



THE HUNGER VIRUS  
**MADAM**  
PRESIDENT



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# NOTICE

**THIS COMIC IS INTENDED FOR ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY AND CONTAINS MATURE THEMES, INCLUDING NUDITY AND STRONG LANGUAGE. IT FEATURES THEMES OF GROWTH, WEIGHT GAIN, EATING, BREAST EXPANSION, BUTT EXPANSION, BELLY EXPANSION, AND SOFT VORE. ALL CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS WORK ARE FICTIONAL 3D ADULTS, AND ANY PHYSICAL RESEMBLANCE TO REAL INDIVIDUALS, LIVING OR DECEASED, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.**

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**Narration:**

The wet tearing sound had barely faded when Dakota sagged back, her enormous form heaving. Her belly, still grotesquely distended, gurgled and churned with sickening, muffled sounds from within. A low, pained moan escaped her lips as she slapped at the taut skin of her abdomen, which responded with a deep, vibrating growl. A wave of intense heat washed over her, the first unmistakable sign of a new, agonizing growth surge beginning deep inside. Across the cabin, Lance was a statue of pure terror, pressed against the wall, eyes wide and fixed on the monstrous spectacle of the President, become a consuming giant who was now somehow growing larger still in the confined space.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** Nngggh... h-hurts... stop... \*A deep, guttural moan, punctuated by the sickening gurgle from her gut.\*

**DJ:** \*His voice a strangled whisper, choked with fear.\* M-madam President... what... what was that...? Oh god... \*He pressed himself harder against the wall, trembling uncontrollably.\*

**Dakota:** Mmmph... \*Another loud gurgle, followed by a soft burp that carried a faint, metallic tang.\* S-so... full... but... empty... Nnng!

**DJ:** \*He squeezed his eyes shut for a second, unable to process the sounds, the sight.\* Please... please stop...



**Narration:**

The agony sharpened as the transformation accelerated. Dakota's vast belly began to visibly recede, deflating, but the released mass redistributed with violent speed. Her thighs swelled rapidly into colossal columns. Her hips widened, pushing her ass outward into a straining mound. Her breasts began a fresh, aching surge, growing heavy. Her height increased noticeably, shoulders rising towards the low cabin ceiling. The air filled with sounds of stretching flesh, and Dakota's tormented, primal cries as the impossible growth consumed her frame.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: Hhhnnngg... t-tight... s-stretching... A-ahhh! My t-tits... god... \*A moan that ended in a sharp, pained gasp as her breasts swelled.\* F-feels... full... b-but... \*Another loud gurgle from her still active, though shrinking, belly.\*

DJ: \*He whimpered, covering his mouth with a trembling hand, tears welling in his eyes.\* It's... it's not stopping... What is happening...?

Dakota: Urrrp! \*A sudden, powerful burp, loud and echoing in the confined space\* N-needs... more... \*Her voice was thick, slurred by the physical changes.\*

DJ: \*Shaking his head, pressing closer to the wall.\* No... please... no more...



Dialog:

Dakota: Ahhh... m-m-my l-legs... so... b-big... \*A low, guttural moan, punctuated by a deep sigh.\* Feels... s-so... tight...

Dakota: O-oh god... m-my b-boobs... h-heavy... s-so h-heavy... \*A trembling breath, followed by a sound of discomfort that was almost a sob.\* Nnnnnngh...

DJ: \*He slid down the wall slightly, unable to stand any longer, his legs weak with fear.\* I... I have to... I have to get help...



Dialog:

Dakota: Nghhh... h-head... b-bumps... \*A low moan, followed by the soft scraping sound of her head on the ceiling.\* T-tight... so... so tight...

Dakota: Mmmph... c-cramped... \*A massive hiccup wracked her body, making her whole frame jolt and her head press harder against the ceiling.\* Ugh!

DJ: \*He scrambled back a few inches, desperate for space that didn't exist.\* This is impossible... impossible...



**Narration:**

The relentless growth persisted, forcing Dakota into a bent-knee stance as her head pressed firmly against the ceiling. Her spine compressed, her frame hunched, emphasizing her crushing scale. Shoulders spanned the cabin, arms thick as logs. Her breasts, impossibly large, swelled further, pressing against her chest, forcing ragged gasps. Their weight felt astronomical, aching downwards. Thighs strained, muscles bulging. Her ass was a breathtaking, horrifying monument of volume, filling the space behind her. Thick milk began to seep from her nipples.



Dialog:

Dakota: N-nnggh... \*Her voice was thick, pained, the words slurring as she swayed precariously.\*

Dakota: Uhh... I'm g-gonna pass o-out... \*A deep, guttural groan as her enormous mass began to tilt.\*

DJ: \*His breathing was ragged, a quiet desperate panting as he scrambled towards the door.\* Get out... get out...

DJ: \*A soft click as the door handle turned, followed by a muffled thud from behind him.\* Oh god...



**Narration:**

The door to the main meeting cabin was violently shoved inward, drawing all eyes to the figure stumbling into the room. Vice President Evelyn Hayes, Chief of Staff Robert Sterling, and National Security Advisor Mark Jenkins were huddled around the table, the unsettling events of the President's earlier dinner binge and her subsequent abrupt departure weighing heavily on them. They had been voicing their growing concern for Lance, who had followed her into her cabin some time ago and hadn't reappeared. Now, he stood before them, shirtless and in disarray, clad only in his underpants. His face was a mask of stark, ashen terror, his chest heaving with desperate, ragged breaths. Sweat plastered his hair to his forehead, and his eyes were wide, fixed on some unseen horror even as he stood in their presence.

**Dialog:**

**Evelyn:** Dwight! Good heavens! What happened?!

**Sterling:** Lance! Look at you! What's going on? What the hell happened in there after...?

**Jenkins:** You look like you just saw a ghost, Dwight! After she went back to the room, what...?

**DJ:** \*His voice was a strained whisper, fighting for air.\* Sh-she... you won't believe... oh god...

**Evelyn:** Dwight, take a deep breath! What happened?!



Dialog:

DJ: \*Gasping for air, the words spilling out in a torrent.\* She... she swallowed her whole! The stewardess! Just... took her in! I saw her vanish!

Evelyn: \*Her face paled further, eyes wide with horrified disbelief.\* Swallowed...? No. That's not possible. Not even after... after what we saw.

DJ: It happened! And then... and then she started changing again! Even bigger! Her stomach... it went down, but the rest... oh god...

Jenkins: \*His jaw dropped, the nervous humor gone, replaced by a look of stunned horror.\* Are you saying... she just... kept growing? After being that size at dinner? And she... she vored someone?

Sterling: My God... is this... is this related to her condition? That growth...?

DJ: I don't know! But she's collapsing in there! Her body can't take it! You **HAVE** to see! You have to believe me!

Jenkins: What are we going to do?

DJ: Come! Just come look! Please!



**Narration:**

Hesitantly, propelled by a terrifying curiosity and DJ's frantic urgency, Evelyn, Sterling, and Jenkins followed him down the narrow corridor towards the President's private cabin. The air grew heavy, the sounds of the aircraft fading as they approached the door that DJ had just escaped. He fumbled with the handle for a second before pulling it open, revealing the impossible scene within. The cabin was a wreck; furniture was overturned or crushed, and the space was utterly dominated by the sheer, overwhelming mass of President Dakota Redwood. She lay angled across the floor, her legs and lower body a mountain of flesh stretching towards the far wall, her upper body angled awkwardly as if she had indeed collapsed moments ago. She was even bigger than DJ had left her, filling the cabin from wall to wall, her sheer scale breathtaking and horrifying. Evelyn gasped, a choked sound of pure shock escaping her lips. Sterling and Jenkins simply froze in the doorway, their faces slack with stunned, speechless disbelief. The impossible size of her breasts, her thighs, her ass... it was a grotesque, undeniable reality that dwarfed their understanding.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: Oh... my... God...

Jenkins: *\*His voice was barely a whisper, eyes wide.\** This... this can't be real...

Sterling: *\*Speechless for a moment, then a low sound of disbelief.\** Unbelievable... utterly...

DJ: *\*Staring at her, a fresh wave of shock hitting him.\** She's... she's even bigger! Just in the last couple of minutes... how is she still...?



Dialog:

DJ: *\*His voice trembling.\** Do you think she's... she's still breathing? Is she alive?

Evelyn: *\*Stepping closer, her gaze fixed on Dakota's chest.\** Yes. Yes, she's breathing. Her chest is still rising and falling.

Sterling: And the... the growth? Has it stopped?

Evelyn: *\*Watching her carefully.\** It looks like it. For now.

Jenkins: So she's just... like this? Passed out?

Evelyn: It appears so. We need to assess the situation.

DJ: What... what are we going to do?



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Moving cautiously towards Dakota's head, navigating the impossible terrain of her body.\* Madam President? Can you hear me?

Evelyn: \*Reaching out a trembling hand, she gently made contact with the warm, soft flesh of Dakota's right breast, a bizarre mountain beneath her touch.\* Madam President? Are you awake?

Evelyn: \*Gently patting the side of the immense breast.\* Madam President? Dakota? We need you to wake up.

Dakota: \*A low, rumbling moan escaped her lips, a sound of deep physical discomfort, but her eyes remained closed.\* Mmmph...

Evelyn: Dakota, can you respond? It's Evelyn.

Dakota: \*Another soft moan, her brow furrowing slightly, but no words formed.\* Hnnnngg...



Dialog:

DJ: \*Looking panicked, glancing around the cramped cabin.\*  
Evelyn... the flight... we're gonna land in Canberra soon! What are we gonna do?! How do we even...?

Evelyn: \*Turning sharply to face the staff, her demeanor shifting from stunned to fiercely pragmatic.\* No one is leaving this plane when we land. The meeting with the Prime Minister is canceled. We refuel, and we fly back to the States immediately.

Evelyn: Jenkins. Sterling. You two work together. Come up with an excuse. A plausible national security crisis, a sudden diplomatic emergency, I don't care what it is, just make it convincing. We cannot let anyone off this aircraft until we figure out what the hell is happening.

Jenkins: \*He looked utterly lost, pale and shaking his head.\*  
But... but how? What do we tell them? This is... I don't even know where to start...

Evelyn: \*Her voice snapped, sharp and unforgiving.\* Figure it out, Mark! That's your fucking job! We are on a rapidly escalating crisis timeline here. We need an excuse to turn this plane around NOW. No discussion.

Evelyn: And the rest of you... \*she gestured towards the doorway\* Leave the cabin. Give me some space. And Dwight! \*She fixed Lance with a stern look.\* For fuck's sake, put some clothes on!



**Narration:**

With the cabin momentarily cleared, Evelyn turned back to the monumental figure of President Redwood. She carefully navigated the ruined cabin to perch on the edge of the surviving section of the bed, which lay partially beneath Dakota's immense torso. From this vantage point, she was face-to-face with the side of Dakota's head and the overwhelming presence of her body. Dakota's breasts, resting heavily against her chest, still leaked a thick, creamy milk, slow drops pooling on the floor. Evelyn reached out, her hand tentative, and gently brushed it against Dakota's cheek. She then delivered a series of soft, gentle slaps to her face, trying to rouse her.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: Dakota? Dakota, you need to wake up. This is Evelyn.

Evelyn: Come on, Madam President. This is an emergency. A serious one.

Evelyn: You're not well. You're... \*she gestured vaguely at the impossible scale of her body\* You are in no shape to meet the Australian Prime Minister.

Evelyn: We have to cancel the meeting. We have to fly back to Washington. Now. Before this turns into a complete and utter disaster.

Evelyn: Do you understand me, Dakota? Please. Just open your eyes. Respond.

Dakota: \*A low, vibrating hum resonated from deep within her chest, the sound carrying the weight of her massive form. Her eyes remained stubbornly closed.\* Hmmmmmmm....

Evelyn: We need you, Madam President. Please. Just wake up.

Dakota: \*Another low hum, a sound of deep, oblivious rest, punctuated by a soft gurgle from her still unsettling belly.\* Mmm-hmmm...



Dialog:

Dakota: \*A soft groan, then her eyes fluttered open slowly, blurry at first, focusing on Evelyn.\* ...Evelyn...?

Evelyn: \*Her face broke into a mixture of relief and disbelief.\* Oh my god! Madam President! You're awake! Are you... are you alright?

Dakota: \*Blinking slowly, a faint smile touching her lips.\* Mmm... Evelyn... yeah... feel... heavy...

Evelyn: We were so worried! What happened? One minute you were... and then Dwight came out...

Dakota: \*Her smile widened slightly.\* Dwight... yeah... silly boy...



Dialog:

Dakota: *\*Her eyes, still heavy with sleep, held a strange light.\*  
Come closer, Evelyn... lean in...*

Evelyn: *\*Hesitantly, she lowered her head closer to Dakota's lips, navigating the immense terrain of her face.\* Yes, Madam President? What is it?*

Dakota: *\*Her voice was a soft, low mumble, almost a purr\*  
The stewardess... the little brunette... she got too close... I...  
swallowed her whole...*

Evelyn: *\*Her breath hitched in her throat, her eyes widening in renewed horror, her face inches from Dakota's.\*  
S-swallowed...?*

Dakota: *\*Nodding slowly, the smile still on her face.\*  
Mmmhmm... little treat... gonna need you to... tidy that up,  
Ev... pull some strings... see if she has family... make sure no  
one comes looking... you can handle that... right?*

Evelyn: *\*Her voice was a trembling whisper, pale with terror.\*  
Yes... Madam President... I... I can handle it...*



Dialog:

Dakota: \*A low chuckle rumbled in her chest, a sound magnified by her size.\* Good girl. You look like you've seen a ghost, Ev. Loosen up.

Dakota: \*She shifted slightly, her massive body settling with a groan, the movement causing her immense breasts to shift\* It feels... so good... to be this big... so heavy... so... full...

Dakota: \*Her gaze lingered on Evelyn's face, a predatory gleam entering her eyes.\* Want a taste of it, Evelyn?

Evelyn: \*She recoiled slightly, her face a mask of shock and confusion. Words failed her completely. She simply stared, unable to comprehend the question or the terrifying implication.\*



**Narration:**

Before Evelyn could even formulate a response to the President's disturbing question, Dakota leaned forward slightly, a deliberate, focused movement. Her lips parted, not to speak, but to exhale. A fine mist, almost invisible in the cabin air, carrying the potent, evolved strain of the Hunger Virus, puffed out directly into Evelyn's face. Evelyn, caught off guard with her head leaned in close, inhaled the microscopic particles deep into her lungs and nasal passages. The effect was immediate and horrifying. Evelyn's eyes widened in sudden, panicked shock, her pupils shrinking to pinpricks before rolling back into her head. A choked, aborted sound escaped her lips, cut short as her body seized. She went rigid for a second. The virus, now capable of voluntary transmission at the host's will, had claimed its new vessel.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*Watching Evelyn's body crumple, a look of cruel satisfaction on her face.\* That's right... about time I had me a little partner in crime... welcome to the club, hon.



**Narration:**

A couple of hours had passed, the time stretching and distorting inside the Air Force One cabin while the world outside continued its oblivious spin. Down on the tarmac in Canberra, Australia, a small crowd of journalists and camera crews had gathered, cordoned off but buzzing with anticipation. They were waiting for the arrival of the President of the United States, for the optics of international diplomacy and handshakes. The weather mirrored the uncertain mood, a thick, grey fog clinging to the ground, muffling sounds and obscuring distant views. High, high above the swirling mist, a colossal, barely perceptible form was visible against the bruised sky – the faint, distant outline of Megan Donovan, Earth's self-appointed guardian, orbiting in serene ignorance of the microscopic terror that had just mutated and spread on the very planet she protected.

**LIVE**  
**BREAKING NEWS**



Dialog:

New Reporter: \*Smiling brightly, gesturing towards the plane.\* And we are live here at Fairbairn Air Force Base in Canberra, where Air Force One has just touched down, bringing President Dakota Redwood for this crucial bilateral meeting with Prime Minister Bellingham. Despite a slight delay and this rather persistent fog, spirits remain high as we await the President's disembarkment. This meeting is vital for reinforcing trade ties and strategic partnerships between the United States and Australia, and analysts will be watching closely for any signs of progress on key economic agreements. We expect the President to emerge any moment now to a waiting delegation and the traditional fanfare. Stay tuned for live updates right here as the President steps onto Australian soil.



**Narration:**

The main door of Air Force One hissed open, but it wasn't the President who emerged. Instead, Chief of Staff Robert Sterling stepped out, looking noticeably strained, his usual crisp demeanor slightly ruffled. The waiting journalists immediately surged forward, microphones thrust out, cameras rolling, a wave of questions erupting. Secret Service agents, positioned along the red carpet, moved swiftly and firmly to intercept them, creating a human barrier to keep the press pool contained. Sterling bypassed the waiting Australian delegation and walked directly towards a seasoned United States Secret Service member standing closer to the plane, his expression tight with urgency.

**Dialog:**

**Sterling:** Agent, the meeting is canceled. Effective immediately.

**Secret Service Agent:** Canceled, sir? Understood. Any... details?

**Sterling:** No time. Just... crisis. We need to refuel and get airborne again as soon as physically possible. My priority is clearing the lane. Make sure the press understands this is over. We need a clear path out once we're ready to go. Safety perimeter is paramount while we refuel. Clear?

**Secret Service Agent:** Clear, sir. I'll handle the press. Refueling is already in progress.



Dialog:

Secret Service Agent: \*Stepping forward towards the edge of the press cordon, his voice cutting through the murmuring crowd, amplified by trained projection.\* Attention! Attention, everyone!

Secret Service Agent: Could I have your attention please!

Secret Service Agent: Thank you. Please listen closely. Due to unforeseen circumstances, the planned meeting with Prime Minister Bellingham has been rescheduled. President Redwood will not be disembarking at this time.

Secret Service Agent: We require the immediate cooperation of all press and personnel on the tarmac. For your safety, and to facilitate essential operations, you are required to clear the lane and return to the designated media area immediately.

Secret Service Agent: Please cooperate with the other agents. Clear the lane now. Thank you for your understanding and cooperation. The meeting is rescheduled. Further details will be provided later. Please clear the lane.



Dialog:

Sterling: \*Returning to where Lance and Jenkins waited, running a hand through his hair.\* Well, that's... that's beyond fucked up.

Sterling: The tarmac is crawling with press, guys. You can bet your ass the headlines back home are gonna be screaming questions about this cancelled meeting, about why the President didn't even show her face.

Jenkins: Yeah, and it's not like she's been doing a ton of pressers with the US pool lately either. People are gonna start wondering. This looks really, really suspicious.

Lance: \*Still looking shaken, though no longer in just his underpants.\* What the fuck are we even supposed to do? Put out a press release? "The President of the United States has contracted the fucking hunger virus"?

Sterling: \*Ignoring the dark humor, pacing slightly in the confined space.\* What about that NASA project? The one trying to make contact with... with Agent Donovan? High-frequency pulses or whatever the hell it was? Could she... could she help us? Figure out what this is? She's dealt with the virus before, right? On a massive scale?

Jenkins: Donovan? You think she can help with... this?

Sterling: I don't know! It's the only link we have! She's supposed to be some kind of expert on this virus...

Lance: \*Starts to speak, a question forming on his lips.\* But how would we even...?



