a grotesque expansion of her lower body. Her hips widened rapidly, the bones and flesh shifting with an audible stretching sound. Her ass ballooned outwards, becoming a truly massive shelf of quivering muscle and fat. Her thighs thickened, swelling like engorged sausages, pressing tightly together.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Urgghhh... what the... oh god... my... my ass... it's... growing again... feels like... like I'm splitting..."



Dialog:  
DJ: *\*(Staring in renewed horror, pointing)\**  
"Madam... Madam President! Your... your hips!  
You're... you're getting bigger!"

Dakota: "Urgghhh... feels so weird... Mmmm..."



Dialog:  
DJ: \*(Panicked)\* "Madam President, We have to do something!"

Dakota: "Mmmmmm... My ass... it just keeps getting... bigger and bigger..."



Dialog:  
DJ: *\*(Voice rising to a near-scream)\** "You're enormous! You're filling the room!"

Dakota: "Mmmph... it's... it's stretching... Urrghhh!"



Dialog:

DJ: \*(Hyperventilating)\* "This is insane! This isn't natural! You're a... a giant! What are we going to do?! We're on a plane! A plane!"

Dakota: "Stop... stop shouting... feels... feels good... and bad... Urgghh... can't stop it..."



**Narration:**

The grotesque expansion continued unabated. Now, the growth surged upwards. Dakota's already ample breasts swelled with startling speed, becoming engorged and heavy, her nipples visibly puffing outwards, darkening and growing taut as they settled heavily onto the rising curve of her belly. A strange, pulling sensation ran through her spine and limbs as her height increased, her head beginning to near the low ceiling of the presidential cabin.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: "Mmmph... my tits... they're huge... Urgghh... and I'm... I'm getting taller... hitting the ceiling... this is... intense..."



Dialog:  
Dakota: \*(Labored breathing, punctuated by burps and hiccups.)\* "BuAAARGhP! Hic! Can't... can't catch my breath... Mmmph... getting... bigger... feels... Urgghhh... weird..." \*(Her speech becomes more slurred and incoherent.)\*



**Narration:**

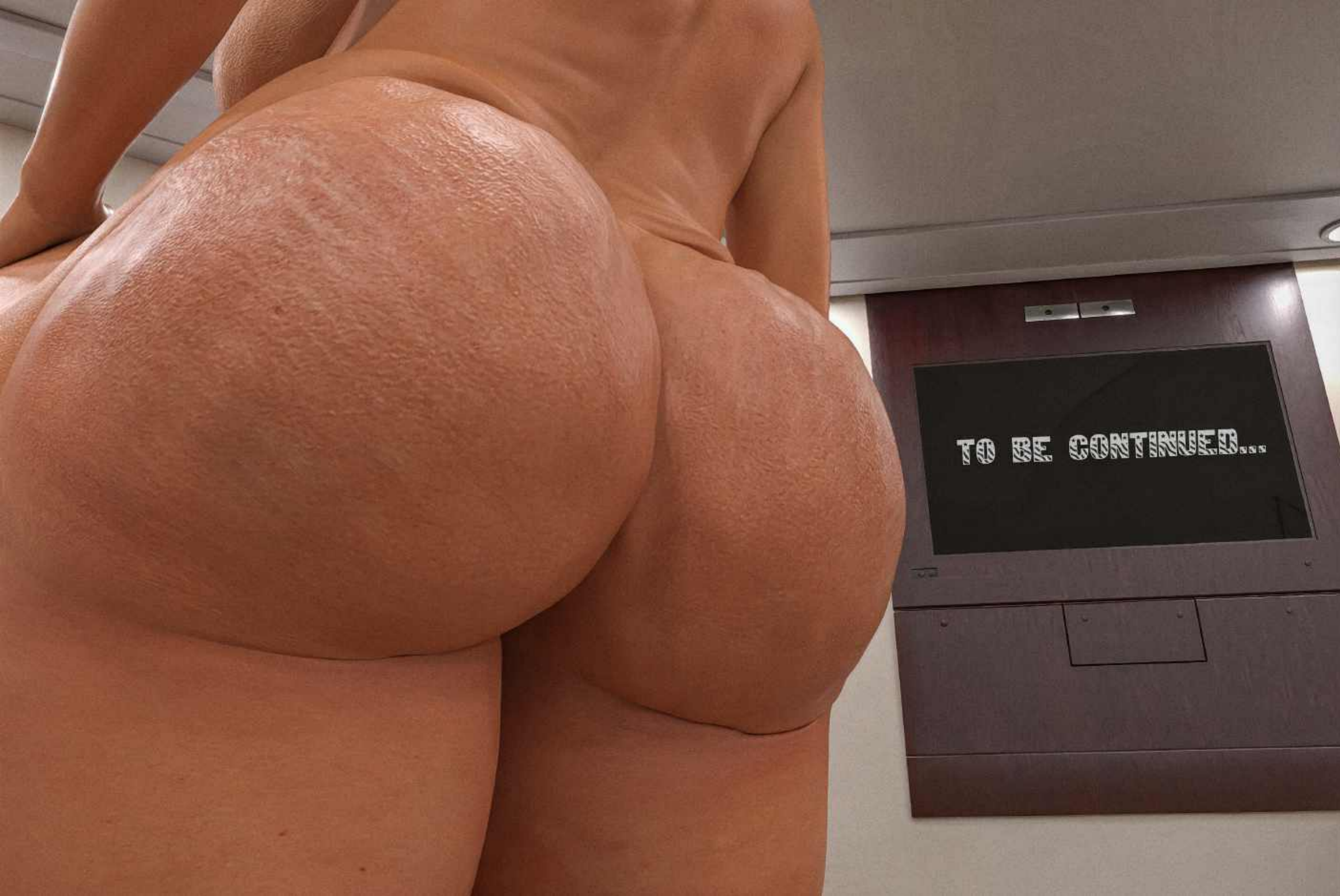
With a dull thud, Dakota's head hit the padded ceiling, the impact jarring her massive frame. Simultaneously, a sudden wetness spread across her chest as her engorged nipples began to leak a thick, milky substance. Despite the physical strain and the impact, the growth continued, relentless and horrifying.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(A grunt of pain/surprise as her head hits the ceiling.)\* "Oof! Hic! And my... my tits... they're... leaking..." \*(A low moan, a mixture of pain and strange arousal.)\* "Mmmph... feels... full..."



Dialog:  
Dakota: \*(Moaning intensely, her voice thick with arousal mixed with discomfort.)\* "Oh god... this growth... it's... Mmmph... turning me on... yes... bigger... more... oh fuck..."



**Narration:**

Dakota swayed precariously, her massive, still-growing body making it impossible to stand steadily. The floor seemed to groan beneath her weight. Seizing the moment of her pained disorientation, DJ scrambled away from the wall. His mind racing, he quickly pulled up his trousers and buttoned his shirt, his hands fumbling in his haste. He had to get help. This wasn't just a PR disaster anymore; it was a full-blown crisis. He had to find Evelyn. They had to figure out how to save the government, from this PR disaster, from the monstrous woman the President was slowly turning into. He bolted for the door, leaving Dakota to her grotesque, private agony.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*(Incoherent moans, sounds of straining and growth.)\* "Urgghh... bigger... more... Mmmph..."

DJ: \*(Sounds of frantic dressing and movement.)\*