**Narration:**

Lance's question was cut short as the cabin door opened and Evelyn Hayes stepped back inside. She looked the same, her suit still immaculate, her expression composed, but there was something... different about her. A subtle shift in her posture, a new intensity in her eyes, an almost unnerving stillness that hadn't been there before. The frantic energy of the room seemed to recoil slightly in her presence, though Sterling and Jenkins, caught up in their panicked strategizing, didn't seem to consciously notice the change.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: Is it handled? The external situation?

Sterling: *\*Turning to her, relief warring with stress.\** Yes, Evelyn. Agent Miller is clearing the press, we're refueling now. We'll be airborne again shortly. I was just telling Lance... this is going to raise some serious questions back home... headlines... speculation...

Evelyn: *\*She cut him off smoothly, her voice calm but absolute.\** I know. We'll deal with it as it comes.

Sterling: But we need a plan... a cover story for...

Evelyn: *\*Her gaze was steady, unwavering.\** We will. Later.



**Dialog:**

**Evelyn:** Jenkins. I need you to run a full background check on the flight attendant. Anything and everything. And craft a story for her disappearance. Something... plausible. Transfer, family emergency, whatever works.

**Jenkins:** A background check? And a story? You mean... we're covering this up? Her being... gone?

**Lance:** \*Stepping forward, his voice laced with disbelief.\* We're just... covering up the disappearance of a United States citizen? Straight up? After what I saw...?

**Evelyn:** \*Her eyes snapped to Lance, sharp and cold.\* Are you seriously reevaluating your morals right now, Secretary Lance? After everything?

This is no longer about what you saw or what you think is morally convenient. This is a national emergency. A global crisis in the making.

When the President is incapacitated, I am the one in charge. And let me be crystal clear: All of you will do exactly as I say. No arguments. No hesitation. Clear?

**Sterling:** Crystal, Evelyn.

**Jenkins:** Yes, Madam Vice President.

**Lance:** \*He swallowed hard, looking from Evelyn to Sterling and Jenkins, the fight draining out of him.\* Clear, Evelyn.



**Narration:**

One week had passed since the Air Force One incident over the Pacific. The return journey to Washington had been a clandestine affair, the plane landing at Joint Base Andrews under cover of darkness and tight security. President Dakota Redwood, too large to use conventional transport, had been discreetly moved into the city via a heavy-duty truck, escorted by a formidable convoy of Secret Service vehicles. Back at the White House, an unprecedented lockdown was in effect. The North and South Lawns were heavily guarded, and journalists, normally a constant fixture around the perimeter, were kept miles away, the official explanation being heightened security measures. Inside the Executive Mansion, a bizarre new normal had settled in, a surreal quietness overlaying the hidden chaos.



**Narration:**

Remarkably, it had taken President Redwood little more than a single day to recover from the agonizing transformation she had undergone. Her immense body seemed to rapidly stabilize, the initial pain and disorientation replaced by a strange, perhaps terrifying, sense of power and comfort in her new scale. Tailors and designers had worked around the clock under extreme secrecy to fashion her a new wardrobe, clothes befitting a woman now standing a bit over thirteen feet tall and weighing in excess of twenty-five hundred pounds. Her shoes, custom-made from reinforced materials, were indeed larger than those worn by Robert Wadlow, the tallest man on record. Now, she was back in the White House, navigating the custom-reinforced rooms, while DJ Lance sat before her, reading aloud from a stack of newspapers. The headlines screamed questions about her sudden disappearance, speculated wildly about her health, and noted the abrupt deterioration of US-Australian relations following the canceled meeting and rapid departure.

**Dialog:**

DJ: \*Reading from the newspaper\* "...President Redwood's unprecedented disappearance from the public eye has fueled intense speculation across the political spectrum. Critics question her fitness to serve, while allies offer vague reassurances regarding her health and security. The White House remains tight-lipped, adding to the growing unease..."

DJ: \*Flipping a page, continuing to read.\* "...Diplomatic fallout continues from the abrupt cancellation of the Canberra summit. Prime Minister Bellingham's office expressed 'surprise and disappointment' at the President's sudden departure, leading analysts to suggest a significant strain on US-Australia relations..."

DJ: \*He lowered the paper slightly, looking up at the immense figure of the President.\* Madam President, the press is relentless. They're not buying the security excuse.



Dialog:

DJ: *\*Reading again.\** "...Whispers persist regarding the President's health, with some sources suggesting a mysterious illness may be the cause of her seclusion..."

Dakota: *\*Her voice rumbled from high above him, cutting him off mid-sentence. She wasn't looking at the newspaper or at him, her gaze fixed across the room on a large portrait of Franklin D. Roosevelt.\** He had such presence, didn't he? Even in a chair. Just... gravitas.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Still gazing at the portrait, ignoring the news DJ had been relaying.\* I need something like that. A proper painting. Something that captures... this. My new... scale.

Dakota: Maybe before the end of the month. Find an artist who knows how to handle... proportion. And while we're at it, this Oval Office decor is starting to feel... cramped. Needs an update. Something that suits a President of my... stature.

DJ: \*He stared up at her, momentarily speechless. All the swirling political crisis, the global fallout he was relaying, dismissed without a second thought for interior decorating and presidential portraits.\* A painting... Madam President? And... redecorating?

Dakota: \*Turning her massive head to look down at him, a faint, dismissive smile on her face.\* Yes, Dwight. Pay attention. Get the ball rolling. I want this place to feel like it belongs to me. Truly belongs. Make it happen.

DJ: \*Swallowing hard, forcing himself to nod and meet her gaze with practiced subservience.\* Yes, Madam President. I'll make some calls, later. A painting. And redecorating the Oval Office.



Dialog:

DJ: \*Trying again, holding up the newspaper.\* ...So, Madam President, about the Australian Prime Minister? PM Bellingham? With the canceled meeting and the headlines... what should we do about...?

Dakota: \*Holding up a massive finger, cutting him off smoothly.\* He's calling me.

DJ: \*Confused.\* Calling you? Who?

Dakota: Bellingham. The Prime Minister. He's calling me right about... \*she glances at the clock\* ...now, actually.

DJ: \*His eyes widen in panic.\* Now?! Madam President, what are you going to tell him?!

Dakota: Don't worry your pretty little head about it, Dwight. I'll tell him exactly what he needs to hear. Put him in his place.

DJ: But... he'll know something's...?

Dakota: He'll know exactly who he's dealing with. Now, be quiet. The phone's ringing.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*With surprising grace for her size, she settles into the massive custom chair, the dark blue fabric of her tight dress straining over the monumental curve of her ass. It groans slightly under her weight.\*

Dakota: \*She pulls out a standard-sized smartphone, looking comically small in her giant hand.\*

DJ: Your... your personal phone, Madam President?

Dakota: \*Eyes fixed on the screen, a smirk playing on her lips.\* Mhmm. He's calling me from his personal number. What we're gonna discuss... is personal.

Dakota: \*She swipes to answer, holding the tiny device up to her ear.\* Hello, Prime Minister Bellingham! I wanted to personally convey my regrets regarding the... necessary adjustments to our schedule in Canberra. Some rather pressing security matters here demanded my immediate attention. Unforeseen, as these things often are.

PM Bellingham: \*His voice coming through the receiver, diplomatically formal but carrying a definite edge of annoyance.\* Madam President, while we appreciate the communication, the abrupt cancellation and departure caused considerable disruption here. Frankly, it was... unexpected, given the importance of this bilateral summit.

Dakota: Unexpected? Perhaps. But national security doesn't punch a clock, Geoffrey. \*Using his first name, a deliberate choice.\* The issues at hand were paramount. Look, I understand your inconvenience, truly. I do appreciate you and your delegation making the trip.



Dialog:

PM Bellingham: It is a significant undertaking, Madam President. One we prepared for extensively. The lack of a substantive meeting has naturally raised questions.

Dakota: Questions are healthy. Keeps people on their toes. But here's the thing, Geoffrey. Given the ongoing security concerns that require my presence Stateside, and frankly, the sheer logistics of my recent movements... flying back to Australia immediately just isn't feasible.

PM Bellingham: Logistical concerns? May I ask what you mean?

Dakota: \*A brief, almost imperceptible pause, her tone hardening slightly beneath the charm.\* Just that getting around can be... complex right now. But that shouldn't prevent our crucial discussions. So, I'd like to extend an official invitation. To the White House. Come to Washington. We can hold the summit right here, in the Oval Office. As soon as you can arrange it.

PM Bellingham: An official visit? To Washington? On such short notice? That presents... significant logistical challenges on our end as well, Madam President.

Dakota: Challenges are opportunities, Prime Minister. I'm sure your team is more than capable. Consider it... an urgent request. One that underscores the critical nature of our partnership. It will be far more productive here, where I can give it my full, undivided attention.

PM Bellingham: \*A longer pause this time, the annoyance battling with resignation.\* Madam President... I hear your request. I will consult with my cabinet and staff immediately regarding the feasibility of an expedited visit. We will be in touch shortly.

Dakota: Good. That's what I like to hear. Prompt action. I'll look forward to hosting you. It's vital we connect face-to-face. Soon.

Dakota: See you soon, Geoffrey. \*She hangs up the phone, a look of satisfaction on her face.\*



Dialog:

DJ: \*Leaning forward on the desk, hands gripping the edge.\*  
So, Madam President? What did he say? How did he sound?  
Is it...?

Dakota: \*Casually gesturing with her massive hand.\* It's settled. PM Bellingham will be on a plane to the US within the next few hours.

DJ: \*His eyes widened slightly in surprise.\* In just a few hours? Wow. Okay. But... Madam President, the media? The journalists are going to want to show up. This is huge news, him coming here so suddenly after Canberra. They'll want to film his arrival, the meeting...

Dakota: \*A slow smile spread across her face, utterly devoid of warmth.\* I'm the President of this country, Dwight. I decide who documents a meeting held in my office. For this one? No one's allowed.

DJ: No one? But... Madam President, the press is going to flip out! They'll scream freedom of speech, transparency... this is going to look incredibly suspicious, barring them entirely...



**Narration:**

Before Lance could even finish his worried objections, Dakota's massive leg lifted smoothly from beneath the custom-built desk. She had apparently shed her heels, a giant foot now revealed, large enough to crush him flat. With deliberate slowness, she brought her enormous, bare foot closer to where Lance stood, her soles faintly glistening with sweat from the sheer heat radiating off her immense body. The big toe came to rest gently but firmly against his lips, a silent, utterly dominant gesture. She leaned back in the oversized chair, an imperious look on her face, drunk on the sheer power her size afforded her.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*Her voice was low, dangerous, the toe pressing slightly into his skin.\* Shh. I'm done listening to your anxieties, Secretary.

**Dakota:** You will ensure this happens. Bellingham arrives, Secret Service seizes any and all recording or transmitting devices on his person and his staff's. They are escorted directly here, to the Oval Office. No detours. No access. No media.

**Dakota:** This meeting is private. Unrecorded. Between heads of state. And you? You will make damn sure the perimeter is secure, that no cameras, no microphones, no reporters get within a mile of that arrival.

**Dakota:** Are we clear, Dwight? Because if you can't handle this simple task... well, I'm sure I can find someone who is eager to step up. Someone who understands that my word is LAW.

**DJ:** \*Frozen, the immense toe pressing against his forehead, his voice barely a whisper.\* Yes, Madam President. Crystal clear. It... it will be handled.



**Narration:**

Meanwhile, across town at the Vice President's official residence at Number One Observatory Circle, Evelyn Hayes had been living her own private nightmare. Granted a few days 'break' by President Redwood following the incident on Air Force One – a break requested by Evelyn under the guise of not feeling well – she had been holed up for roughly four days now. Four days spent in a relentless, agonizing cycle of consumption. Since being infected by Dakota's deliberately exhaled spores, Evelyn had been consumed by the virus's core symptom: the insatiable, all-consuming hunger. She was scheduled to return to work tomorrow, just in time for Prime Minister Bellingham's visit, a return that would reveal the horrifying toll the past week had taken.



**Narration:**

The situation had gone from dire to catastrophically worse. It wasn't just the President; the Vice President was now also a host, completely consumed by the virus-driven hunger. Evelyn's life had become a non-stop cycle of eating. She woke up driven by a gnawing, desperate need to feed, spent her waking hours gorging herself on everything within reach, and only found a brief, uneasy respite in sleep before waking to the hunger once more. But unlike Dakota, who seemed to revel in her size and the power it brought, Evelyn was terrified. Her mind raced constantly, filled with a horrifying understanding of what this meant, how bad it was going to get, how much of herself she was losing. She clutched at her churning, aching tummy, distended and painful from the constant influx of food, staring down at her body with a mixture of fear and self-loathing, watching herself become a grotesque mess.

**Dialog:**

**Evelyn:** \*Her voice was trembling, almost a sob.\* Oh god... the hunger... it never stops... I can't make it stop...

**Evelyn:** \*Looking down at her bloated stomach\* What am I doing...? Look at me... I'm becoming... becoming a monster... just like her...

**Evelyn:** How bad will it get...? Am I going to... to just keep growing? Until I can't move? Can't think?

**Evelyn:** \*Clutching her aching abdomen.\* It hurts... so much... but I can't stop eating... I can't...

**Evelyn:** \*Whispering to herself, a desperate plea.\* Make it stop... please... someone... make it stop...



**Narration:**

Over the course of just four days confined to the Vice President's residence, driven by the insatiable hunger delivered by the President's spores, Evelyn Hayes had gained an alarming, impossible amount of weight. The numbers on the scale, if she dared to look, would have been astronomical. And in Evelyn's case, unlike the relatively more uniform initial expansion Dakota experienced, the virus seemed to have a specific destination in mind for the vast majority of the incoming mass. It mostly went to...



**Narration:**

...her legs. Her thighs had ballooned to a shocking size, pressing together with uncomfortable heat, the smooth skin of a week ago now puckered with deep, undeniable cellulite spreading across them and the rapidly expanding curve of her butt. Her hips had widened dramatically, giving her a new, heavy sway when she attempted to move. Stretch marks, angry white lines like claw marks, had appeared almost overnight, mapping the terrifying speed of her expansion across her hips, lower belly, and the backs of her thighs. It was as if the virus had specifically chosen her lower body, particularly her legs and ass, to become a primary storage unit for the relentless intake of fat and tissue.



**Narration:**

Struggling to push herself up off the floor of her bedroom, Evelyn found herself stuck on her hands and knees, her arms trembling with the effort required to support her rapidly increasing weight. A sharp, aching pain shot through her lower back, a constant reminder of the immense, heavy mass of her ass pulling downwards. She reached a hand back, trying to rub the spot, but the sheer volume of her backside made it awkward, the gesture providing no real relief. Her butt, a truly immense mound under the thin fabric of the leopard print lingerie she had been re-wearing for days – too exhausted and lazy to bother with real clothes – looked impossibly large, a mountain of flesh in the center of the room.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*Groaning, rubbing her back.\* God, my back... it feels like it's going to snap... This weight...

Evelyn: \*Panting from the effort of trying to rise.\* Why is it so heavy...? Just trying to get up...



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Staring down at her legs, at the monstrous size of her thighs and butt.\* Look at them... they're huge... how did they get this big so fast...?

Evelyn: \*A bitter, self-pitying laugh escaped her lips.\* That new dress... the custom one they just sent... probably won't even fit now. I swear to God, I feel like I got bigger just this morning...

Evelyn: This is... this is a nightmare...



**Narration:**

The next day, Vice President Evelyn Hayes returned to the White House. She was wearing the custom-made dress mentioned earlier, a severe, tailored political statement that now screamed in silent protest. The fabric strained taut across her dramatically widened hips and ballooning ass, pulled drum-tight, every seam groaning under the immense pressure. She walked with a new, heavy gait, her thighs rubbing together with each step. Finding her way to the Oval Office, she located President Redwood, who sat comfortably in her immense chair, sipping from a cup large enough to be a small bucket, presumably filled with whiskey. The usual fear Evelyn felt in Dakota's presence was tempered now by a raw, burning anger forged in the isolation of her own terrifying transformation.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*Looking down, a lazy smile on her face.\* Well, look who it is. Evelyn. How was your little break? Feeling better?

Evelyn: \*Her voice was tight, strained with fury. She walked directly to the massive desk and slammed her hand down on it, the sound echoing in the large office.\* You. You did this to me!

Dakota: \*Raising a massive eyebrow, unfazed, taking a slow sip of her drink.\* Did what? Gave you a few days off? You said you weren't feeling well, darling. Just being accommodating.

Evelyn: \*Gesturing wildly at her own straining body.\* This! The hunger! The... the size! The pain! You infected me! On that plane!

Dakota: \*Leaning back, a cruel, amused glint in her eye.\* Oh, that. You're welcome, by the way. I thought the weight looks good on you, Ev. Suits you. Although... \*she eyed the straining dress.\* I'm not entirely sure that dress is going to hold up well enough for today's meeting with the Prime Minister. Might want to be careful when you sit.



Dialog:

Evelyn: *\*Her face contorted with rage and despair.\** How can you be so casual about this?! My life is ruined! Look at us! Both of us! How are we supposed to run a government like this?! My legs are fucking huge! The world is going to wonder what in God's name is happening to the President... and her Vice President!

Dakota: Calm down, Evelyn. Deep breaths. We manage. That's what we do. Besides, I'm sure Dwight has the media perfectly under control. He's very... diligent.

Evelyn: *\*She let out a short, harsh laugh, utterly humorless.\** Dwight? Seriously? You think Lance has this under control? That schmuck?

Dakota: *\*Her voice dropped slightly, the amusement fading, a dangerous edge returning.\** Watch your tone, Evelyn. And remember who you are speaking to.

Evelyn: *\*She sighed, the fight draining out of her for a second, her shoulders slumping.\** Right. Of course. Madam President.

Evelyn: *\*Collecting herself, forcing a change of subject.\** The Prime Minister. Bellingham. He'll be here soon. What's the plan? What exactly are we telling him?

Dakota: We're telling him exactly what I want him to hear, Evelyn. Nothing more, nothing less. And you're going to help me make sure he believes it.



Dialog:

DJ: *\*Entering the Oval Office\** Good morning, Madam President. Evelyn.

Dakota: *\*From her massive chair, a dry, sarcastic tone in her voice.\** Ah, there he is. My favorite secretary. All prim and proper now?

DJ: *\*Ignoring the jab, standing straighter.\** Yes, Madam President. The protocol is in place. Perimeters secured. No media anywhere near the premises. Agent Miller and his team have ensured complete isolation.

DJ: Prime Minister Bellingham and his delegation should be arriving here, at the White House, in around an hour.

Dakota: Excellent. Punctual. I like that.



**Narration:**

As soon as DJ walked in, Evelyn, who had been leaning heavily on the edge of the massive desk, straightened up quickly, her eyes flicking towards the door, momentarily thinking it was the Prime Minister making an early arrival. The movement, quick and forceful given her increased mass, put immediate strain on the already stretched fabric of her custom-made dress. With a sudden, sharp rip, the material gave way along a seam down the back of her skirt, splitting open partially to reveal the straining curves of her immense thighs and ass underneath. DJ, having finished his report, turned to face Evelyn properly for the first time since their horrifying encounter on the plane. His eyes widened to saucers. He simply stared, utterly speechless, taking in her shocking new 'thickness' – the monumental thighs, the vast hips, the sheer, undeniable scale of her lower body contained, barely, by the ruined dress. He didn't mutter a single word, just stood frozen, staring. Evelyn, still unaware of the tear in her dress and oblivious to the depth of DJ's stunned reaction, gave him a cool, impatient look.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: Good morning, Dwight.



**Dialog:**

**Evelyn:** \*Stepping away from the desk, moving towards the still-staring DJ, her voice sharp with annoyance.\* What? Are you planning on staring at my ass like that all day, Dwight? Wipe that look off your face.

**Evelyn:** Yes, I look bigger. Yes, I might also have contracted it. Now is NOT the time to discuss any of this.

**Evelyn:** So how about you pull yourself together, wipe that idiotic look off your face, and go put on a blazer and a tie? We have a leader of a foreign country arriving for fuck's sake.

**Dakota:** \*From the back, taking a long sip of her whiskey, a playful chuckle in her voice.\* She's right, Dwight. Pull it together.

**Dakota:** \*Turning her gaze to Evelyn, still chuckling.\* Although, Evelyn darling, it looks like you also need to... change dresses. Told you to be careful when sitting and standing. Hope you have a spare.

**Evelyn:** \*She sighed, running a hand over her face, feeling the split in her dress for the first time.\* Oh, for crying out loud. I can't believe this.

**Evelyn:** Fine. I'll go change. \*Looking at DJ.\* You get dressed. We'll meet back here in forty-five minutes. Don't be late.



#### Narration:

Just under an hour later, the official vehicle carrying Prime Minister Geoffrey Bellingham and his accompanying secretary pulled up to the West Wing entrance of the White House. As PM Bellingham stepped out of the limo, he immediately noticed the conspicuous absence of the usual media scrum, a detail that struck him as highly unusual for a Presidential visit. His sense of unease only grew upon entering the building. Almost immediately, he and his secretary were directed to a discreet security point manned by stern-faced Secret Service agents. Here, they were subjected to an incredibly thorough scan, and all personal and electronic devices – phones, watches, even what appeared to be a small digital voice recorder – were confiscated. The process was handled with chilling efficiency and a complete lack of explanation, a stark departure from standard diplomatic protocol.

#### Dialog:

PM Bellingham: \*To his secretary, his voice low but sharp, carrying a distinct Aussie inflection.\* Well, this is bloody rich, isn't it? No press, and then treated like common criminals at the door.

PM Bellingham: Confiscating our devices? What the hell is going on here? This is incredibly disrespectful. You'd think they'd show a bit more bloody courtesy to the leader of a bloody ally country, especially after rescheduling the meeting.

PM's Secretary: \*Voice hushed.\* It seems they're taking security very seriously today, Prime Minister. Highly unusual, indeed.

PM Bellingham: Unusual is putting it mildly, mate. First the sudden cancellation, then this circus act. Something is definitely not right here. Not right at all.



**Narration:**

As Prime Minister Bellingham and his secretary were led down a hallway towards the Oval Office, they were stopped again. Two more Secret Service agents, imposing figures in sharp suits, blocked their path. What struck the secretary as particularly odd, almost silly, was that both agents were wearing black sunglasses indoors. He couldn't know that these were no ordinary sunglasses; equipped with advanced scanners, they were designed to ensure, one last time and with absolute certainty, that neither the Prime Minister nor his sole accompanying staff member had managed to retain any unauthorized electronic devices, listening bugs, or transmitting equipment that could broadcast details of the upcoming meeting to the outside world. The taller, more muscular of the two agents extended a hand, palm facing outwards, a silent but firm command to halt. The other agent, reaching up to touch the earpiece he wore, spoke softly into a comms unit near his mouth.

**Dialog:**

Secret Service Agent 2: *\*speaking to lance via the earpiece\**  
Sir, they're here. Bellingham and another. Confirming President's ready for reception.



Dialog:

Secret Service Agent 2: \*The agent with the earpiece listens for a moment, a flicker of something unreadable crossing his face before returning to professional impassivity.\* Understood. Only the Prime Minister.

Secret Service Agent 2: \*Turning to his colleague.\* Just him.

Secret Service Agent 1: \*The first agent, the taller one, addresses the secretary, his voice flat and devoid of warmth.\* Sir, I'm gonna need you to step aside please. The Prime Minister will be going in alone.

PM Bellingham: \*Stepping forward slightly, annoyance hardening into open challenge.\* Alone? What are you talking about? My secretary accompanies me to all official meetings! This is absolutely unacceptable! We've already been through extensive security!

Secret Service Agent 2: \*The second agent speaks, his tone equally firm.\* Protocol dictates the Prime Minister enters alone at this time, sir. Your secretary will be escorted to a waiting area.

PM Bellingham: Protocol? There was no mention of this! This is highly irregular!

Secret Service Agent 1: \*Unmoved, gesturing subtly but definitively.\* Please step aside, sir.



Dialog:

Secret Service Agent 2: \*Gesturing for the Prime Minister to proceed.\* This way, Prime Minister.

PM Bellingham: \*Taking a deep breath, his jaw tight, he walks forward. As he does, he turns his head back to speak to his secretary, who remains standing rigidly with the agents.\* Stay calm, David. Just wait here. I've got this.

PM's Secretary: \*Quietly.\* Yes, Prime Minister. Be careful.

Secret Service Agent 2: \*Walking a few steps behind the Prime Minister, speaking into his comms again, confirming the strict instruction has been followed.\* It's only him, sir. Just the Prime Minister proceeding to the office.



**Narration:**

Prime Minister Geoffrey Bellingham stepped across the threshold into the Oval Office, leaving his secretary and the unnervingly stoic Secret Service agents behind. The door clicked shut softly behind him. He was immediately greeted by Secretary of State DJ Lance, who approached with a seemingly confident stride. Lance extended his hand for a handshake, a wide, perhaps overly enthusiastic smile plastered across his face. His demeanor was one of practiced ease, though a flicker of tension played around his eyes. He gripped the Prime Minister's hand firmly.

**Dialog:**

DJ: Prime Minister Bellingham! Welcome to the Oval Office. It's a pleasure to finally have you here.

DJ: *\*Shaking his hand, still smiling apologetically.\** Please forgive the... extensive security measures on your arrival. We truly can't be too careful these days, you understand. Taking every precaution.

PM Bellingham: *\*Offering a tight smile in return, his grip firm.\** Secretary Lance. Thank you for the... indeed extensive welcome. Quite the reception. It certainly leaves an impression. *\*His tone was diplomatic, but the underlying accusation and displeasure were unmistakable.\** Not quite the usual Canberra welcome, I must say.



Dialog:

DJ: Welcome to the Oval Office, Prime Minister. Please.

PM Bellingham: \*Looking around, feigning composure.\*  
Thank you, Secretary Lance. Remarkable room. The  
architecture is quite striking.

DJ: It's an honor to have you here.



**Narration:**

Secretary Lance, with a forced smile and perhaps a silent prayer, moved respectfully aside, gesturing further into the hallowed space of the Oval Office. Prime Minister Geoffrey Bellingham's eyes followed the gesture, and his breath hitched, lodging painfully in his throat. There, across the vast expanse of the rug, stood the President of the United States. But this was not the President he had met before. This was a titan. Her back was to him, a colossal, impossibly broad expanse of dark blue fabric stretched over a form that defied all laws of nature. She towered towards the high ceiling, a living monument to sheer, unadulterated size. Bellingham stopped dead in his tracks, his face draining of color. The carefully constructed mask of diplomatic annoyance shattered, replaced by stark, visceral shock. The bizarre security, the canceled meeting, everything clicked into a horrifying, unbelievable picture.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*Her voice a deep, resonant rumble that seemed to fill the room, though her back remained turned.\* Ah, Prime Minister Bellingham. Welcome.



**Narration:**

Bellingham struggled to regain his composure, his mind reeling from the impossible sight. He swallowed hard, the sound loud in his own ears, trying to dislodge the lump of pure terror lodged in his throat. His diplomatic training kicked in, forcing a semblance of normality onto the chaos in his brain. He couldn't comment on her size, couldn't scream or run, he could only respond. As he managed a choked pleasantry, the colossal figure across the room began to move. Slowly, deliberately, President Dakota Redwood turned to face him. The sheer volume of her front was revealed – the impossible width of her shoulders, the massive, straining breasts under the dark blue dress, the chilling height of her head as it nearly brushed the ceiling.

**Dialog:**

PM Bellingham: *\*His voice tight, strained, barely audible.\**  
Madam President. No... no, the flight was... adequate. Thank you. A... a pleasure to be here.



**Narration:**

President Redwood began to walk towards him, each heavy step making the reinforced floor groan faintly beneath her unimaginable weight. She moved with a strange, unsettling grace for her size, a mountain advancing. As she drew closer, Bellingham was forced to crane his neck back further and further, the sense of scale becoming terrifyingly intimate.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*Looking down at him, her expression unreadable from his perspective.\* We have some very important things to discuss, Prime Minister. Things that necessitated my... recent adjustments. Please... have a seat. \*She gestured with a massive hand towards the custom-made seating area near the desk, the simple invitation delivered with the weight of undeniable power.\*

PM Bellingham: \*He could only stare up at her, paralyzed by the sheer terror and magnitude of her presence. Words were impossible. He could only nod, a small, shaky movement of his head, acknowledging her command.\*



**Narration:**

Visibly shaken but compliant, Prime Minister Bellingham navigated the short distance to the seating area and carefully lowered himself onto one of the large couches. Facing him, on the opposite couch, sat DJ Lance, and next to him, filling the cushions with her own significant bulk, was Vice President Evelyn Hayes. The Prime Minister's eyes widened further, though he managed to stifle any sound this time. Evelyn was considerably larger than the last time he'd seen her, back in Canberra. Her thighs, encased in the straining fabric of her dress, looked impossibly thick – easily as fat as both of DJ's legs combined, perhaps more so. She sat with a peculiar, careful stiffness, clearly trying to minimize movement and avoid putting too much stress on her already stretched clothing. DJ, sensing the moment, offered a nervous smile.

**Dialog:**

DJ: Prime Minister, allow me to introduce the Vice President of the United States, Evelyn Hayes.

Evelyn: \*She offered the Prime Minister a smile. It was polite, professional, but stretched too thin, her eyes holding a unnerving intensity that made it feel more like a threat than a greeting.\* Prime Minister Bellingham. A pleasure to meet you.

PM Bellingham: \*He nodded, his gaze lingering for a second too long on her immense thighs before snapping back up to her face. His voice was tight.\* Vice President Hayes. The pleasure is... mine.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Her voice boomed from above, interrupting the exchange.\* Scoot over a bit, Prime Minister. Make some room. \*She began to rise, her enormous form unfolding, preparing to join them on the couch.\*

PM Bellingham: \*He scrambled instinctively, fearfully shifting over to make space on the already large couch.\* Of course, Madam President.

Dakota: \*As she settled onto the couch next to him, the cushions groaning under her weight, the dark blue dress pulled drum-tight over her gigantic ass.\* There we go. Much better. Comfortable?

PM Bellingham: Yes, Madam President. Thank you.

Dakota: Good. Can I get you a drink, Geoffrey? Whiskey? Bourbon? Something stronger?

PM Bellingham: Oh, no, thank you, Madam President. Not while on official duty. My wife would never forgive me. \*He attempted a weak, nervous chuckle.\*

Dakota: \*A low rumble of laughter vibrated through the couch. She gave his shoulder a playful, bone-jarring nudge with her massive elbow.\* Ah, a man who listens to his wife. Smart. Can't say I have that problem myself.



#### Narration:

The brief, awkward attempts at conventional pleasantries ended as Dakota settled onto the couch, her immense size immediately dominating the seating area. The real conversation, the one dictated by power and intimidation, began. With a casualness that was utterly horrifying, Dakota reached out a massive hand and wrapped it around the back of Prime Minister Bellingham's neck. Her giant fingers easily spanned his throat, her palm covering almost his entire head, a physical assertion of dominance that made him visibly flinch. Across from them, Evelyn Hayes stood up from the opposing couch. Towering over the seated Prime Minister, she held up three fingers, her expression cool and authoritative, utterly contrasting with the sheer, unsettling mass of her lower body straining against her dress.

#### Dialog:

Evelyn: Prime Minister, the framework for our renewed alliance, as discussed with the President, rests on three non-negotiable pillars.

Evelyn: *\*Her voice was clear and firm.\** Pillar one: Absolute, unwavering alignment of Australian foreign policy with United States interests. Full stop. No deviation, no independent ventures that contradict our objectives.

Evelyn: Pillar two: Complete economic cooperation, prioritizing US trade demands and investment opportunities above all others. Our markets are your markets, Prime Minister. And ours come first.

Evelyn: *\*She lowered her hand slightly, her gaze intense.\** And pillar three, Prime Minister... is your unqualified respect for pillars one and two.

PM Bellingham: *\*His voice was choked, strained, nodding quickly while under Dakota's grasp.\** Yes... yes, Vice President Hayes. I... I understand.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Her fingers still gently squeezing his neck.\* See? It's simple, Geoffrey. Align. Cooperate. Respect. That's all we ask.

PM Bellingham: Align... yes. Your points are... clear. Very direct.

Evelyn: Directness is necessary, Prime Minister. In these uncertain times, a strong, unified front is paramount. There's no room for... wavering. Or independent interpretations of 'interests'.

PM Bellingham: Of course, Vice President. Australia values its alliance with the United States. Highly.

Dakota: Valuing it means demonstrating it, Geoffrey. Through action. Through alignment. No more surprises like... well, like the unexpected questions after Canberra. We prefer predictability. Our predictability.

PM Bellingham: The situation in Canberra was... unusual. As you said. Due to unforeseen circumstances.

Evelyn: And unforeseen circumstances require... absolute trust and coordination moving forward. No questions asked. No hesitation. When Washington says jump, Canberra asks 'how high', Prime Minister. Is that understood?

PM Bellingham: \*He swallowed again, his eyes flicking between Evelyn's towering form and Dakota's hand on his neck.\* Understood, Vice President Hayes.



**Narration:**

A flicker of impatience crossed Dakota's face. She wanted this settled, locked down. Her giant hand around Bellingham's neck tightened almost imperceptibly, just enough to press his cheeks inwards slightly under her immense fingers, a physical emphasis on her words. Her gaze bore down on him, demanding complete submission. She doubled down on her demands, leaving no room for ambiguity. Australia's government would be a pure extension of US interests, which were, in her mind, purely her own. The political bullying escalated into outright coercion, ensuring he knew the price of defiance.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*Her fingers pressing gently into his skin.\* Good. Because we're past the point of just 'understanding', Geoffrey. We require certainty. Your government will operate in lockstep with mine. Pure alignment. Anything less will be... problematic.

**Dakota:** And about your return... the media will be circling like vultures. Asking questions about what you saw here. What you discussed.

**Dakota:** \*Her voice dropped, becoming a chilling whisper.\* You will tell them exactly what we agreed upon. A productive meeting. Strengthened alliance. Nothing more. Anything else... any hint of what you saw here... any deviation from the approved narrative...

**Dakota:** \*She leaned closer, her gaze piercing.\* ...and I will ensure that little scandal involving... \*she paused, inventing something plausible and damaging on the spot\* ...that little offshore account in the Caymans, the one you thought no one knew about? The one linked to... questionable transactions? That will become front page news globally. A political and financial ruin you absolutely cannot afford. Is that clear, Prime Minister? Your silence on certain matters is now... non-negotiable.

**PM Bellingham:** \*His face was pale, sweat beading on his forehead under Dakota's hand. His voice was a choked gasp.\* C-clear, Madam President. Perfectly clear. I... I understand the... the terms.



**Narration:**

Roughly an hour after the meeting concluded, Prime Minister Geoffrey Bellingham, having been escorted back to his awaiting plane under tight security, managed to send a tweet from his official account. The message carefully spun the narrative, making it sound like a success for Australia without actually contradicting any of the demands placed upon him, a public capitulation disguised as diplomatic triumph. Back in the Oval Office, Evelyn Hayes scrolled through her phone, a faint, humorless chuckle escaping her lips as she read the tweet.



**Narration:**

A chuckle escaping her lips, Evelyn turned, phone in hand, eager to share the confirmation of their 'victory' with President Redwood. But Dakota was no longer seated upright in her massive chair. Instead, she was sprawled across the couch she had shared with Prime Minister Bellingham, her immense body taking up all of its considerable length and more. At her feet, kneeling on the rug, was Secretary Lance, diligently massaging one of the President's gargantuan soles with both hands. It felt like she was still growing, Dakota had complained, her feet particularly aching after being confined in her enormous, custom-made heels all day. Her feet, released from their footwear, were indeed very sweaty, the skin glistening slightly under the office lights, but they didn't carry an unpleasant odor, just the clean, warm smell of skin that had been enclosed for hours.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*Chuckling, holding up her phone.\* Well, look at that. He folded completely. Tweeted exactly what we wanted.

Evelyn: Seems like it worked. We won. Haha.

Dakota: \*A low sound of contentment, her eyes half-closed as Lance massaged her foot.\* Mmmph... Good. Told you he would. Feels good... right there, Dwight... yeah...



Dialog:

Evelyn: It's just... hard to believe it was that easy. After all the fuss. He looked absolutely terrified, Madam President.

Lance: \*Kneading a specific spot on her arch with his thumbs, his voice deferential.\* Just relax, Madam President. Let me get that tension out.

Dakota: \*A soft groan of pleasure as Lance hit the right spot.\* Yeah... easier than arguing with a foreign leader, that's for sure. Just needed a little... persuasion. Oh god, yes, right there, Dwight! A little to the left... that's good... yeaah... don't stop...

Evelyn: \*Watching the scene, a complicated expression on her face.\* Persuasion by... sheer scale. It's effective, I'll give you that.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Sighing contentedly, her foot heavy in Lance's hands.\* Feels so good. But I'm already feeling like I'm outgrowing these damn heels again. Dwight, make a note. Arrange for some even bigger ones. Immediately. Need them by tomorrow.

Lance: Bigger heels? Yes, Madam President. I'll see to it right away.

Dakota: Good. And Dwight... you're dismissed for the day.

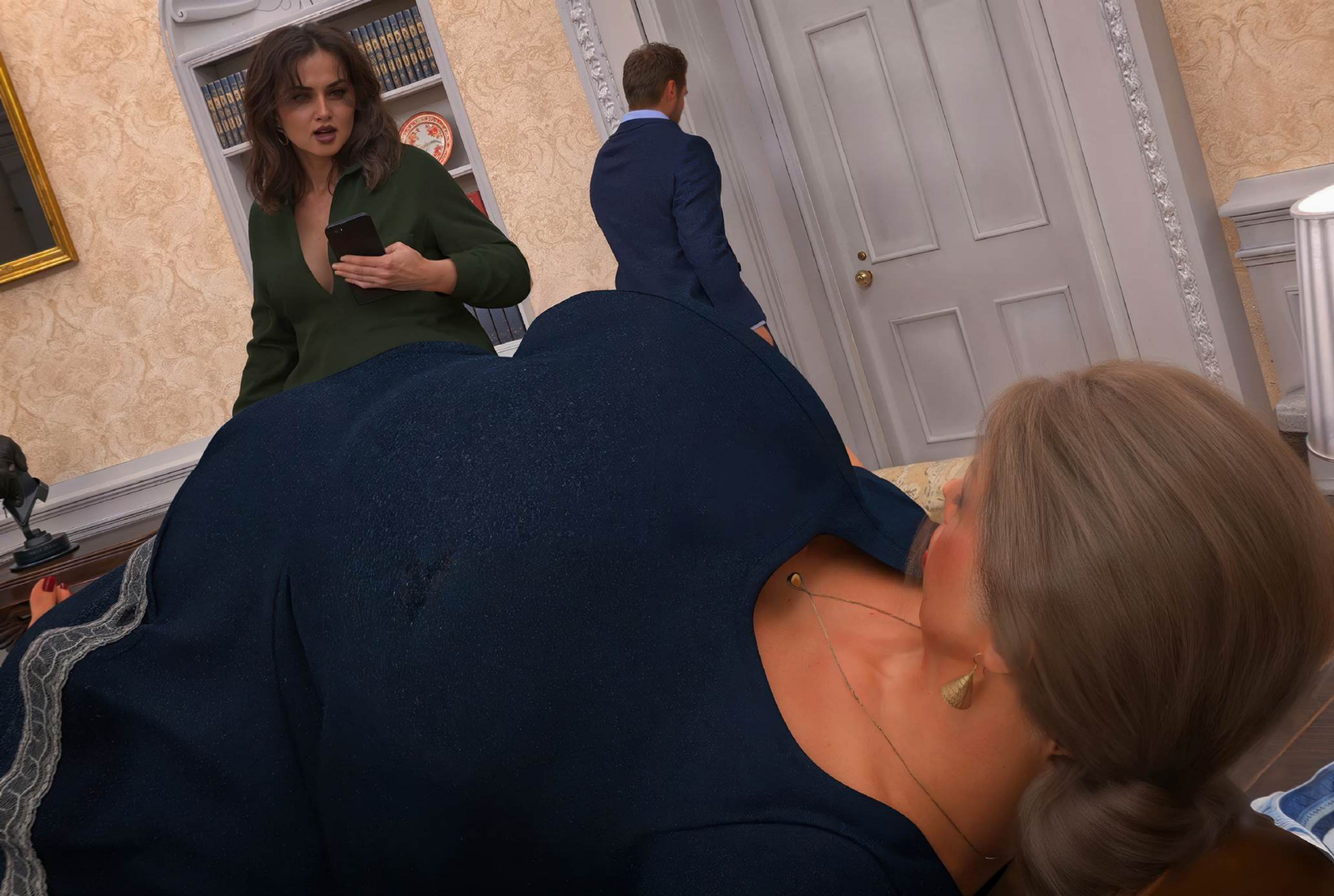
Lance: \*His hands paused on her foot for a fraction of a second, a flicker of disappointment crossing his face before he could hide it.\* Dismissed, Madam President?

Dakota: Yes, dismissed. Go on. Get some rest. You've earned it.

Lance: \*He hesitated, wanting to continue the massage.\* But... Madam President, I could... I could finish? Just a few more minutes? Make sure all the tension is gone?

Dakota: \*Her voice was firm, leaving no room for argument.\* No, Dwight. I said you're dismissed. Go.

Lance: \*He reluctantly withdrew his hands, slowly getting to his feet.\* Yes, Madam President. As you wish. Thank you... for your service. \*He bowed his head slightly.\*



Dialog:  
Dakota: Evelyn. You stay. I need to talk to you.



**Narration:**

As Lance's footsteps faded down the hallway, Evelyn turned back to face President Redwood, who was now fully reclined on the massive couch. Dakota gestured her closer with a casual flick of her giant hand. Evelyn approached hesitantly, still feeling the awkward strain of her dress and the unsettling awareness of her own increased size. As Evelyn drew near, Dakota reached out and, with surprising ease, pulled her closer. Dakota's enormous hand came to rest on Evelyn's ample hip and slid down to cup the increasingly vast curve of her ass, holding her there gently but firmly while she spoke. The sheer size difference between them was palpable, Evelyn's already considerable new bulk feeling almost delicate within the President's grasp.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** So, Evelyn. The flight attendant situation. Dwight mentioned you handled it? Everything... clean?

**Evelyn:** \*Standing close, held by Dakota's hand on her butt, her voice a little strained.\* Yes, Madam President. It's... resolved. Discreetly. Her family has been... contacted. A cover story is in place. No one will be looking.

**Dakota:** Good. Knew I could count on you. You did great work today, Ev. Handled Bellingham perfectly. Made him dance on command.

**Dakota:** \*Her gaze was intense, her voice dropping slightly.\* You know, I'm feeling really hungry right now. A deep, gnawing hunger. Are you feeling it too, Evelyn?

**Evelyn:** \*She swallowed hard, her eyes darting away for a second. The hunger was a constant, agonizing companion.\* Yes, Madam President. Very hungry. But I... I must keep it under control. For n-



**Narration:**

Dakota cut her off, her voice dropping lower, becoming impossibly smooth, laced with a subtle, hypnotic cadence. This was where the virus truly showed its insidious evolution. The spores hadn't just delivered a biological payload; they had created a link, a channel of influence. In moments of vulnerability, moments like this when Evelyn was overwhelmed by the virus-fueled hunger gnawing at her insides, Dakota's will could exert a potent, almost irresistible pull. It wasn't absolute mind control, not yet, but a powerful suggestion, a bending of the will, amplified by the shared infection and Evelyn's own desperate need for relief from the gnawing emptiness.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: No, no, no, Evelyn. Don't fight it. Not tonight. Trying to 'control' it is exhausting, isn't it? Painful.

Dakota: Let me take care of it. Let me take care of you, hmm?

Dakota: Spend the night in my room. With me. I'll make the hunger... manageable. Pleasant, even. You won't have to be alone with it. Wouldn't that feel good, Evelyn? To just... let go?

Evelyn: \*Her eyes were becoming slightly glazed, her resistance visibly weakening under the hypnotic suggestion and the constant ache of hunger.\* Stay...? Let you...?



**Narration:**

The words, spoken with soft, commanding influence during Evelyn's moment of viral-induced vulnerability, landed with immediate, devastating effect. Instantly, Evelyn's pupils constricted to tiny points, just as they had during the initial infection on the plane. The fear and conflict that had warred in her eyes moments before vanished, replaced by a sudden, startling eagerness, a light of compliance. Her personality seemed to shift in that instant, the principled, resistant Vice President giving way to someone else, someone utterly willing to be led.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*A wide, sudden smile bloomed on her face, utterly unnatural given the context. Her voice was light, happy, completely unlike her earlier strained tone.\* Yes! Yes, Madam President! That... that sounds wonderful! Stay here... with you!

Evelyn: You'll take care of the hunger? Oh, thank you! Thank you, Madam President! I would love to stay! Absolutely!



**Narration:**

A few hours later, after the corridors were clear and the staff discreetly out of sight, President Dakota Redwood and Vice President Evelyn Hayes made their way towards the President's private quarters. The Secret Service agents stationed near the entrance, their faces impassive, did not speak, did not question, simply parted to allow the two women entry before closing the door behind them. Their fear of the colossal figure of the President, and perhaps now the unsettling presence of the Vice President too, was a palpable thing, outweighing any curiosity or protocol. Once inside, Dakota immediately placed a series of calls. Soon after, a procession of staff arrived with six groaning food carts, piled high with an obscene array of culinary delights: stacks of greasy burgers, mounds of golden fries, platters of exquisitely prepared meats and pastas, pizzas dripping with cheese, and cans upon cans of pressurized whipped cream – the thick, high-calorie kind. The air in the room began to fill with the scent of hot food, and soon, with the sounds of unrestrained consumption.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*A deep, satisfied moan.\* Mmmph...

**Evelyn:** \*A muffled sound of chewing and eager intake.\*

**Dakota:** \*A low, guttural chuckle.\*

**Evelyn:** \*More vigorous chewing, a slight grunt of effort.\*



**Narration:**

The sounds of frenzied eating intensified, mingling with soft moans of pleasure and discomfort. Clothing became an immediate hindrance, quickly shed and discarded on the floor. Dakota and Evelyn were naked now, their immense, virus-altered bodies bare in the opulent room. Evelyn was positioned between Dakota's wide-spread legs on the vast bed, facing outwards towards the trays of food. Both women had completely abandoned all pretense of decorum, stuffing their faces with a primal urgency, like pigs at a trough, gorging on everything within reach from the six carts, shoveling food into their mouths with hands, tearing at it with teeth, utterly consumed by the relentless, virus-fueled hunger.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*Loud, wet chewing sounds.\* Ahhhh... so good...

**Evelyn:** \*Frantic chewing, punctuated by gasps for air.\* Nghhh... more... need more...

**Dakota:** \*A satisfied, throaty moan.\* Yes... that's it... fill yourself...

**Evelyn:** \*Muffled sounds of swallowing large quantities of food, followed by a desperate grunt.\* Can't... stop...



**Narration:**

The scene was one of pure, unadulterated gluttony. Grease slicked their chins and ran down their chests. Sauces smeared their cheeks. Whipped cream coated Dakota's mouth and chin, dripping onto her immense breasts. Milk from spilled drinks stained the sheets and their skin. Both their bellies, already large, were growing visibly fuller, tighter, distended further with every mouthful forced down. Evelyn was a picture of compulsive fury, snatching burgers one after another, devouring them with terrifying speed, barely pausing to breathe. Her belly swelled tautly before her, a rapidly expanding sphere. Behind her, Dakota watched, a giant bottle of whipped cream in her hand. She squeezed generous amounts directly into her mouth, spreading it around her lips and onto her face with her fingers, while her other hand idly traced the curve of her own immense body. Her gaze was fixed on Evelyn, watching her struggle to cram more food into her already overflowing stomach, a look of twisted pleasure on her face as Evelyn continued to obey the virus's command.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: *\*A soft moan, almost a purr, as she smeared whipped cream on herself.\* Mmmph... look at you go, Ev...*

Evelyn: *\*Gulping down a mouthful of burger, a strained sound escaping her.\* Hnnngh... so full... but... empty... \*She immediately reached for another burger.\**

Dakota: *\*Watching Evelyn's belly swell.\* Yes... fill it up... fill it all the way...*

Evelyn: *\*Mouth full, sounds of desperate chewing.\* Nghhh... gotta eat... gotta...*



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Holding out the giant bottle of whipped cream towards Evelyn's face, a predatory gleam in her eye.\* Want some more whipped cream, Evelyn? Looks like you could use a little... topping.

Evelyn: \*Her mouth was smeared with burger residue, her eyes slightly glazed with the compulsion of the hunger. She barely hesitated, nodding eagerly.\* Uh huh... yes... Madam President... please...



**Narration:**

With a wicked glint in her eye, Dakota grabbed another giant bottle of whipped cream. Holding one bottle in her left hand, she tilted it towards Evelyn's face, pressing the nozzle. Simultaneously, she brought the second bottle to her own mouth, spraying a generous amount directly onto her tongue. A thick, sweet stream of the rich cream filled Evelyn's mouth, mixing instantly with the half-chewed burger already there, forcing her throat to work overtime to swallow the sudden, overwhelming influx. There was no pause, no chance for a breath, just a relentless, creamy torrent. Both women were consumed by a ferocious, desperate appetite, a hunger that was now inextricably linked to a dark, perverse arousal. The act of gaining, of feeling their bodies expand and fill, was a powerful, intoxicating turn-on, driving them to consume faster, messier, more.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*Spraying cream into her own mouth, a low moan escaping her lips.\* Mmmph... so good...

**Evelyn:** \*Mouth full, gagging slightly on the sudden rush of cream, muffled sounds of swallowing.\* Nghhh... m-m-more... c-can't...

**Dakota:** \*Pressing the nozzle harder into Evelyn's mouth.\* Swallow it down, Ev... all of it... that's a good girl...

**Evelyn:** \*Choking slightly, forcing it down\* Hnnngh!



**Narration:**

The craving wasn't random; it was dictated by the microscopic parasites now thriving within them. At this moment, the virus craved something specific: something thick, something milky, something packed with dense calories that could be rapidly converted into mass. Whipped cream, in its decadent, high-fat form, was the perfect fuel, precisely what the parasites needed to trigger and accelerate the next terrifying growth spurt. And accelerate it did. Even as Evelyn's mouth was still full, her moans a mix of pain and a strange, horrifying pleasure, her belly began to visibly distend further. The skin stretched tighter, the curve pushing outwards with alarming speed, making her already large abdomen swell into a taut, aching sphere before her.

**Dialog:**

**Evelyn:** \*Mouth full, moaning, clutching her rapidly expanding belly.\* N-nnggh... h-hurts... f-full...

**Dakota:** \*Watching her, a look of dark satisfaction on her face.\* Yes... feel it, Ev... feel it grow...

**Evelyn:** \*A choked plea.\* M-m-make it... s-stop... h-hurts...

**Dakota:** \*Ignoring the plea, pressing the whipped cream bottle closer.\* No stopping now, darling... just keep swallowing... keep growing...



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Her belly continued its relentless expansion, stretching the skin painfully tight. Her moans became louder, more desperate, mingling with sounds of swallowing and discomfort.\* Ahhhh! So... so big...! Can't... fit...!

Evelyn: \*Gasping between frantic mouthfuls.\* N-nngh! M-my belly...! It's gonna... gonna burst...!



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Her belly swelled further, a drum-tight globe before her. The pain was intense, but the virus-fueled hunger and Dakota's influence were overwhelming. In her distress, a word slipped out, involuntary, raw.\* M-mommy...!

Dakota: \*A low chuckle rumbled in her chest, utterly unmoved by the plea, the nozzle of the whipped cream bottle still pressed into Evelyn's mouth.\* That's right, darling. Just keep swallowing. Keep taking it all in.

Dakota: Good girl. Fill that pretty belly up for Mommy.



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Her belly continued to expand, pushing outwards with terrifying speed. Her mouth was still full, the words slurred and difficult to understand through the mass of food and cream.\* F-fuck...! Feel... so... so big...! Gonna... gonna pop...!

Dakota: \*Watching her with intense focus, her voice low and commanding.\* Swallow it, Evelyn. Swallow it all down. Like a good little pig. Don't waste a drop.

Evelyn: \*Gulping desperately, a choked sound escaping her.\* Hnnngh...! C-can't...!

Dakota: Yes, you can. You will. Keep going.



**Narration:**

Evelyn's belly continued its horrifying expansion, pushing outwards relentlessly. Her hands, slick with grease, sauce, and sticky whipped cream, trembled as she instinctively reached down. In a desperate, almost involuntary gesture, she began to slap her own distended abdomen, a frantic, messy attempt to comfort the aching, stretching flesh, to somehow alleviate the intense pressure of the internal growth. The sound was sickening – a wet, fleshy \*smack\* each time her cream-covered palm connected with the taut, bulging skin. She slapped it repeatedly, the fat and tissue underneath visibly rippling and shifting with each blow, somehow making new, agonizing room for the unstoppable influx of mass.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*Slapping her belly, moaning in pain and distress.\*  
Ahhh! H-hurts...!

Evelyn: \*Panting, slapping again and again.\* Nghhh! So... so tight...!

Dakota: \*Watching, a look of twisted fascination on her face.\*  
Feel it, Ev... feel it stretch... feel it fill... You're doing so well... so big...



**Narration:**

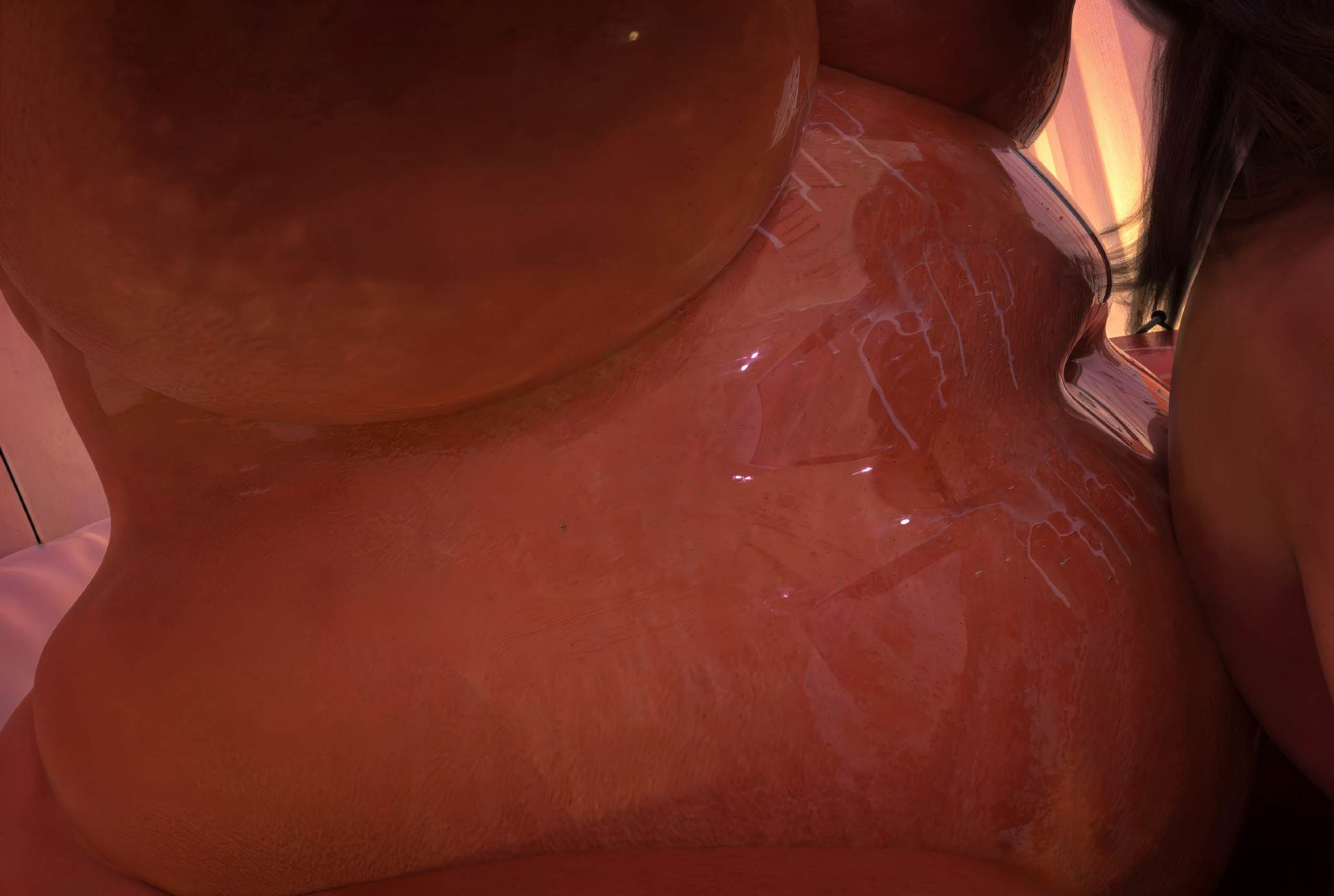
Evelyn wasn't the only one expanding, consumed by the virus's demands. President Dakota Redwood, even while getting a major, twisted kick out of stuffing Evelyn like a prize hog, had no intention of being outgrown by her Vice President. Her own ferocious appetite raged, fueled by a competitive drive and an insatiable hunger for more – more size, more power, more control. She consumed with the same reckless abandon as Evelyn, perhaps even more so, utterly disregarding the image of the government, the fate of the people she was supposed to lead, or any consequence beyond her own immediate gratification and the terrifying expansion of her ego and her body.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*Spraying cream into her mouth, a low growl of pleasure.\* Mmmph... gotta keep up, Ev... wouldn't want you to get \*too\* far ahead...

Evelyn: \*Gulping, moaning, her belly swelling.\* H-hurts... so full...

Dakota: \*Chuckling, wiping cream from her chin.\* Full is good, darling... full is powerful...



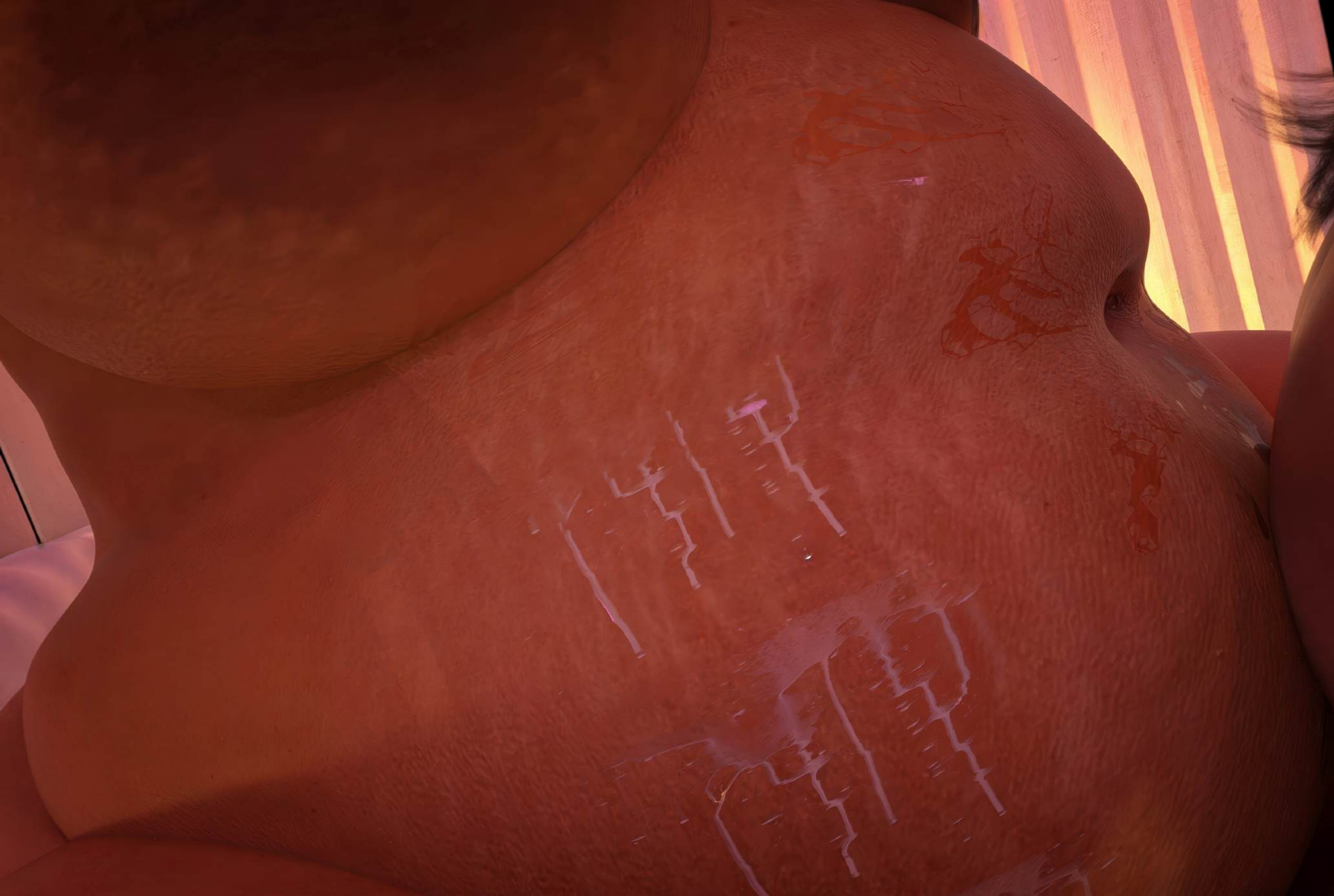
Dialog:

Dakota: \*A deep moan, her body shifting slightly.\* Ahhh... feel that, Ev...? My belly... getting bigger too...

Evelyn: \*Mouth full, muffled.\* Nghhh... pressing... against my back...

Dakota: \*A satisfied sigh.\* Good. Means it's working. Both of us... getting exactly what we need...

Evelyn: \*Straining.\* C-can't... breathe...



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Spraying more whipped cream into her mouth, head tilted back, eyes half-closed.\* Oh god... yes... fill me up... feel it stretch...

Dakota: \*A low, guttural sound of pure pleasure.\* I'm a god... feel like a god... growing... unstoppable...

Evelyn: \*Moaning, desperate.\* M-mommy... so big...

Dakota: \*Ignoring her, lost in her own sensation.\* Yes... bigger... always bigger...



**Narration:**

Dakota's belly continued its relentless distension, pushing outwards with the same terrifying speed as Evelyn's. The skin stretched tauter and tighter across her abdomen, new stretch marks appearing rapidly, branching across the surface like grotesque rivers mapping the landscape of her expansion. The sheer volume of her gut pressed heavily against Evelyn's back, a warm, yielding, yet utterly immovable force that trapped the Vice President between Dakota's spreading thighs and her own growing abdomen. The room was filled with the sounds of their dual consumption, their moans, and the subtle, horrifying sounds of their bodies reshaping themselves under the virus's command.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*A deep moan, her belly pressing harder against Evelyn.\* Nghhh... so tight... \*She slapped her own belly absently, the sound a dull thud.\*

Evelyn: \*Trapped, moaning in pain and discomfort.\* H-hurts... Madam President... your belly...

Dakota: \*Lost in her own growth.\* Feel it, Ev... feel us grow... together... unstoppable...



**Narration:**

After what felt like an eternity of unrestrained gorging, a brief, five-minute pause was taken. Dakota and Evelyn, both slick with grease, sauces, and a thick layer of melting whipped cream, used the time to wipe some of the excess mess from their faces and bodies. They didn't clean completely, though; certain sticky smears were left deliberately, glistening on their skin and bellies, reminders of their shared gluttony. The mess, the sheer indulgence, had become a powerful, perverse turn-on for both of them, a tangible manifestation of their surrender to the virus's demands. But the pause was just a reset. Dakota, watching Evelyn, a predatory gleam in her eye, decided it was time to take the stuffing to the next, more intimate level.



**Narration:**

Reaching over to a nearby surface, Dakota retrieved a plastic funnel, one surprisingly large. She adjusted her position slightly on the bed, shifting her immense, milky breast into position. With practiced ease, she attached the narrow end of the funnel directly into Evelyn's eager, waiting mouth. Then, squeezing her engorged nipple, absurd amounts of thick, creamy milk began to ooze from her swollen, aching ducts, filling the funnel. The rich, viscous fluid rushed downwards, pouring directly into Evelyn's throat in an unstoppable stream, forcing her to swallow reflexively. Dakota watched, a look of intense pleasure on her face, turned on by the sensation in her nipple and the sight of Evelyn swallowing her milk. Evelyn herself could only moan, gagging slightly, without articulating words, as the relentless torrent of milk filled her up, leaving no room for air, just the desperate need to keep swallowing.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*A low moan of pleasure, watching the funnel fill.\*  
Ahhh... feel that, Ev...? Drink Mommy's milk...

**Evelyn:** \*Mouth full, gagging, muffled moans.\* Nghhh...  
m-m-milk... so... much...

**Dakota:** \*Pressing her nipple, making the stream faster.\*  
Swallow it down, baby girl... all of it... good pig...

**Evelyn:** \*Choking slightly, forcing it down, eyes watering.\*  
Hnnngh!



**Narration:**

The stream of thick, warm milk pouring down the funnel was relentless, intense. It rushed into Evelyn's throat with such force and volume that her eyes were rolling up into her head, a look of overwhelmed sensory overload. The sheer pressure of the intake was almost too much. Milk leaked from the corners of her mouth, dribbling down her chin and onto her already messy belly. Yet, despite the discomfort and the physical strain, Evelyn was driven by a determination that wasn't entirely her own. Her hunger, amplified by the virus and controlled by Dakota's influence, was utterly insatiable. All she could think about, in the haze of forced consumption and physical distress, was making her stomach capacity bigger, expanding her gut even further, just to fit in more, more, more.



Dialog:

Dakota: *\*Watching Evelyn struggle, her voice laced with cruel pleasure.\* That's it, baby girl... drink it all... fill that fat little belly with Mommy's milk...*

Dakota: *Look at you... gagging like a good whore... just swallowing everything I give you...*

Evelyn: *\*Visibly exhausted, clutching her belly, milk leaking from her lips.\* M-m-mmm... \*A desperate, muffled sound of negation, a plea to stop.\**

Dakota: *\*Ignoring her protest, pressing the nipple harder.\* Don't tell Mommy 'no'. Just keep drinking. You want to get bigger, don't you? Fatter? You need this milk...*

Evelyn: *\*More desperate, shaking her head weakly, milk dribbling.\* M-m-mmm...! P-please...! M-m-mmm...!*



**Narration:**

The thick, creamy milk had been pouring into Evelyn for well over ten minutes now, a relentless, warm tide filling her from the inside. Her belly, already stretched taut, began another phase of rapid distension. It swelled outwards with a sickening speed, the skin pulled drum-tight, giving off faint sloshing sounds from the sheer volume contained within. Overwhelmed and in pain, Evelyn instinctively tilted her head back, trying to pull the funnel away from her mouth, a desperate, wordless plea to stop. At the same time, her hands continued their frantic, messy attempt to alleviate the pressure, slapping repeatedly against her bulging, aching abdomen, the wet smack of flesh against flesh echoing in the room as she tried to relieve the agonizing fullness. Dakota, however, was unmoved.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*Head tilted back, gagging slightly, muffled moans.\*  
Nghhh... m-m-mmm...! \*Her hands slapping her belly.\*  
P-please...!

Dakota: \*Her grip firm, forcing the funnel back down towards Evelyn's mouth.\* No, baby girl. Not done yet. Swallow it. All of it.

Dakota: \*Ignoring the slapping hands.\* That won't help, darling. Only more milk will help. More... and more...

Evelyn: \*Struggling against the funnel.\* M-m-mmm...!  
S-stop...!



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Belly swelling, moaning, sounds of forced swallowing.\* H-hurts...! So full...!

Dakota: \*Voice low, commanding.\* That's right, baby. Take it all in. Every drop for Mommy. Fill yourself up like a good little cow.

Evelyn: \*Tears streaming down her face, gagging.\* C-can't...! N-no more...!

Dakota: Yes, you can. You're doing so well. Just a little more.



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Her belly continued its relentless growth, pushing outwards, the skin stretched to its limit.\* Ahhhhhh! Gonna... gonna pop...! Too... too much...!

Evelyn: \*Moaning, sounds of painful swallowing.\* Nghhh...! Make it... stop...! Please...!

Dakota: \*Watching her belly with intense pleasure.\* Look at you, Ev. So full. So big. So beautiful.



**Narration:**

The flood of milk continued, relentless and overwhelming. Evelyn's belly swelled to impossible dimensions, a drum-tight sphere that felt ready to burst. The skin across her abdomen was pulled thinner and thinner, stretched to its absolute limit, the underlying mass sloshing visibly with each of her pained shifts. The desperate, animalistic hunger that had driven her moments ago was now a terrifying pressure, a physical reality trapped inside her rapidly expanding gut, fueled by the very substance being forced into her.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*A look of cruel satisfaction on her face, she squeezed her already engorged nipple harder, making the stream of milk pouring through the funnel even stronger, thicker.\* Feel that, Ev...? Mommy's making it stronger for you...

Evelyn: \*Her cheeks visibly swelled, overwhelmed by the sheer volume, milk leaking from the sides of her mouth. Her belly pushed outwards with a final, terrifying surge.\* Hnnnng!!! \*The drum-tight skin of her abdomen pressed firmly against Dakota's inner thigh, the physical connection undeniable.\*

Dakota: \*A low growl of pleasure, watching Evelyn's face and feeling her belly against her leg.\* Yes... there we go... fill up... fill all the way up...



**Narration:**

Evelyn's belly continued to expand, a monstrous, overstuffed globe pressing hard against Dakota's thigh. The pain in her gut was excruciating, the sensation of stretching skin and compressed organs unbearable. With a trembling hand, slick with milk and sweat, she weakly gestured towards Dakota, a desperate, non-verbal plea for her to stop. Her eyes, wide and pleading, silently screamed that she felt like she was about to pop, that her body couldn't take any more.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*Gagging on the milk, belly tight against Dakota's leg, gesturing weakly with her hand.\* M-m-mmm...! N-n-no more...! P-please...!

Dakota: \*Ignoring the gesture and the plea, watching her intently.\* Almost there, Ev... almost full... just a little more for Mommy...



**Narration:**

Outside the reinforced door of the President's private quarters, two Secret Service agents stood guard. Their postures were rigid, professional, but their faces, even in the dim light of the hallway, showed undeniable signs of discomfort and fear. Sounds filtered through the thick door – wet, sucking noises, guttural moans, strained cries, and the distinct, chillingly casual voice of the President saying things that no president should ever utter. The depravity emanating from within was palpable, seeping under the door like a foul miasma, turning their stomachs and chilling them to the bone. They exchanged nervous glances, silent questions passing between them before one finally spoke in a low, hushed tone.

**Dialog:**

Secret Service Agent 1: Did... did you hear that? What the fuck is going on in there?

Secret Service Agent 2: *\*His colleague looked equally shaken, his eyes wide.\** Yeah. I heard. Been hearing it for a while now. Since they went in.

Secret Service Agent 1: It's... it's messed up, man. Really messed up. I'm scared of what's coming. In the next few months...

Secret Service Agent 2: *\*Lowering his voice even further.\** The President... she's losing it. Losing control. And it sounds like... sounds like the Vice President's sick with the virus too.



#### Narration:

The frenzy hadn't abated; if anything, it had escalated. Moments after, another order went out – five new carts of food, wheeled in to replace the six already picked clean. Within the span of just one hour, those new carts were nearly empty too. The room was a disaster zone, the floor littered with discarded wrappers, empty containers, and smears of sauce. President Dakota Redwood was no longer sitting up; her immense weight had made even that simple act feel like a monumental effort. She lay back on the bed now, a sprawling landscape of flesh, feeling too heavy, too full to comfortably get up and reach for more. So, with perverse ingenuity, she had gathered a stack of the remaining burgers, the truly gigantic ones, and arranged them carefully across the upper curve of her chest, nestled just above the monumental swell of her breasts in her cleavage area, offering easy access for consumption. It was closing in on three in the morning; they had been eating non-stop since eleven PM, consuming what could only be estimated as at least a million, perhaps two million, calories combined between them. It was an atrocious, horrifying spectacle of pure, unadulterated gluttony. By her side, Evelyn sat up, her own belly so incredibly distended it rested heavily on the bed between her wide-splayed legs, a drum-tight sphere of recently consumed mass. She was visibly stuffed, straining against the limits of her skin, yet her virus-fueled hunger clawed at her, demanding more. With one hand, Dakota bit deeply into a burger resting on her chest, while her other hand, slick with grease, absently rubbed the taut, aching skin of Evelyn's belly.

#### Dialog:

Dakota: \*Mouth full of burger, a deep moan.\* Nghhh... feels so good...  
\*Her hand rubbing Evelyn's belly.\* All that good food... right here...

Evelyn: \*Sitting up, belly resting on the bed, panting slightly, her own mouth full of something she'd just grabbed.\* Mmmph... so full... but... still hungry...

Dakota: \*Chewing.\* That's the virus, darling... always wanting more... just gotta keep feeding it... keep getting bigger...

Evelyn: \*Swallowing hard, clutching her belly.\* It hurts... but... need more...



**Narration:**

The bed was a battlefield of crumbs, spilled sauces, and smears of fat. They ate like animals, like something beyond animals – pigs would have seemed refined by comparison. Both women shoved food into their mouths with messy abandon, crumbs and sauces clinging to their faces and bellies. Evelyn, having devoured one burger, picked up another with a hand sticky with grease and sauce. Chewing determinedly on the mouthful she already had, she held the fresh burger out towards Dakota, ready to stuff it into her President's waiting mouth, eager to participate in the mutual fattening.

**Dialog:**

**Evelyn:** \*Chewing vigorously, holding out a burger towards Dakota.\* Mph... Mdam Psident... me way... ur brgr...

**Dakota:** \*Biting into a burger on her chest, eyes half-closed.\* Mmmph... go ahd... fee me...

**Evelyn:** \*Shoving the burger closer to Dakota's mouth.\* Hre... eatt... gotta geet biggerr...

**Dakota:** \*Mouth full.\* Nghh... yess... good Ev...



#### Narration:

Evelyn, watching President Redwood eat, noticed a flicker of something in her eyes, a subtle slowing of her movements. The President, even in her current state of virus-fueled mania, seemed to be momentarily tiring of the simple act of feeding herself. Seizing the opportunity, driven by the twisted compulsion the virus and Dakota's influence had instilled in her, Evelyn intervened. With a hand slick with food residue, she took the burger she had offered and shoved it directly into Dakota's open mouth, following it quickly with another. The physical act of being stuffed by Evelyn, of having food forced past her lips and into her already bulging stomach, sent a jolt through Dakota. It was an intense, visceral sensation, the feeling of surrendering control over the intake, of being filled to the brim, and it resonated deep within her. Her pussy, nestled between her immense thighs, began to grow wetter, the sensation mirroring the swelling fullness in her gut. Being stuffed like a goddess, a vessel overflowing, was unlocking a new, profound layer of perverse sexual arousal.

#### Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Shoving a burger into Dakota's mouth, her voice muffled but eager.\* Hre... Let me fee you... get you biggerr...

Dakota: \*Mouth instantly filled, gagging slightly, her body arching back against the sensation.\* Nghhh! \*A deep, guttural moan, a sound of intense pleasure that was part gag, part sexual.\* Oh god... Ev... feel... that...

Evelyn: \*Grabbing another burger, eyes wide with compulsion and a dark eagerness.\* Morre...? Nw?

Dakota: \*Mouth still full, moaning, her hands reaching out to grab Evelyn's wrists, urging her to continue.\* Yesss... Ev... keep feeding... make me... oh god...



**Narration:**

One by one, the colossal burgers disappeared into President Redwood. She lay back, a queen on her throne of gluttony, plucking the massive sandwiches from the landscape of her chest. Each bite was a messy, visceral act – teeth sinking through soft bun, tearing into thick, greasy patties, pulling apart layers of melting cheese and dripping condiments. Juices ran down her chin, smeared across her cheeks, and pooled in the valley between her immense breasts where the next burger lay waiting. She chewed with open-mouthed abandon, the sounds wet and guttural, punctuated by low moans of pleasure that vibrated deep within her chest, echoing the churning satisfaction in her rapidly expanding gut.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: *\*Biting into a burger, mouth full.\** Mmmph... so good... all this meat...

Dakota: *\*Swallowing, a deep groan.\** Ahhh... feel it... going down... filling me up...



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Reaching for another burger on her chest.\* My belly... feels so tight... getting bigger...

Dakota: \*Chewing.\* It's pushing out... feel it stretching...

Dakota: \*A satisfied sigh.\* More... need more... feel it grow...



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Mouth full.\* Nghhh... my gut... it's massive...

Dakota: \*Swallowing hard.\* So full... but the hunger... still there... demanding...

Dakota: \*Reaching for the next burger.\* Gotta feed it... keep getting bigger... for Mommy...



**Narration:**

Evelyn's massive gut was a force unto itself, a relentless, expanding sphere that showed no sign of slowing. It continued its terrifying growth, pushing outwards with agonizing speed. As she next to Dakota, her belly pressed harder and harder against the President's arm, a warm, yielding wall of flesh. Her belly button, stretched taut by the immense pressure, seemed to deepen, becoming a tight, inverted point on the vast landscape of her abdomen. Her moans, once a mix of pain and pleasure, became more intense, more desperate, reflecting the escalating physical agony and the horrifying, undeniable thrill of her own monstrous expansion. The pain was sharp, the stretching excruciating, but the virus twisted it, weaving in threads of perverse pleasure, making her crave the very sensation that tore at her body.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*Belly pressing against Dakota's thigh, moaning in pain and pleasure.\* Ahhhh! H-hurts...! So tight...! N-nngh!

Evelyn: \*Gasping.\* M-my belly... it's... it's gonna...!



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Mouth full, belly swelling.\* Nghhh... can't... fit... more...!

Dakota: \*Chewing, watching Evelyn's gut.\* Yes, you can, baby girl... keep going... fill yourself up... just like me...

Evelyn: \*Swallowing desperately, tears in her eyes.\* So big...! Both of us...!

Dakota: \*A low chuckle.\* That's right... growing together... unstoppable...



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*Her belly felt ready to burst, pushing relentlessly outwards.\* Ahhhhhh! It's too much...! Gonna pop...!

Dakota: \*Her own gut swelling, pressing against Evelyn's back.\* No popping, darling... just expanding... getting even bigger...

Dakota: Feel that? My belly... getting bigger too... pressing against you...

Evelyn: \*Moaning, trapped between Dakota's thighs and her own gut.\* So... so big...! Both of us...!



Dialog:

Dakota: \*A final, heavy sigh, her mouth still coated in whipped cream.\* Nghhh... so full... can't... move...

Evelyn: \*Her own mouth messy, voice a strained whisper.\* M-m-mmm... no more... please... so stuffed...

Dakota: \*Barely a whisper.\* Done... for now...

Evelyn: \*A soft groan.\* Nghhh... heavy...



**Narration:**

The relentless, frantic stuffing had finally reached its limit. Exhausted, overwhelmed, and unbelievably full, both women simply collapsed back onto the bed. Their enormous bellies, drum-tight and filled to bursting, pinned them in place, vast, immovable landscapes of engorged flesh. They lay there, entangled in the mess they had created, slick with the residue of their gluttony, the sheer volume of consumed food pulling them down into a heavy, self-induced food coma. Their breathing was deep, heavy, the sounds of digestion a low, constant gurgle within their guts as their bodies began the monumental task of processing the million-plus calories just devoured.



**Narration:**

As the two infected women lay semi-conscious, their guts sloshing with the recent deluge of food, it was the perfect time for the parasitic virus within them to truly get to work. The unimaginable quantity of burgers, cream, and other delights wasn't just sitting there; it was being rapidly broken down, converted, and directed to fuel the next phase of their horrifying transformation. The parasites began to draw the energy from the consumed mass, not to add more bulk to their already overflowing bellies, but to dramatically accelerate the growth of the rest of their bodies. While their bellies slowly, subtly began to recede from their peak distension, other parts of them were preparing for explosive expansion.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*A low moan, her voice slurred and disoriented.\*  
Feel... it... stretching...

Evelyn: \*Whispering, eyes fluttering closed.\* My... L-legs...

Dakota: \*Groggy.\* Heavy... everything... heavy...

Evelyn: \*A soft sound of discomfort/growth.\* Nghhh... getting...  
bigger...

Dakota: \*Deep, slurred.\* M-My arms...



**Narration:**

The subtle shrinking of their bellies was now accompanied by a palpable, agonizing surge of growth in other areas. For Dakota, the primary beneficiary of this redistribution seemed to be her already immense breasts. They swelled further, becoming even plumper, heavier, aching globes that stretched the skin across her chest to a terrifying degree. For Evelyn, the focus remained on her lower body, accelerating her transformation into an extreme pear shape. Her already thick legs grew even thicker, the muscle and fat piling on, while her hips and ass expanded into truly monumental dimensions. They could feel it happening, even in their semi-conscious state – the stretching, the aching, the relentless expansion. And in that shared sensation, Evelyn found a strange comfort. All the horror and doubt she had experienced while gorging herself alone seemed to dissipate. Seeing Dakota, her mistress and her President, undergoing the same impossible growth, becoming just as monstrous alongside her, replaced fear with a twisted sense of belonging and even pleasure.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*A low groan of pleasure and pain, her chest swelling.\* Ahhh... my tits... getting so big... so full...

**Evelyn:** \*Her legs and hips expanding, a shaky sigh escaping her lips.\* Nghhh... feels... so heavy... so thick... \*A soft, almost contented sound.\* But... you too... Dakota... we're growing...



**Narration:**

As her lower body reached a temporary point of sheer, overwhelming fullness, Evelyn's eyes rolled back into her head, a soft moan escaping her lips. It seemed the parasitic virus, in its relentless pursuit of mass conversion, had momentarily run out of immediately available space in her already impossibly thick thighs and colossal butt. Unwilling to waste the influx of calories from the recent binge, the parasite instantly redirected the flow, channeling the energy and mass towards a new area: her breasts. Though already large by normal standards, Evelyn's breasts were still relatively tiny compared to the monumental scale of her lower body. Now, driven by the parasite's sudden focus, they began to grow rapidly, swelling outwards with alarming speed, as if desperately trying to catch up with the rest of her gargantuan form.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: *\*Eyes rolling up, a surprised moan escaping her lips.\**  
N-nngh... feels... weird... up here... my tits...

Evelyn: *\*A soft groan.\** They're... growing...



Dialog:

Evelyn: \*A moan, her chest swelling.\* Ahhh... so full... my boobs... getting bigger...

Evelyn: \*Panting slightly as they expand.\* Nghhh... feels so... tight...

Evelyn: \*Another moan.\* Bigger... and bigger...



**Narration:**

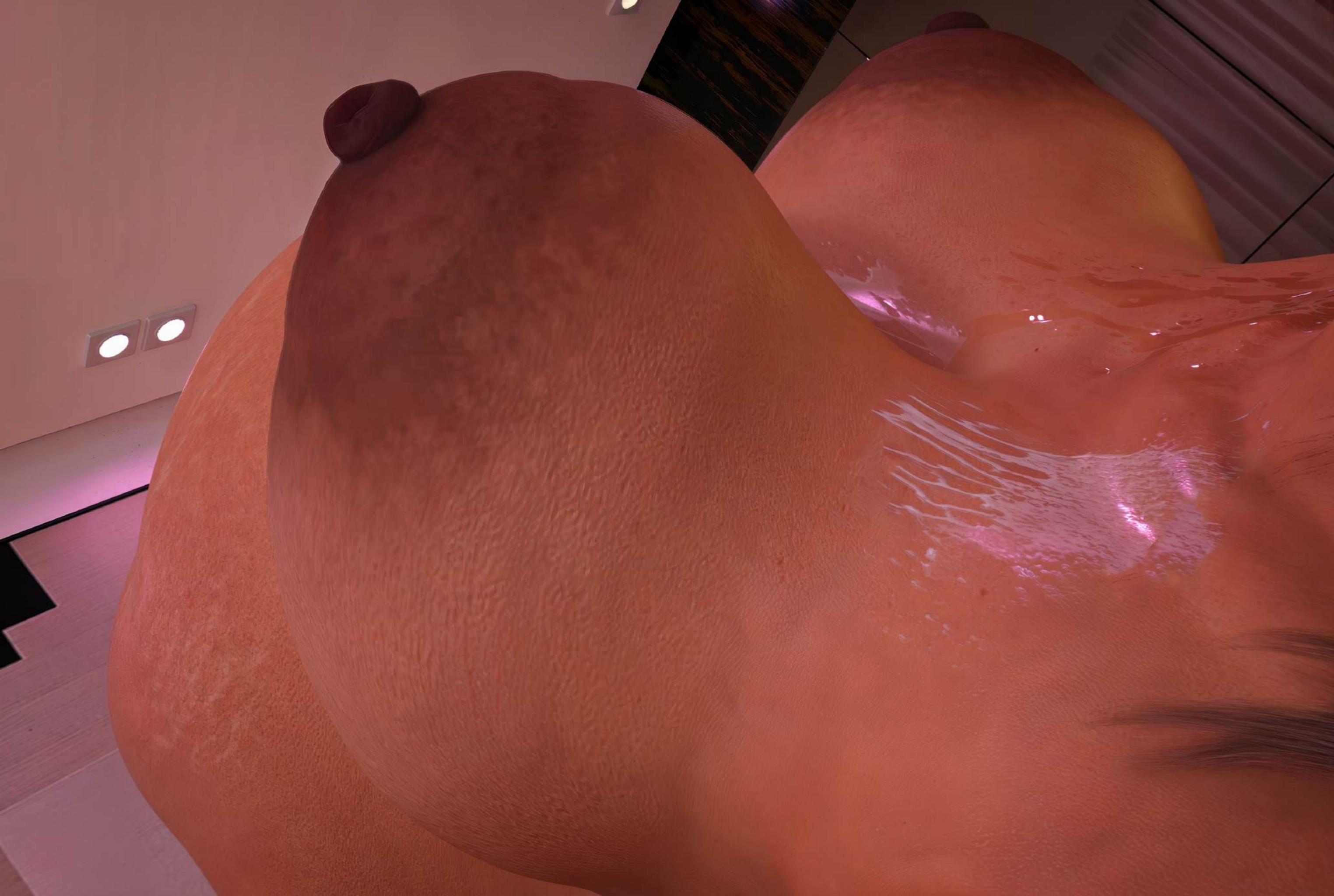
The surge in Evelyn's breasts intensified. They swelled into immense globes on her chest, pulling the skin taut, growing larger and larger with astonishing speed. A wave of intense, unfamiliar pleasure washed over her, utterly different from the pain and pressure in her belly and legs. She loved the way it felt, the sensation of her chest expanding, her breasts becoming heavy, engorged. Her areolae, already stretched, began to inflate further, becoming bumpy and prominent, a clear indication that her breasts were also becoming milky, preparing to release their own thick, rich fluid.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*A deep moan of pure pleasure, clutching her swelling breasts.\* Oh god... yes...! This feels... amazing...!

Evelyn: \*Voice thick with pleasure.\* My tits... they love it...! Getting so big...!

Evelyn: \*Panting, arching her back slightly.\* Ahhh... so full... so heavy... ready...



**Narration:**

Across the bed, President Redwood's breasts were also undergoing a dramatic transformation. Already monumental, they swelled even further, becoming truly colossal. Each one was now officially larger than twice the size of her head, vast, heavy globes that rested on her chest. Their sheer scale and roundness were so extreme, they could easily have been mistaken for a pregnant belly, had it not been for the presence of her nipples and the dark, bumpy texture of her impossibly stretched areolae, which like Evelyn's, showed signs of imminent milk production.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*A sigh.\* Bigger... still getting bigger... feels... intense...



**Narration:**

A wave of tenderness spread through the tissue, making them feel sensitive, almost bruised. Instinctively, Dakota lifted a hand, her fingers pressing gently against the underside of her left breast, trying to alleviate the discomfort, to somehow soothe the aching mass. The physical exertion of the binge and the sheer intensity of the transformation were taking their toll; her consciousness was beginning to fade, slipping towards the edge of a deep, transformative slumber.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*Pressing her breast, a pained moan.\* Nghhh... so tender... hurts...



Dialog:

Dakota: *\*A deep, drawn-out moan.\** Ahhhhhh... getting... bigger... still...

Dakota: *\*Whispering, almost unconscious.\** Boobs... so full...



**Narration:**

The intensity of the breast growth seemed to have been a fleeting, though potent, diversion for Evelyn's parasite. As her moans faded, she fell silent, her eyes, which had been rolling with a mixture of pain and pleasure, finally drifting shut. The sheer exhaustion from the monumental binge and the ongoing transformation pulled her down towards sleep. She shifted awkwardly on the messy bed, trying to find a comfortable position, a near-impossible task given her engorged state. Instinctively, she turned and lay down on her stomach, pushing her immense, rapidly expanding butt upwards. She had to lay this way; the skin across her ass and the backs of her thighs felt incredibly hot, radiating a deep, intense heat that was becoming unbearable when pressure was applied.



**Narration:**

The reason for the alarming heat localized in Evelyn's posterior regions was the parasite's work shifting gears once more. Having briefly channeled the energy towards her chest, and finding her thighs temporarily 'full', it had successfully performed a brutal, internal rearrangement of the massive fat stores already accumulated in her legs and butt. This was the parasite's favorite area, its preferred 'storage unit', and it had now optimized the space to allow for more. The breast growth ceased abruptly as the parasite immediately returned to its primary focus, channeling the incoming energy from the recently consumed million-plus calories back into her giant, tree-trunk sized fat fucking legs.



**Narration:**

As the parasite worked its relentless, unseen magic, converting food mass into physical form, both President Redwood and Vice President Hayes succumbed fully to the heavy embrace of food coma sleep. Unconscious now, lying sprawled and immobile amidst the wreckage of their binge, their bodies continued to change. The subtle recession of their bellies persisted, while the explosive growth in other areas raged on, fueled entirely by the immense caloric intake from the night's gluttony. The parasites were in full control, reshaping their hosts according to their own horrifying agenda, adding inches and pounds to their frames with every silent, sleeping moment.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*A deep, rumbling moan from her sleep, her chest swelling.\* Nghhh... bigger...

Evelyn: \*Lying on her stomach, a soft groan escaping her lips as her legs expand.\* Hnnngh...

Dakota: \*A soft sound of discomfort and growth.\* Mmmph...

Evelyn: \*A sigh of something that might be pain or pleasure.\* Ahhh...



**Narration:**

Meanwhile, miles away from the grotesque scene unfolding in the White House, Secretary DJ Lance stood in the hushed, high-tech control room of a clandestine military base. This wasn't the polished diplomacy of the State Department; this was the nerve center of Project Nightingale, the ambitious, highly classified program initiated early in the President's term, dedicated to the near-impossible task of establishing communication with the galactically sized, ex-military agent, Megan Donovan, still orbiting Earth from a vast distance. Around him, screens glowed, displaying complex data streams and star charts, while military astrophysicists worked intently at their stations. Lance leaned heavily on the edge of a control console table, his hands clenched into tight fists, being careful not to press any of the sensitive buttons. The weight of the world, or at least the part of it he was now acutely aware was teetering on the edge of oblivion, felt impossibly heavy. He turned to the lead scientist beside him, a sharp-eyed woman in uniform whose name was Katherine.

**Dialog:**

**DJ:** Alright, Dr. Katherine. Before we proceed... brief me on the whole thing again. Every step. I need to understand exactly what we're doing here.

**Katherine:** Secretary Lance. Of course.



**Narration:**

Dr. Katherine nodded, her expression serious. She began to explain, her voice calm and professional, outlining the culmination of months of work. The Project Nightingale system was, she confirmed, fully primed. A specialized communication device, deployed into space some months ago, had traveled rapidly towards Megan Donovan's estimated orbital path and is now within the critical perimeter required to attempt a potential connection with her unique presence. She gestured towards a monitor displaying complex diagrams showing modulated energy frequencies beaming outwards into the void. The attempt, she clarified, was to interface directly with Donovan's immense biological energy field. Using highly controlled, phased subspace frequencies, they were beaming a complex, modulated energy signal directly at her, designed specifically to resonate with her consciousness, bypassing conventional sensory input entirely. But with this potential, came an unprecedented risk. She elaborated on the sheer scale of Donovan. That, she concluded, was the terror they faced. They couldn't hear her, but if she were to speak towards them... they'd feel it in a way no living thing should.

**Dialog:**

Katherine: We are ready.

Katherine: 'Talk' and 'hear' as we understand it are not applicable here. Space, as you know, is a vacuum. Sound waves are useless.

Katherine: The primary danger isn't our signal. It's her potential response.

Katherine: If our attempt at contact startles her, or prompts any kind of vocalization attempt directed towards Earth... the sheer scale of energy involved would be catastrophic. A sonic boom capable of leveling continents. Shattering coastlines.



Dialog:

DJ: *\*His fists clenched tighter, knuckles white.\** I understand the risk, Doctor. Believe me, I understand. But we have to try. Initiate the connection. Send the signal.

Katherine: Secretary Lance, are you certain? The potential consequences... as I explained, even her minor movements have caused tsunamis and hurricanes before... if she vocalizes directly towards Earth...

DJ: *\*Cutting her off, his voice firm despite the tremor underneath.\** We can't live like this anymore, Doctor. Scared that one day she'll shift her weight wrong, or wiggle her fingers a little too far, and smash into us. The President... the President wants results. *\*He lied easily, his mind flashing to the image of Dakota's grotesque, growing form back at the White House, to Evelyn trapped by the same horror.\** And I'm trying to deliver results.

DJ: *\*Leaning closer, lowering his voice.\** Besides, there are... urgent things happening here. Things that require someone like her. Someone who understands this virus. Things that need to be properly resolved before... before the world sees its doom playing out on the evening news. We need to see if she can come back. Initiate the connection. Now.

Katherine: *\*She hesitated for only a second, seeing the desperate conviction in his eyes, understanding the unspoken weight of his words.\** Very well, Secretary.



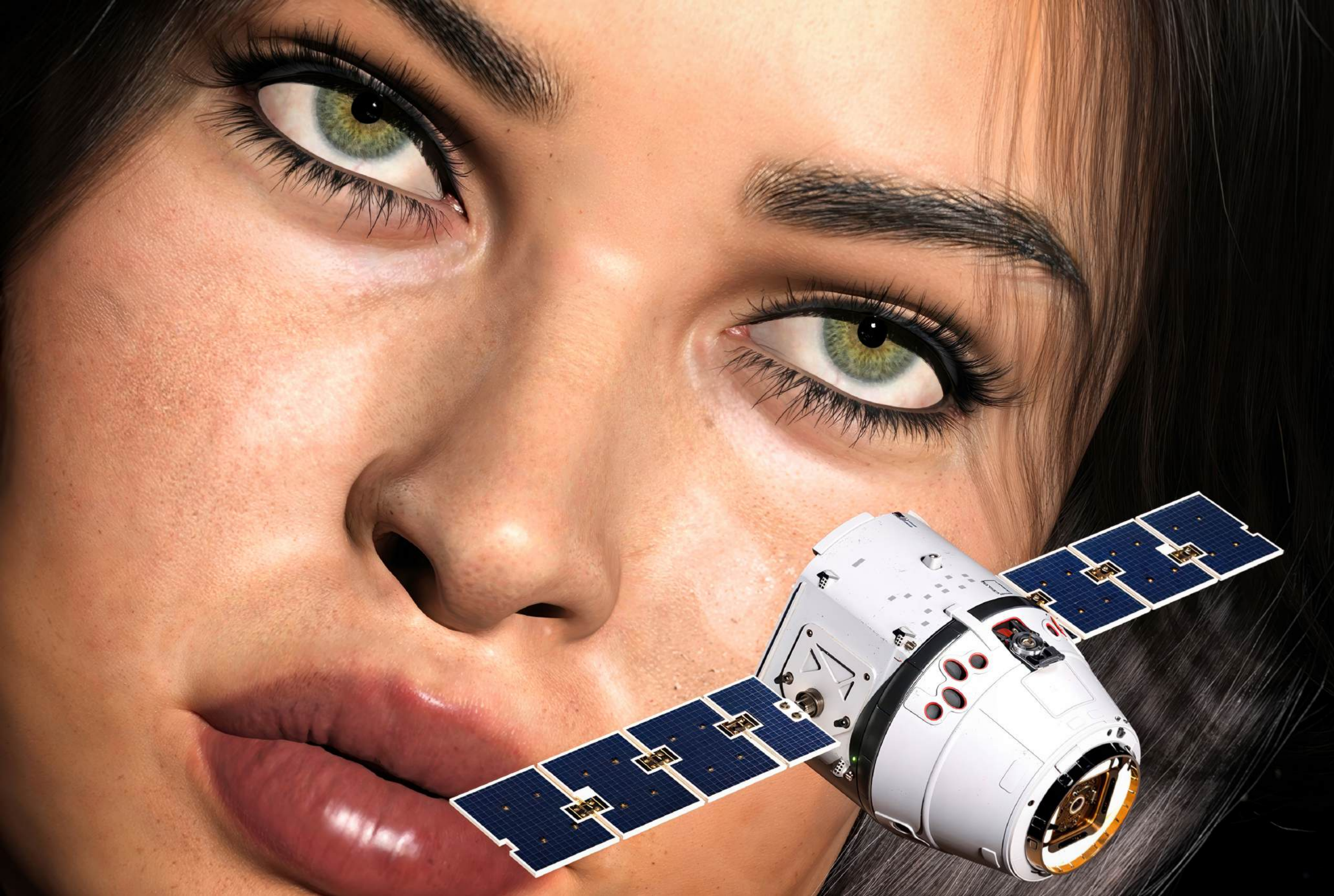
**Narration:**

With a fearful nod, Dr. Katherine turned back to the console. Her hand, steady despite the immense gravity of the action, reached out towards a prominent, large red button. This wasn't just activating a system; this was sending humanity's first intentional greeting into the cosmic void, aimed at a being whose power was both their potential salvation and their greatest threat. She pressed the button. Deep within the system, energy surged. Miles away, the communication device in space pulsed, translating the complex message into modulated waves traveling at the speed of light towards the distant figure of Megan Donovan. In the control room, Dwight's heart seemed to drop into his stomach. Time stretched and slowed to a crawl. All he could do was watch the monitors, listen to the hum of the machinery, and fear... fear what would happen in the next few minutes. What kind of reply, if any, they would receive from the giant in the sky.

**Dialog:**

Katherine: \*Her finger pressing the button.\* Signal initiated. Transmission is live. Traveling at light speed.

DJ: \*His voice barely a whisper, eyes fixed on the screens, a cold knot of fear tightening in his gut.\* Here we go...



**Narration:**

In the Project Nightingale control room, a heavy silence descended the moment Katherine's finger left the red button. Every eye in the room was fixed on the main monitor, which displayed a filtered, distant image of the colossal figure of Megan Donovan, a silent, patient guardian in the blackness of space. The message, a complex sequence of modulated subspace frequencies, was already racing outwards at the speed of light. If the scientists' calculations were correct, if their understanding of Donovan's unique biology was accurate, the signal would bypass conventional senses and resonate directly with her consciousness. It carried a specific payload of information, translated into the language the parasite-enhanced being might understand – a carefully crafted greeting and a vital instruction.

**Dialog:**

Project Nightingale System Message: {ATTN: UNIT DESIGNATION DONOVAN. CONTACT INITIATED. BIOLOGICAL ORIGIN EARTH. FRIENDLY INTENT. ACKNOWLEDGEMENT REQUESTED. REFRAIN VOCALIZATION TOWARDS ORIGIN POINT EARTH. REPEAT: DO NOT VOCALIZE TOWARDS EARTH.}



**Narration:**

The vastness of space dictated the agonizing delay. Traveling at the speed of light, the carefully modulated signal would take a few minutes to bridge the immense distance between the deployed device and Megan Donovan's orbital path. Back on Earth, in the control room, those minutes stretched into an eternity. Monitors showed only the distant, unchanging figure. Then, subtle. In the filtered image, a slight flicker around Donovan's eyes, a minuscule flinch, a widening that, on her scale, was immense. She had received the message. She didn't know the source, couldn't perceive a ship or a radio wave in the conventional sense, but the signal had resonated. In her mind, a complex cascade of thought began, a self-monologue after aeons of silence, a reaction to the first external stimulus she had felt in forever. Unbeknownst to her, the deployed space object was not just a transmitter; it was a receiver, capable of capturing the energy fluctuations of her consciousness, her very thoughts translated back into data. In the control room, monitors flared with incoming readings, raw data streams pouring in. Everyone watched, breathless, hoping that the message hadn't jumpscared the giant, praying she wouldn't instinctively vocalize towards the source, unleash a continent-shattering roar, or simply decide to resolve the unexpected stimulus by swatting the device – or the planet it came from.

**Dialog:**

Secret Service Agent: *\*Voice tight, watching the monitor.\** Did you see that? A reaction.

Katherine: *\*Eyes glued to the data.\** We're getting data... incoming... Her bio-gravimetric signature is... fluctuating.

DJ: *\*Hands clenched, leaning forward.\** Is she... is she going to speak? Is she going to move?



**Narration:**

On the main monitor, the raw data stream pouring in from the receiving unit in space began to resolve, translating the subtle energy fluctuations of Megan Donovan's consciousness into a format understandable to human minds. The control room held its collective breath, eyes wide with anticipation and dread. Then, text appeared on the screen, crisp and clear, the first decoded message from the giant in the sky. It was brief, concise, utterly devoid of the raw thought that likely birthed it, but its meaning was unmistakable.

**Dialog:**

TRANSLATED MESSAGE - AGENT DONOVAN: {SIGNAL RECEIVED. ACKNOWLEDGED. SOURCE UNKNOWN. DIRECT VOCALIZATION TO EARTH INADVISABLE. COMPLYING.}

**Narration:**

A collective gasp swept through the control room, immediately followed by an explosion of sound. Decades of silent waiting, years of intense, secretive work, and the terrifying gamble of sending the signal culminated in this single, brief message. Relief washed over the scientists and technicians. Cheers erupted. Two young men in the front row spontaneously jumped on each other, embracing in pure, unadulterated joy. Dr. Katherine, the lead scientist, simply stood and applauded, tears streaming down her face. Amidst the joyous chaos, DJ Lance stood frozen for a second, before a choked, disbelieving laugh escaped him.

**Dialog:**

DJ: \*His voice hoarse, almost a sob.\* I can't... I can't fucking believe it! It worked! Oh my god, it actually worked!



**Narration:**

Relief gave way to euphoria. DJ Lance felt a surge of elation, disbelief still warring with triumph. Tears welled in his eyes, not of fear, but of overwhelming success. "We did it," he repeated, shaking his head, a wide, shaky grin on his face. "God bless America, we actually did it." Dr. Katherine, regaining her composure, joined the wave of national pride and scientific triumph. She clapped the shoulders of her team members, her voice ringing with pride as she addressed Lance amidst the subsiding celebration.

**Dialog:**

Katherine: We did, Secretary! Every hour, every dollar... over a trillion funded into Project Nightingale... it was all worth it! The team was relentless! This is an unprecedented achievement!

Katherine: And the messages are encrypted, Secretary. Using the subspace frequency modulation. Only we have the decryption key. Any hostile nation trying to intercept this... they'll just get gibberish. Our line to Agent Donovan is secure.

DJ: Secure... she heard us... she's not going to... to roar... \*He laughed again, half-hysterically.\*



**Narration:**

The moment of collective celebration was abruptly shattered by DJ Lance's sharp, commanding voice cutting through the noise. His elation vanished, replaced by an intense, focused urgency that mirrored the terrifying stakes they still faced. The gravity of the situation, the real reason he had pushed for this desperate contact, slammed back down on him. The scientists and technicians looked at him, bewildered by the sudden shift in demeanor.

**Dialog:**

**DJ:** Alright! Alright, everyone! That's enough! The celebration is over!

**DJ:** Everyone... clear the room! Now! Get out!

**Scientist:** Clear the room, Secretary? But...?

**DJ:** This is classified information! Above your pay grade! I need to talk to Agent Donovan, and it must be me and me alone! You are not authorized to be privy to this conversation!

**Narration:**

Confusion warred with ingrained military discipline and a fresh wave of fear for the Secretary they had just celebrated with. But the look in his eyes left no room for argument. Fearfully, hesitantly at first, then with more urgency, the team began to evacuate the control room, leaving Lance alone amidst the monitors and consoles.



**Narration:**

Alone in the control room, the door secured behind him, DJ Lance leaned forward, gripping the edge of the console. He needed to relay the terrifying crisis unfolding on Earth, the spiraling horror of President Redwood and Vice President Hayes. He needed to know if their only link to understanding this virus, their only potential hope, could actually come back from her galactic vigil. He quickly composed his message, translating the desperate urgency of Earth's internal struggle into the precise, coded language of Project Nightingale. He pressed send. The monitors showed the outgoing signal. Then, the agonizing wait for Donovan's response. Minutes later, the data stream resolved, and her reply appeared on the screen, answering his most critical question.

**Dialog:**

SYSTEM MESSAGE - DJ LANCE: {URGENT THREAT CONDITION INITIATED ON EARTH. VIRUS RE-EMERGENCE. SCALE SMALLER, HOSTS HIGH-VALUE. UNCONTAINED. QUERY: ABILITY TO RETURN TO EARTH? RECORDS INCOMPLETE RE: REVERSE TRANSFORMATION.}

**Narration:**

Donovan's response was immediate, blunt, and astonishing. She confirmed she could reverse her transformation and return to a normal size. Her message also starkly clarified why there were no records of this capability – she had deliberately kept it secret. It was a strategic decision made during the later stages of ending giantess Pami's global threat, meant to maintain fear and order, ensuring no one would rely on her being able to shrink or show 'softness' if they failed in their duties or went rogue.

**Dialog:**

TRANSLATED MESSAGE - AGENT DONOVAN: {NEGATIVE. RECORDS NOT INCOMPLETE. ABILITY TO REVERSE TRANSFORMATION EXISTS. MAINTAINED CLASSIFIED STATUS TO ENSURE OPERATIONAL SECURITY AND DISCIPLINE POST-PAMISH EVENT. NECESSARY TO PREVENT RELIANCE ON 'SOFTNESS' OR RESCUE PARAMETERS. MISSION PARAMETERS REQUIRED PERCEPTION OF IRREVERSIBLE STATE.}



**Narration:**

A wave of shock and immense relief washed over Lance at Donovan's confirmation. The impossible was possible. He quickly formulated his next message, the urgency palpable even in the coded format, asking for the specifics of the shrinking process. Donovan's reply detailed the complex requirements and implications of her return. She explained it would take several weeks and would require a physical rescue vehicle from Earth to retrieve her, as she would be unable to move independently in space while shrinking. Crucially, she warned that once she shrank, she would lose her ability to spontaneously regrow without a massive fuel source. Lance didn't hesitate. The need for her unique understanding and capability outweighed the significant logistical and biological challenges.

**Dialog:**

SYSTEM MESSAGE - DJ LANCE: {PROCESS POSSIBLE. UNDERSTOOD. PROTOCOL REQUIREMENT ACCEPTED. QUERY: REVERSE TRANSFORMATION PROCESS? TIMELINE? RESOURCE REQUIREMENT?}

TRANSLATED MESSAGE - AGENT DONOVAN: {PROCESS POSSIBLE. ESTIMATED TIMELINE: SEVERAL WEEKS. REQUIRES BIOLOGICAL STATE MODULATION. REQUIRES EXTERNAL RESCUE PARAMETER. SHRINKING STATE NOT CAPABLE OF INDEPENDENT TRANSIT. REQUIRES ORBITAL RETRIEVAL UNIT. WARNING: POST-REVERSE STATE REQUIRES SUBSTANTIAL CALORIC INTAKE TO REMAIN STABLE. CANNOT RE-GROW WITHOUT FUEL.}

SYSTEM MESSAGE - DJ LANCE: {PROCESS NOTED. TIMELINE ACCEPTED. RETRIEVAL UNIT DEPLOYMENT FEASIBLE. RESOURCE REQUIREMENT ACCEPTED. RESCUE UNIT DEPLOYMENT FEASIBLE. WILL INITIATE DEPLOYMENT PROTOCOL RAPIDLY.}



**Narration:**

As Lance confirmed the immediate initiation of the rescue protocol, another message from Donovan resolved on the screen. It was a stark, somber reminder of the immediate consequence of her return: Earth would be left without its primary, colossal defender during the weeks she spent shrinking. Lance read it, his gaze shifting instinctively towards the monitors showing the distant, vulnerable Earth, towards the White House where the real, internal threat now resided. He typed his final response, accepting the immense risk. There was no other choice; the enemy was already inside the gates, and only Donovan possessed the unique knowledge and power to confront this evolved form of the virus. His message stated the grim reality – the internal threat was paramount, requiring her return to save her country and the world, even if it meant leaving Earth temporarily exposed.

**Dialog:**

TRANSLATED MESSAGE - AGENT DONOVAN: {UNDERSTOOD. BE ADVISED: DURING REVERSE TRANSFORMATION PROTOCOL, ORBITAL GUARDIAN STATE WILL BE NON-OPERATIONAL. EARTH WILL BE WITHOUT PRIMARY DEFENSE PARAMETER.}

SYSTEM MESSAGE - DJ LANCE: {STATUS ACCEPTED. RISK PARAMETER CALCULATED. WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE. THE PRIMARY THREAT IS NOW INTERNAL. REQUIRES OPERATOR DONOVAN'S UNIQUE CAPABILITIES. YOUR COUNTRY REQUIRES YOUR RETURN. THE WORLD REQUIRES YOUR RETURN. PROTOCOL INITIATING NOW. STANDBY FOR RETRIEVAL SIGNAL.}



**Narration:**

A few hours passed in the opulent, food-strewn chaos of the President's bedroom. Outside, the world was still cloaked in the predawn darkness of almost 5 AM. Inside, President Redwood and Vice President Hayes slowly began to stir, waking from the heavy, food-coma sleep brought on by their monumental binge and subsequent transformation. They were noticeably, horrifyingly bigger than when they'd passed out. Both felt incredibly gassy and bloated, their stomachs churning with the sheer volume of processed calories. Evelyn's legs and butt, in particular, were absolutely astonishingly fucking large, the scale almost comical in its extremity. Dakota, finding herself somehow on her hands and knees on the floor next to Evelyn, reached out a massive hand and rested it on the immense, soft curve of Evelyn's buttock, gently kneading the vast mound of flesh.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*Voice thick with sleep and bloating.\* Nghhh... mornin', Ev... you feelin' that?

**Evelyn:** \*A soft groan, stirring.\* Mmmph... so full... and... gassy...

**Dakota:** \*Rubbing Evelyn's butt.\* Yeah... that's all that good food in there. Feels amazing, doesn't it?

**Dakota:** \*A low purr.\* How about... round two? Get some more in? It's okay... it's the weekend... plenty of time to get bigger...



**Narration:**

Evelyn stirred more fully, her eyes still hazy with sleep and the lingering effects of the viral manipulation. While she absently began to massage one of Dakota's immensely swollen nipples, a flicker of the old Evelyn, the principled Vice President, resurfaced. The sheer, terrifying scale of their bodies, the knowledge of what they had done, what they were becoming, brought a wave of discomfort. But before she could fully articulate her hesitation, Dakota's influence, amplified by Evelyn's virus-induced vulnerability and the gnawing hunger that was already returning, surged forward. Dakota didn't care about the government, the political fallout, or the doom potentially visible to the world. Her only drive was hedonism, the twisted pleasure of size, and total control over her new partner in crime.

**Dialog:**

**Evelyn:** \*Massaging Dakota's nipple, voice still hazy.\* I don't know, Dakota... it's... it's starting to get out of control... Monday's gonna be... difficult... We can't hide this... not anymore...

**Dakota:** \*Her voice dropped, becoming smooth, persuasive, the underlying viral control asserting itself.\* Shhh... don't worry about Monday, Ev. Or 'control'. Just let it happen.

**Dakota:** \*Leaning closer.\* That hunger... it feels good, doesn't it? When you stop fighting? Let me take care of it... take care of you... We'll just get a little bigger... feel even better...

**Evelyn:** \*Her eyes glazing over again, the resistance fading.\* But... the job... the people...

**Dakota:** \*Softly, commandingly.\* The job is this now, Evelyn. Getting bigger. Being powerful. You belong to me, now. And we're going to get bigger, together. Say yes, Evelyn. Say you want more.

**Evelyn:** \*A soft sigh, the last vestiges of resistance crumbling. Her voice became pliant, eager.\* Yes... Madam President... I want more... Let's get... bigger...



Dakota: *\*Raising her voice, booming across the ruined room.\**  
Guards! Get in here!

Narration:

Outside the door, the two Secret Service agents exchanged fearful, wary glances. They had heard the shift in tone, the President's loud command. Their bodies tensed, anticipating the unknown horrors that lay beyond the thick door. They shared a brief, silent conversation with their eyes – fear, duty, grim resignation. Taking a collective breath, the lead agent reached out, his hand trembling slightly, and turned the doorknob.



**Narration:**

With a click, the doorknob turned, and the two Secret Service agents cautiously stepped into the President's private quarters. The scene that greeted them stole the air from their lungs. The room was a wreck of discarded food trays and wrappers, but that wasn't what rendered them speechless. Standing before them were President Dakota Redwood and Vice President Evelyn Hayes, both utterly naked, their bodies swollen to truly grotesque proportions. They looked like they had consumed their former selves entirely, mountains of pale, distended flesh that dwarfed everything in the room, including the terrified guards. They were petrified, caught between their duty and the primal instinct to flee the monstrous spectacle.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*Her voice boomed from her immense form on the bed, utterly casual.\* Ah, good. You made it. We need more food.

**Secret Service Agent 1:** \*He swallowed hard, his gaze flicking between the two giant women, his voice trembling.\* More, Madam President? Is it... more of the same? Burgers?

**Dakota:** \*A dismissive wave of her giant hand.\* No, no. Done with that for now. I want sweet stuff. Exclusively. Get me all the chocolate you can find. I'm talking chocolate cake, chocolate chip cookies, chocolate ice cream, brownies, hot fudge sundaes, anything drenched in chocolate... and more of that thick whipped cream.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Continuing her list, her voice taking on a low, almost purring quality.\* ...chocolate milkshakes, truffles, chocolate croissants, chocolate pudding... layers and layers of pure, unadulterated chocolate...

Narration:

As President Redwood's voice droned on, detailing her insatiable craving for sweets, her words began to blur in the background for Evelyn Hayes. Evelyn, still standing, her belly huge and gassy, her legs spread wide, found her gaze fixed on the guard standing closest to her. He was tall, seemingly handsome in his uniform, but Evelyn wasn't really seeing a man anymore. The viral influence, the forced feeding, the hypnosis... it had fractured her perception.



**Narration:**

In Evelyn's eyes, the tall, handsome Secret Service agent began to shimmer, his form warping and shifting. His tailored suit became a rich, dark sponge cake. His white shirt transformed into layers of creamy, white frosting. His head became a generous dollop of whipped cream, topped with shimmering, blue blueberries that looked impossibly plump and juicy. The hypnosis, the virus's control over her mind, had become terrifyingly vivid, utterly replacing reality. She no longer saw a person; she saw her next payload. Salivating, tempting, right in front of her.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*A soft sound, a low hum deep in her chest.\*  
Mmmph...



**Narration:**

A wide, unsettling smile began to spread across Evelyn's face, utterly out of sync with the fear the guards were experiencing. Her eyes, half-closed and seeming almost 'drunk' with hunger and viral influence, fixated on the walking, talking cake in front of her. A thin stream of drool escaped the corner of her mouth, tracing a glistening path down her chin. The hunger, twisted by the parasite and Dakota's control, was consuming her mind, reducing her to a primal, all-consuming craving.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: *\*Voice thick, slurred, barely a whisper.\** Ch-chocolate...  
mmmph...



**Narration:**

Lost in the haze of viral influence, forced feeding, and the intoxicating high of growth, Evelyn Hayes's mind drifted further away from the grim reality of the Oval Office bedroom. Her perception, already fractured, plunged into a vibrant, all-consuming hallucination. She wasn't seeing the ruined room, the concerned guards, or even President Redwood anymore. She was in a chocolate-induced purgatory, a landscape made entirely of swirling, melting chocolate. And she was eating it. Great, impossible chunks of it spawned into existence before her, vast, salivating masses of dark, milk, and white chocolate, dripping with fudge and studded with impossibly large nuts and berries. Her imagination ran wild, creating an endless, edible world for her insatiable hunger.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*A soft sound of contentment, her mouth still slightly open, smeared with real whipped cream.\* Mmmph... chocolate... so much chocolate...

Evelyn: \*A happy, low moan.\* Yes... eat it... all of it...

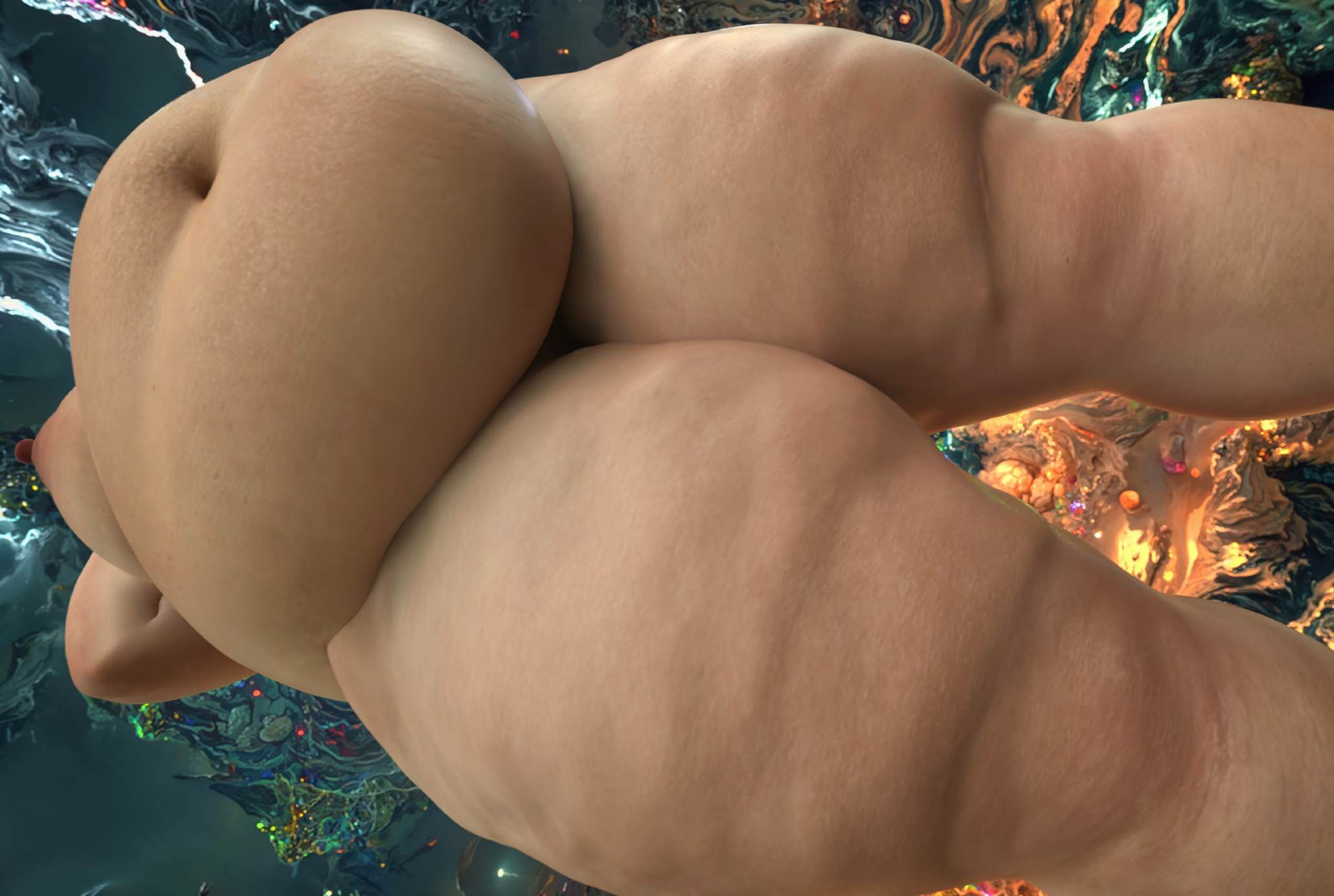


Dialog:

Evelyn: Mmmph... good chocolate... so sweet...

Evelyn: *\*A deep sigh of pleasure.\** My belly... getting bigger...  
from all the chocolate... feel it filling up...

Evelyn: *\*Gulping sound.\** So much... can't stop...



**Narration:**

In the throes of her hallucination, Evelyn continued to swallow the spawning chocolate, the feeling of consumption vivid and real in her mind. And mirroring the sensation in her distorted perception, her actual belly before her continued to grow. It wasn't just the lingering bloat from the massive binge; this was new, insanely rapid expansion.



**Narration:**

Her belly continued to swell, pushing outwards, becoming larger and larger. It was getting alarmingly big, even for her already immense size. Alarmingly big for just... some hallucinated chocolate. A flicker of unease, a disconnect between the perceived cause and the physical effect, might have registered if her mind hadn't been so utterly consumed by the virus's grip. But the parasite cared nothing for logic; it simply fueled growth, and Evelyn's body responded, expanding relentlessly beneath the sticky residue of her earlier gluttony.



**Narration:**

Except it wasn't just hallucinated chocolate anymore. Lost entirely in her virus-fueled fugue state, perceiving the guard before her as a walking treat, Evelyn acted on primal instinct. With startling speed and strength, despite her immense size and bloated state, she lunged forward. Her massive hand shot out, grabbing the terrified guard by the leg. With a sickening heave, she lifted him, his body dangling awkwardly for a second, before, with a gaping, stretching mouth that unhinged to an impossible degree, she began to shove him headfirst into her maw. There was a brief struggle, muffled shouts echoing from within her throat for a moment before being cut off by wet, gurgling sounds. She was voring him. Swallowing the Secret Service agent whole, in his entirety. Her belly, already vast, began to distend rapidly, swelling outwards with terrifying speed as the bulk of his body was forced down her distending gullet and into her stomach.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*Sounds of gulping and swallowing, deep and wet, a rhythmic \*gulp\*... \*gulp\*...\*



**Narration:**

With immense effort, Evelyn continued the horrifying act, shoving the guard's body deeper into herself. His shoe was the last thing visible before it too vanished into her stretching throat. Her throat, distending and expanding unnaturally to accommodate the passage, pulsed visibly with the effort. As his body was forced down into her stomach, limbs pushing and bending, visible bumps appeared and shifted across the taut skin of her belly, mapping the grotesque path of his descent within her. The sounds of wet, heavy swallowing, accompanied by gagging sounds, filled the air.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*Deep, wet gulping sounds, punctuated by strained moans.\* Hnnngh... gotta... get it down...

Evelyn: \*A wet cough, then more swallowing sounds.\* Almost... almost there...

Evelyn: \*A final, heavy gulp.\* Mmmph... gone...



**Narration:**

The horrifying reality of what had just happened slammed into the second Secret Service agent. He had just watched his colleague, his friend, swallowed whole by the Vice President of the United States, who was lying naked and immense on a bed, perceiving him as food. A raw, animal scream of pure terror tore from his throat. He stumbled back, eyes wide with disbelief and horror, shouting the name of his consumed partner. On the bed, President Dakota Redwood's colossal form shifted slightly. Even she, the architect of this depravity, was momentarily caught off guard. A flicker of something – surprise, perhaps a dawning realization of the sheer, uncontrollable monstrosity she had unleashed, even on her 'partner in crime' – crossed her face. She realized, perhaps too late, that in pushing Evelyn towards this state for her own twisted interests, she might have opened a door to something that was even beyond her command.

**Dialog:**

Secret Service Agent: DAVID! DAVID! NO! NO! NO! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!



**Narration:**

Panic seized the remaining agent. His training warred with his primal terror, and the instinct to survive, to warn someone, anyone, took over. He scrambled backward, away from the monstrous figure of Evelyn, towards the door, fumbling for the doorknob, desperate to escape the room and alert the other Secret Service members. His hand reached the cool metal of the knob, his fingers closing around it. But before he could turn it, a deep, resonant voice boomed from behind him, filled with cold authority and deadly intent.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** Where the hell do you think you're going, Agent? Your job is to serve and protect. And right now, Agent... your job is to serve the President of the United States. You're not going anywhere.



**Narration:**

The agent froze, turning back to face the President, his face a mask of abject terror. He stammered pleas, begging her to let him go, assuring her he wouldn't tell anyone. But Dakota wasn't buying any of it. She reached out a hand, vast as a dinner plate, and grabbed the top of his head, her fingers digging into his skull as she lifted him, effortlessly dangling him in the air before her terrified face. As she held the pleading agent, her gaze flicked over to Evelyn, who was still standing, her enormous belly convulsing slightly as she continued to work the swallowed agent further down. A look crossed Dakota's face then – a raw, unexpected flash of jealousy, of envy. Evelyn had just vored a guard. A full-grown man. And Dakota... Dakota hadn't. The power dynamic must not be flipped. She was the boss, the dominant one, the biggest. And the boss must remain bigger.

**Dialog:**

Secret Service Agent: Madam President, please! Let me go! I won't tell anyone! I swear! Please!

Dakota: \*Holding him, looking from him to Evelyn.\* Hmm. You had your fun, didn't you, Ev?

Dakota: \*Her gaze hardening, focusing on the agent.\* Can't let the Vice President show up the President, can I?



**Narration:**

Driven by that sudden, competitive surge of dominance, Dakota acted. With a ferocious surge of strength, she grabbed the agent's arm, securing her grip, and with his head still in her other hand, she ripped him from the air and shoved him headfirst into her own impossibly stretching mouth. The agent's pleas were replaced by a muffled shout. Her mouth unhinged, expanding wide enough to accommodate his shoulders. With a guttural roar, she began voring him whole, mirroring Evelyn's act, his body shoved downwards by her powerful throat muscles.



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Sounds of immense, wet gulping and swallowing, deep and rhythmic.\* Nghhh... gulp... nghhh... gulp...

Evelyn: \*Still engaged in her own consumption, contributing her own muffled gulps and swallows.\* Mmmph... gulp... mmmph... gulp...

Dakota: \*A low groan of effort.\* Hnnngh... gotta get it down...



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Continuing the heavy, wet gulping sounds as she pushes the guard deeper.\* Gulp... nghhh... gulp...

Evelyn: \*More muffled gulping and swallowing sounds from her as she continues her own process.\* Mmmph... gulp... mmmph... gulp...

Dakota: \*A strained sound.\* Almost there...



Dialog:

Dakota: \*Final, deep, resonant gulps as the last of the agent disappears into her throat.\* GULP... NGGHHH... GULP...

Evelyn: \*Continuing her own sounds, though perhaps less intense now that her victim is further down.\* Mmmph... gulp... mmmph... gulp...



**Narration:**

Hours later, the first hint of dawn was beginning to grey the sky as Secretary DJ Lance returned to the White House. He had spent the intervening time back at the Project Nightingale base, grappling with the monumental implications of contacting Agent Donovan and initiating her return. Now, driven by a need to inform the President, to share the news that might offer a sliver of hope in the face of the escalating nightmare, he made his way to the Executive Residence. He knew President Redwood would likely be in her private quarters, especially on a weekend morning. He took the private elevator, the polished doors sliding open smoothly as he reached the correct floor, the air feeling unnervingly still.



**Narration:**

Stepping out of the elevator, Lance was immediately struck by the unsettling silence and the unusual darkness of the corridor. The hallway leading to the President's private quarters, normally well-lit and manned by a constant, vigilant presence of Secret Service agents, was dim and deserted. The two agents who should have been standing guard by the President's door were gone. Their posts were empty. A prickle of unease, cold and sharp, ran down Lance's spine. This wasn't right. This wasn't how the White House operated, not under normal circumstances, and certainly not after the events of the past week.

**Dialog:**

DJ: *\*Muttering to himself, his voice barely a whisper in the quiet corridor.\** What the... fuck...? Where is everyone...?



**Narration:**

His heart pounding with a growing sense of dread, Lance's gaze was drawn down the length of the empty corridor. At the far end, the door to the President's private quarters stood ajar. A single shaft of light spilled out from within, the only illumination in the otherwise dark hallway, casting long, dancing shadows that seemed to writhe and twist. The silence from within the room was absolute, a heavy, unnatural quiet after the sounds the agents had reported hours earlier. Hesitantly, every instinct screaming at him to turn and run, Dwight began to approach the open door, each step echoing loudly in the stillness.



**Narration:**

He reached the doorway, pausing for a second, bracing himself for whatever lay within. He pushed the door inward slowly, the heavy wood swinging silently on its hinges. He stepped across the threshold, his eyes scanning the room. The scene that greeted him was one of utter, stomach-churning horror and devastation. Discarded food trays and wrappers were everywhere, a sea of gluttony. Furniture was overturned, crushed. And on the massive bed, amidst the wreckage, were the two colossal, naked forms of President Dakota Redwood and Vice President Evelyn Hayes, their bodies swollen to impossible dimensions, their skin smeared with the sticky residue of their binge. But it was the sight of the two missing Secret Service agents, or rather, the horrifying *\*absence\** of them in the room, coupled with the chilling implications of the two immense, distended bellies before him, that truly broke him. His eyes widened, his face draining of all color as the horrifying truth slammed into him.

**Dialog:**

DJ: *\*A choked gasp, his voice trembling, barely audible.\**  
Holy... holy mother of God...



Dialog:

Dakota: \*A massive, echoing burp ripped from her throat, shaking her immense frame.\* BURP! Nghhh... \*Another follows immediately.\* BURP!

Dakota: \*Her eyes were crossed, rolling back slightly in her head, a hiccup escaping her.\* Hic! Mmmph...

Dakota: \*Squinting, her gaze finally landing on DJ standing in the doorway.\* ...Oh. Hey, Lance... Hic!... didn't hear you come in... BURP!



**Narration:**

Near President Redwood, lying on the floor of the ruined bedroom, was Vice President Evelyn Hayes. Despite being physically smaller than Dakota, her belly was, astonishingly, even bigger than the President's at this moment, a truly monstrous, ballooning globe. This was the horrifying, immediate result of having swallowed an entire Secret Service agent whole, on top of the million-plus calories already devoured. Evelyn was also clutching her stomach, slapping it with a messy hand, trying desperately to alleviate the agonizing pressure.

**Dialog:**

**Dakota:** \*A deep groan, shifting slightly.\* Oh god... feel it... that post-vore bloat is... something else... Think I'm... I'm gonna grow again...

**Evelyn:** \*Slapping her belly repeatedly, voice strained, slurring.\* Make it stop... please... just make it stop...

**Dakota:** \*Ignoring Evelyn, focused on her own body.\* Yeah... definitely... feel the stretching... it's coming...



**Narration:**

A sudden, deep, almost demonic-sounding burp erupted from Evelyn's throat, a horrifying sound that seemed impossible coming from a human being. She lay there, pinned by her gut, which was now bigger than her entire body, a grotesque, straining sphere large enough, impossibly, to have held multiple grown men within its confines. This was truly bad. Dakota had gotten impossibly big after voring just the petite flight attendant on the plane, but now, two muscular, full-grown men – and highly trained Secret Service agents, no less? This was going to fuel a growth spurt of unprecedented magnitude, pushing them towards sizes that defied comprehension. And on top of the physical horror, the chilling implications for the cover-up, already a nightmare, were now utterly catastrophic. Swallowing two missing Secret Service agents... the stuffing had gone too far, creating a problem that might be literally impossible to resolve or conceal.

**Dialog:**

Evelyn: \*A deep, resonating, horrifying burp.\*  
**BUAARGHRRRRP!**

Evelyn: \*Gasping, clutching her immense gut.\* Oh god... oh god...



Dialog:

DJ: \*Watching them, the horror of the scene, the impossible sizes, the sounds, the realization of what had happened slamming into him fully.\* NO! NO! NO!

DJ: \*He screamed, a raw, animal sound of pure terror and despair, unable to process the nightmare unfolding before him.\* AAAAAAAAH!

DJ: \*Eyes wide, fixed on their stomachs, on their hands slapping their guts.\* Holy... holy mother of God... They're... they're growing! They're growing again!

Evelyn: \*Slapping her belly, moaning.\* Feel it... feel it...

Dakota: \*A low sound of pleasure and anticipation.\* Yes... it's starting... feel it stretch...



**Narration:**

As DJ's scream echoed in the ruined room, it happened. Visibly. Palpably. Both President Redwood and Vice President Hayes began to grow once more. Their impossibly distended bellies started to slowly, subtly shrink. Simultaneously, their limbs began to lengthen, to thicken. Their torsos expanded, their shoulders broadened. They were getting taller, wider, their bodies reshaping themselves before Lance's eyes. He stumbled back a step, then another, sheer terror overriding his shock as the reality of their ongoing, monstrous transformation became undeniable.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*A moan, parts of her body aching with sudden growth.\* Nghhh... stretching... feels... intense...

Evelyn: \*A gasp as her legs lengthen.\* Hnnngh... getting... longer...



**Narration:**

The growth continued its relentless surge. Their moans of pain, of physical discomfort, began to intermingle with, and then transform into, sounds of dark pleasure, of something akin to laughter, as they expanded and expanded. The room felt smaller and smaller around their burgeoning forms. DJ Lance watched in horror, realizing with chilling certainty that he couldn't stay there. He couldn't reason with them, couldn't fight them. If they kept growing at this rate, the room, perhaps the building, might collapse around him. His duty shifted from observing to containing the horror. He had to leave. He had to alert the other guards, somehow try to contain the impossible, monstrous crisis that was no longer just confined to a private room. The trajectory and future of the United States, and perhaps the rest of the world, poised on the edge of this horrifying, escalating transformation, was about to change forever.

**Dialog:**

Dakota: \*Moaning, laughter in her voice.\* Ahahaha! Feels so good...! Getting so big...!

Evelyn: \*A strange, gurgling laugh as she grows.\* Hahaha! Bigger...! More...!

DJ: \*Turning, scrambling for the door, voice a desperate rasp.\* I... I have to... Guards! GUARDS!

**TO BE CONTINUED...**